

princes and kings, and hath he not said that you shall reign with him for ever and ever? Look up, then; lift up your heads, and say, "Yes, he hath blessed me, and I am blessed indeed. My poor spirit danceth for joy because of him."

"My heart it doth leap at the sound of his name." "But," says one, "I have never enjoyed that." My dear friend, if thou canst believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, thou mayst enjoy it. To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, is to trust yourself with him just as you are, to cast your guilty soul on him. Oh, that you would do it! That one act will mark your passing from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light. That one act will be the means of your coming into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and your life shall be totally changed from this time forth so that you shall joy in God by Jesus Christ our Lord. "Men shall be blessed in him." Are you to be one of those men? God grant that you may be!

The Lord add his blessing, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

Christ Fills Hungry Souls.

BY REV. THEODORE L. COVLE.

"Fill the men's sacks with food as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth." This bountiful provision which the generous Joseph made for his brethren in Egypt is a striking illustration of the way that Jesus supplies hungry souls. The most widespread famine in this world is heart famine. It rages as badly in the splendid mansions of the rich as in the squalid hovels of the poor. Sin starves the soul; and it is pitiful to see how eagerly people on every side are cramming their sacks with chaff. This inward gnawing drives one man into an inordinate greed for money; "business" with him means something to fill the aching void. The more he puts in, the hungrier he becomes; "he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver," says the good old Book. It is heart-hunger that sends thousands to the convivial club, to the play-house, to the card-table, to the midnight rout, and to all the "pleasures of sin for a season." They hardly know what they want, and the starved soul cries like a restless child. When any soul runs away from God into the "far country," Satan gives him nothing but husks.

"Go and buy us a little food," said the patriarch Jacob to his sons when the famine pinched them sharply. It is the famine of the heart which sends an awakened sinner to Christ. Beside His mighty granary of grace stands the compassionate Jesus ready to fill every penitent's sack as full as he can carry. It is not a matter of barter, but a free gift. Jesus puts the money back into the sack's mouth and says "I have paid the ransom for your soul; My gift is eternal life." He putteth in full forgiveness of sins.

Mr. Moody used to tell a touching story of one of his older brothers who ran away from home—to the great grief of his widowed mother's heart. She waited many years for tidings from the wanderer, but no tidings came. One summer afternoon a sun-browned stranger was seen coming into the farmhouse gate at Northfield. He knocked at the door. The mother went to the door and invited the stranger in. He held back for a moment, until the tears started, and he exclaimed, "No, mother, no; I'll not come in until you forgive me." He did not stand there long; for her big motherly heart rejoiced more over the returning prodigal than over all the boys that had never run away. Jesus Christ keeps no penitent sinner standing outside of the door. Full pardon comes as soon as sin is repented of and forsaken.

But pardon does not fill the sack. "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." A mere sham is such peace as this world offers. It is an inward calm that Jesus bestows—down deep beneath all the worries—a spiritual something that stays the soul on an immovable foundation. With this peace of mind comes strength for duty. Heavy loads get lightened; we can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth. "My grace is sufficient for thee," is the label on the bountiful gift which Christ bestows. Unlike corn or money, grace increases the more it is used. It is the miracle of the five loaves repeated. Such a veteran servant of the Master as the old heroic missionary Paton, after feeding on the divine supply for threescore years, finds that he still has his "twelve baskets full." Pardon, peace, strength for duty, daily grace, all go into a genuine Christian's sack. Even then the magnificent Master saith, "These promises have I made unto you that My joy might remain in you and that your joy may be full."

If Jesus is so generous, why should any Christian suffer lack? Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it, is the Master's offer. But as a witty minister once said, "Some Christians have a spiritual lock-jaw, so that you cannot get even a spoon between their teeth." These are the half-starved professors who never open their shrunken hearts, or their locked purses, or their lips to speak a word for their Lord. They do not own a sack; a pint measure is all they carry, with a few kernels rattling around in it.

