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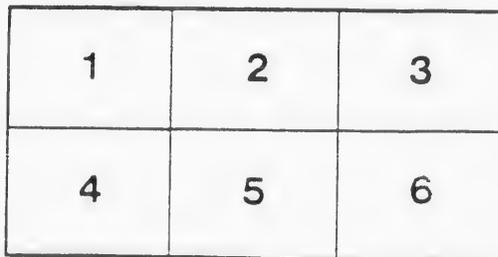
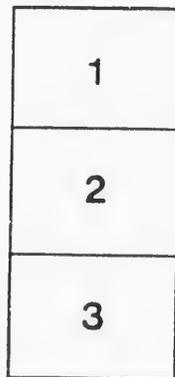
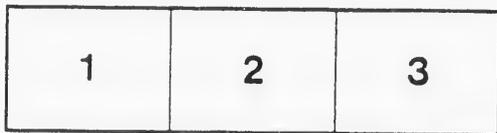
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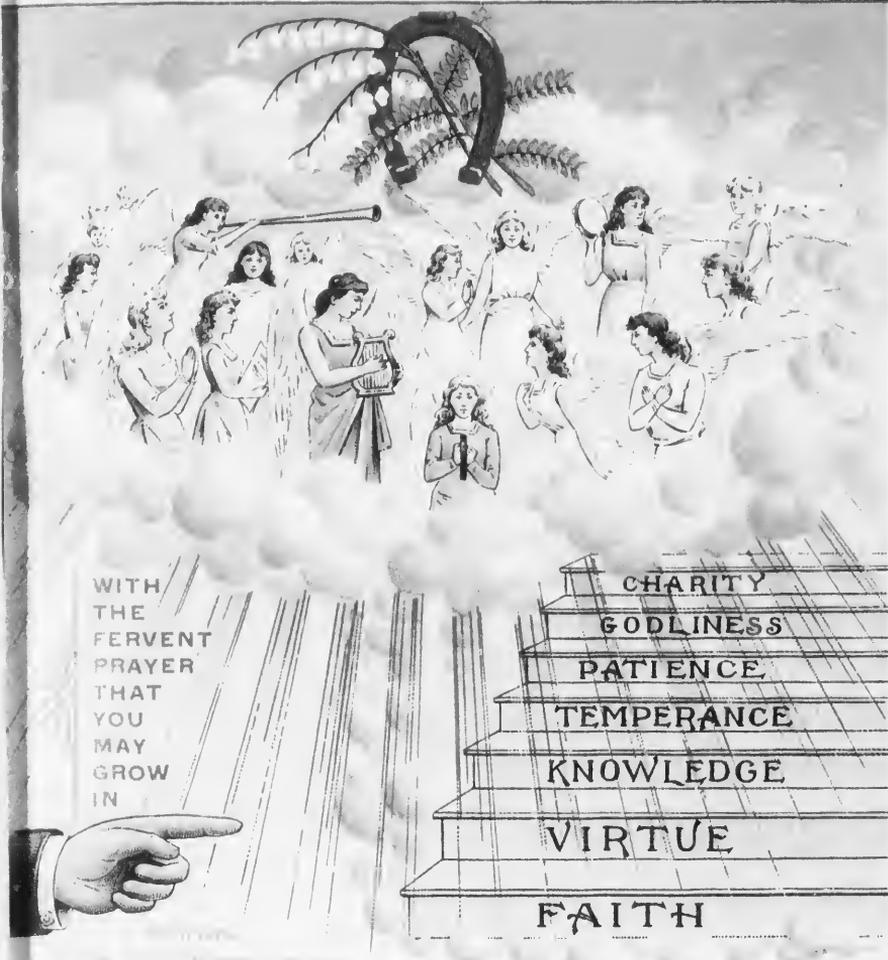
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“THE BEAUTIFUL TREE OF LIFE”

“On either side of the river was there the Tree of Life, which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.”—(Revelations xxii : 2.)



THE BEAUTIFUL TREE OF LIFE,

BEING A COLLECTION OF

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS FROM THE MOST EMINENT
TEACHERS AND WRITERS REGARDING THE CULTIVATION
AND PRODUCTION OF THE FRUITS OF
CHRISTIAN LIVING:

**Charity, Faith, Hope, Holiness, Humility, Joy, Love,
Patience, Temperance, Truth,
Virtue, Wisdom**

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ORIGINAL ARTICLES ON
THE MODEL CHRISTIAN MAN, THE MODEL WOMAN
AND THE MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

*EDITED BY E. E. COMSTOCK AND A CORPS OF
ABLE ASSISTANTS.*

"On either side of the river was there the Tree of Life, which bare twelve
manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the
tree were for the healing of the nations."—*REV. xxii, 2.*

**JOHN S. BROWN & SONS,
PARIS, ONTARIO.**

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1897

INTRODUCTION.

MANY, many years ago, as a child, the attention of the writer was especially called to a very crude picture of the Tree of Life, representing it as bearing varieties of fruit which are produced by every Christian life.

This picture made an indelible impression on his mind, and he has long been endeavoring to bring forth in his own life and work the various fruits which go towards the making-up of the well-developed Christian life and character. Although he has fallen far short of his aspirations, and often finds himself in the "Slough of Despond," and deeply mortified at his failures and shortcomings, still he believes that he is better off for having tried to fulfill what he believed to be God's will.

The strong impression made by the picture above alluded to and the suggestions contained in it have grown on him, until he has longed to place them in a more beautiful and enduring form before others.

The results of thinking and working in this line are shown in the following pages of "The Beautiful Tree of Life." With the able assistance of an excellent literary co-worker, he has endeavored to gather together from many sources the brightest gems treating on the different phases of Christian life and character, and present them in such a way as they may be exceedingly helpful to people in all the walks of life. The blessed and beautiful truths as they are brought out in these pages are adapted to the comprehension, and will rightly direct the thoughts, of the child and the youth, while there is also much especially designed to strengthen and encourage and comfort those of mature years.

This is intended to be a book *for use*—a bright and ever-helpful and entertaining companion—whether we are basking in the fullness of Christian sunshine and life, and "rejoicing with those that rejoice," or whether we are in sadness or sorrow, "weeping with those that weep."

While the reading matter is of such character as to make the book worth its weight in gold, the artistic department has received special attention, and the book is embellished by many beautiful illustrations, which will charm the mind through the eye and help to more forcibly impress the wonderful truths presented in the text.

It is a book that may be read from cover to cover with interest and profit by those who have the leisure and inclination; but one main thought that has been upon our minds in its preparation is to present, in an attractive and convenient form, daily food and refreshment for the minds and the hearts of the busy workers of the world, who can but stop a moment by the wayside to gather here and there a morsel that they can digest and utilize in beautifying their lives, as well as in spreading happiness and sunshine about them.

How often has a few lines here and a paragraph there gone straight home to our hearts, bringing a sense of unexpected joy and satisfaction! How often has the good word spoken been an arrow of conviction to the heart of the wayward, and proved to be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver"!

Trusting and believing that it contains much that will warn from the wrong, and encourage and stimulate its readers in the pursuit of the good, "The Beautiful Tree of Life" is now sent on its mission by

THE COMPILERS.

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“And he showed me

A PURE RIVER OF WATER OF LIFE,

Clear as crystal,

PROCEEDING OUT OF

THE THRONE OF GOD

AND OF THE LAMB.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river,

WAS THERE

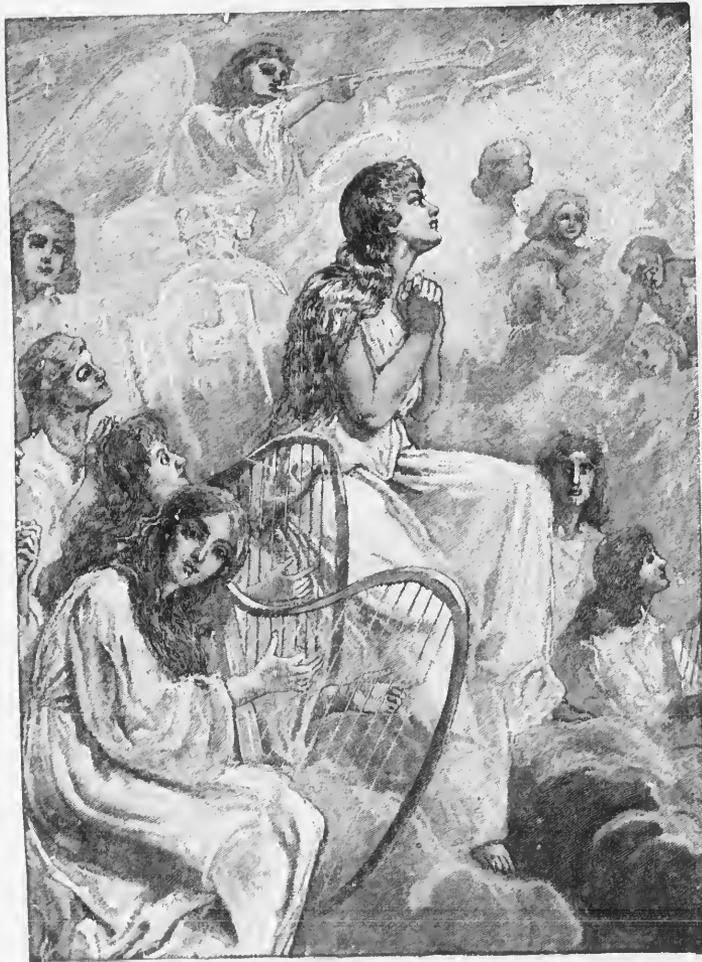
THE TREE OF LIFE,

which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her

fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree

were for the healing of the nations.”





"Who are These in Bright Array?"

THE BEAUTIFUL TREE OF LIFE.

“WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?”

VERY few men in this world are happy, except those who have lost all things for Christ's sake. The life which has had the most smitings and victories, that has carried a man up and on with persistent courage, with dominating faith; and with contentment, and that has developed in him strenuous, pure, right manhood, is the life that every man ought to covet and to seek. If God sends any other things take them; but above all things take this. Do not gain the whole world and lose your own soul.

There are names that now fill the air, names that resound like the stroke of a drum, and all men are watching and studying them; but when the end comes, and the account of their life is taken, what with their ambition, what with their fame, what with their wealth, their whole experience will declare that they never had great happiness in life. From many a poor cottage, from many a poor-house, from jails, from gibbets and from dungeons, in the last day there will rise the sweetest sounds of music; and, as in the Apocalyptic vision, it shall be asked, “Who are these in bright array?” and the answer shall be, “These are they that have come out of tribulation,

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and have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb." These are they who, with much suffering, have been lifted out of their inferior condition to a superior one. They are God's elect, they are crowned kings and priests unto God.

And when God shall come, and all things shall be made clear in the last great day, may it be that you and I shall not be altogether void of an experience in this direction. May that which is highest, and purest, and noblest, and best in us, be in the ascendancy, that we may come instantly into the presence of Jesus, that we may be able at once to speak the language of the blessed, and that then we may go forth crowned, with everlasting joy upon our head.

"HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE SHALL SAVE IT."

A WOMAN, early left alone, having upon her hands many burdens of love, with six or eight children, in a community somewhat impoverished, and almost without property, says to herself, "My life is laid out for me; I am not to seek my own ease and comfort; these children are my care;" and before the lark sings in the morning she is up; and after the last voice has died out of life at night she is still engaged in her labors. She grows thin; she bears sickness; she is in obscurity. She has in herself all the instincts which would make her royal in large society; but she foregoes the pleasure that they might bring

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"He that Loseth His Life shall Save It."

her for the sake of the love that she has for her children. She is living a life that may be said to be dying daily, yielding up herself in every direction, intellectually and socially, for the sake of those whom God has given her. And through forty years she is plowed and scarred with what men call misfortune; and one by one her princes leap out into life, and not one has made shipwreck—for it is hard to make shipwreck of those who have good mothers, since God is on their side. At last she stands in her old age; and not one fountain of all those which the world eagerly seeks has she found; nor has she tasted one single drop of the pleasure which most men count necessary to life. Toil, and poverty, and obscurity, and sickness and suffering have been hers; and yet, as she sits, beautiful with her wrinkled face, watching for the sun to go down that her sun may rise, for the body to drop that her emancipated spirit may become angelic, do you suppose she looks back upon her life as having been wasted? I tell you, she has had more real enjoyment than the selfish person who have pursued their own personal joy through life. Angels, looking down, and knowing her inward experience, see that while the lower fountains of pleasure have been shut to her, the highest fountains of pleasure have been open to her, and that she has experienced more genuine satisfaction than those whom the world envies, and whom she can afford to despise.

MEN have an idea that in becoming a Christian you have got to forego a great many things. You forego nothing except those things which, being foregone, increase the capital where your chief happiness is. A man who becomes a Christian gives up the lower for the sake of developing the higher. All self-denial is choosing. It is choosing a better thing instead of a poorer one. It is the victory of the superior man over the inferior man. In a man that is a Christian the rational triumphs over the animal. It is Gabriel with the dragon underneath that represents self-denial. The dragon has gone under; it is with a great deal of squirming often, but he has gone under; and the angel is on the top. The principle of self-denial consists simply in so much of suffering as is necessary to put under an inferior tendency, or action or deportment of life, in order to give power, ascendancy, beauty and joy to the highest development.

If you are so situated that you run after the things which are virtuous and noble without any self-denial, thank God and keep running.

HEAVEN is greatly made up of little children—sweet buds that have never blown, or which death has plucked from a mother's bosom to lay on his own cold breast, just when they were expanding, flower-like, from the sheath, and opening their engaging beauties in the budding time and spring of life. "Of



"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

such is the kingdom of heaven." Indeed, it may be that God does with his heavenly garden as we do with our own gardens. He may chiefly stock it from nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age—flowers before they have bloomed, and trees ere they begin to bear.

THE NEVER ENDING POWER OF INFLUENCE.

Now, whoever brings up a little group of children right, manly and womanly, and sets them forth in the world, is a blessing, not to those children alone, but to all who, through them, shall be blessed; and no man can measure that. When you throw a stone into the water on the edge of the ocean, you may see that the circles are going out, but you cannot see how far they are going. They run beyond your sight.

When Christ is developed in us, and when every year we can bear witness that more and more fruitful are the boughs of divine love in our soul, there is reason for gratulation.

MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS! If a man strikes you on one cheek will you turn the other? Are you any better than you were twenty years ago in that respect? Do you ever go into this garden of the Spirit with the pruning knife, or are you just going on that old idea, "I was

convicted of sin; I was converted"? When you follow the spiritual life of the New Testament you will see that there is not a word said here about going to meeting; the instruments are left to you, liberty is given to you. But the interior state, love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, meekness, temperance—if a man has taken these qualities and really developed them, do you suppose any ordinarily rational man could resist him if he went to talk to him on the subject of religion? Could anything be more profitable than such an examination of the qualities, and anything more proper than to live up to a higher standard hereafter, to live a more ardent Christian life?

HUMBLE INSTRUMENTS.

WILLIAM WIRT owed his conversion to a negro nurse. This old servant prayed for him, and he knew it; in his pride he resisted the influence that he was unconscious was acting upon him; but by and by the power of God through her prayer was too strong for him to withstand, and he humbled himself, and went and asked her what he should do to be saved. He would not go to the minister, but he would go to the poor old negro nurse for advice.

TEMPTATIONS which cause the shallow, unstable man to fall only strengthen the faith and perfect the character of the true Christian.

INFLUENCE.

THERE is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.
—*Charles Dickens.*

WHERE TO BEGIN.

CHRISTIANITY begins *in the home*. If not there, it is nowhere. We may attend meetings, and sing hymns, and join devoutly in prayer; we may give money to the poor, and send missionaries and Bibles to the heathen; we may organize societies of every description for doing good; we may get up church fairs and tea parties, and tableaux, and picnics; we may, in short, devote all our time and all our means to doing good, and yet not be the true and earnest Christians we ought to be after all.

If they cannot say of us in the family at home: "He—or she—is a Christian, we know it, we feel it,"



"Let us study together in the House."

if home is not a better and happier place for our living in it, if there is not an influence going out from us, day by day, silently drawing those about us in the right direction, then it is time for us to stop where we are, and begin to examine into our title to the name of Christian.

