

having dominion over His works, He gave as Captain His own beloved Son, the true Joseph, who passed through the pit, was sold into the hands of His enemies, but ultimately rose to sit upon the throne and be the true bread-giver to men.

Let us all dwell on this word to-day—"Captain of our salvation." It is a very precious word and occurs four times in the New Testament—twice in the Acts, and twice in this book. Let us press close to Him as He goes down to earth; let us follow as he climbs up on the Easter side; let us never lose sight of the plume of his helmet as He precedes the foremost ranks against the foes that resist Him. God has made the Captain perfect, and He will make us perfect also. The Captain sits upon the throne and we shall sit there. "It became Him to make Him perfect through suffering, that He might perfectly sympathize with and succor us."

What a wonderful story is the story of the evolution of God's creative scheme! that great spiral law by which God's purpose has climbed up towards its consummation. But that mighty plan which began myriads of ages ago, has been working forward to the present moment and is not yet concluded, has been at the cost of awful suffering. Open up any of the great pages of the rocks, and you will find them filled as you turn page after page with the bodies of the animals which have evidently been overwhelmed by some terrific cataclysm, had been swallowed up in order to give way to other and higher races. All the pyramid of human life is built up on the blood and tears of subject races. The march of human life has been like the caravans over the sand, strewn in its road with those who have perished. All human progress is marked by suffering and pain. There is not one benefactor, teacher, or leader of humanity who has not acquired at great cost of personal suffering priceless boons for his fellowmen.

What is true in all the world around is true pre-eminently of the Divine Redeemer of men. He must suffer. The race could only progress through suffering, and he who is to lead must suffer most of all. Men look on leaders with envy. They say: "If only I were captain and chief!" Ah? but they do not know the sleepless nights, the anxious days, the pain, the obloquy, the storms of pitiless hate. But if this be true on ordinary and lower levels, how pre-eminently it must be true of Jesus Christ: who in a world where suffering predominates, where suffering is the law of progress, became the Prime leader and Captain of salvation. Think how much he must have suffered, upon whose back fell every hissing dart of the enemy and upon whose back fell the strokes due to human sin.—Christian Intelligences.

Hearing a Sermon.

In order to get the most out of a sermon we should come to the service with a receptive mind and tender heart. To bring a thoughtless mind and cold heart to the hearing of a sermon is like casting good seed upon hard and dry ground in which it cannot hide itself. Thus when our hearts are hungry and seeing some truth to help us in life, then the most common hymn or prayer or sermon, will be full of pearls for us.

The hearer should come prepared for the sermon, as well as the preacher come prepared with the sermon. The trouble too frequently is that persons come to the service expecting the preacher to prepare both them and the sermon. They come with thoughtless minds, expecting to be made to think, and with cold hearts, expecting to be warmed, or to use an old adage, "The preacher must find both the sermon and ears."

Come to the service looking for some special help. The seeking soul has a quickened perception. When one is looking with open eyes for flowers in the field, he sees a hundred where the unseeing walker discovers one. Most persons can testify that very able sermons have been dull and without profit to them when they have heard them seeking no help, but the most ordinary preaching and the most commonplace sermon has been full of strength and comfort when they have heard it with a seeking heart. The purpose of the soul, when it listens to a sermon, decides how much we get out of it.

Think about it. To think about a sermon makes it more to us. Many sermons are only heard. We listen to them as to the rattle of wheels as they pass upon the street and when the sound is gone the sermon is gone. Let the truth which the sermon has cast into the mind be silently thought over, held in the closet of the soul a while in meditation, and it will become a part of the mind.

Talk it over. To talk over a sermon recalls it and reproduces it, and it becomes a kind of second sermon, a kind of review, and reviews are necessary to the greatest benefit in any study. Do not criticise the sermon, for that will destroy the good it was intended to do; but tell one to another, which part interested or help you. Sometimes a good social meeting is one in which the last Sunday's sermon was talked over and prayed over. Ask the children to tell how much they remember, and have the parents do the same. A social discussion of the leading thoughts of a sermon leads to new thoughts. A good sermon is, one which causes the hearer to think, and to talk over a sermon has the same effect.

