

The Power of Sympathy.

It is not my purpose to deal with this subject in the usual acceptation of the term sympathy, but rather in its broader meaning of co-operation.

In all work, whether religious or secular, no person can be truly successful who does not have the sympathy of his fellow-workers. This truth is very frequently overlooked, and people often wonder at the small measure of success attending the very active efforts of those with whom they are brought in contact, who are serving the public in some capacity. By looking carefully at the matter, however, the surprise would no doubt be greater in the contrary direction, as to how even the smallest measure of success attended their efforts, when so heavily handicapped, by circumstances which the promoters of the work had striven unsuccessfully to combat.

People should be careful on all occasions to consider that their words and actions, however limited their sphere, have influence with some and should be careful to so act and speak, that there would be no careless acts and sentences to hedge another about with difficulties, which they would never be able to surmount.

Any studied, deliberate effort to minimize the usefulness of any one is easily met and set aside, carrying as it does its own antidote in its very malevolence; but the careless word, innocent of any purpose other than to catch the ear and tickle the fancy of those to whom it is addressed are the stabs in the back, which most injure and undermine another's usefulness.

It matters not what walk in life one is pursuing, and the greater one's possibilities the more poignant and lasting is the harm done, their work is hindered and their prospects of success blighted by the mere chance word, or foolish jest of some one in a moment of thoughtlessness.

We cannot of course speak well of all, but there is an old maxim, which it will be well for us to observe: "If you can speak no good, then speak no ill." This will not cause any to have to struggle against undue adverse influences, and if there be anything amiss in their methods it will soon become apparent to all with whom they are associated.

Again, some are chary of praising the work done by anyone, fearing perhaps to make these persons feel that their work cannot be carried on with equal success by any others and thus lessen their usefulness by causing them to think that even with less effort on their part, people could not help but be satisfied with results. This, it seems to me, is a bad view to take of the matter, and contrary to biblical teaching, for when the man with the talents brought them back with an equal number of talents earned the Master said: "Well done good and faithful servant." If then we take the bible as our guide-book, it would seem to be right to render praise to those to whom praise is due.

Many persons' labors are lightened and their work made brighter by being complimented upon the success of their work.

Others, when they do unbend enough to express some degree of satisfaction, deem it necessary to accompany these words with others of a nature which cause their first sentences to lose all force and simply cause the recipient to feel worse than if their work had not caused comment at all.

We are all imperfect, our methods all faulty, but if we use even these to the best of our ability, and work with a desire to help all with whom we are brought in contact, we should certainly have the forbearance and assistance of all.

Let us at least, when we see persons thus faithfully laboring, be careful "to whom we speak, of whom we speak, and how, and when, and where."

K.

A Sharp Rejoinder.

Some years ago, Rev. E. Klumph, now of Elm, Wayne County, Mich., while seated in a village store, accosted a saloon-keeper with the remark:

"Come over to the church to-night and hear me lecture on temperance."

The reply was: "I won't; you said whiskey-sellers were robbers."

"I didn't," replied Mr. Klumph.

"What did you say?"

"I said you were worse than a robber. I said you took my innocent boy, and sent me home a maudlin fool. I said you took an intelligent man, and sent a lunatic to the asylum. I said you took a respected citizen, and sent a crim-

inal to prison. I said you took a kind father, and sent a fiend to throw his family into the street. I said you took a loving husband, and sent a demon to kick his wife. I said you took the immortal soul, and sent it to hell. I said you were worse than a robber."

Sharp and yet terribly true.

One of the bravest, as well as one of the wittiest things that has been done lately, was the reply of the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, of New Haven, when the representative of one of the worst of modern newspapers asked him for "a bright, terse interview about hell," for a Sunday edition. Dr. Smyth very kindly complied with the request; his article was as follows: "Hell, in my opinion, is the place where the Sunday edition of your paper should be published and circulated.

GUIDE ME.

Guide me, oh Thou Great Deliverer!
Through this world of sin and woe;
Watch my footsteps, may they never
Travel where they should not go.
Keep me safe, and keep me ever,
Near Thy path so straight and pure.
Jesus, thou dost know my weakness,
Help me ever to endure.

Guide me, oh Thou Gracious Father!
Watch Thy child, so frail and weak;
Help me at Thy Heavenly threshold,
Grace and wisdom e'er to seek.
Keep me through all deep affliction,
Hold me in Thy mighty hand,
I am safe when in Thy care,
If I would but understand.

Guide me, oh Thou Great Physician!
Guide my mind and thoughts each day,
Heal my shattered, broken spirits,
Tortured oft by Satan's way.
Keep me in Thy loving throng—
In Thy tender, watchful care,
With my every thought and action,
May my heart be trained with prayer.

Guide me, oh Thou humble Saviour!
Come on earth for sinners lost.
Bore long suffering and reproach,
And the shame of Calvary's cross.
Keep me ever in remembrance
The pain Thou hast felt for me,
And of Thy kindly meekness,
May I ne'er forgetful be.

Guide me, oh Thou Sovereign King!
Reign in splendor up above,
Conquering sin each day and hour,
With Thy magic, holy love.
Keep me, oh Thou Rock of Ages!
Fill my heart with joy and peace,
And may Thy holy spirit
From my heart ne'er get release.

Guide me, Alpha and Omega!
From the first unto the last,
Feeling, I have full redemption,
When on Thee my sins are cast.
Learning from all past experience
Lessons long, for future store;
And, when all of earth is o'er,
Live with Thee forever more.

E. W. C.