Christianity—*Christ-likeness*. Is that ours? Are we possessed of that? Are we patient, kind, long-suffering, forbearing, seeking with all our hearts to do good, dreading with all our hearts to do evil?

For if we are Christ's we shall be like him; and the first fruits, and the best fruits of our daily living will be in the better and happier lives of those who are about us day by day.

KIND WORDS.

SPEAK kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day and makes the household and all other affairs move along more smoothly.

Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the down-cast, cheers the sorrowing, and very likely awakens the erring to earnest resolves to do better, with strength to keep them.

Kind words are balm to the soul. They oil up the entire machinery of life and keep it in good running order.—*Anonymous*.

LIFE A BATTLE.

ABOVE all things, teach children what their life is. It is not breathing, moving, playing, sleeping, simply. Life is a battle. All thoughtful people see it so. A battle between good and evil from childhood. Good influences, drawing us up toward the divine; bad influences, drawing us down to the brute. Midway we stand, between the divine and the brute. How to cultivate the good side of the nature is the greatest lesson of life to teach. Teach children that they lead these two lives: the life without and the life within; and that the inside must be pure in the sight of God as well as the outside in the sight of men.

There are five means of learning. These are: Observation, reading, conversation, memory, reflection.

Educators sometimes, in their anxiety to secure a wide range of studies, do not sufficiently impress upon their scholars the value of memory. Now, our memory is one of the most wonderful gifts God has bestowed upon us, and one of the most mysterious. Take a tumbler and pour water into it; by-and-by you can pour no more; it is full. It is not so with the mind. You cannot fill it full of knowledge in a whole lifetime. Pour in all you please, and it still thirsts for more.

Remember this:

Knowledge is not what you learn, but what you remember.



"Life is a Battle."

It is not what you eat, but what you digest, that makes you grow.

It is not the money you handle, but that you keep, that makes you rich.

It is not what you study, but what you remember and reflect upon, that makes you learned.

One more suggestion:

Above all things else, strive to fit the children in your charge to be useful men and women; men and women you may be proud of in after-life. While they are young, teach them that far above physical courage, which will lead them to face the cannon's mouth—above wealth, which would give them farms and houses, and bank stocks and gold—is moral courage; that courage by which they will stand fearlessly, frankly, firmly, for the right. Every man or woman who dares to stand for the right when evil has its legions, is the true moral victor in this life and in the land beyond the stars.—*Hon. Schuyler Colfax.*

SAVED BY A SONG.

THERE is music in the word home. To the old it brings a bewitching strain from the harp of memory; to the young it is a reminder to all that is near and dear to them. Among the many songs we are wont to listen to, there is not one more cherished than the touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home."

Will you go back with me a few years, dear reader, in the history of the past, and traverse in

imagination the gay streets and gilded saloons of Paris, that once bright centre of the world's follies and pleasures? Passing through its splendid thoroughfares is one (an Englishman) who has left his home and native land to view the splendors and enjoy the pleasures of a foreign country. He has beheld with delight its paintings, its sculpture, and the grand yet graceful proportions of its buildings, and has yielded to the spell of the sweetest muse. Yet, in the midst of his keenest happiness, when he was rejoicing most over the privileges he possessed, temptations assailed him. Sin was presented to him in one of its most bewitching garbs. He drank wildly and deeply of the intoxicating cup, and his draught brought madness. Reason was overwhelmed, and he rushed out, all his scruples overcome, careless of what he did or how deeply he became immersed in the hitherto unknown sea of guilt.

The cool night air lifted the damp locks from his heated brow, and swept with soothing touch over his flushed cheeks. Walking on, calmer, but no less determined, strains of music from a distance met his ear. Following in the direction the sound indicated, he at length distinguished the words and air. The song was well remembered. It was "Home, Sweet Home." Clear and sweet the voice of some English singer rose and fell on the air, in the soft cadences of that beloved melody.

Motionless, the wanderer listened till the last note



"Saved by a Song."

floated away and he could hear nothing but the ceaseless murmur of a great city. Then he turned slowly, with no feeling that his manhood was shamed by the tear which fell as a bright evidence of the power of song.

The demon that dwells in the wine had fled, and reason once more asserted her right to control. As the soft strains of "Sweet Home" had floated to his ear, memory brought up before him his own "sweet home." He saw his gentle mother, and heard her speak, while honest pride beamed from her eye, of her son, in whose nobleness and honor she could always trust; and his heart smote him as he thought how little he deserved such confidence. He remembered her last words of love and counsel, and the tearful farewell of all those dear ones who gladdened that far-away home with their presence. Well he knew their pride in his integrity, and the tide of remorse swept over his spirit as he felt what their sorrow would be could they have seen him an hour before. Subdued and repentant, he retraced his steps, and with his vow never to taste of the terrible draught that could so excite him to madness was mingled a deep sense of thankfulness for his escape from further degradation. The influence of home had protected him, though the sea rolled between.

None can tell how often the commission of crime is prevented by such memories. If, then, the spell of home is so powerful, how important it is to make

it pleasant and lovable! Many a time a cheerful home and smiling face does more to make good men and women than all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home and Heaven;" and one might almost say the word home included them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who sanctified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name for Heaven? We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never end in night. Oh, then, may our homes on earth be the centres of all our joys; may they be as green spots in the desert, to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life, and drink the clear waters of a love which we know to be sincere and always un-failing.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone. *

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."—*Pope.*

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

A HUSBANDMAN, who many years
Had ploughed his field and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears:
"I toil in vain! these rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands—
The best seeds rot in barren lands.
My drooping vine is withering—
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among the branches sing;
My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake, a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:
"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery;
Yet none can toil in vain for me.
A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.
Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work, and watch, and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.
Look up to Heaven! behold, and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear."



"Sowing and Harvest shall not Fail."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star;
And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain,
That came to clothe the fields with grain.
And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Rewritten with his rainbow pen:
"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

—*Anonymous.*

ECHOES FROM HEAVEN.

ON the shores of the Adriatic the wives of fishermen whose husbands have gone far out upon the deep are in the habit, at eventide, of going down to the seashore and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn. After they have sung it, they listen till they hear, borne by the winds across the desert sea, the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves. Perhaps, if we could listen, we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper, borne from afar, to remind us that there is a Heaven and a home.

—*John Cumming, D. D.*



"Echoes from Heaven,"

THE SOUL ON TOP.

"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."—1 Cor. ix. 27.

LITTLE Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cosy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:

"Thank you, little master."

Dropping his paper, he said:

"I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa; only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master'?"

The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said:

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why shouldn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you, but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one, too. Just then I remembered something I'd learned in school about eating, and I thought that one big apple was

enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed to me for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master,' but I know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is that Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood, that will run up into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and don't eat too much it seems as if it was thankful and glad."

"What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the word, but it's what it meant."

"Weren't these the words, 'I keep my body under'?"

"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."



Wise Builders.

Bertie put on his coat and cap, and went away to school. His father took up the apple he had left behind on the table and put it in his pocket. On his way home, late in the afternoon, he called at Miss McLaren's boarding-house. He gave her the apple, and told her all that Bertie had said.

She could not eat that apple. She wrapped it in rose-colored tissue paper, and laid it in the drawer where she kept her dainty laces and nicest things. She had worked hard in school that day, and was very tired. At night, when her head was resting on its pillow, the moon looked in through the window and saw tears of joy dropping on it from a sweet face.

DO YOUR BEST.

A JOB slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate, insensibly, into bad workmen.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a

cent because it is not a dollar. Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying: "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well." And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose to greater.

Take heart, all who toil! all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

Says the good Book: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*Anonymous.*

HEAVEN would not be all that we love unless Christ was there. I would be unhappy when I got to Heaven if I could not find him there who redeemed me, who died for me, who bought me with his own blood. Some one asked a Christian man once what he expected to do when he got to Heaven. He said he expected to spend the first thousand years in looking at Jesus Christ; and after that he would look for Peter, and then for James, and for John; and all the time he could conceive of would be joy-

fully filled with looking upon these three great persons. But, oh, it seems to me that one look at Jesus Christ will more than reward us for all that we have ever done for him down here; for all the sacrifices we can possibly make for him, just to see him; and not only that, but we shall become like him when we once have seen him—we shall be like the Master himself. Jesus, the Saviour of the world, will be there. We shall see him face to face.

—*D. J. Moody.*

ONE PRECIOUS HOPE.

AND our beloved have departed,
While we tarry, broken-hearted,
 In the dreary, empty house;
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached their home of glory,
 Over death victorious.

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,
On we travel, daily, nightly,
 To the rest that they have found.
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast, to meet forever
 On more holy, happy ground?

Every hour that passes o'er us
Speaks of comfort yet before us—
 Of our journey's rapid rate;

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"And our Beloved have Departed while we Tarry Broken-hearted."

And like passing vesper bells,
The clock of time its chiming tells,
At eternity's broad gate.

Ah! the way is shining clearer,
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home.
Friends who there await the landing,
Comrades 'round the throne now standing,
We salute you, and we come.

HOPE'S SONG.

THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet Hope and Heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of Hope's song.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

“Troubles never last forever;
The darkest day will pass away.”

TAKE HOLD OF HIS HAND.

A FEW years ago there fell upon my life one of those seasons, in which I could see neither to the right nor the left. A terror of darkness was upon me. One night I lay awake, thinking, thinking, until my brain grew wild with uncertainty. I could not see a step in advance, and feared to move onwards lest, with the next footfall, I should plunge into hopeless ruin. Very strongly was I tempted to turn aside from the way in which I was going, a way reason and conscience approved as right; but something held me back. Again and again I took up and considered the difficulties of my situation, looking to the right hand and the left for ways of extrication; now inclined to go in this direction, and now in that; yet always held away from resolve by inner convictions of right and duty that grew clear at the moment when I was ready to give up my hold on integrity.

So the hours went by, heavy-footed, until past midnight. My little daughter was sleeping in the crib beside my bed, but now she began to move uneasily, and presently her timid voice broke faintly the still air.

"Papa, papa," she called.

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, papa. It is so dark. Take Nellie's hand."

I reached out my hand and took her tiny one in my own, clasping it firmly. A sigh of relief came up

from her little heart. All her loneliness and fear were gone, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

"O my Father in Heaven," I cried in a sudden, almost wild, outburst of feeling. "It is dark, very dark. Take my hand."

A great peace fell upon me. The terror of darkness was gone. "Keep hold of my hand, O Father," I prayed fervently; "and though I should be called to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Let not my feet wander to the right or to the left."

Sleep fell softly on my eyelids, and morning broke with scarce a seeming interval of time.

I felt calm and strong. The day was to be one of severe trial. Dark uncertainty rested over it. But I was resolved to walk steadily through its trials and its pains, holding tightly the hand of my Father.

Oh! is not the Lord better to us, if we will trust him, than all our fears? There came fierce assaults upon my integrity; I was lured by golden promises; I was threatened with disaster and disgrace, but my hand lay in the firm clasp of One who sticketh closer than a brother, and who is strong to save.

In my rectitude I found safety. Had I swerved, I would have gone down to hopeless ruin. Even my tempters, who had hoped to gain through my defection from honor, bore witness to my integrity. And now, having escaped the perils of this difficult and

dangerous pass, peace, prosperity and honor opened on my view. But the highest and dearest of all my possessions is my integrity, which, but for the hand of my Father, grasped in darkness, I should have lost.

“THE SIN WHICH DOTII SO EASILY BESET US.”

HEB. xii. 1.

ONE night at a meeting (so I read), a negro prayed earnestly that he and his brethren might be preserved from what he called their “upsettin’ sins.”

“Brudder,” one of his friends said, “you an’t got the hang of dat ar word. It’s ‘besettin’,’ not ‘upsettin’.”

“Brudder,” replied he, “if dat’s so, it’s so; but I was prayin’ de Lord to save us from the sin of ‘toxication, an’ if *dat an’t a upsettin’ sin, I dunno what am.*”

Sure enough, the old negro was right, drunkenness is the upsetting sin—upsetting homes and characters, upsetting manhood, womanhood and sweet childhood, upsetting and down-treading loves, hopes and joys. Intoxication is the sin which upsets the strong, able-bodied man and casts him alongside of the feeble ones; upsets the mighty intellect and lo! it is on a par with the mental imbecile; upsets the noble, loving heart, and alas! where tenderness once held absolute sway cruelty has taken possession.

“THE morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”—JOB xxxviii. 7.

FAITH'S OFFERING.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!

Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*



Faith's Offering.

vergal.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

THE fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace. There is every degree of peace. When I want perfect peace I throw off care on God; if my God is good for anything I will trust him; he carries my burdens, my transgressions. Love, joy, and peace—have you ever tasted them?

HIS HOPE.

WE "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things." No one soul is so obscure that God does not take thought for its schooling. The sun is the central light of the universe, but it has a mission to the ripening corn and the purpling clusters of the vine. The sunshine that comes filtering through the morning mists, with healing in its wings, and charms all the birds to singing, should have also a message from God to sad hearts. No soul is so grief-laden that it may not be lifted to sources of heavenly comfort by recognizing the divine love in the perpetual recurrence of earthly blessings:

"The night is mother of the day,
 The winter of the spring;
 And even upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling.
 Behind the cloud the star-light lurks;
 Through showers the sunbeams fall—
 For God, who loveth all his works,
 Hath left his hope with all."

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Hope.

WHATEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO WITH
THY MIGHT.

OF course there are choices of work; one would naturally desire favorable conditions, if possible; and it is not wrong to wish to transfer work from manual to intellectual—which is severer, although it is different; these gradations are allowable; but woe be to a man who forms the habit of shuffling through life without the love of imperious work.

Indolence is a habit that it does not take long to form, but that it does take a great while to break up, and that men form without being conscious that they are forming it. It ought to be proclaimed in every school, in every church, in every association of young men, that work, *work*, work, is the duty of every man. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Our Master was a carpenter, and he did a full day's work, I do not doubt. So every man who lives in this world is bound to earn his living by good, substantial, ungrumbling, honest work.

THE UNFRUITFUL FIG TREE.

THE tree that bears no fruit dies; for the fruit is the seed protector; and in the fruit is the promise of reproduction, and so the assurance of immortality. The unfruitful tree lives only long enough to afford a generous opportunity for it to answer the question,

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Our Master was a Carpenter.

Wilt thou bring forth fruit? Leaves cannot save it; for leaves do not reproduce life. The unfruitful professor dies of his own unfruitfulness. Men sometimes ask, almost querulously, What have I done that I should be condemned to death? The New Testament retorts, What have you done that you should be preserved unto life eternal? Who is richer, wiser, better, happier, for your existence? Why should any man live who lives to no useful purpose? Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground? Give his vacant place to a better man. This is always the final issue of an unfruitful life. The student who merely acquires and never gives forth learning—his mind withers away. The buyer and seller who merely gets gain and never gives it forth—his soul withers away. Douglas Jerrold's *Man Made of Money* is hardly an exaggeration. Everywhere about us we can see men withering away from their roots, because in all their life they have borne no fruit to enrich others' lives—a terrible prophecy of final eternal death.

This is the two-fold lesson of this enacted parable: *Practice*, not profession, *deeds*, not words, *living*, not saying, *fruits*, not leaves, are the true test of character; and the end of a fruitless, barren life is a withering away from the roots and a final death of the soul.

“I CAUSED the widow's heart to sing for joy.”—JOB
xxix. 13.

TO BURDEN-BEARERS.

YOUR load is hard to carry; your lot is hard to bear. The burden bound on your back is none of your making; the sin that scourges you is not your sin. You have earned confidence and are repaid in suspicion. You looked for love and behold enmity; you looked for coronation and behold a crown of thorns. Those whom you have served have turned against you; your foes are even those of your own household. You are misinterpreted by enemies, misunderstood by friends. They who would have sung Hosannas to you yesterday cry Crucify him, to-day; or eat and drink and sleep, in indifference more cruel than cruelty, while you bear in loneliness your bitter experience of distrust and disappointment. Perhaps not even your home is a refuge; perhaps the very garden where you loved to sit in sweet fellowship with familiar friends is turned into the scene of your anguish and the fatal theater of false friends. Possibly the burden is all the heavier because it is utterly unexpected. You thought you had won your victory, and you find yourself suddenly in the hardest battle of your life. Just as you were entering port, a sudden storm has arisen out of the very horizon that promised you harbor, and you are blown out to sea and storm again—the darkest storm, the heaviest sea, of your life voyage. No lot is harder than the lot of such a burden-bearer.

