

We should be in full fellowship with Christ. We should be fully consecrated to the Lord Jesus. Men concentrate their energies in business and make it a success, and we should concentrate all our energies in the work of the Master. The speaker referred to John Wannamaker, D. L. Moody and others, and cited them as men who are doing definite work for God in a systematic manner. Christ set a noble example for the young to work for the Father's cause. When a boy he said he would have to be about his father's business. The apostle Paul was also an active worker in early life. John Wesley was also a great toiler. Are not these noble examples for Epworth League workers? Be intelligent Methodists, study the history of the church, study the biography of some of the departed, study her theology. Theology is the science of God, therefore is the Queen of Science. The most precious thing in Methodism is its theology. The Methodist church is the mother of all other churches on this continent. Be connectional, be Methodists, stretch out your sympathies with all its work. Be lifelong Methodists, love your church and its doctrines."

Dr. Whyte and Commercial Travelers

In a sermon at Whitefield's recently, Mr. Silvester Horne, told a very beautiful story about Dr. Alexander Whyte. For many years a commercial traveller, Mr. Rigby found himself at certain intervals in Edinburgh for a Sunday, and he made a point of persuading his comrades at the hotel to go with him to hear Dr. Whyte.

One Sunday night a fellow commercial traveller came up to him and said, "I am intensely grateful to you for bringing me to Free St. George's. This morning I found pardon, this evening I found peace."

A Sunday or two later Mr. Rigby was in Edinburgh, and at one of the services he could tell that Dr. Whyte was having a "bad time"—he was failing to grip his audience. So on Monday morning he went round to the doctor's house to tell him the story of the commercial who had come to Christ through his preaching, and in so cheer and gladden his heart.

He found Dr. Whyte pacing the room in a mood of great depression, after telling his story the doctor said, "What is your name?" "Rigby," he replied. Dr. Whyte then went to a bureau and took out a bundle of letters. "You see these letters?" he exclaimed. "They have come to me at various times during many years past, and they are all from commercial travellers who tell me that they started on the Christian life through being brought to the services at Free St. George's by Mr. Rigby."—Sel.

Narrow Praying

Let a man take care that the circle of his petitions grows wider every week. The pathos and the tragedy in many Christian lives is this: Their prayers are no bigger to-day than they were twenty or thirty years ago. Spiritual hospitality is no richer; there are no more guests in their heart. Prayers of that kind become very stale, for a man must become weary of the same petitions from day to day and from year to year. Let him give himself a surprise by introducing an outsider into the holy circle—some neglected vagrant who rarely comes within the petitions of the saints. Let Christians scour the world for needy people, and let them bring them under the influence of mighty intercession.

I venture to think that by these simple means regularly and reverently used

private prayer will be vitalized, and there will come to the church a baptism of spiritual energy in the strength of which the majority of her problems will be solved.—Selected.

A Consecration Meeting

As I drew near the church I heard the voice of music and singing. There was a bright, guiding light over the doorway and through it was quite ten minutes before the meeting time of eight o'clock, there were two or three members of the Social Committee standing at the entrance, with a smiling welcome and a warm handclasp for each newcomer. I went into the meeting room with a new glow in my heart, and forgot that there was darkness outside.

The hall I entered was bright with light and flowers. I found afterwards that the Sunshine Committee had been there since half-past seven, making the place homelike and comfortable for the meeting. A group of members had gathered around the piano, and were leading a succession of bright choruses, which sounded forth a warm, glad welcome to each one entering the room. This group consisted of the Music Committee, who had come in at a quarter to eight to lead the welcome songs.

I noticed several earnest-faced workers distributing various suggestions for participation in the meeting—extracts, texts, requests for prayer. The new members of the Society came in for special attention in this work. On inquiry I found that these workers were some of the members of the Prayer-meeting Committee, who had just come from their preliminary prayer-meeting held at 7.30 in a little side room.

