

The Everlasting Arms.

Wearily my spirit sinketh
Into Jesus' Heart and Hands,
Calmly trusting, tho' the journey
Lie through strange, untrodden lands;
All my spirit is at rest
On the loving Father's breast.

There my spirit cannot murmur,
Pleased with all that may betide—
What the will of Self would cherish
Is already crucified—
Buried in each murmuring word
In the grave of Christ my Lord.

There my spirit knows no darkness,
Love remains when all is gone—
Sorrows crushing soul and body
Do the heather's knave alone—
Resting in Christ's blessed light,
Fears she not the earthly night.

Thus on God my spirit waiteth,
Even so doth overcome;
Silently enduring all things,
Mockery and martyrdom,
Like a still sea doth she lie,
Full of praise to God most high.
Chr. Leader.

What We May Gain From Suffering.

Suffering, in itself, is not an end to be sought. It has no independent merit of its own. The mistaken idea that it has, has given rise to no little amount of work,—righteousness in the shape of penances, flagellations, pilgrimages, and various other mortifications of the flesh for the supposed good of the soul, and as a supposed means for procuring divine favor. All these things have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body, but they are exercises which profit little.

But the afflictions that come in the ordering of divine Providence, especially those that meet us in the path of duty and service, are to be regarded differently. They are not sought for their own sake, or as though there were any benefit in being made miserable and uncomfortable for the glory of God. Our loving Father is not pleased with any such treatment of our bodies. The instinct of nature teaches us to avoid pain and fly from it unless some reason outside of and beyond itself demands that we endure it for a higher good than simple exemption from present distress. The teachings of religion are in harmony with this instinct of self-preservation. But the sentiment that "all that a man hath will he give for his life" is worthy only of its satanic origin. The Imperatives of both morality and religion require that a man should lay down his life rather than barter away the integrity of his character or his peace of conscience. In such a case, he must not fear them which kill the body, and, after that, have no more that they can do. He must fear God, and be willing to suffer for righteousness' sake. Thus suffering, he is pronounced blessed. If we suffer with Christ, we shall reign with him; if we deny him, he will deny us. The suffering that comes to us in the way of divine Providence, or that falls to us in the path of duty or in ministry to others, is made effective by the grace of God for the upbuilding of character. Such suffering we are to receive joyfully, and to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations, knowing this, that the trying of our faith worketh patience and every Christian grace.

Time was, before Christianity had won its way to its present recognition, that those who professed it had "trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:)" but by the grace of God these things for us to-day are changed. And yet the offense of the cross has not ceased for those who will live godly in Christ Jesus. We need only to become soldiers of the cross to find that we cannot be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease.

It may, indeed, be that the faithful follower of Christ will not have to endure the cross of physical suffering; but this world is not yet such a friend to grace that he who undertakes resolutely to carry out the behests of duty, as laid down in the law of Christ and demanded by the spirit of his religion, will not have to endure much from a scoffing world and from a lax church. This must be so as long as the worldly standard falls below the standard of Christ. It must needs be that offenses come until all stumbling-blocks be removed and the King's highway be cleared of all obstacles opposed to his coming and reign. That time is not yet. Until that time, they who labor to make the crooked places straight and the rough places smooth, who level down the hills and fill up the valleys, will know what it is to suffer for Christ's sake. Even Christ, as the captain of our salvation, was made perfect through suffering.

We cannot, if we are his followers, fail to be advanced in like manner towards the same high standard.

And one effect of suffering as a discipline of character will be to deepen our humility and augment our sense of dependence upon the power and grace of God. The great temptation which comes to most men is a feeling of self-dependence and self-sufficiency. The weakness and peril of Peter, who was confident that, though all men should deny and forsake the Lord, yet would not he, was not so peculiar to that rash and impetuous disciple as to be his danger alone. Many who have been as confident as he, have, like him, been betrayed into sin and shame. We all need to watch and pray lest we fall into temptation. Satan is desirous to sift us all as wheat. It is only as Christ prays for us that we can hope that our faith shall not fail,—and this we learn by many a sad fall. It is only when our heart and courage fail within us that we are ready to flee to the Rock that is higher than we.

