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creasing baptism of the Holy Spirit upon her membership, and by her pastors, sessions and people doing their duty in their respective departments of labor, and working together in an orderly, cordial way for the benefit of Zion, the welfare of the community and the redemption of the world.—Presbyterian.

The Habit of Finding the Good in Others.

In one of her books Miss Mullock tells of a gentleman and a lady walking one day in a lumber yard beside a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said, "how good these pine boards smell!" "Pine boards!" sniffed her companion. "Just smell this foul river!" "No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards." She was wiser than he. It is far better for us to find the sweetness that is in the air than the foulness. It is far better to others of the smell of pine boards than of the heavy odors of stagnant rivers.

Yet too many people seem ever to have an instinct for the unpleasant things. They never see the beauty, but they always find the disagreeable. They have no eye for roses, but they are sure to find even the smallest thorn. They never discover the good qualities in those about them, but they instantly detect the faults. It is a far nobler thing when one has learned to find the things that are lovely and good and true in those about one and to be blind to the blemishes and defects. It is a pitiful waste of time and strength for one engaged in Christian work, for example, to do nothing but look for mistakes or imperfections in that which others are doing. It is far wiser to devote one's life and energy to doing good in a positive way. We do not have to answer for other people's mistakes. We are not set to be judges of other people's motives. The only true Christian course is to do our own part as well as we possibly can, having charity, meanwhile, for all about us who are engaged in the work of our common Master.

It shows a narrow spirit to have nothing but evil to say of those who are working alongside of us in the same vineyard. Very likely they are quite as good as we are doing quite as well as we are doing ours. But if they are not, our sin of watching them with unkindly eye is worse than any ordinary mistake in their service could be. We are told that once the disciples criticised very sharply another friend of their Master's, calling her way of working a wasteful way. But we should not forget that it was Judas who led in this criticism and fault-finding, and that Jesus severely rebuked the censorious spirit in his disciples and spoke in warmest defense of a gentle woman who had done what she could. We should train ourselves, therefore, to the utmost patience with those who work beside us in the service of the same Master. We should seek to encourage them in every possible way. There may be faults in their method—but, if so, the Master will look after these, and certainly it is no part of our duty to judge, to find fault, to condemn.

We are likely to overlook the unlovingness of the spirit of criticism and fault-finding. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," said the Master himself. Love implies not only patience with the infirmities of others, but also readiness to help them and to work with them in all kindly, sympathetic ways. Love sends us forth to be helpers of each other, not hinderers; encouragers, not discouragers. It is easy for us to go forth any day and make life harder for every person we meet. We do this when we assume a superior air, when we relate ourselves to others only as a critic, and a fault-finder.

We understand the spirit of the gospel of Christ only when we get its thoughtfulness, forbearance, gentleness, into our life. We begin to be like Christ only when in us is born the desire to be of use to every one we meet. Many people go among others, however, bearing the name of Christ, yet lacking the spirit of Christ. Instead of making life easier for those among whom they mingle, they make it harder. They say discouraging things. Even when they imagine they are giving comfort, they are only adding to the burden of sorrow. Some good people go into sick rooms, with true sympathy in their heart and desire to do good, but only add to the pain of those they would help. Job's three friends the suffering and bereft man found to be "miserable comforters;" scarcely any better comforters are many of those who come to people in these days as messengers of consolation. They go over all the sorrow, opening the wounds afresh, instead of laying cheerful, uplifting, inspiring things which would have made the sad hearts braver and stronger.

Shall we not train ourselves to speak only kindly words, to say only encouraging things, to give only cheer? It is a great thing to live so that every one who meets us shall be a little happier, with a little more courage for life's struggles and with new hope in the heart. Words of encouragement and good cheer are better than angel's visits to those to whom they are spoken.

Thackeray tells of an English nobleman who always carried his pockets full of acorns as he walked over his estate, and whenever he found a bare spot he would plant one of these. So should we carry with us ever a heart full of loving thoughts and impulses, and whenever we find a life that is sad, discouraged, or defeated, we should drop a seed of

kindness which by and by will grow into something beautiful.

"If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little word  
And take my bit of singing  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
To set the echoes ringing."  
—Forward.

The Three Characteristics of the Welsh Meetings.

BY REV. G. CAMPBELL

It was a meeting characterized by a perpetual series of interruptions and disorderliness. It was a meeting characterized by a great continuity and an absolute order. You say, "How do you reconcile these things?" I do not reconcile them. They are both here. If you put a man into the midst of one of these meetings, who knows nothing of the language of the Spirit, and nothing of the life of the Spirit one of two things will happen to him. He will either pass out saying, "These men are drunk," or he himself will be swept up by the fire into the kingdom of God. If you put a man down who knows the language of the Spirit he will be struck by this most peculiar thing. I have never seen anything like it in my life; while a man praying is disturbed by the breaking out of song, there is no sense of disorder, and the prayer merges into song, and back into testimony, and back again into song for hour after hour, without guidance. These are the three occupations—singing, prayer, testimony.

In the afternoon we were at another chapel, and another meeting, equally full, and this time Evan Roberts was present. He came into the meeting when it had been on for an hour and a half. He spoke, but his address—if it could be called an address—was punctuated perpetually by song and prayer and testimony. Evan Roberts works on that plan, never hindering any one. I ventured to say that if that address Evan Roberts gave in broken fragments had been reported, the whole of it could have been read in six or seven minutes. As the meeting went on, a man rose in the gallery and said, "So and so," naming some man, "has decided for Christ," and then in a moment the song began. They did not sing Songs of Praises, they sang Diolch Iddo, and the weirdness and beauty of it swept over the audience. It was a song of praise because that man was born again. There are no inquiry rooms, no penitent-forms, but some worker announces, or an inquirer openly confesses Christ, the name is registered, and the song breaks out, and they go back to testimony and prayer.

