

Now is the time to renew
your subscription for 1887.

WEAVING.

BY REV. J. HUNT COOKE.

Weaving. Weaving. Thus we live.
As a shuttle, every day,
Gleams along its rapid way.
Through the warp the woof to give:
The crimson thread of eager strife,
The golden thread of precious gain,
The azure thread of peaceful life,
The chequered thread of woe and pain:
Nor can it for a moment stay.
Weaving. Weaving. Thus we live.
Every day's result repains,
Eternity each thread sustains,
Every deed must time survive:
Deeds of narrow selfish plan,
Deeds of love to God on high,
Deeds of charity to man,
Deeds of faithful victory:
All the changeless work retains.
Weaving. Weaving. Thus we live.
Whatsoever thread we will
We wind around the shuttle's quill:
The warp the master's hand must give.
The pattern now we cannot see,
But, working on at his command—
Though broken life may seem to be—
A perfect, whole, and nobly planned,
Shall at the last our glory fill.

Baptist Weekly.

SELF OUT AND JESUS IN.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Less of self, and more of Thee!
This is the constant prayer of every
earnest Christian who honestly desires
to make high attainments in godliness.
Paul opens a window often into his
own heart and tells us no little of his
own experience. The conflict in his
case—just as with all of us—was with
that inside demon of his old nature
which kept rising up in new disguises,
after he had smitten it down with
hard blows. His constant endeavor
was to empty himself of Paul and to
be filled with his Lord and Master.
During the past few weeks the farmers
have been clearing their granaries of
chaff and bran and other rubbish in
order to make room for the new wheat.
They empty in order to fill. As two
bodies cannot occupy the same space
at the same time, and two hostile rivals
cannot reign together in the same
palace, so selfishness and Christ cannot
both control our hearts at once.
No one can become a Christian until
Jesus is admitted into the soul, and
that cannot be until stubborn self has
yielded and opened the door to Him.
If this process could be performed
once for all, then the Christian life
would be easy work; but self is adroit
and persistent in stealing back again—
often, too, in very suitable disguises.
So the emptying must be repeated
over and over again.
At the ocean-side, where cliffs jut
out to the waves, certain mollusks may
be found sticking tightly to the rocks.
Each mollusk clings so tenaciously
that the concussion of the waves can-
not smite it off. The secret of its hold
is that the mollusk is empty. If it
were filled, either with flesh or with
air, it would drop off immediately.
This beautifully illustrates the con-
dition of every sincere, humble, con-
scientious believer, who has been
emptied of self, and therefore clings
by a divine law of adhesion, closely
to the Rock of Ages. If he should
become puffed with pride and self-
conceit, or gorged with fleshly indig-
nence, he would yield to the waves of
temptation and be swept away. But
as long as he is weak in himself, he
may become immovable through Christ
strengthening him. "When I am
weak, then am I strong," said the
great apostle; that is, when he got
emptied of self-trust, Jesus flowed in
and ended him with power unto all
long-suffering and joyfulness.
Let any minister recall the Sabbath
in which he has done his best work for
his Master. Has it not been when he
has gone to his pulpit in a very self-
distrustful spirit, carrying with him
perhaps a discourse of which he felt
half-ashamed as to its literary and in-
tellectual character, and caring only to
do somebody good that day whether he
got any credit or not? Leaving that
ugly house-devil of self at the foot of
the pulpit stairs, and asking his Lord
to help him through, he has succeeded
in getting Christ before his people—
whether they saw the preacher or not.
Going home, administering a severe
chastisement to himself for preaching
so plain and unpretending a sermon,
he feels like a whipped school-boy.
But during the week he is amazed at
hearing one parishioner say, "Dominie,
your sermon last week came right
home to us;" and another one say,
"How I wish you would always talk
just as simply and closely as you did on
Sunday morning; that sermon set my
boy and my daughter to thinking
about their souls." The secret was
that he had got clear of the accursed
ambition of winning some applause,
and feeling very little satisfaction with
himself, had laid hold in his weakness
on the everlasting life. "Seekest
thou great things for thyself? seek

them not," is a text that we might well
write upon our study walls.

