

did not touch it until he had taken a pair of rubber gloves out of his pocket, and put them on.

Then I remembered that a workman in that same city, coming in early morning to replace the carbons of the lamps, had been killed by the discharge of electricity remaining in the wires after the current had been shut off at the power house. He forgot the possible danger; he neglected the assured means of safety; and he paid the penalty with forfeit of his life.

It made me think of possible remainders of peril in the surroundings of temptations which we imagine we have wholly overcome. We all know that the smell of wine excites the sleeping alcoholic appetite. We may think that we are proof against the temptation to speak evil of our neighbors; but if we get into the circle of gossip and backbiting we may find our sleeping appetite for malicious sarcasm renewing. We may think that sensibility is dead, but the touch of an impure book or word or play will start it back to fearful life. We may have armed ourselves against unrighteous anger, but a moment's lack of vigilance in the face of some small provocation may give room for a storm of bitterness which we shall long repent.

We are sent into a world of temptations, and our business, like the lampighter's, requires us to handle matters in which a remnant of temptation may be found. Our only chance is never to touch the world without putting on the non-conducting gloves of prayer. If, standing at our side and knowing that we grow by overcoming, God does not at once and wholly answer when we pray, "Lead us not into temptation," He will surely answer when we add, "Deliver us from evil." And as the prudent lamp-tender puts on gloves for every lamp he handles we must protect ourselves by prayer in every new experience, not knowing where the remainder of Satan's power may lurk.

Heavenly Bells.

BY LIDA ARCHER.

Little children, listen well,
Hear you India's deep-toned bell
Sending out its moans and sighs
From beneath its burning skies?
Here is Christ almost unknown;
Will he India's people own?

Then once more ring Africa's bells;
Loud and long the echo swells,
It comes from slave and martyr's grave,
From the Christian workers brave,
"To our poor benighted land
Come and bring a helping hand."

Now we hear a dozen more,
Some are ringing at our door.
Ebon hands have grasped the rope:
"For their freedom is there hope?"
And the red man's bell still tolls:
"Tell us, who can save our souls."

Still we hear the sad refrain,
Echoed o'er and o'er again:
"Send more helpers, if you can,
To Syria, China and Japan;
For our needs no tongue can tell,
Listen, children, to our bell."
Cedarville, O.

The Golden Rule.

Paul's success lay in applying to every case the Golden Rule. He tried to do to every man as he would be done by. Every man likes to be understood, to be met fairly, to be appreciated. Paul's letters show how he had studied the character, the circumstances, the needs, the faults, of his converts.

Paul forgot himself in thinking about others. He gave his very best, even to the ungrateful.

Our Young People

Sun, Sept. 6.—The Allied Forces of Righteousness.

John 17: 20-23; 1 Cor. 1: 10-13.

What Our Scripture Suggests.

The unity of believers, Jesus said, would be a mighty evidence of the divine origin of Christianity. It would convince the world that he had been sent from God.

All want of brotherhood and fellowship among Christians grieves the Spirit of God. Unlovingness is the worst heresy.

A United Front.

In proportion as the forces of righteousness unite, evil loses ground. The more Christians seek for points of agreement, rather than points of difference, the more they have of the Spirit of Christ. We should remember Augustine's motto,

In essential things, Unity,
In doubtful things, Liberty,
In all things, Charity.

Christ prayed in the last hours of his earthly life, that all his disciples might be one. As we depart from this unity, we lose power; as we strive toward it, we gain strength. In foreign mission work, all denominations emphasize their agreements, and put aside their differences, with the result of triumphant advance.

We need not all be in the same regiment in order to take part in the same battle. There may be separate banners while all fight under one national flag. To keep a united front is the thing.

The Harmony of Holiness.

If all the saints of all ages could be gathered together, what a harmonious gathering it would be! Luther and Peter would have no dispute; it was the error of Peter's self-styled successors that made the Reformation necessary. The gospel always has been one, and always will be.

There are minor differences of opinion which separate the different denominations. But in the essentials all the evangelical churches agree. A saintly man or woman, trained in any church of them all, resembles other holy, humble, loving Christians so nearly that the denominational label is hardly noticed.

It is a good sign that the various churches have drawn together of late years. It is a sign of progress and of brotherhood. The church above is one, and the nearer we get to that condition of harmony here, the more heavenly our relations will be.

Our Common Dangers.

If the impulse of brotherhood did not draw the churches together to-day, the fear of certain common dangers might well do so.

A wave of indifference or hostility seems to have carried the working classes away from the church. They must be won back, not by any one church, but by all Christian agencies.

The word of God is the target for continued attack. The whole body of Christians must study and reverence it, and guard its truths, or all Christendom will suffer.

Sabbath-breaking is on the increase in our country. We all should stand shoulder to shoulder against it.

A false religion—Mormonism—is making fatal strides to power. Only a united work can avail against it.

Intemperance should be fought by the united efforts of all denominations. Unless we meet these common dangers with a combined energy of battle, the cause of Christ cannot advance.

The Glory of Growing Old.

Growing old and getting old are very different things. There are many in the world who get old but who never grow old at all. Growing old is a progress, like growing wise or growing good. As the years pass by some people they bring gifts, they add continually to their lives. As they pass others they are forever taking away something, subtracting from their lives.

One man loses physical powers; he cannot eat as much or sleep as well or enjoy his bodily life as thoroughly, and it is all a loss and a burden. Another man goes through the same experience and he discerns it to be God's voice saying to him: "You cannot now live as much in the body as you have been doing; you cannot get your pleasure that way; you must look to the mind and the heart and the soul for pleasure and interest and power in living." The first of these gets old and it brings nothing to him.

The second grows old and it is an enlarging, enriching, beautifying experience. Ageing is like every other way of life; if we take it from God, as God meant it to be taken, it is a blessing; if we miss the divine providence in it, it may be misery, and even a curse.—Ex.

Daily Readings.

Mon., Aug. 31—The Church's Head.
Col. 1: 18-23
Tues., Sept. 1—Members of one body.
Rom. 12: 5-9
Wed., Sept. 2—Christianity's ideal.
John 10: 33-38
Thurs., Sept. 3—God's husbandry.
1 Cor. 3: 4-9
Fri., Sept. 4—All working together.
Neh. 4: 16-23
Sat., Sept. 5—Members one of another.
1 Cor. 12: 12-25
Sun., Sept. 6—Topic—The allied forces of righteousness. 19b—Col. 20-23; 1 Cor. 1: 10-13

Silent Influence.

More than forty years ago at a great English school (and in those days that state of things was common), no boy in the large dormitories ever dared to say his prayers. A young new boy—neither strong, nor distinguished, nor brilliant, nor influential, nor of high rank—came to school. The first night he slept in his dormitory not one boy knelt to say his prayers. But the new boy knelt down, as he had always done. He was jeered at, insulted, pelted, kicked for it; and so he was the next night and the next. But after a night or two, not only did the persecution cease, but another boy knelt down as well as himself, and then another, until it became the custom of every boy to kneel nightly at the altar of his own bedside.

From that dormitory, in which my informant was, the custom spread to other dormitories, one by one. When that young new boy came to school, no boy said his prayers; when he left it, without one act or word on his part beyond the silent influence of a quiet and brave example, all the boys said their prayers. The right act had prevailed against the bad custom of that little world. The boy who "dared to say his prayers" was Arthur P. Stanley afterwards the famous Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey.

"Earth for work, heaven for wages; this life for the battle, another for the crown; time for employment, eternity for enjoyment."