Another gain that may come to them who suffer the Father's discipline is that they learn to weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with them that rejoice. It is when we feel the great weight of our own burdens that we learn how to bear one another's burdens, and to fulfill the law of Christ. This touch of Nature which makes the world akin, if sanctified by grace, makes us brothers and helpers of all who suffer. The feeling that nothing human is foreign to us grows into a family sympathy, under the discipline of sanctified suffering.

Still another benefit of gracious suffering is that it brings us near to God. "It was good for me that I was afflicted," said the Psalmist, "else I had forgotten thy law." How many in affliction have been made to taste that the Lord is gracious! They have found him a present help in trouble. Looking through their tears, they have seen the shining of his face, and, calling upon him in the day of their trouble, they have proved his promises to be yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

Thus they who have rightly received and been the gainers by God's fatherly discipline have discovered how frail they are, and how insufficient of themselves for any good thing. They have learned the first true lessons of Christian sympathy. They have been drawn nearer to God, and have been taught how to trust more fully in him. These are precious results, and we may bless God for them. —S. S. Times.

Fulfilling the Law of Christ

A short time ago three men who were quite well acquainted, but whose intimacy had suffered somewhat from necessitated separation, happened to meet in Philadelphia. As they related certain chapters from their recent experiences it became apparent that each was bearing a heavy burden through his relations to other persons. One, ambitious to lay up treasure upon earth, was compelled to stop in the midst of his financial successes and load himself down with obligations in order to save one who was closely related to him, and whom he could not permit to suffer. Another was still cheerfully bearing a burden that had been oppressive for years, and that ought to have been carried by some one else. The third was struggling under a load, the bearing of which made life easier for another, and brought some degree of pleasure to one whom he cherished. In no case did the care, or the anxiety, or the burden originate in the person bearing it; but each rejoiced because he had been found worthy to endure this sort of hardship, being convinced that it was in the order of God's providence, and that it was a privilege to serve God and humanity in this particular way so long as it seemed to be God's will to do so.

There are many persons who hold the same vicarious relation to the burdens of this present life. We meet them on the street, in business life, in our homes, and from their cheerful countenances and pleasant conversation one would never suspect that there was a heavy load on the heart, or anxiety concerning any of the serious affairs of life. These are the ones who are putting into practical execution the apostle's exhortation: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ;" and they are doing it, grievous as it sometimes is, with a smile, and with a sense of sincere gratitude in their hearts that they may in that way, and in that measure, give evidence of their devotion to the divine Master, whose own heart was heavy with the burdens that belonged to other men, and whose consuming love for them even made it possible for Him to carry the load of the world's sin.

The fact is, the world's care and burden cannot be borne unless it is distributed. The aged—those who, having borne the burden and the heat

of the day, are now no longer able to carry the load—must be succored by the young, the more able, and the vigorous; the sick—made so, it may be, by the load they have borne and the distress of bearing it—must be a care to others; the wayward, the thoughtless, the unfortunate—somebody must do the part of the good Samaritan for them, even though he may be in no way responsible for their condition, and in no way related to them, except through his and their membership in the family of God.

