

self from the means of grace, I tremble for him, because I have seen what it means.

I have seen the light of aspiration dying out of young eyes as the sunshine dies from a cloud, leaving only gloom. I have watched character and all the finer part of a man deteriorate. I can think of men whom I loved, who once came with me to the house of God to keep the holy day, and who now lead wretched and degraded lives, and all their misery began when they forsook the tabernacles of their God.—*Rev. W. J. Dawson.*

Wireless Telegraphy

The wireless telegraph called prayer
Needs neither ether, space, nor air
O'er which to speed fear's quivering
From us who need to Him who saves;
Through vacuum of forgetfulness
Race forth the flashing messages;
No medium is too dense or hard
Flesh, distance, time in vain retard;
Prayer needs two instruments alone
God's heart, and tuned therewith, thine own.
These signal stations in accord,
Thou shalt hold converse with thy Lord
Through hills, o'er plains, beneath the sea—
For love's the electricity!
Who loveth though the meanest clod
Can telegraph each day to God!

—*Frederic L. Knowles, in C. E. World.*

Simply Being Cheery

In a world where there are always people who are bearing heartache and sorrow a great deal of good is done by those who go about as bearers of sunshine. Simply by being cheery we may add to the cheer of our friends and acquaintances. Even in a place where all around are strangers, a radiant personality diffuses charm, as, for instance, the beauty of a young girl lighting a ferryboat or a street car on a dull day without her knowledge; the motherly sweetness of a benignant matron carrying a benediction though she is unaware of it, and the winsome attractiveness of the child's fresh laughter, the dearest music in the earth. Simply being cheerful ourselves we help to make others cheerful and therefore able to bear their burdens which may be heavy enough to weigh them down if no one gives them a lift.—*Christian Intelligencer*

Obey God

If God requires anything of us, we have no right to draw back under the pretext that we are liable to commit some fault in obeying. It is better to obey imperfectly than not at all. Perhaps you ought to rebuke some one dependent on you, but you are silent for fear of giving way to vehemence; or you avoid the society of certain persons, because they make you cross and impatient. How are you to attain self-control if you shun all occasions of practicing it? Is not such self-choosing a greater fault than those into which you fear to fall? Aim at a steady mind to do right, go wherever duty calls you, and believe firmly that God will forgive the faults that take our weakness by surprise in spite of our sincere desire to please Him.—*Jean Nicolas Gron.*

The Power of Prayer

Prayer, not only in the morning watch, but prayer sent voiceless from the heart from hour to hour. Then life is wakeful, hallowed, calm. It becomes beautiful with that beauty of God, which eye hath not seen. And day being hallowed thus, do not omit to make holy the night. Take by the power of prayer, through the wild land of dreams, the sanctifying presence of One who loves us. . . . Prayer, continually lived in, makes the presence of a holy and loving God the air which life breathes, and by which it lives, so that, as it mingles consciously with the work of the day, it becomes also a part of every dream. To us, then, it will be no strange thing to enter heaven, for we have been living in the things of heaven.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

The Thoughts of the Heart

"I was thinking," said a lady the other day, "of that prayer we so often repeat: 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah.' I fancy it is chiefly our words we have in mind when we utter that petition. We do try to be careful of our speech, and we think we are doing well when we refuse utterance to the angry, uncharitable word, or keep back the bitter retort. But as for our thoughts—what an uncontrolled medley they usually are! They are very far from being 'acceptable' even to ourselves when we stop to judge them."

Yet the thoughts we cherish sooner or later tinge our speech. Selfishness, censoriousness, jealousy, grow into a habit of mind, and so do charity and kindness—a habit that is certain to find expression in the personality. People are not long in learning what manner of spirit we are of, even though we may deem the gates of the lips safely barred. But even if it were not so, what gloom and unhappiness lie in these brooding, suspicious, morbid hours when doubt and bitterness hold sway! The prayer that our meditations may be acceptable is not for God's sake, but for our own—not so much that His holy eyes be not offended as that our lives be not made useless and desolate.—*Forward.*

Making Ready

Some one suggests that "temptation never stays where it is not welcome." It may alight like a bird, but it will also fit like one if neither place nor material for nest-building are found; it will not make a home for itself where no facilities are offered. We speak of an "overpowering temptation," but such a thing is impossible where there is whole-hearted resistance. Something within has secretly sided with the enemy before he wins a victory.

The trouble is that temptation so often seems harmless—a rather agreeable guest, indeed, to be entertained up to a certain point. We do not intend to seek revenge for the injury we have received, or to speak the bitter word that would hopelessly break old ties, but there is satisfaction in brooding over our wrongs, and thinking just how we might retaliate; a sense of triumph in planning the crushing arraignment we might make if we would. We would not unfairly possess ourselves of that which belongs to others, but there is a feeling of virtuous honesty in contemplating how easily it might be done, and a pleasure in planning what we would do with the wealth if it were ours. Such moods are not recognized as temptations, but, after all, they are the advance couriers, and they slowly create an atmosphere which temptation finds congenial.

Nuggets

We overwork our sorrows. Let us give them a holiday now and then.—*James Buckingham.*

In every line of duty we rob God if we are content with less than the best we can do.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

O ME, how many worms lie gnawing at the roots of our love to our neighbor! Self-love, self-esteem, fault-finding, envy, anger, impatience, scorn.—*Teresa.*

HERE is my work to do, to worry over. . . . My work, I say. But, if I can know that it is not my work, but God's, should I not cast away my restlessness, even while I worked on more faithfully and untiringly than ever?—*Phillips Brooks.*

You long for perfection? Its root is perniciency—proficiency. Bury your conscientiousness in the field of your daily labor, and some day there will be flowers and fragrance fit for heaven. It has been said that "grace is the lovely result of forgotten toil."—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

THERE [in heaven] the laws are perfect, friendship and love enduring, the faces of dear ones never grow pale and cold and resolve to dreadful dust, the funeral bell and train cast no gloom over happy homes. The cemetery, awful in its greenness, borders not on the river of life. There is no Greenwood or Mt. Auburn necessary for the New Jerusalem. The present old, sinful one is surrounded with graves—the new with life. The death of Christ has accomplished this. The resurrection secured it.—*Bishop Gilbert Haven, in Christus Consolator.*