But none is more glorious. God rewards the victorious by calls to new battles; the faithful by fresh trials of fidelity. In life, as on the battle-field, the post of difficulty and danger is the post of honor. God gives you a great task because he has seen in you great strength; he puts on you a heavy burden because you have already attested your ability to bear burdens, for others' sake, with the patience of uncomplaining fidelity. It will not be borne in vain. The fire that consumes your life yields light and warmth to other lives. He that bears with divine patience a heavy burden shows every witnessing soul how lighter burdens may be borne. The most sacred of all ordinations is the ordination of sorrow; the most glorious of all offices is the office of burden-bearer. God is laying on you what he laid on his well-beloved Son; he is honoring you as he honored his well-beloved Son. The burden which Christ bore for the whole world you are bearing for your little world. The cross which Christ has laid down you have taken up. He, too, knew what it was to have the patience of love and the fidelity of service repaid with secret suspicion and open hate. The burden-bearer and the sin-bearer stands in the family of God nearest the world's Burden-bearer and Sin-bearer. Blessed is he who by his physical ministrations can take from men their hunger and nakedness, and help them to food and raiment; blessed he whose skill enables him to succor men in

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Comfort for the Burden-bearer.

sickness and redeem them from death; blessed he who can enlighten their ignorance and emancipate them from folly and superstition; but, most of all, blessed is he whom God counts strong enough and faithful enough to become a burden-bearer and a sin-bearer for others; even for those who sleep while he prays, or who revile while he patiently and silently suffers.

Now there is not one single experience which befalls us in life that is so low that God does not see it and notice it, though it may be no more than the scratch of a pin; and if you are only able to keep this blessed truth with you, and write it over your ledger, over your house, over your sorrows, over your corroding cares, over all your experiences here below, how different does your home become! It is not unrugged, it is not all bright, it is not without its unpleasantnesses; but there is a great deal of joy in things that are not pleasant; and there are no joys in this world like those moral joys which come from surmounting the evils that beset us and try us while passing through our earthly pilgrimage.

—H. W. Beecher.

“SORROWS remembered sweeten present joys.”

—Pollok.

“WE walk by faith, not by sight.”—2 Cor. v. 7.

THE MASTER CALLS FOR YOU.

HARK, the voice of Jesus crying—

“Who will go and work to-day?

Fields are white and harvest waiting!

Who will bear the sheaves away?”

Loud and strong the Master calleth,

Rich reward he offers thee;

Who will answer, gladly saying,

“Here am I; send me, send me!”

If you cannot cross the ocean,

And the heathen lands explore,

You can find the heathen nearer—

You can help them at your door.

If you cannot give your thousands,

You can give the widow's mite;

And the least you do for Jesus

Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels—

If you cannot preach like Paul—

You can tell the love of Jesus;

You can say he died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked

With the judgment's dread alarms,

You can lead the little children

To the Saviour's waiting arms.

If you cannot be the watchman

Standing high on Zion's wall,

Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.
If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd
"Place the food within their reach;"
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land.
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

—*Daniel March, D. D.*

To serve with lofty gifts the lowly needs
Of the poor race for which the God-man died,
And do it all for love—oh, this is great.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Feed my Lambs: still a horse, the shepherd.



THE TEST OF LOVE.

“He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him.”

And Christ's commandments are all summed up in one: Follow me. If you will live a life of serving the poor and the needy, sacrificing yourself for others' sake, endeavoring to incarnate the spirit of Christ before men as he incarnated the spirit of the Father, making atonement for the sins of others by cheerfully suffering the penalty which in justice ought to be laid on the wrong-doer, you will learn the love of the Father, you will receive the disclosure of his Son.

GOODNESS THAT COUNTS.

It is being thoroughly good and letting the goodness run over, that has the most powerful influence upon people. Let a man be thoroughly just, and he never need take any pains to make it appear that he is just. Let a man be thoroughly loving, and he never need say to himself, “How shall I seem to be loving?” Do you suppose that in a foundry, when a piece of iron is drawn out of the forge and held under the trip-hammer, it needs to say, “How shall I scintillate?” It sends a million stars flying in

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A Hard Test.

every direction the moment the trip-hammer strikes it. Only make it hot enough and it will scintillate without any trouble. And the first requisite for setting an example is to have something to show, and plenty of it. It is to have a heart full of love for God and love for man, and to have love and justice twine together and permeate your character. The way to be an exemplar is to have a desire to help all around about you, and to strive to help them so gently, so quietly, so unostentatiously, that you shall set an example unconsciously.

The direction to let your light shine requires that one should be rich in graces; that he should be ripe in piety; that he should live near to God; that he should be much in prayer; that he should be familiar with the Word of God; that he should have trod the path of Christian experience until it has become easy to his feet. Then he need almost never say to himself one word about example.—*H. W. Beecher.*

HOLINESS AND HUMILITY.

THE society of heaven will be select. No one who studies Scripture can doubt that. There are a good many kinds of aristocracy in this world, but the aristocracy of heaven will be the aristocracy of holiness. The humblest sinner on earth will be an aristocrat there. It says in the fifty-seventh chapter of Isaiah: "For thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhab-

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Search the Scriptures.

iteth eternity, whose name is holy: I will dwell in the high and holy place with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Now, what could be plainer than that? No one that is not of a contrite and humble spirit will dwell with God in his high, holy place.—*D. L. Moody.*

GOD MAKES NO MISTAKES.

If God sends you tribulation you can get out of despondency simply by being patient under suffering, and you can be patient under it because you know God means the best for you, even though what he does toward you is quite painful. In that comforting twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews we are specially assured that God makes no mistakes in the chastening tribulation which he sends to us. Afterward it shall work out the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Thus assured we can be patient; and before a faith which will keep looking steadily toward the shining end despondency must flee.

YOU CAN PRAY.

If you cannot rejoice in much hope, if you are not patient in tribulation, you can pray. It is a wonderful comfort to tell what troubles you. The other night a man came to me in great distress. After he had finished his story he said: "Well, sir, it is a great comfort just to tell these things." And you

can always tell God. Therefore, in all things and at all times, with prayer and thanksgiving let your request be made known to him.

Prayer is a wonderful comfort because you are sure of an answer, sure of an answer of some sort. No prayer goes into the heart of God and remains unanswered.

WHITHER ARE YOU GOING?

I HAVE been writing of the sleep of the blessed dead. There is another side to the picture. I would I need not touch upon it; but I must if I would be true. Your soft robes, you may be dispossessed of them. Your houses, you may be dispossessed of those. Your position, you may lose that. Your wealth, it may take to itself wings and fly away. But there is one thing you cannot be dispossessed of, because it is your veritable self. Wherever you go you must carry with you what you are, that is, your character. And if, when you pass into the shadows, you carry with you a character which looks away from God rather than towards him, what then? If you have refused to accept and love Christ, and have all the time been organizing your character around that centre of refusal, is it possible that for you the gates of that blessedness can open which shall for them who have accepted him?

You are passing somewhither. Constantly the moments urge us onward. Whither are you going?

Do you love Christ? Do you long for his appearing? Do you seek his service? Then you are his, and in his bosom you shall rest at last. But if you do not love him, if you are serving self instead of him! Judas went to his own place. It cannot but be that every one of us shall go to his own place, to that place befitting one's essential character.

"A LIE STICKS."

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very promptly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a hundred dollars?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Here Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked like such a very big sum. Oh! what lots of things he could buy with a thousand dollars. While he was thinking about it, and trying to make up his mind whether it would pay to tell a lie for a thousand dollars, a boy behind him cried out:

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

Now, mark this boy's answer, and do not forget it.

“Because, ma’am,” said he, “*the lie sticks*. When the thousand dollars are all gone, and the good things bought with them are all gone too, the lie is there all the same.”

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?

Does faith begin to fail? is hope departing?

And think you all in vain those falling tears?

Say not the Father hath not heard your prayers—

You shall have your desire

Sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented

This one petition at a Father's throne,

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,

So urgent was your heart to make it known.

Though years have passed since then, do not despair;

The Lord will answer you

Sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,

Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;

The work begun when first your prayer was uttered,

And God will finish what he has begun;

if you will keep the incense burning there,

His glory you shall see

Sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done,
Sometime, somewhere."

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

BUT it won't be the pearly gates; it won't be the jasper walls and the streets paved with transparent gold that shall make it Heaven for us. These would not satisfy us. If these were all, we would not want to stay there forever. I heard the other day of a child whose mother was very sick; and while she lay very low one of the neighbors took the child away to stay with her until the mother should be well again. But instead of getting better, the mother died, and they thought they would not take the child home until the funeral was all over; and would never tell her about her mother being dead. So a while afterward they brought the little girl home. First she went into the sitting-room to find her mother; then she went into the parlor to find her mother there; and she went from one end of the house to the other and could not find her. At last she said: "Where is my mamma?" And when they told her her mamma was gone the little thing wanted to go

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Where is my Mamma.

back to the neighbor's house again. Home had lost its attractions to her since her mother was not there any longer. No; it is not the jasper walls and the pearly gates that are going to make Heaven attractive. It is the being with God. We shall be in the presence of the Redeemer: we shall be forever with the Lord.—*D. L. Moody.*

LOVE.

“So.”—JOHN iii. 16.

MR. MARSH said: “An old man in Warwickshire said to me, ‘Can you tell me, Mr. Marsh, what is the shortest word in the Bible with the most meaning in it?’ ‘Yes; it is “so,” in John iii. 16.’ ‘That’s it,’ he said; ‘when I read that verse I feel like the negro who was reading the Bible on the road-side, when his ungodly master asked him, “What are you doing, Sam?” “Reading the Bible, massa.” “What do you do that for?” “’Cause it tells me God loves me.” “Why does God love you?” “That’s what puzzles me, massa, but I know he *does*.”’ That is what puzzles us all. His love we know and feel and prize; but *why* we should be thus loved, God alone is able to tell.”

CHARITY.

MEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the “blessed three.”

TELLING JESUS.

"And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—MATT. xiv. 12.

"WHAT would I do if I were to be blind?" cried grandmother, rubbing her eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do, grandmother," said Jessie, jumping up from her playthings.

"What?" asked grandma.

"Go and tell Jesus," said Jessie; "that is what I would do."

"Perhaps he would not cure me," said grandmother.

"Then he would help you say, 'Thy will be done,' and then you would not mind it, grandma," said the little girl.

Have you told Jesus your trouble?

WONDERFUL WORDS.

"WHOSOEVER shall do the will of my Father in Heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother." How does a man love his brother? Think of the warm affection with which a man cherishes his brother. Then think of the tenderness with which a manly nature loves a sister. Then add to these, yea, compass them all around with the love that a real man has for his mother—a love that will ever grow as he grows older—and now consider. Jesus has

said—it may include you and me, with all our unworthiness—“Whosoever shall do the will of God is as dear to me as brother, and sister, and mother.” The Scriptures contain many wonderful things, but what more wonderful than these words?

MEEKNESS.

“Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.”—MATT. v. 5.

“THERE are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
THere is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
BUT a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.”

OUR DAILY BREAD.

HE was very aged—the sexton of a church, sitting on its front doorstep one day, to rest himself. One passed by and said, “Uncle Payne, where were you raised?” “Ober de mountain, sah.” “What is your age?” “I’s e nigh on eighty, so de white folks say.” “Well, you are getting quite aged, Uncle Payne.” “Yes, sah, I’s e getting old, and has spent the most of my life in sin and folly, serbing de debil.” “That is bad, Uncle Payne; but how long since you became a Christian?” “Sence jes’ before de wa’, sah.” “Well, it has been a good while since, then,



"There are Briars Besetting every Path."

Uncle Payne. You should have had considerable experience by this time." "Yes, sah; I ought to hab. But I's jes' now learned how to chew crusts." "How is that, Uncle Payne? I don't quite understand what you mean." "Well, sah, you see, I came to Jesus and gib my heart to him; and for a long time I thought the Lord mus' be feedin' me wid pie and cake and all good things. I was not pleased of he didn't. But now I'so satisfied anyway. I can take a crust from his hand as well as anything. I'se got de witness in me."

One of our troubles is that we think that nothing but that which seems to us best is to be ministered to us by our Lord's hand. If trial come, if sorrow, if the place of our duty grow dusty, if the flowers wither and the streams get dry, we grow discontented, and turn our faces towards some easier place which does not wear a look so arid, though it be not the place of duty.

That was the trouble with these old patriarchs in the elder Scripture. That has been the trouble with men and women ever since. We are unwilling to take from the Lord's hands the crusts of trial.

VERY beautiful were the last words of Charles Kingsley. When told he must die, his rapturous answer was, "It is not darkness I am going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with me. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there."

“IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.”

AND what are you going to do? Whom are you going to comfort? Remember the words of the Lord: “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” A smile is a great deal better to give away than a frown. A soft word is a great deal more likely to be a blessing than a harsh word. A mild judgment is much more likely to do good than a severe judgment. Kindness is far better than unkindness. Persons can carry themselves so that their whole nature shall be music to men; and to do this involuntarily, to do it and not know it, is to snaply to leave a stream of satisfaction behind them, but to set in motion influences that shall go on blessing people innumerable in the future.

I have met persons who have opened up conceptions in my own mind that affected my history from beginning to end. Of the events that have run through my mind at different times, those which have stuck there have been those which have opened up the perceptions that I have had of holy natures that I have met. Not that any persons whom I have met were perfect; but they were sufficient in that direction to suggest to me the higher idea, the larger conception.

Now, brethren, we often come together around the family altar and pray, “God bless this household; bless my children;” but do we often put into our



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prayer the other petition, "Make me and make my children a blessing"? We come together in our prayer and conference meetings and pray for the church, and we hope that God will bless the missions and all that worship here; but is the burden on our hearts, "Make us a blessing to others"? Are you so hungry for being blessed that you have no appetite for giving a blessing?

Where a man has the endowments, the gifts, for blessing others and does not use them, there is a very solemn accountability resting upon him. If a city were starving, and a man had bread and would not take the trouble to give it out, and he let men perish all around him, would he be excusable? If sickness were carrying death into hundreds of families and the physician in their midst had a knowledge of what the remedy was and would not impart the secret of life, would he not be culpable? And if a man has in himself the power of opening the fountains of salvation to men and of bringing them out of darkness and into light, cheering and comforting them along the way of life, and does not use it, can he account for himself?

Are you doing all that you ought to do? Are you giving freely of that which God has given you for the welfare of men? This is a solemn question to every one: "I am greatly blessed; but am I a blessing, and is the desire to be a blessing the ruling desire of my life?"

TRUST IN GOD.

COURAGE, brother: do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, never weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust in God and do the right.

“GIVE unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy
for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of
heaviness.”—ISAIAH lxi. 3.

“CHOOSE YE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE.”

It takes a great deal of courage to choose always to obey God, for though no one now forbids us to preach or to teach about Jesus, we may be tempted to be cowards in many other ways. God has not promised that we shall never be tempted, but he says that with every temptation he will provide a way of escape. Sometimes it may be by sending his angel to take us right out of the hands of our enemies, and sometimes by giving us strength to be steadfast and brave in spite of them. There is always an angel of deliverance for those who say with Peter: “We must obey God rather than man.” If your flight is with angels on the wings of faith; if you know what is the rest that remaineth for the people of God; if Heaven and Christ are yours, and God is yours, then, though your days be intermittent, one day being cloudy and another fair, take courage and press on and up.

