

## A KIND WORD TO ENQUIRERS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Among your readers there must be some who are seeking the salvation of their souls to them let me offer a few plain suggestions. You cannot be seeking for salvation more sincerely or earnestly than Christ Jesus is seeking for you; nay, for a long time He has been knocking at the door of your heart and asking admission. Not more certainly does the morning sunlight offer to enter our bedchamber; but it can never enter until we open wide the shutters.

This is a vital fact for you to remember—that the loving Saviour really wants to save you. Another equally important truth is, that your salvation is a matter to be settled between the Lord Jesus Christ and yourself. It is well to talk freely with your pastor, or with a parent, or discreet Christian friend, but they cannot do the needful work for you. Dr. Spenser used to shake off those who clung to his skirts, and send them to the Saviour.

One hour spent alone with your Bible, and in close converse with Christ, is worth more to you than a month of sermons or of conversations with the wisest friends. Go alone to the quiet of your own room, and there give yourself in honest prayer and self-surrender to Jesus Christ. Just as you are, offer yourself to Him. Do not waste time in trying to regenerate your own heart; that is the Spirit's office, not yours. Barmineas had given up all ointments and eye-salve, when he arose and came to Jesus with his sightless eyeballs. Bring to the Divine Healer your whole heart. "Ye shall seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all the heart." The thin and shallow religion which yields such small fruit in the lives of many church members arises largely from half-way conversion.

There was no thorough subsoil work, no entire surrender of the affection and will to Jesus; old sins were not cut up by the roots and therefore all things did not become new. You cannot be "half fellow" with the irreligious and the lover of pleasure through the week, and a Christian on Sunday at the Lord's table; you cannot be tricky in business, or impure in secret, or cowardly in the face of the world, and yet be a genuine servant of Christ at the same time. Giving your heart to Him is not a clandestine transaction; people who know you have got to find it out, and if they do not detect it in your conduct, then it is a delusion.

Such thorough work costs something; it may lower your self-conceit, and put the knife to favorite practices, and require you to give up certain amusements and indulgences that are forbidden by the Spirit of the Bible. "May I go to the theatre?" To this we would reply—When you can see Christ with you to the theatre, and find spiritual blessing there, and do real good to your unconverted friends by setting them the example of theatre-going, then you may purchase a ticket and help to support the playhouse. Not before. The same principles apply to all kinds of self-indulgence. Whatever the Bible does not approve, whatever you cannot with a clear approving conscience take part in, you must let alone.

Giving up sinful practices or pleasures—or even questionable ones—is not enough. Such negative religion will not last long or avail much. Genuine piety is a positive thing; it is doing right it is keeping Christ's commandments. Pulling up weeds does not make a garden in these bright May days. Mellowing the earth and dropping the seeds and setting out the young plants, is the only substantial way to do it. When the soil is busy in growing vegetables and flowers, there is little space left for weeds. Less than half your religion depends on the "thou shalt nots." Christ did not say to Matthew, "Thou shalt stay here at the toll-booth, and try to keep out of cheating and other evil practices of the publicans." He said, "Follow me," and then Matthew goes at once into a new line of conduct and a new life.

Begin at once to do whatever your Master commands. Begin to practise religion. A child never could learn to walk by a hundred talkabout the law of gravitation; it must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling or more pungent convictions, or for anything that you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hindrances, if they keep you from doing at once the very first act that will please Christ. Have you ever opened your lips to any unconverted friend, either to avow your own

feelings or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short you must begin to obey a new Master, to serve a new Saviour, to strike out a new line of living, and rely on God's Almighty help to do it. When you give yourself to Christ in this whole-hearted and practical fashion, he will give you a thousand-fold richer gifts in return. Yea, He will give you Himself! When you possess Christ, you have everything.—*Word and Work.*

## COUNTING THE FLOWERS.

BY M. H. JAQUITH.

Because of cheap rent a mother and her only child, a cripple of ten, lived in a house remote from any other in the outskirts of a large city, where the mother went daily to wash or do any other work, taking her helpless boy in a little rude wagon.

