

its daily run—that was all. The man was disappointed. He took the big bird in his arms, he lifted it and placed it upon the garden wall. The eagle turned and looked down upon him. Just then the sun that had been behind the clouds shone out bright and warm, and poured its beams down upon the captive bird. It lifted its eyes to the sun, and pulled itself up to its utmost height. What thoughts were stirring in its breast then? Does a captive eagle recollect the cliffs, the crags, and feel again the tempest's breath, and see the lightning's zig-zag path over the storm and along the sea? It unfolded one mighty wing—then stretched out the other—then gave a shrill scream to the sun and its native crags, and was soon but a vanishing point in the deep blue sky.

Young people of God—so long a time living among the things of the world—oh, try your soul's wings.—*The Good Way.*

MY GOD WILL SUPPLY.

A certain good brother felt impressed to leave his home and go to a distant town to hold meetings. But he answered and said: "I cannot go, for I have no money." But the impression came stronger and stronger. He must go, for souls were perishing. Finally he said to his wife, "I will make ready and go down to the train." He went down, but had no money for his ticket. The engine whistled and the train came up. As he stood perplexed, and with his hands behind him, some one suddenly and without a word slipped a bank-note into his hand. He turned about, but saw only the rushing crowd, and has never learned whose hand gave the gift, only that the kind Father sent it. He went on his mission, and many souls were converted. Whatever the Lord wants us to do, we can do, and He will provide a way. If the Lord wants me to go a thousand miles without money, I know I can do it. Praise His name! The thing is to be willing, then to trust. Many people spend months and years in worry and anxiety, because they do not trust in the Lord. But I confess it was a long time before I did fully trust Him, and suffered many years. But I am glad to say that time is now past. God is rich, and is abundantly able to supply the wants of all His creatures. The cattle

on a thousand hills are His. He knows what we have need of before we ask Him.

Brother Curtis had just come upon a new charge, and after the expense of moving, found the treasury low. One day the housewife said, "The flour is all gone, what shall we do?" They found forty cents remaining in the purse, that was all. But they had always found God a very present help in time of need, and now they turned to Him. They kneeled down before Him and asked help. In perhaps fifteen minutes, a stranger who seemed to be passing along, turned up to the door and asked, "Does Mr. Curtis, the minister, live here?" He then threw down a silver dollar upon the porch and drove on. His name was never found out. But he came as the messenger of God, to answer the prayer of His children. The dollar and the forty cents made just the price of a sack of flour. The Lord might have sent him a thousand dollars just as well, but thought best to send him only what he needed at that time, or what he had asked for. Because we are only to ask for just enough. The manna in the wilderness was given each week-day for that day only. If God should supply all our need, once for all, then we should lose the blessing of asking and receiving. But God would have us ask often, so that we may be often blest.—*Golden Censer.*

GOD never repairs. Christ never patches. The gospel is not here to mend people. Regeneration is not a scheme of moral tinkering and ethical cobbling. What God does, He does new; new heaven, new earth, new body, new heart; "Behold I make all things new." In the gospel thus we move into a new world and under a new scheme. The creative days are back again. We step out of a *regime* of jails and hospitals and reform shops. We get live effects right from God. That is the gospel. The gospel is a permanent miracle. God at first hand—that is miracle. The gospel thus does not classify with other schemes of amelioration. They are good, but this is not simply better, but different, distinct, and better because distinct; it works in a new way, and works another work. Compare the wrought chains riveted on the demoniac, and the divine word working in the demoniac. It is all there. It is like the difference between the impotent Persian lashing the turbulent sea with chains, and the gracious Lord saying to the troubled sea, "Peace, be still!"—*Rev. C. H. Parkhurst.*