

ers that they may persevere and not go back. I do pray, God, for my own son. He is a bad boy. He treated his sick father badly this very day. When he sins, O God, forgive him, and when I am gone make him grow up to be a good man. I pray for his mother. She is away and she is out of her mind. Remember her when I am gone, O God. And now, O God, I pray for a pure heart and for peace. My days have been very bitter, and I am anxious to go to Jesus. I ask in Jesus' name. Amen.'

Then, completely exhausted, he lay back and panted for breath, and there was a silence I did not care to break. When he recovered himself he said, "Mr. P." "Yes." "Do you suppose Jesus will hear me when I pray that way." I could only say I believed he would.

He lingered a while longer, and then, from poverty and gloom and pain he passed away. May we not hope that he is "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." — Philip Francis Price, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

### Why the Sermon was Dull.

'The dullest sermon I ever listened to!' exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

'Yes,' replied grandpa, a twinkle in his eye, 'I thought so myself.'

'Did you, grandpa?' exclaimed Sam, glad to have someone to stand by him.

'I mean to say I thought you thought so,' replied his grandpa. 'I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you.'

'Just the other way, how?' demanded Sam.

'Why, before you went,' answered grandpa, 'instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading the trashy paper. Then, instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat and turned half way around. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking that you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fail in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon.' — 'Morning Guide.'

### Mission Perils.

The editor of the 'Exchange,' the MS. weekly of Hsin Chen, Honan, says:—'Within a week's time four scorpions were killed in the editor's office—to wit, his bedroom. While at morning ablutions one was found in the face-cloth, three others were discovered at different times by the side of the bed, while still another was found near the knob on a door in another room. Well-armed search-parties with lighted candles can be seen every night, about eight o'clock, when the enemy, who has been lying in ambush all day, comes out from under cover to frolic and forage.'

Whatever you are, don't be a stingy Christian. There are too many such already—absorbing space and soil, and yet yielding little or no fruit. Diffusion brings increase. The man who buries his money in a bag

never gets rich. The more useful work you do, the more money you give for good purposes, the fuller handed you will be. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth, and it tends to penury. A poor, hard-toiling, young lady of my acquaintance gave a fifty-dollar gold piece to help a certain struggling young church, and her generous gift brought in thousands of dollars; her one loaf was multiplied into a basketful of blessings. Sow plentifully if you want to reap big harvests. Begin to give money systematically:—so much a week, or so much a month, and see to it that the Master is not cheated out of his own. The more sacrifices of selfishness you make for Christ, the more you will love him.—'Intelligence.'

### A Moody Incident.

It may be easy for such a man as the evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, to read the faces of the converted and those who have not made Jesus Christ their eternal Saviour. Once at a crowded meeting in the East End of London—which had been especially arranged for the unconverted—Mr. Moody was observed to look very displeased, and stopped speaking. Looking round upon the vast assembly, he said, 'Will all the Christians just rise?' There was a great hush for a moment, then a grand rustling, and more than two-thirds of the enormous congregation were standing, as if awaiting orders. 'I thought so,' said Mr. Moody, 'and I am ashamed of you all. I do hope you will have the grace to be ashamed of yourselves. There is a prayer-meeting prepared for you in the tent, to which you must now retire, for the office-bearers tell me there are thousands of your East End unconverted brothers and sisters waiting to come into this hall. Go at once to your prayer-meeting and pray earnestly for these poor waiting souls.' God honored Mr. Moody's faith, and showers of blessing fell that night upon the parched souls of hitherto Satan-bound men and women, and much good to the neighborhood resulted.

### Tithe Giving.

A school teacher in Maryland says that when she began teaching, ten years ago, she also began tithing. Since then she has been bountifully blessed, and has received two promotions, the last one nearly doubling her salary. This is her testimony: 'I find it a great pleasure to have a regular sum set apart for religious and charitable work, and recently have decided that I must give a little more than a tenth to the blessed work.' Another tithe-giver began when in college by setting aside two dollars out of the twenty he could call his own. 'That was the hardest battle,' he says, 'and since then I have found it comparatively easy to lay aside sacredly for my Master's exclusive use that which belongs to him. The result of this seven years of tithe-giving is such a blessing, outward and inward, as I had never dared hope for then.' A Pennsylvania member says that when he proposed giving a tenth he was met with the objection arising from being in debt. The Lord showed him that he was spending a large part of the tenth on tobacco.—'Golden Rule.'

### Sleep Necessary.

A young man wrote to me some time ago to say that having made up his mind to succeed in life he had begun to rise every morning at five o'clock in order to study languages. He also said—and I did not feel inclined to swoon with surprise—that he felt very ill, and would like to know if this was

due to early rising. Now, I am not a doctor, but I felt no hesitation in telling my correspondent that he was probably committing suicide by a gradual but certain process. I have read pretty tales about great men who could do with three or four hours' sleep, but then we are not great men, we are only ordinary mortals, and if we are to be healthful and strong we require at least seven or eight hours of good, restful sleep. If you want to get up at five, go to bed at nine, and make up your mind that the self-righteous boasting of people who do without sleep, and all the exquisite tales of noble heroes who only slumbered twenty hours a week, shall never lead you to depart from an exceedingly wholesome and necessary rule. If we all got more sleep, the lunatic asylums would not be as full as they are.—F. A. Atkins.

### The Glow-Worm and the Sun.

(By L. H. Washington.)

In an address given at the International Missionary Union, held at Clifton Springs, N. Y., by the Rev. J. Chamberlain, D. D., of India, the speaker gave a touching picture of the relative light given by the religions of the Orient, so-called, and of the bible. After quoting some beautiful passages from Confucius, the Vedas, and the Koran, some of which indicated the greatest heights attainable through human virtue and power alone, he said: 'But there is no Christ, no divine help, no saving power, no light to lead through the darkness of despair to the glory of the resurrection in all these books.' Then followed the illustration:

'Some years ago I was making a long journey with missionary comrades. Darkness overtook us when we were well in advance of our camping supplies. It was suggested that while waiting we engage in evening devotions. We were without light with which to read God's word. At the moment I saw a glow-worm at my feet. I placed it upon a page of my pocket-testament, and from its faint trail I read aloud before we engaged in prayer. It was the best light we had, but who would depend upon a glow-worm when the glorious sun appeared?'—'Standard.'

### The Remedy for Worrying.

Last night I had a long talk with a lawyer, distinguished and able. He is now fifty years old. I remember as to his apparently vigorous health.

'Yes,' he said, 'I am perfectly well. Two years ago I turned over a new leaf. I have broken down two or three times in my life, and I knew that unless I did something I should break down again.'

'And what did you do?' I asked.

'I made up my mind that I would not worry about my business.'

'And were you able, by this act of your will, to stop all worrying?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I was. No matter how hard a case I have, or how discouraging the outlook is in any line of business, I never let it trouble me out of the office.' Why, the other night I slept twelve hours!

I stood in astonishment before this wise jurist and strong man in admiration for such determination. Not every man, possibly, has this power, of will; not every man at the age of fifty can give up worrying. But I believe that most men by the supreme power of will could cause themselves to worry much less than they do.—'Congregational Advance.'

Don't lodge the Saviour in the cold attic of the brain, but welcome him into the warm parlor of the heart.