

builders for eternity. If the chief cornerstone is not firmly set, the storms of this rough age will surely wreck the building. All development must be toward Him, the peerless one, the ever-living Christ. We study the Book that we may know Him. We pray that we may learn His will. We worship that we may gain more of His spirit. We give that His gospel may reach the regions beyond. We preach and we listen that we may interpret Him more perfectly. Our courage and our faith, our enthusiasms and our devotions, must center in Him. He, He is "the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely." We plan and work, in organized and individual endeavor, that we may deepen the power and broaden the influence of His holy love amongst men. The Son of Mary, the Man of Nazareth, is our King of Kings and Lord of Lords. As Pastors and as Endeavorers, we are to "ring out the darkness of the land," we are to "ring in the Christ that is to be." To Him, the Masterful One, we must yield all in superb and passionate loyalty, that from Him the Gracious-One, we may receive all power for conquest and for victory. "In Him are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

The Story of David Black.

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He was the son of godly parents, respectable members of the church and of the community. Like all children of such parents, he was taught from infancy to frequent the House of God, and Sunday School, of which respectively his father was a life-long deacon and teacher. He was not, like many boys and girls, commanded to go, which treatment invariably had a baneful effect upon their future attendance, particularly at the Sunday School; but was rather, gently but firmly commanded to come. Thus he had the strong power of a good example thrown around him. Also, the home life seemed all that it could be. In it was that trust of mothers, whose heart had been given to the Saviour in her girlhood, and whom she served faithfully in the midst of her home. The father never shunned his duties as the head of the home. God's Word was an honored book. It was a never-failing source of instruction and comfort. The family altar was not a neglected quantity. It might be expected when all these influences are taken into account; that David would certainly develop into a good, strong Christian man. If environment had the making of a Christian he should be one. But as there are contrary currents in the sea, so there are contrary forces in the making or unmaking of our lives. These contrary forces revealed themselves very plainly in his brief life. Contrary currents bear some ships the more swiftly to their port of destination, while others, by the same currents, are borne right on the rocks. In the sea of life contrary currents only develop that which is strong in some while others drift on the rocks of profanity and unbelief. Some at once become total wrecks, while others, after a time, are again floated. Of the latter class was David Black. Over against the home influence, there were the corrupting influences of bad companionship. In bad companionship he would come in contact with unbelief, profanity, and other things of kindred type. Through this contact he became a profane and unbelieving youth. As coal cannot be touched without leaving its black stains on our hands, so bad companions cannot be associated with without our lives being eventually stained. He walked in the counsel of the ungodly, he stood in the way of sinners, he sat in the seat of the scornful. First of all the Sunday School missed him. This was a source of great grief to his parents. Then he gradually drifted away from the other services of the church. The place in the sanctuary that once knew him, knew him no more. Apparently, he had allied himself permanently with the enemies of God and of the religion of Jesus Christ. At first it all seemed plain sailing. Life was all sunshine. The world promised him much. Christian people were all dupes. Ministers were only hirelings. There was nothing real, only what could be gotten out of the present. In such companionship these things were constantly dinned into him. All this time David was drifting about without a rudder. There were no rocks, no breakers in sight; but the submerged shoal of ill health was not very far away. He could not, and would not see it. However, before he had realized it, he was permanently stranded. Mighty efforts were put forth to float the stranded ship. If the tide would only rise high enough to get her over the shoal into the deep water beyond all would be well again. But the tide would not rise. The ship was all the while sinking deeper into the sand. For a long time he would have it that his illness was only of a temporary nature. If he could only get away into a warmer clime, his health would easily return. Apparently he had no thought of God and of the future. Even after he had failed to go to his work, if any one suggested to him anything about the possibility of his not getting any better, and the wisdom of his making his peace with God, he would probably answer in the profanest of language. Ministers he would not see. If he had any knowledge of their being anywhere in the vicinity of the home, he would hide himself until they were gone. People were beginning to fear he had gone beyond hope—that he had sinned away the day of grace. However, when he had become so low in health, so that he was too weak to go to a place of hiding, his mother told one of the min-

isters who used to visit him that the only way to see David was to walk unannounced into the house and right into the room where he was. The minister took the hint and immediately acted upon it. He could not approach him on religious matters. As soon as he attempted to do so David would either be profoundly silent or would fly away on some other irrelevant matter. His sense of decency, however, compelled him to listen with respect to the reading of God's Word and the minister's prayers.

