

in the pulpit will reach the hearts of his people, only if he has a great burning love for them in his heart. The district visitor will be a messenger of light in the homes of the poor, only if tender pity and sympathy for their sorrows animates her. It would be well if each worker examined his heart every day to make sure that love is the mainspring there. Cold orthodoxy, keen reasoning, are in themselves useless. Only when animated by love can our thoughts reach and bless the hearts of other men.

The summer is gone, and we all stand face to face with another winter's work. Whatever we do let us do thoroughly. A thousand times rather do one thing well than spread ourselves over half a dozen and bring none to completeness. Let us beware of good-naturedly undertaking too many things, and thus wearing themselves out in trying to do what no one person ought to attempt.

#### BREATH.

THE breath of our new life is found only in communion with the Father, away in the inner chamber, behind the veil, in the holy of holies of His immediate presence. And this is more than a first condition of living. If we do not get breath, it matters very little what else we get. Food, warmth, sleep are of no avail if we cannot breathe. This entering into the presence of God and communing with Him is the renewal of our spiritual atmosphere. Set before your mind the case of a diver who has to go down to work in the depths of the sea. The water is the breath of the fish; it is death to men. The condition of his life is that the air of this upper world be pumped down to him. Then he goes down without fear, careful beforehand to see that all is right with the atmosphere above him, and careful, however deep he goes, or however busy he is, to keep the communication open with that upper world to which he belongs. He is not always thinking about his breathing, but he cannot do without it for a moment, and he knows better than to suffer any trifling with the apparatus which secures that.

So are we in this world; the atmosphere is too dense for our new life. And yet our duty lies down here. Well, fear not to go down; only, first of all, be sure about the communication with that higher life to which we belong. If that be broken off or neglected, we die.

This hiding of ourselves with God in prayer is the adjusting of the apparatus

with that source whence comes the breath of life to us. Nothing can take the place of this quiet waiting upon God. . . . Prayer is more than a kneeling and asking something from God—much more. It is more than expecting and claiming that which we ask. What we need is to get into the presence of God; we want the hallowing touch of God's own hand, and the light of His countenance. Tarrying in His presence, we must have the breath of God breathed into us again, renewing the life which He created at the first.—  
*Mark Guy Pearse.*

#### TO WHOMSOEVER.

O FRIEND, or foe, or lover,

Be true!

Though none thy faith discover,

Be true!

Though men should mock thee for thy pains,

And wreck thy work and wrest thy gains,

Be true, be true!

'Mid Youth's seducing pleasures

Be true!

'Mid Manhood's golden treasures

Be true!

When Age is dulling every sense,

And tempting to indifference,

Be true, be true!

When all is fair around thee,

Be true!

When health and hope have crowned thee.

Be true!

When quick the pulse and full the life,

And strength rejoices in the strife,

Be true, be true!

When doubt and dread o'er take thee,

Be true!

Though all the world forsake thee,

Be true!

Should sickness smite thee in thy bed,

Or speed thy dearest to the dead,

Be true, be true!

When night is blackest o'er thee,

Be true!

When yawns the grave before thee,

Be true!

When God gleams downward from the height,

And opens out the infinite,

Be true, be true!

—*John Hall Ingham.*

A SOLDIER boy became a Christian, but could find no place to be alone for Bible reading and prayer. He knew that if he did not have the grace and help of the Holy Spirit his light would go out. So he ran the risk every day for six weeks of being punished by going outside the lines to a quiet place to pray. His light shone so clearly and steadily that long afterward he learned that his captain had become a Christian through his example.

#### ABOUT SERVICE.

(1) ITS creed. Every member of God's church ought to be in some way a working member; not one is to be excused. If you cannot teach a Sunday-school class regularly, you can now and then volunteer to fill a vacancy, one or two of which usually happen every Sunday. You can, perhaps, attend the adult Bible class. I shall never forget the help given me in my first attempt to conduct such a class by an honorable and venerable lady—a true "mother of Israel"—who came into the room and quietly seated herself near me. I felt her very presence to be a tower of strength. If you send your children to Sunday-school, you can see that they go regularly, and with their lessons prepared. An hour during the week spent with your child over her Bible lesson will be worth a hundred times more to her and to you than six times as many hours spent over worse than needless finery.

(2) ITS opportunity. There is always some one to smile at, somebody to give your chair to, somebody to whom a book, a flower, or even an old paper, would be a boon. These small attentions will open the way to confidence; will make it possible that in need these friends will give you opportunities to help them, which unless you had shown thoughtfulness and regard for them they could never have done. A quiet, sympathetic look or smile many a time unbars a heart that needs help which you can give.

(3) ITS source of power. I remember hearing once of a castle to which siege had been laid. Month after month the enemy lay in camp about it, and still it held out. "How can it be," they said, "that the people in the castle can live on in this way and seem so bright and cheerful? Where do they get their supply?" The explanation was simple enough, as they afterward found. The castle stood on a cliff over the sea. They simply fished from that side, and so lived. There are people to-day drawing sustenance from the Eternal sea, and you cannot kill those people.

I knew a woman in the long ago who loved her husband more than any woman I ever knew. He had a magnificent intellect and loved her truly, but he had one terrible fault—he was a drunkard. I was intimate with her, but I did not dare to say the thing I wanted to say, till one day I spoke out: "Can you tell me how you can carry such a face as you do all the time?" There was a joy and light in her face that was wonderful, knowing, as I did,