There have been "hard times" with some of my readers. Many are now suffering from scanty purses; and some bags that held large incomes have proved to be full of holes. But the God who owneth all things has never "stopped payment." No promises from the Bank

of Faith have proved worthless. Jesus Christ stands beside a granary that famine never exhausts and "hard times" never touch, and sends out His cheering call to hungry souls, "Come and fill your sacks without money and without price!" These are the times for souls that are sick with disappointments or starved with husks to come unto Him in whom all fullness dwelleth. He satisfieth the longing heart and filleth the hungry soul—and with the finest of the wheat. But for the familie in Canaan, Joseph never would have been discovered; and blessed be the sense of heart famine that sends us to Jesus Christ!—Evangelist.

Lizard Killing.

BY J. B. GAMBRELL.

Some years ago a brother was visiting the state convention of a sister state and heard a prolonged discussion on a very small point of parliamentary law. It seemed that every brother present was specially strong on parliamentary order, and had an opinion to give on the question in debate. This was characteristic of the state, in a measure, for many years. Under the lead of the paper most read among the people, they had turned their religious meetings into debating societies, and had discussed all manner of questions, without any regard to their importance or to the appropriateness of the discussions, or to the spiritual conditions. It goes without saying, that in such a state, the practical duties of Christianity would be very much neglected. Next to nothing was done for missions, and still less for education, but no people were busier, none could become more enthused, or annually had greater discussions, but they were all about things that were trivial.

When this brother saw an opportunity, he got the floor and after talking in a semi-humorous way for quite a time, until he had turned the whole convention into sympathy with himself, he began to come down closer and closer upon the practice of wasting life on questions that gender strife rather than godly edifying, making his discussion as serious and severe as he could, not to irritate his hearers too much. Toward the close he related the following incident, which really occurred within his knowledge.

"A gentleness sent his son after dinner one day to lay by a promising piece of corn. About the middle of the afternoon, the father walked down to the field to see how the plowing was going on, and to his amazement he saw that Charley was running and thrashing and making a great effort evidently to kill something. He had already beaten down and destroyed about a half acre of corn and he called out 'Charley, what in the world is the matter?' Charley explained that he was lying down sleeping, a lizard ran over his face, he got up, ran after it and intended to kill it. His father said, 'Now, see what you have done; you have lost half the evening, and destroyed half an acre of corn, and what is the use of killing the lizard anyway? If you kill him he is worth nothing, and if you don't kill him, he will do no harm.' Charley replied, 'I don't care; I am going to kill him, if I lose a crop.'"

"This," said the speaker, "represents many a Baptist. He goes to sleep until some little question that has no good in it—and no harm either—is sprung, and then he is all wide awake, ready to settle that question, if the Lord's work is utterly neglected." Waiting a moment to allow it to strike in, he continued, "I neglected to say that Charley was the son of a Baptist, and was half idiot."

The anecdote did its work. One of the brethren who had been a leader in the discussions rose to his feet, waving a ten dollar bill and said, "I want to do something." The money was turned over to education, the trend of the convention changed, and for many years the whole state has been on the up grade. The same speaker told the anecdote in his own state convention, and a young brother, attending the meeting for about the first time, heard it. Soon afterward he went away to the Seminary, and in a few years became Secretary of Missions for the state of Tennessee. He took up the lizard anecdote and went from one end of that state to another, employing it with fine effect to illustrate how Baptists were allowing the Methodists and other denominations and the devil to take the state, while the Baptists were discussing little questions among themselves, and questions, too, which amounted to nothing, no matter how they might be settled. It served him many a good turn, for he told it with inimitable effect.

At the B. Y. P. U. convention in Wilmington, N. C., one of the speakers, to the great amusement and evident instruction of the great audience, brought forward the lizard anecdote again, and told it, not as it was originally told, but in substance. It carried the point and was much spoken of by those who heard it.

This is the history of an anecdote, and that was one lizard which really did good in the world, albeit, it never intended to do it. Really, may not the lesson of the story have a wide application? Are there not many questions debated among us of such trivial importance that we may well compare them to the chasing of a lizard, and isn't it really true that some of our preachers, some of our churches, too, have lost more than one crop chasing lizards? There is an old proverb which illustrates the same point, "The game is not worth the candle." In the common affairs of life men always consider whether the thing they are after is worth their time and trouble. Why should we not be equally reasonable in religious matters? Isn't it a thousand pities that able men will so often throw away life with all of its opportunities on questions that are trivial?

