

long time it lay all the setting-house. didn't breathe. d by, as it d—on and period—he ward meet- w, in an at- such pipes ough to de- all sorts and f upon his better than

consistency w, long be- in a jail of me; that she test it fade ry breath of had such a ough there sunset and d she went the cork

hours in a stroke tem- and glare andumping feet the things then a faint e "between- interview" by And after a in into the ing; as they through the art and the s whispered ns; as they coolness of as the ten- the stillness, n the heart, ed with the trained ny of some l song" of the slang of the sake of complain of the

mind to bear church ser- lighted upon knows better weakness or are unsuccess- failures, rchants who ool teachers rgartan, and rnalists who And so also of usefulness ate cases of his one good uestion. The beneficent in- about it, and away from at's a good, ons for bad se he's tired and it may wns him just as gained by irtue, but it lived to get loved to be e best thing rth about it, ill remained

ay, and next keep it up the preacher er as worm- man I think her men and respective of, a little plain not so good you are fully —but you are at of us to be

lieve you are. And right there is where the other kind of preacher is just the right kind for you. A smart dose of the knout, deftly laid upon your spiritual nature, acts after the manner of a tonic. It excites a vigorous circulation, stimulates activity in the muscles you write with, exercises the vocal chords, and puts an elasticity into your whole moral system. You know yourself, perfectly well, that the sermon that made you the maddest told you the most true things about yourself. And the worst of it is, you know them all before. And the thing which most provokes you is that the preacher seems to have found you out. True, he wasn't thinking of you, and didn't know you were in the congregation, but he lays the lash on you at exactly the right place every time. That's the best kind of preaching.

You are "too tired to go to church?" That's sheer nonsense. There isn't a place on the continent so restful as church. You are going to lie around the house all day; doze in a hammock; loll in a rocking chair; go to sleep over a book. That isn't resting. That's loafing. Tell yourself, honestly—you like to think you are honest—did you ever in all your life see a loafer who looked rested? Did you ever see a loafer who didn't look tired all the time? The people who try to rest are always tired. Resting is the hardest work in the world, when you make work of it. You have no need to "loaf" all day Sunday. Two hours in church; two hours of the quiet; the music; the sermon; the reading; the uplifting which comes from the new channels into which your thought, your mind is led, will rest you more, physically, morally, intellectually, than will all the day spent in trying to "rest."

"Why don't you go to church?" You "hear the same old thing all the time?" So you do; so you do. The mountains are old, too; older than the State of California. And the sea is old, too; older than this continent. And the stars are old; and memory is old; and love; and truth. Are you a child, that you must be perpetually amused by some novelty? Must you have a new toy every day? Is your intellect so puerile that it can find no joy in recontemplating truths so old they have the grandeur of eternity? That's no reason at all, because you "hear the same old thing all the time." Don't you know you have been telling half a dozen of your old grandfather's oldest stories over and over, every time you get a chance, for the past twenty-five years? If you don't know it your friends do. Do you expect a preacher to be more original and up to-date than yourself?

"Why don't you go to church?"—[Los Angeles Times.

Unpossessed Possessions.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

"And the King of Israel said unto his servants, Know ye that Ramoth-Gilead is ours, and we be still, and take it not out of the hand of the King of Syria?"—1. Kings 22:3.

Ramoth-Gilead, an important fortified post on the east side of Jordan, had been captured by the Syrians, who had banded themselves to restore it, among other conquests, by a subsequent treaty. The promise was not kept, and the northern kingdom had not been strong enough to enforce it till an alliance with Judah secured them from attack from that neighbor. Thus safe on the southern frontier, Ahab sought to rouse his "servants" to make a bold dash for possession of what was theirs and yet not theirs.

Every Christian has large tracts of unannexed territory, unrealized possibilities, blessings that are his and yet not his. "Ramoth" means heights, and we all have high places unclimbed. How much more of God we might have! We draw but a tiny cupful from that great ocean. How much more of that inward peace we might have! We might possess—nay, in truth, we do possess, in so far as the purpose and gift of God can make it ours—a peace deep as life, like the stillness of the mid-ocean in its unsounded depths, which yet is not stagnant, because a tide runs through it, and every drop is being drawn upwards to the sunlit surface. But let some petty annoyance befall us, and how quickly the waves run high, and toss white crests. We have, and yet how sadly we have not, the peace of God. Heights of consecration are ours, according to God's purpose. A life of continual utter surrender is possible to a Christian soul using the grace that God gives. Yet your experience is far too marked by reluctance to obey or to submit, regret at providences, self-dominance or struggling hard against the domination of the will of God. The mind which was in Christ, who came to do not his own but his Father's will, is our's by virtue of our being Christians; but alas in practical realization how sadly it is not ours! Noble possibilities of, and power for, service are ours, by gift from him to whom all power is given, and who sends his servants as the Father sent him. Yet the world's sin has been too strong for the church's power to cast out the demon, and today men are turning away from all churches, and looking for the cure of the ills of humanity elsewhere, and too many Christians are standing idle, despairing of being