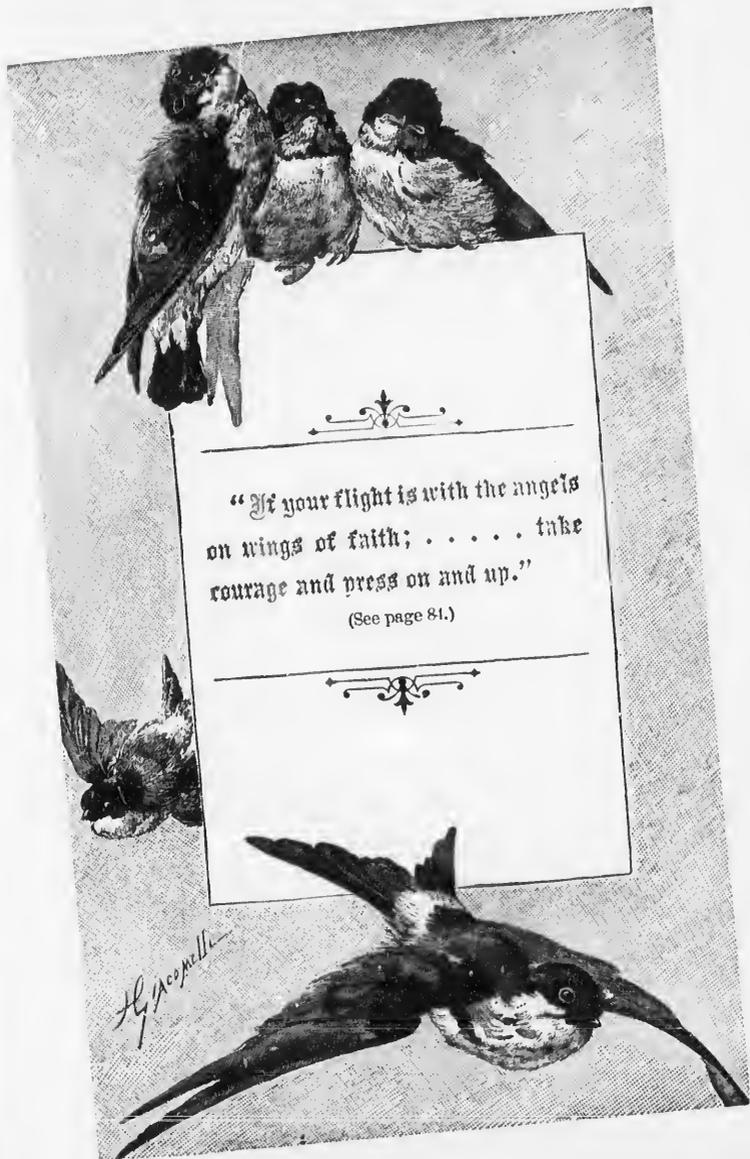
CHARITY TOWARD ALL.

I leave these three rules with you :

1. Think that each one is as dear to God as you are.
2. Think, if you be inclining to hate, that others love that person and that some have hated you.
3. Think how things will look to you by and by from afar, and let your life be large.—*J. Vila Blake.*

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“If your flight is with the angels
on wings of faith; take
courage and press on and up.”

(See page 84.)

H. G. Mitchell

THE SPIRIT, NOT THE GIFT.

THERE are ten thousand hearts in the community that are throbbing all the time with a sense of insignificance and saying: "Who am I? What can I do? I have no wealth, no education, no position." That may be true; but there is a Saviour who judges not by the magnitude of a gift, but by the desire that is behind it. There are a great many poor widows whose offerings in the sight of God are larger and nobler than those of rich men who give largely. There is no act that comes from the soul which is not seen. Men do not see it, perhaps, but angels do.

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be
born,
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn."

PATTY'S FAITH.

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—Ps. xxxiv. 10.

Down at the foot of the long, high mountains, in a little bit of a home, lived the Widow Dunn with her three children. But it was a home, however small; it was to them quite a beautiful place. But now there had been such a long winter it seemed dreary enough.

One day in early March came that had a breath of south wind at last, and the three watched the long

icicles hanging from the eaves, and saw the water drip with great joy. Then Mrs. Dunn told Patty she might put on her hood and shawl and go down to Mrs. Brown's for some spearmint, as Freddie did not seem quite well. Patty was a strong girl of ten, and the run of half a mile was pure fun to her, and so was the play of an hour that she had leave to stay; then she put on her things again.

"Here is your spearmint Patty," said good Mrs. Brown; "and here, put these fine doughnuts in your pocket. I've just fried them, and Bessie and Fred will like them;" for the good neighbor knew how very poor they were at the widow's.

"Better hurry up, Patty; there's a storm coming," said Mr. Brown, meeting her at the door; and if Patty had only heeded, all would have been well, but the barn was by the road, and there Patty stopped a long time to watch the "cutest" little calf playing with its mother, so that when she was really off, the air was full of scudding snow and the wind roared over the mountains like a hundred lions, poor Patty thought. But, thoroughly frightened, she only thought of home, and ran on and on over the hills, quite blinded by the snow, and falling often, until a gust, more fearful than any before, carried her far out of her way and threw her against a fence. It was growing dark, too, and every minute the wind roared louder. She staggered a little farther, then she was carried on again until she struck

against something softer than a stone wall, and she knew nothing more for a long time.

When at last she roused up, the noise did not seem quite so loud; but when she put out one hand it struck into the soft snow, but the other felt something warm and soft. For a long time Patty was too frightened to think. At last it came to her that her poor little self and a sheep were buried together in the snow, and she put her head on her woolly friend and cried enough tears to have quite melted a small snow-bank and sent her to sleep.

When she awoke she was stiff and hungry, though not cold; but she did not cry. Instead, she thought of a verse her mother often said: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." "We will trust him, won't we, sheepie?" she said, and turning, her hand hit her pocket and the doughnuts. "He does care for us, sheepie, he does!" she exclaimed, as she bit the precious gift.

But, oh, how many times poor Patty had to say over her verse in the long hours after. She slept, said all her chapters, ate another doughnut; finally she did not seem to think straight, and her verses ran together strangely, and it would soon have been too late, had not the men out digging for sheep found these two by the little hole their breaths had melted, and taken her home forty hours after she left it; and her mother had thought her safe at Mr. Brown's all through those terrible hours.



Madonna and Child.

"But, mother," said Patty, "I never cried a tear after I thought of your trust verse. I knew the Lord meant poor sheepie and me, and I knew he put the doughnuts in my pocket a-purpose. He always gives us just what we need, don't he? I had just 'enough,' and I want to thank him always."

And Patty's trust was the right kind.—*Howe Benning.*

FAITH.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

Those who are so anxious about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman. Her name was Nancy, and she earned a moderate living by washing. She was, however, always happy. One day one of those anxious Christians who were constantly "taking thought" about the morrow, said to her: "Ah, Nancy, it's well enough to be happy now; but I should think your thoughts of the future would sober you. Suppose, for instance, that you should be taken sick and unable to work; or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one else should give you anything to do; or suppose"—"Stop!" cried Nancy. "I neber supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it is all dem 'supposes' as is makin' you so mis'able. You orter give dem all up, an' jes' trus' in de Lord."

A PLEASING HOPE.

LET me be thankful for the pleasing hope that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, he will ere long bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one further charm and joy even to Paradise itself. Was this my desolation? this my sorrow? to part with thee for a few days, that I might receive thee forever, and find thee as thou art? It is for no language but that of Heaven, to describe the sacred joy which such a meeting must occasion.—*Dr. Doddridge.*

A LESSON OF TRUST.

IT is a story told of Mr. Richard Cecil, that one day his little child ran toward him, full of delight at the possession of a box of colored beads. "They are very beautiful," said the father, looking at them, "but now, my dear, throw them into the fire." Of course the child was full of hesitation. Of course her eyes were dimmed with tears, and beseeching with perplexed pleading as they sought her father's face. It was a great trial. "Now, I shall not compel you to do it," said the father, "I leave it to you, but you never knew your father to ask you to do anything that was not kind to you. I cannot tell you

why I want you to do this, but if you can trust me throw the beads into the fire." So the child stood there, torn with trouble. Nothing seemed so beautiful as those beads. Nothing seemed so unreasonable as her father's command. But then underneath this surface struggle there was abiding in the child's heart a deep and quiet trust in the love and wisdom of her father. So, with a mighty effort, she flung the box of painted beads into the flame. That day the father had nothing more to say.

But the next day he put into her hands a gift far more beautiful than her beads: a gift of something she had long wanted, but had feared she could never have. And this was what he said to her: "My child, I did this to teach you to trust in the Father in Heaven. Many a time in your life he will require you to give up and avoid what you cannot tell the reasons for yielding or avoiding; but if you trust the Heavenly Father as you have trusted me, you will always find it best."

FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knoweth no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast!"

TRUE GIVING.

God has given us all that we have, and if we remember this, gratitude for these gifts should make us willing to give to him whenever we have the opportunity.

One day a gentleman gave a little boy a gold dollar. "Now you must keep that," said the gentleman.

"Oh, no," said the boy; "I shall halve it first. Maybe I shall keep *my* half."

"Your half?" said the gentleman, "why, it's *all* yours."

"No," answered the child, with an earnest shake of the head; "no, it's not all mine. I always go halves with God. Half I shall keep, and half I shall give to him."

"God owns the world; he does not need it," said the gentleman; "the gold and the silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills belong to him."

The little boy looked puzzled for a moment. He had never thought of this. Presently he said: "Anyhow, God goes halves with us, and don't you think we ought to give him back his part?"

That was the right feeling. This little boy felt grateful to God for all the good things he had given him, and it was the gratitude he felt that made him desire to "*go halves with God.*"

But then Jesus gave *himself* to die for us, and gratitude for this should make it easy for us to learn the lesson of giving.

ORDER AND VIRTUE IN THE HOME.

WHAT was said concerning Abraham may be said of every true Christian father: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." Happy is that nation whose children are brought up in families like this. There purity, virtue, and true manhood in every principle of justice and mercy will be permanently secured. What an important place, therefore, does the family occupy in the social, moral, and political worlds! Take this away and the bond of sacred union is forever dissolved, and the most distressing and deplorable results must follow. Break asunder these centres of holy affections, of truth, honor and purity, and you will fill the land with every enormity, and desolation, the most far-reaching and dreadful, will fill its entire breadth. It is highly important and necessary not only to continue the validity of the marriage rite, upon which the true idea of the family is based, but great care should be exercised to make these homes all that they can and should be made—the most delightful and enticing places on earth, where everything that is good is encouraged, and everything evil pointed out and discountenanced; for as children leave the parental home they are, to

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Learning to be Helpful.

a large extent, moulded for life. Order and correct morals should here receive the proper stamp upon the opening mind. Yes, everything we wish our children to be, in time and eternity, should here be taught and enforced. Then "all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

God's Love.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And, as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best:
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

—*Saxe Holm.*

"CHARITY shall cover the multitude of sins."—
1 PETER iv. 8.

FORGIVING OTHERS.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."—MATT. vi. 12.

A story is told of a certain nobleman of Alexandria, who complained bitterly to the bishop about his enemies. While in the midst of his tale, the bell sounded for prayers; and the bishop and the nobleman dropped on their knees—the former leading in the Lord's Prayer. When the bishop came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses," he stopped suddenly, leaving the other to go on alone. The nobleman attempted to continue; but, startled by the sound of his unaccompanied voice, and recalled by his companion's silence to the significance of the petition, he stammered, ceased praying, and rose from his knees. It is an easy thing to say, "Forgive us our trespasses," but it is difficult sometimes to say it understandingly. If we stop at this petition, when we are repeating the Lord's Prayer, until we have fully entered into the spirit of it, how many of us will always go on?

A MONUMENT OF KINDLY DEEDS.

OUR Lord *went about* doing good. He did not wait for chance for doing good to come to him. He sought the chance to do it; went about after it. Certainly there is suggestion of enterprise here for all of us. Some time since in a New England town there lived

and died an old lady. She had worked hard all her life. She had accumulated a little competency. She had earned it honestly. But that was all she had done. Of smiles and kindness and charities her life was as destitute as is a granite boulder of summer verdure. The kindly people who were her neighbors said she had the reputation of being "a little difficult to get along with." "Yes," said one of them in answer to some inquiry, "Miss Smith is dead, and she left a house and garden and some personal property, and money in the bank, and what do you think she left it all to? To build a monument to herself over in the cemetery." "Well," said the neighbor, reflectively, "I suppose she wanted to be remembered some way."

Just about this time a young girl died in the same town, whose path had always been a rugged one. Though she had worked hard all her life, she had left no house, or garden, or balance in the bank. But she did leave another sort of monument—a monument of kindly deeds, of pleasant words, of cheerful smiles, that have brightened, and will continue to make bright, the lives of all her friends. "Why," said a fellow-worker, "I never could have learned to run my machine if she had not been so kind about showing me." Said a little girl: "She often used to give me a flower when she met me mornings, and if she had no flower she smiled so pleasantly it was just as good." Another young girl



Not so Beautiful as a Monument of Kind Deeds.

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exclaimed, "It was a note she wrote me that made me want to be a Christian." And a shy boy said, with tender memories vibrating in his voice, "I came to prayer-meeting first because she asked me to, and she always used to speak to me and say she was glad to see me there." The girls in the Sabbath-school class banded themselves together to try to do some of the kind things that she would do if she were living. Does not the story of this humble life make plainly evident to us how even a measurable following of our Lord will set us on enterprises toward beneficence? Better than shaft in any cemetery, such earnest and beautiful example toward the seeking opportunities of doing good.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

PRAYER is the key to open the day and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the clouds drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great shower at certain seasons did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is the falling of the early and latter dew. But if you will increase and flourish in works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer. Choose out seasons when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in time of harvest.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

"LITTLE Annie Wilder has joined the church," said Mrs. Fielding to her friend, Mrs. Brewster. "Joined the church! Well, I must say I don't believe in filling the church with children, and such material, too. I don't believe Annie Wilder knows how to read."

"And her mother is such a low-lived termagant," added the first speaker.

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it; she takes a drop too much, I am told."

"Say a great many drops and you will get nearer the truth," was the reply.

This bit of dialogue took place in Mrs. Fielding's pretty summer parlor, in a certain suburb.

It happened that not long thereafter Annie Wilder came to Mrs. Fielding and asked for work. She was set to washing dishes and cleaning vegetables, and a most efficient little handmaiden she proved. She was gay as a bird, warbling snatches of hymn and song, as she hurried from one task to another.

One day Mrs. Fielding said: "Annie, I wonder you are not more serious since you joined the church. It is a great responsibility to be a church member, and religion is a serious thing."

Annie paused in her work, looked at the lady with her sweet, truthful eyes, and said:

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am."

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“Joined the church! Well, I
must say I don't believe in filling
the church with children.”
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(See page 101.)



"I feared as much," said Mrs. Fielding lugubriously. "Child, do you know what it means to join the church?"

"It means being on Jesus' side," said Annie, her face radiant, "and oh, I love him so that I can't help singing."

"But," said Mrs. Fielding, "don't you have any fears, any struggles?"

"Why should I, ma'am?" asked the child, her clear eyes opening wide.

The lady said no more, but she shook her head ominously as she walked away.

The hot weather came on; family trials were onerous; nobody had an appetite; the children were cross; papa was critical. One morning Mrs. Fielding felt particularly out of condition. The sun, but a little way on his journey, shone with noontday intensity; not a leaf stirred; the breakfast was tasteless; the flies were aggravating. I don't know how it happened, but it only takes a little spark to make an explosion when the train is laid. Some unguarded word was spoken, a temper blazed; a child was slapped and sent away from the table; the husband remonstrated; sharp words followed; there were tears, recriminations, a downright quarrel.

"Oh, the trouble of living!" groaned Mrs. Fielding, when her husband and children were out of the house and she was left alone. "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it," and she gave herself up to hysterical sobbing.

By and by, when the storm was a little cleared away, came Annie, her face serene, her eyes soft and untroubled.

"Please excuse me, ma'am, for being so late," she said, "but mother was bad this morning and wouldn't let me come."

"What is the matter with her?"

The child blushed.

"She has been drinking, I suppose," said Mrs. Fielding.

Annie raised her arm at that minute, and there on the soft, fair flesh was the livid mark of a blow.

"What is that?"

"Please don't ask me, ma'am; it is nothing."

"Your mother has been beating you—and what a face! You look as if you hadn't a trouble in the world. How can you bear such things?"

"I keep saying 'em over, ma'am."

"Saying what over?"

"The charity verses. I said 'em so fast I didn't hear mother very plain."

"What do you mean?"

"'Love suffereth long and is kind'—isn't it beautiful, ma'am?" and the child's face glowed. "And then when I started to come here," she continued, "I couldn't help feeling bad and lonesome, and I thought of another verse: 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' Always, ma'am, think of that! It means Jesus, ma'am, and oh, I love him

.ol" Mrs. Fielding went to her own room, dumb before the wisdom of an ignorant child. Presently Annie's voice came floating out on the stifling air. She was singing: "His loving kindness, oh, how great."—*Mrs. M. F. Butts.*

"HAVE FAITH AND STRUGGLE ON."