This is the battle which our people
have to fight every day in the week—
the endless conflict between self in
some form, and the claims of the Lord
Jesus. When the bell for prayer-
meeting rings, self begins to plead
excuse. "I am too tired to go to-
night," or some neighbor "is coming
to see me," or the "weather is too
bad." Unless these imps of self-indig-
nence are silenced, and conscience
is allowed to speak, that church
member's seat is vacant that night,
and he is worse for it. What is true
as to his devotional duties is equally
true as to his duty of giving cheerfully
to the Lord's treasury. Then, too,
self has the stereotyped pleas, "The
times are hard, and my profits small;"
or, "I can't afford to give as I used to,"
and then he ends up with muttering,
"There is no end to this eternal beg-
ging for the missionaries and for the
societies." The real trouble is that
selfishness has got hold of the purse-
strings, and the man is robbing his
Lord. This is the reason why our
boards and benevolent institutions are
kept all the time at such low water
and have such a struggle to live. If
Christ holds the heart, He will hold
the pocket-books also, and giving will
be a luxury, even if it costs sharp self-
denial.

The very core of healthy and happy
discipleship is the willingness to deny
self and to let the Master have His
way. This principle runs through all
the deepest, richest experiences of the
blood-bought and consecrated believer.
God's people are never so exalted as
when their pride and self-seeking are
down in the dust; never so enriched as
when they are emptied; never so ad-
vanced as when they are set back in
their worldly ambition; never so near
the crown as when bearing a cross for
Jesus. Nay; all our crowns are made
out of crosses borne for Him. O that
God would empty us, whatever cost,
that our souls might be filled unto His
glorious fullness, and overflow with
benefits and blessings unto others!

NAGGING AND NETTLING.

Much that is deficient in the comfort
of family and social life may be traced
to a habit often indulged in, of teasing
and nagging those who are most sus-
ceptible to irritating influences, and
most likely to lose their equanimity.
It is hard to find a motive for this
species of torture, for those who
practise it are not necessarily hard
hearted or malicious, though they
certainly show a selfish disregard of
the feelings of those whom they thus
harass. Yet there is an element of
refined cruelty in all such violations of
the golden rule, and a positive re-
sponsibility for the unhappiness or loss
of good nature, resting on those who
rasp and nettle any whose close re-
lationship subjects them to their un-
bearable prodding and stinging.

It is needless that we should describe
the various methods of those who thus
sow thistles in the garden of social life.
Sometimes it is in plying them with
questions, the answers to which would
involve confidence to a degree that the
other would avoid. If the strong ne-
cessity of confiding is upon your friend,
the artesian process of boring is need-
less, the fountain will flow of itself.
What he does not care to tell, you
should not be curious to hear. Another
form is in twitting a person with some
trifling sin of omission or teasing him
for some coveted service he cannot
supply if he would, would not if he
could, and should not even if he would
and could. Another form is that un-
conscious impertinence which prompts
an acquaintance to volunteer criticism
and advice upon your personal opinions
or private business. One will blandly
inform you that you are looking very
badly to-day, or that you are showing
some gray hairs; another, as pleasant-
ly, that he does not admire the archi-
tecture of your new house, or the
shade of your new dress; and then
that your boy has the reputation of
being rather fast, while a fourth asks
the amount of your income, and if
your business paid expenses last year.
Those who thus outrage taste and
feeling would be astonished if you
were to resent their friendly comments,
however free they may be from malice
or mischief.—Selected.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

"During the Revolutionary War a
piece of heavy timber was being raised
for army purposes, and a corporal was
overseeing it done, shouting to the
men who were lifting, 'Heave away!
Yo, heave!' A horseman riding along
said to him: 'Why don't you lay
hold yourself and help those men lift?'
It is more than they can do." "O re-
plied the officer, 'I am a Corporal.'
Then the man on horseback dismount-
ed and laid hold of the timber and
lifted with all his might. The work
done, the man said: 'Corporal, when
you have not men enough to attend to

a job like that, send for your Com-
mander-in-Chief.' It was Washington.
O, let us give each other a lift!"
There is jewelled truth in this,
whether it was Washington or not
that did and uttered it. Any man
who spends himself in shouting to
others to do their duties will always
be a corporal. Promotion comes out
of doing rather than commanding.
Help is what is most wanted in this
needy world, and true greatness shows
itself in rendering it in whatever
position we may occupy. It is the
man that gives dignity to life's drudg-
eries and raises them to the level of
honor.—Talmage.

