

Selections.

In Spirit And In Truth.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou has sought so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.

Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou hast imparted;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, fill me with Thy feltness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use over me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
—Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

An Enlightened Conscience.

One of the best signs of a truly enlightened conscience is to be found in our carefully guarding the reputation of others. Growth in grace is shown by saying little of their supposed faults, and by mentioning, as far as is consistent with truth, their commendable qualities. The good to be derived from a proper cultivation of charity toward all men is threefold—it benefits the erring person, giving him to see that there are those who have his welfare in view; it is also a benediction upon those who observe our charitable spirit, prompting them alike to words and works of charity; and it always blesses the individual himself, leading him to practice self-control and self-renunciation in behalf of others.

Christian forbearance is a wonderful educator. The Epistles are full of earnest teaching upon this subject. There is a divine reaction upon the soul that habitually cherishes this spirit. The only wonder is that it is not more generally practised for its own sake. The sacred writings, however, do not urge this upon us as a mere sentiment. Rather, we are taught that charity is the genuine fruit of ripened Christian experience, and that it is always consistent with justice and truth.—*Christian at Work.*

Practical Suggestions.

Cowardice makes many follow Jesus afar off. The Bible tells the faults as well as the virtues of Christ's followers. It conceals nothing. It tells Peter's denial as well as Judas' betrayal. Sins are not singular; one leads on to others. Peter's cowardice induced him to lie, and then to uphold his lie he cursed and swore. Peter did not persist in his sin. His denial was followed by sincere repentance. Scoffing and mockery of those in distress, because they are apparently helpless, is always unbecoming, but how odious it appears when in His hours of sorrow Jesus was made their victim. What an awful perversion of human justice when in its name the Holy One of God was condemned!—*The Canada Presbyterian.*

Is She a Fool or a Hypocrite?

I met a young man in the inquiry-room a few years ago, who professed to be a sceptic. He said that he "did not believe there was any truth in Christianity."

I observed to him, "In that case you must believe that we Christians are all hypocrites, professing to believe something that we do not believe, and to be something that we are not; or that we are fools, who have been duped into believing a silly superstition to call it no harsher name."

"Well," he replied, "I would not have volunteered to make that declaration; but since you have been so kind as to put my thought into words, I must confess that you have expressed my sentiment about Christians in general. I think—you will excuse me for saying it—that they are either hypocrites or else victims of superstition."

"A little soft in the head," I replied. "Not quite up to detecting the fraud perpetrated by the wicked authors of the silly old Bible."

"Well, yes; if you choose to put it in that way."

"My dear young friend," I said to him (he was about eighteen years old, and a freshman in college), "is your mother a Christian?"

"She is a member of the church," was the reply.

"Then she professes to be a Christian?"

"Yes."

"Which is she, a fool or a hypocrite?"

"You have no right," said he, with some heat, "to ask such a question about my mother."

"Excuse me," I replied, "I mean no disrespect to your mother, for I do not know her. I will gladly assume that she is a refined, and in every way an estimable lady; but your general judgment of Christianity and Christians must apply with equal force to your mother. I think you must admit that. Now we will agree that your mother is not a fool—not a weak-minded woman who has been duped by some designing person into professing to believe the absurdities of the Bible. Then let me ask you: is your mother in your judgment a hypocrite?"

He looked steadfastly into my face for a few moments without replying. He saw the dilemma he was in. Moreover his countenance began to betray great emotion. Presently his chin began to quiver; and bursting into a flood of tears he sobbed out from between his hands, in which he had buried his face:—

"Well, if my mother is a real Christian, why has she never spoken to me about my soul?"

Ah, I must leave that mother and other such mothers to answer that question. I found the young man really deeply anxious about his soul. But the fact that his Christian mother had let him grow up almost to man's estate, without speaking seriously about his soul, had led him to doubt the reality of Christianity. His induction was a fair one. I fear there are far too many mothers and fathers of the same order.—*Pentecost.*

O for the spirit which is content with nothing less nor lower than the highest help. To turn in temptation directly to the power of God; to cry out in sorrow for God's company; to be satisfied in doubt with nothing short of the assurance that God gives; to know that there is no real escape from sin except in being made holy by God's holiness—these are what makes a man's complete salvation. It is your privilege and mine, as children of God, to be satisfied with no help but the help of the Highest.—*Phillips Brooks*

A Good Creed.

One day as I sat at my desk a stranger unceremoniously opened my door and without invitation hurriedly approached me, although at least half a dozen other men who had entered before him were waiting to see me on business. It was late in the afternoon and as I had had no dinner that day I was not long in ridding myself of his company. As he went away he left his card which I read at home that night, and these were the words that were on it:—

MY CREED.

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send to their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and perfection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them that I may be refreshed by them, while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral with out a eulogy than a life without sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to appoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance on the weary way."

The Debt Cancelled.

Not a thousand miles from the city of St. John there lives a man having in his employ a large number of men. For their support and convenience he has in operation stores of various kinds, at which they obtain the necessary articles of living at low, if not lower than, current prices. Some time ago one of the men took sick, and as week after week passed away the wife labored and toiled to keep want away from the door, hoping that her husband would soon be well again—but all to no purpose; the husband grew worse, the bill at the store grew larger each week, until one day the head clerk at the store said: "We can't let you have any more on credit." What to do she scarcely knew, but at the last, driven by the straitened surroundings, she made up her mind to go direct to the "boss" himself, and, though a stranger, explain to him the whole affair. Somewhat timidly she approached and laid before him the facts of her husband's sickness, her own efforts and hope of his recovery, and that at the store further credit was refused. He listened to her attentively, and at the conclusion said: "Come with me," and, going to the store, said to the clerk: "Did you refuse this woman credit? Yes, sir, said the clerk. On what ground? Because already she owes a little over \$200.00 with but little prospects of ever paying it. Let me see the account said the head of affairs, and after looking over it took up a pen and, dipping it in red ink, drew it twice across the page and said to the clerk: *give her all she wants.*

What a lesson there is in the foregoing. Our debt to God is more than we can pay, and still we need more from Him. Let us go to Him, acknowledge our indebtedness and ask Him to help us, and He will cancel the past and give us all we need.—*St. John Christian.*

He who never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

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