

was right. Christians are attaching less and less importance, it is to be greatly feared, to the need of common, constant, every-day religion and practice. There is a continual letting down of the bars—always sufficiently dimly discerned—which separate the Christian from mere followers of mammon.

What think you, my brother, my sister, would be the result if every church member in our land to-day should resolve, and act up to the resolve, to shape words, conduct and every-day life the coming year on a plane in perfect keeping with a sincere Christian's line of life? Ah, it would be a difficult thing for many of us! Self would have to be suppressed, inclination thwarted, the worldliness within us crushed out.

But looking backward when the fresh, hopeful new year should have become old, would not all heaven rejoice at the result? We sing 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' then go about our several duties, letting pride, ambition, and in too many cases mere follies, fill up the golden present. Turn about! Try faithful service, unswerving fealty to the Master who has a right to claim all this at our hands.

When in the Lord's parable the citizens said of the nobleman, 'We will not have this man to reign over us,' they said virtually what in our hearts we say in refusing to let strictly Christian principles dominate our daily lives. Yet the yoke is easy and the burden light. It is only unfaithfulness that feels, and frets over, and struggles against, so dear a bond. Try serving this dear Protector in all faithfulness, and this new year will help us not only to keep in safe and pleasant paths ourselves, but we may have, in fact we shall have it in our power, to help others up toward the Kingdom of God.

'New year, what blessing bringest thou?'

Waiting in silent awe I bow  
To hear the answer given.

'If through the days approaching night

Thou liv'st with singleness of eye, and purpose strong for right,

Then thou shalt find a blessing sweet

Whilst sitting at the Master's feet, and learning of His might.

'To weary ones who o'er the earth in sin and sadness roam,—

Bid them return to Christ, their Lord,  
Bid them accept His blessed word, bid them come home.'

—'Christian Work.'

### Open the Home.

An army of young men, an increasing number of young women, leave the farm and the village home and begin to make their way in the city. Of the wisdom or unwisdom of such a choice, nothing need here be said. If some good angel could have whispered to them years ago that life may be just as full, just as prosperous, just as happy, in the country as in the town it might have been better for many of them. But now the choice has been made, and the young people are in the city to stay. A long, weary pull against wind and tide awaits them. They need all their strength for the daily toil. Yet for most of them no evening fireside glows forth a welcome; nobody cares when they leave in the morning or when they come back at night; nobody is interested to hear of their joys or their sorrows. Their only regular visitors bring bills; their one unfailing friend is the postman.

Much has been said of the excellent resolutions of our city churches to make strangers and sojourners feel 'at home' among them. Few are the pastors who do not desire honestly and strongly that these reso-

lutions might be carried out. When they see a plainly dressed young man enter and leave the room without a greeting save from the usher, they feel that something is wrong; and perhaps there is a little shaking up, a few words of kindly admonition to the members at an evening meeting, a new committee appointed or a sociable planned. And the members also usually wish to do the right thing by the 'boarding-house people;' at least in theory they do. But when it comes to facts, one cannot be blind to the tremendous gulf between the ideal and the reality. Even that fraction of the 'shut-outs' who are consistent and persistent church goers, being such from principle and habit as well as from preference, are often but coolly received by well-meaning members of the church. And the great majority, who visit a church rarely or never, but spend their Sundays on a wheel—anything for companionship—or reading Sunday papers, are as truly shut out of the great commonwealth of Christian homes as if lock and bolt barred their access.

Well, someone may say, is it not largely their own fault? When Christian people so cordially invite them to prayer-meeting and Sunday-school and the so-called 'church sociable,' who is to blame if they lack social pleasures? Now, take the man or woman who asks that question and set him or her down in a ten by twelve fourth story room, with no acquaintance in the house, no spare money for books or magazines or concerts, no recreation in short save a walk around the block; and after six months, inquire whether the Sunday morning sermon and the mid-week prayer-meeting furnish adequate provision for the social nature. The trouble with many of us is that we do not know what it is to be alone like that.—Standard.