Every Christian audience is a kind of class in religious instruction, and every preacher or lecturer and every student

knows that the note-book is one of the most important helps in the lecture room. We recently saw a note-book of sermons preached years ago and taken by a then young girl. It made sermon-hearing a new thing to her. It fixed her mind upon the truth, it helped her to remember the truth, and it became a source of delight in after years.

Lastly, take at least one thought of the sermon, and try to live it out for one day. Practice it. Reproduce it in your life, and that attempt will magnify the sermon—for it must be a very poor sermon which has not at least one good suggestion.

It has been said that "a sermon is never done until it is lived by those who heard it," as the life of a seed is not finished till it is reproduced by the soil which has received it. We know not how like a grain of mustard seed one thought is till we let it into our souls and feel its influence on our lives. Remember, we never know when a truth will find its way into our hearts unless we listen, and as we listen, all unexpected some common truth will lodge in our minds. Therefore always look at the preacher, for a respectful hearer helps the preacher and helps himself. With a receptive, seeking, thinking, confessing, recording, and practicing soul the common st. sermon becomes very uncommon in its results.—Christian Endeavor World.

The Young Man and his Friendships.

BY DR. JAMES STAKER

The commonest advice given to the young on this subject is to choose their friends well. But do we really choose our friends? Friendship, like love, may take effect at first sight. In the first hour of seeing some one the conviction may flash into you; this is the man for me; this is the friend who will become the other half of my soul. Such appears to have been the commencement of the famous friendship between David and Jonathan. On the very day when David slew Goliath, it is said, "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and David loved him as his own soul." If this be the way in which friendship is formed, what we need is not so much to choose well as to pray God that the person who thus takes our heart by storm may be a friend of the right sort. "My friends," says Emerson, "have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me."

Even when friendship is not commenced in this magnetic manner, there is not usually much choice. People drift into friendships they can hardly tell how; and the connection is formed before they are distinctly aware of the fact. They chance to be together in the same place; they have the opportunity of seeing each other often; and points of affinity disclose themselves by which they are attracted and bound together. There can hardly be a moment in life more solemn than that in which we first see the person who is to be our most intimate friend; but no bell rings in the sky to announce that the hour of testing has come, and we are aware of our own good fortune.

It is sound advice, however, to frequent those places where good friends are likely to be met with. There are many places where you have a very good chance, if you frequent them, to pick up friends of the right sort. The church is one of these. Friendships formed in the church, and especially in connection with the work of the church, are initiated under favorable auspices, and are far more likely to prove a blessing than those formed in places where the young meet merely by chance or for less worthy objects.

Even if, however, in its initial stages friendship is more a piece of good fortune than a matter of choice, yet it requires culture at subsequent stages; and there are crises at which it must receive assiduous attention, if it is not to fall into decay. If a man wishes to retain his friend, he must show himself friendly; that is, he must discharge the duties which belong to the relationship. It may be imperilled by the forming of new ties, such as matrimony; but when a man marries he ought not to drop his friends, if they are good ones, for the life of a home circle is enriched by the visits of wise friends. It may be imperilled by great changes of fortune, as when one of two friends becomes either much richer or much poorer than he has been. In crises like these, the attentions and expressions of friendship should be redoubled, so that the time of trial may be safely weathered.

What should be done if one is unhappy enough to have contracted a friendship which is injurious? There are such friendships. A bad man may exercise a strong fascination because he may have wit and brilliance; and under the spell of these qualities a young mind may unawares fall. It is no easy matter to break loose from such an entanglement, but at all hazards the connection has to be broken off if the soul is not to sustain hopeless damage. Surely it is a horrible profanation of the name friend when it is borne by one whose influence is undermining in the character and blasting the prospects of the person whose affection he has won.—Commonwealth.

Christian Worldliness.

BY R. W. DALE, D. D.

What is there—some good men persist in asking—what is

there to satisfy the immortal soul, in music, in painting, in literature, in travel, in the mystery and peace of lonely glens, in the majesty of mountains, in the shining sea? That is all very true, but nothing to the purpose. I might as well ask a poor, ill-dressed wretch, shivering in the snow, what there would be to satisfy his immortal soul in a great coat or a blazing fire. Or I might ask the questioner himself, as he sat down to breakfast, what there is to satisfy his immortal soul in coffee and baked ham.

