

A Grateful Sacrifice.

Oh, Thou who in Thy wondrous love,
Didst leave Thy glorious throne above,
And give Thyself for me,
Smile graciously upon me now,
While lowly at Thy feet I bow,
And give myself to Thee.

Since Thou didst on the cross resign
Thy sacred life to ransom mine,
And raise me to the skies,
Accept that ransom life of me,
And let my whole existence be
A living sacrifice."

With mind on grateful thoughts intent,
My life, myself, I now present,
Thy service to fulfill;
My own desires I gladly leave,
And all I am and all I have
Surrender to Thy will.

"Twixt life and death I make no choice:
Speak Thou the word—I will rejoice
In either for Thy sake,
And, by obedience unto death,
Or by a life of patient faith,
Myself an offering make.

—London Methodist Recorder.

"Respect the Burden."

The Union Signal gives this incident:

"When Napoleon Bonaparte was on the island of St. Helena, and walking out in the cool of the day with the wife of Sir Hudson Lowe and other ladies of the staff, they passed in a narrow and precipitous street some black men who came to ward them carrying heavy loads upon their backs. The ladies were inclined to make these men file past them, or climb back out of the way; but Napoleon, with a magnificent wave of the hand, turned toward them and said, 'Respect the burden ladies, myself giving full passage-way to the men.'"

It is quite possible that Napoleon uttered the sentence. All his life he was giving forth sublime utterances; but his conceit was so stupendous that he never acknowledged their authority over himself. The spirit which respects the burden will never voluntarily place one upon other shoulders unnecessarily. If Napoleon said this, he was uttering a sentiment better expressed by inspiration in "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Many nominal Christians, at the last analysis, live by making other persons slaves. We do not refer to those who rob the laborer of his hire, nor to any of the vexed questions of labor and capital, though illustrations might be found in them; but to persons in domestic life and in ordinary business relations; the universal shirkers. This spirit may be seen in schools among little children, and all the way through life, growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength. Thus Christian husbands make slaves of their wives, requiring of them the heaviest physical labor without so much as offering assistance; and wives, who are perhaps being supported in idleness while their husbands are wearing themselves out by long hours and hard work to find the means of doing so, will refuse them the simplest attentions when they return worn out and weary, or exact from them onerous social duties.

The worst cases are those of children who will not aid their parents, but wantonly impose additional burdens upon them. Christian pastors often behold lamentable instances of this; when the way and weary mother is compelled to leave her work in the kitchen to answer the door bell, while "Daisy" is drumming at the piano which that mother's economy in doing the housework, that Daisy ought to have been called to assist in doing, made possible. If the mother's indulgence that born at fault, the daughter's ingratitude and gratitude should be sufficient.

This painful case from real life was lately communicated to us: "Two daughters of a well-to-do farmer had been educated at boarding school, and given money that they might dress as well as their associates, and in order that this might be done the strictest economy was practiced in the home. One day, shortly after their graduation, as they sat fashionably dressed in the parlor, their mother, in her plain morning work dress, was dusting the room when a wealthy and aristocratic school friend was ushered in. The girls welcomed her, the mother turned, expecting, of course, to be introduced; but the unworthy daughters, ashamed of her occupation and dress, paid no attention to her. When she had left the room the friend said: 'What a strange maid you have! She actually looked as if she expected to be presented.' 'O, well,' replied one of the girls, 'she has been with us a long time, and we have to overlook some things.' The patient mother heard this last insult, and the daughters who had not respected her already too heavy burden had laid upon her another that was greater than she could bear.

In the long illness that followed the crushing blow of that morning the girls had time to repent their

folly and realize something of what their mother's burden had been; but it was a mistake on their part which might easily have been fatal, and which never could have been made if they had respected the burden borne for them.

"Respecting the burden" would produce universal courtesy; but bearing one another's burdens is the highest manifestations of the Christian spirit. The Golden Rule feels the perpetual obligation of gratitude; and where is no reason for that, the perpetual impulse to assist others. The life of its author is contained by inspiration in the majestic simplicity of the declaration: "He went about doing good."—Chris. Standard.

