

THE GOSPEL.

I challenge any man to show me anything better, anything more suited to man and his wants, than the Gospel of Christ. It is better than philosophy can only disclose, only describe and classify. It cannot heal—it cannot cure. It is like a physician who knows the disease, but has no remedy; while the Gospel of Christ not only lays bare the malady, but prescribes an infallible and universal cure. Education can only call out and develop what is in fallen man; but the Gospel recreates man's heart and nature, and then lifts him up to the fullness of the stature of Christ. Education stops at the surface; the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, penetrates to the centre of man's necessities. It is better than morality. Morality is conformity to law. When perfect it is a star rolling on its God-appointed orbit. But man has broken law—the star has swerved from its orbit. Morality cannot bring it back and keep it in its course. The Gospel can. It brings man back to God—makes him at one with God—gives man a new start and keeps him safe in his heavenward course. The Gospel is better than philanthropy. Philanthropy is the love of man as man and for man. Christianity is the love of man for God and the love of God in man. The one would better man's condition here; the other would not only save man now, but would life him up to where he belongs—to heaven and to God.—Rev. F. A. Noble, in Christian Work and Evangelist.

THE INNER LIGHT.

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so plain when she was a girl that her mother one day said, after gazing at her for a long time with a distressed expression: "My poor child, I fear it will be very hard for you to win love in this world—indeed, even to make friends."

It was from that hour that the success of this woman, known to the world as Madame de Circourt, dates. For a little time she took the matter sorely to heart. Then humbly, but sweetly and untiringly, she began to be kind—kind to the pauper children of her native village, to the servants of her household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. Nothing so distressed her as not to be able to render a service.

As the years wore on, her good will toward everyone made her the idol of the great city which was eventually her home. Although her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her some of the most noted men of her time. Her lifelong unselfishness and interest in others made her, it is said, irresistible, and young and old forgot the plainness of her features in the loveliness of her life.—Ex.

Let us not live fretful lives. God will never stretch the line of our duty beyond the measure of our strength. We ought to live with the grace of the flowers, with the joy of the birds, with the freedom of wind and wave. Without question this is God's ideal of human life.—W. L. Watkinson.

I would have everyone carefully consider whether he has ever found God fail him in trial, when his own heart had not failed him; and whether he has not found strength greater and greater given him according to his day; whether he has not gained clear proof on trial, that he has a divine power lodged within him, and a cer-

tain conviction withal that he has not made extreme trial of it or reached its limits. Grace ever outstrips prayer.—Newman.

EVENING PRAYER.

Father of Mercy! at the close of day,
My work and duties done, to thee I pray
Before I sleep;
With clasped hands I humbly bow my head,
And ask thee, Lord, ere I retire to bed,
My soul to keep.
The sins and failings of the day now past,
The shadows on my soul that they have cast,
Do thou forgive;
Oh! purge my life from every taint of sin,
That I within thy courts may enter in,
With thee to live.
Whatever borrow I this day have known,
I spread it now, O Lord! before thy throne—
Oh! succor send;
I would beneath thy chastening hand be still,
And meekly bow before thy sovereign will,
Unto the end.
And now with folded hands upon my breast,
At peace with thee, I lay me down to rest
Upon my bed;
May angels guard me through the darksome night
From troubled dreams, until the morning light
It beams shall shed.—R. N.

Let your religion make you more considerate, more loving and attractive, more able to think of and enter into the pleasure and interests of others.—Arthur C. A. Hall.

A MAN'S LIFE.

The psalmist and Prof. Osler have both been corrected by Sir James Crichton-Browne of England in an address on "Prevention of Senility." The years of our life, he said, ought to be more than three-score and ten. About a century, he thought, would be a natural limit. As to Prof. Osler, he said that the assertion that a man useless after he was forty was to fly in the face of the biographical dictionary. Admitting that the most vigorous period of human life is between twenty-five and forty, yet he contended, and supported his contention by convincing illustrations, that in magnitude and in profitableness to mankind more really great and effectual achievements had been effected in the decade after forty than in the decade preceding it. In a sentence, according to the Baptist Times of London, Sir James summed up the essentials of long, useful and happy life,—life such as would make an extension of its limits to one hundred years desirable as well as possible. We must return to simplicity and tranquility of life. The world must cease to be a sweating-den in which we are all engaged on piece-work. Instead it should be a home, and its inhabitants should have pursuits and ideals outside the daily round and the trivial task. The chief end of man is not to eat bread by the sweat of his brow all his days, and drag out on suffering an unlovely and a painful old age, but, in the words of the catechism, "to glorify God and to enjoy him forever."

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways.
Reclothe us in our right mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.
Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.
J. G. Whittier.

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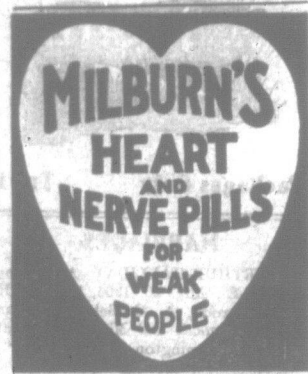
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