

Prayer.

Heavenly Father, may Thy word come to us from ancient time, as new as if but just spoken. May we know that Thy word abideth forever, that its accents and purposes, and commandments and injunctions are not measurable by time—that it is the ever-spoken word, the ever-commanding "Be" and fiat of Jehovah, our present and Almighty Sovereign. And thus may we come to it as the oldest book and the newest, old as Thine own eternity, new as our present need. Thus may Thy word be unto us meat and drink, manna in the wilderness and water out of the rock, a great joy, a perpetual light and satisfaction. If so be we are tempted to think we have read all Thy word, show us our mistake; may the wonder of its revelations, the awful suddenness of its surprises, be the outflaming of a fire we have never seen, from heaven—be the utterance of a new music, tender as our own sighing, loud as our own triumphing, surrounding us with all the grandeur and force of Almighty God.

Using What we Have.

Not what we have, but how we use it, is the measure of our power, and that makes the highest degree of our real service. This measure, and this degree, are possible to us each and all in God's service, whatever are our limitations. The little Hebrew slave-maid, who told the truth she knew about the prophet Elisha, did a work in the royal court of Syria that no money or royal influence could secure. Thus always in God's service. Doing what we can is doing our best. Each of us can thus say:

"I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright.
Not year, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight."

The Sunday School Times.

The Gospel Offer.

To be a follower of Christ is to be filled with the very joy of salvation; it is to live in the suburbs of the celestial city; it is to walk with him at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore. He forbids no enjoyment that is pure, no laughter that comes from the clear depths of an unpolluted heart. He takes from us nothing but those misnamed joys which, giving us a moment of intoxication, eat out the heart and life of our manhood, and then punish with the using; and in exchange for these he gives us a peace that passeth knowledge and fills our life with blessedness till our cup runneth over. He not only permits us, he commands us to rejoice evermore! The Christian life is a feast: "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." To this the Spirit and the Bride invite us. Would we have that peace which the world knoweth not, the strength of everlasting arms beneath us in the time of trouble, the hope of life and immortality, a crown that fadeth not, a mansion in the Father's house? Will we have them? Not to say "yes" is to say "no." Delay is refusal.—David James Burrell, D.D.

He who never connects God with his daily life knows nothing of spiritual meaning and the uses of life; nothing of the calm, strong patience with which ills may be endured; of the gentle, tender comfort which the Father's love can minister; of the blessed rest to be realized in His forgiving love, His tender fatherhood; of the deep, peaceful sense of the Infinite One ever near, a refuge and strength.—Canon Farrar.

Our Young People

June 22. Consecration to Country.

Some Bible Hints.

"Fear God, Honor the King" (1 Pet. 2: 17). That is the right order. If we are 'bond slaves of Jesus Christ,' then alone will our winning of men be without servility.

Authority is ordained by God (Rom. 13: 1). Even a bad ruler is better than anarchy.

"The minister of God" (Rom. 13: 4) is the highest ideal ever set before rulers. In a free country it is the fault of God's children if all their rulers are not God's ministers.

A citizen is in debt to all other citizens, and he is a renegade patriot until he has rendered to them all the "dues" (Rom. 13: 7) he owes them—of money, time, thought, and interest.

Suggestive Thoughts.

Our country is made up of all good causes and good people in it, so that any service done to them is done to our country.

Consecration is based upon knowledge. You cannot serve your country well unless you know it well.

There can be no consecration without reverence. No one will be consecrated to his country unless he considers it sacred.

There is as great heroism in fighting the battles of the ballot as in waging those of the sword, and sometimes as great danger.

A Few Illustrations.

It is seldom that enemies outside a country are as much to be feared as enemies inside it, just as the orchard has less to dread the prairie fire than the worm.

If a life-time's political duties must be performed in a month, who would not be a good citizen? But our civic duties must be done every day—like breathing.

No one can be a citizen by deputy or through a reform society, any more than one can eat one's dinner by deputy.

If the carpenter leaves a hole in his roof, shall he complain of the rain's coming in? If a citizen does not try to mend the state, shall he complain of misgovernment?

To Think About.

How much time have I given, the past year, to study concerning my country?

Do my prayers always include a petition for my country's prosperity?

Do I count my country's disgrace my own?

A Cluster of Quotations.

O land of lands, to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—Whittier.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.—Webster.

So may ancestral conquests live
In what we have and what we give.

—Julia Ward Howe.

The home lies at the very beginning and foundation of a pure national life.—McKinley.

To Aid the Sunday School.

The greatest need of our Sunday School is probably a live teacher's meeting. The Endeavorers might obtain a good leader for such meetings, even if they had to import him, and pay him.

A normal class is probably another need—a class for the training of teachers. The Endeavorers might form themselves into

such a class, holding it on Sunday afternoons.

A larger school may be a third need. The Endeavorers could canvass for new scholars.

A stereopticon would add much to the interest of the school. Why not raise the money for one, and keep it supplied with slides?

The Sunday-school library needs new books. The society might supply them, especially adding those of a Christian Endeavor flavor.

Daily Readings.

Men., June 27.—By more prayer.	Ps. 122: 6-9
Tues., " 28.—By more love.	Ps. 137: 1-6
Wed., " 29.—By denouncing wrongs.	Isa. 62: 1-7
Thurs., " 30.—By building waste places.	Isa. 58: 9-12
Fri., July 1.—By a hopeful spirit.	Isa. 66: 8-13
Sat., " 2.—Our country Christ's.	1 Cor. 15: 24-28
Sun., " 3.—Topic—Ways of consecrating ourselves to our country.	Rom. 13: 1-7; 1 Pet. 2: 13-17.

God is the Great Restorer. "He restoreth my soul," and my health as well. Many refuse his saving grace who are quite ready, and even eager, to use his healing remedies. When ill health comes they are off in search of the tonic of other scenes, where the only remedy is of the divine providing. They go to his healing springs; they seek the ozone of his mountains; they wheel their invalid's chair into his sunlight; they covet the anesthesia of his pines; they bathe in his Bethesda waters; his herbs and minerals are the sources of their medicines. Unconsciously they are forced back to God who "healeth all thy diseases." The wicked might not be willing to acknowledge it, but they are patients of the Divine Physician. They avail themselves of his remedies and yet with thankless hearts go away and refuse to pay their bills.—United Presbyterian.

In such moments you doubt all—whether Christianity be true; whether Christ was man or God, or a beautiful fable. You ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, "What is truth?" In such an hour what remains? I reply: Obedience. Act—be merciful and gentle, honest; force yourself to abound in little services; try to do good to others; be true to the duty that you know. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the word of God, you shall not be left to doubt.—F. W. Robertson.

A musician's child sat at a piano, carelessly striking the keys. The master-player arose, and putting his hands down over those of the child, blended into perfect harmony the notes which had been but a turbulent discord. So let us be patient when God lays his hand upon us, and seeks to bring still more beautiful harmony out of our lives. . . . I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—Jean Ingelow.

He who gives his youth to pleasure, and his manhood to the wine cup, will find at last that he has fed his soul on ashes.