

## Thy Love to Me.

Thy love to me, O Christ,  
Thy love to me,  
Not mine to Thee, I plead,  
Not mine to Thee!  
This is my comfort strong,  
This is my only song,  
Thy love to me.

Thy record I believe,  
Thy word to me.  
Thy love I now receive,  
Full, changeless, free,  
Love from the sinless Son,  
Love to the sinful one,  
Thy love to me.

Immortal love of Thine,  
Thy sacrifice,  
Infinite need of mine  
Only supplies.  
Streams of divest power  
Flow hour by hour,  
Thy love to me.

Let me more clearly trace  
Thy love to me.  
See, in the Father's face,  
His love to Thee.  
Know as He loves the Son,  
So dost Thou love Thine own,  
Thy love to me.

—Independent.

## Success.

Success in Christian work is not always to be measured by visible results; but on the other hand absence of visible results is a very poor sign of real success. Browning it is true makes Rabbi Ben Ezra say:

"For thence—a paradox  
Which comforts while it mocks.  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail?"

That I aspired to be  
And was not, comforts me;  
A brute I might have been, but would  
Not sink in the scale."

He however is speaking of personal character-building, not to success or failure in one's efforts for others. That we have struggled manfully to overcome our easily besetting sins and have failed, is no proof that the struggle has been in vain. We have kept ourselves at least from sinking into lower depths. Nay the struggle itself has brought to us some new increment of strength by which ultimately we shall overcome. So far as our own characters are concerned life may succeed in that it seems to fail.

Many however are carrying this paradox into their estimate of their endeavors for the good of others, and are taking great comfort to themselves from the persuasion that spiritual results cannot be ascertained by counting noses. No, not absolutely; still the science of numbers certainly has a large place in the proper estimate of spiritual results. The preacher who can draw to the house of God and hold under the influence of the gospel five hundred or a thousand souls, is evidently doing more good than he would were he, in proclaiming the same gospel, ministering to but fifty or a hundred. With his fifty or a hundred souls he might indeed be doing more for the world than his neighbor across the way who in a different spirit or proclaiming a different gospel has the crowd; but he is not doing as much as he would did he have it.

Now the question arises, What should the Christian worker do when confronted by the fact that his labor is comparatively barren of results? He should as already intimated flee the temptation to claim success simply because he has achieved failure. He would do well also not to take refuge in the thought that his Master toiled many years and ended his life at last in what the blind world called failure. Success consists in accomplishing one's mission. Christ Jesus came to die, the just for the unjust. He died; and so his life was a triumphant success. Nor can his life from the view point of visible results in disciple-winning be, in any sense of the term, pronounced a failure. He had made and baptised more disciples than the one to whom went out all Jerusalem and Judea and all the regions round about Jordan—his ministry was certainly far removed from failure. Now the Christian worker is sent into the world not to die for it, but to win it back to allegiance to its Lord. His success, then, must be largely determined by the number of those whom he directly and indirectly wins to Christ, and moulds into the divine image.

Does he find that but a handful of souls are being won and moulded by him out of a great multitude by whom he is surrounded? Let him honestly confess to himself his defeat, and as honestly set about inquiring the reason, or reasons, why. Such confession and inquiry have been blessed of God in transforming many an inefficient into an efficient worker. Let him fearlessly ask himself a few questions—Am I lazy? Am I pampering self while claiming to serve others? Am I preaching the right doctrine? Am I preaching it in the right spirit? Am I repellant in manner, whereas I have thought it was God's truth that is repellant? If my Master could make

the truth attractive to great multitudes of unregenerate men and women, why must I content myself in proclaiming it to a few who have already passed from nature's darkness into God's marvelous light? Am I dull in the pulpit? Do I use an unnatural tone, thus doing what I can to make religion an unnatural and unattractive monotony? Are my sermons a bore on account of their length? Am I discouraging the flock by holding up before them an ideal standard, while leaving them to infer that it is in not attaining thereto they prove themselves not Christians? Am I riding a hobby? Am I bringing forth things new as well as old, and old as well as new? Am I timid when I should be bold—harsh when I thought I was simply true? Am I using the right methods to make the house of God and the services of his sanctuary attractive to the average man and woman? Are my methods adapted simply to sowing the seed, or also to reaping the harvest? Does God work at all through methods, and what methods are usually owned of him in gathering in the sheaves? Is my pastoral work all it should be, and what it should be? Is there any change that I can make in spirit, manner, or methods, that can possibly be blessed of God to my greater usefulness in his service?