It is mere ennui, or a morbid form of the religious life which induces a man to turn away with disgust from the pleasant things of this world. There is a worldliness which is Christian, and a distaste for the world, which is very unchristian. Given a healthy body and a healthy faith in God, and eye and ear will find a thousand delights. The morning light will be beautiful, and the perfume of flowers and the songs of birds. The verses of poets will have an infinite charm; and the voices of noble singers and the pictures of great artists will be to us among the dear gifts of God—dear for their own sakes, and dear for the sake of him from whom they came. We shall value the wisdom of ancient centuries, and shall watch with keen and sympathetic excitement the brilliant intellectual achievements of our own time. We shall be thankful if we are able to visit famous cities, and the rivers and mountains of remote lands; we shall be still more thankful for the dearer joys of home. The music of our children's voices will be sweet to us, and the light in the eyes we love.—Sel.

His Firm Way With Servants.

"My dear," said Mr. Lamson, in a somewhat iritated tone, "I wish you would speak to Martha about the way she slams the doors. It is exceedingly annoying to feel as if a hurricane had ushered guests into my study, and the passage from the dining room to the kitchen is unnecessarily noisy."

"I've spoken to her a great many times about it," said Mrs. Lamson fleetly.

"But not with sufficient firmness, my dear," said her husband. "Now, I will speak to Martha on the subject myself just as I did about the papers on my study table. I have had no trouble since that time."

Mrs. Lamson smiled, but said nothing, and as she sat in her room sewing she heard her husband's voice, addressing Martha in the room below.

"Martha," he said, depreciatingly, "did it ever occur to you how easily doors slam if one isn't careful, and what a disagreeable noise they make?"

"Sure, and I should say it did, sorr," loudly assented Martha. And the way they slip out of a body's hand is awful; that's what it is, sorr! Porters is the things to have, Mr. Lamson, and save all trouble; and a patient, slow spring on the outside door sorr. I'm only a cobbler, but I have often noticed the noise it makes when you and Mrs. Lamson are passing in and out, though I've never spoke a word about it before, sorr, for I know my place."

"Well, well, Martha, I'll see what can be done," said Mr. Lamson, mildly. "I'll see what can be done."

"Thank you, sorr," said Martha. "Do you mind how better off you are since you kept your papers in that drawer, sorr, same as I made bold to ax you to, sorr, of that clutter always on your table, sorr?"

"Yes, yes; it slipped my mind that it was your idea, Martha," said Mr. Lamson, and the consultation abruptly closed.

"My dear said the minister, ~~her~~ in the day, "I have been thinking how pleasant it would be to have soft hangings at some of the doors. And as for the front door, it needs one of those self-closing springs, I notice. It seems to me the little difficulty in regard to which we were speaking this morning could be easily obviated in this way."

Again Mrs. Lamson smiled, but the reason for her smile she did not state. Scottish American.

"Sunshiny Christianity."

Obedience to Christian duty is the secret of Christian happiness. Whatever conflicts with Christian duty can only be a source of remorse and distress. The worldly pleasure, so tempting in itself, snatched in defiance or disregard of our duty to Christ, will inevitably prove one of the most painful and regrettable experiences of life. On the other hand, the simplest, apparently slightest enjoyment, if accepted with the sanction and approval of conscience, will disclose undreamed of possibilities of delight. The pure, unclouded pleasure of enjoyment sanctioned by duty amounts to a kind of rapture which we cannot explain otherwise than by the sunshine of God's approval falling upon it.

How true it is, then, that the line of beauty—which is, morally, the line of happiness—does follow us only when we are following the line of duty. Duty goes first and happiness follows after it. To do right, at all times and in all ways, is the sovereign secret of enjoyment. And the happiness which we realize in this way is holy and enduring, such happiness as incorporates itself into character and adds to it the attractive, winning quality of sunshiny Christianity.—Zion's Herald.