

that. I did not say anything about duty, neither did I urge attendance. My thought was that possibly fifteen or twenty might gather around the little altar for morning worship.

On the first morning there were about forty present, on the second morning sixty, and from that time on, for five weeks, the meetings increased in attendance and interest until the room was well-filled and the service was as much a feature of the day as breakfast, dinner, or supper. All who could come seemed to be present. The old people were there. So were the young men and young women and little children. You would see them hurrying through breakfast in order to be in time for a family worship, as they all learned to call it. You would find them postponing their long morning walks and rides until after family worship. The little assembly changed from week to week. Some went to their homes, but new comers took their places, and the interest did not wane but rather deepened. The people were of all sorts and conditions, physically, mentally, and spiritually. There were Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and I don't know what else, but all differences were for the time forgotten. It was delightful. It was like a little heaven in which each heart seemed to be, so far as worship was concerned, in tune with all the rest.

It was my privilege to lead the service every morning for five weeks. Promptly at nine o'clock a familiar hymn was announced, such as "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," "Nearer, my God, to Thee." How they did sing in that early morning hour! Then a few helpful verses of Scripture were read—not a long chapter, but just a few verses that would go right to the heart, such as "He was wounded for our transgressions," or "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," or the parable of the lost sheep. Now and then a sentence or two of comment. Then a short prayer—just a home prayer that the children could follow. After that the Lord's Prayer was repeated in concert. Then all stood up and sang, "Praise God from whom All Blessings Flow," and with bowed heads received the apostolic benediction. It was all over in ten minutes.

This was all I did. It was not much. There was nothing unusual or sensational about it, and yet the people were more than generous in their expressions of gratitude and appreciation. Sometimes there were tears in the eyes of those who stopped after worship to tell me how helpful the service was to them, and to unburden their hearts a little. Yes, it was, as one called it, "a revival"—a genuine revival of religion in a hotel on the top of a mountain. Its fruits will be gathered this winter in not a few homes that were represented in that early morning assembly. There will be a rekindling of the fires, I think, on some household altars, and perhaps more than one new altar will be builded at which a father or mother will minister.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

Don't be sure that you are just as good as you need to be until you have tried to pray for somebody you don't like.—*Edward L. Pell*.

## HOW THE REVIVAL CAME.

Mrs. Mapleton was considered one of the best working members of the church in Walltown. She was always willing to do her share, she declared, and pastor and people could testify that she was always to be depended upon. When she gave her word to do a thing, there was no doubt that it would be done, but—well, Mrs. Mapleton had her peculiarities.

And then there was Mrs. Perry, one of the most willing souls that ever lived. She would take a soliciting paper and go around town day after day with it, or she would piece blocks for missionary bed quilts, or make aprons and holders for the church fairs, or do anything they wanted her to.

But Sister Perry also had her peculiarities and the united peculiarities of Sister Perry and Sister Mapleton kept the church pretty well stirred up.

If there was a "bee" for cleaning the church, Mrs. Mapleton would be at the head of it. She would go and work all day like a Trojan and scold about those who didn't, for one of Mrs. Mapleton's peculiarities was "speaking her mind."

Mrs. Perry would go, too, and work quietly, but Mrs. Perry had very receptive ears and one of her peculiarities was that she could not bear to know of anyone being imposed upon. So she felt it her duty to let the absent sisters know just what Mrs. Mapleton had said about each one.

If there was a social, Mrs. Mapleton would furnish enough biscuit, cake and other things to start a bakery, explaining that she brought some extra because Mrs. Warren always brought biscuits and no one could touch them, they had so much soda in them, and half the cakes that were brought were not fit to eat.

And Mrs. Perry, trembling with righteous indignation, would lose no time in reporting to Mrs. Warren and the others. Naturally under these circumstances, the spiritual life of the Walltown church was not at flood-tide.

Many of the members were never seen in the prayer meeting, and the prayers and testimonies were mostly the same monotonous repetitions week after week. The choir disbanded because of certain thoughtless or ill-natured remarks made by the plain-spoken Mrs. Mapleton. The ladies' aid society was "all torn up" from a like cause. Poor Pastor Woodruff was almost discouraged. And so it went on, growing worse all the time, until almost everyone had a grievance against some one else. And this was the state of affairs when it came time for the quarterly meeting.

This was one of the old-fashioned quarterly meetings we are so seldom favored with now-a-days, with preaching Saturday afternoon and evening and love feast and communion service Sunday morning. The presiding elder came Saturday morning. He was a deeply spiritual man and his inquiries as to the condition of things on the charge did not all relate to the financial or material concern of the church. And the sad story came out from the overburdened heart of the pastor, how his church was rent with dissension and strife through the agency of a few unruly tongues.

"Let us pray, brother," the white-haired elder said simply, as the tale was concluded. And they knelt there in Pastor Woodruff's study while Elder Canfield poured out a petition for divine direction to enable them to reach the hearts beneath those heedless tongues and turn the course of nature into the channels of grace.

The meeting that afternoon was well attended. Elder Canfield was known all over his district as a preacher of great power and all counted it a treat to hear him. Pastor Woodruff read the hymn

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise."

Then he looked around appealingly. The organist was in the room, but he dared not ask her to play. Elder Canfield understood and, rising, he came forward to the desk.

"We shall not need the organ," he said, in his clear, distinct voice, every tone of which reached every part of the room. "Many a time I have heard this hymn sung, and helped to sing it, in log cabins, in barns and in the open air. Let us sing it earnestly to-day with a prayer in our hearts."

His strong voice took up the first notes and other voices joined in, Mrs. Mapleton's first and loudest. At the close of the last verse Elder Canfield said: "That is one of my favorite hymns, and yet sometimes I think how fortunate it is that the wish it expresses can never be granted. For, if some people find so much time, aside from singing praises, to slander their neighbors and create discord with the one tongue they have, I ask what would be the result if they had a thousand tongues?"

A smile rippled over the faces of the congregation and Elder Canfield continued, opening his Bible: "I will read the third chapter of James." When the slow, impressive voice had ceased, Pastor Woodruff knelt and offered a tender, earnest prayer for the union of all Christians everywhere for the work of the Master, and especially that our own little band might join heart and hands for the bringing in of a better day for the cause of Christ.

"My text," said Elder Canfield, "is found in the eighth and the thirteenth verses of the chapter I have read," and he repeated the verses twice. Few who heard it will forget the sermon that followed. In closing, he said: "You are thinking, dear friends, that I have chosen a strange theme for an occasion like this. But I have learned, no matter how, that there are divisions among you, caused by thoughtless tongues."

"I wonder if we ever stop and think that, when we use these tongues for the wounding of the least of Christ's little ones, we are really lending them to swell the hoarse cry of the rabble who shouted: 'Away with him! Crucify him!'"

"Oh, beloved, how can your pastor and I, on the morrow, administer to you the sacred symbols of the body and blood of your crucified and risen Lord; how can you receive those symbols, if your hearts are cherishing bitterness one against another; if your tongues are ready to speak unkindness, one of another?"