

Half of a Christian's spiritual troubles arise from his wanton distrust of Christ; of the rest, most arise from disobedience to Christ. If I confide in a faithless fellow-creature, it is his fault when I am deceived. But when I suffer from anxieties about what I have put into my living, loving Saviour's hands, the fault and the folly are all my own. I cannot trust Christ too much, or myself too little.—*Evan.*

### AMUSEMENTS.

The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S.A., in their deliverance on the duty of the Church with regard to amusements, well say:—

"A spiritual church must always be opposed to amusements that are dissipating rather than recreative. To all such pleasures the church must oppose itself or dwindle as a spiritual force. Churches do not perish by sacrifices or self-denial. Persecution from without often makes them flourish within.

"But churches have perished by indulgence in what seemed to be at first innocent delights, but grew at length into destructive habits. There are amusements that deaden all spiritual life, leave one without a sense of power with God, cause men to lose their first love, and leave them only a name to live while they are dead.

"With an intense and ever-growing aversion to all that deteriorates the spiritual life of the church, we lift up a voice of warning against the increasing prevalence of amusements that are deleterious to our spiritual power."

### SUNNY PEOPLE.

There's a certain old lady who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf and she cannot see very well, either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But in spite of all this, you would find her full of sunshine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it would do you good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

"When I was a child," she said, "my mother taught me every morning, before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think of that he had given me—for a comfortable bed, for each article of clothing, for my breakfast, for a pleasant home, for my friends, and for all my blessings, calling each by name; and so I begin every day, in a heart full of praise to God for all He has done and is doing for me."

Here is the secret, then, of a happy life—this having one's heart full of praise; and when we do as this dear little old lady does that is, count our blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them—we shall find many a reason why we should praise God.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

### TRUE COURTESY.

Courtesy requires cultivation, like other Christian graces. Says a thoughtful writer: It seems to be born in some, and bred in others; but many must acquire the habit of thoughtfulness in mere trifles by persistent effort. Because one does not come naturally by an easy manner and unconscious grace, is no reason why he should despair of becoming a truly courteous person.

The thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians is a manual of etiquette that never grows obsolete. Read in the light of those sentences, conduct is seen to be more than half of life, manners are dignified, love shines through little things and lifts them to its own high level, as "the greatest thing in the world." Our children should be taught the value of all the graces.—*Scl.*

### HOW GOD WAS HINDERED.

We had been laboring for five days in the city of B—, in the State of Indiana, says Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, the evangelist. The people thronged the church, but the unsaved seemed to possess hearts of stone. Indeed, I could see no sign of either blessing or victory, and so had called together the pastors to request my release from the engagement.

At that meeting one minister said, "I know where the difficulty is, and I will try to correct it." And he did.

One of our chief ushers, a member of the church, and a judge of high standing, was living a double life. His conduct was a reproach to the cause of Christ. Whenever he walked down the aisle, you could feel a spiritual chill sweep over the audience.

His pastor left the meeting to go to the judge's office, and when alone with him he said, "Judge, it is reported on the street that your life is not right, and that you are a hindrance in the prosecution of this work. If this is true, I want to help you. And if it is untrue, I will befriend you."

The old man's face became pale; and his eyes filled with tears as he said, "It is all true, and more, and I am the most miserable man in the world."

They fell upon their knees, the arm of the minister about the judge, and when the prayer was ended, he had the consciousness of God's forgiveness.

At the next public service he was present. The sermon was ended, and my hands were raised to pronounce the benediction, when the old judge arose to say: "My friends, you have long known me as a professed Christian, I rise to say that I have dishonored my Lord, and injured His cause. I ask your forgiveness, as I have asked and received His." The confession was ended with a sob.

There was no benediction; there was a baptism of tears; but that was the beginning of victory. The first invitation to the unsaved brought at least fifty to Christ, and ten days meant the salvation of hundreds.—