

A Book and a Chance.

Mr. Gibbud told this story in one of the meetings at Northfield, and I pass it on:

He was coming from Boston to Hartford, and was glad to find a seat in the car alone. Tired from a busy day's work, speaking at the convention in Boston, he wanted time to get ready for his evening address at Hartford. So, with a sigh of relief, he opened McNeil's "Spirit-Filled Life," and began to read. The car gradually filled up. He looked about ruefully, and took as much room as he could—for must he be disturbed while reading the "Spirit-Filled Life?"

Alas! there came a man.

"Seat taken?"

'No, sir' (shorly).

He continued reading, but eyed his man furtively while he took an account of him. Does the Lord want him to speak to that man? No; he looks like an Irishman—a Catholic probably settled in his belief. Besides, the book in his hand reminded him; he must read.

But the book lost its charm, the Spirit pleaded, and he turned to his companion. The commonplaces of conversation disposed of, he sought to know if the stranger knew the Lord. Ah, what a revelation came to him as the talk proceeded! Those strange eyes filled with tears, and a soul confessed its wandering from God.

"I'm a backslidden Methodist," he says, repentantly.

"I thought, since you looked like an Irishman, you might be a Catholic, perhaps," said Mr. Gibbud, apologetically.

"Well, I didn't think you looked much like a Christian when I sat down," was the frank reply.

Then Mr. Gibbud leaned his head up against the car window, and they closed their eyes, and in the blessed "communion of the saints" they drew near to God.

Now it will do to go on reading the "Spirit-Filled Life."—Rev. E. B. Allen, in C. E. World.

I wonder what gives a man a right to live in this marvellous twentieth century. I conjecture that it is his willingness to receive the spirit of the age. And what is the spirit of the age? It is an eager desire to impart all good to all men. In other words, under a thousand disguises, philanthropic, commercial, political, economic, scientific, literary, religious, it is the spirit of missions.

It is the hardest thing in the grammar of life to put "mine" and "thine" in just the right place. That is life's lesson. Paul had learned it when he said, "Ye are not your own," and when he stood on that deck in the storm and said, "God, whose I am and whom I serve." The Christian man is the man who has found to whom he belongs. The world wants men who know where they belong and to whom they belong.—W. W. Moore.

From Corea comes a most earnest call for more laborers. Perhaps in few, if any mission fields in the world has so large a harvest presented itself ready to the hand of the reaper. In most fields one difficult and often lengthy work is to overcome the hatred and prejudice of the people. In Corea there seems to be very little of this feeling. Multitudes appear to be waiting for the Gospel.

Our Young People

"For My Father!"

Scripture Reference: Rom. 1: 14-16.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

A beautiful story is told of the casting of a bell at Peking. It is the bell upon which midnight is sounded and it was cast a century and a half ago. Two attempts at casting were made, and ended in failure; whereat the emporer sent for Kuan Yin, the official in charge of the task, and told him he would be killed if he failed again.

Ko-ai, the beautiful daughter of the imperilled man, heard of his danger, and consulted an astrologer, who told her that unless a virgin's blood were mingled with the metal, the third casting also would fail. She obtained permission to be present when the attempt was made; and just as the white hot metal was rushing from the furnace into the great mould, the devoted girl sprang forward with the cry, "For my father!" leaped into the fiery stream, added her life-blood to its composition, and won her father's success and safety.

That is a legend, but we know a still more lovely and heroic truth.

The great bell of humanity was out of tune. It swung gloomily and sadly, and its music was all harsh, grating and discordant. Then our Saviour threw himself from the heights of heaven, with the cry, "For my Father! For my Father!" His life-blood entered into the world's alloy, and, ever since, the vast bell has been growing sweeter in its tone, as it more attuned to the heavenly music.

That splendid process of self-sacrifice must go on, till no note of harshness, no note of sin or selfishness, remains. This process we call missions. As Christ was sent into the world, even so He sends us into the world. Let us lay aside the fears that so easily beset us. Let us cry, "For my Father!" And let us plunge into the midst of the world's woes, giving our ransomed lives for the helping of others.

The word translated "ready" in verse 15 really means eager. The verse contains the whole secret of successful missionary enterprise. How many of us can say, "I am eager to preach the gospel, and not only eager to preach it, but eager to preach it up to the full measure of my ability. 'as much as in me is'?" Our responsibility is measured by our ability. There may not be much in us, but as much as in us is, whether it be little or great, we should be eager to tell others the glad tidings that have saved us.

If I had put the meaning of Christianity into a single word, the best I could do would be "brotherhood." The Elder Brother come down from heaven, and we are our earthly brother's keeper. And that one word, "brotherhood," defines missions also. How wide is *your* conscious brotherhood?

What is life itself for but to fulfill the purpose of foreign missions, enthroning Jesus Christ in the hearts of men?—Josiah Strong D.D.

Every Christian is placed in a centre, of which the globe is the circumference; and each must fill that circumference, as every star forms a centre, and shines through the whole sphere.—Spencer.

For Daily Reading.

Mon. Jan. 21.—Studying the fields. John 4:31-38
Tues. Jan. 22.—Sending my gifts.

Prov. 3:9, 10:11, 24:25, 21:22, 26.
Wed. Jan. 23.—An acceptable substitute.

Matt. 9:37, 38; Acts 3:1-16.
Thurs. Jan. 24.—Working where I can.

Matt. 21:28-30; John 9:4
Fri. Jan. 25.—Giving a tithe. Gen. 28:12-22.
Sat. Jan. 26.—A personal response.

Acts 26:12-20.
Sun. Jan. 27.—Topic. Missions: resolutions.
Rom. 1:14-16.

Seed Thoughts and Illustrations.

Baron Von Welz was so mastered by the missionary idea that, after pleading pathetically, but in vain, with the Lutheran church to give the gospel to the heathen, he renounced his title and his estates and gave himself, going at his own charges to Dutch Guinea, where he soon filled a lonely missionary grave. Of his renunciation, he said: "What to me is the title 'well-born' when I am one born again in Christ? What to me is the title 'lord' when I desire to be a servant of Christ? What to me to be called 'your grace' when I have need of God's grace, help and succor?"

Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

In what way are we debtors to other nations?

What missionary resolutions are needed for the sake of our own country?

Why is faith in the gospel the ground of all true missionary resolutions?

Why are missionary resolutions really a part of the promise that every disciple of Christ makes to the Master?

What missionary resolutions can and should be made by every one?

What have been the reasons that have moved persons to give themselves to missionary service?

What events of the past year have given reasons for forming missionary resolutions?

What are some encouragements to form missionary resolutions?

What difference would missionary resolutions make in one that did not go to a mission field?

What missionary resolutions might well be made by this society as a society?

Trivial Worries.

We have read, somewhere, of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling-vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor.

We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.—Christian Herald.