

His Will.

BY MRS. LUTHER KRENN.

Of earthly goods I have little store;
Of genius, or of grace, no more.
Once, pondering on this low estate,
I found a wondrous word,
Which all my being stirred:
"I will, that they be where I am—
Joint heir with me, their Lord."

Trembling, I scanned the record fair,
Would my poor name be written there?
"They, Father, whom thou gavest me,"
But he can only give
The hearts he doth receive;
And mine—oh, joy!—hath long been his,
By that sweet hope doth live!

I need not prove this will Divine,
Nor ask what riches may be mine;
Since perfect love hath made me heir,
Perfect the gift must be,
With him, eternally,
Whatever here my soul hath missed
Is there laid up for me.

—S. S. Times.

FINISHING OUR ALLOTTED WORK.

When our Lord came to the end of His life, He looked back upon His course and found that He had fulfilled His mission and finished His allotted lifework. There is not one duty left unperformed. There had been nothing neglected, nothing forgotten, nothing half-done. Death did not come upon Him, as it does upon so many, in the midst of unfinished tasks. There was no wild, feverish haste in His last hours to get ready to go. Everything was accomplished. His was a completed life, without a defect.

No fallen man can live such a life as Christ lived. The best of us at our best will leave many things undone that we ought to have done, and will do many things that we ought not to have done. The most complete lifework is but a fragment at the end, with a blotched record. Yet every one of us should faithfully endeavor to make our lifework as complete as possible. It may be worth while for us to look over the story of Christ's life, to see how He lived so as to leave a completed work.

In the first place, all through His life He had one desire only—to do His Father's will. At the early age of twelve we hear Him say "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" These words give the tenor of His whole life. Moment by moment He took His work from His Father's hand. He made no plans of His own; He knew there was a part in the great plan for Him, and He wished only to accomplish that. If we would finish the work which God has given us to do, we must do God's will day by day. Our ambition should be not to do some great thing to bring fame but simply to learn what our part is in God's plan, and to do it. We have a definite work allotted to us, and we can learn what it is only by ever looking up into our Master's face and asking "What shall I do now?" How simple this would make all life—no feverish struggling, no fierce ambitions, no wild endeavors; just the quiet, faithful, unquestioning doing of God's will hour by hour! Yet this is the only way to make sure that our allotted work will be done. Any disobedience of God's commands will cause a blemish. Any allotted duty not taken up, will leave a break. Any choosing of our own way rather than His, any failure to do faithfully the work of the day, will mar the completeness of our life-work.

For another thing Christ counted nothing small which His Father gave. For thirty years, with divinity stirring in His breast, with His mighty powers ready for any task, He stayed quietly in His native home, subject to His parents, a dutiful child, an active youth, a faithful artisan. That was the Father's will those years, so He thought of nothing else. All through His life He showed the same attention to the smallest thing as to the greatest. The greatest thing we can do any hour, is God's will. No matter how small the task given for the moment, the greatest deed possible would not be half so great. If your duty is to care for or comfort a little child, and instead of that you go and preach to five thousand people in words as eloquent as Chrysostom's, you have simply exchanged a truly great thing for one very small. Some persons chafe because in their circumstances they cannot do much for God. A mother, occupied with her little children, laments that she has no time nor leisure for God's work. Does she not know that caring well for her children is God's work? For her, for the time at least, there is nothing in the world so great. Organizing missionary meetings, speaking at conventions, attending Dorcas societies, writing books, painting pictures—these are all beautiful things when God gives them; but if the mother neglects her children to run after these, she has simply put out of her hands the largest things, to take up those that are small. In other words, what the

Master gives is always the grandest work any one can do.

There are some who can finish the work given them to do, not by busy, active ministries, but by patient waiting and submission. By reason of physical illness or weakness, they are unable to take their place among those who strive and toil in the vineyard. God never assigns impossible service to any one. It is the mission of such to live out in sweet beauty of soul, in holy trust, in uncomplaining resignation, in cheerful patience, the will of God. The temptation in lives of this kind, is to fret over their seeming uselessness, and to long for strength to be active in work for Christ. But we must remember that it is *what God gives us to do* that we are to do. In broken health and physical feebleness, His will is not toil, but joyful submission and glad trust. One of these sufferers has written:

"I know not how this languid life
May life's vast ends fulfill;
He knows—and that life is not lost
That answers best His will."

"No service in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will."