I observed a number of visitors coming into the bright welcoming atmosphere of the room. These were met at the door by members of the Lookout Committee, and escorted to seats well to the front of the meeting. I noticed that the front seats were filled up first, and the back part left vacant for late comers.

The meeting started punctually at eight o'clock. The organist was in her place, and the secretary sat at the right hand of the chairman. The joyous chorus singing suddenly ceased, and a quiet hush fell over the room. The chairman asked for a moment of silent prayer with bowed heads. He said it was our consecration meeting, and it was well to commence the meeting by each one realizing the Divine communion. Thus we drew together in an atmosphere which must be felt rather than described, in the union and communion of true fellowship.

I was much impressed by the sentence prayers. Everyone in the room knelt down, and in a few minutes thirty or forty members had taken part in prayer. The petitions were simple and true. They expressed in great part the experience of the members during the past month. Some were deep with joy for blessings received, others came as the humble confession of failure. Some were full of longing for a fuller knowledge, a stronger faith, and a clearer vision, and many were faltering and broken as the first prayer of a seeking soul. Some of them were but the shortest sentences: "Lord, teach me to pray"; "Lord, help me"; and here and there there came upon our souls the inspiration from the soul of one who brought to us anew the reality, the nearness, the inwardness of the presence of Christ, in the unspeakable realization, "Nearer is He than breathing, closer than hands and feet." At times there rose the tender refrain of some prayer-hymn, falling as a fitting and melodious benediction upon our seeking hearts.

This season of open prayer lasted for

fully ten minutes, and was followed by the consecration hymn and roll-call. The president explained the nature of a consecration response. He asked for the expression of the soul's desire for the coming days, and also for the testimony of the past. The moments that followed were deeply sacred. There was no formality, no thoughtless repetition of unsuitable texts. Simply and truly, as from the heart, the members spoke of their difficulties, conquests, resolutions, and ideals of life and love. It was hard for some of us to thus open their hearts and speak a word for Jesus, but the very difficulty brought the greater blessing as we felt the reality of the love and self-sacrifice underlying and prompting that confession and testimony for Christ's sake.

The roll-call ceased. And then, gathering together all our varying experiences, our heart confessions, the many thoughts of many minds which were yet one in their loyal allegiance and deep heart-love, we brought them to the feet of Him in Whom all our experiences, our joys, and hopes centred, and, as the disciples of old, told Him all things, both what we had done and what we had said. Together we renewed our covenant pledge, and with the sweet Mizpah Benediction on our lips and in our hearts, we looked into one another's faces with a tender "Good-night," and went to rest, realizing that it was good for us to have been there.—Miss Mitchell, in the *Irish Endeavor*.

Thoughts for Assisting Testimony in the Devotional Meeting

Rev. Peter Jacobs, of Silver City, Iowa, finds the following suggestive:

Tell of some great trial.
Tell of some great victory.
What helped you to decide?
What is your greatest hope?
What hinders growth in grace?
Tell of a temptation overcome.
Why do you want to go to heaven?
What hindered or made you delay?
Tell of a song which impressed you.
Tell of a promise, and its fulfillment.
Tell of a favorite passage of Scripture.
What has most encouraged you to go on.

What did you do to become a Christian?
Tell of a prayer that has been answered.

Tell of a great blessing you have enjoyed.

What have you done towards saving others?

What in your experience was discouraging?

When did you become a Christian? Where?

What caused or urged you to seek Christ?

What Bible chapter do you like best? Why?

Give your experience leading a soul to Christ.

What struggles did you have after you began?

What evidence have you that you are converted?

Tell of the vilest sinner you ever knew that was saved.

A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles in Cheyne Row was much struck with the sound-proof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight nor sound from outside could penetrate.

"My certis, this is fine," cried the old friend, with unconscious sarcasm. "Here ye may write and study all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser."—*Eschange*.

"Work for this world soon cures sinful love of it."