

for a Christian spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart?

'Oh, that's what you mean, is it?' and he spoke as though that weren't anything at all. 'Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered,—if you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of a spirit coming down upon you, all patient and forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like? And you'd come in and sit down all in a faint, and reckon you must be going to die, because you felt so heavenly-minded.'

He didn't like it much, but I'd delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself, too. You are right, Captain Joe, you are right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayers.—Daniel Quorn, and his Religious Notions.

Thy Will be Done.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept the gift to-day for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewel to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make—
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth
small;
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine
all.

Hidden therein Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of fashion, visions of delight,
All that I have, or am, or fain would be,
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with
sighs,
Clenched in my grasp, till beauty hath it
none,
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished
lies
The prayer ascendeth,—'May Thy will be
done.'

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will, that
e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have
been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with grace di-
vine;
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.
—Anon.

Suggestive.

If you will let Him walk with you in your streets, and sit with you in your offices, and be with you in your homes, and teach you in your churches, and abide with you as the living presence in your hearts, you, too, shall know what freedom is, and while you do your duties, be above your duties; and while you own yourselves the sons of men, know you are the sons of God.—Phillips Brooks.

A Typical Candidate.

(The Rev. Charles E. Patton, in the New York 'Observer'.)

He was an old man, of perhaps fifty years; a farmer, with red sunburned features, slightly wrinkled, yet peculiarly flushed so as almost to suggest a common form of leprosy. His head was unshaven; scarcely prepossessing in appearance. Up he came to our upper loft to meet the Session, his small eyes twinkling and a general beam of good nature all over his face. He wanted to enter the Church. 'Why do you wish to enter the Church?' was asked.

'So I can reach Heaven.'
'How reach Heaven?'
'Through Jesus redeeming my sins.'
'How do you know that?'
'The Holy Book says so.'
'What is the Holy Book?'
'The True Doctrine.'
'Who is God?'
'The Supreme Ruler.'
'Who is Jesus?'
'God's Son.'
'How many gods do you worship?'
'One, divided into three persons.'

'Do you worship idols?'
'No.'
'Why not?'
'Because they can't protect me.'
'What other reason?'
'Because I worship the True God.'
'Do you know the Ten Commandments?'
'Yes,' and voluntarily repeated all. Questioned in several he gave intelligent replies.
'Can you pray?'
'Yes.' Upon which he repeated the Lord's Prayer.

'Does your heart pray?'
'Yes, before eating; also morning and evening,' repeating a specimen of each.
'Have you sins?'
'Yes; my heart is very evil; I once worshipped idols.'
'What became of your sins?'
'Jesus redeemed them.'
'How?'
'By nailing them to the cross.'
'Has the Church power to forgive your sins?'

'No, God only has.'
When asked why God was willing to forgive him he seemed a bit puzzled.
'If your boy were sick and you give him medicine why do you do it?'
'That he may get well, grow up and take care of me in my old age.'
'What sort of heart do you have toward him?'

'A loving heart.'
'Why then does God want you to be saved?'
'Because He has a loving heart toward me.'
'After you enter the church what do you do?'
'Learn the doctrine, and keep the Sabbath.'
When asked about his conduct, he appealed to his neighbors to bear witness. Clear replies were given to questions on baptism and the Lord's Supper.
'Who taught you the doctrine?' he was finally asked.
'Nobody.'

'Where did you learn it?'
'I bought a book in the market one day and read it. I believed the doctrine was true, so I believed the True God.'
Yeung Kong, Canton, China.

The Glimpse.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
With your bright way, and left me to fall back
On my own world of poorer deed and aim;
To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,
In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel,
'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky;
Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul
The torment of the difference till he die.
—William Watson.

The Missionary Cabbages.

Where there is a will there is a way; and a little ingenuity will sometimes accomplish as much as a deal of hard work. The 'Class-mate' repeats the story of an old lady of ninety-seven, who for eighty-five years had been in the service of the Lord:

'Did I ever tell you about my missionary cabbages?' said she. 'Years ago, when I was living near a market, I didn't have very good health, and couldn't get around much. I wanted to do something for the Lord, and every market day used to go over and talk a few minutes to the man who sold cabbages.'

'We were good friends, and he let me slip a tract into each head of cabbage, down among the leaves. As each tract went in, a prayer to God went up from my heart, that the reading of it might be blessed to the soul of somebody.'

'I should like to have been there and bought one of those cabbages, grandmother, said Miss Graham, laughing. 'It would have been a pleasant surprise while preparing it for dinner, to find neatly tucked in between the leaves a message from our heavenly Father.'

'I hope that some of the messages went to the hearts of those who found them. I asked the Lord to make it so. And do you wonder that I called 'em "missionary cabbages"?—The 'Christian.'

A Sharp Rebuke.

A certain infidel, who was a blacksmith, was in the habit, when any Christian man came into his shop, of asking some of his workmen if they had heard about brother so-and-so, or what he had done. They would answer, 'No, what is it?' Then he would begin and tell them what some Christian brother, deacon, or minister had done, and laugh, saying, 'That is one of the fine Christians we hear so much about.' An old gentleman, a Christian, one day went into the shop, and the infidel blacksmith at once began his usual tales. The old deacon stood a few moments listening, then turned quickly to the infidel and asked him 'if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus. 'Yes, many a time; what about that?' 'Perhaps you remember the dogs, how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus? Well,' said the deacon, 'you remind me of those dogs, content to merely lick the Christians' sores. The blacksmith grew suddenly pensive, and has not said much about the failings of Christians since.—'Christian Herald.'

Thank You.


The Rothsay, Scotland, 'Chronicle,' in its issue of Jan. 19, quotes an over-sea correspondent as complimenting the 'Chronicle' on being the nearest (Scottish) approach he has seen to the clean, scholarly, high-class Montreal 'Witness.'

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