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found heavenly consolations to have small effect with you, and yet have nothing better to put in their place, is there not a cause for your failure? Will you not endeavor to find it out?

Dear friends, you that seek to be right, you that desire to be full Christians, and yet cannot rejoice in God, at least not often, not greatly, is there not some sin indulged? A child of God may go on with a sin unwittingly, and that for years; and all the while that sin may be causing a dreadful leakage in his joy. You cannot be wrong in life, and thought, and word, without a measure of joy oozing away. Take a good look at yourself, and examine your life by the light of Scripture, and if you find that you have been doing something wrong unawares, or for which you have made an unworthy excuse, away with the evil! Away with it at once! When this Achan is stoned, and the accused thing is put away, you will be surprised to find what joy, what comfort will immediately flow into your soul.

I will close by saying that one of the worst causes of inquietude is unbelief. Have you begun to distrust? Do you really doubt your God? Then I do not wonder that the consolations of God are small with you. Here is the rule of the kingdom—"According to your faith, so be it unto you." If you doubt God, you will get but little from him. He that wavereth may not expect to receive anything of the Lord. What do you doubt? Do you question the Word of God? Has the Lord said more than the truth will warrant? Do you think so? Will you dare to throw such a handful of mud upon the veracity of God? His truth is one of his crown jewels; would you take it away! Do you distrust his power? Do you think he cannot comfort you? Do you doubt the Lord's wisdom? Do you think the Holy Spirit cannot meet your case, and provide comfort suitable for your distress? Surely you cannot have fallen into this base suspicion! Or, do you doubt the Lord's presence? Do you think that he is too far off to know you and help you? He is everywhere present, and he knows the way that you take.

Come and trust the Lord. Come, beloved, whether you be sinner or saint, come though the Lord Jesus, and fall down at Jehovah's feet and say, "Lord, my hope is in thee. I have no comfort elsewhere; but I know thy comforts are not small. Comfort me, I pray thee, in Christ Jesus."—Western Recorder.

She Lived Her Religion.

Ned Fry sat in his cottage moody and dejected. He had got drunk the night before, and in a quarrel at the village inn had been knocked down violently and had broken his arm. After enduring some hours of pain, it had been set and bound up in a sling.

Ned was a carpenter by trade, and need never have lacked work. Just now he had a job at the Upland Farm. But he was thinking that he would now be unable to resume work for some weeks, and that his wife and little boy were dependent on his earnings.

The prospect was not cheerful, particularly as he knew that it was through no one's fault but his own that he was in such a bad plight. He had been married just four years. The happy young wife he had brought home had grown sad looking, and avoided talking to her neighbors more than was necessary. They said she was fretting over the little girl she buried a year ago.

But there had been times lately when Mary Fry had said to herself that she could not wish her little one had lived to grow up and know poverty and suffering that seemed inevitable since her husband had taken to drink. Ned's head was aching, and his arm was very painful. The rain was pattering on the little casement, and a dull, smoky fire gave very little warmth.

His wife was preparing a meagre dinner, and his little boy was playing on the floor. Just then a tap was heard at the door, and the next minute a lady came in.

Mary Fry dusted a chair for her, and answered her questions about the man's broken arm as shortly as she could. The visitor was well known to them both. She was the wife of Fry's employer at the Upland Farm, and often visited the villagers when she happened to have time.

"I am very sorry about your accident," she said to Fry, "but I am afraid it was your own fault. It will be a lesson to you, I hope, to think more of your wife and child. You see how they suffer for your neglect."

Fry listened with a scowl on his face, and answered nothing; and soon the visitor, seeing his mood, took her departure.

"There's your good folks," snarled Ned to his wife. "Preach, preach and show the way to be good, and let everybody else know they're bad. No religion for me, or religious folks, either!"

A week went by, and then a sadder trouble came to the Frys. The little boy fell ill with scarlet fever, a dangerous type of which had appeared in the village. As the fever ran its course, and he knew the child's life was in danger, Ned Fry became nearly distracted. His little boy was the idol of his heart.

The poor mother, weakened by anxiety and watching, took ill, and before her little boy had come to the worst, she too lay in ceaseless delirium.