Of the world's heroes the great majority are unknown. If we could but see men as they really are, know their lives and become acquainted with their circumstances, we should in all sincerity be compelled to revise our judgments of a great many individuals. Perhaps the man who does not stand very high in public estimation would receive unstinted praise if we could only know with what unselfish devotion he discharges certain self-imposed obligations, for the benefit of other persons. Many brave men and women as they pass up and down the scale of each day's duties are not only never suspected of heroism, but some of them are met with sneers or taunts, and rarely does a spontaneous expression of sympathy reach them for their encouragement. The glorious exploit of the soldier or the sailor is heralded throughout the world, as it ought to be, but there are countless courageous souls in the world who receive no applause from the multitude, so quietly do they perform their imperishable deeds, and so modestly do they wear their invisible laurels. These are heroes and heroines, nevertheless, and are among those of whom the world is not worthy. It is one thing—a brave thing indeed—to lead a forlorn hope or to plunge headlong into the sea to rescue a drowning comrade, but it requires courage of another and sublimer sort to bear with serene patience some of the burdens that, without warning, it may be, have fallen to the lot of some men and women.

Blessed are they who, having had these unexpected burdens thrust upon them, have learned that the Son of God and the Son of man is able to succor all who accept His message of tender solicitude: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The divine Lord bore the burdens of many; even the sins of many. Having then endured this experience, He is able to comfort those who are in similar circumstances of heart and mind.

It is easier to bear one's unsolicited burdens—those that belong to others but for some reason must be borne by us—when we remember how He, too, bore similar burdens. What serenity! What willingness! What patience! What love! The Son of God, laden with the burdens of men, uttering no word of reproach nor of complaint; but saying to men, sinners, care-incumbered as they are, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Chris. Advocate.

Good Temper.

One of the greatest attainments is good temper. We do not say one of the greatest gifts, because we wish to impress the idea that it is an attainment, more than a mere gift. It is a matter to be worked for with untiring zeal. It should be put among the most strenuous endeavors.

One is appalled as he looks around him and sees the utter misery on every hand that is caused by simple bad temper. We assail with bitter invective the saloon, and we think we have reason, for to it we trace an immense sum of misery; but bad temper causes quite as much distress, and sits often in the chief seat of the synagogue. It makes constant havoc of all the sweet delicacies of life. We fear that the home, which is always free from the inroads of this enemy, is an exception. And one person giving way to a bitter spirit desolates all his sphere. There is nothing more remarkable than the atmosphere that each person bears about with him; without word or look, bears with him as he comes. There are husbands who smart beneath the tongues of wives, and wives whose life is bitter from tormenting husbands. There are churches where a very few people of a bad spirit keep the whole society in turmoil. They set out to be unpleasant, and they succeed. Ofte times too much patience is used towards them; what they need is to be firmly and quietly told, what a persistent nuisance they are, and that they must behave themselves better.

Nothing which awakens forbearance towards these persons is the sense of their real and constant misery. They peculiarly bear the fires of their own hell along with them. Their evil spirit tears and lacerates them all the days, like the demon of the New Testament;

but the more he tortures them, the more they hug him to their breasts, and in no way can be led to cast him off. There is no escape from this demon, however, but in utter casting him out; so long as cherished, he will tear.

The very essence of Christianity is sweetness and light. How patient, how gentle, how strong was our Master. Christianity is the religion of goodness. A bad temper is its distinct opposite; yet how many bad-tempered people think they are Christians because they take the sacrament. Where did they ever obtain such a grotesque notion? Surely not from the teachings of the Saviour; they are absolutely opposed to any such conception.

A general prevalence of a kindly, loving disposition would carry a vast extension of the kingdom of Christ along with it. "See how these Christians love one another," was the word that spread Christianity in the first day so quickly over the habitable earth. We must come to this spirit again. Persons of a bitter temper are destroying the life of the religion, however loud their professions may be, or however much they may give to missions. Their mission is to get a good temper as quickly as possible.—The Church Union.

The Holy Supper.

The Lord's Supper is the greatest religious ordinance in the world. It has a great and sublime past; it is destined to a yet greater and more sublime future. Its extreme simplicity, together with the fact that it was instituted by Christ himself and is the only ordinance that he did personally create, has given it a hold on the Christian mind and heart that can never be loosened. In a large part of Christendom it is the chief feature in public worship.

