

WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

I would have gone; God bade me stay,
I would have worked; God made me rest.
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay, God bids me go;
Now I would rest, God bids me work.
He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro;
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and toil;
But Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may rest with Thee,
And rest with Thee?

—Christiana Rossetti.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

A man's power in any work for God depends wholly on God's use of him. There are no exceptions to this truth. It is operative always and in all cases. God is the only source of power. No zeal, no knowledge, no wisdom, amounts to anything in the prosecution of God's work, save as God makes it effective. Those men who believe this, and who put themselves absolutely and trustfully, with all that they possess, with all their faults and all their lack, into the hands of God, to be used by him at his pleasure, become men of power, to the honor of God and the good of their fellows; and no other men are really powerful in God's service.

A great deal of time is wasted in discussing the sources of power of this or that successful evangelist, or pastor, or lay worker, because of forgetfulness of this truth. Men are studying the ways of the worker that they may become partakers of his power, instead of turning to the One who is the source of his power, that they also may be used effectively in a similar sphere, or in another utterly dissimilar. Hearing of the triumph of a stripling shepherd, with sling and stones, over a mailed giant with sword and spear, they begin to ask about the precise pattern of his sling, and the peculiar swing of his arm in the final cast, with the thought that if they could be similarly equipped, and have that lad's experience in stone-slinging, they, also, would be giant-killers, and the multitude would be sounding their praises. They depreciate the fact that the shepherd boy went into that fight as the Lord's representative, resting wholly on the Lord for victory. "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied," was his battle-cry. "And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands." If Goliath had been on the Lord's side, and David had been on the other, in that battle, sword and spear would have been more effective than sling and stone, and the shepherd boy would have been trampled under the giant's feet. It is not the sling, nor yet the spear, which is always the sure weapon; nor is it the large man or the small who can be always certain of victory. It is the man who is on the Lord's side, and whom the Lord uses according to the man's faith and the need of the hour, who is after God's own heart as a fighter, who is a complete success in the work to which God sets him.

When a man is the Lord's and is in the Lord's work, the Lord will find a use for all that the man is, and for all that the man has; but the power of that man is ever in the Lord's use of him; and the Lord could use a very different man for the same work, without being hindered by any of the man's peculiar qualities or shortcomings. Israel with the shriveled sinew had more power than Jacob with the unhardened thigh, because he was more than before the willing, faith-filled servant of the Lord. Moses, with all his training in the knowledge of the Egyptians, thought that he could never fill the place God had for him, because of his lack of fluent speech; and he lost a proffered blessing through looking at his own feebleness rather than at the Lord's power.

It is with God's representatives now as then; and so it has been in all the ages. Mr. Moody's power as a preacher rests not in his homely phrases, his blunt delivery, or his pat and varied illustrations, any more than George Whitefield's power lay in his thrilling tones, which, it is said, could move an audience to tears, by speaking the word "Mesopotamia"; or than Jonathan Edwards's power lay in his bending his face close to his manuscript and reading in measured tones, while his hearers cried aloud for mercy under his earnest calls for repentance. It is because God has a work for Mr. Moody to do, and Mr. Moody is willing to do it, that God's power is shown in his preaching. Any minister who would preach with Mr. Moody's power must go to the Lord—not to Mr. Moody—

for the secret of that power; for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." It is told of Edward Dorr Griffin, that, in his earlier ministry at New Hartford, Connecticut, he stood one morning at his parsonage door, on the lofty hill-top, and saw, stretching out before him on either hand, the bounds of three other parishes where the dews of refreshing grace were descending upon God's people, while his own field was in spiritual drought. The thought of his lack as a preacher oppressed him. Going back to his study, he fell down before God, and asked power of him for a work among souls. Then he selected as a text, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; and he began to prepare for his next Sunday's service. His sermon was almost literally written upon his knees. Its every sentence was a prayer; for, it was God's power he was seeking for God's work. When the Sunday morning came, and he stood up in his pulpit, he repeated that text in the helplessness of man and in the power of God, "My soul, wait thou upon God; for my expectation is from him." And again, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him." The third time he spoke, saying the same words; and already his hearers felt his new power. He went out from that house that morning, followed by a weeping congregation; and that was the beginning of a mighty work for God, the memory of which yet lives in all that region, and which had its share in bringing Dr. Griffin into wider prominence and greater usefulness, as a pastor in Newark and Boston, as a professor at Andover, as college president at Williamstown, and as a preacher of rare power during the remainder of his days.

"Show me a man who has power with God for men, and I will show you a man who has power with men for God." It is he whose expectation of power is from God, who has a fulfillment of his expectation in his power over men for good, in the pulpit, in the Sunday-school, in the home circle, or in the community at large.—*Star*.

