

**"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."**

A United States Senator was leaving home. The parting words of his little daughter were, "Papa, be true to me." He was at a dinner party not long after, and was asked to drink. The words of his little girl came to mind. He felt that he could not be true to her and take strong drink, and soon after he gave out the following touching lines:—

What makes me refuse a social glass?  
Well, I'll tell you the reason why;  
Because a bonnie, blue-eyed lass is ever  
standing by.

And I hear her, boys, above the noise of the  
jest and the merry glee,  
As with baby grace she kisses my face and  
says, "Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do, to my lass to be true,  
better than let it pass by?  
I know you'll think my refusal to drink a  
breach of your courtesy;  
For I hear her repeat in accents sweet, and  
her dear little form I see,  
As with loving embrace she kisses my face  
and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most,  
whose dear little will I obey;  
Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet  
over life's toilsome way;  
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of  
mine, from sorrow may she be free;  
For with baby grace she hath kissed my  
face, and said, "Papa, be true to me."

—*New York World.*

**PRAYER FOR MORE FAITH.**

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayer, very often it is not more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight.

"What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessing there is in it, if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it."

"What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"

"Do it, and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes, if I could only see that it would make me grow."

In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not for more faith, although you think it is, but sight?

You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task.

Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but, "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith, walking in the dark with God, only prays him to clasp its hand more

closely; does not even ask him for the lighting of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself.—*Phillips Brooks.*

**THE BIBLE EVER NEW.**

Dr. Wayland, after referring in an article to the many attracted to Northfield for the study of the Bible, says: "And what a testimony also to the inexhaustibleness of the Lord's Word! Other books we absorb; other books we outstrip and leave behind; other books we read to-day with concentrated attention and delight; later we fall in again with the book, and we say, 'Now I am going to have another rapture like the last.' We are disappointed. Forty years ago, when 'Hypatia' came out, I sat up until three o'clock reading it, and it seemed to me that there never was such a book. A year or two later I read it again; but the charm had vanished.

"Books become superseded; but The Book has drawn the attention of scholars and thinkers; it has been read and studied by the learned and has been devoured by the plain people; and yet never did it awaken an interest so intense as to-day. Nothing will so draw an audience day after day as the intelligent, reverent exposition of the Word."—*Ex.*

**THE BUSINESS MAN'S LESSON.**

He was an upright business man. In his heart he believed the religion of Christ to be true. But he was very busy, and when the Sabbath came he was very tired. He had become interested, too, in the Sunday paper, so he gradually dropped off going to church.

His wife went regularly, and sometimes the children. One morning, just after his wife had started, he was comfortably seated, reading the paper, when he heard his boys talking in the next room. Said eight-year-old Willie:

"When you grow up, shall you go to church as mother does, or stay at home like father?"

"I shall do neither," was the answer. "When I'm a man I shall have horses and be on the road Sundays and enjoy myself."

The newspaper suddenly lost its attraction. There came before the father a picture of his boys associating with loose men and drifting into a godless, reckless life, and of himself looking on it in old age as the fruit of his self-indulgence.

Five minutes after he was walking rapidly towards the church. When the service was over, his wife, coming down the aisle, saw him waiting at the door. Next Sunday, however, the whole family were in their pew, and all the rest of the day there was a kind of peace about the home that reminded him of his boyhood's happy days in his father's home. And who will say that he was less fitted for another week of business life by his share in the services of God's house, instead of "staying at home all Sunday to rest"?—*Ex.*