

hobble the use of intoxicants as antagonistic to religion, good morals, physical health, family life, personal success and national prosperity. One has but to look on his eyes to see the damaging results of liquor-drinking, and we have hopes, founded on the intelligence and conscience of the people, that the liquor traffic is to perish.

The financial cost of liquor is astounding as measured by the money spent for it, the lives rendered useless and destroyed by it that might be productive, the poverty, disease, insanity and crime that are its direct products. Common sense would urge the destruction of the cause of so large a cost as comes to us by means of prisons, infirmaries and asylums.

The whole matter of using alcohol as a drink or a medicine is a labyrinth. Intemperate men can not endure cold or heat or disease. Thousands of voices are condensed in this one statement of fact. The physician who prescribes it is behind the times and the enemy of his patients. The mother who permits it in her home, as a drink for entertainment, or as an element in her food for seasoning, is foolish and criminal beyond the power of words to describe.

Let Christian people be forceful in their insistence against intemperance in any and every form. Alcoholic wine is scarcely every brought to the communion table anywhere. Liquor is catenched from our soldiers' canteens and should never, at the demand of dealers or drunkard, be restored. Let us drive it from all our homes. Let us expel it from our towns and counties and States. Let us be strong in our opposition to it everywhere, vigilant determined and prayerful and we can a union service in the Methodist church. And so the union spirit manifests itself!

THE HABIT OF KINDNESS.

I know of a home in which the very atmosphere is so charged with human-loving kindness that it is a delight to be a guest therein. I have been a guest in that home for weeks at a time, and I never heard a single harsh, unkind word spoken to or about any one. One day I said to the sweet and gentle mistress of the home:

"Do tell me, if you can, the secret of the beautiful and unending kindness that forms a part of the very atmosphere of this home. What is the real secret of it?"

"Why, I do not know that there is any secret about it. It is a kind of habit with us. You know that some people fall into the habit of always complaining. Others form the habit of always speaking sharply, while still others are always morose and sulky continually. Now, it is just as easy to form a good habit as a bad habit, and, if one would only think so, it is just as easy to form the habit of kindness as it is to form the habit of unkindness. When I was a little girl at home, my father had his children sing nearly every day:

Oh, say a kind word if you can,
And you can, and you can;
Oh, say a kind word if you can,
And you can, and you can.

"It any one spoke an unkind word in the house, some one would be sure to sing these lines, and so we came to speak kindly nearly all the time. So much happiness came from it that I resolved, when I came in possession of a home of my own, that habitual kindness should be the rule there."

"It is a beautiful rule," I said.

"It is a rule that will bring peace and joy to a home, and, as I said before, any one can cultivate the habit of kindness."

I believe this to be true, and I am sure that Sir Humphrey Davy told the truth when he said: "Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."

God has more need of a saved soul on earth than He has in heaven. Since we are to shine as the brightness of the firmament we should begin to shine now. The world needs light more than heaven.

A PLEA FOR FAMILY PRAYER.

Bishop Dudley is troubled by the thought that the ancient and beautiful custom of daily united family worship has come to be an almost unknown practice among Christian people. The scriptures seem to indicate this duty, the prayer book makes most satisfactory provisions for its performance, the Christian intelligence fully recognizes its value, and yet it is not done. Of course, it is very easy to find manifold excuses for our failure and sufficient explanation for this change in the habits of our church people even within a lifetime. Certainly our life is much more strenuous than was that of our fathers, or, at least, it is attended by more of busle and of hurry than was theirs. The late hours of modern society are not conducive to early rising, and the father must hurry away to his business after a breakfast eaten at railroad speed, and the children are just as much hurried to reach the school-house in time, while the mother and the young ladies of the household are tempted by the need of rest and sleep to stay in bed. But can we not find some hour in 24 when all can be gathered for a few minutes of family worship, for at least a moment's recognition of the fact that God is our Father, that in Him we have our being and our happiness, that without Him we can do nothing? Perhaps it will be possible to find this hour just before the evening meal, when the father has come home from work and the boys from play, when the ladies have made their evening toilet and the children are not yet overcome by sleep. Suppose we all try this plan? Let us gather around the piano and sing a hymn, and then join in a short form of prayer. The bishop is sure that once begun in earnest the blessed custom will not be given up, and he is sure that its blessings to the family will be well nigh immeasurable. The boy, when he leaves the home nest to seek his fortune, will not forget this sweet service, and will, in his lonely separations, be careful to join his prayers with those of the loved ones at home. The girl who goes to make a new home elsewhere will carry with her this remembrance, and will set up another altar for the worship of our Father. Oh, do let us be more careful to enjoy this privilege if it is already ours! Let us begin the practice tonight, if we have never known it before.

