

his "Song of the Shirt," with the pathetic couplet:

"And yet it was never in my soul
To play so ill a part,
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

NEGLECT.

The greatest losses are sustained by neglect. A disease neglected, lifeboat neglected, care neglected. One neglects to learn to sing, and then it is not the chorister's fault if he fails to have part in the anthem.

TWO PICTURES.

One of the saddest things in the future for those who reject God will be to see two pictures ever before them; one the picture of what God meant them to be—the beautiful, useful, happy life that was possible for them; the other picture of what they are. To see those pictures side by side, and know that we might have been so happy and so good, and that it is our fault alone that we are not,—this alone would make a hell.

FEBRUARY 9.—"THE PATHWAY OF PEACE"

John 14, 25-31; Isaiah 56, 3.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., Feb. 8.	Peace with God.	Rom. 5, 1-10
Tues., Feb. 4.	Peace with men.	John 8, 3-9
Wed., Feb. 5.	Peace with self.	Phil. 4, 4-9
Thurs., Feb. 6.	Making peace.	Matt. 5, 1-9
Fri., Feb. 7.	How peace comes.	Rom. 12, 16-21
Sat., Feb. 8.	How peace goes.	Isa. 48, 16-22

When we turn to the sixteenth chapter of John's gospel, we have Christ's parting charge to his disciples. He promises them that they will be "put out of the synagogues," "whoever killeth you And yet he speaks into you, that in adds, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world"—the world with its scorning, tribulation, persecution, death. I have overcome them all. "In me ye shall have peace."

The basis of his promised peace—Isa. 26, 3. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because no argument for us to see that the state of mind has a great deal to do with our state as to rest or unrest, peace or irritation. We soon weary of that in which we have no interest, and it becomes an irksome task; we chafe under the burden.

But where love, or some great purpose, has seized us, we can

"Toil on, and in our toil rejoice,"

until our strength is overcome. We sink under the load, and are surprised to find that we have overtaxed our physical strength.

As when the stranger saw a poor street wail staggering under the burden of a large child she was carrying in her arms, he said to her, "Little girl, isn't that child too heavy for you to carry?" She said, "Why, no! he's my brother."

No chafing under the burden; love had taken possession of her mind. Hence Christ says to his disciples, "I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends."

Their burdens were to be borne as for a friend. They were not to perform their tasks as servants, who had no love, no interest, no knowledge, of their master's purpose, but love and knowledge were to keep them in peace, a joyous service.

When Columbus first crossed the ocean, might have been saved that crew of sailors if the great navigator could have instilled in them knowledge, confidence,

love, and the great purpose that possessed his own breast.

We are the helpers of our Captain, Jesus. We seek a better country. What doubts, fears, anxieties, mutinies we might be saved from if only he could cause us to drink in knowledge of the glory of our work. Confidence in the who says, "Be of good cheer; I have our love for him and, and also increase us." And, yes, instill in us the great purpose for which he gave his life, the redemption of a world. How little we and labors. If our petty cares, worries be one of perfect peace, we will have to open more fully our hearts, minds, life, to him who would call us friends.

"Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,"

"Peace I leave with you." The Christian's heritage was to be peace. In poverty, pain, trial, wealth, honor, sickness, "My peace I give unto you."

They had seen his peace in the home, at Cana of Galilee, when his mother came to him in consternation, "They have no wine to him. My hour is not yet come," came his Again, at Bethany, confident, and assuring, "Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." "Thy brother shall rise again. I am the resurrection and the life." They were to see his peace again illustrated, when there could when he tells them in the sixteenth chapter, as he stands before them and says, "Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour is scattered, every man to his own, and alone, because the Father is with me, and He is left alone in the midst of his the abiding presence of the Father gives him to lift his eyes to heaven, which enables forth that lofty, peaceful prayer for his church, as we find it in the seventeenth chapter of John, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, for my Father is greater than I."

"Not as the world giveth give I unto peace is to change our surroundings, remove the trials, lift the burden. But the system is false, and the method fails. Christ gives peace, that will carry us through our trials, a peace that overcomes our circumstances, and that causes us to bear our burdens with joy. The apostles illustrated this peace, when from the dark prison cell they made the midnight air ring with their joyous song.

Paul, also, when the ship was tossed on the stormy sea, and he could stand before them all and say, "And now I exhort you to be of good cheer."

Again we see Christ's method, when the martyrs at the stake, as the flames burst around them, say to each other, "Be of good cheer."

In 1849, on the condemned of Madagascar, eighteen men were to be hurled over a precipice, and to increase their punishment, they were placed in a basket-shaped arrangement, and allowed to swing over the awful chasm a number of times before the drop the basket went to any strong voices were heard to sing from over the abyss,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

With a song upon their lips, and dropped to their death. Truly, not as the world teach, give I unto you. Fellow leaver, arise! and let us go hence.

REV. W. A. LEWIS,
High Bluff, Man.

The Old Year.

I love you, good Old Year!
Not that your days unclouded came and went,

Not that the light was sweet,
But that the darkness drew us close to Christ

In following His feet,
Hallowed by fires of pain, God's proof of love,

Love, infinite, and free,
You helped us gauge the cost and weigh the worth

Of human sympathy.

M. K. A. Stone.

Waste.

If we saw a man standing by the shore and flinging gold coins and diamonds into the sea, we would say he must be insane. Yet many young people fling into the world's dark waters coins and gems of time—days, weeks, months, and years of life—when his mother came to him in consternation, "They have no wine to him. My hour is not yet come," came his Again, at Bethany, confident, and assuring, "Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." "Thy brother shall rise again. I am the resurrection and the life." They were to see his peace again illustrated, when there could when he tells them in the sixteenth chapter, as he stands before them and says, "Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour is scattered, every man to his own, and alone, because the Father is with me, and He is left alone in the midst of his the abiding presence of the Father gives him to lift his eyes to heaven, which enables forth that lofty, peaceful prayer for his church, as we find it in the seventeenth chapter of John, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, for my Father is greater than I."

One Day at a Time.

The new year is not present with us, only a new day. So it will be continually; we shall see but one day at a time. . . . If each day is lived aright the whole year will be right; if each day is wrong, the year will be all wrong. . . . Each day is a white page to be written; write it beautifully, and the book of the year will be beautiful.—J. H. Bliss.

"That Depends"

The troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the seely-looking poet who wandered into an English newspaper office, venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering. "Give me your address," said the editor. "That, sir," was the frank reply, "depends entirely on yourself." "On myself?" said the astonished editor. "How so?" "Well, you see," went on the unabashed poet, "my address way: if you take the poet, my address will remain 7 King Street; if you do take it, I shall have no address. My lady is a woman of her word."—Youth's Companion.

"Thought Force."

Warned to leave their home by the South Chicago police, because smoke and flames from an adjoining building endangered their lives, G. E. Cummings, his wife, and five children, believers in his Christian Science faith, remained where they were and prayed for deliverance. The house finally caught fire and still they refused to leave. Before any great damage had been done, the flames were extinguished. The Scientists said their prayer and "thought force" prevented their house from burning. The uninitiated may possibly think that the hose and the water had something to do with it, but they are woefully mistaken. Really, come to think of it, there "ain't no such thing at all" as water or hoses. They are "mere matter" and that, you know, is but an illusion. "Science" is one of the most wonderful things ever discovered!