

Contributions.

"Of Course He Will."

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Moody tells a pretty story of a little child who, upon the death of her parents, was taken into the home of strangers. The first night the little one asked her new protectors if she could say her prayers as she had always done. "Why, of course," was the reply. Kneeling down, she repeated the "Now I lay me down to sleep," which the dead mother had taught her. When this was ended, she paused a moment, then added a little petition of her own. "Oh, God," she prayed, "won't you please make these new people good to me like my own dear papa and mama used to be? for Jesus' sake. Amen!"

The baby arose from her knees. All gone was the expression of anxious care which, before, had rested on her brow.

"Now, of course He will," she said. Then gayly lifting her face for the first good-night kiss from stranger lips, she, in a few moments, was fast asleep.

"Of course He will." She had prayed for what was uppermost in her anxious little soul, and had never doubted that He who bade her come to Him with all her wants, would surely hear, and would as surely give her that for which she asked.

How inexpressibly sweet 'twould be if we—men and women, grown so weary 'mid life's busy cares—could ever hold this perfect, child-like faith.

Why can we not? Our theology is all right. We fully and freely accept the Bible as the inspired Word of God. We read: "Ask and ye shall receive." We piously assert that doubt is an insult to Him, whose better name is Love. And yet how few, how very few, there are who really and truly cast every care on Him, and joyously trust His promised word?

What is prayer? Surely it is asking for that for which we are in need. What is its purpose? The little child thinks it is: That we may secure that for which we are asking.

Ah, if you and I were only no wiser (?) than the little child, how much of doubt and fear, and sad unrest, would be kept from our lives!

We take our children in our arms and teach them of the good "All Father," who hears and answers prayer. How shocked we would be if they, the children, should express a doubt of what we so earnestly try to teach! How touched we are when we notice some tender little instance of their beautiful faith! We, the older ones, repeat it softly to each other, and gently add: "I wish I had a faith like that." Yet they exhibit only the trust which we have taught them they had the right to exercise.

Why do we teach so much better than we practice? Why, when we teach, "God hears and answers prayer," do we not believe? We say we do, yet our very anxiety and unrest proves how small is faith.

"Cast every care on Him, for He careth for you." Dare we do this? Yes, just so long as we believe the pledged word of God.

"Ask and ye shall receive." Is this true? It is, if God is true.

"He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Like as the father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "A mother may forget, yet will not I." "Come unto me all ye who are weary or are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Do all these precious words apply

to me,—to Anna D. Bradley individually? Yes, every one of them, if it is true that "God is love."

Will He help me bear the common burdens that crowd into my humdrum, common-place existence? It seems as though He would, for He proclaims himself "A strength to the poor." "A strength to the needy in distress." "A strong tower." "A refuge from the storm." "A shadow from the heat."

Will He ever fail me? He whispers to doubting hearts like yours and mine, and calls himself "A sure foundation," and then He adds, "So long as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so God's presence is round about his people, henceforth and forever more."

The glory of Jerusalem has vanished long ago. Its mighty walls have fallen into crumbling heaps. The heavy mists, the blackest darkness, the chilling blasts, the burning rays of scorching suns have, in turn, enveloped them. Yet round about Jerusalem, the fallen city, the grand old hills are standing still.

Yes, thank God, the hills are there to-day, and I can never fancy them in their unchanging, towering heights without a feeling of glad thanksgiving, for the promise stands sure and steadfast that, even so, my Father's protecting care for ever and ever envelops me.

"Father, I am lonely."

"Come unto me."

"Father, I am oppressed with many cares."

"Cast every care on me."

"Father, I grow affrighted, so many dangers threaten me."

"Fear not, for I am with thee, and I will be thy shield."

"Father, I and my dear ones stand in need of so many things. Not spiritual gifts alone, but food and clothing; my children's education; home and earthly friends,—ah, I need so many common-place, every-day, earthly things, what shall I do?"