THE MASTER'S WORKMANSHIP.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There is a homely Scotch proverb that "Pools and bairns should never see any piece of work until it is done." This would be a very apt quotation for an artist whose picture was criticised unjustly while yet on the easel. It is equally apt for those who are given to censorious criticisms of genuine Christians. Looking out over a congregation of disciples gathered at a communion-table, a captious cynic might exclaim "So these are 'Christ's workmanship' created anew unto good works," are they? Well, they are very imperfect specimens, as I can testify from what I know about some of them." To such a carping critic we would reply, Suppose that you went into a melodeon-manufacture, where the saws were buzzing, and the shavings flying, and the wires were being twisted, and you should ask to see a melodeon. The master-workman would probably inform you that it was a manufactory, and not a ware-room for the sale of finished instruments; he might quote the Scottish proverb very pertinently. This world is only the work-shop for the fashioning of Christian character. The Divine Master has not yet completed His processes upon any living soul. "Not that I am already made perfect," was glorious Paul's honest confession before he was taken up to the exhibition-room on high.

(2) Consider, in the second place, what materials Christ has to use—poor, fallen human nature, damaged, defaced, and disfigured horribly by sin. In addition to the universal depravity and loss of the divine image, look at the special weaknesses and wickednesses of every Christian at that table where the Holy Spirit began His work. One has inherited a violent temper, which requires constant "douchings" of divine grace to put out its angry flames. "Before I was converted," said an eminent minister, "I wondered how anybody could live in the house with me." Another was plagued with unruly sensual passions; another with suspiciousness and envy; another was given to self-indulgent indolence, and still another to shameful covetousness. To add to the difficulties, all the surroundings of this world's atmosphere tend to make what is bad still worse. Yet out of such materials the Redeemer undertakes to build what shall yet grow into a holy temple of the Lord! If every church-member were called to answer, "Has your character undergone no improvement since you gave your heart to Christ? There is not one but would respond 'The best part of me is what Christ has already made, and the worst part

is that which I would not let Him make."

Conversion is a new birth of the soul, and Jesus is the source of the new life. But all births are followed by a spiritual infancy and childhood. In most young converts, the first pulse-beat is that of a baby; but the blade of grace is very small, but if the genuine life is there, Christ will take care of it. No infant Moses is left to be drowned among the bulrushes. Let no sincere convert be discouraged, or aim at an unhealthy precocity. Oaks do not shoot up like asparagus. A solid godly character is seldom reared in a month or a single year; it took three-score years and ten for the Master-Workman to build Charles Hodge and William E. Dodge. The wretched mistake of too many young Christians, is to imagine that they are finished off when they unite with the Church. Instead of that, they have only just been taken into Christ's manufactory. If created anew unto good works, the good works are to be wrought out in prayer and patience, year after year.

Some of the evidences that Christ has commenced His gracious workmanship, seem to be these: The conscience acquires vigor and regulating power, like the "governor" in a steam-engine. The will, instead of asserting itself stubbornly and sinfully, works in submissive harmony with God. The perceptions of truth grow clearer as the mind's eye, gets to be more single in studying Christ's pattern. Above all the love of Jesus becomes the mainspring of power; He is the inward fire that propels all activities and deeds of love to our fellow-men. The tree must be known by these fruits; the statue by these beauties; the watch by its true running to the movements of the sun. If a person after uniting with Christ's Church is just as selfish, just as resentful, just as frivolous, or impure or covetous, and worldly as he was before, then Christ's hand has never touched that individual. Under the veneer or the varnish of a false profession, lies the worn-out timber yet. The Master's work *no man can counterfeit*.

The single purpose which the Divine Builder or artificer has in view, and which we must keep in view, is the production of a strong, sweet, pure, and Christly Character. Before your eyes He places the pattern; now let us work up to it. We cannot finish character by wholesale on sacrament Sundays, or by a single leap of good resolution. Character is built like yonder Bridge-piers, by laying one stone on another. That is a glorious week's work in which you or I can mend one fault, or put in a single solid act for Jesus or for the salvation of one soul. Nothing must be overlooked, nothing scrimped, nothing slighted. "I don't see any improvement in this statue since I was here last," remarked a visitor to Michael Angelo in his studio. "Don't you?" replied the artist, "I have put a few furrows into the brow, and another fine line about the mouth." "Yes, yes, I see that, but they are trifles." "That is true," said Angelo, "but it is these trifles which make perfection, and perfection is no trifles." Nothing is small, brethren, that either mends or makes the character by this sharp-eyed world forms its judgment of Christianity. A manufactory is known by its products; are we intently and watchfully and conscientiously careful to recommend our Master by daily good works?

