

Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love:
 "He calls a worm His friend,
 He calls Himself my God!
 And He shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood.
 "I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore."
 — Christian Intelligence.

Gratitude and Grumbling.

These two are contrary the one to the other, they can never be reconciled. A spirit of thanksgiving is beautiful. To give thanks is profitable. This spirit drives out of the heart a multitude of hateful dispositions which make life miserable. One of these is a spirit of murmuring and fault-finding. The grumbler lives a wretched life. A story is told of a brother who arose in a love feast meeting to add to his testimony. His words were not words of encouragement, but of discouragement. He complained of the decline of religion and the church. The decline of the class-meeting and the prayer-meeting and the congregation troubled his soul, and he tried to make it trouble others also. When he sat down all the people were glad that he was through. Then a sister who had another spirit arose and said: "I see the brother who has just spoken lives in Grumbling Street. I used to live there, and found it very undesirable. The atmosphere is thick with smoke and fog, and the sun seldom shines through. Birds never sing there, and flowers cannot bloom, and while I lived there my health was wretched. But I flitted. Now I live in Thanksgiving Street. It is a fine place. The sky is bright, the air is pure and sweet, and the sun shines all day, the birds sing, and the flowers bloom in beauty, and I am as happy as the day is long. I advise the brother to flit. Come and live in Thanksgiving Street."

This testimony must have cleared the atmosphere. Not only is the murmurer unhappy, but he makes others unhappy also. If one would put a congregation out of tune it is only necessary for him to sing out of tune himself. If his voice is loud enough he will soon put his neighbor off the tune, and in a few moments the best musician in the house will not be able to keep the key. One fault-finder will soon disturb the peace of all the people. Usually he is the man who is responsible for the evil whereof he complains. It is not to be wondered at that the prayer-meeting is small in some churches. The people did go to prayer-meeting, but when their ears were dulled every week with tirade against the church they soon became tired and left. One fault-finder can do more harm in one day than ten good men can remedy in a year. The best way to cause the church to go down is to talk it down. Those who are forever talking against their own church should leave it. The sooner they leave it the better for the church. They find fault with the preacher for not building up the church when they are doing their best to tear it down.

As a rule the fault-finder is the mischief-maker. There is an old fable which tells of a noisy bell clapper which always sent forth a doleful sound. At last the clapper complained that the bell was cracked, and said it was impossible to send forth a sweet sound with such a miserable bell. The congregation became weary of this everlasting murmur and began to consider the necessity of buying a new bell, when the spirit of Socrates sailed in at the window and said: "Hold your tongue, you noisy clapper, for in the first place you cracked the bell yourself, and in the next place no one would have known it if you had kept still." The lesson of this fable is easy. It is illustrated in almost every community.

The remedy of this evil is at hand. Let those who are tormented with this miserable spirit of fault-finding get a new heart. The heart that is filled with the spirit of gratitude is free from the spirit of complaining. Sing more and complain less. Pray more and talk less against the church to which you belong, and see how soon the tide will turn. Let the spirit of thanksgiving be diligently and prayerfully cultivated. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." — The Christian Advocate.

How to Work for Souls.

Successful work for the ingathering of souls has four characteristics. In the first place, it is patient. The severest trial of faith in all Christian labor is to toil a great while with little or no result. "Rather slow work this," I said to Mr. Moody, twenty years ago, when he had started a little prayer meeting in our mission chapel. "So it is," he replied; "but if you want to kindle a fire you must put together a few splinters, blow them into a blaze, and then you may pile on the wood afterward." His plan succeeded, for after a half-dozen persons had become warmed by the Holy Spirit the flame spread among all the teachers, and there was a glorious ingathering of converts.

The next qualification for a soul-winner is to be painstaking. Jesus Christ made a long journey into the coast of

Tyre and Sidon, and we do not read that he accomplished anything there except the great blessing which he brought to one Syrophenician woman and her suffering daughter. That paid him for the journey. If Christians would exercise their ingenuity and set themselves resolutely to work—just as many a tradesman does to attract customers—they might win converts in every year of their lives. Look out for opportunities; if they do not come to you, make them!

Perseverance is the next qualification; for all good work may come to nothing which is given up when half done. There is a lot of half-finished work lying about in our spiritual workshops. "Why do you tell that boy the same thing twenty times?" "Because," replied Susannah Wesley, "the other nineteen times will go for nothing unless the twentieth makes an impression." God's Spirit is wonderfully persevering. It is more than likely that he may have been at work many a time on the stubborn heart of Saul between the day when he took part in Stephen's martyrdom and that decisive day on the road to Damascus. Hold on, brother!

But no patience and painstaking perseverance will avail without fervent, importunate prayer. The Salvation Army make a great deal of what they call "knee drill"; and we of the "regular" army may well imitate them in this, as in several other of their wise tactics. However difficult the effort to bring a soul to Christ, prayer enlists the divine power, and then victory follows. From the apostles' days to our day the men and women who bring in the big sheaves have been instant in prayer. Brother, sister, have you attained to these four P's? Then you will get one of the sweetest joys of heaven in advance. God will give you souls as your great reward.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Saving the Lost.

Christ declared of himself that he had come to seek and to save that which was lost. By this he referred to the soul of man. This he tells us in language so plain that there can be no mistake as to his meaning.

Men are lost by nature. The mark of sin is especially upon their moral nature. We are sinners. We have broken God's law and incurred penalty. We have become stained and defiled by sin. We have come into the bondage of the evil habit of sin. In order to be saved a divine work of rescue must be undertaken and carried through by some one who is mighty to save. One of our Christian poets writes:

What is the thing of greatest worth
 The whole Creation round?
 That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found.

