

Contributions.

"All Are Yours."

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

A few weeks past, I read a fine sermon from Dr. Talmage upon the text, "All are yours." For some reason I failed to receive the help and strength from it that another might have done. It was a beautiful sermon if only it could have been more easily appropriated.

Dr. Talmage said, in his thrilling, dramatic manner: "My Christian friends, living in your humble cottage that but poorly protects you from the fierce inclemency of the winter, you need not envy the proud millionaire in yon palatial mansion. Why, my friends, that is yours, not his. And that costly carriage with the prancing steeds and glittering harness, with servants in livery. You just remember, as you trudge along in the uneven footpath, that all of those luxuries are yours; not his. And those books and pictures, and all of those rare and costly treasures that delight the ear and eye—why, my friend, all, all of these are yours."

Now, I confess I do not derive very much solid comfort from these rich possessions and costly luxuries of mine. Do you? And, to-day, as I drew on my overshoes and took my umbrella to walk to the nearest street car crossing—we had a cold, blowing rain, and it was very muddy—I gave a wicked laugh, and said, "My prancing steeds, and luxurious carriage, and glittering harness, and servants in livery don't appear to be of much service to me to-day. They are mine. Dr. Talmage says they are, and of course it is true; but my millionaire neighbor has the right of possession; and possession is nine points of the law." And I closely buttoned my wraps, and stepped out in the rain.

That day, I gave a music lesson in a costly and beautiful home filled with books, statuary, paintings and every luxurious comfort that could charm the senses. The owner being an ungodly man, I was strongly tempted to send for my folks and to settle down comfortably in my own delightfully downy nest—for of course it was mine. Dr. Talmage said it was. But I didn't. I resisted the impulse, and, at the close of the lesson, I chatted a few moments with the sweet, winsome little mother of my pupil, who never dreamed how she was defrauding me of my rights, and, then donning my bad weather wraps, I left her in peaceable possession, and perhaps she will never know the

risk she ran of being transferred from her beautiful residence to my unpretending little home.

Of course, I do not presume to measure swords with the justly famous Dr. Talmage; but I can't help wondering if there is not some other construction to be placed upon the words of Paul, "Whether the world or life or death, or things present or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Does it not hold some lesson that can bring comfort and not a whispered discontent to the anxious heart that reads?

It seems to me that this should be a sweet and joyous theme to those who know how to appropriate its meaning. "All things are yours."

How are all things mine? A little later, Paul reminds us of "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich."

Jesus died for me, and, if, to-day, I have believed on His name and have fully surrendered myself to Him, then, to-day, am I rich. There may not be one foot of land that I can call my own. I may not know where I will get to-morrow's dinner. I may be very poor; yet I am a child of God. Then am I rich. My Father did not mock me when he bade His amanuensis write to me above His name, "All things are yours." He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us, how shall He not, with Him, freely give us all things?

In some way or other, not always understood by our dull vision, every wheel in the mighty machinery of God's providences revolves only for good to His children. Everything in the spiritual world that would tend to our spiritual growth is ours if we will but appropriate the gift extended. And everything in the temporal world that is for our greatest good is also ours. Then "having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." Our good gifts may not come to us in one vast heap, but they come continually to us, and we have never yet been left to want.

I remember once having a rather small cistern on my place, which never became exhausted. In the driest season I always had plenty of water, and could divide with my neighbors when their supply would fail.

One day I said to a friend who had lived near for years before I bought the place, "It seems so strange. My cistern is not large, yet through this long drouth the supply of water has never failed."

"Why," said my friend, "don't you

know that it is not purely cistern? While they were cementing it a stream burst through, and there has always been a continual flow."

To-day, that long forgotten instance comes back to me and teaches a lesson not dreamed of then. My neighbors' cisterns were, some of them, much larger than mine; yet when theirs became useless, mine still furnished me all the water I could need.

Sometimes we envy a man with his mighty possessions—large cisterns full of riches. Yet in the time of protracted drouth those cisterns may fail. You and I, oh, child of God, may not have near so much at any present time, yet is all that we need continually flowing toward us from the perpetual fountain of mercy, and our every want will always be supplied.

"Day by day our daily bread" is taught us by our Heavenly Giver. As though He said, "All things are yours, my child, but I, your Guardian, hold them, and apportion them to you as you have need. Always, day by day, you will always find a full supply for every present want. Cast every care on Me."

I cannot feel but that my position is more secure with my blessings flowing thus constantly to me than if I had received them all in one vast bulk, and then there was no Father of mercies pledged to see that my cruise of oil and handful of meal should never fail.

"All are yours." Not only is the fountain of mercy flowing continually into my life, but I am rich in promissory notes that have not yet been paid.

"Will you cash a check for me," I asked a merchant, handing it to him. "I wish I had an order for a million dollars above that name. I would feel as safe as with the money in my pocket," he replied laughingly, paying the amount.

Now, you and I hold many promissory notes which are just as good as though already paid, from the King of Heaven. One note reads, "No good thing will I hold from them that walk uprightly." Another says, "All good things work together for your good." Another, oh, so precious note, reads, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And when time itself is ended there is the wondrous promise of an "everlasting crown," which is in waiting for all of those who watch and wait for the appearing of their Lord. And all of these promises are just as surely ours as though we already grasped the substance of which they are the pledge.

"All things are yours." But then you and I are minors now, and we must wait till we become of age before we can receive our full inheritance. In

the meantime an eye that never sleeps is guarding all our interests. An arm that never can grow weary is warding off all that could injure or molest; and a love that cannot fail is about us all the time whispering, "Fear not, for I am with thee, and I will be thy Shield."

Oh, brother, sister, let us trust to the boundless love that never yet has faltered, to the flowing fount that always has supplied our wants. And when doubt taunts us with our meagre living, and mockingly asks, "Are all things yours?" let faith boldly answer, "Yea, for so the Lord hath said, and Jesus is my Guardian."

What We Believe, and Why We Believe It.

W. D. CUNNINGHAM.

NAME.

The name by which God's children are to be known must be one that all Christians can wear and honor and love. Here is a prolific source of strife. It is not true that there is nothing in a name.

We learn that "the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch" (Acts xi. 26), and so long as they wore that name only all went well. But when they began to say, "I am of Paul," "I am of Apollos," there was envy and strife and divisions among them. (1 Cor. iii. 3-4.)

Was Luther crucified for us? Have any been baptized in the name of Calvin or Wesley? (1 Cor. i. 12-13.)

To destroy the effect we must strike at the cause. While denominational names continue, Christian unity will be a thing of the future. Luther said, "Call not yourselves Lutherans, but Christians." Wesley said, "I would that party names and party deeds were forgotten, and that all would sit at the feet of Jesus." That would make us disciples of Christ.

Let us be known by the name of the "Lord Jesus Christ," of whom the whole family in heaven and in earth is named" (Eph. iii. 15). Could Paul say that now?

We have adopted the name *Christian* not to exclude any, but because it honors the Head of the church, the Bridegroom, and we believe it to be the one name, the only one, that all will be willing to wear.

In name, as well as in ceremonies of initiation, laws and doctrine, we profess to be apostolic.

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