### 'Rejoice In the Lord Always.'

We cannot rejoice with perfect satisfaction in ourselves or in creatures; but the Lord is perfect, and we can always rejoice in him. I have just been led to add a joyous word to six of the names of the Lord that we continually employ; each word beginning with the same letter that the name begins with: and I pass on these words with the desire to help others to obey the command quoted above from Phil. iv., 4, that whenever either of the names may be mentioned or thought of there may be delight produced thereby.

Jesus. This name should cause joy, because he saves us from our sins.

Christ, cheerfulness, for we have all good given to us in him.

Father, felicity, for he has made all believers in Christ one with himself.

Holy Spirit, happy song, for he makes real to us all that gives perfect satisfaction.

God, gladness, for he is the true One in whom we have every blessing forever.

Lord, laughter, for he does what is best for us, and in us, and by us, which we enjoy in believing, and want no more.

Let each letter of this last name help to show what the Lord is to his believing people:

L—Life, Light, Love and their Liberty.

O—Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent, and the Opener of their way.

R—Righteousness, Reigning One, their Redeemer.

D—Delight of delights.

To have this perfect delight there must always be perfect submission; yes, 'perfect submission, perfect delight.'—G. K. in 'Preachers' Magazine.'

### 'He Goeth Before Them.'

(Alice Jane Muirhead in 'Light in the Home.')

'I was in sore trouble,' relates a now famous German preacher; 'my young wife lay dying, and to this heavy sorrow was added the trial of deep poverty. Out of my small stipend I had been called to relieve those even more sorely straitened, and my purse was empty.'

'Dear husband,' my sick wife said to me, one Saturday evening, 'the butcher is coming presently; he has not been paid for several months, but I promised him he should receive his money to-day.'

Her words cut me to the heart; but I could not distress the invalid, so I answered calmly—

'Let the man be sent to me.'

And then I went to my room and 'shut to the door.' Passionately I wrestled with God in prayer, pleading that I must renounce the preaching of his Gospel if he suffered me thus to be put to shame. Our creditor was a Roman Catholic, and would at once prosecute me, or at least denounce me on every side as dishonest. How could I again appear in the pulpit?

Soon I heard a heavy step on the stairs. Trembling with anxiety, I went to the door, to find it was—the postman! He gave me a letter with five seals, containing, as I found, fifty dollar notes; twenty-five were what I needed for the butcher, who came a few moments later.

The envelope bore the name of the sender—a manufacturer in a distant city and quite unknown to me. At first I feared some mistake, and opened with a shaking hand the letter accompanying the money, which set my doubts at rest.

But how came a stranger to send me this sum, when God only knew my need?

The writer explained that during a walking tour he had been detained by bad weather in a country inn, and had asked the landlord for something to read. The latter gave him some numbers of a magazine I had been editing.

An article of mine had so impressed the traveller that he had it printed as a tract, many thousand copies of which had been circulated unknown to me. On settling accounts with his printer, he found fifty dollars to his credit. 'To whom does this belong?' he asked himself. 'Surely to the author of the article, to whom I owe an apology for using his property without leave.'

Thus did God provide that the money was posted to me even before I prayed—ay, before I knew how sorely it was needed. This was verily the richest literary remuneration I ever received, for it bore with it a mighty strengthening of my feeble faith.

We call such an incident as this a remarkable answer to prayer. It is remarkable in that it is worthy to be noted and to praise God for; but it is not remarkable that he should answer prayer. It would be far more remarkable if he did not answer prayer, since he has told us this in his Word: 'All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'

Why is it, then, that we do not receive every day as striking answers to our prayers, seeing that God is both able and willing, and has pledged his word to answer prayer? Is it not because of our want of faith? Let us lay stress on that word 'believing.' 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'

Since he says according to your faith be it done unto you, may we not well cry to the Lord, 'Increase our faith?'