

THINE IS THE KINGDOM.

"Thine is the kingdom, Lord!
In glad subjection at Thy feet we bow,
Our rightful Sovereign Thou, and only
Thou!

Thine is the kingdom, Lord!

"Thine is the power, alone!
Take to Thyself that mighty power and
reign
Here, in our heart, be every rebel slain,
Thine is the power, alone!"

How often we say, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power." The familiar words are so easily repeated that perhaps we fail to grasp their wonderful meaning. "The Lord is our King; He will save us," said the Jewish prophet; and, if He were the King of the Jews, much more may we Christians claim the royal protection—for, through the wondrous Incarnation, the King has made Himself very near of kin to us.

It is really time, then, that the Most High is the Master of the world, that He rules in great things as in small. Perhaps trouble has come into your life through the wrong and injustice of men, and you may feel that God has not done this, but Satan. And yet God is King, and if it has come to you, then He has permitted it. Satan roused the kings of the earth to take counsel with the rulers against the Lord, and against His Christ; and yet they were only able to do "whatsoever His hand and His counsel determined before to be done." So, also, the selling of Joseph by his brethren was a wicked wrong and directly contrary to God's will, and yet Joseph himself says to his frightened brothers, "Be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life." God rules in His world, and He is both able and willing to make all the events of life work together for good to those who love Him.

Perhaps you feel that you are in an unsuitable position. You are as unfitted to your pose—apparently—as a square peg in a round hole. If such is your unhappy lot, the best thing to do is to find more congenial work, if you can do so without going out of the path of plain duty. God has made us so that we can do the world most good if our work suits our individual tastes. But every rule has its exceptions, and sometimes the character-training that is the result of patiently working at uncongenial tasks develops a sort of rare beauty—and a beautiful soul helps the world more than any amount of work or preaching.

Besides, it sometimes happens that a position which is uncongenial at first, if bravely and cheerily endured, may in the end be found full of real gladness. It is in life, as it is in our food. People who dislike certain kinds of food sometimes deliberately cultivate a liking for them, and find before very long that those very things are their favorite viands. Of one thing we may feel quite certain: God understands our talents and capabilities far better than we can do. To murmur and rebel against His plans and ordering of our lives is the same thing as saying that we know better than He does the work and place for which we are best fitted. If we are unwilling to own that we can possibly make any mistake in our choice of a niche in life, at least we must own that many other people make terrible mistakes. Think of all the misery caused by wilful marriages—misery recklessly brought down on the heads of those who think they know better than God what will be for their happiness. But, even when we have rushed recklessly into a difficult position, we are not helpless and need not be hopeless. God is still ruling our lives, and He loves to bring good out of evil for those who trust Him. He can use the self-chosen work to train and beautify our souls; and He always has the power to make any change in our environment that He sees to be wise. How great should be our confidence in His arrangements when we know that He loves us with an infinite love, and that He is an absolute King, with unlimited power to do what He wills. Our future may, indeed be unknown—unknown to us—but, "Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

Saul was seeking for some lost asses, and he went straight to a prophet to be anointed king. That apparently trifling incident was the turning point in his life. His diligent attention to his father's work was the path to honor and fame. There is a great deal said in the Bible about things we might be inclined to call "trifles." I think God wants to remind us continually that He never overlooks any of the little details of life—He really does know the number of the hairs of our head; he is really interested in every sparrow.

Long ago, when a man went out into the Jerusalem streets, carrying a pitcher of water, he little thought that his trifling action would never be forgotten; that God was fitting him and his pitcher into the greatest Event the world has ever known. Let us never make the mistake of fancying ourselves or our actions unimportant. If God—the King of kings—is deeply interested in the way we do the little tasks He sets us to do, then we are of great importance. Let us give up the bad habit of making our work a sort of drudgery. God does not want us to be slaves, but children—children working in the palace of the King, our Father. Let us keep our



THE HOME OF A PIONEER.

eyes open, accepting each duty as a gift from His hand, and offering it to Him when completed. Then all our work will be joyful service, and we shall wake each morning with the glad thought that He cares to have us doing His work.