There comes to mind at this moment a very able preacher who threw away the latter half of his life discussing a very abstruse and unsolvable question relating to religion and science. And we all know how earnestly and often in the not-long-ago, people discussed Melchizedek, always ending where they began, in a mist of darkness. There are minds that delight in the mystical and the curious. There are people who spend a great deal of their time on puzzles, and if they can get a

religious puzzle, then they are in the height of their glory. Of one of this class a man with a genius for characterization said, recently, "He is a donkey braying in a deep mist."

We all might study with a great deal of profit the intense earnestness and practical good sense of our Lord and his apostles. One of these curious people came to Jesus once with a question: "Will there be many saved?" Our Lord did not answer his question, but he did for him something a great deal better; he gave him some practical advice as to seeking for himself to enter into the kingdom.

Let each one of us see that we do not resemble Charley, who only stirred himself out of sleep when the lizard crawled over his face, and then lost all regret at the failure of a crop in his intense desire to kill a harmless little animal, and if we have any proclivities in that direction let us remember that Charley was not of a sound mind.—Texas Standard.

Toronto and McMaster Notes.

Toronto, the metropolis of central Canada, has within its bounds in good measure about all things most desirable one might find, "after belting the globe." Among these, McMaster University stands to the front, and exercises a sway for eternal good over a loyal and ever increasing constituency. From the commanding position she occupies, the most extensive view is obtained of the wide field of enterprise before Canadian Baptists. In the University proper are students from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This year there are 165 students in arts and theology. There are also 12 graduate students pursuing M. A. and B. D. work. Ten of the number are from the Maritime Provinces, which is reckoned the largest in attendance during any single year. Among them are the following students for the ministry: Rev. Milton Addison, A. F. Fanjoy, C. C. Anderson, N. A. Whitman and the undersigned.

The Chancellor, Dr. Goodspeed, Dr. Rand and Dr. Welton, as is known, are all Maritime men, and right well do they represent and do honor to that veritable host of Baptists dwelling in the rock-ribbed and fertile-valled provinces by the sea.

All the courses are strong, and so arranged that the student can and must do his best. The spiritual life in the Hall is unique. All students and professors as a rule attend chapel service every day. "Life Missionary Society" has right of way for a day once a month, when classes are suspended and all enter into devotional practical and inspiring services.

Principal Sheridan, of Wycliffe College, addressed the students at the December meeting, subject, "Dangers Relating to the Spiritual and Mental Life of Students." While honored by his presence, he was honored by the invitation. The society through its several agencies is doing a grand work in and about the city. Sixty students last summer were the means of adding 330 to the churches.

Theological students who purpose to spend their life in Canada, or even on the foreign field, would do well to study at McMaster.

Those who keep in touch with Canadian life in all its important features will be the best prepared to meet its varied needs with the gospel of Christ. Besides the vast field abroad, Grande Ligne, the North West and British Columbia missions, are all-important and demanding. All this work can be better studied and prepared for, now, at McMaster, than at any American school. More about Toronto and the churches anon.

Toronto, Dec.

J. HARRY KING.

"The handsomest calendar of the year" is the prevailing opinion of those who have seen The Youth's Companion Calendar for 1898. It consists of three panels, each of which presents a charming Watteau design of figures in quaint, rich costumes. The twelve colors in which they are printed give a delicacy and softness to these pictures like that of water-color paintings. The three panels are surrounded by a scroll border embossed in gold. The entire Calendar is so delicate in design and coloring that it makes an attractive ornament for any home. This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in art stores for less than one dollar. Yet every new subscriber to The Companion and those who renew for the year 1898 receive it free. It is by far the richest souvenir of the season that The Companion has ever presented its friends. Mr. Gladstone, the greatest of living Englishmen, has for the fifth time paid The Youth's Companion the compliment of making it the medium through which to address the American people. His article appears in the New Year's Number. Full prospectus of the 1898 volume and sample copies of the paper sent free upon request.

Lord Brassey writes in the American Monthly Review of Reviews an interesting account of the present condition of the British navy. The Review publishes Assistant Secretary Roosevelt's comments on this article, together with an instructive summary of the last annual report of the United States navy and a review of Captain Mahan's new book, "The Interest of America in Sea-Power."