Another rule in Christ's life, was always to do each day's work in its own day. That is, He simply and quietly finished His work as He went along. Never at the close of any day was there anything of that day's work left undone. Here is a great secret of true and complete living. Duties come to us one by one, something for each moment. If we do them at all, we must do them just as they come. We cannot go back to-day to do what we failed to do yesterday. Each duty must be done in its own time, or it can never be done at all. Omissions or failures in any day's particular work, must remain omissions or failures forever. Life is a web, and duties are the threads. If you miss a thread to-day, the loom goes on and the web rolls by; but the place of the missed thread remains unfilled, and there is a blemish that never can be removed. Would you have the web perfect at the last? miss no single thread as it rolls by; never throw an empty shuttle; do each duty in its moment.

It was thus that Christ finished His work. Each setting sun saw that day's work done. Then when the last day came, He had nothing to do but that one day's work. There was no rushing back to finish a thousand unfinished tasks. There was no lament over wasted hours and neglected opportunities. There was no passionate cry for another hour of time to finish the work. There was no wild endeavor to do a life-work in a few feverish days. Calmly He came toward the end, saying "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

It is a solemn fact that we have just time enough given to us in which to complete our allotted work by employing every minute in faithful duty. A day lost anywhere will leave an unfinished work at the end; and when death finds us with our work unfinished, it must remain forever incomplete. In the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre in Paris, there is a great picture which represents a monk seated at a table busily writing. The legend is this: This man had been indolent and careless in the composition of his own biography, and while it was incomplete he suddenly died. Years after this book was discovered, and it was demanded of Death that the writer might come back just to finish a few pages. The petition was granted; and there at his strange work the artist has given us his profile. He is not a live man, nor yet a dead man, but a corpse raised into a sort of passionate haste of life. No alibi can draw his pen from his paper; his eye glares, his hand quivers with feeling, as he dashes down the sentences line after line. The picture is most weird and strange, but never true. No one can ever return to do the work he neglected to do in his allotted years. If we are to have everything finished when our day closes, we must begin early, and fill each hour. We cannot squander half our life, and then hope to have a completed work in the end. We must let no day pass with its duties neglected. We must, from childhood till death, do the things that please God; then we shall have nothing to do in the last hour but sweetly and peacefully to fold our hands upon our breast and breathe out our spirit into God's hands.—*The Free Church of Scotland Monthly.*

Do Good by Being Good.

It is true that God can use and that he sometimes has used unholiness as instruments of good. It is his prerogative to make the wrath of man to praise him. But it is also true that the Spirit of God uses in the main, for accomplishing good works, holy instruments. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The Spirit of God uses "holy men"

not only in making a revelation to men, but as the instrument of saving men.

Holiness in man is likeness to God in Christ, and it is not so much great talents that God blesses as great likeness to Christ. The world is to be converted by good men rather than great men, vessels unto honor; not the honor of great learning or extensive acquirements of rare gifts, but sanctified vessels, and so made meet for the Master's use.

Besides there is a moral omnipotence in holiness. Argument, appeal, and eloquence may all be resisted more easily than the power of a holy heart and life. There is a beauty and silent energy in holiness that speaks more powerfully for God and of duty than the tongues of men or angels. It was the holiness of the apostles and their likeness to Christ in this matter, next to the baptism of the Spirit, that enabled them to do so much for the salvation of the world during the first century.

This is all as true to-day as eighteen centuries ago. A Christian life is a most commanding pulpit. No words are so telling as a good man's daily walk. The biographer of McCheyne says the impression left of him at Jedburgh was "that there had been a man among them, a man of peculiar holiness." The shining holiness and far-reaching fervor of Swartz and Eliot and Zinzendorf made known to entire communities the blessedness of religion. The glowing sanctity of Fenelon led scolding Earl of Peterborough to say, when leaving his house, "I must not stay here or I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." The holiness and self-denial of Henry Thornton led some one to remark, "It is not more Boyle and Hampton lectures that are wanted to convert the world. It wants a thousand Henry Thomtons."

In the autobiographical notes which begin the biography of Dr. Charles Hodge by his son, Dr. Hodge, in writing of his missionary days, says of John Newbold, his fellow-student, "I do not remember to have ever known a man who was so absorbed in the things unseen and eternal. He seemed to take no interest in the things of this life except so far as they were connected with duty or with the interests of religion. His conversation was in heaven." And after speaking of his early death Dr. Hodge adds, "For a series of years I acted on the purpose of not allowing his memory to die out in the seminary. Therefore once at least in three years (an academic generation in the seminary) I held him up as an example. I wished to cause the students to see how much good can be done by simply being good."