The inefficient Sunday-school teacher may well propound to himself another, but similar, series of questions.

We are to preach and teach the word whether they will hear or whether they will forbear; but we are to remember that whether they hear or forbear is largely determined by ourselves.—Standard.

## A Precious Faith.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There is a legend that a traveller over the desert who was nearly perishing with hunger, came upon the spot where a company had lately encamped. Searching about for some article of food, he found a small bag which he hoped might be a bag of dates. Opening it, he discovered that it contained shells and silver coins. Throwing it down in bitter disappointment, he exclaimed "Alas! it is *nothing but money*." A single date or a fig would have been worth more to him than than a chest-full of gold. There is a time coming to all of us, when we would gladly surrender the wealth of the whole world for what an Apostle once called "a like precious faith."

Peter was partial to this word *precious*; it is one of the ear-marks to establish the identity of authorship in the two Epistles which bear his name. He speaks of the precious blood of Christ, of a precious corner-stone, of the precious trial of our faith, and of precious and exceeding great promises. Among this jewel-cluster, there is none more full of meaning than when he speaks of "them that have obtained a like *precious faith* with us in the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ" (New Revision.)

Faith is confiding trust. "Ah, but my faith was anything but precious to me," says some one, "For I trusted a man who wronged me out of thousands of dollars." Your faith, my friend, was not a wrong principle, but you bestowed it on the wrong person. His worthlessness made the trust worthless. Without mutual confidence, all the sweetest intercourse of domestic life, and all the operations of trade, would come to an instant halt. If faith in one another is so indispensable to the ordinary transactions of life, faith in the Divine Redeemer is indispensable to our salvation. It is the very core of Bible-religion.

But this saving faith is vastly more than a good opinion about Christ, or a belief in Christ. Multitudes of intelligent sinners have this. Saving faith is not only a confidence in the atoning Saviour; it is a strong grasp of the Saviour, and a union of heart and life to Him. It is the *act* of trust by which I, a person, unite myself to another Person, even to the Son of God. It is unspeakably precious, because it is the source of all my spiritual life. No grace until that grace comes. Faith drives the nail which fastens me to Jesus, and then love clutches it; faith ties the knot, and true love makes it tighter and stronger every hour.

(1) Precious is faith, because it is the channel of connection through which Jesus pours the life stream into my soul. The value of the channel is in what it brings to me. The lead-pipe which passes from the street in under my house, may be worth only a few cents a pound, but the water it conducts is the life of my family. Christ dwells in our hearts only through faith. The cause of drought in a Christian or in a church, is that sin has obstructed the faith-pipe, and Christ is shut off. A revival, or a re-living, means a clearing out of the spiritual channel.

(2) The preciousness of faith lies also in its *protection* from deadly adversaries. We read of the "shield of faith," but it has been well said that Christ is the actual shield, and faith is only the grasping arm which holds it up before us. A false faith inspires a false security. Right there lies the awful danger of many in our congregations. They are trusting in their own morality, or in their good associations, or perhaps in the popular delusion of a second probation after death. Christ is the actual Protector. His presence barricades my heart from the assaults of the Tempter. His strength is made perfect in and for our weakness.

(3) Precious is this Christ-faith also, because it imparts *power*. As a principle of action throughout all human history, faith has been the inspiration of progress. The human mind is at its best and strongest when under this inspiration, whether it be elevating Galileo's telescope, or steering Columbus' pinance, or trailing Morse's and Field's telegraph-cable through stormy seas. The moment that the man with the withered arm exercised faith in Christ, the divine power shot into that paralyzed limb, and he lifted it. Faith circulates on this reserved strength, and is not afraid to essay difficult tasks. "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Here is the encouragement for young converts who propose to make a public confession of Christ; they can calculate just as confidently on their Master's perpetual aid, as they can on the rising of tomorrow's sun.