And when He calls us to endure hard trials and bitter sorrows, let us try to rise higher than patient endurance, let us try to accept them with thankful joy, knowing that by them He is carefully and tenderly polishing His precious jewels, and fitting them for their niche in the Great Temple above. A week or two ago a dear little nephew of mine was drawing daily nearer to the gate of life—the gate we misname "death." He took the bitter medicines from his father's hand with sweet willingness, never failing to say "thank you." What a lesson to us older children! Let us try to thank our father for pain as well as for joy—we know that He is seeking only our good, that He does not hurt us more than is necessary. Let us, as loyal subjects, bow to our King's decree, whatever it may be. He has indeed the power to give us whatever we ask, but sometimes He does not do so at once, because He is preparing far better things for us in the future. To conquer our own wills and lay them down unreservedly at His feet, is a victory worth winning.

"Then first we conquer when we bow
To Thine almighty will;
And each desire resigned to Thee
Thou lovest to fulfill.
For only into yielded hearts
Thy blessing Thou canst pour;
And empty vessels are the ones
Thou fillest evermore."

HOPE.

THE QUIET HOUR

THE BOY WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR.

The boy who lives next door
Has freckles on his face;
His ears are red and hang
Away out into space,
And when I hear a dog ki-yi
And see it flee in terror, I
Can quickly guess the cause—
'Tis merely that one more
Poor little victim knows
A boy resides next door.

He runs across the lawn
I've nursed with jealous care,
And, in the summer-time,
Knocks down the flowers there!
It seems to give him pure delight
To yell around with all his might,
And every week or so
A pebble finds its way
Against a light of glass
For which I have to pay.

He has no teeth in front,
His hands are cracked and brown,
Twice he has nearly burned
Our summer kitchen down!
He calls to people, "Hey! Watch out!"
And when they jump he whoops about—
I used to think if God
Would take him from below

When I bring home my flock of sheep,
Their fleeces are of gold,
All hung about with pearls of sleep
And fair enchantments old,
Strange things of Beauty that I keep
In my heart's fold.

—R. G. T. COVENTRY.

Kindness in us is the honey that
blunts the sting of unkindness in another
—LANDOR.

THE FARMER IS KING.

Oh, the mines may be rich with deposits
of ore,
With ingots of silver and nuggets of
gold;
And iron and copper, from shore unto
shore,
From the depths of the earth may be
constantly rolled;
But the wealth of the world is an atom
compared
With the millions of dollars that annu-
ally spring
In the track of the plow, and the trail of
the rake,
And the path of the hoe, for the
farmer is king.

His throne is a stack of the sweet-smell-
ing hay,
His crown is the gold of the carrot and
corn,
His sceptre a sheaf of the newly-cut
wheat,
His audience chamber the meadows of
morn;
The oats and the barley await his com-
mand;
Their slender green spears from the
darkness to bring;
The orchards drop apples of gold at his
feet,
And all nature proclaims that the
farmer is king.
—MINA IRVING, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

WHEN THE OLD SUBSCRIBER QUIT.

'Twas market day, and people came
From miles and miles around
To gather at the corners or
Upon the courthouse ground,
To sell their truck, to buy new duds,
To talk of this and that—
And each browned face its pleasure
smiled
Beneath a broad-brimmed hat.

And at the business office of
The *Weekly Clarion* stood
A long, long line of faithful ones,
To make their standing good;
And as each in his turn advanced
And his subscription filed,
The editor, beside his desk,
Just smiled, and smiled, and smiled.

For it was good to hear the clink
Of money, and 'twas fine
To know the *Clarion* was the guide
Of all that eager line;
'Twas cheering to reflect that he
Had been their monitor,
And so he smiled, and smiled, and smiled
And let his fancies soar.

Came maid, came swain, came old, came
young,
Their tribute then to pay—
And oh! the sun was shining fair
Upon that happy day,
Until from out the line there stepped
A hoary-headed one,
Who straightway gloomed the cheerful
sky
And blotted out the sun.

"Look here!" he said, "I tuk this sheet
Fer nigh on forty year
And I ain't satisfied at all
Th' way you're doin' here!
By gum, your policies is rank,
And I come here t' say
As how I don't want this blamed sheet
Another single day!"

Then out he stalked, as having done
His duty, as he knew it—
"By gum," he said, "I hated tew,
But I jest had t' dew it!"
And to his clerk the editor
Turned in his deep distress:
"The deacon's stopped his paper, Jim—
Go down and stop the press!"

—Baltimore News.

You naughty child, what did you
beat the cat like that for?
"Mummy, I saw her spit on her hand
and then rub it on her face!"—*Ally
Sloper*.