

hop lately said some rather startling things about the Bible. There is a man with only one of Paul's three gifts in full possession. As I read the account of what this high-titled man said I found myself wishing that one utterly untitled man whom many of us have known could have been there. I would like much to hear the Bishop and the man Moody talk a little together about the Bible. Faith made Mr. Moody. Faith asks no questions about the book. Knowledge learns what the book is. Wisdom begins to make the book its own; then faith says in this book I see God, I hear God, I find God.

Something has prompted me to think thus, sitting to-night before my wood-fire in my own den in my country home. Around me are my books. In my lap is my Bible, open to the place where Paul tells the Romans that there are gifts of wisdom, knowledge and faith. And I seem to hear the old book saying, "You can have wisdom if you will; if any man lack wisdom let him ask of God." And I say, "Oh, James, that is you, are you here?" And James answers, "Yes, I am here." I seem to hear the old book say, "Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." And I say, "Paul, are you here?" And Paul answers, "Yes, I am here." I seem to hear the old book say, "According to your faith be it unto you." And I answer, "Oh Christ, that is Thy voice; art Thou here?" And the Christ replies, "Yes, I am here."

Blessed is the man who has all the gifts of wisdom, knowledge and faith. But if I can have only one, I will take faith, my Father.

TO A SICK FRIEND.

By H. Isabel Graham.

May the Saviour keep you, dearest,
In the midst of life's alarms,
Through your sickness may your pillow
Be the everlasting arms.

We who love you pray the Father
To sustain the vital spark,
Solace, strength then uphold you,
And be near at dawn and dark.

Gently shall His arms enfold you,
Sooth your fevered, aching brow;
No good thing shall He withhold you,
Good is purposed even now.

Should He call you from the turmoil
By some sheltered stream to rest,
Or descend the vale of shadows,
Let Him choose. He knoweth best.

Life is sweet and so we praise Him
For the strength restored again;
Joy light-footed loves to loiter
By the prickly paths of pain.

THE LOSS OF SUCCESSFUL SPECULATING.

There may be no inherent sin in legitimate "speculation"—that is, the buying or selling of actual stocks or commodities at a figure which will result in large profits—but it has one disastrous result on which a man may definitely count: the destroying of one's interest in normal, healthy business life. That is a good reason for any man to leave it alone. A prominent Christian business man, who has made a remarkable success of a business in which speculating is conspicuous for its absence, says that he discovered this early in his life, and decided to keep clear of speculating on that account. He tried and succeeded in just enough speculating to realize that the moderate profits of his regular business were losing all interest to him, and that he was thereby being unfitted for his regular work; and so he stopped. Any plan for "getting rich quick" that succeeds is such a sure guarantee of other quick results in the line of heavy loss, that sensible men prefer to steer clear of it.

Some souls need Patmos more than they do the Mount of Transfiguration.

Better be weak and win than strong in

TRUTHS FROM OUR LESSONS.

A Year With Christ's Life.

From the shepherds of Bethlehem we learn how heaven may glorify our common work.

From the wise men of the East we learn that the height of wisdom is to gaze at Jesus' feet.

From the boy Jesus in the Temple we learn that the only business of our life ought to be our Father's business.

From Christ's temptations we learn that whoever has his Bible in his heart is armed against the devil.

From the calling of the disciples we learn that the first duty of a Christian—as of a soldier—is to obey.

From the Beatitudes we learn that if we seek what the world calls happiness we never find what Christ calls happiness.

From the parable of the two foundations we learn that the most important thing in life is to start right.

From the parable of the sower we learn that not even Christ can teach us unless we listen.

From the parable of the tares we learn that the only way to outwit the devil is to watch by night as well as by day.

From the healing of the Gadarene demoniacs we learn never to despair of any one.

From the death of John the Baptist we learn how glorious a failure may be.

From the feeding of the five thousand we learn that our success does not depend on the size of our gifts to Christ, but on our giving what we have.

From the Syro-Phœnician woman we learn that Christ rejoices to be compelled by human faith.

From Peter's confession we learn not to wait to be perfect before testifying for Christ.

From the transfiguration we learn that heaven with it all its glories is close around this earth.

