

- OUR PRINCIPLES: 1 The Lord Jesus Christ is the only Head of the Church... 2 The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names... 3 The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament a sufficient rule of faith and practice... 4 Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship or church membership... 5 The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage For a mansion tall and grand, Or exchange the little grass plot For a boundless stretch of land; Yet there's something brighter, dearer, Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase Costly pictures rich and rare, Though we have no silken hanging For the walls so cold and bare, We can hang them o'er with garlands, For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful, If the right course we begin; We can make its inmates happy, And their truest blessing win; It will make the small room brighter; It will let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside, When the evening hours are long; We can blend our hearts and voices In a happy social song; We can guide some erring brother, Lead him from the path of wrong.

We can fill our homes with music, And the sunshine brimming o'er, If against the dark intruders We will firmly close the door; Yet should evil shadows enter, We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly, Which the grandest fail to find; There is a chain of sweet affection Binding friends of kindred mind— We may reap the choicest blessings From the poorest lot assigned.

THE SUN'S PULPIT.

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

A DISCOURSE BY DR. TALMAGE.

"All are yours." 1 Cor. 3: 22.

The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea-fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want this morning to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warranty deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before twelve o'clock just

HOW MUCH HE IS WORTH.

and I shall spread before you the balance-sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it, if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be roll of government securities—the Empire of Heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warranty-deed to the whole universe when it says, "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions, I remark, in the first place, that

HE OWNS THIS WORLD.

My text implies it, and the preceding verse asserts it—whether Paul, or Apollon, or Cephas, or the world." Now, it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which he would deny his own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, strolling deer and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say: "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this landscape; but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statutory, the first right to my gardens, shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now, this world is God's park, and while He allows those who are not His children and who refuse His authority the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness, and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title-deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes; but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my Father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes in the public records, and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after a while he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns

not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now, I

EXAMINE THE TITLE

to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go further back, and I trace the title from year to year, and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now, to whom did He give it? To His own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is, that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages, will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Ships of Tarsus shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and He will regulate the title, and He will eject these

SQUATTERS UPON THE PROPERTY

that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So, again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to, as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful, and has no treasures laid up in heaven, is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor, or for the Christian church. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get

THE RIGHT TO MUSIC?

They have no right to it. God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when He said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God than the Church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory key-boards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after a while, and he will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns and the Beethovens and the Mozarts of the earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and so soft and wind and loud-lunged euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys, and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the culture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadt and the Churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvres, all the galleries of Naples, and Rome, and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the Church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the Church will possess everything. All parks, all fish-ponds, all colliers, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

SECONDLY, I REMARK THAT THE RIGHT

TO FULL TEMPORAL SUPPORT

is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that this morning, twelve hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in an army will engage scores of people; but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents. Then, to clothe all these people—how many furs must be captured, and how much flax broken, and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where twelve hundred millions of people get their clothes! God spreads this table first of all for His children. Of course, that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at his table sometimes; but, first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is ex-

treme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment. Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will He not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will He not clothe His own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key to the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

So all THE VICISSITUDES of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. You stand among the Alleghany Mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," and you will find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now, there are a great

MANY SHARP CURVES

in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way, and sometimes we seem to be going that way; but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve. A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its tack every little while. Now, you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tacks. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but He who holds the winds in His fists will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tacks.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the foremost of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fall and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promise. If the waves of trouble dash clear high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well-being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred, or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to the "Narrows," nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product, and comes in with vast importation—sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water; it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the port-holes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very few people who will ever find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a thousand might-hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them hail and welcome.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he OWNS THE NEXT WORLD. No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle, so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us to move; to tell us to get out of this hut, and go up into the palace. The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours.

You look up into the face of God, and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus, and say, "My brother." Walk out on the battlements of heaven and look off upon THE CITY OF THE SUN. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed, and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, "all are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshippers in white, each with a palm branch, and from the high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great multitude that no man can number; and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voicing saying, "All are yours!" See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours."

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I would hold before you this morning THE LAND OF ETERNAL HEALTH and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours. O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead at Greenwood, Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn—O ye whose happiness went by long ago—O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up, and for eyes closed forever—sit no longer among the tombs, but look here. A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones from you parted long ago, now radiant with a joy that shall never cease, and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four-and-twenty elders. Yours the choir of cherubim. Yours the lamb that was slain.

In the vision of that GLORIOUS CONSUMMATION I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overcome by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood-red garment, riding on a white horse, and all heaven following Him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way foot-sore, weary, and faint. Now let Him ride. White horse of victory, bear on our Chief. Hosanna to the son of David! Ride on, Jesus! Let all heaven follow Him. These cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victors won, like conquerors they sit on their charges. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fellocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostrils. The battle is ended—the victory won!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember that if you are not found among that white-robed army who follow the Saviour in his victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

did not say, get somebody else to bear another's burden. So she made up her mind that her precious gold piece should do a bit of good and help Johnny to get well.

