

The Power of Christ.

But while I have shown your helplessness, I want to put by the side of it the power and willingness of Christ to save you. I think it was in 1636 a vessel was bound for Portugal, but it was driven to pieces on an unfriendly coast. The captain had his son with him, and, with the crew, they wandered up the beach, and started on the long journey to find relief. After a while, the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The captain said to the crew: "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him on, but the journey was so long that after awhile the crew fainted from hunger and from weariness, and could carry him no longer. Then the father rallied his almost wasted energy, and took up his own boy and put him on his shoulder, and carried him on mile after mile, until, overcome himself by hunger and weariness, he too fainted by the way. The boy lay down and died, and the father, just at the time rescue came to him, also perished, living only long enough to tell the story—sad story, indeed! But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our ship wrecked and dying condition, and put us on the shoulder of his strength, and by the omnipotence of his gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life, and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black, and inexcusable, and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the graces of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to God, that where man's ear gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?—Dr. Talmage.

The Safe Way.

"Supposing that, after all, you should find that there is no God nor Judgment, and that your life of self denial had therefore been based on delusion, what a fool you would feel!" said one to me who was revelling in health and wealth, and, alas! like the prodigal of old, "wasting his substance in riotous living," seeking, by present gratification, and the poisoned pleasure of sin, to close his heart to God and the truth. Answering him according to his folly, I said, "Supposing that there should be both God and judgment, a judgment that consigns the sinner to an endless and hopeless doom, and a God who is 'of purer eyes than to behold evil,' and who will 'by no means clear the guilty,' in that case you would be the fool."

Horace Bushnell once declared that there is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. The world has many that agree with it. What it needs, and what it appreciates, is the manliness that can stand apart from it and force it to a better way.

Our Young People**The Call To Separation.**

2 Cor. 6 : 14-18 ; 1 John 2 : 15-17.

The Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting for August 3.

When a physician enters a smallpox pest-house, he does not run much risk of catching the dread disease. He has protected himself against it by frequent vaccination, sometimes as frequent as once a week. He wears robes covered with a disinfecting solution. Above all, he is very careful not to take directly the breath of any of the sufferers. And by observing these simple precautions, he is able to be a genuine nursing angel in that terrible visitation.

During the outbreak of smallpox which came upon Boston in the years 1901 and 1902, there was a doctor who led the opposition to vaccination, believing it to be both useless and harmful. He wrote and spoke long and bitterly against the practice, and especially against the law making it compulsory. He defied the law himself, and advised others to defy it. One day, to prove his points, he asked the city physicians to let him enter the pesthouse and pass around the wards with them, but without any of their protections. They allowed him to do so, thinking that the result would warrant them in thus risking his life. Without vaccination or the disinfecting robe, he breathed the pest-house atmosphere, and even took the breath of a patient.

In a short time this foolish doctor himself came down with smallpox, and for a while his life hung in the balance. He will always bear about with him the disfiguring reminders of his folly.

All this, Endeavorers, is only a symbol of the way we Christians are to be separate from the world of sin. We are to enter it, to be sure, but we are not to enter it without protection. We are to have received into our bodies the water of life. We are to wear the robe of Christ's purity. We are not to go for our amusement, nor in bravado, but only on errands of mercy and of love. We are to mingle with sinners as Christ did, being in the world, but not of it. And so long as we do that, we are safe from all contagion.

Prayer.

O Lord, who art the rest of thy children, we heartily thank thee for all the enjoyments of our life, for the daily mercies by which our bodily frame is nourished and sustained, and for all the manifold delights given to the mind. How great is thy goodness! How many are the streams that flow from the fountain of thine eternal love! Teach us, heavenly Father, more and more to enjoy our life in thee, to eat our meat in gladness and singleness of heart, praising God; to trace all power, wisdom, and beauty up to thee, the Giver, and to find delight in our labor, whether with the hand or with the understanding, as in the service of our God. Forgive us, O Lord, all the faults, negligences and ignorances of which we have been guilty. How unworthy does our life appear, even to ourselves; how much more unworthy to thee! Blot out the thick cloud of our offences which has arisen before thee, and suffer us to behold the bright light of thy reconciled countenance, our King and our God.—Selected.

Hints on Topic.

Whatever is engraved on the seal will appear on the wax. If God is written on your heart, His name will be written on your life. You cannot have a world-loving life and a God loving heart.

No one has ever been able to help the world much that did not live above the world and separate from it. It is very hard to stand below a man and push him up, but it is easy to stand above a man and pull him up.

Pentecost compares the Christian to a telegraph wire, which must be completely isolated before it can convey the electricity. So if the Christian would bear to men any message from God, he must be isolated from the interests of the world.

Bishop Huntington asks us to notice that the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," has two parts. The coming out is comparatively easy; it is keeping ourselves separate, unspotted from the world, that is hard. We are to be clean every whit.

We are to separate ourselves not only from what is wrong, but also from what is right in itself, if it separates us from Christ—if it takes time that should be given to Christ, or absorbs interests that should be His. Much work and much play deserve this kind of separation.

One of the most beautiful sentences among all the beautiful sentences of Philips Brooks is this: "Keep your life pure, that some day God may make it holy." It is into the house swept and garnished, cleansed from all defilement, that God enters, as well as—if God does not enter—the seven devils.

Who of us, when tempted by the world, has to face such an ordeal as was met by the Chinese Christians during the Boxer outbreak? Well for us if we can be as firm as they were! One mother of a large family, for instance, when they urged her to recant, declared stoutly, "We are Christians to the end. No recanting in this family."

Daily Reading.

Mon., July 28.—Dagon and God. 1 Sam. 5 : 1-5
Tues., July 29.—God or Baal. 1 Kings 18 : 17-39
Wed., July 30.—God or devils. 1 Cor. 10 : 10-31
Thurs., July 31.—Light or darkness. Eph. 5 : 11-11
Fri., Aug. 1.—Depart ye. Isa. 52 : 11-15
Sat., Aug. 2.—Come out. Rev. 18 : 1-10
Sun., Aug. 3.—Topic. The call to separation.
2 Cor. 6 : 14-18 ; 1 John 2 : 15-17

The Real Touchstone.

The highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—what fly is not attracted by sugar and honey? But to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, is as unpleasant a process as chewing pills. Nevertheless, this is the real touchstone of brotherly love. The best way of practicing it is to put ourselves in the place of him who tries us, and to see how we would wish him to treat us if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of buyer when we sell and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—Francis de Sales,