

do despite to our human nature if we forget or ignore it. Without the recognition of it our preaching of the beauty and the duty of self-sacrifice is an empty waste of high-sounding words. "What you say," once again the world will answer, "is very beautiful, but it is not practical." Even Christ, who pleased not Himself, endured, so we read, the Cross, despising the shame for the joy that was set before Him. The disciple is not above his Master, though to him to live is Christ—yes, though he be made already "to sit at His right hand in the heavenly places," though he joy to be "offered upon the sacrifice and service of" his converts' "faith." Yet for him, too, there remains the hope of the resurrection from the dead, if by any means he may attain unto it, for he is "sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is an earnest of his inheritance unto the redemption of God's own possession, unto the praise of His glory."



"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—PSALM xc. 9.

1910: *Finis.*

A NOTHER volume closed, and every sheet
 Is crowded with the record of a day—
 A strange commingling of the grave and gay :
 Laughter and tears, woes, triumph and defeat,
 Sin's stains and all-sufficient cleansing meet ;
 Traces of guidance sought, but Self's own way,
 Writ large, points out the track which led astray,
 And bruised, ere he returned, the pilgrim's feet.
 A wondrous story shall this tale unfold,
 When edited by Him who can discern
 Self's efforts midst His own most precious gold.¹
 What stands the test of fire we, too, must learn,
 When, in that day, His judgment we uphold
 And joy to let our worthless stubble burn.

¹ I Cor. iii. 13-15.