(4) What *consolations* too do this precious faith afford! How it restores the balance between all the inequalities of life! Are you poor? Yes, but richer than Croesus with the uncountable riches of Christ. Have you met with a heavy loss? Yes; but you open the blessed Book, and read that to you "are given precious and exceeding great promises." Suppose that you had received a letter announcing the loss of the money you were depending on for support. While you are reading it, a generous friend happens in, who observes the sadness on your face, and asks to read the letter. When he has finished it, he quietly remarks "Don't worry; I'll take care of this." Your countenance lights up in an instant. So the blessed Jesus draws up closely to the bereaved mother, and whispers "I have that precious child in My eternal keeping;" so He says to the disheartened minister "Go on, and sow My Gospel-seed, and I will take care of the harvest;" yea, in all the dark trying hours, faith trims her lamp with the oil of the promises which Jesus furnisheth. Heaven is as yet only a *promise*; but to the believer it would not be one whit more a certainty if his feet were already in the golden streets.

(5) This Christ-faith is so precious also, because it is so costly. On Christ's part it cost Gethsemane's agony and Calvary's sacrifice. On our part it costs repentance of sin, self-surrender, the denial of greedy lusts, and hard battles with temptation. A very hot furnace is often required to make its pure gold shine; and roaring tempests are often let loose in order to tighten the hold of its anchor.

"How shall I get this faith?" Our answer to this question is, Exercise it! Faith is *personal connection* with Jesus Christ; put yourself into connection with Him. Prayer is one way of doing this; make that connection at once. Ask Him to come into your heart and dwell there. Do the very first thing that He bids you, as He speaks through conscience. That tightens the connection. Every step you take in obedience to Him, increases the hold. An honest joining 'His Church, is only a public step of acknowledging this personal connection of the soul with the Saviour. Do your part, and rely implicitly on His part in the blessed partnership. The way to do a thing is to *do it*. When you have formed this soul-connection with the infinite Saviour, you can sing

"Jesus, my life is Thine!  
And evermore shall be  
Hidden in Thee;  
For nothing can untwine  
Thy life from mine."

## "THOU ART WITH ME."

"How is it that I am so perfectly calm?" said a Christian lady suffering from dangerous illness. If her real life had not been known to her loving friends, they might have been unable to answer. The simple truth was that she had long trusted the atoning merit of her Redeemer. It had become a part of her very being to accept him as her teacher, Atoning High Priest, and Divine Lord. Especially did she apprehend him in his sacrificial office. The best thoughts and services of her life had been cast in this mould. The teachings of the Bible upon this vital doctrine were interwoven with all her aspirations, hopes and plans.

In these trying circumstances, and after a lifetime of holy trust in the

blood of Christ alone, it would have been, indeed, surprising had she not been "perfectly calm," upheld as she then was by the strong arm of him who hath said to every believer: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

What trials await us during the year we may not know. To indulge gloomy forebodings concerning future events is both irrational and unchristian. Revelation points to a better way, namely, to seek daily a clearer estimate of Christ's person, and atoning work. Having this experience, we shall be kept in "perfect peace," whatever God's will concerning us may be.

Prof. Shedd, the profound scholar and theologian, has said: "Whoever is granted this clear, crystalline vision of the Atonement will die in peace, and pass through all the unknown transport and terror of the day of doom with serenity and joy. It ought to be the toil and study of the believer to render his conceptions of the work of Christ more vivid, simple and vital. For whatever may be the extent of his religious knowledge in other directions, whatever may be the worth of his religious experience in other phases, there is no knowledge and no experience that will stand him in such stead in those moments that try the soul as the experience of the pure sense of guilt quenched by the pure blood of Christ."

## The Courage of a Young Convert.

A pastor was holding extra meetings in a school-house in a rich, rural neighborhood. A wealthy farmer living a mile distant had not attended, nor had any of the family, when the wife, an unemotional woman, but of rare good sense, went to the meeting one evening. Although it was the first one she had attended, she was convicted of her sins, sought the Lord, and was happily converted before the meeting closed.

Her special cross now was to tell her husband of her new experience. Reaching home she found the family had retired. Her husband arousing from sleep, said: "You are a little late home."

"Yes," she said, "I have been to the meeting and I've been converted, and I want you to come with me."

He was silent a minute or two and then said: "Mary, you could not have done a thing that would have displeased me more. Don't ever speak of it to me again. Come to bed."