She could not consult her aunt Janet, for she had been called away that very morning to stay a few days with a sick friend; and Doris felt that she did not want to wait a minute to carry out her plan, now that her mind was made up. So when Dolly went that afternoon to carry to Mrs. Barr the work her aunt had left for her, she went with her.

When Doris saw what a pale little shadow Johnny was, she was more than glad that she had decided as she had.

While Dolly did her errand Doris made friends with the two little girls and talked to Johnny. But it was not until they were ready to leave that she asked Mrs. Barr if she did not think Johnny would get well quicker if he went to the country, and her plan was completely upset by her saying, not that she could not afford to send him, but that she had no relations or acquaintances outside the city nearer than Minnesota.

Such a far away place was quite out of the question, but Doris had seen the eager interest Johnny showed at the mention of the country and she pondered over the matter all the way home.

If she only could think of some one who wanted a boy to do light chores! She thought over all the people she knew at home, and at last remembered the very person who she believed would take not only Johnny but Ned also, for all the summer, and wondered why she had not thought of Mrs. Wilson at first; for just the morning before she left home she had heard her ask her mother if she knew of any boys who would like to work for their board and a little pay.

Doris knew it would be the very place for them. Mrs. Wilson lived on a little farm just out of the village, and raised small fruits and vegetables which she brought to the village and sent to the city.

That evening's mail took a letter home to her mother, and the next day came an answer saying the boys could come, at once, for Mrs. Wilson would take them both.

There were some thankful hearts when Doris told her plan, and the tears in Mrs. Barr's eyes were anything but sorrowful ones.

Nelsonville was only twenty miles from the city, so Doris did not have to spend all her money, although after the first struggle she was quite willing to, and felt almost sorry that she did not have to.

It did not seem a very great act to Doris, and she did not realize that she had done as much as she had; but by giving them the help she did she assisted two boys to make themselves honest men, for Johnny grew strong, and Ned ceased caring for the boys he had been going with. They both stayed all summer with Mrs. Wilson and went again this year to work for her. They are becoming real farmers, and the height of their ambition is to have farms of their own so they can all go to the country to live.

I watched an expressman carry a heavy trunk on his shoulder down a long staircase. It was almost frightful to see him move so carefully, the huge, unwieldy trunk kept in position by one hand. The man moved with a steadiness and attention which could not have been lessened without the certainty of letting the box fall. And I thought, "Well, that is steady walking under a burden."

I thought of what Boswell said to Johnson, "Garrick will soon have an easier life," Johnson replied, "I doubt that, sir." Boswell answered, "Why, sir, he will be Atlas with the burden off his back." "But I know not, sir," said Johnson, "if he will be so steady without his load."

It was profitable to think of burdens in this light for a moment. There were some weighing quite heavily upon my own shoulders just at that time. Burdens were as common among my friends as snow-laden boughs after a storm in winter. And I thought, "These weights which press me down day by day were appointed to me by my Father; they are too peculiarly appropriate to my own spirit to have any chance about them."

Again I said to myself, "My faith shall believe that my burden shall work for good." I will fling it in among the "all things." Again I questioned my heart, "Is there love enough in here to my Father to accept his will, just because it is his will?" "Oh, but how do you know that it is his will? Pain and poverty and trouble come from the devil. 'God is love; he surely is not the author of our afflictions, and he would never bind a heavy burden on his child.' Unbelief got its answer from Job when he said, 'The hand of God hath touched me.'

He would not recognize second causes in his trials, nor believe that God had not counted every arrow which had wounded him. It is hard to carry burdens all day and lie down at night with the weight still pressing upon you. Burdens of suspense, of perplexity, of grief, of anxiety—what sleep with such burdens on one's heart! It is dark both day and night; and to be at peace in the daytime and to rest at night is like sleeping in dangerous places; it is like lying down when one has lost the way. But the Great Shepherd says, "My flock shall sleep in the woods."

It works both ways. These burdens do, on the whole, force us into a steady walk. And, on the other hand, we cannot get the patient steadiness which to endure without a genuine faith "that God is" and is our friend. There is no carrying grievous burdens with unbending strength without this sweet conviction and power of faith.

"If God permits my trials, how can he sympathize with me? Why should he, if it is his will that I should be tried?" We ask this out of our unbelief, and then go to friends, poor human friends, for sympathy and consolation. Can we describe to them all the trouble; can we make them really feel the weight we are bearing? There is One who knows the uttermost concerning us, and we are dearer to him than to any friend, and his pity is linked with power; it might be healing and comfort and strength to us to pour our hearts out before him! It would be if we "believed the love he hath to us."

After a while the promises do grow precious to us in these hours of suffering. Pliny speaks of those who "behold the glory of the sun and the light of the stars from the gloomy recesses of the deepest mines." It is in the darkest hours of life that faith is privileged to behold most clearly the Sun of Righteousness. Faith at last learns to live on a strength not her own. "I am willing to bear my burden, but I have no strength." How often we hear it. We forget whose strength is being tested. It is not my strength, for my Father knows I have none. It is his strength upon whom I am allowed to roll my burden. If I believe, I shall find relief. Poor faith always has her lessons to learn in the school of experience. And the believer not only becomes patient through faith, but submits. Patience may make supportable what I can neither remedy nor prevent, but submission is a still higher attainment. I will rejoice in the Lord apart from his gifts, and so be quietly satisfied with all his will; the very stones of the wilderness are turned into pillows!

