

man. That gentleman's home was in Carnal Policy, a town near by the city of Destruction. Enquiring about Pilgrim's progress, and learning his purpose to go to the wicket-gate, Worldly Wiseman warned Christian of the difficulties and dangers he would have to face, and counselled him to go instead to the town of Morality and consult Mr. Legality, whose house was close to the hill Sinal.

SELFISHNESS IS THE SOURCE OF SIN!

To escape peril and pain, Pilgrim turned out of his way to seek Mr. Legality's help. But when he approached the house, the hill nearby was so high, and the side overhanging so much, that he dared not venture any farther, lest it should fall upon him.

As he stood there in great fear, not knowing which way to turn, Evangelist came to meet him, and sternly rebuked him for turning out of the way. Setting Christian's face again toward the wicket-gate, Evangelist said, "Thy sin is great; thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths. 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate' 'Because strait is the gate that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it.' The man at the gate will receive thee, only turn not aside again, lest thou 'perish by the way when his wrath is kindled but a little.'"

The way of sin is as broad to-day as it was in the time of Worldly Wiseman. The way of life is as narrow now as it was when Christian travelled it. From that way of pain and peril men still turn their footsteps to the way that is broad and smooth. Men dream again, they love ease, and through selfishness fall into sin. What but selfishness prompts you to take the wealth of the world for yourself, and leave your fellow-man to starve unhelped? What prompts young men and women, regardless of the well-being of others, to seek their own pleasure in questionable amusements, saying, "These things do not hurt me; let others take care of themselves"? What is it that fills our city streets with wasted faces, our city slums with wrecked and ruined lives? It is the selfishness of sin!

Men and women live for themselves, love themselves, think only of themselves, until self masters them. Then waking up, under the shadow of Sinal, to a sense of their bondage, they cry, "Who shall deliver me from the bondage of this death?" "Can my sin be forgiven?" "May I yet return and enter the wicket-gate?"

None need despair, and none need perish. Jesus stands ready to help and save. Born as you were born, tempted as you are tempted, dying as you must die, Jesus, Who never did a selfish deed, invites the weary and heavy-laden to come to Him for rest. Having Himself broken the fetters of death, He "proclaims liberty to the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound."

THE WICKET-GATE OPENS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Hastening on, and not speaking to any after he left Evangelist, Pilgrim at length approached the wicket-gate. Over the gate there was written, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Christian, therefore, began to knock, and continued, until at length the door opened, and he entered the gate.

God never fails to answer prayer. On the 18th of April, 1882, Samuel H. Hadley was a homeless, friendless drunkard in the city of New York. He had pawned everything for drink, and his wife and children had been compelled to leave him. For days he had not tasted food. For four nights he had been in *delirium tremens*. Unable to sleep, without money to buy drink, he would have drowned himself, but he had not strength to reach the river. In a saloon God's Spirit came to him, and he resolved to give up drink. Going to a nearby station he asked to be locked up. When he was released, he found his way to the Jerry McAuley Mission. There McAuley, after telling his experience, invited men to come to Christ. With other drunkards Hadley went forward, and knelt at the altar. Himself a reformed drunkard and a converted man, Jerry McAuley prayed for them. Then, placing his hand on Hadley's head, he said, "Now pray for yourself." All the prayers in the world will not save you unless you pray for yourself." Hadley hesitated for a moment, then broke out, "Dear Lord, can you help me?" No tongue or pen can describe the experiences of that hour. With all His power, Christ came into that drunkard's heart and life. He had knocked at the door of mercy, and it swung open. Saved himself, he went out to save others. For twenty years he was Superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission; and before he died, on February 9th, 1906, he had helped thousands of drunkards to the gate that always swings open in answer to prayer. He who opened the gate of life in answer to Hadley's prayer, is willing to open it in answer to yours. "Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Digby, N.S.

LIFE PROBLEMS

In this column we shall endeavor to assist our ~~young~~ people in the solution of some of the vital questions of the personal life. Your correspondence is asked.

I.—The Problem of Prayer

Here is a letter from a young woman who is a true and earnest Christian, but she has her difficulties, and who has not? She says: "I am troubled because I do not enjoy prayer. I pray because I know it is right to do so, but there must be something else than duty in prayer. Other people, I know, take delight in prayer. How can I become like them?"

We submitted this important question to Miss H. S. Stewart, B.A., Sackville, N.B., and have great pleasure in giving her reply in reply. We are sure that it will do many of our Leaguers much good.

"My dear young friend, have you considered what prayer is? Is it not a coming to God and a talking with Him? Naturally, when we think of coming to God, we remember what a wonderful, all-powerful Being He is, and our feeling is one of adoration. That is our first thought, and we do adore and worship our great Heavenly Father, and then we creep a little nearer and because He is our Father we have many things to tell Him, many things to ask of Him. Asking God for certain things is only a part of our prayer. Do we not often err in thinking it is the whole of prayer? But you will say, What else is there? Let us consider that we have come to the end of a day, just an ordinary day, and in the quiet time before we lie down to rest we are going to approach unto God our Heavenly Father. What have we to say to Him? Will we not be in thinking over the day and what it has brought to us, be reminded of the things we have done, and alas! others left undone, both of which have grieved our best Friend? And so, like a tired, sorry child to a loving mother, we come and confess to our great-hearted, loving Heavenly Parent, and oh! how He comforts. In both our confessing and our asking, we must never forget that there is nothing so little and insignificant in our every-day lives but that He will understand all about it. He wants us to tell Him about all the little joys and the little difficulties and discouragements. Do we say joys? Why, yes, and here comes in another very important part of our prayers, that is, thankfulness. Praise is always a part of prayer. Adoration, confession, thankfulness—every step leads us nearer to our Heavenly Father and Comforter, and now it seems as if we did not know where to stop. We have so many petitions. Naturally, we pray for our loved ones, and perhaps most of all for ourselves, and each one knows out of the fulness of her heart what to put into such petitions. But our vision widens, and because we love our God, and remember all the good He has brought into our lives, we think with sorrow of those who do not know Him, and for these we pray. There are our own associates, those whom we meet from day to day; but we do not stop here, for we go on from our own home town to our own country, with its various needs, and then to other countries, until the whole wide world has been compassed. Do you say the burden of our prayer has become too great? But how can we omit any part of it?

Perhaps my friend will say, like many another, I am often too discouraged and weary to say anything more than a few sentences. That may be so, and yet there can be true, heart-felt prayer.

"When I am very weary
I do not try to pray;
I only shut my eyes and wait
To hear what God will say.
Such rest it is to wait for Him
As comes on other way."

I am sure that our friend who longs to enjoy prayer will have that as one of her petitions. And surely the Holy Spirit will guide you and teach you, so that this enjoyment may be yours. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." May we all claim this promise as ours, and in faith prove its truth.

Influence

This life of mine that seems but as mine own—
To mar or glorify at will, might be
The only Bible that some soul hath known,
The only chart on God's eternal sea.

—Minnie F. Houdenstein.