One thought more. If we are Christ's workmanship, we must let Him use His own tools in His own way. Ah, how much chiselling we require! And how deep and sharp the chisel sometimes cuts! The Kohinoor diamond was not very slightly when first brought to London; it had to be sent over to Holland for a skilled philosopher to grind it, and to make brilliant its thousand flashing facets. If such creatures as you and I are ever to be set in the diadem of our King, then, in heaven's name, let us not draw back from any file of affliction or chisel of discipline that is needed for our perfecting. Eternity will show a wonderful exhibition of the Master's workmanship. Then let us consecrate ourselves to holy co-operation with Him; Christ working *at us* and *on us*, and we working *evermore* for Christ! Keep your eye on the Pattern. *Evangelist*.

MAKING CHRIST REAL.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

How can I make Jesus Christ real to me? To all such puzzled souls we may reply, You have a mental eye to see with, and you are drawn to, or repelled from those whom your mind looks at. Probably you never saw the physical form of Mr. Gladstone; yet he is a very real personage to you. You not only believe that there is such

a man, but you believe in him as a man of astonishing powers and great sincerity of purpose; you admire him and trust him. You loved that best-beloved of all American rulers, Abraham Lincoln, though you may never have looked upon his unique figure, or heard his magnetic voice. Now before your mental eye the Gospel presents the Lord Jesus Christ just as He was on earth; He is presented to you as distinctly and as vividly as any friend, or public journal, or book, or all combined, have presented Mr. Gladstone.

Jesus is set before you as the incarnate Son of God, as a pure, holy, compassionate, all-powerful and loving personage. Everything you need to know about Him has been told you—how wisely He spoke, how tenderly He pitied and helped just such as you, how self-sacrificingly He died for your sins, how He liveth forevermore to hear your prayers and to give you everlasting LIFE. Whenever He is preached to you, or presented to you on the page of the Bible you are reading, He actually meets you "in the way," as He met Saul of Tarsus when on his cruel errand to Damascus. This is about all that Paul tells us about his conversion. He says that he "saw Jesus in the way," and he heard the voice which asked him "Why persecutest thou Me?" When Barnabas gave an account of what had happened to the conquered persecutor, he simply declared that Saul had seen Jesus on the road, and that Jesus had spoken to him. If you could get at the innumerable spiritual histories of all the Christians on earth, and all now in glory, you might boil them all down to this brief statement: the eye of my mind looked at the Saviour, and the ear of my soul listened to His inviting voice. Looking at Jesus, listening to Jesus; there is where they all started. That is the starting point of every man, woman, or child who ever set out on a new line of conduct, and began to have a new character. Matthew, John, Peter, Zaccheus, and probably Saul, also beheld the bodily form of Christ; but their souls could not have discerned Him with any more vivid distinctness, than millions of believers have seen Him since, or see Him to-day.

What they have all done, you can do. Jesus meets you on the road of life; whenever you think of Him, there He is. You do not require any supernatural apparition or wonderful vision, such as Colonel Gardiner claimed to have had; even if you had such a dramatic experience, it would not help you materially. What the physical form and features of Jesus of Nazareth were, or whether they resembled the grand ideals of the old masters, or the weaker ideal of the modern Munkatzky is of no consequence. There stands the Christ on the Gospel-page. There stands the Christ before the eye of your mind. To your conscience speaks His tender, loving voice: Come unto Me, trust Me, follow Me, and your sins are forgiven, and I will give you everlasting life. Now, my inquiring and perplexed friend, just begin to *realize* Christ as a real living Personality. Begin to talk to Him in honest, fervent prayer. Begin to do what he tells you to do, just as you are directed in the New Testament, and as your conscience also directs you. What he bids you become, try to be. Lay hold of the first sin that He forbids, and fight that down; lay hold of first right act or the first duty He demands, and perform it. Obey Him, because He has a right to your obedience. Trust Him. You trust your valuable letters to the mail-carriers to San Francisco, though you never saw one of them; you would go to Europe with a "letter of credit," trusting to bankers over there who are perfect strangers to you. To your mind those people are so *real*, that you act out your confidence in them. Why not act your confidence in the ever-faithful life and all-powerful Saviour of sinners? Myriads have done so before you; what they have done, you can certainly do also.

Remember also the cheering fact that the almighty Spirit is working upon you, will lead you and help you. Work with Him. Quench not the Spirit? Satan may do his utmost to divert you, to confuse you, and to discourage you. Just as you are a real person, sin and damnation are real things, and Christ is a real Redeemer, and conversion is a real process, and the Christian life is a real achievement, and heaven is a real rest and reward. And just as sure is it also that if you allow yourself to be fooled with doubts or be cheated out of Christ, you will bitterly rue it to all eternity.