"I'M HANDLING TRUST FUNDS."

Stepping into the store of a
Christian business man one day, I
noticed that he was standing at his
desk with his hands full of bills, which
he was carefully counting, as he laid
them down, one by one.

After a brief silence, I said:
"Mr. H—, just count out \$50
from that pile of bills and make your-
self or some other person a Life
Member of the Christian Giving
Society!"

He finished his count, and quickly
replied: "I'm Handling Trust Funds
Now!"

His answer instantly flashed a light
on the entire work and life of a
Christian, and I replied to his state-
ment with a question:

"Do you ever handle any thing but
Trust Funds?"

If Christians would only realize that
all that God gives us is "in trust,"
what a change would come over our
use of money. "I'm Handling Trust
Funds Now."

Let the merchant write the motto
over his desk; the farmer over the in-
come of his farm; the laborer over his
wages; the professional man over his
salary; the banker over his income;
the housekeeper over her house ex-
pense purse; the boy and girl over
"pocket money"—and what a change
would be made in our business.

A business man who had made a do-
nation of \$100,000 to a Christian
enterprise, once said in the hearing of
the writer:

"I hold that a man is accountable
for every six-pence he gets."

There is the Gospel idea of "Trust
Funds."

Let parents instruct and train their
children to "Handle Trust Funds" as
the stewards of God's bounty, and
there will be a new generation of
Christians.

Thanks to Mr. H— for the sug-
gestive remark: "I'm Handling Trust
Funds Now." It will help us to do
more as the stewards of God. May it
others!—The Christian Giver.

THE MORAL LAW.

There was once a lawyer who was a
very profane man and a skeptic. On
a certain occasion he asked another
lawyer what books he should read on
the evidences of Christianity. He
was advised to read, in the first in-
stance, the Bible itself, inasmuch as
most infidels are very ignorant of it;
and furthermore, in order to reason
correctly on any subject, it is neces-
sary to understand what it is that we
reason about.

It was stated to him, also, that the
internal evidences of the Bible are
even stronger than the external. He
was advised to begin his perusal of the
Bible with the Book of Genesis. This
advice was complied with; the aid of
commentaries and of his legal friend
was employed in solving difficulties.

One evening, some time after this
course of study was commenced, the
Christian lawyer called on his skepti-
cal friend, and found him walking
his room and so profoundly engaged
in thought that his own entrance into
the room was not noticed, until he
asked his friend what it was that
occupied his attention? The skeptic
replied, "I have been reading the
moral law."

"Well, what do you think of it?"
asked the other.

"I will tell you what I used to
think of it," said the skeptic. I sup-
posed that Moses was the leader of a
horde of banditti; that, having a
strong mind, he acquired great in-
fluence over a superstitious people,
and that on Mount Sinai he played off
some sort of fireworks to the amaze-
ment of his ignorant followers, who
imagined, in their mingled fear and
superstition, that the exhibition was
supernatural."

"But what do you think now?"
followed his friend.

"I have been looking," replied the
skeptic, into the nature of that law.
I have been trying to see whether I
can add anything to it or take any-
thing from it, so as to make it better.
Sir, I can not—it is perfect."

"The first commandment," con-
tinued he, "directs us to make the
Creator the object of supreme love
and reverence. That is right; if he

be our creator, preserver and supreme
benefactor, we ought to treat him, and
no other, as such.

"The second commandment forbids
idolatry—that precept certainly is
right. The third, with equal justness,
forbids profanity."

"The fourth fixes a time for reli-
gious worship. If there be a God, he
ought certainly to be worshipped;
it is suitable that there should be an
outward homage, significant of our in-
ward regard. If God is to be worship-
ed, it is proper that some time should
be set apart for that purpose, when
all may worship him harmoniously and
without interruption. One day in
seven is certainly not too much; and
I do not know that it is too little."

