

THE SLEEPER IN CHURCH.

By Rev. George Cooper, D. D.)
 Under your able ministry and most fervent appeal, O preacher, look at that man trying to keep awake. Have pity upon him. In what other painful experience of life has a man, so little sympathy as when he is being overcome by sleep in church. The day is hot, the air drowsy. The spiritual condition called sleep is unworthy of a good man, specially a deacon or an elder. He will not be overcome. He has eaten two heads of fennel and a lemon peel. The text is given out. He repeats it. He fixes his eyes on the minister. Gradually they grow narrower and dim. He nods gently. Yes, it is coming sure. He crosses his legs uncomfortably. He attempts to go through the multiplication table. He tries the shorter catechism. He seizes a fan which treacherously lands him in a dead calm. He pinches himself severely. He looks about to find a brother in like tribulation. He looks up helplessly to the pulpit, as if some timely help might possibly come thence. No help appears. He stiffens his head in a firm position. The stiffening weakens. With a sudden lapse it drops backward twenty-five degrees until the lid is about to drop off. His mouth opens like the bill of a young robin crying for food. Lo, he begins to play a fantastic tune through the scales with his nose. Deeper and deeper it goeth. At last it explodes in a high nasal. The irrepressible little boy also explodes. The sleeping musician comes to himself with a snort. He draws out a red handkerchief and blows that nasal organ with a loud imitation to let the boys know he has not been asleep. The congregation is much scandalized. The wife of his bosom smites him under the fifth rib with her two-edged elbow. He opens his eyes widely and glowers on the congregation as one who says, "He that thinketh or sayeth I was asleep, the same is a weather prophet and the truth is not in him."
 It was such a scene as this that suggested to a pupil a conundrum for the music teacher next day. "Got a musical conundrum for you. Bet you can't answer it."
 "Can't I? I'd like to see the question in music I can't answer. Out with it."
 "If a sleeper in church snores through two octaves, what kind of music is it, vocal or instrumental?"
 And yet when that same man goes to his lawful bed at 10 p. m., he cannot sleep, while in his church pew he cannot keep awake. O that one could carry his pew to bed with him. Then the fitness of things would not be disturbed.—Commonwealth.

Growth in grace is as much a Christian duty as faith or repentance. The school boy who is content with the rudiments of knowledge obtained in the kindergarten is small credit to his parents. He may be a very good scholar in the kindergarten, but if he go no farther he will grow up an ignoramus. There are many spiritual ignoramuses in the school of Christ. They have no desire to get beyond the "a b c" of experience, and prefer to dabble in sand rather than work in the fertile soil of advanced knowledge. There is scarcely a sadder sight than a gray-haired Christian ignoramus. He has had the best of Books to learn from, and the best of Teachers, the Holy Spirit, to guide him into all the truth; but there he is, a grown-up illiterate, a spiritual babe in the vesture of a man.

There has come even into our churches the idea that our services ought to be made a means of diversion. You are aware, as well as I am, how frequently men have had to utter protests against the engraving upon religious life and work of the element of amusement, and I for one agree very heartily with Dr. Horton in an address delivered a year or two ago, in which he said that religious services ought to be so thoroughly religious that people should have time to think. The present tendency is to run off short, sharp, snappy, scintillating, without thinking at all. The religious life, therefore, becomes more shallow, and, as it becomes shallower in the church, it declines in the community. If we are to reverse the figures of the census in London and Liverpool, and if we are to see an advance in religion in New York, and in other cities, the church must take herself more seriously.—Lorimer.

If two angels were sent down to earth, one to rule an empire, and the other to sweep a street, they would have no choice in the matter, so long as God ordered them. So God, in His providence, has called you to work hard for your daily bread; do it to His glory.—Spurgeon.

Oh, do not pray for easy things. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, and the richness of your work shall be no miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come into you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

If you go into the mint, you will see them place a bit of metal on the die. Noiselessly and with a touch as silent as a caress but with the power of a mighty force the stamp moves against it. And when that touch is over, there is an impression upon the coin which will abide when a thousand years are passed away. So one life moves up against another, filled with the power, and stamped with the image of Christ's likeness; and when that touch of parent or teacher or friend is over, there are impressions that will remain when the sun is cold and the stars have forgotten to shine.—Sel.

The Lord's provision for repose is a continual reminder of his loving care; and a recurring opportunity of quiet in his presence.

SAVED.

In Savannah I was introduced to a very nice appearing Southern gentleman, and I was told that he was a moral hero. When the young man was about fifteen years of age a mob was about to lynch a black boy for some crime of which he was hastily judged to be guilty. This white boy, hurrying down into the field where the black boy was tied to a tree, forced his way through the crowd, and facing the crowd said, "If there is one to be lynched here today there will also be two! This black boy was brought up with me. I have played with him all my life, and he is like a brother to me. I do not know that he has done wrong. If he has done wrong my father says he ought to be tried in the courts anyhow. I will stand by him, and if you kill him you will have to kill me." So great was the impression created by the heroism of the boy that one of the crowd passed to him a dirk knife and told him to cut the strings that bound the black boy. The white boy and black boy marched out of the field together into the road. That boy was a moral hero. Can you imagine anything more heroic than for a southern man, with all his race prejudice against the negro, to stand up for his black friend like this?

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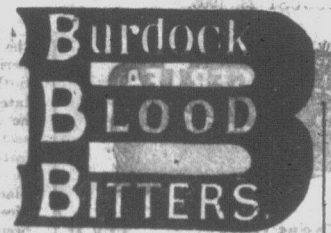
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Surely if there is one prayer that should draw us to the Father's throne and keep us there it is this; for the Holy Spirit, whom we as children have received, to stream into us and out from us in greater fullness.—Andrew Murray.

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