There is perhaps no more impressive monument to the truth of Christianity itself than this same ordinance. It cannot be accounted for save by accepting the records of its origin, and as Dean Stanley has said, from it alone, in the circumstances of its origin and its true significance, one can construct a Christianity sufficient for his belief and practice.

To sit at the Lord's table and partake of the emblems of his broken body and shed blood is the privilege and duty of every Christian. That great difference would arise among his followers in times to come Jesus well knew. Indeed, they were already germinally existent among the apostles. These were all alike in their devotion to the Master, but in many respects they neither thought, talked, nor acted alike. It was easy to foresee controversies among them and their successors. But that these coming differences should have any bearing on community of privilege, duty, and practice touching the Holy Supper, we cannot believe that Jesus desired. And it must be contrary to his spirit, and wish that men should entertain views that make it impossible for any of his followers to sit together at the same table to commemorate his sufferings and death.

What a grand and blessed thing it would be if the Holy Supper could be made in all churches a common ordinance for all Christians. What a beautiful and glorious thing it would be if, in Boston for instance, the representatives of all Christian creeds could come together once a year in the largest auditorium in the city, to observe in common the simple, sublime ordinance, remembering that Jesus said of it, "This do in remembrance of me." We know that it is said with reason that the supper is not intended so much for the communion of Christians with one another as for the communion of the believer with his Lord, but this does not render less desirable the glorious scene which we imagine.

It will be witnessed some day. The church will see it and rejoice in it. The world will see it and marvel. And that is the heavenly day which we Free Baptists, in common with all other so-called free communionists, confidently and joyously anticipate.—Morning Star.

Watch the Flocks.

"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks." This exhortation of the wise man was originally addressed to the herdsman or shepherd, and still applies to such; but it is fairly applicable to every pastor who has charge of a flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him an overseer. He should be diligent to know the state of every member of the flock. He should have knowledge of the weak ones, and strengthen them. He should be acquainted with the condition of the troubled and afflicted, and comfort them. He should know who the awakened, anxious, and inquiring ones are, and guide them in the pathway of life.

He should know the spiritual condition of the flock as such. He should know of the peculiar dangers and temptations. He cannot have too close an oversight of the lambs of the flock. There are still "ravening wolves" constantly prowling around and watching for an opportunity to seize the unwary and unguarded.—United Presbyterian.

Random Readings.

Guilt has a hard pillow.
All dissipation is from the devil.
Fatalism is faith turned sour.
When you have nothing to do never go after help.
The devil never has to waste any bait to catch a loafer.
A new friend and an old enemy will both bear watching.

Thank God for what you are, not for what other people are.

Praying is always easy, when we kneel on praying ground.

Duty and responsibility were married in the Garden of Eden.

Minutes are the mosaics of time, the ages are those of eternity.

What a career the Almighty Father chose for His Beloved Son!

Airing other people's faults never made them smell any sweeter.

Adversity gives the great man a chance to show how great he is.

However high a man may climb he must always start from the ground.

If Christ is to be the life of you soul, He must become the soul of your life.

There is no use of living if our lives do not help other lives. They must help other lives if in themselves is the power of God.—Phillips Brooks.

"It may not be our lot to wield the sickle in the ripened field; Nor ours to hear on summer eves The reapers' song among the sheaves. Yet where our duty's task is wrought, In unison with God's great thought, The near and future blend in one, And what's e'er is willed is done."
—Seedtime and Harvest.

"Go and do something for 'the least of these.' That is how we work for our Christs who have been lifted up. Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them; be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and the life of it. The moment you give yourself you shall feel that.—A. D. T. Whitney.

Could Do No Work.

"Large sores broke out on my body, head and limbs, and also on my hands, so that I could not do any work, and my hair came out. My trouble was called eczema. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken several bottles the sores and itching disappeared and I was cured." Mrs. J. G. Brown, Brantford, Ont.

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Halifax Happenings.

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