

## THE UNWEARIED GOD.

By the Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D.

That is a helpful, hopeful idea of God that Isaiah gives us: "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary?"

These words were first spoken to a people who were utterly cast down. They had been long in exile and so far as they could see the day of their restoration was as far off as ever. The iron bonds of the Babylonian captivity were crushing hope and faith and courage and life itself. It seemed to them as if eternal night had settled upon their race, as if the day would never break, or the shadows flee away. But why talk about Israel? This description of Israel's state applies to humanity today. Israel in depression because of unrealized hopes and disappointed expectations is a picture of all life. Some of us may be among the favored folk in whose heart hope always sings, and who are continually nerved by courage to the conflict and the victory. But none of us are perfect strangers to an occasional experience which is normal to many—the experience of fatigue and faintheartedness amid adverse and hostile circumstances. The beating of the wings against the bars is not a pleasant exercise, nor a promising exercise. "The bars may not show any result from the beating, but the poor wings are torn and disfigured with the scars of failure." Somehow "in this world of ours there is a power of resistance to all our best endeavors and aspirations." For some reason, which must be good and wise, we have to make our way, weak as we are, against opposition, difficulty and trial. For a while we keep on battling, struggling, enduring, but then the battle gets more fierce, the hill we are climbing gets steeper and we flag, tire, fail. The battle is too stiff, the way is too hard. Have you not met men—oh, how many of them there are—who have grown tired of toiling, tired of trouble, tired of unrewarding effort, tired of trying to be good?

I talked with a poor fellow the other day, the son of a fine home, the child of prayer, a man of ability, who had become the victim of strong drink—a captivity more galling and more desperate than that of Israel in Babylon. No. He was not a man of the ten-cent lodging house, but a man homed in a brown-stone row. No. He was not a besotted vagrant from whom you would turn away in revulsion, but a gentleman in dress and in address. But he was chained and bound as securely as the man of the gutter. I tried to tell him to assert his power and be a man and break the bonds that bound him. I tried to tell him to think, and will and act. He looked at me with a keen, piercing eye and said: "Ah, you don't know what you are talking about. If any man has tried, I have. If any man wanted to be free, I do. But I can't and

I have gotten tired of trying." What was left for me to say to that man? Only what Isaiah said to the bonded Israelites. If you faint and grow weary there is One who "fainteth not, neither is weary." The only thing and the best thing that a man in despair can do is to throw himself back upon God. If we faint, He does not faint. If we tire, He tires not. Do you know, my brother? Have you not heard, brother man, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?—Phil. We-tin-ter.

## TRUE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

I have hardly thought at all of those religious controversies since I last wrote to you; and I am much better for it. The feeling that Christianity must be true, because it puts me in my right relation with God and with the world, then comes into play, and I am much happier. I cannot quell the doubts, but I can commit myself to God; and being fully assured that when I am most a Christian I am the best man, I am content to adhere to that as my guide, in the absence of better light, and wait till God shall afford me more.—James Hinton.

## FOR DAILY READING.

M., Jan. 23. Stoned for Christ. Acts 14: 3-20; T., Jan. 24. Toiling for bread. Acts 18: 1-11; W., Jan. 25. Snatched unjustly. Acts 23: 1-11; T., Jan. 26. Persecuted. 2 Cor. 4: 8-14; F., Jan. 27. The model missionary. Matt. 20; 17-23; S., Jan. 28. Forewarned. Matt. 10: 16-20; Sun., Jan. 29. Topic—Heroes of foreign missions: what they teach us. 2 Cor. 11: 21-28.

## A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

"A commonplace life," we say and we sigh, But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky Makes up the commonplace day. The moon and the stars are commonplace things, And the flowers that bloom and the birds that sing; And dark were the world, and sad our lot, If the flowers should fail, and the sun shine not— And God, who studies each separate soul, Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

## PRAYER.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we know thee through thy Son. We see not God, but we see Jesus; it is enough. He fills our vision with glory, His presence is an overflowing blessing in the soul. Lord, abide with us. There is no darkness where Thou art; Thou art the Light of the world. If we be in Thee we ourselves shall become children of light. Then shall we let our light so shine before men that they, seeing our good works, shall glorify our Father which art in heaven. May we in very deed be children of the day so that for us the night shall be over and gone and we shall stand in heaven's eternal dawn. And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen. —Selected.

## WORK OUT YOUR IDEAL.

"The situation that has not its duty, its ideal," says Carlyle, "was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable, actual, wherein thou even now stinnest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out the effort, and, working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the ideal is in thyself."

Not on some far-off height, in some distant scene, or fabled land, where longing without endeavor is magically satisfied, will we carve out the ideal that haunts our soul's.

In the humble valley, on the boundless prairie, on the farm, on sea or on land, in workshop, store, or office, wherever there is honest work for the hand and brain of man to do—within the circumscribed limits of our daily duties is the field wherein our ideal must be wrought.

Wrapped up in every human being there are energies which, if unfolded, concentrated, and given proper direction, will develop the ideal.

Our very longings are creative principles, indicative of potencies equal to the task of actual achievement. These latent potencies are not given to mock us. There are no sealed orders wrapped within the brain without the accompanying ability to execute them.

If the emancipation proclamation is written in your blood, if it is indicated in the very texture of your being, you will have within you—undeveloped, it may be, but always there—strength to break the fetters that bind you, power to triumph over the environment which hampers you.

No external means alone, however, will accomplish this. You must lay hold of eternal principles, of the everlasting verities, or you can never accomplish what you were sent into the world to do. You never can reach the goal of your highest possibilities until you believe in your God-given power to do so, until you are convinced that you are master of your will, and that the Creator has endowed you with strength to bend circumstances to aid you in the realization of your vision.

Our energies must not be allowed to run to waste in longing without action. Our later strength must be developed steadily and persistently. All our reserves must be utilized, all our powers concentrated and wisely directed toward the accomplishment of the work we have marked out for ourselves.

With eyes ever fixed on the ideal, we must work with heart and hand and brain; with a faith that never grows dim, with a resolution that never wavers, with a patience that is akin to genius, we must persevere unto the end; for, as we advance, our ideal as steadily moves upward.—Success.