And we ought not to be discouraged as to the spiritual result of the discipline to which we are subjected. When and where shall the fruit of God's dealings with us be found? Dear soul, co-operate with God in a trustful spirit, and let him show you the result here or there, as he will. He has no impatience in regard to his work, and impatience can only be a hindrance and depressing element in our own hearts.

As to getting rid of your burden, if you find that you cannot loose it from off your shoulders, just move on steadily in the strength of faith and be ready with praise to greet your Moses when he comes to deliver you. Think what it might be to us to have all the burdens of life removed before we were ready for the hour of unrestrained impulse in desire and action. Who knows if he will be so steady without his load?"

Much has been well written and spoken on this practical subject, but more is needed, and time upon time, till the Church comes to see and feel how much she suffers—how her work is delayed and the salvation for which she stands is put back for the want and waste of unusual energy. Not more than 15 per cent of the energy—it has been computed—entrusted to the Church to be expended in plans and labors to save men and build up the kingdom of Christ is utilized and expended for this purpose. The remaining 85 per cent is either buried and not put to use or used to set up the kingdom of darkness and sin.

The word of God is by no means silent on this subject. The Revised Version throws new light upon it, and shows, that Christ's ascension gifts—the gift of apostles and prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers—were for the express purpose of utilizing the whole energy and making every member of the body of Christ an active and effective worker. "And he gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the building up of the body of Christ; till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Ephesians iv, 11-13).

This Scripture is also suggestive of the way in which the hidden energy of the Church is to be called out. It puts forward the pastors and teachers of the Church. Upon them lies the responsibility of calling out the energy that is hidden, and directing the gifts of those to whom they minister.—Selected.

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I want this morning to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warranty deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before twelve o'clock just

HOW MUCH HE IS WORTH.

and I shall spread before you the balance-sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it, if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be roll of government securities—the Empire of Heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warranty-deed to the whole universe when it says, "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions, I remark, in the first place, that

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He would not recognize second causes in his trials, nor believe that God had not counted every arrow which had wounded him. It is hard to carry burdens all day and lie down at night with the weight still pressing upon you. Burdens of suspense, of perplexity, of grief, of anxiety—what sleep with such burdens on one's heart! It is dark both day and night; and to be at peace in the daytime and to rest at night is like sleeping in dangerous places; it is like lying down when one has lost the way. But the Great Shepherd says, "My flock shall sleep in the woods."

It works both ways. These burdens do, on the whole, force us into a steady walk. And, on the other hand, we cannot get the patient steadiness which to endure without a genuine faith "that God is" and is our friend. There is no carrying grievous burdens with unbending strength without this sweet conviction and power of faith.

"If God permits my trials, how can he sympathize with me? Why should he, if it is his will that I should be tried?" We ask this out of our unbelief, and then go to friends, poor human friends, for sympathy and consolation. Can we describe to them all the trouble; can we make them really feel the weight we are bearing? There is One who knows the uttermost concerning us, and we are dearer to him than to any friend, and his pity is linked with power; it might be healing and comfort and strength to us to pour our hearts out before him! It would be if we "believed the love he hath to us."

After a while the promises do grow precious to us in these hours of suffering. Pliny speaks of those who "behold the glory of the sun and the light of the stars from the gloomy recesses of the deepest mines." It is in the darkest hours of life that faith is privileged to behold most clearly the Sun of Righteousness. Faith at last learns to live on a strength not her own. "I am willing to bear my burden, but I have no strength." How often we hear it. We forget whose strength is being tested. It is not my strength, for my Father knows I have none. It is his strength upon whom I am allowed to roll my burden. If I believe, I shall find relief. Poor faith always has her lessons to learn in the school of experience. And the believer not only becomes patient through faith, but submits. Patience may make supportable what I can neither remedy nor prevent, but submission is a still higher attainment. I will rejoice in the Lord apart from his gifts, and so be quietly satisfied with all his will; the very stones of the wilderness are turned into pillows!

And we ought not to be discouraged as to the spiritual result of the discipline to which we are subjected. When and where shall the fruit of God's dealings with us be found? Dear soul, co-operate with God in a trustful spirit, and let him show you the result here or there, as he will. He has no impatience in regard to his work, and impatience can only be a hindrance and depressing element in our own hearts.

As to getting rid of your burden, if you find that you cannot loose it from off your shoulders, just move on steadily in the strength of faith and be ready with praise to greet your Moses when he comes to deliver you. Think what it might be to us to have all the burdens of life removed before we were ready for the hour of unrestrained impulse in desire and action. Who knows if he will be so steady without his load?"

Much has been well written and spoken on this practical subject, but more is needed, and time upon time, till the Church comes to see and feel how much she suffers—how her work is delayed and the salvation for which she stands is put back for