WE cannot see the significance of many things that happen in this life. It was a dark day for you when he took that little lamb out of your arms where it was warm, and put her away in the cold earth. You could not understand it at all; she was so gentle and full of smiles and tenderness; she was unto you all in all. You know how you trembled and quaked when she grew thin; you thought you would never see the sunshine again. When you put her in the silent house, away in the darkness, you did not understand it, and do not understand it to-day. It may be you have carried that little grave these many years; it is a sad fact in your experience, but you shall know by and by. Oh! sometimes it seems a weary, worn way. We go along heavy paths; we carry hard loads and stagger under them, and one after another falls; we see ourselves left alone with nobody in the universe but God. We think it strange; we take a little more hope and gird ourselves for the race. But know this, even though we run in darkness, we shall see and we shall know even as we are

known. Time hacks out our frames; we grow gray, and thin, and wrinkled; we wonder how those who went away when we were young and in the vigor of our early manhood will ever know us, what changes will come over them, and how we shall see them, but we shall know even as we are known.

A WELL FOUNDED HOPE.

My hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem; dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour, Jesus; and with him see my dear mother and all my relations and friends. But I must die or not come to that happy place.—*George Herbert.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"A certain Samaritan."—LUKE x. 33.

OBERLIN, the well known philanthropist of Steintal, while yet a candidate for the ministry, was traveling on one occasion from Strasburg. It was in the winter-time. The ground was deeply covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. He had reached the middle of his journey and was

among the mountains, and by that time was so exhausted that he could stand up no longer.

He was rapidly freezing to death. Sleep began to overcome him; all power to resist it left him. He commended himself to God, and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death.

He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious of some one rousing him and waking him up. Before him stood a wagon-driver in his blue blouse, and the wagon not far away. He gave him a little wine and food, and the spirit of life returned. He then helped him on the wagon, and brought him to the next village. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which his benefactor refused.

"It is only a duty to help one another," said the wagoner. "And it is the next thing to an insult to offer a reward for such a service."

"Then," replied Oberlin, "at least tell me your name, that I may have you in thankful remembrance before God."

"I see," said the wagoner, "that you are a minister of the gospel. Please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan."

"That," said Oberlin, "I cannot do, for it was not put on record."

"Then," replied the wagoner, "until you can tell me his name, permit me to withhold mine."

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Thy "neighbor"? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy "neighbor"? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou and succor him.

Thy "neighbor"? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care, and pain,—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy "neighbor"? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,
Widow and orphan helpless left,—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy "neighbor"? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thy own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by!
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery,—
Go share thy lot with him.

“BE YE STEADFAST, ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE
WORK OF THE LORD.”

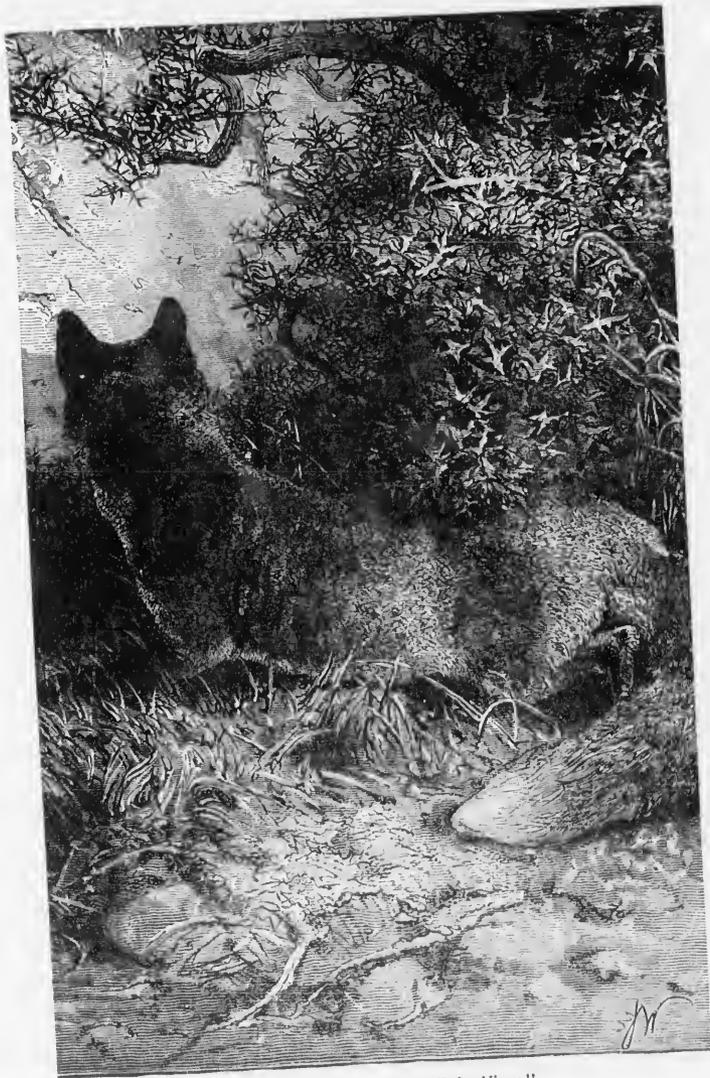
IN the country where the Bible was written the growing of grapes is an important business—grapes being an article of commerce. They are used for food and for making wine. They were not trained up high arbors as they are in our cities, but were trained on posts or poles not much higher than a man's head. They were kept well cut back, so that clusters of grapes often began within one or two feet of the ground. Foxes have always been fond of grapes, and the little foxes would climb up the vines and spoil them and destroy the fruit. So God says in the Song of Solomon, 2d chapter and 15th verse, “Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines bear tender grapes.” Now what has that to do with us? A good deal when we come to understand it. We are, all of us, vines planted in God's vineyard, and the object is that we shall bring forth fruit to his honor and glory, and yet a great many are bringing forth no fruit. Why is it? Because there is some one and maybe more little foxes in the vine and destroying the fruit. I know a great

many little foxes. To-day I want to talk about a little fox called "Fickleness."

We find him at work in the church, in the family, in the school, everywhere, unsettling young people (and older ones sometimes too), and making them forget two important things that we ought never to forget. One is that God has so made us that we must be busy to be happy. When he put Adam in the garden he was to till it, and when he gave us the fourth commandment he made it as much a part of the law that we should work for six days as that we should rest on the seventh; and the other important thing to remember is that perseverance is necessary for success in everything that is worth knowing or worth having.

The world is full of "nobodies," and the reason is that little fox Fickleness has hold of them; he has spoiled the vine so that it bears no fruit; he is the mortal enemy of Perseverance.

Some time ago I was called upon by a widow, who asked me to help her find a situation for her son. I had known him years before when he was a boy in the Sunday-school. I tried to get some idea of the kind of place to look for, and asked her what he knew or what he could do. She had but one answer, that he was very willing and would do anything. The story of the boy's life was simply this: He left school when he was hardly thirteen years old, because he was tired of it. After many months of idleness, he



"The Little Foxes that Spoil the Vines."

tried farming; he got tired of that; he then undertook a trade; in less than a year he got tired of that; then, after a long spell of idleness, his poor mother found a place for him in a store; but he had not been there a great while before he found out that in all these places he had to get up early in the morning, work hard all day and go to bed tired at night, and get but small pay at that. So he got tired of trying to be a merchant and came home again to add to his mother's burden. He was then twenty-two years old, and had grown up to be a great big "know-nothing"—one of the thousands who bear no fruit because that little fox Fickleness has spoiled the vine.

Let me say to all my young friends that, excepting political places, I know of no situation where you can make large sums of money for doing nothing. To succeed we must work, and persevere in the work, and never lose sight of the object in life at which we aim. Every wise sailor when he starts on a voyage lays his course and steers by it; but how many there are who begin by choosing an object in life, a calling of some kind, and just as they set out and begin to feel the discouragements in the way, the necessity for perseverance and self-denial, listen to that little fox Fickleness, who tries to persuade them that something else is easier, and so choose another aim—just like an old colored man that I heard of once on board of a coaster. The weather had been very rough for two days. The wind was still blowing fresh, but

steady; the night was clear and the stars were shining. The captain was very tired. The mate had been hurt in the storm, and the other hand was sick in his berth, so that the captain had been on deck all the night before and needed rest. So he called old Dan, the cook, and asked him if he couldn't steer while he got some sleep. "Not by dat t'ing," said Dan, pointing to the binnacle. For a moment the captain was at a loss how to overcome the difficulty; but as he cast his eye ahead, he saw that the sloop was heading for the north star. The wind was from the west, or abeam, as the sailors say. "Now," said he, "Dan, do you see that star right ahead of the bowsprit?" "Yes, sar!" "Then take the helm and keep her steady for it." So Dan took the helm. The captain watched him for a while, and then said, "That's right, Dan, just keep her there full and steady, and if the wind shifts, call me. He went below and turned in. After an hour or two, Dan thought that he could steer just as well sitting down, so he sat down—keeping one hand on the tiller. Then he got very sleepy, and finally stretched himself out sound asleep. When the helm was off the sloop luffed and came round head to the wind. In the course of time the flapping of the sail waked Dan. He jumped up and looked over the bowsprit for the star, but he could not find it in that direction, so he ran to the head of the companionway crying out, "Captain, captain, come show me anoder star. I

got by dat one." Some of my young friends can tell where the fault was. The world is full of people getting by stars in the same way. They lose sight of the object just as Dan did.

Make up your mind that as the world is full of nobodies, God helping you, you mean to be somebody, and a Christian at that. Choose carefully the object in life, then "go for it." No one ever got lost on a straight road.

Many years ago some four or five boys in the country were on their way home from school. The ground was covered with snow, and as they were passing by a large field, it was very level, and the snow looked so smooth and even that one of the boys proposed to see which of them could make the straightest track across the field to a large tree on the other side. In a moment they were over the fence. Taking their places, with a "warn ye once, twice, thrice," they started. They reached the tree, and looking back on their tracks, they laughed to see how crooked they were, but in the midst of their laughter one of them called attention to Joe's track, how straight it was. They all saw it then. It was very straight, and they asked him how he did it. He stepped back from the tree, and pointing to the stump of a thick broken branch, said, "Do you see that stump, 'fellers'? Well, when I started I fixed my eye on it, and went straight for it." Applying the lesson learned from little Joe, I promise my young friends that if they

will make it the object and aim of life to be good and useful men and women, and to kill little fox Fickleness, taking God's word as their guide and his Spirit as their light, they will make a straight track through time into eternity.

WISDOM is to the soul what health is to the body.

TRUTHFULNESS.

LITTLE Charlie Foster was playing with his ball in the school-yard one morning before school began. Presently the ball slipped out of his hand sooner than he intended and went through the window with a crash. The window was broken to fragments and the ball rolled away into a corner of the school-room.

Charlie was frightened. He was a timid boy, and the teacher, Mr. Trumbull, seemed to him very big and very stern. But Charlie had been taught to love the truth, and stick to it at all times. He did not think for a moment of trying to hide what was done. So, blushing and trembling, with his heart in his mouth, he started and ran as fast as he could down the road along which the teacher usually came to school, to tell him all about it. Before long he met the teacher walking rapidly towards the school and so busy thinking that he did not seem to see the little boy who was trying to get his attention.



Truth.

"Mr. Trumbull! Mr. Trumbull! stop a moment, please," said he.

"Oh, Charlie! Good morning. Why, what's the matter now, my little man?"

"I broke your window, sir, but I didn't mean to. I'm very sorry for it. I did it with my ball, and the ball is in the school-room now."

"Poor child," said the teacher, who saw his eyes filled with tears and a look of great distress on his face. "So you ran all the way to tell me, did you? You've begun right, Charlie, my boy. Whatever mischief you do, never be afraid or ashamed to tell of it."

Then, with a light heart, Charlie ran back to the school. None of the boys knew that Charlie had told the teacher about it. They had collected together and were talking about the broken window and what the teacher would say, as boys like to do under such circumstances.

After awhile a little fellow named Johnny Thompson found the ball with C. F.—the initials of Charlie Foster's name—marked on it. He guessed at once who had done the mischief. He was not himself in the habit of confessing when he had done wrong, and, judging Charlie by himself, he supposed that the teacher knew nothing about who was to blame for the accident; so he held up his hand to show that he wished to speak. "Well, Johnny, what have you to say?" asked Mr. Trumbull.

"Please, sir, I've found out who broke that 'ere window," said Johnny, in a way which showed how easy it was for him to break the rules of grammar if he didn't break the window.

"So have I," said Mr. Trumbull, "and a *very honorable* person broke it."

"A very honorable person!" That made Charlie feel very comfortable. And then the teacher told all the boys how Charlie had come himself to tell all about it. He spoke in high terms of him as a boy to be trusted and of the honor he had gained in this way. Then he showed how different it would have been if he had denied it and told a lie to hide it. He would have been found out sooner or later, and then he would have been covered with shame and disgrace.

"Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips."

HOLINESS.

O SIXTEEN human beings, still you know that holiness is the crown of existence. There is not a human heart that does not somehow, sometimes, love goodness. Find me the most wicked man in all your great city and there are times when that man admires goodness. Yea, I imagine there are times when he hopes that somehow or other he may yet be good himself. When a man we love has died we are prone to exaggerate in our funeral discourse, in our inscriptions on tombstones and the like—to exag-

gerate what? We seldom exaggerate much in speaking of a man's talents, or learning, or possessions, or influence, but we are always ready to exaggerate his goodness. We want to make the best of the man in that solemn hour. We feel that goodness is the great thing for a human being when he has gone out of our view into the world unseen. And what is it that the Scriptures teach us is one of the great themes of the high worship of God, where worship is perfect? Long ago a prophet saw the Lord seated high on a throne in the temple with flowing robes of majesty, and on either side adoring seraphs did bend and worship, and oh! what was it that was the theme of their worship? Was it God's power? Was it God's wisdom? You know what they said—"Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts. The whole earth is full of his glory." And there do come times, O my friends, to you and me, though we lift not holy hands, for we are sinful, though we dwell among a people of unclean lips, there come times to you and me when we want to adore the holiness of God.—*Dr. Broadus.*

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in the air—
A sunshiny morning will come without warning!"

Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A WOMAN'S FAITH.

IN one of the towns in England there is a beautiful little chapel, and a very touching story is told in connection with it. It was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her; would not allow her pastor even to take dinner with them; would not look at the Bible; would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray to God at twelve o'clock for his salvation. She said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told the Lord about her husband. At the end of twelve months there was no change in him. But she did not give it up. Six months more went past. Her faith began to waver, and she said: "Will I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead he will answer my pray-

ers." When she had got at that point it seemed just as if God had got her where he wanted her. The man came home to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining-room waiting for him, but he didn't come in; she waited some time, and finally looked for him all through the house. At last she thought of going into that little room where she had prayed for him so often. There he was, praying at the same bed with agony where she had prayed for so many months, asking forgiveness for his sins. And this is a lesson to you, wives, who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith and answered her prayer.

EVERY MAN HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

WHY not always speak well of your neighbor? Many people who speak ill have no malice; they would be filled with remorse if the wrong they do could be brought home to them. But they have no conception of the value of reputation and the power of words. The true wealth of a community is the character of its citizens, and the sum of that priceless capital is made up of individual reputations. Whoever smirches one of these leaves a black mark on the whole community; whoever detracts from one of these weakens the moral power of the whole community. Society is altogether too lenient with its evil speakers; it ought to brand them and draw a

circle of isolation around them. They are far more dangerous than the classes that are avowedly and professionally criminal. Many a man keeps his credit and holds his place who deserves the whip of small cords, and many a woman holds her own in the "best circles" whose judgment of scorn ought not to be deferred for the next world to pronounce. Your neighbor's reputation is as much yours to guard from misconception and preserve from stain as your own. When you help to build it up you serve yourself no less than another. If you do not understand certain things in the house next door, rest content with your own ignorance, and do not go from house to house inviting others to share it, or stand on the street corners and wonder why things are as they are. There are probably vulnerable spots in your own armor into which a sharp word might be easily driven. The code of morals which permits men and women to speak ill of each other is a relic of barbarism. Christianity makes every man his brother's keeper.