Ned Fry did not know where to turn, or what to do. The neighbors, one and all, kept away from the infected dwelling, and there were no hands but Ned's to minister to mother and child. Crippled as he was, and ignorant of what to do, it seemed that things could scarcely be worse for them all. But just then another visitor came.

Ned opened the door, and saw standing there a young lady who had lately come to live in the village.

"We've got fever here," he said.

"I know," she answered. "That is why I came, to see if I could do anything for you. I have heard you have no one to help you, and that you cannot even use your arm. May I come in?"

She spoke quietly and courteously.

"You'd better not, ma'am," said Ned, softened from his moroseness, "why should you?"

"I want to help you," the lady replied. "Please let me in; I am a good nurse, and I live alone. I came to this village just to do what I can for you all."

And saying this she passed in.

"And it's my belief that from the day she came they began to get better," said Ned Fry many weeks later, to his fellow-workmen. "She knew what to do for them, and her gentle ways and touches took the fever out of them. Sometimes she sat up o' nights, when I was too dead beat to hold my eyes open; and when the worst was over she would come with her flowers and cool drinks to make a sort of heaven for them. Ah, and never a word did she preach! No talk about goin' to church, and giving up public house, and doin' your duty. But I'll tell you what it is, mates, she didn't need to talk it; she lived her own religion."

Says I: "Why did you come here when you'd no call to do it, and a chance of catching the fever, too?" for I couldn't make it out. But she says, quite simple-like, "You were in trouble, and I knew I could help you."

"And somehow I minded all the words of the Bible about Jesus Christ and the heavy laden, and I says to myself, 'There's something in religion after all'; and hang me if I didn't take my Bible and read it, when I sat there by myself. And now there's no public house for me, mates, but there's work to be done, and an honest life to be lived by God's help."

And it was the beginning of a new life. Hard work, steady endeavor and prayer for strength, brought with them the blessing they never fail to bring. And Ned's religion was his life.

Dear friends, unless your faith and your life speak equally to declare you followers of Christ, your religion is of little worth.—Ex.

Infidelity.

Infidelity is the dungeon of despair, and agnosticism is the sheriff that would imprison the soul therein. Ingratitude to God is the blackest crime to which man's heart can be guilty, and he who blasphemes his Creator's name is unfit to be the companion of savages. Infidelity is born from a corrupt heart and it has ingratitude as its atmosphere and blasphemy as its spirit, and, therefore, has but little respect for God or man. Its mother is selfishness, and its father is unbelief. It is an Ishmaelite whose hand is against every man. It lives in the lower story of man's nature. It lives in the kitchen whilst the parlor and upper stories are closed against the light that would irradiate the whole dwelling. Infidels seem to forget that man's real development is to be found in moral and spiritual growth as well as in physical. Hence the most civilized, as well as the best man, is he whose heart loves purity, whose brain thinks the noblest thoughts, and whose spirit sees God—one whose whole nature is open to God and whose hands of service are open to man.

Infidelity is negative and, therefore, obstructive, and usually destructive. The term itself means "not faithful." Its weapons are the club of ridicule, the hiss of ribaldry and the insinuations of sarcasm. It is easy to find fault, to pick flaws and obstruct the wheels of progress in physical, moral and spiritual development. This has been the work of his satanic majesty and his minions from the earliest history of man until the present time. It is so much easier to tear down than to build up. Infidelity, by its destructive processes, has been promising liberty, while it is itself the slave of corruption (2 Peter 2:18-19). Its liberty is the worst kind of slavery. "Ignorance," we are told, "is the mother of superstition." It is also the sister of infidelity. A large part of the infidelity abroad today is due to ignorance of the Bible. It is doubtful if many infidels can repeat the Lord's Prayer, the first and twenty-third Psalms, and some of the most familiar texts of the Bible. And yet they have the hardihood to go on the platform and deride the Book that condemns their conduct and their ignorance.

Infidelity is a hanger-on, a barnacle on the mighty vessel of Christianity that is sailing over the sea of life to a port of peace. The vessel will probably be cleansed of external attachments by-and-by. Then what?—C. R. Winbigler, in The Commonweal.

Aspiration.

"Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object," asked Theoret, "and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspire, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?"

