

Strength for the Day.

If it costs me such efforts to conquer
The hasty or unkind word;
If by each faint breath of temptation
The depths of my spirit are stirred;
If I stumble and fall at each hindrance,
When a Christian should conqueror be;
Dare I think, dare I hope, oh, my Saviour,
That I could have died for Thee?

Dare I talk of the martyr's courage,
And the love that went smiling to death—
I, who fail in such simple duties,
Forgetting my hope and my faith?
Then a light broke in on my sadness,
These words brought comfort to me—
'Accepted in Christ,' the beloved,
'As thy day, so thy strength shall be.'

Christian Arithmetic.

Some one has compiled the following rules for Christian arithmetic from God's word:

Notation, 'I will put my laws into their minds and write them in their hearts.'

Numeration, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

Addition, 'Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.'

Subtraction, 'Let us put off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.'

Multiplication, 'Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied.'

Division, 'Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, . . . and I will receive you.'

A Singer and his Story.

Thirty years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys who, barefooted and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Illinois. 'Are you in Sunday school?' she asked.

'No! Aain't got no clothes,' replied one.

'Would you come if you had clothes?' she asked.

'You bet!' was the boy's emphatic answer.

'What are your names?' she asked.

'Peter Bilhorn,' replied the first boy, and the others, in turn, gave their names. Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided, and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat, all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name 'Jesus' above it. 'Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to Him for help.'

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded, and the little stream that flowed through the town, usually nothing but a mere trickling of water, was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels, and the boards from the lumber yard near by, were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done, and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Towards a third bridge, and the last, he swept, and the roar of water was in his ears.

'In that moment,' he says, 'the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble, came to me. I put my hands together and prayed.'

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplifted hands and drew him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he happened to have his hands up as they were, and pressed together.

'I was ashamed to say I was praying,' he says, 'and I asked boastfully, "Didn't you

know I could swim?" But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sunday school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did.'

This awakening of a tender conscience was the beginning of a Christian character in the lad. His interest in the Sunday school grew with his growth. He became a Sunday school singer, studied music and composed tunes of his own. His name now stands at the head of many Sunday school songs, and he is known as a gospel singer of influence and strength. In a recent meeting he told this story of his early life. The teacher, whose influence was instrumental in his rescue so many years ago, is still living, the wife of a prominent Chicago merchant. Many have rejoiced in the former street boy's life of usefulness, but hers is a peculiar joy. His consecrated service is one of her rewards.—'Youth's Companion.'

Examine Yourself.

Cold or hot, my friend? Feel your spiritual pulse and see. Put the Bible thermometer under your tongue. Search your heart and see how much love for Christ is left there. If, after such an honest examination, you find that the temperature has run low, very low—what then? Should you quit the church and throw up your Christian profession? No! a thousand times no! The Holy Spirit's message to you is, 'Be zealous, therefore and repent.' The only way to warm a chilled frame is not to throw yourself into a snow bank, but to hasten to the fire. Come back to a deserted Savior! Instead of erasing your blurred name from the church registry, seek a reconversion.

Simon Peter's best work was done after he was reconverted. Do not stop with lamenting your neglect of the place of prayer. Open again the door of devotion and go in and throw yourself down at the Master's feet and cry out 'I have sinned; I am no more worthy to be called thy servant.' Set up again your altar, and on it lay the sacrifice of a contrite heart. At the earliest moment lay hold of some blood-stirring Christian work; it will warm you up. It may take some time to get the blood into full, free circulation again, and to cover your lost ground and lost health. But when you do get a fresh tide of Christ's love pouring into your heart and a fresh glow of his likeness in your countenance, you will feel as Lazarus must have felt when he shook off the grave clothes and leaped into life again.—T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

Saved by Heroic Treatment.

(Anna Johnson, in the New York 'Observer'.)

'It is Frances of whom I am thinking,' Abby Morton said, looking confidentially across at the two girls who occupied the cushioned window seat in her room at the Ordway boarding-school.

Tula Gay shrugged her shoulders. 'Glad to know of what you are thinking. I was wondering if you had forgotten us.'

Abby's fair face grew rosy. Before she could speak, Jacqueline LeGrand cried:

'What a thing for you to say, Tula! Of course you were thinking of someone besides yourself, you dear Mother Abby. It is a responsibility to be president of Ordway's junior class. What has Frances been doing now?'