able to cope with social evils. The world belongs to Jesus Christ and therefore his church should claim it for him. A threefold charter makes "all things yours." They are so by God's purchase, and by the Holy Spirit's presence in the Christian spirit. But there is a sad contrast between what is our's and what we really have.

Ahab tried to rouse his servants out of apathetic contentment with their non-possession of Ramoth. Their passivity looked as if either they did not "know" that it was theirs, or as if they were too fond of being "still" to dare the effort to take it. That unfamiliarity with the vision of attained possibilities paralyzes the lives of many Christians. They do not keep clear before them what they might be, and are therefore bound to aim at being. Their eyes seldom are lifted to the heights which do belong to them, if only they would aspire. Acquiescence in small attainment, and indifference to the great stretch of unattained country, characterize the mass of professing Christians.

Love of ease kept Israel from marching on Ramoth. It was far off; there was a river to ford and heights to climb, and no doubt there would be many hard blows given before the walls—so, on the whole, it was more comfortable to "be still," and let Ramoth alone. If we really cared for the things that were ours by gift, though not yet by real possession, we should not shrink from the effort involved in making them our own. If we would really have these spiritual gifts, we must keep the unrealized possibilities very clear before us. That is the condition of growth in all kinds of life. To recognize our imperfection and to see boundless possible advance is the very salt of life. We must truly desire more of God and of his gift. We must faithfully use what we have, expecting that "to him that hath shall be given." We must keep our hearts in the love of God, and by clearing them of low affections and earthward inclinations, make them capable of larger influx of divine power. "Ramoth is ours;" let us "be still" no longer.

Manchester, England.

Emptying by Filling.

"We must empty by filling," said a divinely-enlightened woman, Ellice Hopkins; and a wise man has said, "Nothing is ever displaced until it is replaced." In these two utterances lies the secret—if it be a secret—of all reform. Here, as elsewhere, nature—which abhors a vacuum—teaches. We cannot pump the darkness out of the room; we must empty it by filling it with light. One tallow-dip will do more to exclude darkness than a thousand steam-pumps. The only way to shut out disease is to fill the veins with health. In morals we must banish the degrading by the elevating—not by prohibition, but by substitution. We must crowd out the saloon by the reading-room; the lecture, the boys' guild, and the young men's club, with its light and pleasant rooms, its games, and its cheerful welcome. If your boys are prone to spend the evening on the streets or in the billiard-room, forbidding will not answer; you must make the home the brightest place in the world to them. We are all troubled by bad thoughts, by recollections, by imaginings, but we cannot exclude them by an effort of the will. Strange as it seems, the mind is less our servant than the body. We can close the eyes of the body, but not the eyes of the mind. We must drive out, and keep out, the bad by the presence of the good. We must occupy the mind with pure, elevating, ennobling, useful thoughts, drawn from reading, from conversation, from hearing, from meditation; and while we cannot forget absolutely, we shall in this way overlap the old impressions, and the mind will become wonted to travelling over another course. The mind indignantly resists vacancy. It will not be unoccupied.

The popular superstition which credits every deserted house with being haunted, and peoples it with bad spirits, has a germ of truth. If the demon be excluded, and the soul be swept and garnished, yet if it be empty, the demon will return with seven other spirits more wicked than himself. The Holy Spirit, by entering the soul, empties it of evil spirits; and, by dwelling in the soul, filling it to the utmost, he maintains the exclusion of the bad.