Two Lost Hours.

The limited express on the Pennsylvania railroad was speeding into the city of Philadelphia with its precious freight of human lives, when suddenly the great engine slackened its force, and the train ceased to move.

"What is the matter?" cried a portly man in the rear of the car.

"There is an obstruction in the way, and we shall be detained two hours," was the reply.

"What, sir?" cried the portly man. "Why, I tell you I have an important business engagement in which my life's interests are at stake! I tell you, man, I must reach the city on time."

"We cannot do it, sir," said the official; "we shall be detained here at least two hours."

"Oh," cried a gentleman with flushed cheeks, "this is more than I can bear. My mother is dying and I shall be too late to receive her blessing. I could bear it," he bitterly added, while the sobs shook his frame, "but I have been a wayward child, and was not thoughtful of her comfort."

"And, I," said a gentleman in evening suit, "was to have addressed an audience at the academy to-night. I shall reach the hall just one hour too late."

Two girls on the opposite side of the car discussed the mishap with indignation.

"I cannot see to match that silk by gas-light," cried one; while the other, with tears of vexation answered, "I shall miss that musical society now! To think that the first chance I ever had to listen to a brilliant star should be lost through this luckless mishap."

In a seat by the window sat a sweet-faced lady, with silver hair, and hands folded peacefully before her. A bustling man, passing her, said, "Madam, you at least are not inconvenienced, I see!"

The patient face lighted up with a sad smile. "Sir," she answered, "he that believeth shall not make haste." Seeing the puzzled look on his countenance, she continued, "I am a widow, sir, and childless. There is one family tie left me still, a little grandson, who attends the grammar school in Philadelphia. Yesterday, upon returning from school, a runaway horse broke his leg, and he is now lying in the Children's Hospital. I, sir, am on my way to be with him while they amputate the limb. But," she continued, as she brushed the tears from her eyes, "there is a heavenly Father whose child I am, and he bids me to run with patience the race that is set before me. I cannot doubt his promises, for they are yea and amen to his children, sir. I am waiting for his commands, and trusting peacefully in his word."

A hush fell over the car. An angry man, who had but a moment before uttered an audible oath, with a ashamed face slipped out of the car door. The pale man brushed away his tears, and the two girls who had complained so bitterly resumed their talk in an undertone, with tell-tale blushes on their faces.

The two hours struck, the engine whistled, the train moved slowly at first, and the nuncio more the Pennsylvania express, with its mighty iron-horse, was speeding over the line to the city of Philadelphia.—Sel.

A Red Man's Temperance Lecture.

In the dense forest along the banks of Black River in Northern Michigan, foxes and wolves are numerous, and occasionally a bear or deer may be seen.

One day a sportsman, after a long chase, succeeded in shooting a deer, and as he was a long way up the river, he decided to call at the nearest Indian hut and borrow a boat to take his game to Sheboygan. He found an Indian working in the woods peeling birch bark, and, thinking to ingratiate himself, he drew from his pocket a flask of whisky.

"Me no drink whisky," said the Indian.

"Don't drink whiskey," asked the sportsman, in astonishment; "I thought my red brothers all liked whiskey."

"Yes, me like it," said the Indian. "Like it, and don't drink it? exclaimed the sportsman. "If you like it, why not drink?"

"Me like it, and drink little; brother drink little, he want more; bimeby, heap drunk Injun. Ugh! me no drink any," said the Indian.

The sportsman looked at the Indian, then at the whisky, and finally dashed the flask against a stone, breaking it and emptying the contents upon the ground. He stood gazing at the broken flask, while repeating:

"Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." I have been a brute, but the red man's lecture shall be remembered."

He then told his errand, and the Indian rolled up his bark, went to the river with the sportsman, helped to get the deer into a boat, and took them to Sheboygan.

