

MISMANAGED MEETINGS.

Those familiar with gospel labor know the importance of earnest, intelligent, and steady endeavor to lead souls to Christ. Often persons who have been brought to an honest conviction of sin, and who are seeking the path of life, are confused by mere noise and tumult; and much that has been accomplished with care and labor seems undone in an hour, Says S. G. Burney, in the *Cumberland Quarterly Review*:

"Much damage to the success of meetings is caused by the wild confusion occasioned by a conversion; preachers and prominent workers often take the lead. The consequence generally is, that those seeking the Lord are neglected, the serious thoughts of the irreligious dissipated, and a state of levity produced. The feeling of solicitude for sinners gives place to feelings of ecstasy, and leaves the worker, at least for a time, wholly unprepared for his work.

"A state of ecstatic feeling, leading, if not restrained, to outbursts of praise and thanksgiving, is neither unscriptural nor unreasonable, but it may be unseasonably indulged. In many revival meetings the church claims the victory, but Satan gets the largest share of the spoils. A bogus revival may be *shouted up*, and a genuine revival *shouted down*. The shouting is not the prelude and concomitant of genuine revivals. The revival is the outgrowth of a clear view of the lost state of the unconverted, and a deep, abiding solicitude for their salvation. This deep and earnest solicitude may be endured for days and weeks without abatement. The conversion of one soul, if the worker gives way to his feelings, may be the occasion of expending it all in an uncontrolled outburst—in a shout. This puts the worker out of sympathy with the penitents, and for the time being utterly disqualifies him to properly instruct them. Shouting revivals are, of a sort of psychological necessity, short-lived. On the contrary, when the true revival feeling is fostered and not permitted to expend itself in ecstatic exercises, the revival may be continued with success for weeks, or indefinitely. Such, at least, are my convictions after an experience of nearly fifty years."—*Sel.*

After nine years' labor, the first revision of the Malagasy Bible is now completed.

FINISHED WORK.

When Christ came into the world to live among men, he took upon himself the form of a servant, to do not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent him. He became the Father's servant for our salvation. And this is how he speaks: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work." And he did finish what he undertook. Beginning with what is lowliest, do you think that, when he labored in the carpenter's workshop at Nazareth, he would ever turn out faulty workmanship? Afterward, when he performed his miracles, each was a "finished" work. When he restored men from disease, he made them "perfectly whole," and so the people testified: "He hath done all things well." At the close of his earthly service he could say to the Father, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do;" and the last word he spoke ere he bowed his bleeding, thorn-crowned head and died, was that word, "It is finished!"

Let the Lord himself be your example in service; let the mind which was in him be in you also. Every work that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, from making a besom to setting jewels in a crown. That which you have in hand is indeed comparatively humble, but then it is necessary; and it may be done not only solidly, but with taste and beauty; and so I would urge you—in spite of all temptations that may arise from weariness and haste to get done, or any other cause—to do it with quiet, careful perseverance, as a true Christian, till it is "finished." Acting in this spirit, you will have a right to that noble name, a Christian worker, sometimes assumed by those who have no title to wear it.—*Sel.*

The tendencies of card-playing are well shown in the growth of the disposition to play for wagers among ladies of high social position in an aristocratic quarter of Boston. The pointed allusions to gambling in polite society, made on a recent Sunday by a prominent minister of that city, suffused with blushes the faces of the fair transgressors—their guilty consciences bringing this confession to their countenances. Barbara Heck made no mistake when she threw the cards in the fire. It is the best place for them.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*