Here is a lesson for the conduct of our hearts. Perhaps Solomon only half comprehended the truth when he said: "Keep thine heart with all diligence." However great the diligence, we cannot "keep" it except by filling. There is deep meaning in Paul's promise to the Philippians: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds" (Phil. iv. 7). The word "keep" but inadequately expresses the sense of the Greek verb. It is more adequately rendered in the Revision, "shall guard." It means literally, "shall garrison"—keep as a garrison, as a fortified place. Paul wrote from the place of his imprisonment at Rome. The castle in which he was confined was, of course, garrisoned. Often, when he lay awake at night, his mind occupied with thoughts for the infant churches, he heard the pacing of the sentinel

upon the walls, and he knew there was not an hour of darkness or light when the castle was not fully occupied. Every morning he heard the guard-mounting, when the new guard was mustered in before the old guard was turned out. He desires that in the same way the peace of God as a garrison should so occupy the hearts of his Philippian brethren that anxiety and foreboding the enemies of the soul, could not find entrance.

Here is a lesson as to our oversight of the souls of others. It is not enough for the pastor or preacher to try to empty the mind; he must keep it filled. He can institute circles for the study of attractive subjects in sociology, economics, ethics, history. It is not enough for the Sunday-school teacher to reprove the scholar whose mind wanders; he must give the mind something to attend to, he must make his thought attractive, he must preoccupy the mind. There is enormous significance in the original meaning of our word "prevent." To prevent is, literally, to "come before." He who comes first may naturally hope to retain possession. If the church and Sunday-school could only prevent the saloon and the gambling-hell in our Western towns, it would make all the difference in the world.—Sunday-school Times.

Burglars.

Are you afraid of burglars, -boys? Mr. Ames told us last night, how burglars had paid him five visits. Our boys' eyes fairly bulged as he told of hearing a man coming up the stairs in the dead of night; and then of another time when he woke up, with a start, to see a man creeping along the floor, and, as he yelled, the burglar jumped from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with a thud that made his wife think some one was shot.

Burglars are unpleasant visitors, and you'd rather hear about them than have them call.

There are three ways, so some Englishman has said, to keep burglars out. I know you'd like to hear what they are, if they are of use: (1) By "Twinkler"; (2) by "Tinkler"; (3) by "Tattler." Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler are the three fellows to keep burglars off. "What is that Johnnie Bull driving at?" you ask.

By "Twinkler," he means a light left burning all night long. By "Tinkler," he means having a bell connected with the doors and windows that will give warning. By "Tattler," he means a little dog that sets up a barking at the approach of danger. Twinkler, Tinkler, and Tattler will keep a house pretty free from burglars.

Of course, burglars are not a very large part of life. It is rather foolish to be afraid of them, before they come. Still, you'd rather not wake up in the night and find a man at your bedside; and no one cares to come down stairs in the morning and find his silver and pocket-book and overcoat gone. And if any one tells me how to keep burglars out, I am all eyes and ears, and—so are you.

That Englishman gave me an idea, and it stuck pretty hard—of how a boy can keep burglars from stealing his valuables. You know everybody starts out in life with some "crown-jewels," that are more precious than gold, silver, or fine clusters. That Englishman has showed a fine way to keep burglars off.

1. By "Twinkler." Have a light burning at night. It is a good idea not to have it burn in one place all the time, but in different rooms. That means, when you are in temptation, let your light shine. Let the boys know where you stand. If other boys invite you to drink, or curse, or sneak, or do a dirty trick, let your light shine, and it will scare them away. "Twinkler" is a good fellow to drive away evil.

2. By "Tinkler." That means, to put warning bells at the doors and windows. How many warning bells there are! The words of our teachers and parents and of the Bible! Here is a bell that once woke me up, "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." He who heeds the warnings of the good is wise!

3. By "Tattler." He is not always a pleasant fellow to have around. He fusses a good deal. Then he is liable to wake one up, when he'd rather sleep. But everybody has a "Tattler" given to him when he begins life, whose business is to give warning of danger. He is called "Conscience" by some. I rather like the name "Tattler." It won't do to turn him out doors nights, nor to shut him down cellar, but let him sleep on the door mat right in front of your room. Evil rarely gets into a heart when there is a real live well-kept "Tattler."—Men.

Ian Maclaren on The Church.

It has been known for some time that Ian Maclaren has been critically studying modern church methods, and the results are now to be made public in The Ladies Home Journal. His first article is called "The Candy-Pull System in the Church," and in this he frankly states what many have felt but have scarcely ventured to publicly assert with regard to social tendencies of the church. The great English author will then handle "The Mutineer in the Church," and after that answer the somewhat startling question, "Should the Old Minister be Shot?"