The soul of Man, Jehovah's breath,
 That keeps two worlds in strife;
 Hell moves below to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.

One who will save men from sin must have power to make atonement for the sinner as one who has violated the holy law of God. This was done by our Lord Jesus Christ when he bore, in his own body on the cross, the guilt of the sins of all who will accept him as their Saviour, and as the Lamb of God died to take away the sin of the world. This was the supreme act of Saviourhood in seeking and saving the lost. Whatever else Christ does by his instruction as our divine teacher, and by his personal influence as our example, we must never forget that he died to save us from our sins.

In saving us Christ finds our hearts stained by sin, and finds us under the power of evil habits. In order to do his work in us we must be cleansed and brought into a new life. Our affections must be made pure. Our inner lives must be made clean. Our wills must be made strong and determined for the right. This is brought about as we come under the personal influence of Christ and the Holy Spirit. We accept him in faith and receive his pardon. We trust ourselves to him as our Saviour, and the divine life works a new, regenerated, pure, holy and obedient life in us, and we are saved for eternity and for time.

Christ is the only hope of a lost world. If we have a love for our fellow beings, and would have them come into a new and a saved life, we must tell them of Christ as the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved. We must be missionaries in spirit and in practice. We must carry the Gospel ourselves, or we must help to carry it, to the dark places of the earth.

It is not enough to be philanthropic and generous and kind. We must be believers in Christ for ourselves, and we must do all in our power to bring the world to him as the only Saviour. Like him we must seek the lost; we must be active and vigilant, and wide awake. We must put forth diligent efforts. We must be in living earnest. We must seek and point and bring to Christ those who are lost, in order that they may be found by him and saved unto the everlasting life.—Herald and Presbyterian.

I heard the other day of a business man in a Western city whose wife became insane. He was so devoted to her that he gave up his business, and all his time was bestowed upon her. The neighbors complained of her shrieking, and he built a house on the edge of the city with all the comforts that could be obtained for her, and when the neighbors in that part of the city began to complain because of her

shrieking, he told them that this was his house and that he would care for her alone, and then the old physician came to him to suggest that he take his wife to the mountains of Tennessee where she had been reared as a child, thinking possibly the scents of her childhood might bring her back again to her reason. But although she listened to the singing of the birds and gathered the flowers at her feet, she passed through the Southern experience still mentally unbalanced. The husband, completely discouraged, brought her back to her home in the Western city. She was put tenderly to bed and, strangely enough, she fell asleep. She slept for one hour and then for another, and then through the entire night. When she opened her eyes, instantly her husband knew that she was herself again.

"Where have I been?" she exclaimed, and he, with heart overflowing with gratitude, exclaimed, "You have been on a journey and now you are home again." "And where have you been all of this time?" she said, and with a sob, he replied, "I have been sitting by your side waiting for you to come."

This incident but poorly illustrates God's love for us. We have wandered from him, but he has waited; we have rejected him, but he has waited; we have refused his Son and yet he has waited; and yet in miracle, in parable, in sermon, in every way, he has impressed upon us that he would take us in our weakness and make us strong, and us in our wandering and lead us back again to himself.—Sel.

The Chief Sufferer.

For centuries the cruel pressure of liquor traffic has fallen upon womanhood. No woman has been safe. No woman to-day is so hedged about by wealth or nurturing circumstances that she can say, with any just reason: "The liquor traffic cannot reach my fortress, cannot tear down the citadel of my happiness." Women have been wooed by clear-minded, healthy-bodied, true-hearted young men, and have given them their all of affection and service, and have borne them children only to find, at middle age that the allurements of the licensed liquor saloon has clouded the mind and debased the heart, and deadened the affections of the husband and father. And at last, after twenty-five years of toil and devotion, bearing and enduring such horrors as only a drunkard's wife and the merciful God in heaven can know, she is turned out to face old age, a poor, broken and wrecked piece of humanity. What do you think such a woman's feelings are about the liquor saloon? Do you wonder that she hates it? O my God, no! I have no wonder of that sort; my only wonder is that there is a saloon left standing in America.—Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Your Own Little Girl.

Mr. Moody tells how he was sent for by the mother of one of his Sunday-school pupils who had been drowned in the Chicago river. He went to the house and talked with the woman; told her he would see that a coffin was sent up and that he would come on the day appointed to conduct the funeral. Then, accompanied by his own daughter, who was about the age of the one drowned, he started for home. They walked in silence for a time, when the child said "Papa, suppose we were very, very poor and I had to go to the river every day to get wood; and suppose I should slip in and be drowned, wouldn't you be awful sorry?" Mr. Moody says it was then and there that he awoke to the fact that he was getting "professional." Folding his darling to his bosom with a strong embrace, as if it were indeed she who lay in death, instead of the other, and lifting his heart to God in prayer, he turned and retraced his steps to the poor woman's door. On being admitted he grasped that weeping mother's hand, wept as if his child, and not hers, had been snatched away by death and got down to pray. This time professionalism was gone; now he really took a part in the "fellowship of her suffering."—Sel.

In God's School.

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we will discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school. The Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for he likes to see his children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our Master cares. He has a perfectly over-powering and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because he loves us, he comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us.

He may speak very softly and gently, or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough, and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like the thunder-clap startling a summer night. But one thing we may be sure of, the task he sets us is never measured by our delinquency. The discipline may seem far less than our desert, or even to our eye ten times more. But it is not measured by these. It is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his Father's home.—Henry Drummond.