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Ask, and ye shall receive."

"Father, I have toiled so long, and I am weary."

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

Ah me! Ah me! So many priceless treasures all about us, and our very own; and yet we stand so poor and needy.

Dare we believe His promised word? Will all things—if we trust—unite in working for our good? Will God be true?

Oh little child, I learn a beautiful lesson from your perfect faith. I borrow your sweet words of loving trust; I whisper low to my poor doubting heart—"Of course He will."

Infant Salvation.

Your editorial of 2nd October called attention to the interesting subject of infant salvation. I think we cannot doubt that their salvation is in harmony with such scripture as this: "Sin is not imputed where there is no law,"—as well as in harmony with the heart divinely implanted in all humanity. We cannot allow that the divine purpose was frustrated by the serpent, because righteous provision was made in "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." All that was lost in Eden was restored by the second Adam to infants, and even to sinners on repentance. Rom. v. 18-21, revised version, tells us, the same "many" who inherit Adam's nature receive the gift of Christ's righteousness until personal sin, and then, although trespasses abound, grace much more abundantly for all who repent and accept the "righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Let us remember also that first sermon to the Gentile Cornelius and the coming time when some of the redeemed ones shall be surprised by the commendation of the Judge, the Son of Man, in His glory, and welcomed into the heavenly home! (Matt. xxv. 31, etc.)

But the heart must be unto righteousness, and that grand purpose is found in all of those who are truly in Christ Jesus. (Rom. viii. 1-2.)

We are justified by several things. As we live by breathing, eating, drinking, etc., so in the life spiritual the sinner must believe, repent and obey the Lord Jesus Christ his Lord and Saviour.

God is just and merciful. In regard to such mortals as Cornelius (Acts x. 34) and to babes, we may rest satisfied that the righteousness of Christ is imputed. God is love. There are two laws referred to in Rom. viii. 2.

Yes, there shall be a great multitude which no man could number "from all tribes and peoples, before the throne and the Lamb, in white robes, crying, Salvation—blessing and glory and thanksgiving be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. vii. 9-12.)

Yours in the hope, SENEZ.

The Interior asks this suggestive question: "Why is it that when one ventures to interpose a suggestion that Christian love is a solution of most difficulties he does it in an apologetical and helpless sort of way, with the feeling that he will be regarded as weak, and his suggestion as sentimental? If one rise amid the jargon of contention to say it he may as well sit down when he is half way up and say it to no one but the Lord." There are two reasons why a man who makes that scriptural suggestion often has little or no influence. The one is because so many professing Christians like the display of contention; if not contention itself, and the other is because men who interpose suggestions of Christian love are sometimes well known schemers themselves. There are men who never need watching so much as when they are talking about brotherly love.—Canada Presbyterian.

Recently, Sam Jones was addressing a crowded audience, and said: "I want everyone in this congregation who wants to go to heaven to stand up." Of course, almost everybody arose. Then he said: "Now I want everybody who wants to go to the other place to stand up." At first no one stood up, but finally a long and lank and skinny individual, in the back seats, about as fat as an umbrella, arose and said "I don't exactly want to go to the other place, but I am willing to stand up rather than let the preacher stand all alone."

My Daughter's Cure.

Mrs. Geo. L. Hicks, 76 McGill St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I testify to the wonderful merits of K. D. C. My daughter has suffered severely at intervals for the past two years and was steadily getting worse. She tried three of the best doctors in the city, but obtained no relief, also every remedy that friends would recommend with the same results, and continued to grow worse all the time. She was recommended by a friend to try K. D. C. and sent for a sample package. Before taking all of the sample the symptoms of dyspepsia were gone, and though she has since taken only one \$1 package the symptoms have not returned. She has also gained considerably in weight, and her friends are surprised at the change in her appearance. If any person in Toronto suffering from the same disease would like to call on me, I could tell more fully what K. D. C. has done for my daughter."

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