'Nothing. It is what she is, rather than what she does. Girls, we all love Frances, but she is—'

'A big brag,' Tula finished, as Abby stopped. 'It would not be quite so bad if she did not have so much to brag about. But she is really as pretty, bright, rich and amiable as she says she is. We do get tired of hearing of Frances and her family, though.'

Abby leaned forward, her gray eyes shining.

'O Tula! You have given me an idea. It is not that Frances is selfish; she is generosity itself, but the dear girl is becoming a little self-centered. There! that is the study bell. Come in after dinner, and I will tell you how we can cure Frances.'

'Cure her?' Tula asked incredulously.

'Yes. I am sure my treatment will result in a cure. It is to be homoeopathic in form,' and, rising, Abby followed her callers from the room.

Immediately after breakfast the pupils at

Ordway had thirty minutes for a walk, before chapel. On the morning following the conversation in Abby's room, the girls, under the leadership of Miss Erway, the teacher of English, strolled leisurely across the grounds in the direction of the tennis court.

It was a warm, clear morning. The maple trees that bordered the campus were aflame with red-gold, contrasting vividly with the sombre dusky-green cedars that outlined the winding path. Off at the right the hills sloped gently down to where West Creek wound its way like a silver ribbon through the suburbs of the town.

'Wait, Abby,' called a clear, high-pitched voice. 'I am sure you want to enjoy the pleasure of my company.'

Abby waited, her red lips tightly compressed. The forthcoming treatment might not be pleasant for the patient, but it was certainly going to be hard for the physician in chief.

There was a smile on the face of Frances Knapp, and her blue eyes danced. Before she could again speak to Abby, they were joined by Tula, who cried:

'Oh, what a pretty shirtwaist, Frances! That shade of blue is very becoming to you.'

Frances looked complacently down at her waist. Tula rarely praised anything.

'I like it. You must see my cream mohair; it is a dream.'

'Your shirtwaists are always pretty,' Abby's voice trembled a little. 'You have good taste, Frances.'

'That is what everybody seems to think. It is easy enough if—if—'

'If you are Frances Knapp,' and Tula laughed. 'Frances, your playing at chapel yesterday morning was fine.'

'Did you think so?' Frances asked carelessly, turning to Abby. 'Abby, I want you to see, or rather to hear the new music Cousin Eleanor sent me from New York.'

'I shall be glad to hear it. Your playing always makes me happy.'

'You dear! What did you say, Margaret?'

This last was to another junior who had joined them. Margaret began incoherently.

'O Frances! Did I ever tell you that I heard your Uncle Albert at Chautauqua last summer. His address was immense.'

'Uncle Albert is a genius. What was his subject?'

'I don't just remember, but what he said was splendid. I—I don't suppose one of your relatives could do anything that was not of the best.'

Tula frowned; the praise of Margaret was clumsy. Frances' head went back proudly.

'I don't just understand you. The Knapps have always been noted for their brilliancy and for their devotion to public duty. There have been four senators in our family.'

'And one governor—don't forget him,' Tula admonished. 'Frances, it must be a responsibility to think that you are a member of such a distinguished family. However, it is easy to see that you will furnish your share of the family's brilliancy.'

Frances frowned. She was aware of a feeling of annoyance, but did not know just what was wrong.

'Excuse me, girls, I want to speak to Jacqueline,' and she turned away.

'How beautiful the foliage is, Jacqueline,' Frances said, thrusting her arm through that of her friend.

'It is beautiful. Such a morning makes me wish that I was an artist. You know I cannot draw, but you can.'

'Yes, and paint, too. My work is not much, not yet, but it enables me to enter into the feeling of an artist. That is something.'

'It is a great deal,' Jacqueline said soberly. 'Frances, you are one of the most gifted of girls. You do and intend to do so much.'

To Jacqueline's surprise, the face of her friend colored. It was a moment before Frances spoke, and then it was only to say:

'There is the chapel bell. We must hurry.'

Somehow things went wrong with Frances that day. It was not that anyone was unkind. Instead, the girls clustered round, praising and flattering her.

'I believe you are making fun of me,' she cried petulantly to Rose Miller, when that girl had praised, for the third time, the way in which Frances had dressed her hair.

'Indeed I am not. It was only yesterday that you asked me to admire it, and it is pretty,' was Rose's spirited reply.