From the parable of the good Samaritan we learn to "do the next thing."

From the rich young ruler we learn to pray to be delivered from the temptation of wealth.

From Zaccheus we learn that a lofty soul is better than a tall body.

From Christ's trial we learn to fear the terrible power of fanaticism and selfishness, lest it seize upon our own hearts also.

From the crucifixion we learn how God loves us.

From the resurrection we learn to live "by the power of an endless life."

Little Prayer Meeting Foxes.

Faint voices. Talk as plainly for God as you would for a game of tennis.

Whispers. If no one else could hear you, God can. But others do hear you.

Giggles. Prayers at the front and giggles at the back; how much edification is there between?

Long speeches. Forty members present. Thirty minutes for participation. How do you figure out that ten minutes—or five—belong to you?

Sacred. You are not afraid of Jack Smith. Or Jennie Arthur. Or Bill Conway. Or any one else in the room, taken separately. Why are you afraid of all of them together?

Procrastination. All the good words that ought to be at the beginning trying to tumble in at the end. A millpond followed by a cataract.

Tardiness. The leader discouraged by a half-empty room at the start. The meeting confused by the bustle of late-comers.

Poor singing. Each one singing with half a lung. Each singer taking

his own time. The pianist half a measure ahead of the crowd.

Trifling. Forgetting the tremendous interests involved. Forgetting the presence of the Lord. Forgetting heaven, and salvation and immortality.

DAILY READINGS.

M., Dec. 10. Objects of the Scriptures. 2 Tim. 3:14-17.

T., Dec. 11. Christ proclaimed. John 1:1-14.

W., Dec. 12. Sin rebuked. Heb. 4:1-13.

T., Dec. 13. Saluts built up. 1 Cor. 14:21-25.

F., Dec. 14. Lives cleansed. Isa. 6:1-4.

S., Dec. 15. The unchangeable Word. Rev. 22:18-21.

S., Dec. 16. Topic—What truth has chiefly appealed to you from our year's Sunday school lessons? Matt. 13:52; Isa. 52:13-15; 53:1-12.

BETTER THAN DIVINE DIRECTION.

If God's only way of helping us were to direct us how to live, right living would be a hopeless task. He does better than that. He does not point out the way, and leave us to find it and travel it by ourselves, but he says, in Christ, "Follow me." Any one who has tried to find an inaccessible address in a strange city knows the perplexity of standing on a corner listening to the careful instructions of one who is trying to give directions how to find the unknown way, in contrast with the relief and sense of security that one has if a stranger says, "I'm going that way myself; just come with me." An Oriental shepherd, unlike shepherds in our land, walks at the head of his flock, and leads them. Christ himself has not only been over the road that we must travel, but he is going that way again today, with us, if we will let him.

BUILDERS ALL.

Love's chief work is that of discovering good, not evil. One who constantly points out defects in others, even though claiming, as is so often the case, to do so "in love," has not caught the root principle of love. It has been said of the late H. Clay Trumbull: "Because love was the controlling force of his life, his energies went out always as a builder, never as a destroyer. He destroyed evil, of course, but by building up the good." To do its building work, love must be able to recognize the materials for building, and that is just wherein true love's peculiar power lies. It sees good in others when unlove sees only faults, and it seizes upon the good in such eager recognition that the power of that good is increased and multiplied under love's warmth. If we would have love and use it, let us set about this sort of building in the lives of those about us. No other effort brings as rich returns.

ROBERTSON'S ANSWER.

For all reformers, misunderstood, maligned, hated, there is a world of comfort and encouragement to go on to the bitter end in the words of the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, perhaps the man who more than any other roused the English Church to a sense of its duty in the midst of a modern world. A pompous lady came one day to remonstrate with Mr. Robertson because of his too friendly attitude toward the masses. She urged him to think of what those in high places would think of his conduct, and how it would affect his career.

"I don't care," was Robertson's reply.

"Come, come, Mr. Robertson," said the dowager; "do you know what happened to 'Don't Care'?"

"Yes," said the great preacher and reformer solemnly, "I know. They crucified him."

Make friends with good thoughts and you will always have pleasant company.

Freedom from condemnation gives throne rights as well as liberty.