Sometime previous to this, it was clearly apparent to those who saw him, that his father was rapidly sinking beneath the weight of some internal disease; but that which troubled the old brother mostly was his son's awful condition. He was anxious to see his son's salvation before he himself passed away. He pleaded with the Lord for this. The Lord answered him. A few days before his father's death, an old companion in sin came to see David. Up to this time he would not acknowledge that his sickness was unto death, but on seeing this young fellow, he unexpectedly said, "Jack, I want you to meet me in Heaven." To say that all in the room were astounded would be putting it in the mildest form. They never expected such a request as that from him. The young fellow departed promising he would. However, when he was gone, David began to think of the unusual request he had made. "What have I done?" he asked himself. "Here I have asked that young fellow to meet me in Heaven and I have no hope of Heaven myself." The arrow had at last pierced David's soul. His stubborn heart was bowed. The ice was broken. The mountain was melting at the presence of the Lord. The giant rebel against the Lord was conquered. He cried to the Lord for mercy. Helpless as he was, his father was called from his bed to pray for him. A godly neighbor, Capt. Whitehouse, was also called in to pray for him. God answered these prayers in bringing David into the light. His burden of sin was taken away and he began to rejoice in the Lord. Capt. W. sent to one of the pastors of the neighborhood, a word for him to come at once to see David. He came, and as had been his custom of late, he entered David's room unannounced. David's sister sat in one part of the room; one or two of the neighbors in another, and his mother in another. She sat there with a gladness in her eye this pastor had not seen there before. The feeble old father, exhausted with the exertions and excitements of day, had crept back into bed. Ignorant of the wonderful change in David's condition, this pastor asked him how he felt. "Oh," said he, "I am very weak in body, but I am not so in my mind. The Lord has forgiven my sins. Go on your knees and pray please." The pastor gladly obeyed. Under such unusual conditions it is not to be wondered at that his prayer was all praise. When he was through he asked David the meaning of all this. Then he was told the circumstances of the change, substantially as related above.

David lived several weeks after his conversion. In the meantime his father passed away an extremely happy man. In David's conversion the desire of his heart was granted. It was enough. He was now ready to depart in peace. As for David himself, he was anxious to retrieve all he could of his wasted life. His days were filled with efforts in the behalf of his gracious Master. All who came to see him, could have no other conversation with him, except that which concerned the soul. He would have all the help he could get from Christians. His former companions, ignorant of his change of heart, would come to see him as usual. To them he witnessed a good confession. As his last wish he urged them to mend their ways and be ready to meet their God. This was enough. They were not accustomed to such talk and some of them never came again. It was evident to all who had access to him that his growth in grace was very rapid and that he was fast ripening for eternity. There were times when he bewailed his wasted past. This made him more conscious of the greatness of God's mercy. Once, when the pastor mentioned above, was reading Psalm 116, and when he came to the 3rd and 4th verses: "The sorrows of death compassed, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul;" he exclaimed with intense feeling, "That's me, that's me." In the consciousness of the great mercy of God, saving a poor sinner like him, he at last passed into the eternal presence of his Master.

What You Do Is Done.

What you purpose may fail. What you begin may never be finished. What you leave others to do may remain undone. What you do is done.

A man recently made a will leaving several thousand dollars to orphanages and benevolent causes. Two days later he died. The State law pronounced all charitable bequests void, unless the will was executed thirty days before death. So the good man's will was broken, and the money goes where he did not wish it to go. If he had given the money while living, reserving the income from it during his life, he might have had his wisdom carried out.