"How do you manage to keep out of quarrels?" said a person once to a good man, known to be a great lover of peace. His answer was a wise one: "*By letting the angry person have the quarrel all to himself.*"

HOPE is the mother of faith.

A STRANGE STORY.

“Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”—PSALM I. 15.

“CALL upon me,” says God, “in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” This is one of those cheering promises which have been the comfort and safety of God’s people in every age. While it gives a condition, it pledges a sure and blessed result, telling us that if in danger, or perplexity, or trouble, we call upon God, he will answer, deliver and save.

Multitudes have tested the promise, and in their own experience have found it to be true. In the hour of perplexity or danger many a child of God has called on him, when there was no other resource, and has found him faithful to his promise to deliver, as is shown in the following narrative, which is literally true:

In a large and lone house in the south of England lived a lady of piety and wealth, with only maid-servants in the dwelling itself, her men-servants being in cottages at a distance from the house. It was her custom to go through the house with one of her servants every evening to see that the windows and doors were properly secured; and one night, after seeing that all was safe, she retired to her room, when, as she entered it, she saw distinctly a man under the bed. What could she do? Her servants

were in a distant part of the house, where they could not hear if she cried for help, and even if with her they were no match for a desperate house-breaker. What, then, did she do? Quietly closing and locking the door, as she was always in the habit of doing, she leisurely brushed her hair, put on her dressing-gown, and then, taking her Bible, sat down to read. She read aloud, though in a low and serious tone, choosing a chapter which had special reference to God's watchful care over those that trust him, whether by day or by night. When it was ended she knelt and prayed aloud, commending herself and servants to the divine protection, pleading their utter helplessness and their dependence on God to preserve them from danger, and praying for the poor, the sinful, and the tempted, that they might be kept from evil and led to put their trust in God as their father and friend. Then arising from her knees and putting out the candle, she laid herself down in bed, though of course she did not sleep. After a few moments the man came out from his concealment, and, standing by her bedside, begged her not to be alarmed.

"I came here," he said, "to rob you; but after the words you have read and the prayer you have uttered no power on earth could induce me to harm you or to touch a thing in your dwelling. But you must remain perfectly quiet, and not make a sound to alarm your servants or to interfere with me. I



Not a Sparrow Fullth, etc.

will give a signal to my companions which will lead them to go away, and you may sleep in peace, for no one shall harm you or disturb the smallest thing in your house." He then went to the window and gave a low whistle, and coming back to the lady's side said: "Now I am going. Your prayer will be answered and no disaster will befall you."

He left the room, and soon all was quiet; and the lady at last fell asleep, calm in the exercise of her faith and trust in God, her soul filled with thankfulness for his protecting goodness. The man proved true to his word. In the morning it was found that not a thing in the house had been disturbed. And the lady more than once earnestly prayed that the man might be led to forsake his evil course and put his trust in that Saviour who came to seek and save the lost, and who, even on the cross, could accept and save the thief who was penitent.

The deliverance of the lady may seem wonderful, and the story almost too strange for belief. But some time after the occurrence a letter was received by the one who related it, fully corroborating the statement, and adding some facts that enhance both the wonder and the mercy of the escape. The letter says: "In the first place, the robber told her that if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance he was fully determined to murder her, so that it was providential she took the course she did. Then, before he went away, he said: 'I never heard

such words before, and I must have the book out of which you read;’ and he carried off her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure.”

This happened years ago, and only lately did the lady hear any more of the robber. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire where, after several noted clergymen and others had spoken, a man arose, saying that he was employed as one of the bookhawkers (or colporteurs) of the society, and told the story of the midnight adventure as a testimony to the wonderful power of the Word of God, concluding with, “I was that man!” The lady rose from her seat in the hall and said, quietly: “*It is all true; I was the lady!*” and sat down again.

If we had more faith in God’s Word and more full and childlike reliance on his promises and his providence, should we not far more frequently find, in our own experience, that he never fails his people in the hour of their need?

Who are invited by God to call upon him in the day of trouble? Why are you not invited? Why would it be wrong for you to call upon God in your day of trouble? Because you do not repent of your offences against him. Repent now, and then you will have a right to ask him for help.

“I HAVE fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”—2 TIM. iv. 7.

FAITH'S WING.

FAR in the ether overhead
Circles a little bird;
Upon the drowsy summer air
Its silvery notes are heard.

Within a green tree's leafy shade
There hides a tiny nest;
Incessant chirping cries from it
Hasten the mother's quest.

The song and the complaining, both,
To us are hidden speech;
To God the mystery is all clear—
The language he gave each.

Within these eager hearts of ours
Are songs and cries, unknown,
Ungessed, save by the loving Heart
Responsive to each tone.

He knows! He knows! The blessed thought
Does wondrous comfort bring;
He'll read our tangled lives aright,
Whether we sob or sing.

Beyond all doubt and questionings
The soul takes happy flight,
And rests on the sweet consciousness
Of his all-seeing sight.



*"He'll read our tangled lives aright,
Whether we sob or sing."*

And when to every sense is given
Immortal life, new power,
We'll read his tender speech aright,
His love our richest dower.

—*Hannah Coddington.*

TRUTH.

“Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips.”—PSALM cxx. 2.

IF I take out my watch to find what time it is, it will be of little use for me to look at it unless I am sure that it keeps good time. If it sometimes stands still for an hour or more and then goes on again; if it sometimes loses two or three hours a day by going too slow, or gains as much more by going too fast, then I cannot depend upon it. A watch that cannot be depended upon is of very little use. It may have a beautiful gold case, it may be sparkling with jewels, but yet it will be of no service to me as a watch, unless I can depend on what it tells me about the time. We do not judge of the value of a watch by the kind of case it has, but by finding out whether it keeps good time.

And so, one of the things by which we judge of the real value and worth of men or women, of boys or girls, is this: Are they truthful? Do they mean what they say? Are they really what they seem to be? If they speak the truth and act the truth, then they are like a watch that keeps good time.

ABOUT TRUTH.

SOME of us are continually asking for more truth; but have we learned yet all there is to know about the things that seem plain to us? Have we made all the truth we have found part of ourselves? There is the truth of purity; are we perfectly pure? There is the truth of unselfishness; have we forgotten ourselves? There is the truth of absolute integrity; is all our life stainless in its clear light? There is the deep, deep truth of love; does it inspire, direct and transform our innermost thoughts? If not, let us wait until we have learned these things before we ask God to roll back the doors of the unseen universe for our curious eyes.

“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.”

LOVE of purity is the vision of God. When one loathes that which is vile and despises that which is polluting, will not lend imagination to impure thoughts, and shudders at the very suggestion of corrupt acts, so far forth he has sight of God, for he is in sympathy with God. God feels towards all vileness and coarseness of life or language as every pure soul feels. One who really hates all that is low, groveling, stained with lust, knows God's thoughts in this respect as truly as he will know them when he reaches Heaven.

Love is the very foundation of the divine nature, and to love devotedly is to see God. Love for another, when it is unalloyed with selfishness, when it seeks the good of the person loved, and is not appalled by the sacrifices involved, knows the very heart of God. Then a mother who loves her child has the vision of God? Certainly, to a degree. Through our mutual loves we understand the love of God. The love of parents to their children is used to illustrate God's love for us. Love may go out in only one or two directions, while the main tendency of life is selfish; but if the love which goes out to one person becomes the ruling motive in all relations, there is as complete vision of God as can be gained in this world. Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God, for God is love. To love a little is to know God a little; to love much is to know God much; to love in many relations, to have love as the ruling motive, is to know God deeply and largely.

The fact is, that every one does have some vision of God—enough to open the door to wider vision. The very thought of God, perceived by every mind, is a dim vision of him; the feeling of dependence, the requirements of conscience, the sense of guilt, the thought of another world, are visions of God; every glimpse of beauty and order and harmony in the world are reflections of the divine, typical beauty. The little knowledge has a little effect on life, if only restraining. It is the thought of God which holds



"Blessed are the Pure in Heart!"

almost every one back from being worse than he is. To this little, when acted on, more is added; obedience to the convictions one has increases his receptiveness, and so the vision widens and the life sweetens at the same time. The heart as it is purified becomes better capable of seeing God. As God is more clearly seen the heart becomes more pure.

Oh, that there might be lent to us something of Christ's spirit. And yet, those that walked with Christ did not learn it when he was with them. It was not till after he left them that they learned it. I know not that it would be better if Christ should teach us through his own body. We must learn of the Spirit, and we must regard our daily affairs as a revelation of God's will to us, and accept them as being our very food, our very joy.—*H. W. Beecher.*

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

I THOUGHT to find some healing clime
 For her I loved; she found that shore,
 That city whose inhabitants
 Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her;
 The loving knew how best to still
 The infinite yearning of a heart
 Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been ours,
I prayed that it might never end;
My prayer is more than answered—now
I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace to soothe
The troubled anguish of her breast;
And, numbered with the loved and called,
She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,
I wept and pleaded for its stay.
My wish was granted me, for lo!
She hath eternal life to-day."

JACK'S STORY.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—MATT. xxv. 40.

He had been brought up in the streets; he had been a criminal; he had been in prison; and as his sentence expired and he was going out, the chaplain said: "Jack, you're very young yet, and now is your chance. Try to be an honest man and pray for help. I don't know if you will pray."

"You'd make me, if anyone could," I says, "but I can't sure of the use of it yet. I wish I was."

"He just looked at me sorrowful, for I hadn't said even that much before, an' I went off.

"An' I did mean to keep straight. I'd had enough of prison; but when I went 'round askin' for work,

not a soul would have me. A jail-bird!—well; they thought not. I grew mad again, an' yet I wouldn't take to the river, for, somehow, I'd lost my courage. Then I met an old pal, an' he took me 'round to Micky's saloon. The bar-keeper'd just been stuck in a fight. I'd been a profitable one for Micky, 'an maybe he thought, beginnin' there, I'd go back to the river once more. An' there I was three years, an' fights nigh every night of the year. I could stop 'em when no one else could, for I was always sober.

“‘Why don't you drink?’ they'd say; an' I'd tell 'em I wanted what brains I had unfuddled. But I hated it worse and worse. I'd have stopped any minute if there'd been one alive to take me by the hand an' say, ‘Here's honest work.’ I looked at folks when I went out, to see if there was one that could be spoken to. An' at last I made up my mind for another try. I'd saved some money and could live a while, an' one Saturday night I just left when Micky paid me. ‘Get another man,’ I said; ‘I'm done,’ an' I walked out, with him shoutin' after me.

“Then I waited three months. I answered advertisements an' I put 'em in. I went here an' I went there, an' always it was the same story, for I answered everyone square. An' at last I was sick of it all; I had nothing to live for. ‘I'm tired of living with rascals,’ I said, ‘an' good folks are too good to have anything to do with me. I've had all I want. If

work don't come in a week I'll get out of this the easiest way.'

"It didn't come. My money was gone; I'd gone hungry two days; I'd been on half rations before that, till my strength was all gone; I'd pawned my clothes till I wasn't decent. Then I hadn't a cent even for a place on the floor in a lodgin'-house, and I sat in the City Hall Park long as they would let me. Then, when I was tired of bein' rapped over the head, I got up an' walked down Beekman street to the river—slow, for I was too far gone to move fast. But as I got nearer something seemed to pull me on. I began to run. 'It's the end of all trouble,' I said, and I went across like a shot an' down the docks. It was bright moonlight, an' I had sense to jump for a dark place, where the light was cut off; an' that's all I remember. I must have hit my head ag'inst a boat, for when they took me out it was for dead. Two of my old pals hauled me out, an' worked there on the dock to bring me to, till the ambulance come an' took me to Bellevue.

"I wouldn't have lived, but I didn't know enough not to, bein' in a fever a month. Then I come out of it dazed an' stupid, an' it wasn't till I'd been there six weeks that I got my senses fairly an' knew I was alive after all.

"'I'll do it better next time,' I said, bein' bound to get out of it still; but that night a man in the bed next me began to talk an' ask about it. I told him

the whole. When I got through he says, 'I don't know but one man in New York that'll know just what to do, an' that's McAuley, of Water street. You go there soon's you can stir and tell him.'

"I laughed. 'I'm done tellin',' I said.

"'Try him,' he says; an' he was that urgent that I promised; I'd ha' given a hand if I hadn't, though.

"I went out, tremblin' an' sick, an' without a spot to lay my head; an' right there I stood by the river an' thought it would come easier this time. But I'd never go back on my word, an' so I started down, crawlin' along, and didn't get there till meetin' had begun. I didn't know what sort of a place it was.

"It was new then, in an old rookery of a house, but the room clean an' decent, and just a little sign out, 'Helping Hand For Men.' I sat an' listened and wondered till it was over, an' then tried to go, but first I knew I tumbled in a dead faint an' was bein' taken up-stairs. They made me a bed next their own room. 'You'd better not,' I said: 'I'm a jail-bird an' a rascal, an' nobody alive wants to have anything to do with me.'

"'You be quiet,' says Jerry. 'I'm a jail-bird myself, but the Lord Jesus has forgiven me an' made me happy, an' he'll do the same by you.'

"They kept me there a week, an' you'd think I was their own, the way they treated me. But I stuck it out: 'When I see a man that's always been respectable come to me an' give me work, an' say he's

not afraid or ashamed to, then maybe I'll believe in your Jesus Christ you talk about; but how am I goin' to without?"

"An' that very night it came. You know him well—the gentlemen that looks as if the wind had never blown rough on him, an' yet with an eye that can't be fooled.

"'You don't need to tell me a word,' he says: 'I believe you are honest, an' you can begin to-morrow if you're strong enough. It's light work, an' it shall be made easier at first.'

"I looked at him, an' it seemed to me something that had frozen me all up inside melted that minute. I burst out cryin' an' couldn't stop. An' then, first thing I knew, he was down on his knees prayin' for me. 'Dear Lord,' he said, 'he is thy child, he has always been thy child. Make him know it to-night; make him know that thy love has always followed him and will hold him up, so that his feet will never slip again.'

"These words stayed by me. I couldn't speak, an' he went away. He knew what he'd done.

"That's all. Some of the men shake their heads; they say it wasn't regular conversion. All I know is, the sense of God come into me then, an' it's never left me. It keeps me on the watch for every soul in trouble. I'm down on the docks o' nights. I know the signs, an' now an' then I can help one that's far gone. I'm goin' myself, you see. There

ain't much left of me but a cough an' some bones, but I shall be up to the last. God is that good to me that I'll go quick when I do go; but, quick or slow, I bless him every hour of the day for the old mission an' my chance."

A MESSAGE FROM THE FATHER.

IN a little town in the Valley of Virginia, about ten years ago, an old elder of the Presbyterian Church lay dying. His life from boyhood had been spent in his Master's service, and he was now about to enter into eternal life. But disease had affected his mind as well as his body, and his Christian hope was clouded. He could not believe himself a forgiven sinner, and the vision of an angry God shut out entirely the sight of an atoning Saviour.

With the unselfishness that had marked his whole life, he kept his anguish from the knowledge of his children; only the oldest daughter, taking her sainted mother's place, watching day and night at his pillow, knew how the waves and billows had gone over him. "My own faith," said this sweet girl to me afterward, "was shaken to the foundation. Had not God promised to be with his people 'even to old age,' 'to gray hairs,' 'in the valley and shadow of death'? And yet here was my precious father, whose memory scarcely reached to a time when he did not love and serve God, who now seemed utterly forsaken by him.

“Weeks passed. I could not pray for my father. The heavens were brass above me, and I could only stand by, dumb and helpless, and see the blackness of darkness thicken around that beloved head.

“One bright June morning I went to his bedside (my brother having spent the night with him), and asked how he felt. ‘I am considerably weaker,’ he answered, ‘but that would not trouble me, daughter, if I was only at peace with my God. I am not; and oh, it is dark, dark, dark.’ My angry and rebellious heart could find no words of comfort for him, and I was glad to be called away by inquiries made at the hall-door for my father’s health.

