

Different Views of Truth.

"Men look at truth at different bits of it, and they see different things of course, and they are very apt to imagine that the thing which they have seen is the whole affair—the whole thing. In reality, we can only see a very little bit at a time, and we must, I think, learn to believe that other men can see bits of truth as well as ourselves. Your views are just what you see with your own eyes; and my views are just what I see; and what I see depends on just where I stand, and truth is very much bigger than an elephant, and we are very much blinder than any of these blind men as we come to look at it."—Henry Drummond.

An Age of Luxury.

This is an age of extremes. We seem to no longer recognize a middle course. Either we tolerate customs and institutions that are wholly and needlessly behind the times, or we rush in the opposite direction to uncomfortably up-to-date and extravagantly novel ideas. In this fashion do we take our luxuriousness nowadays. A while since moderation was our watchword as a nation. Our dress, our amusements, our dinners, our houses were all strictly within certain limits. But now these boundaries are not only passed, but are left so far behind that one fears where we may eventually find ourselves. Usually there is danger ahead when an undue craving after luxuriousness pervades all classes of society. But one need not take the most pessimistic view of the luxuriousness to which we seem as a nation to be tending more and more. Everybody wants more and wants to do more nowadays than did their predecessors, and each year finds us increasingly exacting in our demands and our tastes. Clothes are more elaborate, and both Jack and Jill imitate master and mistress in stocking their wardrobes. Our houses are more ambitiously planned, our holidays are taken on a more elaborate scale, our very means of traveling have to meet demand of an exacting generation for something faster and more luxurious; our amusements, our modus vivendi, our schools, our books, our very newspapers are veritably

all editions de luxe as compared with those of a century ago. There are times when one feels positively embarrassed by these riches. One longs occasionally for a little more rest, a little less effort, a trifle more simplicity. As we proceed nowadays in all directions, it is something like having rich plum cake every day of tea, or like dining every night on elaborate entrees, and mousses. There comes a last a passionate desire for something plain, for bread and butter and a good family pot. We can no longer dine unless the flower and menu cards at our restaurants are as sumptuous as the food; we must have our cabs fitted up with looking-glasses and softly cushioned seats; our hotels are palaces; our erstwhile resorts have developed into up-to-date watering places; even our hospitals are now so arranged and so decorated and furnished that the subsequent work amid students for their old not be luxurious, surroundings that could be life outside. In the and patients in their own, too, lurks the luxuriousness of education, thereby filled danger that the masses will not all be with ambitions that heaven, altogether re-fulfilled unless life is to be these things modeled. One cannot object to in thus without some amount of feeling, some at ever climbing higher and higher to the ple. last to a pinnacle over which we shall be. —Public Ledger.

Our Young People

The Father's Care.

Mat. 6: 25-34; Ps. 103: 13, 14.

The Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting for July 6.

Some workmen once were busily engaged upon a railway tunnel. All of a sudden a great mass of earth fell down, completely closing up the entrance, and imprisoning a number of workmen. Immediately their comrades outside went to work with pick and shovel, but it was hours before they could remove the fallen earth. When at length they made their way through, they found their friends on the inside in no way disturbed. They knew what had happened, but they quietly ate their dinner, and then went on as usual with their digging and boring. They were so certain that their comrades would rescue them that they were not anxious in the least.

Now that is just the spirit we Christians should show whenever any trouble comes into our lives.

It may be a great mass of poverty has fallen, or possibly it is the cruel ledge of sickness that has collapsed, or it may be a some down-rush of malice or of failure or of worldly loss. You are quite shut up behind it, and no ray of light gets through.

Never mind. Keep on at your work. Sing at your tasks. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God. Light will break before long. The sweet fresh air will rush in. You will be free and safe. Nay, you have been safe all along.

If we have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, Christ said, we can remove mountains, though they fall in upon us. Certainly then, if we have even a mustard seed of faith, we ought to be able to remove the worry from our heart and the frown from our face. Let us try to do so during the coming week.

George MacDonald says somewhere that it is more absurd to trust God by halves than it is not to believe Him at all. This is because any real trust implies a vision of God that ought to be absolutely convincing and assuring for all the future.

Charles Kingsley once asserted his belief that every step he took, every person he met, every thought that was not sinful that came into his mind, came and happened through the direct providence of God. That was a true thought, and the Christian who lives his life in the conscious presence of his Father will find it impossible ever to worry.

Occasionally we excuse our worries by saying that they are not imaginary, but real, meaning that they are concerned with actual needs; but the fact that the needs are real makes it all the more certain that God has recognized them and has provided for them. When our heavenly father knows that we have need of these things, they are as good as granted us.

One of the chief reasons why the thought of God's goodness is so little vivid to us is because we employ our minds with the contemplation of material benefits, the good things of the world. He has showered upon us, but do not pass behind them to the God who gave them. Our highest thoughts are impersonal, and do not rest upon a personal God.

Newman Smyth speaks of many events in his life that seemed providentially timed, almost as if the finger of God had set the hands at the right time on his clock. He could see how the mere machinery of the universe might account for the clock and the hands, but not for the timing of events to meet his own particular needs. That could be explained only by the knowledge of a loving, all-wise Father.

That writer of beautiful hymns, John Newton, compared the troubles that came to the Christian in the course of a year to a great bundle of sticks. But in His mercy God gives the Christian only one stick a day. We could easily manage it if we did not insist on carrying yesterday's stick over again to day, and adding the burden of tomorrow to our load before we are required to bear it.

The word "providence" means "fore-sight." Our Father in heaven is like many a father on the earth who looks ahead to discover what will be the needs of his child during future years, and provides for them long before the child himself has taken any thought at all for the future. Even the wisest earthly parent, however, is unable to have complete providence, to foresee perfectly what the future has in store. Our heavenly Father is never taken by surprise.

One of the commonest causes of worrying is the uncertainty of the future, and sometimes we think that if we could see what there is in store for us, our lives would no longer be filled with anxieties. Often an earthly parent likes to surprise his children with unexpected gifts and pleasures. Certainly we know that our heavenly Father enjoys doing the same thing, and this very uncertainty of the future, that is so often the ground of our worry, gives Him an opportunity for thousands of such surprises.

Daily Readings.

Mon.,	June 30—"He careth."	1 Pet. 5: 1-7
Tues.,	July 1—"Our burdens."	Ps. 55: 16-23
Wed.,	"2—"Who provideth?"	Job 38: 31-41
Thurs.,	"3—"Praise the Lord!"	Ps. 147: 1-9
Fri.,	"4—"What faith is."	Heb. 11: 1-6
Sat.,	"5—"Blessed trust."	Jer. 17: 5-8
Sun.,	"6—"Topic. The Father's Care."	Mat. 6: 25-34; Ps. 103: 13, 14

The Force of Habit

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me to go the second time the same way; it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law—habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than those two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, or all practice and all learning in the world.—Thomas Carlyle.

Oh what a difference there is between a pleasure sailboat that tacks and swings at the merest breath of wind or dash of wave, and the great ocean liner, with prow of steel and heart of fire, that drives ahead in the teeth of the storm! The men that are worth while in the world are the men of purpose.