"The fifth defines the peculiar
duties arising from family relations."

"Injuries to our neighbor are then
classified by the moral law. They
are divided into offenses against life,
chastity, property and character; and,"
said he, "I notice that the greatest
offense in each class is expressly for-
bidden. Thus, the greatest injury to
life is murder; to chastity, adultery;
to property, theft; to character, per-
jury. Now the greater offense must
include the lesser of the same kind.
Murder must include every injury to
life; adultery every injury to purity;
and so of the rest; and the moral code
is closed and perfected by a prohibi-
tion forbidding every improper desire in
regard to our neighbor."

"I have been thinking," he pro-
ceeded, "where Moses got that law.
I have read history. The Egyptians
and the adjacent nations were idolat-
rous; so were the Greeks and Romans;
and the wisest and best of Greeks or
Romans never gave a code of morals
like this. Where did Moses get this
law, which surpasses the wisdom and
philosophy of the most enlightened
ages? He lived at a period com-
paratively barbarous. Yet he has
given a law in which the learning and
sagacity of all subsequent times can
detect no flaw. Where did he get it?
He could not have soared so far above
his age as to have devised it himself.
I am satisfied where he obtained it;
it must have come from heaven. I am
convinced of the truth of the religion
of the Bible."

Give the Choicest Things to Christ.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE, D. D.

"And when they had opened their
treasury they presented unto him gifts of
gold, and frankincense and myrrh."
Matt. ii. 11.

Gold was early known, highly es-
teemed for ornamental purposes, and
reckoned a desirable treasure, long
before it was coined into money, em-
ployed as a medium of exchange.
Frankincense is a vegetable resin,
brittle, glittering, and of a bitter taste,
formerly used for the purpose of sacrifi-
cial fumigation. It is obtained by
successful incisions in the bark of a
tree called the *arbor thuris*. It is a
product of the East, emits a pleasant
odor, and is an appropriate offering to
a royal or divine personage. Incense
conveys the idea of adoration; it is the
breath of praise. Myrrh is the Arabic
of a thorny tree, like the acacia, from
which flows a white liquid that thick-
ens and becomes a gum. It is used as
a perfume, but especially for embal-
ming. We are told, for instance, that
Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus,
who at first came to Jesus by night,
embalmed the body of our crucified
Lord in a mixture of myrrh and aloes,
winding it in linen cloths with the
spices, as the manner of the Jews is to
bury.

In one word, then, this presentation
to Him who was born King of the
Jews, of gold, frankincense, and
myrrh, was an acknowledgment on the
part of the Magi that he into whose
presence the light of a journeying star
had mysteriously guided their steps
was entitled to their homage, service
and affection—was entitled to their
most costly and most tenderly loved
treasures; and that unto him tribute
must be paid, fealty avoided, and in-
cense offered. In like manner it is
our privilege to give our best things to
Jesus. Our gold and incense can be
brought gladly to his altars. Our time,
talents, possession, reputation, capa-
city for service and suffering, may all
be rendered to our royal Master.
Such an offering is demanded at our
hands.

Our Lord deserves this grand recog-
nition. He is the Prince of peace and
the Lord of life. His wisdom is in-
finite, his goodness is inexhaustible,
his love and mercy boundless and free.
He is a most princely Prince, and a
most loving Lover. All his garments
smell of myrrh and cassia out of the
ivory palaces. He has shown his favor
to us. He has loved us with a great
love and ransomed us with a great
price. For us he left the glory which
he had with the Father before the
world was. He was rich, yet for our
sakes he became poor. He bore our
sins in his body on the cross. He
triumphed over death and hell in be-
half of our imperiled souls. He is our
Mediator, our living Intercessor before

the throne. Can we recall what he is
and what he has done for us, and not
render unto him our best thoughts,
our fullest energies, our purest affec-
tions, our choicest possessions, our
tenderest relations, our grandest con-
secration of purpose, and our most
comprehensive devotion of life, with
all its powers and possibilities? Can
we do too much for such a Saviour?
Can we deny ourselves too rigidly for
him who was made in sinful flesh and
endured the agonies of Calvary for us?
Can we render too precious an offering
to the Lover of our souls, who offered
his life for our redemption? Can we
live too constantly and utterly for him
who lives in heaven, "the prime and
blossom" of our glorified humanity, to
be our Representative and Advocate?

