

private, but I feared that in public my prayers would be cold and unreal.

So I had concluded decidedly, and, as I thought, irreversibly, that God did not call me to serve him in this way, and from real fear of offending him had been silent in the prayer-meeting year after year. And to-night, when I think over the hour just spent in the house of prayer, I can hardly believe that it was really I myself who was one of the few that prayed with voice as well as heart. I am surprised at myself, and not more surprised than thankful and rejoiced.

My irreversible conclusion has been reversed. I have been led to believe that not one of God's children is so weak, so low in attainment, as to be unable to offer at least a few simple, earnest words of prayer to the Lord in the presence of his people. I have concluded that this offering is one we have no right to withhold; that we owe it to God to worship him, to work for him, to serve him, not in *one* way, but in every practicable way. I have concluded, too, that the leader of the prayer-meeting, be he pastor or layman, needs the co-operation of every member; and that it is better for the prayer-meeting that several brief prayers should be offered, rather than one or two at great length.

I have made the trial, and have found the presence of God to be as real, when I have tried to pray to him in his house, as when I have been in the solitude of my own room. A new fountain of joy has been opened in my heart, a new phase of work given me to do for the Master.

It is in the hope of leading others into the same experience of joy and service, of leading them to bring *all* their tithes into the storehouse of the Lord, that this true and simple record of Christian experience has been transcribed.—*Messenger*.

"FATHER," cried Johnny, running to the potato patch where his father was hoeing, "a lady gave me this twenty-five cents for the bunch of flowers I picked on my way home from pasture;" and his chubby face was glowing with delight.

"What are you going to do with it, Johnny?" asked his father.

"First thing, I shall take some for

Jesus," said Johnny. "Ten cents will go right into my give-away box."

"Right, Johnny," cried his father; "pay God first."

## OUR LOVEFEAST.

### "I DO NOT ASK."

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;

I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;

I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:  
Lead me aright—

Though strength should falter, and though  
heart should bleed—  
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;

Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,  
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
Through peace to light.

## HOLINESS AND POWER.

### PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

THE need of entire holiness in my case, as a personal conviction, sprung mainly out of the consciousness of pulpit weakness. Not that my ministry was barren of good and honest fruit, but such fruit was unquestionably scanty. This sense of personal unprofitableness was deepened in its painfulness by the saddening fact that it seemed to be typical, for in all parts of the Methodist Connexion there were complaints of the lack of converting power. Several ministerial meetings for conversation on this affecting circum-