The same counsels that we offer to an anxious seeker for salvation, may be equally valuable to troubled, perplexed, or doubting Christians. Doubts are apt to creep like chilling fogs over the marshy grounds and low morasses of sin. Keep away from them. Faith

sticks to the King's highway of obedience, and "sees Jesus in the way," and gets blessed lifts of heavy loads, and hears His assuring voice "Lo! I am with you always!" An age-fit betokens a low state of the system. Tone up, brother, with a good dose of the fourteenth chapter of John, and a bracing walk in some direction of usefulness, and a stiff set-to with that sneaking devil of doubt, and you will find your hope and your Saviour once more to be glorious realities.

"Let us work for Christ with a song.
Weave a robe for the soul's adorning,
And cheerily hope it cannot be long
Till the dawn of a nightless morning."

THE HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

BY REV. CHARLES H. ROWE.

The renowned philosopher at Athens, condemned to die by drinking poison, while he held the fatal cup of hemlock in his hand, spoke thoughtfully to those about him of those he was soon to meet and associate with, who like him had maintained the cause of truth and rectitude. It is a revelation of the thought and hope of humanity. He had but ancient tradition to rest upon. It was four hundred years before Christ. There were no divine revelations of Scripture teaching to enlighten and guide him. But it indicates how reflecting minds of that age cherished hopes and bright anticipations of the future. So in the classic poets, Homer, centuries before, and Virgil, in later times, have expressed the same conceptions, revealing the belief of their times, and cheered and comforted the hearts of those for whom they sang in the dark hour of bereavement and sorrow.

This in brief seems to have been the universal faith of the ancient world. We find traces of it in every religious system and belief. It reveals the "earnest expectation of the creature," stumbling in the dark mazes of uncertainty. Another life and a better one with the loved and lost is the dream of humanity's hopes and fears.

The Jewish idea of the recognitions of friends in another life, while not so clearly expressed, is no less precious and beautiful. Their care of the dead, their choice of a sepulcher, and their longing for burial among their kindred are significant of their faith and hope. The suggestive expression that trembled on the lips of the dying Jacob, "I am to be gathered unto my people," has a deep and pregnant meaning. It seems to have signified more than burial—rather, to join the great congregation of the living and the loved in the heavenly places.

This view of the spirit-world and the relation and recognition of the sainted dead in the life beyond, finds repeated illustration in the teaching of Christ and his apostles. The patriarchs are spoken of as sitting together in the kingdom of heaven; and many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in this fellowship of saints. The passage can have no other meaning but that these men of former times know each other, and those who are privileged to come and sit with them are introduced into their happy society. The communion of saints must ever carry with it the mutual recognition of those whose faith and love are one.

The revelation of Moses and Elias on Mt. Tabor was to the disciples no uncertain vision, but clear and positive assurance of a full recognition. The rich man who "seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom," recognizes the ancient patriarch whom he had never seen on earth, as well as the poor beggar who had lain at his gate in suffering and want. Paul expected to know his Colossian and Thessalonian converts among the redeemed in the day of the Lord Jesus.

The promise of Christ that many shall come and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in his kingdom, not only suggests the recognition of friends in the spirit life, but also confirms us in the hope so fondly cherished by many eminent saints of seeing and knowing in the heavenly world those whose names are on the Scripture page, and those who by their faith and courage and devotion have made the history of the church in the ages past. We shall be associated with and know the patriarchs and prophets of those centuries that measured the patience, and were fruitful in the promises of God, as well as the eminent and faithful martyrs and confessors and reformers of the later times who have entered into glory. Is not the thought of this an inspiration to our faith and most assuring to our hope? We have read of them, and of their loyalty to the truth in Christ, and of their abundant labors, and of their untiring zeal; the rays of their bright and holy in-

fluence have illuminated the pathway for our feet, and examples in faith and patience, they incite us to renewed diligence in the work of the Lord. How privileged shall we be to be with them and to know them. The hope of the Greek philosopher was quickened by the thought that he was about to meet and converse with the renowned heroes that had been his high ideals in life. And shall not we find a higher joy in the glad sight of Jesus' words that give us promise that we shall associate with the illustrious men of Jewish faith, and of early Christian experience, and all those who in later times have brightened the firmament of the church, as a galaxy of stars set in the skies above, flaming with light? It is for us an inspiration of hope. We shall know and be known.

Thedying also seem to catch glimpses sometimes, that signify recognition in the land beyond. It has come into our experience. It cannot be all a dream. We know but little of the life now hidden to sight. But if we have eternal life in Christ we have everything to hope for. The redeemed shall see his face, they shall know as they are known.—*Standard*.

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