

in baptism the law of Christ declares such persons free from their past sins. Then they are "created in Jesus Christ unto good works" and are to be careful to maintain "good works." Good works are those good actions that spring from good motives, and have for their object the well being of mankind.

The person who believes in Christ will submit at once to His authority, and baptism is His authoritative command. Those who love Christ will obey His commandments. Faith works by love, and faith without works is dead. Dead faith is not counted to persons for right doing or righteousness.

The gospel is made known now to all nations for the obedience of faith. Is it not strange that in this land fully fifty per cent. of the people fail to come to the obedience of faith? The trouble is, in former times the people have been taught that faith is a mere act of the mind, and does not need an overt act to declare itself. God has always tested his servants by acts of obedience. All evangelists must come back, in their practices, to the primitive order established by the apostles, and then much infidelity will be removed. Says Jesus, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Let everybody take Him at His word, and the grand results of obedience of faith will follow. "To obey is better than sacrifice." To obey Christ is to be saved without the deeds of the law of Moses. To obey Christ is the salvation of faith made known in the gospel.—*Alanson Wilcox.*

### THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

In the epistle to the Hebrews, the Christian's career is viewed as a race. There is no progress, no rapid passing onwards, no intense hastening to a goal. Listlessness, vacillation, a sauntering dalliance with pleasure characterize many lives. There is no steadfast and urgent pursuit of a single object. Where this exists, even though the object be unworthy and the pursuit of it un-Christian, the life may be compared to a race. For a race implies a running towards a goal, a straight and rapid making for a desired object or end. The Christian's career is a race, because with mind made up as to the worth of his object he makes for it with fixed eye and unswerving tread. Of the various attractions presented to us, the Christian has selected one, and with undivided mind makes it his single object to be all he can be, and do all the good in his power. The prize he aims at is likeness to Christ in his personal goodness and power to do good.

This is the prize he aims at; but he find that he can not choose his own way to it. The race is "set before" him, marked out for him, measured and staked in by a power not his own. His birth, his natural condition and temperament and talents, his opportunities, the vicissitudes of fortune he encounters, are all arranged for him. That is the course set before him, and he must win the prize by running in it. He may not leap the ropes and try a short cut; he may not demand some softer course, some more elastic turf; he may not ask that the sand be lifted and a hard beaten surface prepared; he may not require that the ascents be levelled and the rough places be made smooth; but he must take the course as he finds it. In other words, he must not wait till things are made easier for him; he must not refuse to run because the course is not all he could wish; but he must recognize that the difficulties of his position in life are the race set before him. The Christian must open his eyes to the fact that it is in the familiar surroundings of the life we now actually lead God calls us to run: in the callings we have chosen, amid the annoyances we daily experience, where we are and as we are, from the very position we now occupy our race is set before us. It is through your own actual circumstances you must win the prize. A race is set before you by God. You have your own sins to subdue, your own troubles to overcome, your own opportunities to use, you are yourself and

not another person, and you have your own race to run and not another person's.

The conditions of successful running are that we look to Jesus and lay aside every weight. When we are sunk from all hope of ever being delivered from sin, when we seem to have been deceived all along, and are ready to turn to scorn every other argument that can be used to show us that it is reasonable to believe we may be holy and pure, nothing shoots such a real hope into our souls as for any one whom we know to have also had his sins, and his snares, and his vices, to look us in the face and say: "There is such a thing as sanctification. I know it. I am not more certain that I live, as once I did not, that now I am what once I was not." And the apostle says that we are surrounded with a cloud of men giving us just such testimony. He points us to hosts of instances of successful attainment. Time would fail him were he to attempt in the briefest manner to indicate how even the most eminent among them have won the position they now occupy. There is a perfect cloud of them, he says. Each a star in himself if you could see him closely; but there are so many like him and so distant to our feeble vision, they are but a bright cloud, a milky way in the heavens to guide and animate us.—*Dr. Marcus Dods.*

### WHAT SAVED HIM?

One Christmas morning, many years ago, a young reporter on a daily paper had occasion to call with a message at the office of one of the foremost editors and the publishers in this country.

The young man was a sickly country lad of keen sensibility and nervous temperament, who, finding himself homeless and friendless in a great city, had yielded to temptation, and had fallen into the habit of drinking and gambling. The publisher, as he listened to the message, noted the lines which dissipation had left on the boy's face. He was a man who made it his work in the world to help others. No man touched his hand in passing who did not gain from him new courage and hope in life.

He answered the message which the reporter brought, and then, holding out his hand cordially, said, "Let me wish you a Merry Christmas, my lad." He took from a shelf a book, containing sketches of the lives of the great English, French and German authors, with extracts from their works.

"Here," said he, "are some friends of the new year. When you spend an hour with them, you will have noble company."

The surprise and the gift and the unexpected kindness from the man whom he regarded with awe had a powerful effect upon the lad. He spent all of his leisure time in poring over the book. It kindled his latent scholarly taste. He saved his money to buy the complete works first of this author and then of that; he worked harder to earn more money to buy them. After a few years he began to gather together and to study rare and curious books, and to write short papers upon obscure literary subjects.

Men of similar taste sought him out; he numbered some of the foremost scholars and thinkers among his friends, but he never forgot the lonely, friendless lad who had been sinking into a gambler and a drunkard until a kind hand drew him back, and he in his turn sought out other lonely, friendless boys in the great city, and gave them a helpful hand out of the gulf.

So, year by year, his life widened and deepened into a strong current, from which many drew comfort and help.

He died last winter. The sale of his library gathered all the collectors of rare books in the seaboard cities. During the illness, the newspapers spoke of him with a sudden appreciation of the worth which had so long been hid in obscurity.

"A profound scholar, with the heart of a child;" "A journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end," they said. He read these eulogies with a quiet smile. The actor who has left the

stage forever cares little for the faint plaudits of the crowd in the distance.

One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr. —, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life I owe to him, and this Christmas gift of his thirty years ago."

The little story is absolutely true. We venture to tell it because there is no one living whom it can hurt, while there are many whom it may help to hold out friendly hands to their brothers who have stumbled into darker paths in life than they.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A little boy came to a city missionary and holding out a dirty and well worn bit of printed paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame and hang up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

The little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little Mission Sunday-school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterwards to find in it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation.

### THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse of a worldless prayer,  
The dream of love and truth,  
The longing after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes—  
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
The brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That proves a friend indeed,  
The plea for mercy softly breathed,  
When justice threatens nigh;  
The sorrows of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love,  
Be firm, and just and true;  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from high,  
The angels' voices say to thee:  
"These things can never die."

—*Dawn of the Morning.*

LIFE, ENJOYED—It is well enough to provide for a rainy day, but the man is very foolish who saves his umbrella for a future storm, while he is allowing himself to be drenched with rain. We do not take pleasure and enjoy life as we go along. We live too much in the future and too little in the present. We live poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy, and when we are quite ready infirmity or disease steps in and the chance is gone. Live slower and live longer.

### Died.

RUGGLES—At the home of her parents, Tiverton Light Station, on Thursday, August 20, aged 18 years, Annie F. Ruggles, daughter of Brother and Sister H. M. Ruggles, after a long illness of ten weeks, during which she was a great but patient sufferer. The sympathy of all who know them is extended to the bereaved family, who twice within a year have been called to "pass under the rod" by the voice of death.  
H. A. D.