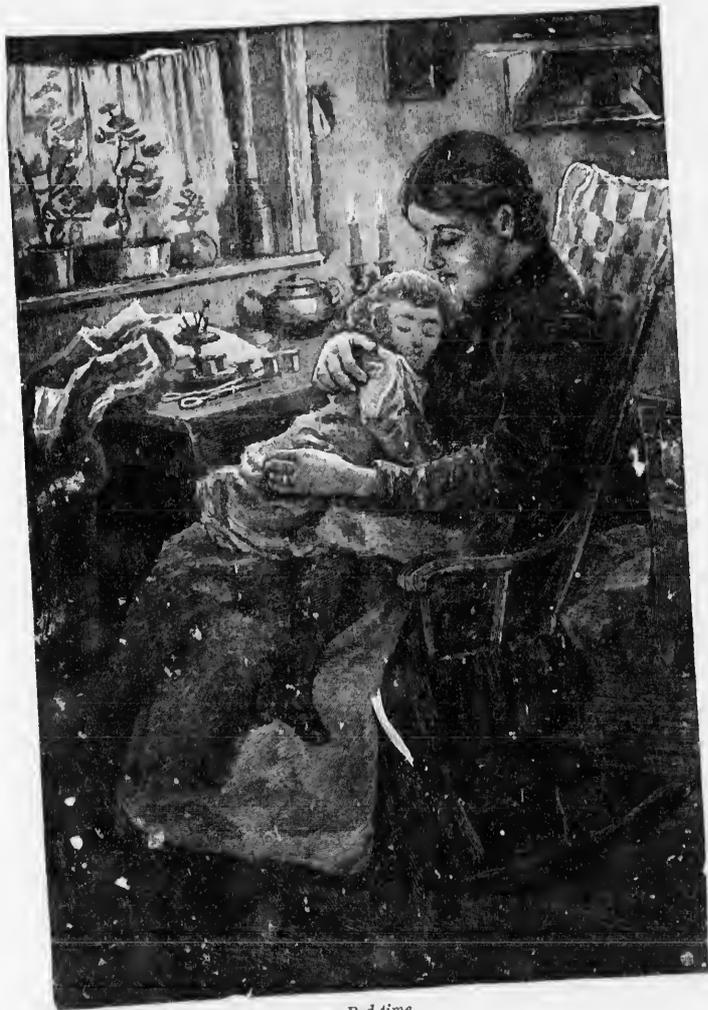
“It was the Episcopal minister, whose frequent visits to our sick father had proved that his Christian love was not bounded by church limits. This day I felt that father was too weak in body and depressed in spirit to see anybody, and after a few words of kindly sympathy Dr. P. took his leave. But he had scarcely reached the gate before he returned, and I was again summoned from the sick-room to see him. ‘My dear,’ he said, ‘I hope you will pardon my persistence when I tell you why I am so anxious to see your father. This morning, while at family prayers, I felt a strong impulse to come and see him; afterwards, from some motive of convenience, I gave up the intention of coming, but the feeling of its being my duty became more urgent, and even after I left your door I was impelled to come back.’

"I no longer objected, and he paid father a short visit, concluding it, as usual, with a fervent prayer. Something in this prayer moved my father to open his heart to Dr. P., and he told him of his trouble, saying again: 'It is all dark, dark, dark!' 'Is it so?' said his visitor; 'but that need not disturb you; don't you remember that our old commentator says some of his dear children our Father puts to bed in the dark?' As he spoke a sudden gleam lighted up the dear, worn face. A gleam? Nay, it was the dawning light of that perfect day which even then was rising for him. 'Ah!' he said, 'then it is all right; I did not know it was my Father's doing.'

"From this moment his peace was unbroken. God had sent his messenger with a simple spell—a few quaint words from an old-time writer—the pebbles from the brook—and the last attack of the evil one was defeated. In a few days God's weary child was welcomed home."

"BE YE READY?"

WHEN our Master was upon earth he said: "The night cometh when no man can work; what I do I must do now;" and there are none of you who may not well say: "What I am to do for my children, what I am to do for my partner, what I am to do for my neighbor, what I am to do for the cause of Christ, I must do now." Your heart which is to-day beating apparently in perfect health may cease to beat before



Bed-time.

to-morrow; on every side men are falling in the midst of life.

I recall these things not to terrify you. Men ought to be willing to die; a man ought to feel that whenever it pleases God to call he should be ready to depart and be with Christ, which is better than life; nevertheless, when a man thinks of death as the final closing of his career there is so much to be done for himself, for his family, for his neighbors, and for the church of Christ, that it behooves him to ask himself, "Am I doing all that I ought to do?"

A NOBLE REVENGE.

1st. *We must have pure ideas.* Truth is found in many places; but pure truth—truth without any error—the whole of truth which relates to our life and the future world, is found only in "Jesus" and his "Word." He is the perfect teacher. If we start in error it doesn't matter how far we go in it, it is error still. And it leads from bad to worse, and then to the worst. But if we give our hearts to Jesus he will fill them with truth and love.

2d. *We must do right actions.* Some children are quarrelsome, others are kind. This child is deceitful, that one sincere. Some are disobedient, some obedient. Some are stubborn, others easily conquered. Now, to do right is the first thing to learn. But we are only able to do right when God helps us by the Holy Spirit. We ought to pray for that Spirit

3d. *We must have right motives.* By motives is meant the cause we have in doing things. Some things may turn out good to others although we meant it otherwise. If our thoughts and intentions are wrong we can get no credit for what our actions may do.

4th. *We must be forgiving.* If others do wrong, we need not. If they say wicked things about us their saying them does not make them true. If they do evil things to us we must not return evil for evil.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor boy as the undertaker screwed down the lid of a coffin.

"You can't! Get out of the way, boy! Why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her a minute," cried the orphan.
"Only once; let me see my mother only once."

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away.

"When I'm a man I'll kill you for that!" muttered the child.

Years passed away. The court-house was crowded.

"Does any man appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was silence. A young man stepped forward and pleaded his cause. He was a stranger; but his power in speech and management acquitted the criminal.

"May God reward you, sir," said the acquitted man;
"I can't."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger. "Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin. I was that boy."

Turning pale, the man said, "Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No! I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has remained with me twenty years. God and remember the tears of a friendless child."

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

O THOU our Father! who art manifested in thine only-begotten Son the Prince of Peace, through whom thou dost govern all things in the heavens and the earth: graciously guide us and rule in us, so that we may both know what we ought to do, and be strong to fulfill the same; and doing our duty as unto the Lord in our several places and relations, may dwell in thy peace all the days of our life.

Through him who is our Peace, who dwelleth in eternal glory with the Father and the Holy Spirit—the God of Peace. AMEN.

THE JOY OF GOD.

THE love of God in the heart is like sunshine. It shines out at the eyes and brightens the face, and makes even very plain people beautiful. And the

love of God in the heart makes even hard and disagreeable work blessed, so that we shall count it all joy that God lets us work for him anywhere and in any way. We cannot always choose our work, but whatever it is we can do it for God, and have his blessing in it, just as truly as Stephen did. Perhaps some of you are "set apart" to help tired mothers, or be an example to younger brothers and sisters. You may be sure that in some way you are "set apart" to minister to others, and if you do it in the right spirit you are ministering to Christ.

WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE cannot be stolen from you. It cannot be bought or sold. You may be poor, and the sheriff come into your house, and sell your furniture at auction, or drive away your cow, or take your land and leave you homeless and penniless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of your mind. This cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds.

I will tell you what such giving is like. Suppose now that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor anything that shone on the black brow of night; and suppose that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear amid all the tempests that should brood upon this lower world

Suppose, next, there were a thousand millions of human beings on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp, filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light. Suppose these millions should come, one by one, to you and light each his lamp by yours, would they rob you of any light? Would less of it shine on your own path? Would your lamp burn more dimly for lighting a thousand millions?

Thus it is, young friends. In getting rich in the things which perish with the using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule, and obey this law: "Keep what you give, and give what you can."

The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing, which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth, except by giving. In the illustration of the lamps, which I have given you, was not the light of the thousands of millions which were lighted at yours as much your light as if it all came from your solitary lamp? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light?

Remember this parable, and whenever you fall in with an unlighted mind in your walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it a-burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted.

IT is told that there is a picture in the gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, which represents a monk as writing with the intensest and most strained industry. He had been careless in his task in life, and had died with much undone, and death had let him come back a few hours to mend a little, if he might, the shabby service of his life. And now he is represented as writing with a fiery diligence. But death never lets us come back in that way. If I do not do the things that I ought to do to-day I cannot do them to-morrow. The chance for doing them will set with to-night's sun.

Emerson says, "Every day is a doomsday."

"THE best way to make peace," said a good minister once, "is to let the innocent forgive the guilty."

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."—2 Cor. ix. 6.

WE are told that it is a custom among the Indians, when they are sowing maize, to put seven grains of corn into the ground. One was asked why this was done. "Well," said the Indian, "we put in one grain for the crows, another for the worms and a third for the squirrels; and we expect that the rest will bring forth fruit." The Indians teach us a lesson. They teach us to sow good seed liberally, and not to be disappointed if all that we sow does not bring forth fruit. Our Saviour teaches us that some

will fall by the way-side, some on stony ground and some among thorns. This we must expect, as good seed-sowers. But what of it? Should it lead us not to sow at all? Nay, it should rather lead us, like the Indians, to sow more bountifully, lest, with scanty sowing, the crows, the worms and the squirrels get the whole harvest. If we sow bountifully, we may rest assured of this: that the good seed of truth will find its way to some honest and good hearts, and bring forth fruit thirty, sixty or a hundred-fold. The inspired word tells us: "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

VIRTUE.

I MAINTAIN that purity loves the light; and I have seen it over and over again, that late hours have proved a young man's ruin. Ah! I might tell you of one, as promising a lad as I ever had under my ministry—the only son of his mother, and she a widow—who in an evil hour began to tamper with temptation. I took him to be a Christian, and looked for him to be his parent's comfort and support; but he began to be late of returning at nights; hours that should have been spent at home would be spent at the tavern-bar, until the craving was begotten; then he commenced to tamper with other things, tamper with truth, tamper with chastity, tamper with

his master's money; on he went from good to bad, from bad to worse, from worse to worst, till the spirit was broken, and the health shattered, and at length death laid his hand upon his bloated brow; and for many a month thereafter his weeping mother (who has since died of a broken heart) would take out week by week, a few flowers to yonder cemetery, and scatter them on his grave; and as they dropped from her fingers, she would rend the air with her bitter wail, "Oh, Henry, my son, my son, would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!"

A MAN that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

Virtue is uniform, conformable to reason, and of unvarying consistency; nothing can be added to it that can make it more than virtue; nothing can be taken from it, and the name of virtue be left.

TRUTHFULNESS—I mean the fact of speaking the truth intentionally, and even to the injury of self—is less a branch than a blossom of man's moral strength of character.

“WHEN I HAVE A MORE CONVENIENT SEASON I WILL
CALL FOR THEE.”

THE truth is, there never is and never can be a “convenient season” for becoming a Christian. To become a Christian means to put the animal beneath the spiritual, self beneath the service of others, the present pleasure beneath the eternal welfare, one’s own will beneath God’s will; and this is never easy to do. It requires decision; and he who postpones decision to-day, hoping that he may glide into the kingdom of God without decision to-morrow, is cheating himself. The answer of Christ to every procrastinating disciple is, Leave the dead past; break away from it now, *now*, now, at whatever cost. A resolution to reform, to repent, to begin a new life next year, next month, next week, even the next hour, is a delusion which never led any soul that trusted to it one step toward the kingdom of God, and has led thousands and thousands wholly and hopelessly away from it.

A TOUCHING STORY.

HERE is a tender story my eye fell on some time since. A little fellow, ten years old, was pulling a heavy cart, loaded with pieces of broken board and lath taken from some structure which had been pulled down. Such a sight is common enough in any of our large cities. He was evidently very

tired. He wanted to rest himself beneath a shade-tree. The little fellow's feet were bruised and sore; his clothing was rags; his face was pinched and pale, and on it was falling that pathetic look of maturity and care you so often see shadowing the faces of children among the very poor. The poor boy lay down on the grass beneath the tree, and in five minutes he was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curbstone; his old hat fell from his head and rolled on to the sidewalk. And if you had looked into that upturned face you would have seen printed on it the marks of scanty food, of insufficient clothing, of a childhood untouched of love and sunshine, of strength too early strained in this sad battle of life.

Then a curious thing took place. An old man, bowed and poor enough himself, and with a wood-saw on his arm, crossed the street for the shade of the same tree. He glanced at the boy, turned away, glanced again, seemed to read the pitiful writing on the boy's face and to interpret it from his own experience. Then he went softly on tip-toe, bent over the boy, took from his pocket his own scant dinner—a bit of bread and meat—and laid it down beside the lad, then walked quickly and quietly away, looking back every moment, but keeping himself out of sight, as though he would escape thanks.

But other passers-by had noticed now the sleeping boy, attracted by the kindly manœuvering of the old

man. He had said no word whatever. He had simply done his gentle deed and gone on. But now a man walked down from his steps and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread and meat; a woman came and left a good hat in the place of the old one; a child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Others of the passing throng upon the street halted, whispered, dropped dimes and quarters besides the first piece of silver. Suddenly the little pinched-faced fellow awoke, startled, as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting with their kindly faces. He saw it was all tangible and not a dream. Then he sat down, covered his thin face with his thin hands, and sobbed aloud. From the old wood-sawyer, with pocket empty of his dinner but with heart filled with beneficence, certainly had gone forth a most controlling and loving might, compelling all these helpers of the waif of the city streets; while sleep, for a time, put its blessing on the pitiful young-old face.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."—ISA. i. 3.

THE Bible gives us this illustration about the ox knowing where to find his food, and I read the other day about a similar instinct noticed even in plants. A tree which is fond of water will send off its principal roots towards a stream or pond if there be one near.

A strawberry plant, growing in sand or poor soil, will turn its runners in the direction of good soil, if it be within reach; but if too far off it will not make the attempt.

A child ought to have as much sense as a tree, or a strawberry-plant, or an ox. These all know where they get what they need, and turn their faces thither. The child ought to love father and mother, for no one can or will do for them as they. To turn away from them to a barren, harsh world, hoping to find something better than one's own home, is as foolish as it is wicked. Even the ox knows where he has been fed. The child ought to love the good Father in Heaven who has given us everything we love. To think that any other service can or will give us such good as his service is even more foolish than to run away from a good home. Even the hungry beast knows his owner and the barn where he has been often fed.

WATCH THE LITTLE THINGS.

THERE is a barn upon the Alleghany Mountains so built that the rain which falls upon it separates in such a manner that that which falls upon one side of the roof runs into a little stream which flows into the Susquehanna and thence into the Chesapeake Bay and on into the Atlantic Ocean; that which falls the other side is carried into the Alleghany River, thence into the Ohio, and onward to the Gulf of Mexico. The

point where the waters divide is very small. But how different the course of these waters! So it happens with people. A very little thing changes the channel of their lives. Much depends upon the kind of tempers we have. If we are sour and ill-tempered no one will love us. If we are kind and cheerful we shall have friends wherever we go. Much depends upon the way in which we improve our school days. Much depends upon the kind of comrades we have, much upon the kind of habits we form. If we would have the right kind of a life we must watch the little things. We must see how one thing affects another thing, how one little act takes in many others.

A LIVING RELIGION.

I HAVE noticed that the slender brook which carries the mill is more musical on Sunday than on any other day, because the mill stands still, and the brook, having nothing to do with its water, gurgles over the rocks, and flounders over the dam, and makes a thousand times more merry noise than on any other day. But Monday comes, and the gates are hoisted, and the mill runs, and the brook is not so musical; but the mill is more so. This mill did nothing on Sunday, and the brook is doing more on Monday than it did on Sunday. It played on Sunday, but it works on Monday. And Christians, as it were, play in the spirit, and have a holy jollity on

Sunday. It is a holiday for them. Nor would I undervalue their experience or joy. But I say that they are not so busy when they sing and pray and rejoice in the sanctuary as when, by the power of some moral emotion, they are combating temptation, and resisting pride, and overcoming selfishness, and building again the kingdoms of this world with the holy stones of the New Jerusalem. Then, when piety costs; when it means bearing, heroism, and achievement; not then when it seeks joy, but when it seeks battle—then men are nearest to God, and most like Christ. When a man stands upon the deck, and at the bench, and by the forge, and in the furrow, and in the colliery, then, if ever, if he has a life to live of true piety, is the time; and there at the post of duty is the place. For all the humblest avocations and employments are so arranged that, while they serve to support the actor, they do a hundred times as much for the community as they do for him that follows them. It is unfortunate that our habits of thought have not been more Christianized, and that our phrase has not been converted, as well as the people who use it; for we are accustomed to speak of trades, various manual employments and professions, in their lowest relations. If we speak of the carpenter's business, it is either as a toil or as a support; and these in their relative positions are not unworthy of consideration; but that is not the whole, nor the half; that is the least part. What a man

himself derives from the cunning craft that he pursues, is not half so much as what he gives by it.