Your aspiration will become inspiration, and you will push your work with a glad enthusiasm. Think you Angelo did not reach nobler results because he carved his own faith in forms of breathing marble, and painted it abroad in the glory of his frescoes? Think you Hugh Miller read the story of the rocks less eagerly and carefully because he felt he was reading the thoughts of God written deep in the strata of the earth? Think you Carey made poorer shoes because, while he stitched and hammered at his cobbler's bench, the love of God made melody in his heart, and great schemes of missionary enterprise took shape in his mind? My young friends, the true service of God is so broad, so inspiring, so strong and pure in its motives, that by it all is lifted to a higher plane. No honest work is sordid when done for Him, and you have no force or faculty of hand or heart which will not find most powerful stimulus.

No matter how poor a man is, as long as he is progressing, however slowly, his life is healthy, and he has hope. But the moment a man ceases to progress, when he ceases to grow higher, wider, and deeper, when he has ceased to acquire power to get on, then his life becomes stagnant and mean.

From the polyp to the saint, it is said, there is a perpetual striving—a divine dissatisfaction.

The noblest character would soon degenerate if it should lose the love of excellence. This is the mainspring of all great character. This passion for excellence is the voice of God, bidding us up and on, lest we forget our divine origin and degenerate to barbarism again. This principle is the guardian of the human race. It is God's voice in man; it is the still small voice that whispers "right" or "wrong" to every act; it is the gem which the Creator dropped into the dust when he fashioned us in his own image.

Margaret Fuller says: "Very early I perceived that the object of life is to grow." Goethe said of Schiller: "If I did not see him for a fortnight, I was astonished to find what progress he had made in that interim."—Success.

How to Sweeten Life's Trials.

Open all the doors to the religion of Christ. It will make this world a paradise. It will sweeten the everyday trials of life, the little perplexities and annoyances, little sorrows and trials, little disappointments and mistakes. Life is largely filled with little matters. We should not wait for great occasions, important missions, gigantic labors, bitter persecutions, mighty oppositions. These will come to but few. But little difficulties, petty troubles, will come to us all; and these are the things which wear away life. Religion will sweeten these.

Nature ever helps the tiny objects. A small flower blossoms at my feet. The clouds gather swiftly in the sky to water it; infinite chemistry works at its roots to nourish it; the mighty power of gravitation and other equally unconquerable forces hold it and guard it; the sun rises and shines to paint beauty upon its cheek; the winds are marshalled to fan it; the stars are lighted up in the sky to cheer it by night; everything is made to contribute to the comfort of this tiny flower. God's providence looks after little things. The religion of Christ is suited to tired women and peevish children. It is suited to the office, the cradle, the sewing machine, the headache, the heartache, the nursery, the school-room, the lonely attic, the evening ramble. It should sweeten all the moments, thoughts and feelings, the voice, the conversation, the toils and afflictions of life, the temper and the heart.—Rev. J. N. Frazerburgh, D. D.

Gentle Dealing With An Angry One.

Gentle words disarm hostile criticism, or as the Proverbs express it, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." What is said by one who is spoken to sharply, or in ill-nature, has more to do with bringing a pleasant or a bitter ending to the interview than what is said by the other at the start. It takes two to make a quarrel, or to keep one up. "A grievous word stirreth up anger" in any angry heart. And if one refuses to do the stirring in another's heart, the anger must subside. "For lack of wood the fire goeth out;" and "as coals are to hot embers, and wood to fire, so is a contentious man to inflame strife." It is of less importance that a man is angry, and speaks spitefully to you, than that you speak gently in reply, and calm him down by your calmness. If one tries to anger you, see to it that he fails. If he is in anger himself, let him not have your help in making a quarrel.—Sunday School Times.

Business Temptations

If the devil should appear visibly to any of us—if he should enter undisguised, with visible horns and tail, and offer you millions for your soul, you would refuse and say: "Get thee behind me, Satan." But when he comes in the form of business, and says, "Do as other people do. It may not be quite right, but everyone else does it. Do not be too puritanical. Be not righteous overmuch; why destroy yourself?" Then, perhaps, we sell our soul to him for a very paltry sum; and perhaps he cheats us out of that small sum after all.—James Freeman Clarke.