

Do all the good you can;
By all the means you can;
In all the ways you can;
In all the places you can;
At all the times you can;
To all the people you can.
As long as ever you can

--John Wesley.

SENT UP.

A RICH lady dreamed that she went to heaven and there saw a mansion being built. "Who is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage down on earth with barely room enough for his family. He might live better, if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks."

Further on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And who is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning: "The Master Builder is doing His best with the MATERIAL THAT IS BEING SENT UP."

Then she awoke resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.

What are we sending up for our building? What kind of material are we building into our everyday life? Is it being sent up?

"Every deed forms a part in this building of ours.

That is done in the fear of the Lord."

THE CENTURY PLANT.

HAVE you heard the tale of the aloe
Away in the sunny clime? [plant,
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time!
And then a wonderful bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen in its blooming scene
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
It blooms but once, and in blooming dies!

Have you further heard of this century plant
That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers.
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground,
And fast as they drop from the dying stem.
Grow lively and lovely around.
By dying, it liveth a thousand fold, [old.]
In the new that spring from the death of the

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow white bird of the lake?
How noiseless it floats on the silvery wave,
And silent sits in the brake,
It saves its song, till the end of life,
And then in the last still even,
Amid glowing scenes of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars to heaven,
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies,
'Tis its only song, and in singing it dies!

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
The Arab's gin-elber?
That lives in African solitudes.
Where birds that live lonely are? [young]
Have you heard how she loves her tender
And strives and toils for their good,
She brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food.
In famine she feeds them what love can devise
The blood of her bosom, and feeding them dies!

You have heard those tales, shall I tell you one,
A nobler and better than all? [dore]
Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above.
For earth in her wailings and woes!
To suffer the shame and pain of the Cross
And to die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble, O sufferer divine,
What sorrow, what sacrifice equal to thine?

Now hear these tales, you weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all!
The Savior has taught us the seed that grows
Into earth's dark bosom must fall.
Must pass from view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear,
The seed that seems lost in the earth below.
Will return many-fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain!

DISCIPLINE.

IF Christ had to be made perfect by suffering, much more do we. If He needed to

learn obedience by sorrow, much more must we. If in the days of His flesh He needed to make supplication to God, His Father, with strong crying and tears, so do we. And if He was heard in that He feared, so, I trust we shall be heard likewise. If He needed to taste even the most horrible misery of all to feel for a moment that God has forsaken Him, surely we must expect, if we are to be made like Him, to have to drink at least one drop out of His cup.

It is very wonderful, but yet it is full of hope and comfort. Full of hope and comfort to be able in our darkest and bitterest sorrow to look up to Heaven and say, at least, there is One who has been through all this. As Christ was, so are we in this world, and the disciple cannot be above his Master. Yes, we are in the world as He was once in the world as we are. He has been through all this and more. He knows all this, and more. "We have a High Priest above us, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, because He has been tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin."

Are you tormented as Job was, over and above all your sorrows, by mistaken kindness and comforts in whom is no comfort, who break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax, who tell you that you must be wicked, and God must be angry with you, or all this would not have come upon you?

Job's comforters did so, and spoke very righteous-sounding words, and took great pains to justify God and to break poor Job's heart, and made him say many wild and foolish things in answer, for which he was sorry afterward; but after all the Lord's answer was, "My wrath is kindled against you three, for you have not spoken of Me the things which are right, as My servant Job hath. Therefore My servant Job shall pray for you, for him will I accept", as He will accept every humble and contrite soul who clings to the faith that God is just and not unjust, merciful and not cruel, condescending and not proud; that His will is a good will and not a bad will; that He hateth nothing that He hath made, and willeth the death of no man; and in that faith casts itself down like Job, in dust and ashes before God. Content not to understand His ways and its own sorrows, but simply submit itself and resigning itself to the good will of that God who so loved the world that He spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him for us — Charles Kingsley.

Godliness Rewarded Hereafter.

