

THE BIBLE.

I think the time has come to sound a warning in no uncertain tone in regard to the Bible. On all sides we hear people complaining of the spread of infidelity, and of the difficulty of keeping young people in the church. If Sabbath-school teachers and Christian workers in general believed more firmly in the Old Book, and proclaimed their belief, we should not have so much cause for complaint.

Childhood is the best time to train one in the Bible. Verses and lessons learned in early years are seldom erased from the memory. It is often the only time for such training. When a boy goes to school, and from school to college or into business, he has other studies and duties to occupy his attention, and unless he has previously been grounded in the Word the deficiency can hardly ever be made good. The training that Timothy received is what is needed to-day: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." Scholars catch the spirit of their teacher, and whether the teacher is a firm or a lukewarm believer in the Bible the class will grow up with the same spirit. —Moody.

THE BIBLE IN THE HOME.

Give the Bible the place it ought to occupy in your homes. Enshrine it in power. Let not the daily newspaper, nor the popular magazine, nor the most eminent standard author come between you and the daily reading of God's word.

Some of you, I doubt not, have precious memories of home where the Bible was a revered and studied book. You can hear the tones of the father's voice as he read in the morning, and recall the awfulness with which the old prophetic periods were clothed, or the delight with which the precious promises fell upon your ear. You can see a beloved mother garnering strength and courage and consolation day by day from the Psalms and beatitudes. You know the words which were taught you then have clung to your memory, and will be part and parcel of you through all eternity.

Now, by all that is sacred in these recollections, by all the terrors of the judgment before which we must all appear and meet the record of our lives, I beseech you to be faithful in your own homes, faithful to God and to those whom God has committed to your care.

It will soon be too late. When these children have grown up and gone into their life work, let it not be theirs to say: "I might have been made familiar with the Bible and its blessed teachings, and through the influences of truths thus learned, might perhaps have been led into an assured hope of eternal life in Christ; but my parents were not faithful, and the book divine had no honored place in my early home."

You may not be able to give your children wealth or the inheritance of a great name, or eminent social advantages; but you can leave them the results of fidelity and precious memories of devotion to the holy task of trying to make them know what God says to us in the Old and New Testaments, and what he wants us to believe and to do and to be.—Rev. Frederick Noble, D.D., in "The Divine Life of Man."

EMPTY SEATS.

"Are you going to church this morning, Susie?" asked Dr. Clark, lying back in his easy chair, with the morning paper. "A doctor who is out day and night can't be expected."

"No, I made jelly yesterday, and I'm tired. I'm faithful enough to stay home this cloudy morning," and Mrs. Clark curled up on the couch with the Bible she had not opened for a week, but it soon dropped from her hand. She was aroused by a strange voice saying:

"Now, my good imps, what have you done to-day to weaken the kingdom of God?"

The voice came from a suspicious looking personage seated on a throne of human skulls. Around him was gathered a crowd of terrible beings, each with a crown of fire, in which gleamed some name, such as malice, envy, pride, hatred, and kindred passions.

"We have been busy to-day making empty seats in churches," began one.

"Nothing could please me better," answered their king.

"I persuaded one man that he had a headache, and kept him from a sermon that might have changed his whole life," said one.

"I induced one good man to slip down to his store and fix up his books," said another, with a horrid grin.

"Good!" said the king. "He'll soon give up the Sabbath altogether."

"I was able to get one devoted young man to visit old friends," said one imp.

"I worried a good sister about her old bonnet until she decided to stay at home until she got a new one," spoke up the imp labeled "Pride."

"And I made several poor women who were hungry for God's Word stay at home to repine over their trials. I just said to them, 'O, those rich people don't care for you; you can't wear fine clothes, so I wouldn't go where I was looked down upon.' In that way I kept many poor people home whom the rich would have been glad to see."

"That is one of the best ways to cheat poor people out of heaven I know of," answered the king with approval.

"I induced a good many men and women to think they were not well enough to go out," said one called "Indifference."

"Very good," said the king, with a sulphurous grin. "Sabbath headaches might often be cured by getting out in the air, and backaches forgotten by thoughts drawn to better things. But you lying imps must use every