



We are much bound to them that do succeed,
But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed,
And life—itsself a failure.

Jean Ingelow.

All truly consecrated men learn little by little that what they are consecrated to is not joy or sorrow, but a divine idea and a profound obedience, which can find their full outward expression, not in joy and not in sorrow, but in the mysterious and inseparable blending of the two.—*Phillips Brooks.*

"Seek first the Kingdom of the Heavens," said Jesus, "and all these things will be added unto you." In union with the spiritual consciousness, man becomes divine and inherits divine powers.

"Losing the temper takes all the sweet, pure feeling out of life. You may get up in the morning with a clean heart, full of song, and start out as happy as a bird, and the moment you are crossed and give way to your temper, the clean feeling vanishes, and a load as heavy as lead is rolled upon the heart, and you go through the rest of the day feeling like a culprit. And anyone who has experienced this feeling knows that it cannot be shaken off, but must be prayed off."

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth more than all the good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—*J. H. Newman.*

Cling to the flying hours; and yet
Let one pure hope, one great desire,
Like song on dying lips, be set,
That ere we fall in scattered fire
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.

Here in the Autumn months of time,
Before the great New Year can break,
Some little way our feet should climb,
Some little mark our words should make
For Liberty and manhood's sake.

We speak of the snow as an image of death. It may be that; but it hides the everlasting life always under its robe, the life to be revealed in due time when all cold shadows shall melt away before the ascending sun and we shall be not unclothed, but clothed upon, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life.—*Robert Collyer.*

Now, I want you to know that in life troubles will come which seem as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning cannot be stayed; the storm in its very nature is transient. The effort of nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose, for God is peace.—*George McDonald.*

We bless thee for the heart to feel
And for the eye to see;
For faith that reaches over time
And grasps eternity.
Oh, softly fades this life of ours
Through age's silver bars,
The tender flush from hill and sky;
And lo! the world of stars!

"Heavenly Father, who only art the source of love and the giver of every good gift, we thank Thee for the love wherewith

the soul of Thy servant clave unto this woman as Jacob unto Rachel, which many years have not quenched. Remember the faithfulness of this true heart and disappoint not its expectation. May the trust that was broken on earth be kept in heaven, and be pleased to give Thy . . . give Jamie a good home-coming. Amen."—*Dr. Davidson's Prayer in "The Days of Auld Lang Syne."*

O patient Christ! when long ago,
O'er all Judea's rugged hills,
Thy willing feet went to and fro
To find and comfort human ills,
Did once Thy tender, earnest eye,
Look down the solemn centuries
And see the smallness of our lives?

Souls struggling for the victory,
And martyrs finding death was gain;
Souls turning from the Truth and Thee
And falling deep in sin and pain:
Great heights and depths were surely seen,
But oh! the dreary waste between,
Small lives, not base perhaps, but mean!

Their selfish efforts for the right,
Or cowardice that keeps from sin,
Content to only see the height
That nobler souls will toil to win!
Oh shame! to think Thine eyes should see
The souls contented just to be,
The lives too small to take in Thee.

Lord, let this thought awake our shame,
That blessed shame that stings to life;
Rouse us to live for Thy dear name,
Arm us with courage for the strife.
O Christ! be patient with us still;
Dear Christ! remember Calvary's hill;
Our little lives with purpose fill.

—*Mrs. Deland.*

You began the year with comparative innocence. Alas, at its winding up must you set this down as gone forever? One temptation did it. "She stretched out her hand, and took, and did eat." Then—Paradise lost for this life, and the angel's flaming sword between the dreary Present and that happy Past.

You began the year with serene, implicit Belief. And now your soul has fallen among thieves; you have entered into the ways of the destroyer.

Here's my case: Of old I used to love Him,
This same unseen Friend, before I knew;
Dream there was none like Him, none above Him,
Wake to hope and trust my dreams were true.

And now they have with evils and sophistry taken away your faith in Him.

Is it a good winding up of the year?
Nay, go back on the old path again. Retrace the disastrous steps. Seek again thy Father. Place again thy hand in His, with the simple recantation, "I cannot understand, but I love!" At the cost of whatever pride of intellect, buy back the child faith for a New Year capital.

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The winding up of the days, the winding up of the years, and the winding up of all life, may prove to be all good for those that love God and trust in Him and walk in His ways.—*Prependary of Wells.*

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay.
O Love divine, O helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through heavens green ex-
pansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*Whittier.*

Even the hardest days are a component part of the whole life and should be looked at and held as such and not wished away. There is great force in the conviction that everything that may be in your life is really a necessary part of it and cannot be spared any more than death can, if it is to be rounded and full.—*Technique of Rest.*

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet, sad voice ennobles death,
And still for eighteen centuries saith,
Softly—"Ye meet again!"

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair
That, from an orient chamber there,
Floats down—"We meet again."

—*Lowell.*

The following is the prayer offered by the blind chaplain, Dr. Milburn, at the opening of the American Senate on the day when the question of appropriating funds for the expenses of the Venezuelan Commission was to be considered:

As the time draws near the period of Christmas, inaugurated by the angels singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," we pray that the spirit may enter into our hearts and minds and keep us in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Forbid that the two foremost nations of the world which bear the name of Christian, with one language, one faith, one baptism, one Lord, shall be embroiled in war, with all its horrors and barbarisms. Grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be saved from imbruing our hands in each other's blood. Let the spirit of justice and magnanimity prevail among the rulers of both nations and among the people, the kindred people of the two lands, so that all differences and difficulties may be amicably and righteously settled; and that God's name may be glorified in the establishment of concord, unity, and brotherly kindness. May this become an august and memorable Christmas in the history of the English-speaking world and of the whole earth. Let health, prosperity, brotherly kindness, and charity pervade all our land and our Motherland. And may God be glorified and the reign of Jesus Christ our Saviour be established, we pray Thee in His sacred name. Amen.

De man dat goes ter church because he tinks de Lord's a watchin' him.
An' doesn't do a wrong ter fear de debble 'll be catchin' him.
Ain't jes' de kin, ob man I like to hab expoun' de tex' ter me,
Ner jes' de so't ob neighbor I prefer residin' nex' ter me.

De Christian who is good because de Lord has made a way ter catch
De sinner man who tries ter rob a chicken-roost er 'tater patch,
When all de hosts is jedged 'll be among de dis-appointed ones,
Fer only dem wid honest hearts kin stan' wid de anointed ones.

To learn such a simple lesson
Need I go to Paris or Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one—the home.

—*Lowell.*