A man working in the interest of a good cause was called in by a wealthy man and certain properties were transferred to that work. During the giver's life he was to receive an annuity from them. The money was safely invested, and no lawyers will fatten on it, no prodigals will

spend it and there will be no law suits or quarrels over it when the man is gone.

Samuel J. Tilden, a great lawyer, once candidate for the Presidency of the United States, wrote his own will, leaving six or eight million dollars for a public library for the city of New York. This will was broken and the scheme failed.

Peter Cooper executed his own will, founded Cooper Institute, where thousands of young men and women enjoy opportunities which otherwise they might never have had; and Cooper Institute will keep the philanthropist's memory green, while the Tilden Library scheme will serve to point a moral or adorn a tale.

"What you do is done, is it not best to go and do what you wish done, and not leave it so that others may hinder or undo it if left to them?"—Common People.

The Manhood of Jesus.

"Supposing Christ Were Only a Man," was the striking subject of Rev. R. J. Campbell's sermon to the crowded noonday audience in the City Temple on Thursday. Many, he said, had difficulty in accepting the divinity of Jesus, and it would simplify matters for them if the halo of the supernatural round his head were got rid of. But what was a man? "Only a man?" But there was an infinite difference between a Charles Peace and a Charles Spurgeon, between a Wesley and a Voltaire. Man is a fragment of divinity, and he can never forfeit his origin. Suppose Jesus is only a man, but he is the Man of men; Jesus has enfolded humanity. His is the only life that you can say covers the whole territory of humanity. None ever could have spoken as Jesus did without blasphemy. He stood for God when he looked at men, and those who stood nearest to him were compelled involuntarily to ask themselves, "What manner of Man is this? Never man spake like this Man; he has the words of eternal life." Suppose they had never heard of such a man as Christ, reigning for and through and over humanity, humanity would be asking for him to-day. This was exactly what they had been looking for. Fullness of the stature of manhood brings man to God, all the God he is capable of receiving, and still the Christ, who is the humanity of God, is looking up into the face of the Father. The Christian World.

Tennyson's Practice of the Presence of God.

We know very little about Tennyson's inner religious life. His splendid biography, recently published, is remarkably silent concerning his religious experiences; but a favorite niece of his, who had many walks and talks with her uncle, has revealed in a recent magazine more of his most religious life than the world has ever before known, and proves that the great poet, though so reticent concerning his inner life, was in the deepest sense a comrade of the Quiet Hours. As they were walking together on the beautiful downs on the Isle of Wight, with the sounding sea ever in their ears, and God's bright skies and great plains above and about them, he said to her: "God is with us now on this down, just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. We cannot see him, but the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit are nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not without the actual and real presence of God and his Christ, with all who yearn for him.

"I said," writes the niece, "that such a near, actual presence would be awful to most people."

"Surely the Love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," answered Tennyson. "I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence, but to feel that he is by my side now, just as much as you are—that is the very joy of my heart."

"And looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested on his face, and I felt that the presence of God overshadowed him."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Have You Ever Done Anybody Any Good?

The decisive question is not, Are you orthodox? but, Are you good in the positive and practical sense of the word—are you doing good? As Wesley said in his bold, impressive way: "You may be as orthodox as the devil, and as wicked." The heart-searching question cannot be better expressed than in the language of the Scandinavian Saga: "Have you ever done anybody any good?" And we might add: "What good are you doing now?" The darkest day in the history of the Christian church was the day on which so-called orthodoxy was substituted for personal goodness; in other words, the mental acceptance, real or imaginary, of certain ecclesiastical formulae for the real, practical imitation of Jesus Christ. We are well aware that we must attempt to express in language, and sometimes even in technical language not found in the Bible, the conclusions of the Christian reason. But woe to us if we are satisfied with the mere intellectual effort to give verbal expression to the mysteries of God. The vital and essential thing is to obey and imitate Christ. And we know nothing better calculated to rouse us into some adequate consciousness of our responsibility and our urgent duty than to repeat and echo the question addressed to the consciences of our heathen ancestors: "Have you ever done anybody any good?"—Methodist Times.