Bring gold, bring incense, bring the
heart's best offering to Jesus. Give
life, love, friends, and fortune to him.
Learn to employ the mind for him.
Think of his cause and its necessities.
Ask yourself, How can I deny myself
more fully and economise more closely
that I may give more to his cause?
How can I lead men whose eyes are
closed and whose ears are stopped, to
discern his beauty and to listen to that
voice whose music makes the melody
of the heavens? A heart full of love
will long to express it. A life given
up to a grand purpose will yearn for
the opportunity of heroic devotion.
And a soul, lifted to something like a
just conception of the extent of re-
deeming mercy and love, will desire
above all things to manifest, by sacri-
fice and service, its boundless attach-
ments, its heroic ardors, and its utter
and unmeasured consecration. To
know and to love Jesus when he is
truly discerned is the soul's most
cherished privilege and passion.

O Son of God! thou art worthy;
there is none like thee; thou art a
tender, loving Saviour; thou art our
Brother, and yet the Divinity shines
through thy human nature; thou art a
Prince and a Deliverer, and worthy of
our homage and love! We bring our
all to thee. We give thee our gold
and our incense, our hearts and our
homes, our fortunes and our future.
Accept us, for thy mercy's sake, our
Lord and King.

We are this fullness of consecration
to ourselves. No man is fully a man
till he is fully the Lord's. The treas-
ures we withhold are moth-eaten; the
sacrifice which we do not present on
the divine altar becomes a stench;
the choice things reserved to ourselves
are transmuted into curses; the in-
cense which we do not offer to Jesus,
ministers to self-love, vanity, and
idol-worship; the disloyalty and trea-
son to heaven's King produce
anarchy, misery, and a dreary deso-
lation and darkness of death in the
soul. No man is ever a gainer by any
thing withheld from Christ. On the
contrary, the intellect consecrated to
him is henceforth a brighter intellect,
the heart given to him is a purer and
happier heart, and the life devoted to
his service is a nobler and sublimer
life. How precious is the gold which
has been laid on this altar! How
sweet the incense, diffusing royal per-
fumes through every chamber of the
soul, which has been breathed in
prayer before the Lord! How delight-
ful the possession which is held and
enjoyed, as belonging to Jesus, sancti-
fied by his acceptance, and used only
for his kingdom and glory! How
exalted the privilege of doing or suffer-
ing something, in some way, for that
Saviour who every moment gives us
himself and makes us sharers in his
immortal inheritance! The will grows
stronger, the aim higher, the life
more heroic, just as we are able to
count all things loss for the excellency
of Jesus. Our relations to others are
better understood and the ways of
Providence are plainer the more com-
plete and constant our consecration to
Christ.

We may not have much to give;
but the whole, however little, is never
a small offering. The two mites be-
come a royal gift, which heaven stamps
as munificent and rewards with a
kingdom, when it is all one's living.
If we have not gold we can bring in-
cense—the incense of grateful, loving,
consecrated hearts. The sincere de-
sire to pour our all at the feet of the
Saviour, to give him ten thousand times
more than we have to give, to love him
with a perfect love, and to serve him
with unselfish and faithful souls, is
what chiefly commends us to the
Father of all goodness and grace,
"Richer by far" than all the splendors
which wealth can show, "is the heart's
adoration." "Dearer to God" than
all the munificence of princes, the gifts
of genius, or the endowments of learn-
ing, "are the prayers of the poor." We
may not be able to offer "odors of
Eden," "gems of the mountain,"
"pearls of the ocean," "myrrh from
the forest or gold from mine;" but a
broken, contrite, and loving heart he
will not despise, but will assuredly
accept, beautify, and ennoble with his
presence and salvation.

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