In the evening I stood for three solid hours wedged so that I could not lift my hands at all. That which impressed me most was the congregation. I stood wedged, and I looked along the gallery of the chapel on my right, and there were three women, and the rest were men packed solidly in. If you could but for once have seen the men, evidently colliers, with the blue seam that told of their work on their faces, clean and beautiful. Beautiful, did I say? Many of them lit with heaven's own light, radiant with the light that never was on sea and land. Great, rough, magnificent, poetic men by nature, but the nature had slumbered long. To-day it is awakened, and I looked on many a face, and I knew that men did not see me, did not see Evan Roberts, but they saw the face of God and the eternities. I left that evening, after having been in the meeting three hours, at 10.30, and it swept on packed as it was, until an early hour next morning, song and prayer and testimony and conversion and confession of sin by leading church members publicly, and the putting of it away, and all the while no human leader, no one indicating the next thing to do, no one checking the spontaneous movement.—Christian Commonwealth.

An Easy Yoke of Christ.

The service of Christ is easy as compared with a great many forms of service in which worldlings are willing to engage, and as compared with the losses and privations that every one must bear who lives without God and without hope in the world.

Salvation is free. We may well thank God for this. But even while we thank him we are to remember that we shall have none of it unless we stir ourselves to accept the conditions of the Gospel. What Christ did for us he did freely, and no other person in the universe could have done it. But if we receive the benefit of it we must come to Christ in faith, and accept his grace and enter into his service, and no other person in the universe can, or will, do this in our stead. The air is free, but we must breathe it. Salvation is free, but we must trust Christ and obey him, or none of it is for us.

The father of a family bears a yoke, but if he is a good father, and his children are obedient and intelligent and loving and promising, he bears his yoke with joy. The citizen who bears his part in the public taxation is under the yoke, but if he lives in a good, free, Christian land, he

gets more than he gives. The member of a church has something of a load to carry, but in the religious and social and intellectual privileges he enjoys he would bear a burden a hundredfold heavier if he were deprived of the church. The follower of Christ must watch against sin, and must strive for holiness, and must pray and must do all the good he can, and do well all the time, but he gets so much in the way of forgiveness and comfort and grace and help for the present and for the future, that he cares not of what he does or loses for thinking of what he is saved from and of what Christ does for him.

The unsaved bear a thousand times heavier than the Christian ever does. For one thing he bears the load of unpardoned sin. He bears the burden of his own unsanctified and undisciplined nature. He is not at peace and rest. He cannot be. Oftentimes he carries the load of a guilty conscience. Oftentimes he lives a life in which he gives up everything desirable in the service of Satan, as the drunkard, the gambler and the thief.

A man has been living the life of a drunkard. He has spent all his fortune and all his earnings. He is in rags, and he is on fire with the burnings of hell. His appetite inflames him. His family are hopeless and ashamed and in torture. He has done all and given all in the service of sin, and has found it a hard and cruel master. Farthy projects are blighted. The future is dark as perdition can make it. Christ does not so reward those who serve him. His yoke is easy as compared with the burdens of a Christless life. His burdens are light as compared with those that Satan puts on his servants.

It is a joy to be a Christian. It stirs our hearts with joy to think that we may tell the world of so blessed a service, rich with glad experiences for both earth and heaven.—Exchange.

Seed Time and Harvest.

Genesis 8: 8-22.

This the promise of our Father, given in the olden days,  
And each year unto the present, its fulfillment well displays.  
When the lengthening days grow warmer, then the seeding  
time has come.  
And the short, cool days of autumn, bring the joys of harvest home.

Thus, as in all situations, in all times and every place,  
On the seasons, his handwriting every thoughtful soul may trace.  
Thus, each phase of each experience may reflect his light of love,  
And as seed time and the harvest, come as blessing from above.

Oh, our Father, oh, our Saviour, have we sown the seed of truth  
As the spirit has directed, in the soil of age and youth?  
May the harvest prove us faithful while this wave of blessing rolls  
Into thine eternal safety may we gather many souls?  
M.hone, Feb. 24, 1905. ADDISON F. BROWN.

"Better Then."

C. C. WYLLIE.

It was the hour of midnight. The room was shaded in mellow light. Upon the bed there tossed and moaned with burning fever the only child of the house. He was a lad of great promise, combining rare gifts of head and hand with a sweetness of disposition which made him a favorite wherever he went. Around him the parents had built many a fairy castle. But now it was all to be abruptly ended. Human skill could do no more. The doctor had gone, saying: "No hope, only a few hours at most."

The minutes passed. Besides the bed the grief rent father and mother pled agonizingly for the darling of their home to be spared. An hour passed—he rested; another hour—he slept. Daylight—the crisis was passed—he would live.

Twenty years after, in the same room, the same two were watching. The lad of promise, called back from a boy's grave had failed to fulfil the expectations of the hearts which had striven with God for his restoration. He had idled, he had sinned, he had dishonored the family name, and after years in the far country, had come back emaciated, broken, dying.

The last moments had come and the gray-headed man and wife prayed that Heaven's mercy might rest upon the prodigal. He sank into the heavy slumber which is the herald of death. Silently they waited; at last the end.

The father looked into the tear-filled eyes of the mother and said: "Would it had been twenty years ago."—Presbyterian.

At Night.

Sometimes when dark has spread for me her robe of rest,  
And silence guarded by;  
The night-bird, steep, would startle from her nest,  
Stirred by the baby's cry.

When night is deepest now, again and yet again,  
I lie with wide eyes wet,  
It was his little cry which waked me then;  
His silence wakes me yet.  
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Lippincott's