But one afternoon in early autumn there was a sudden change on the weather; the thinly-clad boy took a violent cold and in the night had a sharp attack of croup. His mother tried the usual remedies, and by morning he was easy and apparently safe from a renewal of the attack. What could she do? The rent was soon due, the coal-bin empty, and only a few crackers in the house, yet to keep the place she was that day engaged for she must go promptly and spend the day, and of course she could not take her boy with her.

"Never mind about me, mother, I'll stay in bed and sleep some, and keep warm all right," said the child cheerily after his mother had mentioned over the names of her few friends, thinking who could be got to stay with him and with tears decided that none could be obtained.

Putting some crackers and water, with his few sorry-looking books and playthings within his reach, and all the bedding on the bed, with a prayer to God to care for her fatherless boy she went sobbing on her weary way, while the little fellow keeping up a brave show of courage till she was gone, then cried bitterly too because of his weakness and loneliness.

The day's work was longer than usual, the distance to it was great, and as the fire-cracker ticket would buy a loaf of bread and she could not get both, she walked, and it was after dark when, with a shudder, as she thought what might await her, she entered the cold, desolate home.

"My dear child," she said as she went to him through the darkness, "are you here all right?" and as soon as his cheery voice answered, "All right, mother," she broke down into a nervous fit of crying in which he joined her.

After the room was lighted, and a little fuel she had gathered on her way was burning, and their scanty meal-cooking over, going up to the little fellow who had been watching every movement with a shining of love in his eyes, she said, "What did my dear boy do all this long, long day?"

"O mother, I got along nicely; when I was tired of the other things I counted the bright flowers on the old quilt you put outside the bed, and when it got so dark I couldn't see them, I tried to think about them and forgot to be afraid; but it was a pretty long day!"

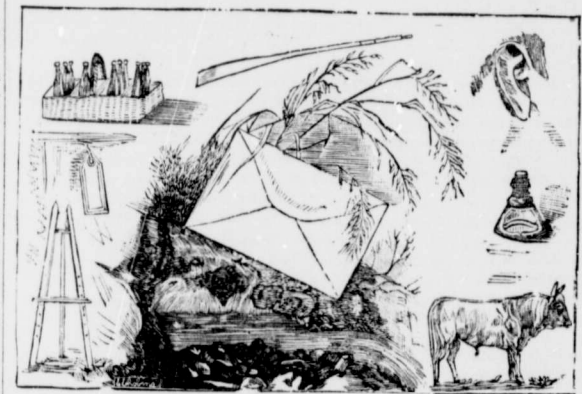
Telling of it years afterwards when her troubles had so long been past they seemed as a dim dream, her son then a man of reputation and influence, the mother said: "Dear, brave little heart! I threw myself on my knees by his bed, and asked my Heavenly Father to forgive me for ever doubting his watchful care and providence. I asked him for enough of faith, that instead of grieving over my trials and losses I might be able to count the flowers on my faded, ragged quilt that covered my lonely bed of sickness and pain, and to be cheered by the memory of their brightness when it was so dark I could not see even them. That prayer that night was the beginning of a new life of faith and trust in the leading hand of my God, and having been brought to that point I have never since needed any good thing."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## "GO OUT AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."

BY MRS. A. H. BRONSON.

When Charlie T. was converted to God, it was an entire surrender of his whole soul to the work of the Master.

One evening he sat a long time in silent thought. "My dear," he said at last to his wife, sitting by, "I believe I shall do it."



"Do what, Charlie?" said she, smiling at his eager face. "Do you suppose I know what you are thinking about? Somehow it always seems as if you did."

"Well, dear, it does seem so, sometimes, I am so sure of your sympathy in my feeling, even if you do not always approve of my methods. I have been thinking whether it would not be a good plan to go into the bar-rooms every Saturday evening and invite the strangers to go to church the next day."