Let parents and preachers and Sabbath-school teachers and all Christian workers ever bear in mind that one of the best preparations for every good work is holiness. There is a power in this which neither sinners nor devils can withstand. Consider, too, by how many motives we are urged to personal holiness. Our Master calls us to it. Heaven calls us to it. And no call is louder than the cry of a world lying in wickedness. The despairing cry of dying men is a call to all so to live the gospel that they shall adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. We are preaching more sermons every week than the minister preaches in a year. We are preaching to men in the by-ways, to strangers, to those who hear no words from the pulpit. Our life, our conversation, our business habits, our unconscious influence, is preaching. Is it preaching Christ? Is it recommending religion? Is it so full of the rich fruits of gospel living that men are led by it to taste and see that God is gracious? If Christians will live out the power of Christ's life, great will be the results achieved.—*S. S. Times.*

PALESTINE AND JERUSALEM.

The general character of the scenery of Palestine is stern and sombre. It is no longer what it was in the days of Solomon, or Herod the Great. Eighteen hundred years of war and ruin and neglect had not then passed over it. Coarse and brutal Turkish officials had not governed it; ignorant and fanatical Arabs had not built mud villages all over it. "Above all other countries in the world," says Dean Stanley, "it is now a land of ruins." In Judea, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that for miles and miles there is no appearance of present life or habitation, except the occasional goat herd on the hill-side, or gathering of women at the wells, there is hardly a hill-top of the many within sight which is not covered with the vestiges of some fortress or city of former ages. The ruins we now see are of the most distant ages—Saraenic, Crusading, Roman, Grecian, Jewish—extending perhaps even to the old Canaanitish remains before the arrival of Joshua.

We were twice in Jerusalem, and

spent several days each time. Our quarters were in the Mediterranean Hotel, where 'English is spoken.' It is within the walls, and nearly opposite the Tower of David. Like every other house in the city, it is built of stone—floors, roof and all. We should as soon expect a conflagration in a cavern or a stone-quarry as in the present city of Jerusalem. Indeed, there is not a street in it broad enough, or straight enough, or level enough, for one of our fire-engines to be operated. Except the American consul and his son, all the guests in the hotel were travelers like ourselves. It was so at Alexandria, Cairo, Jaffa and Jericho. So far as we know, we have never seen a native guest at an eastern hotel. There is never any trouble about rooms. Foreign officials and tourists take charge of the establishment, and have things their own way. Jerusalem has no manufactures, commerce or business worthy to be mentioned. One long telegraph wire to Jaffa connects the city with all the world beside.

The people live on the charities of the Jews, Mohammedans and Christians of distant nations, and what they can get from the thousands of comers and goers that pass this way every year. The Jew takes least root in his own native land. There is not a man among them cultivating the soil of his forefathers. I have recently read a history of Jerusalem in two volumes. It mentions twenty-seven sieges, seventeen captures, and seven total destructions! The city we see is the eighth Jerusalem! Was there ever a place so misnamed? "The habitation of peace" has known less repose than any city on the face of the earth.—*R. A. Young.*

What to Do

The writer, as he was leaving prayer meeting, saw a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, standing weeping. The tears were slowly rolling down her cheeks, and she would wipe them away as if she were unconscious of their falling.

"Here is a lady," said a gentleman, "to whom I wish you would say a few words. She says she is uncertain what to do." I inquired.

"I do not understand the next step to be taken," she said.

"Where are you now?" I asked.

"I have been coming to the meeting for four weeks, and all that time I have felt anxious about my soul; but I do not seem to make any case any better."

"And what do you try to do?"

"I try to convince myself that I am a sinner—as I know I am. But I would have deeper conviction."

"Your mistake is a very common one. Your next step, and only step, is to go to Christ just as you are. Go to him at once. You can do nothing. Christ as a Saviour, gives all the help you need."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all. You must stop trying to do anything, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Go to him who says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Oh," said she, "is that my next step?"

"Not your next step, it is your first and only step. He does not say, 'Come to conviction—come to a deeper sense of sin,' but he says, 'Come unto me.'"

