

[EDITORIAL.]

He is Coming.

MUCH attention is happily being directed in the present day to the scriptural doctrine of the "Personal and Pre-millennial Coming of our Lord." As might be expected, those who hold and boldly proclaim this truth, are assailed by many even among the professed followers of Jesus. But instead of discouraging, this has only the effect of strengthening and stimulating: for in the opposition is seen another proof of the truthfulness of God's sacred word and the certainty of the doctrine held. Many of the clearest-headed and most learned Bible students have written and spoken in favor of Pre-millennial views, and have ably demonstrated from the Word of God the validity of the claims made and the strength of the position taken by them. We have read with pleasure an article by Rev. W. Fuller Gorch, recently published in the "Life of Faith," and entitled "The Millennial Reign," and cannot refrain from reprinting his closing words appearing under the caption, "Its practical value as an anticipated event." He says, "We are charged with being impractical, and with allowing fanciful theories to divert us from sober facts, when we thus dwell upon the events of unfulfilled prophecy. We are supposed to be unfitting ourselves for the present, because we anticipate the future; and not a few of those whom we love and honor as brethren in the Lord, regard us as imperilling the interests of the Church of God, and represent us as gone astray, because we are impelled to declare, not a part only but the whole counsel of God. I venture to affirm that, whether we look at the essential nature and influence of prophetic truth, or at the lives of those who have most thoughtfully and intelligently studied it, the effects of such study, and the deep convictions to which it leads, are in every way of the highest practical value and importance. It is impossible to realize with anything like spiritual perception the shortness of this present time, and the nearness of the Lord's return, and to be idle, cold or dead. The voice of prophecy rings in the ears of those who prayerfully study its teaching, and in tones which stir us to the depth of our being, calls upon us to let our loins be girt, our lamps trimmed, and our lives ordered as men who wait for their Lord.

A tremendous responsibility rests upon those in these days to whom prophetic light has been given—to see what is coming, and to hold our peace is to betray a solemn and sacred trust, and to incur the guilt of helping to lull our fellows into the deep, death-like slumber which prevails. Multitudes are sleeping already in a Delilah lap of a boasted age of progress. Satan sees he has but a short time, and is marshalling his hosts for the fearful fray. Is it ours to sound the clarion notes of warning and of rallying truth, that so we may have a part in the joy of waking some at least of those who sleep, and of rejoicing as we catch the sound of our Master's chariot wheels."

[FOR OUR MISSION.]

My Birthday Prayer.

BY KATIE.

ANOTHER book of the volume of life is closed and put away
Till the thoughts of all hearts are open in the light of the judgment day
I fondly glance o'er its faded leaves and seal them up with prayers,
And enter upon another year with its unknown joys and cares.
God grant that none of last year's blots may stain the pages fair,
That none of the errors and sins of the past may leave their impress there.
Father! I now do give again myself, my all to Thee,
Whatever changing years may bring, the best it still must be.
Oh! make me pure and holy, noble and kind and true;
I trust to Thee the future, Thou hast helped me hitherto:
And Jesus, loving Master, mine own unchanging Friend,
Thou wilt keep me safe forever—Thy love can never end.
Be nearer, closer, now Lord; let me ever love Thee best,
And 'neath the shadow of Thy cross find everlasting rest.
Oh! blessed Holy Spirit, come down and fill my soul,
Banish all taint of worldliness, and Thou possess the whole;
So lead me ever upward, through the darkness, into Light,
Till Hope gives place to perfect bliss, and Faith is lost in sight!

The Devil has no Happy Old Men.

I MET him one day on his way to the place where prayer was wont to be made. He had just passed that milestone of life labelled 'seventy-five years.' His back was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff, his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eyes were dim, his face was furrowed. Withal, he still seemed fond of life and gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as his aged limbs and staff carried him along.

"'Aged friend,' said I, 'why should an old man be so merry and cheerful?'"

"'All are not,' said he.

"'Well, why then, should you be merry?'"

"'Because I belong to the Lord.'

"'Are none others happy at your time of life?'"

"'No, not one, my friendly questioner,' said he: and, as he said more, his form straightened into his stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow upon his countenance. 'Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows; then wing it round the world, and no man of over three score and ten shall be found to gainsay my words—the Devil has no happy old men!'"