It was the most abrupt remark he had made to her in twenty years of wedded life. But she knew his will, and not a word was spoken until the morning. She did not sleep, and silently the whole night commended his case to God. She also knew that he was far from having a night of rest.

Farmer-like they ate breakfast by candle light. No sooner was he seated at the table than he said: "Children, your mother says she was converted at the meeting last night, and she won't want to eat without a blessing being asked. So keep still while she asks one."

The good woman knew that the trick was mean, but would not deny her Lord. She asked the blessing the best she could.

There was silence during the meal. When the hired man pushed back to leave the room, the man of the house said: "My wife says she is converted, and of course she will want to read and pray before we go to work; you better sit down." Nothing daunted, the persecuted but saved woman without a murmuring word, set herself to the untried work, read a chapter and kneeling alone, prayed. As the son was leaving the room, the father said: "In an hour you hitch the gray horses to the cutter. Your mother and I are going to C— for a visit."

Ordinarily he was a kind husband, consulted his wife about social and business affairs, and few homes were in better accord. But this was the first intimation to the wife of the proposed visit. Shall she submit, and thus be ignored? Shall she leave the meetings where she hoped her children would be saved? These and other similar questions were pressed on her conscience, yet somehow she believed God was to be glorified even through this abuse. In an hour she was seated by her husband and silently they drove twenty miles, when he reined up to a hotel and ordered dinner. When they entered the dining-room a few boarders and a half-dozen commercial travelers came in. With a knife-handle the man rapped, and as the company looked about, he said: "My wife says she was converted last night, and she will not want to eat unless she asks a blessing. Please keep still while she says grace."

Although faced by twenty strangers in this cruel arraignment, yet she

would not deny her Lord, and in stammering utterances thanked Him for the food before them. There was no jest uttered, and the meal was eaten in silence.

An hour later and the team was brought, and the man turned their heads toward home. After they had gone a few rods, the wife said: "This is not the way to C—."

"I know it," and bursting into tears he said: "Wife, I've used you mean; but you've got the real thing, and I'm going to the school-house to-night to see if I can get converted."

The rest of the story is short. The days were but few before the whole family, including the hired help, was converted, and she who was put to such unjust and unnatural tests, but who demonstrated her conversion by unflinching Christian courage, has seen her husband a leading and worthy official in the church of God for many years.—Northern Christian Advocate.

## Are You Gaining?

If you are gaining a little every day be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be a little, you are yet constantly accumulating and growing richer every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself. Solomon did not become the wisest man in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night—this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge. Finally, you are daily gaining in character! Do not be discouraged because it be little. The best men fall short of what they would wish to be. It is something, it is much if you keep good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this year than you did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become downhearted so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim. Little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little character and reputation is achieved.

## Random Readings.

I believe that we cannot live better than in seeking to become better.—Socrates.

Sin passes over the soul like small-pox over a lovely face, leaving it hideous.—Alexander Smith.

Nothing but the Infinite Pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.—John Inglesant.

Don't be a Sabbath Christian only. The devil labors 365 days in the year.—George C. Needham.

Make me like a little child.  
Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Seeing only in Thy light,  
Walking only in Thy might!  
—John Berridge.

The way to speak and to write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely.—Emerson.

The best advertisement of a workshop is first-class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well-made Christian character.—T. L. Cuyler.

A man's heart gets cold if he does not keep it warm by living in it, and a censorious man is one who ordinarily lives out of his own heart.—F. W. Faber.

Whatever good we do we may, must look upon it as the performance of our promise to Him. The more we do for God the more we are indebted to Him; for our efficiency is due to Him and of ourselves.—Matthew Henry.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm and make it fruitful.

No grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm, when no banners are waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.

A religious system which is in its inmost heart and essence love, is thereby shown to be the most practical of all systems, because, thereby, it is shown to be a great system of self-surrender and imitation.—A. Maclaren, D. D.

The ages and heroes of history are receding from us, and history contracts the record of their deeds into a narrow and narrower page. But time has no power over the name and deeds and words of Jesus Christ.—W. E. Channing.

The blind and the cowardly spirit of evil is forever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and you shall not die for them; and that good things are impossible, and you need not live for them. And if you believe these things, you will find some day to your cost, that they are untrue.—Ruskin.

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