"Oh? I see it now. I have been refusing Christ, while all this time I thought I was preparing to come to him."

"Will you go to Jesus just now?"

"I will," she said, and just then she trusted her soul to Jesus and found peace. Her tears were now tears of joy. She had learned what to do; and it was only to stop trying, and leave it all to Jesus.

Perfect Peace.

A dying soldier, reclining upon his couch, looked up to the chaplain and said: "Tell me, as quick as you can, what must I do to be saved?" The chaplain said: "Surrender! Surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ." Perhaps no better short definition could be given of the act of "coming to Christ." Sin is a rebellion. It is a warfare against God and his laws. We are with the opposing forces. Jesus calls on us to surrender, and submit to his rule. Jesus was born king. He is by right king of men. It is right that the purest, noblest, wisest, mightiest being that ever dwelt on the earth should be king.

One who heard the above incident related, inquired, "Who does fully surrender to Christ?" No doubt there are some who only make an outward surrender, while the heart is not in it. These wonder why they are not more blessed. But they never can come into the joy of a perfect salvation until they have given up all. If the young man who came to Christ had done

this, he would have found a deeper peace than he had never known before. But he turned away sorrowful. He asked Jesus the question, "What lack I yet?" Jesus answered and told him just what he lacked. If he had said, "Lord I surrender all, everything," he would then have known perfect peace. Jesus requires an emptying of self. The Lord must be king.

W. O. C.

HABIT

"Habit a second nature!" the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct. There is a story, which is creditable enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, "Attention!" whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in man's nervous structure.

Riderless cavalry-horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle-call. Most trained domestic animals, dogs, and oxen, and omnibuses and carriage horses seem to be machines almost pure and simple, undoubtedly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident to a travelling menagerie in the United States some time in 1884, a tiger, whose cage had broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

Habit is thus the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck-hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log-cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again.

Not Self, But Christ.

There is more pulp than pluck in a great deal of what passes for piety. It is an audacious attempt to get a free ride to heaven in a drawing room car, with plenty of select company and good fare on the road. "Will Dr. A— be in his pulpit to-day? Will the music be up to the mark? Is it likely to clear off? Then I'll try to go to church to-day." With such a soliloquy on Sabbath morning, how much grace is there likely to be left after the wear and tear of the week?

The piety that Christ smiles upon is a piety that will stand a pinch and face a storm; that would rather eat an honest crust than fare sumptuously on unholy gains; that gladly gives up its couch of ease to ally off on its mission among the outcasts; that sets its Puritan face like a flint against fashionable sins. We talk glibly about "taking up a cross," but a cross is intended for somebody's crucifixion. On Calvary's Cross we know full well who bled away His precious life. On our cross, self is to be the victim. Paul the heroic was emphasizing this fact when he commanded Christians to mortify their members which are upon the earth. The American Revision of the New Testament hits the sense of this passage more accurately: "Put to death your own members," etc. Loyalty to Christ often demands the plucking out of the right eye and the amputation of the right arm. The sublime glory of Abraham's offering really was that he was willing to thrust the knife through the very heart of self. Oh, it is not the taking up; it is the giving up, that makes a strong, athletic, heroic Christian!—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one half cup of water, one tablespoonful of butter, a scant half-teaspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil all together for twenty minutes.

M. McLEOD,
MANUFACTURER

GENERAL AGENT,
No. 36 Dock Street,

—ST. JOHN, N. B.—

McLEOD'S

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Flavouring Extracts.

McLEOD'S

Rheumatic & Brain Liniment.

DR. NOBLE'S

GREAT CURE FOR

CHOLERA, PAINS, &c.

McLEOD'S

Tonic Cough Cure

A PROMPT AND EFFECTUAL REMEDY
for all Diseases of the

THROAT AND LUNGS.

Lansdowne Waterproof,

Makes BOOTS WARMER, MORE DURABLE
and IMPERVIOUS to SNOW, WYTER.

MAGIC TOOTHACHE CURE.

Extract Jamaica Ginger.

McLEOD'S

True Fruit Syrups.

RASPBERRY,
STRAWBERRY,
PINE APPLE,
LIME JUICE AND LEMON.

JOBBER & RETAILERS

Are respectfully invited to write for
PRICE LIST; or, if in the city, call
and EXAMINE SAMPLES, &c.

M. McLEOD,

No. 36 DOCK STREET,

St. John, N. B.