At parting, the sportsman grasped the red man's hand, and said: "Thank you for your temperance lecture: I shall drink no more."

The Indian smiled, seated himself in the boat, and rowed back to his hut.—Nina Tripp.

Samples Demanded.

A humble Christian worker was holding a preaching service in the open air when a well-dressed man drew near, and, at a pause in the service, asked permission to address the meeting. Permission being given he denounced religion as a humbug and a sham, and advised men to go to the Socialists' meetings, which he said would do more good. While he was speaking, the leader learned from one of the men that he was a noted infidel. As he closed the Christian man said to him: "I hear you are a drummer, and go from town to town with samples of the goods manufactured by your firm."

"Now you are engaged in other business, I ask you to show your samples. I will show you what we are doing." Beckoning to two men to stand up beside him, he continued, "Here are two brothers. You see them now. Five years ago they were the biggest scamps and drunkards in the district. They were wife-beaters, and even a terror in the saloon. But five years ago they went to a little Gospel meeting, and there they gave their hearts to Jesus. Now they and their wives are well dressed, and their homes comfortably furnished, yet they are earning just the same wages as they did before their conversion, and in their homes all is happiness."

"That is the work of the Gospel. They are samples of what it can do. Now show the samples of socialism. Show me one drunkard made sober, one dishonest man made honest, one immoral man reclaimed, and then we will listen to you. If socialism is better than Christianity, show your samples." There was a general laugh at the confusion which sat visibly on the face of the socialist, and amid the roar of derision he slunk away.—Union Gospel News.

Rules for a Clear Skin.

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax. Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it. Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water, give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap; then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off it. Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember that it is not made of castiron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately. Don't use a sponge or a linen rag on your face, choose instead a flannel one. Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you stand it, and then a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel, and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming out of the wrinkles, and you are resting.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Kept from Falling.

"I am not conscious of the slightest temptation to strong drink," said one who had been for years under the power of this evil habit, but had now evidently reformed and was leading a new life. At first we were alarmed at his words, for observation had taught us that the chief peril of reformed inebriates lies in overestimating their own strength, not being able, through the breaking down of moral capacities, to detect the presence of temptation when it actually exists. Our fears for his safety were soon allayed, however, when he added, with serious earnestness: "The very fact that I am not conscious of temptation to return to my old habits drives me constantly to the throne of grace. That fact alone shows me that danger lurks near my path. O, my God, Thyself alone can save me."

And what is true of the reformed classes is likewise true of all God's children who claim deliverance from selfishness, pride, love of the world, and all other social forms of sin. That they do not feel the gnawings of these hateful evils as they once did is not enough. Rather the new experience of deliverance, accompanied by the conscious banishment of the tempter from their souls, ought to make them walk more closely and humbly with their blessed Lord. They should learn that one of Satan's devices is to withdraw himself from active assault, but meanwhile watching for a favorable opportunity to overwhelm the soul by a sudden onset. It is always safest to continue crying unto God: "Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort."

A True Wife.

It is not to sweep the house, make the beds, darn the socks, and cook the meals chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, a servant can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made; send him to inspect the needle work and bed-making; or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quickly look after them. But what the true young man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy, and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and a man needs a wife to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and sin, and he needs a woman that when he puts his arm around her, he feels that he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight; she will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hands to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favorable winds, man needs a woman's love.—The Lady.

"I'VE DONE REFUSIN."—These were the words of an aged Christian who had been unexpectedly asked by his pastor to lead the special meeting for the evening. In commencing the service he stated that he had not expected to take charge of the meeting, and so was unprepared to make remarks on the topic before them. "But," said he, "I've made up my mind that when I am asked to do anything [i. e., in Christian work] by one whom I have confidence in, if he thinks that it is my duty, even if I do not feel that I am prepared, I will try to do it. I've done refusin'." No better opening for the prayer-meeting that night could be found? What a difference would be made at once in our social meetings and every branch of church work if only each professing Christian could say, "I've done refusin'!"—Sel.

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