

pleasant to know that in the school carried on by the British Syrian Mission in the pine forest near Beyrout many of them are learning to know him of whom it is foretold that 'they that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him,' and whose blessed rule shall yet make the desert rejoice.—'Silver Link.'

'With Power.'

(By D. L. Moody.)

The late Dr. Gordon, of Boston, once said at Northfield that as you walk up the thoroughfares of our great cities you often see the sign, 'This store to let, with or without power.'

Back in the building somewhere there is an engine, and if a man wants to manufacture he can hitch on to the power; if not, he can hire the store without power.

Dr. Gordon thought it would be a good thing to ask a man who wants to join the church if he wants to be a member 'with or without power.' If he said, 'Without power,' we could honestly say, 'We have plenty of that kind already.'

What the church needs to-day is more members with power. 'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit.' I have no sympathy with the idea of toiling all night and catching nothing. And yet nine-tenths of Christian workers, not to speak of church-members in general, never think of looking to the Holy Ghost for this power.

There is a difference between strength and power. Goliath had strength; David had power.

There is a difference between influence and power. The high priests and the Pharisees had influence. Peter and the other apostles after Pentecost, had power.

There is a difference between the indwelling of the Holy Ghost and his filling one with power. Every true child of God, who has been cleansed by the blood of Christ, is a temple or dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost. But yet he may not have fulness of power.

In the third chapter of John, Nicodemus went to Jesus by night to get light, and I have no doubt he got it; but he did not receive it in abundance, or he would not have stayed in the Sanhedrin three years, listening to all the mean, cutting things they said of Jesus. It took the death of Christ to bring him out manfully and boldly.

In the seventh chapter of John we find a different character. That last day of the feast Christ stood in the temple, crying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink, and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'

A man like that would not have stayed in the Sanhedrin for three years; he would have smashed up every Sanhedrin on earth. Four walls cannot contain the influence of a man who is full of the Holy Ghost and power. 'Rivers of living water!' Think of the rivers that flowed from C. H. Spurgeon and George Muller!

Let us pray for this power. The disciples were told to wait ten days, but, thank God! we don't have to wait now, because the Holy Spirit is here.

The power of the Holy Ghost is the one thing that can save the church and save our country. We need more preaching in this power, not in the power of human eloquence and mental gifts. We need more singing in power, the way that the Levites were singing when the Shekinah came and filled the temple of Solomon. Many a church has lost power because of an ungodly choir, or a choir that sings in an un-

known tongue. Fathers and mothers need power to live aright, and teach their children the ways of righteousness.

I wish we were all dead in earnest. What does a hungry man want? Money? No. Fame? No. Good clothes? No. He wants food. What does a thirsty man want? Stocks and bonds? No; he wants water. When we really hunger and thirst for Holy Ghost power, nothing else will satisfy us.

God has commanded us to be filled with the Holy Ghost. We have his promise he will pour water on him that is thirsty. Claim that promise now in faith, fulfil the conditions laid down in the Word, and God will not disappoint you.—'C. E. World.'

The Teachers Who Read.

(S. S. Worker.)

A Bible commentary is certainly a good book for a teacher to read, but not in his class. Let him read it at home and leave it there. Restless boys grow more restless when their teacher kindly exclaims: 'On this point I shall read to you what is said in the latest commentary,' and they behold with dismay the big book opened, and know that dreariness awaits them. Whisper they cannot, but they can smile and wink, and when these efforts to while away the time are exhausted they can fall back upon a yawn. And when the mouth is opened in a yawn the ears are sure to be closed. Yawning produces temporary deafness, a sad fact which teachers and some preachers should not forget.

Sometimes, instead of a commentary, an 'interesting extract,' as it is mistakenly called, is read from the newspaper. It proves to be an extract indeed, but devoid of interest, and of immoderate length. Though taken from a newspaper it happens to be dull.

Avoid reading in the class! Translate into your own language what you read, and give it in your own conversational way. Eye your scholars and mark what is the effect upon them of what you say. If you lose the attention begin to ask questions. There is something in the tone of an average reader which makes you forget that you are expected to listen. It sets your thoughts wandering afar, it soothes you if you are verging on age, or makes you restless if you have youth and vigor.

Straws Showing the Way of the Wind.

In a dreary country village, within two hours' ride of Boston, a lady of culture and refinement found herself fated to live in surroundings wholly uncongenial to her beauty-loving nature. She saw around her a commonplace, narrow-minded people; a bigoted, lifeless church. In some parts of the town existed an immortality and heathenism scarcely to be credited of a simple farming population, which has had churches and schools for over a century.

Under conditions like these, what could a woman do? Should she shut herself up with her books, and bemoan her lack of the society and culture which she craved? Not so! She was a daughter of the King, pledged to 'lend a hand.' So, counting this simply as a grand opportunity, she set herself to work. She shrewdly perceived that there was small use in approaching these people at first from the religious side. They had had enough of Christianity, as they knew it, and they had a supreme indifference to all that it could offer. What, then, could be done?

Carefully refraining from touching their

prejudices, she began to gather a little band of The King's Daughters, which steadily grew in numbers from seven to more than fifty members.

Obtaining the use of two rooms in a vacant house, and furnishing them simply, she invited the members to meet her there once a week, and bring all the flowers which they could collect, to be sent to Boston and distributed to the sick in hospitals. By this flower-chain she bound them together. The flower-work itself was lovely, but it meant more than the mere brightening of a day for the dwellers in tenement houses. In more than one instance it lifted the tired, empty-headed, gossiping women who gathered them, out of their narrow lives, and gave them a glimpse of something above and beyond themselves. Through the hot July sun, over the dusty road, they came, with their arms full of the beautiful wild flowers, whose value they had never dreamed of before, and of whose very existence they scarcely thought until asked to search for them. Then, assembling around their leader, she read to them of the poor and sick and wretched in the crowded attics and reeking cellars of the great cities. From Helen Campbell's 'Prisoners of Poverty' they learned for the first time that life in the great fascinating, rich city was not all their imagination had pictured it; that there was drudgery and suffering far worse than theirs; and that fresh air, and an abundance of comfortable food, and plenty of room were greater blessings than they had appreciated.

They begged eagerly for more and more, and these readings often extended to two hours. Then, busily working at the long tables, they arranged their flowers, laying them in the grass to be kept moist by the dew during the night.

Then, at five o'clock the following morning, their leader arose and carefully packed the flowers in two huge baskets, that they might be ready for the seven o'clock train to Boston, the superintendent of the road generously arranging to take them free of charge. Once in the city, kind hands made them into beautiful bouquets, which were distributed to the aged and the sick. Often these flowers took their bloom and fragrance into two hundred homes a day.—'Silver Cross.'

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as youth counts the shining links,
That time around him binds so fast
Pleas'd with the task he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last
—Moore.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE FIRST EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

May 26, Sun.—The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart.

May 27, Mon.—This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

May 28, Tues.—I obtained mercy.

May 29, Wed.—There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.

May 30, Thur.—God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.

May 31, Fri.—Sanctified by the word of God and prayer.

June 1, Sat.—Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.