Mary laughed a little at the queer idea, and said, "Whoever would have thought of your being seen in the bar room, and Saturday evening, too?"

But after all she fell in with his plan, and added a little to it, which was to invite any one who would come to sit with them in their pew, and go home and take lunch at noon.

So, ever after that, when the busy work of the week was done, and even the "traveling men" were seeking rest in their own way in the bar-room or parlor of the hotel, there would suddenly arise a tall, manly form, with a face full of mingled strength and sweetness, and voice whose persuasive tones few could resist would politely invite any stranger present to attend public worship the coming Lord's Day, offering to accompany any such to whatever church they preferred, or if there was no preference, to his own, where they would be made welcome by a seat in his own pew.

Many who heard the call passed it by as they had before the louder call of the Master Himself, but some there were who heard, to be touched and won by the interest shown by this stranger, and accepted the invitation, to be blessed and helped in the way appointed by the Lord.

Why the devoted young servant, in the full flush of his manhood's strength and earnest purpose to give his life to the saving of souls, should just then have been called to leave it all and "come up higher" is one of the mysteries, but when in the last day of accounts he will meet those on the right hand of the Lord brought there through his prayers and efforts and example, we doubt not will be some whom his voice called out of the bar-room and liquor saloons, and whose steps were directed by him to the church of Christ, where they found the "way of life."—*Watchman.*

**SUGAR COOKIES.**—Two cups of sugar, one heaping cup of shortening, (I use part butter and part lard), two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, salt, nutmeg, or flavor as you please. One can make half the quantity if one likes.

**SIMPLE DESSERT.**—Put eight crackers in a deep dish, pour enough boiling water over them to just cover them, and when soaked (which will not take longer than five minutes) grate a little nutmeg over, sprinkle with sugar, cover with cream, and serve. Try it.

**BUFFALO CREAM CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, one and two-thirds cup of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

## PUZZLES.

## PUZZLE PICTURE.

The envelope in the middle of this picture is supposed to contain a number of letters. These letters taken from the envelope and placed before the names of the several objects shown in the picture, will transform them into the names of wild animals.

## WORD-PUZZLE.

My whole a vaulted space above extends, Or a name to some house of prayer it lends.

Curtailed, a title answers your demand Still known in the Prince of Beira's land;

Again curtail me and regard with care, No new idea, but just the same is there. Once more, a Roman numeral meets your eyes.

Behold,—the cockney's home before you lies; Behold again, a State, in brief, you'll see.

Now don't you know just what is found in me?

For the last time behold me and a vowel find.

Or else one point recall to mind Of that which is the sailor's friend, And guides him to his journey's end.

Then take my last and put before my first, And when you've done this, only read reversed.

To see that fashion of which we're the toy, Gay fashion, whose "brightest arts decoy."

## CHARADE.

My first is something to wear; My last is something to eat; My whole, I can safely declare, Is naught but a simple conceit.

## REMAINDERS.

1. Behold a healthy state of body and leave a drink.

2. Behold a planet three times and leave a series of musical notes.

3. Behold a simple vegetable and leave what boys and girls enjoy in winter.

4. Behold to look intently and leave a slit or opening.

## ENIGMA.

1. A word of five letters gives an article of use in peace and war.

2. Transpose and find what you do at school.

3. Behold and find a fruit?

4. Again, and find a vegetable.

5. Transpose and find a monkey.

6. Behold twice, curtail twice, and you will see what makes a man man.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

## CHARADES.

1. Wood-pecker; 2. Man-I-fold; 3. Percolate.

**SURNAMES OF DICKENS' CHARACTERS.**—1. Pecksniff, 2. Nickleby, 3. Copperfield, 4. Swiveller, 5. Bagstock, 6. Bardell, 7. Jenny Wren, 8. Flite, 9. Filwitich, 10. Small-weed, 12. Prig, 13. Deadlock, 14. Wrayburn.

## WORD SQUARE.

PURIM  
UNITY  
RIFTS  
ITTAI  
MYIA

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Switzerland.