The carpenter who builds a mansion, rearing it through the whole season, receives a few thousand dollars, and is supposed to be well paid, and is himself satisfied. And men seem to think that is the whole that he has done. He has worked diligently during the summer; he has earned his thousands to support his family; and perhaps a thousand or two is laid up for the time to come. And what has he done? Earned his money? Yes, he has earned his money; but he has built a mansion in which a family shall be sheltered through a hundred years. He has built a temple where the old patriarch shall offer sacrifice and incense of devotion in the presence of many coming generations. He has built the walls where social joys shall be. Here is the room that grief shall fill with funeral, and here is the room that joy shall fill with wedding. Here is the room where children shall sport through the livelong year. Here are the threads of life, dark or light, gold and silver, or black, to be wrought out and woven together. And here, when he is dead and his children die, his work stands, and is the home of peace and comfort and piety—the very temple of God. He built one, and ten, and twenty, and may be a hundred of such dwellings; and he got what? A few pitiful thousands of dollars. And he gave what? He gave the community benefits, oppor-

tunities, instruments, influence. In his skill, in his mind, or incarnated in timber or in metal, he gave to the community priceless gifts. And are we to take these precious inwardnesses of men which are embedded in their labor, and to think of them only in the poor, pitiful light of self, of what they brought back to the pocket, and not of what, through them, the man brought back to the community?

Why, that old smith, rugged himself, almost, as the storms he prepares to combat, hammers morning and night upon the links that form the chain which clasps the cable. It may be, as in the olden time, yet more ponderously, that he in the smithy works on the huge shank of the anchor; and when his summer's work or winter's toil is done, and it is sold for the ship, men ask him, "What got you for your labor?"

Nobody ever thinks of saying to him, "You have worked a whole winter to make a gift; what have you given to the community?" - What has he given? It may not be known for a long time. On voyage after voyage the ship goes, and there lies his gift, useless and unsuspected. Some day, the ship bears back a thousand precious souls, among them mothers whose families are at home waiting for them to return; fathers, who cannot be spared from the neighborhood; public men of signal service—the very salt of the times in which they live; heroes and patriots many. Then it is that the storm beats down and

seeks to whelm them all in the sea, and to whelm the community in mourning. Then it is that, when every other effort has been made in vain, the anchor is thrown out. And now the storm rages with increased violence, if it were yet more angry because it is thwarted. But the good blacksmith's work holds. Sinking far out of sight, and grappling the foundations of the earth it will not let go. And we, for the first time, see the value of his gift. Every link has been properly welded; and though the wind howls, and the sea wages a fierce and desperate battle, and the strain is tremendous, the storm passes by, and there rides the gallant ship safe? That is what he gave. He gave a chain, an anchor, to the community, and salvation to the hundreds on board the ship, and joy and peace where the tidings come of souls saved from the remorseless deep. And yet, how many men think simply that he made an anchor, and got so many hundred dollars for it! He made an anchor, and saved a hundred lives.

CHARITY and good nature give a sanction to the most common actions; and pride and ill-nature make our best virtues despicable.

“O WHAT a goodly outside falsehood hath.”—*Shakespeare.*

“PAST all shame, past all truth.”—*Shakespeare.*

I BELIEVE that virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen.

Virtue, for us, is obedience to God in Christ.

Virtue is the health of the soul. It gives a flavor to the smallest leaves of life.

Virtue, though clothed in a beggar's garb, commands respect.

The path of virtue is closed to no one; it lies open to all; it admits and invites all, whether they be free-born men, or slaves, or freedmen, kings or exiles; it requires no qualifications of family or of property, it is satisfied with a mere man.—*Seneca*

WISDOM never grows old, for she is the expression of order itself; that is, of the Eternal. Only the wise man draws from life, and from every stage of it, its true savor, because only he feels the beauty, the dignity, and the value of life.

Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man.

He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living.

“FALSEHOOD, like an arrow directed by a god, flies back and wounds the archer.”—*Goethe*.

“A LIE should be trampled on, extinguished, wherever found.”—*Carlyle*.

PEACE WITH GOD.

LET us have peace with God, though we have perpetual conflict with sin. What a singular ideal! Peace with God, and yet conflict, yes, perpetual conflict, with a thousand forms of temptation to sin, temptations springing from our fellow-men, and temptations springing from spiritual tempers—perpetual conflict, and yet peace with God. Is not that conceivable? Is not that possible? In this conflict we are on the Lord's side; in this conflict the Lord is on our side; and so, though the battle must be waged against every form of sin, we may have peace with God.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

WHO is the best cared for in every household? Is it not the little children? And does not the least of all, the helpless baby, receive the largest share? As a late writer has said, the baby "toils not, neither does he spin; and yet he is fed, and clothed, and loved, and rejoiced in," and none so much as he.

This life of faith, then, about which I am writing, consists in just this—being a child in the Father's house. And when this is said, enough is said to transform every weary, burdened life into one of blessedness and rest.

Let the ways of childish confidence and freedom from care which so pleases you and wins your hearts

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.



in your own little ones, teach you what should be your ways with God; and leaving yourselves in his hands, learn to be literally careful for nothing; and you shall find it to be a fact that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep (as in a garrison) your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

"And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day."

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

"And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."

"And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places."

THERE is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.

"HE who tells a lie must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that."—*Pope.*

COURAGE OF CONVICTIONS.

“Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.”—Is. li. 1.

SENATOR HENRY WILSON was a self-controlled as well as a self-made man. He left his New Hampshire home early in life, and changed his name, in order to get out from under the baneful shadow of intemperance. He began on the lowest round of the social ladder, and climbed up, rung by rung, until he became a political power in the nation.

The first step he took in the ascent placed him on the pledge never to drink intoxicating liquors. The second step he took made him an industrious laborer, the third a diligent reader.

He was sent to Washington to carry a petition against the admission of Texas into the Union. John Quincy Adams asked him to a dinner party, where he met with some of the great men of the nation. He was asked to drink wine. The temptation to lay aside temperance principles for a moment, in order not to seem singular, was a strong one. But he resisted it and declined the glass of wine. Mr. Adams commended him for his adherence to his convictions.

After Mr. Wilson was elected to the United States Senate, he gave his friends a dinner at a noted Boston hotel. The table was set with not a wine glass upon it.

"Where are the wine-glasses?" asked several, loud enough to remind their host that some of the guests did not like sitting down to a wineless dinner.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, rising and speaking with a great deal of feeling, "you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget 'the rock from whence I was hewn, and the pit from whence I was dug.' Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape, I fled from my early surroundings and changed my name. For what I am I am indebted, under God, to my temperance vow and to my adherence to it.

"Call for what you want to eat, and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines and liquors cannot come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the path of another the snare from which I have escaped."

Three rousing cheers showed the brave Senator that men admired the man who has the courage of his convictions.

"PEACE be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces."—PSALM cxxii. 7.

JOY is more divine than sorrow; for joy is bread and sorrow is medicine.

DUTY.

MANY persons feel that they are not following Christ very closely because they do not have much to do with religious thoughts and feelings, as such. I have heard mothers say, "My family matters are heavy upon me; I have poor health; I can have but one servant, or none; there is much that I must do; my husband cannot take a great deal of thought about things at home; my children are small, so that night and day I must have them upon my mind; and really I have very little time to read or pray, or to think of religious things." But, I ask, do you accept this trust in the family as God's trust to you? Do you hear Christ saying to you every day, "This is my vineyard; go therein and labor for me as a wife and mother, and I will accept as obedience to me the faithful discharge of the duties of the relations in which I have placed you." Do you accept the work that is laid upon you as Christ's service? Then you have no reason to mourn. You are not to feel that you are following Christ afar off because you are so much occupied in serving. God put you where you are, and told you to do the things that he has imposed upon you; and he does not expect you to do them and all other kinds of work at the same time.

"FAITH is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—HEBREWS xi. 1.

SOWN BY THE WAYSIDE.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—ECCLES. xi. 6.

LAST year, in a city in Texas, I was told of the desire on the part of a lady for conversation, and when we met by arrangement she came in widow's weeds, with a little boy ten or twelve years old, and began to tell this story: Her husband was once a student at the University of Virginia, when the person she was talking to was the chaplain there, more than twenty-five years ago. He was of a Presbyterian family from Alabama, and said he never got acquainted with the chaplain, for the students were numerous, but that he heard the preaching a great deal, and in consequence of it, by God's blessing upon it, he was led to take hold as a Christian, and went home and joined the church of his parents. After the war he married this lady, and a few years ago he passed away. She said he was in the habit, before she knew him, she learned, of talking often in the family about things he used to hear the preacher say; the preacher's words had gotten to be household words in the family. And then when they were married he taught some of them to her, and was often repeating things he used to hear the preacher say. Since he died she had been teaching them to the little boy—the preacher's words.

The heart of the preacher might well melt in his bosom at the story. To think that your poor words, which you yourself had wholly forgotten, which you could never have imagined had vitality enough for that, had been repeated among strangers, had been repeated by the young man to his mother, repeated by the young widow to the child—your poor words, thus mighty because they were God's truth you were trying to speak and because you had humbly sought God's blessing. And through all the years it went on, and the man knew not, for more than a quarter of a century, of all that story.

Ah! we never know when we are doing good. Sometimes we may think we are going to do great things, and so far as can ever be ascertained, we do nothing; and sometimes when we think we have done nothing, yet, by the blessing of God, some truth has been lodged in a mind here and there, to bear fruit after many days.

THE INFINITE HOLINESS.

“I DO not know what the heart of a villain may be, said Count Demaistre; “I only know that of a virtuous man, and that is frightful.” I am sure that every pure and most conscientious **one can** enter, at least somewhat, into that sentiment. No man who thinks about himself cannot but be sometimes frightened at the evil in himself. **There is sin in thought;**

there is sin in word; there is sin in act. Indeed, in just the proportion in which the conscience becomes clearer does the soul become more conscious of the sin within itself, just as black looks blackest in the strongest light. Paul, pure and noble and devoted as he was, must yet call himself the chief of sinners. We must each of us enter into the universal confession: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way."

But God is absolute holiness. God is infinite whiteness, infinite purity. Into the near and loving presence of that purity sin can never come.

We are by sin bereft of God. The shadows of the death eternal fall upon us.

But the Lord Jesus came into this world to undertake for us. He enters into the human condition. He bears our sins in his own body on the tree. He stands in our place. He endures our chastisement. He expiates our sins. We are to be free from them. They are to be lost and swallowed up in him. He dies that we may live.

Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Is it not a blessed announcement that there is a world in which "here shall be no night;" no night of crime, deceit, treachery or temptation; no night of sorrow or ignorance; no night of pain, sickness or death? Oh, tell it to the penitent, who is struggling against the evil habits and depraved inclinations of a wicked heart, who, on life's fierce battle-field, is striving to win an immortal crown! Tell it to the dying man, who, restless upon his couch, through long, wearisome nights, is trying to learn the lessons of submission, and faith, and moral discipline, which his sufferings are teaching, who longs for light to break through the dark clouds that are gathering about him. Hasten with the tidings to the bereaved family, and assure them that there is a world where these griefs shall be lifted from their oppressed spirits, and their present afflictions, if rightly improved, shall work out of them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." For where God is, there can be no night. Where bright, holy angels throng, there can be no sorrow. Where celestial music rolls through the galleries and arches of temples filled with the effluence of the Deity, there can be no sighing. Where Jesus reigns in his majesty and glory, "all tears shall be wiped away."

No night in heaven! Then no sad partings are experienced there; no funeral processions move, no

death-knell is heard, no graves are opened. Then no mysterious providences will there perplex us, no dark calamities will shake our faith; but we shall walk the golden streets of the eternal city, surrounded with perpetual brightness, breathing an atmosphere of heavenly purity, and free to enter the palaces of our King or climb to heights over which no shadow ever passes.

PEACE.

A poor lone woman sat one evening, thinking how sad was her condition. She was old and almost helpless, with little of this world's goods which she could call her own. "Who cares for me?" thought she. Suddenly this verse came to her remembrance: "For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

It was like a flood of golden sunshine. Her doubts and fears were all gone. What need of earthly friends to cheer and sooth her declining years! Jesus knew her every care and sorrow; and he, "the Lord of glory," was touched with the feeling of her infirmities. How precious is the thought that we can all have such a friend in every season of trial and distress! "I will not leave you comfortless" are the Saviour's gracious words. "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

RESOLUTION.

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.”—HAB. ii. 15.

A LADY friend of mine, who was proud of her large quantities of choice wine, was converted, and she was convinced that it would not be right for her ever again to set wine before her guests. Then the question came as to what she should do with her stock of wine. Many of her friends said, “If you will not use it yourself, then give it to us, as it would be a shame to destroy so much.” When I came to see her I found that she was in great perplexity, and when she asked me what I would advise, I answered, “What does God say about it?” and she opened the Bible and read the above passage. Then she destroyed it all.—*Mrs. Benoit.*

NOT LOST.

THOU has lost thy friend; say, rather, thou hast parted with him. That is properly lost which is past all recovery, which we are out of hope to see any more. It is not so with this friend thou mournest for; he is but gone home a little before thee; thou art following him; you two shall meet in your Father's house, and enjoy each other more happily than you could have done here below.—*Rev. Robert Hall.*

HE FIRST LOVED US.

EDWARD IRVING went to see a dying boy once, and when he entered the room he just put his hand on the sufferer's head and said: "My boy, God loves you," and went away. And the boy started from his bed and called out to the people in the house: "God loves me! God loves me!" It changed that boy. The sense that God loved him overpowered him, melted him down, and began the creating of a new heart in him. And that is how the love of God melts down the unlovely heart in man and begets in him the new creature, who is patient, and humble, and gentle, and unselfish. And there is no other way to get it. There is no mystery about it. We love others, we love everybody; we love our enemies because he first loved us.

TAKE hope from the heart of man, and you make him a beast of prey.

LOVE OMNIPOTENT.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish—all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led.

Yet if we will our guide obey,
The darkest path, the dreariest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day

And we, on divers shores far east
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him say thou this,
Yet one word more: They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing and with curses rife—
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.



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REFLECTIONS OF GOD'S LOVE.

I HAVE seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that he has planned for man; and yet as I look back I see standing out, above all the life that has gone, four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some small act of love of mine, and these seem to be the things which alone of all one's life abide. Everything else in all our lives is transitory. Every other good is visionary. But the acts of love which no man knows about, or can ever know about—they never fail.

IN Romans we read: "For all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." So when you have crosses, affliction and sorrow and misfortune, remember that all these things "work together for good." I remember when my little child was taken with scarlet fever I was very anxious that the prescription should be filled carefully, and I went right to the head clerk of a drug store, and he took first a little stuff from one bottle and a little from another, until he had a lot of different medicines in one jar; and he stirred them all up, and it proved to be the right remedy. So God gives us a little sorrow, and affliction, and misfortune; it is only a remedy for us. If things work against you it is only for your good.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

For six thousand years, all along the stream of time—from Adam's till our own day—Satan has been at men, binding them hand and foot. That's what he has been doing to some of you. He has been binding you hand and foot until you can't move from him. He commences, to be sure, in a very little way. The bond is so small and delicate at first that you might blow it away with a breath. But by and by it becomes a little thread no bigger than a spider's web—you can hardly see it. "Oh," you say, "that is nothing; that can't have any hold on me." It grows a little stronger and becomes a thread. "I can break that at any time," you say. "I can snap that whenever I like." But it grows stronger and stronger and stronger, and then you find that you have been taken captive, like Samson, by Satan, and then he laughs at you.

Mr. Spurgeon, a number of years ago, made a parable. He thought he had a right to make one, and he did it. He said: "There was once a tyrant who ordered one of his subjects into his presence, and ordered him to make a chain. The poor blacksmith—that was his occupation—had to go to work and forge the chain. When it was done he brought it into the presence of the tyrant, and he was ordered to take it away and make it twice the length. He brought it back to the tyrant, and again he was

ordered to double it. