

JUST AS GOD LEADS.

BY J. M. HOPKINS.

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Jer. x. 23.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me; for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day." Ps. xlv. 5.

Just as God leads! And can it be That God will notice even me? Will He deign his sovereign grace to lend, To lead, protect, direct, defend?

Just as God leads! Oh, wondrous love! That smiles on me from heaven above; That seeks to make my case its own, And blessings pours from heaven's throne.

Just as God leads, my heart replies; And, looking upward to the skies, I pray thee, Father, take my hand, And lead me through this desert land.

Just as God leads me I will go, Content, whatever my lot below, If I may share his loving smile, Accepted as his own dear child.

Just as God leads, though dark the day, Though trials press me on the way; Not even Jordan's swelling tide Can harm me when I'm near his side.

Just as God leads! I may not see The path he has marked out for me; But trusting wholly in his care, No grief nor ill can reach me there.

Just as God leads I'll follow on, Rejoice his righteous will to own; And when the toils of earth are past He'll lead me safely home at last.

—Standard.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

"You may be sure that she is his wife," said a friend to me, as we were looking from an upper window at a light carriage standing before the door and wondering who the lady could be that was waiting in it.

"Why are you so positive?" replied I; "they are perfect strangers to us, and you certainly cannot know what relation they bear to each other."

"Do you suppose," continued she, "a man would treat any one except his wife in such an impolite manner? He never climbed in his buggy in that style during his courting days."

The person referred to had taken his whip and reins in one hand, and was pulling himself up with the other before the lady, much to her inconvenience, and, one would imagine, also to his own, as his foot became entangled in her dress, and he was obliged to pitch himself into the seat to keep from falling.

"Oh, this is an exception," said I. "They are probably vulgar people, without refinement or education."

"Perhaps so; but you observe they are genteelly dressed, and their horse and carriage are in perfect order."

As I raised my eyes the gentleman under discussion lifted his hat and bowed very gracefully to an acquaintance on the side walk with whom he had been talking.

"This reminds me," said my companion, "of a conversation I recently overheard. At a concert, two young ladies were deeply interested in a fine looking couple a few seats before them. After speaking of their attire and general appearance, one of them remarked, 'I suppose the gentleman is her husband.' 'Never,' replied the other, 'he is too attentive for that.'"

"And you know," proceeded my friend, "what a change has come over Judge H——. I spent Thursday evening there. About nine he came into the parlor, and after bowing to me and uttering a few commonplace remarks, he turned his back to the table and began reading a newspaper. His wife was crocheting, and one of her balls fell upon the floor and rolled under his chair. After some difficulty she succeeded in reaching it, and her husband offered no assistance, only saying in a petulant manner: 'Your worsted, Carrie, is always in one's way. Cannot you find a place for it?'"

Now, this gentleman had been married only a few years; he had been one of the most attentive and devoted lovers; every wish was anticipated, and all those numberless acts of kindness which love suggests were lavished upon Carrie; elegant bouquets, baskets of fruit, and magazines were constantly sent to her. It was supposed Judge H—— would make a model husband, something far beyond the ordinary standard. In company he was still the same polite agreeable gentleman, but at home he was becoming perceptibly indifferent to those little acts of courtesy he once cheerfully rendered, and his bachelor habits of selfishness and love of ease were growing upon him. Alas! that one should treat the members of his own household with unconcern and impoliteness. But while instances similar to these are so common that almost every one is familiar with them, there are many bright and beautiful exceptions of an opposite nature, that cheer and gladden all who come within their blessed influence.

Constantly occupied in the arduous duties of a noble and self-sacrificing profession, is a gentleman of worth and ability. Care and anxiety for those entrusted to his keeping have ploughed deep furrows in his cheeks, and are sprinkling with white his beard and hair. Surely one so often harassed and perplexed and burdened with heavy responsibilities, might be

justified if when coming home weary and exhausted, he sought exclusively his own ease and enjoyment. But no such thought ever enters his mind. The moment his firm footsteps echo through the hall, he is met with a hearty welcome, while he in return greets every member of the household, his wife and children with a loving kiss, the guests and servants with a pleasant "good evening." His very presence is a comfort and pleasure, bringing joy and gladness like a sunbeam, or the breath of flowers. And while ministering to the happiness of his family by engaging in cheerful conversation, interesting himself in the studies or games of the children or listening to their music, he forgets the toils of the day, the wrinkles disappear from his brow, and anxious thought takes to itself wings and flies away. There are some who look upon these acts of courtesy as unnecessary or beneath their dignity; others are so much absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, they think they have no time to cultivate the finer feelings, and they rush on through life in a reckless, indifferent manner. — Mary F. Schell, in *Christian at Work*.

GOD'S DELAYS.

Jesus knew that Lazarus was sick; Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. And yet, even after the touching message came to him, sent to him by the saddened, anxious sisters, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick," he abode at that time two days in the place where he was. This delay was, no doubt, most trying to the trusting, loving hearts of Martha and Mary; perhaps too, the last moments of the dying Lazarus were clouded and troubled by doubts and questionings; perhaps he listened for the familiar step, for the voice, for the smile. Perhaps he said, "I am not unwilling to die; but I would so love to have him hold my hand in his at the last; surely he cannot have got the message." Perhaps the last word was, "Has he come?" But he died disappointed. And perhaps amid their grief, the bitterest thoughts of the sisters was, "He was not there;" rarely was the trust of women put to a severer strain.

But afterward they understood; it is not difficult to imagine the sisters with the brother, often afterwards as long as they lived, going over in memory those dark days, and perhaps chiding themselves for their passing loss of faith. And in those evenings which our Lord passed in the little Bethany cottage in the last week before the crucifixion, how often did they, with loving penitence, tell him of their fears, their distrust.

They afterward understood; and we, too, can understand.

And is there not here a suggestion for all time in reference to God's delays? We cry out in agony, "Oh, why does not God interpose? Why does he not come? Why does he leave us to languish, and the powers of evil to be victorious?" And the souls under the altar cry aloud, "How long, O Lord, holy and just?"

No doubt one reason for God's delay often is that we may exhaust every other expedient, and may be shut up to him as the one only source of help. He will not be one of many helps, he is the one help, the only Saviour.

He delays to give the blessing because he sees that we are not prepared to receive it. If a child should cry for an expensive book full of the finest engravings, we should delay giving it to him, because he would now but spoil what at a later day would be a source of boundless and intelligent delight to him.

He delays because our desires, not at once gratified, grow more large and intense. The wise father does not send his son to college at the first request; if the desire is real and earnest it grows with time. The opportunity of education is wasted on him who does not eagerly long for it.

Blessings deferred are often like money deposited for the child in the savings bank, growing ever larger and larger, till the time when the child, grown to maturity, can make the wisest use of it. If the grain should ripen within a week after the planting, how very meager would be the crop. While it is delayed, it is growing and growing.

While the delay continues, we must not despair; we must not cease to pray and wait and watch and expect. In the end, we shall understand the cause of delay and shall rejoice in it, just as later the sisters and the brother understood the cause of the Lord's delay, and were thankful. — National Baptist.

What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside.

HOLINESS.

Philosophically holiness is a necessity to a perfect governance. It is an absolute factor in the perfect kingdom. There must be oneness in the kingdom of Jesus.

This holiness means the surrender of all to the central will and power.

Too often a consecration of the emotional is proclaimed at the expense of the practical. Love God with all the heart and mind; but as fully love Him with all the soul and with all the strength.

Your time is His; employ it to His glory. It is not to his glory to offer the unceasing oblation of kneeling prayer. Pray and praise, but do your duties in whatever state of life God has called you.

Your talents are His; consecrate them to His glory. It is not needful that you rise into a pulpit and preach without ceasing. But with a single eye nurture and utilize your talents for the hastening the kingdom of God.

Your money and your means are His; give them to Him. It is not commanded that you are to empty your pockets into the streets; but empty them on to the altar of love.

Time, talents, and means are at your disposal. Hold them as the Lord's. Hold yourself as the faithful steward, to administer righteously and uprightly.

But how must you minister? Love your neighbors yourself. "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of one of these little ones, ye did it unto Me."

Self is the first care. Not the self as the I, but the self as the temple of the Holy Ghost. Lodge, clothe, feed, nourish, and cherish the body; educate and strengthen the intellect; take the spirit every moment to the fountain; live at the foot of the Cross; empty the self of self; get full of the love of God. After the self, love the neighbor with equal love, not with greater love. Love those of your own family. House, feed, clothe those dependent on you. Educate them physically, mentally, spiritually. Bring them to Jesus.

After these love the brethren, Christians forget this commandment to-day: "Little children, love one another." Commercial relations and worldly interests lead Christians to overlook each other. But Christian perfection is not attained by a man—all other things being equal and opportunity serving—who goes out of Christian relationships to buy his clothes and food, to secure advice in legal matters, to obtain help and succor for the sick and the dying. The Christian band should be a glorious Freemasonry, but showing a front of love to and toward the world.

Next to the self, the family, and the Christian disciples, love your neighbor. Who is that neighbor? The man whose path you cross, and who has fallen among thieves; the man physically, socially, spiritually destitute. Rush to his salvation; take him to the healing; give him a lift all round; lead him to physical and social reform; but, best of all, lead him to Jesus.

Lastly, love all the world. Preach, by contributing your share, the Gospel to every creature. By your life contributing to influencing and reforming and raising the world. Be wholly, fully, entirely, the Lord's. — Melbourne paper.

THE STORY OF "COME TO JESUS."

The Open Air Mission is one of London's most active and ubiquitous institutions for carrying the gospel to the masses. During the summer months the gospel is preached on Sunday evenings from a thousand different standpoints. Much of the success of the Mission is due, under God, to the indefatigable labors of the faithful secretary, Mr. Gavin Kirkham. At his request the Rev. Newman Hall, a prince among our door preachers, recently addressed the missionaries, giving some of his own experience in the work. These were interesting throughout, and especially so in Mr. Hall's recital of the origin of his well known tract, "Come to Jesus." He was settled in Hull at the time he wrote it. But here is the story in his own words:

"I remember when I was in Hull that every year, after the London missionary society anniversary, a very worthy citizen—a Scotchman he was—used to dine all those who took part in it, and after dinner the hospitable Scotch set out the table with long pipes and whiskey toddy. Now I am not going to say a word about this—all was done with the utmost decorum—but I was a T. T. and didn't like the smell of the tobacco smoke. So I whispered to a neighbor like-minded, 'Let's go out to the slums for half an hour and preach,' and we were there in five minutes. Of course we borrowed a chair—and I got on it without thinking very much about a text; but all round were children and the fathers and mothers of them, and I said:

"COME TO JESUS,"

and sang it, too. Now these were some

ing! Why ought we to come? Am I worthy to come? How am I to come? Who are to come? And when I got down I said to myself, "That's a strange sort of a sermon; but I'll preach it from the pulpit next Sunday. And I did." There were thirty heads in it; but I did not go at it by first, second, etc. Just then I had rheumatic fever, and it brought me down to a skeleton—I was getting better and then relapsed—so I went home to Maidstone for a change of air. As I lay there tied to the bed I began thinking about my sermon and its thirty heads. I thought, now if I fold paper so and so, and so and so, that would just give sixty-four pages, and if I take two pages for every head, with a title-page, a hymn or so, that would just do. So I began to write my book, hoping it might suit, like 'The Sinner's Friend,' written by my father. I took one day to each head. I wrote out the first, and counting the lines found it was just twice the right length; so it had to be re-written, pruned, and all the big words taken out. And so I went on day by day, and by the time the book was finished my health was reinstated. Well, I got it printed down there, and put a publisher's name on it; you know you must do that—and I ventured to order 2,000—I thought I might sell one and give the other away; but what do you think the publishers wrote to me? We want 10,000 of 'Come to Jesus' at once. And so the sale went on, so that now I believe three millions of it have been printed, and it has been translated into a hundred languages and more I believe. Now have I not good reason to thank God for open-air preaching?"

CONSISTENCY.

We are often puzzled and startled by the conduct of those in whose piety we thought we might place undoubting confidence, and whom we should have pointed out as Christian examples to others. Upon some occasions they exhibit such appearance of conformity to the world as would lead us to suppose they belonged to it.

How desirable, therefore, that we should deal faithfully with ourselves, and see that Christian principles pervade our hearts, and form and fashion our whole lives! Let us cherish a tender conscience. Let us remember whatever unites us for religious duties—whatever cools the fervor of our devotions—whatever indisposes us to read our Bible, or to engage in prayer—whatever we could not engage in with a perfectly clear conscience—wherever the thought of a suffering Saviour or a holy God—of the hour of death, or of the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on our enjoyment; the pleasures which we cannot thank God for, and on which we cannot ask his blessing, these are not for us.

Let us never go where we cannot ask God to go with us. Let us never be found where we cannot act as Christ would have us. Let us pass each day as pilgrims consciously on the way to their heavenly inheritance. Let us press after closer communion with Jesus. Let the love of God reign in our hearts; and thus shall we be kept from a thousand snares, and become possessed of a peace and joy to which the worldling is a stranger. — Dublin Tract.

MEMORIES.

A memory may be to us an inspiration or a means of depression, according as we look at its dark or its bright side. A remembered joy may be viewed as a delight which has entered into our very being, and of which no future can deprive us; or it may be viewed as a loss to us because it is no longer within our grasp. A remembered sorrow may be as a continuing shadow over our lives, or as a Christening influence which has been a means of grace to us. A remembered error of judgment or of conduct may be recalled by us as a warning and a direction, or as a cause of hopeless regret. Such memories as all these abound to every one of us. The question of the advantage or the disadvantage of our recalling them depends, not upon the memories themselves, but upon our attitude toward them and upon the uses which we put them to. — S. S. Times.

BUSY FATHERS.

Talking about busy men, who leave their homes early and get back after dark, and never see their children, a man of that sort was hurrying away one morning when he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. Child wouldn't. Man spanked him and went to business. Child went in, howling. The mother said, "What's the matter?"

"Man hit me," blubbered the youngster.

"What man?"

"The man that says he's a Christian."

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