

Very watchful must we be lest the tone of our life bell be changed. Not watchful to-day and careless to-morrow, but every day and every hour the passages to our hearts must be guarded against the enemy. It was "while men slept," that the enemy "sowed the tares." It is when the eyes of the weaver are turned aside for a moment that the costly break in the thread comes and he must lose precious time doing his work over again.

The old bell could not help the change coming into its sound. Not a thing could it do to prevent the oil running down its side. But we have a Helper who never slumbers and never sleeps. Are we going on in our own strength, or are we every moment trusting Him? Of all questions that could be asked, this is the most important. Everything else may be set aside in the light of that. How will you answer it? Are you trusting Him?—*E. L. Vincent in The Classmate.*

An Appreciation

Margaret Bottome writes in her year book: "There are so many tired, nervous ones that it is quite taxing to keep in trim to meet the demand. Some years ago I had one earnest desire that I found voiced for me in two lines:

"A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize."

"Now it is a real business to keep 'a heart at leisure from itself,' and yet it is absolutely necessary to 'soothe and sympathize.' And the secret of helping yourself is in helping some one else."

It seems to me, sister Margaret was always ready to help one. One day, not long ago, sister Molly went over to New York to see her. She felt a little homesick—she needed sympathy, so she sought her sister Margaret. It was a very rainy day. Margaret had observed at the breakfast table, "No one will be in to-day, too stormy, what a fine time I shall have at my desk, with my writing." And so she sought her desk—had been seated but a little while when the door bell rang, and in walked her sister. Molly's first words were, "O Margaret, I am so glad you are at home, I have come to stay to lunch, I want you to-day, I am perplexed, and you can help me, you always have helped me—won't we have a nice time this rainy day?" Margaret wrote me afterward: "Well, Carrie, there was my desk—and everything else that I needed for a 'fine time this rainy day'—but I would rather comfort my sweet sister Molly than be able to write a thousand pages. I threw my pen down and I said: 'All right, we will have a lovely time together,' and the fellowship was complete." Molly remained, Margaret devoted herself to her. When she went away to her own home, all traces of sorrow were gone—hers was the soul in need. Margaret had "A heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize." Her own heart was enriched, the King was honored, and to-day in our memory nothing is sweeter.—*Carrie McD. Pearne.*

They Could Sing

TRIALS often seem more dark and utterly unendurable to the onlooker than to those of God's children who are passing through the deep waters, and who feel beneath them the support of the everlasting arms. "A little circle of us met for prayer," said a lady in one of our home churches, speaking of a time of terrible persecution abroad, when some of our missionaries won their martyr crown. "We could pray for our imperiled ones, but we questioned if such a meeting as ours could know any singing. Later, we learned that those in the thick of it were singing."

Gold Dust

We should widen our expectations to the magnificent sweep of His promise.—*Maclaren.*

Every man is more closely related to his Father above than to his parents here.—*Ram's Horn.*

A true friend loves us, even if misunderstood and wronged. St. Paul says of love, Christian love, that it beareth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Let not your heart be troubled." Sweetest music on the chords of the soul. This is the whisper of faith. This is the comfort of hope. This is the message of love. This is the word and the work of the man on the cross.—*Cortland Myers*

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success. . . . Do you know what it is to be failing every day and yet to be sure that your life is, as a whole, in its greatest movement and meaning, not failing but succeeding.—*Phillips Brooks.*

It is a sad thing that there are fathers and mothers whose football has most music in it when they are going downstairs. A house has no true childlike in it when the going out of the father and mother causes hand-rubbing and holiday symptoms upon the skin.—*George Dawson.*

Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in the little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an idea as noble as it is difficult.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

Rich with no very great things, but the little daily self-denials, the speaking a cheerful word when the heart is weary, the patient, steady performance of duties that come with every returning day—little things, and yet they contain the riches with which God is well pleased.—*Rose Porter.*

Hymns You Ought to Know

VIII.—Jesus, My All in All

By Samuel J. Stone

Wearied of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come!"

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall:
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul doth live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness!

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

—Translated by Sabine Baring-Gould.