

OUR NEEDS BUT FEW.

THE Lord promises to supply our needs, our necessities.

He does not promise to gratify every wish we may have, or supply everything we may think we want, but the promise is, "God shall supply all your need." Happiness is not enjoyed in proportion as we have much or little, for if this were so the rich would be much happier than the poor, which is by no means the case. The Saviour once said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." True happiness rests in God for its foundation, so that a poor man who knows God aright is a far happier man than his rich neighbour who knows him not, but whose life is spent in anxiety in regard to the proper care of his wealth.

Our actual needs are very few, so, "having food and raiment let us therewith be content," as the apostle advises. The most of those things which men long after do not tend to make them any happier, but rather foster pride and vain-glorying. Many a man who to-day is possessed of wealth, looks back upon his younger days when he had no wealth but much happiness, and would recall them if he could, and gladly exchange his wealth, with its accompanying care and unhappy anxiety, for the comparative poverty of his youth, with its accompanying freedom from care, and delightful happiness.

The proper feeling for us to entertain has been sweetly expressed by the Christian poet in the lines,

"Not what we wish, but what we need,
Let mercy still supply;
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny."

—Young Pilgrim.

A GRAND VICTORY.

THE grandest work of Mr. Bliss's songs has been in preaching the Gospel and winning souls. Let me give a single illustration of many connected with the recent revival services in Chicago. One of the reformed inmates says that he had been for years one of the hardest of drinkers. His friends had given him up as a hopeless case, and he had given up himself and expected to die as he had lived, and meet a drunkard's awful doom. In this condition he came to Chicago, and one day, when more than half-intoxicated, wandered aimlessly with the crowd into the Tabernacle, and found a seat in the gallery. He was too intoxicated to know much about what was going on, and did not remember anything about the text or the sermon. During the evening, Mr. Sankey sang "What shall the Harvest be?" And when he came to the words—

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
O, what shall the harvest be?"

the singer's voice rang through the inebriate like a trumpet of judgment, and fairly sobered him. The conscience so long dead was roused and began to lash him with the words of the song. His wasted, wretched life passed in painful review before him. The promise of his youth blighted, the ambitions and hopes of manhood turned to ash, his family beggared and disgraced; his name a byword of shame, his friends among the pure and good all alienated, and his fellowship only with the low and vile, his whole career one dark, damning record of folly and sin, and before him a gathering night of hopeless despair—he could not endure the torment of such a vision. It was hell before the time. So he went out and tried to drown the song in drink. But it would not die. It rang in his ears by day and by night, and found him again and again to the Tabernacle. By and by his sin so burdened him that he went to Mr. Sawyer's inquiry room, and there God met him, took his feet out of the horrible pit, planted them on the Rock, and put a new song into his mouth. And now he is doing with his might to help others bound by the same curse to find the blessed liberty of the Gospel.—From Longley's "Memoir of P. P. Bliss."

Selfishness is sin and self united. Selfishness is therefore sin triumphant.

TRANSIENT TROUBLES.

MOST of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we were led to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer:—

"If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or rather get it; for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it); and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter."

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness.

Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexations. Let us banish all these, and think on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and of good report.

THE BLISS MEMOIR FUND.

THE profits arising from the sale of the American edition of the "Memoir of P. P. Bliss" (of which Mr. Longley has just issued a reprint), are to be devoted to the mother and such of the family of Mr. Bliss, other than his children, who were dependent upon him for maintenance. The impression has been made by statements as to the response to Mr. Moody's appeal, that an abundant provision has been realised for his family. So far as the orphan children are concerned, this is happily true. The children of the Sabbath-schools have sent in, up to the present time, penny contributions amounting in the aggregate to about 11,000 lbs. This money is in the hands of trustees for the purposes mentioned in the appeal, viz., the erection of a monument and the education and maintenance of the children. It cannot be diverted from this object.

All collections, so far as known, are for the same definite purpose. The estate of Mr. Bliss is in the hands of an executor, who is under legal responsibility to administer for the benefit solely of the heirs-at-law, the minor children. Whatever may be realised from the railroad company, from insurance, from copyright interests, must be kept and accounted for to the minor children when of age. It will thus be seen that while a fair provision is made for the boys, other objects, dear to the heart of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, are left wholly unprovided for. Mr. Bliss left a will, which stipulated that 200 lbs. a year should be paid to his mother; but in probating the will it was ruled that, as he had changed his clause since the will was dated, and the change was without attestation, the original clause, which was 100 lbs. a year, was all that could be allowed. In addition to this mother, there were sisters and nephews who were constant recipients of his assistance, and for whom he had plans of future aid that would have been realised to them had he lived.

These facts are stated to give friends who desire the privilege, the opportunity of creating a fund to be used in carrying out in some measure the plans of Mr. Bliss for his family.

Contributions will be most thankfully received by F. L. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane, London, E.C., and will be individually acknowledged in the *Christian World*.

Faithfulness and consistency mean something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves.

Kindling wood answers very well to start a fire, but must not be depended on to sustain the heat. Evangelistic services are very useful if followed up faithfully by those who regularly occupy the ground.