IF ever there was a case of godliness unrewarded in this life, it was that of John the Baptist. Think for a moment, what a man he was during his short career, and then think to what an end he came Behold him that was the prophet of the Highest, the greatest than any born of woman, imprisoned like a malefactor! Behold him cut off by a violent death before the age of thirty-four. the burning light quenched, the faithful preacher murdered for doing his duty, and this to gratify the hatred of an adulterous woman, and at the command of a capricious tyrant! Truly there is an event here, if there ever was one in the world, which might make an ignorant man say, "What profit is it to serve God?" but this is the sort of thing which shows us that there will one day be a judgment. The God of the spirits of all flesh shall at last set up an assize, and reward every one according to his works. The world shall yet know that there is a God that judgeth the earth.

Let all true Christians remember that their best thing are yet to come. Let us count it no strange things if we have sufferings in this present time. It is a season of probation. We are yet at school. We are learning patience, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, which we could hardly learn if we had our good things now. But there is an eternal holiday yet to begin For this let us wait quietly. It will make a-mends for all. "Our light afflictions, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

—Bishop J. C. Ryle,

WILLIAM Farel, the great Swiss reformer, in writing for helpers on one occasion said. "I do not promise you mountains of gold, but trials and troubles no words can tell. Besides this, I can offer you shame and reproach, ingratitude for patient, evil in return for good you have labored to bestow. I do not say this to frighten you, but rather to arouse you as a noble soldier is aroused when he knows of enemies who are not small or weak, but great and strong. Who is

prepared to go into the battle to fight quitting himself as a man, but trusting in God alone for strength and victory? I have nothing to offer you but trouble and toil, and nothing to hold out except that if the Lord is not true to His promise we are of all men most miserable, The Lord does not leave us without bread when we have done the day's work, but it is not bread of dainty sort, and we take it just as his goodness gives it. Do not be frightened because I have no salary to offer you. It is sweet to be poor, to suffer want, yes, to die for the Lord Jesus."

A greater than Farel, has said, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me,"

ONE BY ONE.

Isa. 27: 12.

TO the land that was promised to Israel His children are coming once more; From the ships of the Isle's and of Tarshish They are landing upon Canaan's shore.

Through their sin, all their glory departed,
And their land, lone and desolate lay;
For they turned from their God unto idols,
But to Him they're returning to-day.

In all lands there's a call to assemble,
And unite 'neath the banner displayed,
At their coming the nations may tremble,
But their gathering will not be delayed.

Soon, oh, soon from the throne at Jerusalem
His glory will spread o'er the earth;
And all sorrow and crying and sadness
Shall give place to rejoicing and mirth.

Then the King who so long was rejected,
Who on Calvary's cross once was slain,
Will be hailed as the King of all Israel,
And forever, and ever shall reign.

—J. T. R.,

ABUNDANT PROVISION.

WE are constantly reminded of the fact that greatest provision is made for the protection of that which is of greatest value. See what wonderful provision is made for the protection of the brain of man, the seat of the intellect. It is the headquarters office of that great system of nerves which permeates the entire being of man. Notice the number of pieces of which the skull is composed; also with what minute exactness the Great Mechanic has fitted them together.

God created man in his own image, and

when he fell, God paid the price of redemption by giving His only son to die the death of the cross. And for the perpetuity of the race God has instituted the family. What a wonderful provision for the protection and elevation of the child!

Thus we see that greatest provision is made for the protection of that which is of greatest value. How necessary then that the homeless and destitute children should be gathered up and placed in christian institutions where they will be tenderly and affectionately cared for, given a christian education and a start in life in the right direction.

REV. W. H. HILTON.

A Queer Home.

AWAY up in cold northern Alaska lives a little girl whose home is made of snow. It is a queer little round house and is of about the same shape as a beehive. She has to crawl through the little front hall on her knees, because it is so low.

When she gets inside she finds a fire right in the middle of the floor, with no place for the smoke to get out, but through a hole cut in the snow roof. Her brothers and sisters, all wrapped in furs till they look almost like little bears, are sitting around this fire. Here they eat and sleep and play together, for there is other room in this little house of snow.

—Christian Observer.

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