VARIATIONS OF 122nd PSALM.

(By William Wye Smith.)

O how glad my soul and spirit,
When with joy they said to me,
"Let us, who His love inherit,
Go His dwelling place to see."
In thy courts our feet with gladness
Yet shall stand, Jerusalem!
Weary feet and hearts of sadness—
Thy strong gates shall shelter them.

Built and planned and walled together—
One the city, one the aim—
All the tribes ascending thither
Praise and bless Jehovah's name.
There are set the thrones, redressing
Wrong and ill, ev'n David's throne;
Pray ye for Jerusalem's blessing;
In her peace shall be your own.

Peace within thy walls be ever,
Joy in every palace shine;
For the sake of loved companions
Still my prayer is "Peace be thine!"
For the House of God within thee—
In mine eyes earth's brightest gem,
Every blessing I would win thee—
My sweet home, Jerusalem!

I delight to think of the fishermen who have become apostles, of tent makers who have become builders of spiritual empires; of shoemakers who have become interpreters of Jesus to heathen lands; of weaver boys who have revealed and helped to heal the open sores of the world. But every fine association, every worthwhile task, a man can carry with him through the narrow gate.

PRAYER.

Some Bible Hints.

We are not always to pray alone; but unless we pray much alone, we can never pray with others (Matt. 14:23).

God wants in our prayers, not what we might desire if we were wiser and better, but just what we do desire, graced with "as thou wilt" (Matt. 26:39).

Prayer is the steam, watching is the helm; each is useless without the other (Matt. 26:41).

We are not heard for our much praying, but we are heard every time we truly pray (Matt. 26:44).

Suggestive thought.

Suggestive thoughts etahi lah mahmudun in The only eloquence in prayer is love and obedience.

Praying at regular times, when we may not feel like it, is the only pathway to the prayer "without ceasing."

No one can truly pray unless he believes in direct answers to prayer.

What is more rude than a prayer that talks but never listens?

A few illustrations.

Prayer is a hand stretched out, not palm upward, to beseech, but palm sideways, to grasp God's hand.

Prayer is a Jacob's stairway into the clouds. We cannot see where it rests, but we see that it does not fail.

Prayer is a language to be learned, and the best way to learn a language is to surround yourself with those that speak it.

Prayer is "the check of faith on the bank of heaven, but the deposit is not ours; it was laid up for us by Christ.

To Think About.

Have I a regular time for prayer?
Are my prayers selfish ones?
Are my prayers answered?

A Cluster of Quotations.

Not Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

—Trench.

"Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock."

Prayer is not a teasing and a coaxing of an unwilling God.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

I'd rather know how to pray than how to preach. I may preach and move men, but if I can pray I can move God.—J. Whitcomb Chapman.

Press Work.

Be ashamed to own a skillful pen that is not consecrated to Christ.

Every society should have a press committee, if only of one member.

Place upon it the society's most skillful writers, and also some Endeavorers whom they will train up for the work.

What to write about: anything connected with your society or church that is of interest to the people for whom you write. Do not hastily conclude that because a matter interests you it will therefore interest every one else.

How to write: neatly, accurately, systematically, pointedly, originally, briefly. Practice the best ways of saving things. Study the best journals for models. Do not expect to be most effective without great painstaking.

Where to send it: to the local paper, the denominational paper, the Christian Endeavor paper. But send to each only what each is most likely to want.

We sometimes lament that our prayers are not answered. Jean Ingelow once said, "I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered." There is no doubt many another Christian has lived long enough to say the same thing.