

Gleanings From Mr. Moody's Bible.

Quite frequently one sees references to Mr. D. L. Moody's *Marked Bible*—Bibles we should say, for his biographer says: "He left a score of them," marked and interleaved, filled with the choicest treasures of religious literature placed here and there upon the margin or blank leaf, against certain texts to be used with them at some future time. For example, the text in Job. xi: 16, "Because thou shalt forget thy misery and remember it as waters that pass away," has these words placed opposite:

"When the shore is reached at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

How many times we have comforted ourselves with this little couplet, when tossing upon the wide ocean, buffeted by winds and waves, and how true we found it, when on a sunny morn, we sailed into the homeland port, and saw the dear ones from whom we had been separated, forgetting entirely the sea and its terrors in the joy of home!

Opposite other texts, are the following:

"But that thy fires may surely burn
All sordid sensual dross away,
Lord, at the furnace watch and yearn,
Till from the silver heart return
Fine image pure as day."

"Rest not in being one of Christ's friends;
aim at being one of His bosom friends."

"Why cannot men begin to glorify God
with a yard stick, a pair of shears, a hand
saw or pen in their hands and not wait for
golden harps?"

"By right an atheist is a half believer in
God."

"Humility, the fairest, loveliest flower
That grew in Paradise and the first that died,
Has rarely flourished since on mortal soil,
It is so frail, so delicate a thing.

'Tis gone, if it but look upon itself,
And they who venture to believe it theirs
Prove by that single thought they have it not.
The fruit of the Spirit in the fifth chapter of

Galatians he described thus:

"Joy, is love exulting;
Peace, is love reposing;
Long suffering, is love untiring;
Gentleness, is love enduring;
Goodness, is love in action;
Faith, is love on the battle field;
Meekness, is love under discipline;
Temperance, is love in training."

"Put any burden on me, only sustain
me. Send me anywhere, only go with me.
Saver any tie, but the one that binds me to
Thy service and Thy heart."

"An old colored woman who was an
earnest Christian lay dying. Some one
asked her why she thought God would save
such a sinner as she. She answered: "God
is g'win to p'int the angels to me and tell
'em to see what the grace of God can do."

—New York Observer.

For Daily Reading.

Mon.,	Oct. 6.—Planted by Christ.	Matt. 15: 10-13.
Tues.,	Oct. 7.—All things in Christ.	Phil. 4: 11-13.
Wed.,	Oct. 8.—Hewn down.	Matt. 3: 7-12.
Thurs.,	Oct. 9.—Known by our fruits.	Matt. 7: 15-20.
Fri.,	Oct. 10.—Salt light.	Matt. 5: 13-16.
Sat.,	Oct. 11.—A tree of life.	Prov. 11: 25-30.
Sun.,	Oct. 12.—Topic, <i>Fruitful or fruitless.</i>	John 15: 1-8, 16; Mark 11: 12-14.

When Jesus sent out the twelve disciples, He said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." The reason why we should bear fruit for others is because God has borne such rich fruit for us.

Our Young People

Fruitful or Fruitless.

Topic for October 12.

John 15: 1-8, 16; Mark 11: 12-14.

Our Leader Speaks.

A good many are satisfying themselves with a root life. The root is all for gathering in. Such lives spend themselves in absorbing. Sometimes they absorb learning, and become walking encyclopedias. Sometimes they absorb wealth, and become multimillionaires. Sometimes they absorb power, and become great politicians. But the world is not a whit the better for their learning or their money or their power. They are living root lives, down in the dirt, and ignoble.

Others live trunk lives. They are sturdy and strong. They hold up their family of leaves. They send out their branches. Their household, their children, are well cared for. But they care for nothing outside. And so far as the world is concerned they count for little.

Others live flower lives. They are beautiful to look upon. They are full of promise. Their faces are fair, their intellects are keen, their bearing is graceful. But they end with being flowers, and the life of a flower is a synonym of brevity.

But there are others that live fruit lives. These are they that care for others. They gather nothing to themselves, as the roots do. They make no show of permanence or solidity, as the trunk does. They are not lovely to look upon, as the flower is. But they give themselves for others, they live for the life to come, for the new tree that is to be, or the new plant that is to spring up after the snow.

Though roots and trunks and flowers were increased a thousand-fold, this earth would speedily become a barren waste were it not for the fruit; and though all other kinds of men were to multiply, humanity would perish in misery were it not for the blessed fruit-bearing souls that give themselves for the happiness and well being of their brothers.

Our Members Testify.

"The fruit of righteousness," said James, "is sown in peace." About the most fruitful thing a man can do is simply to set before men the example of a peaceful, quiet, happy, and contented life. This is the fruit he can bear all the year round.

We are not to think about what we can do for God; we are to think about what God can do through us. It is God who must work in us, as Paul wrote to the Philippians. How what thought will free us from anxiety, and give us confidence and power!

One of the characters in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is called "Talkative." Of him Bunyan says, scornfully, "He thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian." James has a little parable about such people. "If any one," he says, "is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like a man that looks at his face in a mirror and then goes away and forgets what he looked like." That is all that hearing amounts to, unless doing goes with it.

Being fruitful does not destroy our personality. When Peter the fisherman became Peter the apostle, he was still a fisherman,

but he fished for men. When John B. Gough became converted, he did not lay aside his wit, but he consecrated it to the great work of temperance reform. Christ takes us just as we are, and uses the whole of us.

John, in his revelation, heard a voice from heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for their works follow them." Good deeds are as immortal as the doer of them. When we die, we die as the flowers die that sow themselves again with the fruit they have been maturing.

"Faith without works is dead," James said. Jonathan Edwards compared the two to the light and heat of a candle. You cannot get the light without the heat, nor the heat without the light. Faith without works is impossible; so are works without faith.

Farrar reminds us how in many flowers when the blossom is perfectly formed, the withered sepals fall away. So it is with our good deeds. They are often wrapped up in much of ignorance or weakness or folly, but all these drop off when the good deed is brought to its perfect blossom.

Psalms one hundred and ten sings about the beauty of holiness. The Revised Version translates it, "the beauties of holiness," for there are many beauties. It is not enough to bear fruit. Our garden must be attractive as well as useful. The apples must be fair and rosy-cheeked, the oranges must be unmarred and golden, the grapes must wear their bloom.

Christ is the Vine, He is not the branches. The vine does not bear the fruit, only the branches bear it. Christ is not bearing fruit except as His disciples bear fruit. This is a solemn thought, and should fill us with a sense of our responsibility.

A Ministry Without Words.

If the Christian service were all talking and praying in meetings and visiting the sick, it would be discouraging to some talentless people. But are our tongues the only faculties we can use for Christ? There are ways in which even silent people can do service for God and be a blessing in the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. A flower cannot sing bird songs, but its sweet beauty and gentle fragrance make a blessing wherever it is seen. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life. Be like a flower in your pure beauty and in the influence of your unselfish spirit, and you may do more to bless the world than many who talk incessantly. The living sacrifice does not always mean active work. It may mean the patient endurance of a wrong, the quiet bearing of a pain, cheerful acquiescence in a disappointment.

"Noble deeds are held in honor;
But the wide world sadly needs
Hearts of patience to unravel
The worth of common deeds."

What is wanted in our time is not the dainty music of the lute and the fluttering of a silken curtain; it is the stirring drum-beat, the unfurling of the flag, the appeal to the heroic.