

The Real Character.

On account of the Emperor William's visit to Constantinople, on his way to the Holy Land, the newspapers of the whole civilized world have been printing recently the portrait of the Sultan of Turkey. It is said, however, that these portraits give an utterly false impression of the Sultan as he really looks to-day. Abdul Hamid has not had his photograph taken for twenty-two years, and the pictures which have appeared in the illustrated papers represent him as he was he when he ascended the throne. The Sultan was born in 1842, and is therefore fifty-six years old. He wears a long beard, which is now turning gray, though his published photographs make him look like a young man without a beard. The Sultan, in thus seeking to deceive the public as to his actual appearance is only doing what multitudes are seeking to do who are trying to appear before their fellow men as good and generous and noble, while within the heart is full of all uncleanness and is a graveyard of dead men's bones. But although men may be deceived, God is never deceived. He sees the real character, and only goodness that will stand the light clear down to the motive and purpose will pass muster at His judgment seat.

The Heart as a Clock.

An inventor named M. Noll, hailing from the Black Forest, has on exhibition in Brussels a wonderful clock. The clock, in addition to keeping the time of the day, marks the four seasons, as well as the chief church festivals. These are heralded to the minute by automaton figures, choral services, church music, or the song of birds, according to the season. A feature of the mechanism is the hourly procession of the twelve apostles before the figure of Christ, and the morning and evening chant of monks, who are summoned from the cloister by the monastery bell, tolled by the sexton in view of the public. There is a re-creation of the earth's course round the sun, and of the moon around the earth, and other celestial phenomena. Its movements are regulated by the calendar for the next one hundred years. That is indeed a marvellous clock for a man to build, but it is a very simple piece of work when compared with the human heart, with all its perplexing problems of love and hate, of hope and fear, of doubt and faith. There is only one who is able to take the heart in His hands and heal it when broken, and set it again when disarranged, and cause it to keep time in harmony with the procession of God's loving providence. If we surrender our heart to Christ completely, He is ready to perform the great task for us as He was for Nicodemus.

A Song of Trust.

I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on
With hands of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course
My ship must take;
But looking backward I behold afar,
Its shining wake
Illumined with God's light of love, and so
I onward go.
In perfect trust that He who holds the helm
The course must know.
I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life;
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows
And overrules,
And that in all details, with His good plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning with His help to solve
Them one by one,
And when I cannot understand to say,
"Thy will be done,"
—Gertrude B. Curtis, in the Advance.

Value of a Young Life.

The Rev. James Carruthers, of New Glasgow, N.S., in a recent sermon, made the following stirring appeal:—

"To the Church I would say, Church of God, learn to see in the child what what Christ sees, and you will value your position as He would have you value it. The greatest effort the Church should put forth is for the child convert, far more than for the mature convert. Do you object to this, you man past the middle of life? I expect you to object. But consider the proposition seriously and see if it is not true. You hardened gray-headed sinner, what are you worth? Why should the Church waste its time upon men with burnt-out energies? When there are plenty of fresh candles, what is the use of agonizing to get possession of old candles that are burnt down to the socket and that are flickering in the wick?"

Prodigal of 60, now that you have wasted your substance and squandered divine grace, what are the dregs of your life good for? That is a pointed question. It would take all the rest of your uncertain years to untwist the evil kinks out of your nature. What and if the Church shall give this serious thought? What and if you find it turning its attention in another direction? What and if you hear it say, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.' Awake to your present situation! You cannot say that they are wrong. Put yourself by the side of the boy convert, whom the Church gets before his nature is kinked and crooked. There are no old habits to spoil his life. He brings a working power into the Church which will save souls and change the current of the world's history. Like the child Samuel he will reform his country; or, like the youthful Timothy, he will become a missionary, to wheel nations into Christ's

lines. The Church can have no such hope of the convert of sixty.

Church of God, you must wrest the children early in life from the grasp of an evil and cruel world. If not, the world will make these children as evil as itself. Are not men and women full of wickedness producing children of their own moral likeness? Think of the picture the church has given us of our homes and tell me what is to become of the children that are born and bred there? Church of God, you must rescue the children and be quick about it. Tom Paine says he was made an infidel during the first five years of his life. You must take the opening years of the lives of these children and put them under the influence of the regenerating forces of Christ. You must tell them the story of the Cross and melt their young hearts. You must put before them the pictures of Christ's young life. You must bring them into the Christian fold. You must teach them to sing the songs of Zion, that they may love them as well as the latest doggerel hat goes under the name of popular song. You must pray with them and teach them to pray for themselves. If they are to have a beautiful behaviour and beautiful life, they can get these things only from a growth inside. You must put Christ and His grace into their hearts, so that Christ may live in them and through them. And then, when you have taken them to Him, what wages? 'I will pay thee.' Not only weekly, or monthly, but every hour you shall receive the joy of faithful service. Far more joy than they who rejoice in wine and oil.

All things that are on earth
Shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God,
Which shall live and last for aye.
—William Cullen Bryant.

The greatest miracle that I know of is that of my conversion. I was dead, and I live; I was blind, and I see; I was a slave, and I am free; I was an enemy of God, and I love Him. Prayer, the Bible, the society of Christians—these were to me a source of profound enmity; while now it is the pleasures of the world that are a weariness to me, and piety is the source of all my joy. Behold the miracle, and if God has been able to work that one, there are none of which He is not capable.—Vinet.

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I may state as the conclusion of the whole matter, that the Bible contains within itself all that under God is required to account for and dispose of all forms of infidelity, and to turn to the best uses all that man can earn of nature.—Sir William Dawson.

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Speaking of the Bible Carlyle once said: "A noble book! All men's book. It is our first statement of man's destiny and God's way with men on earth."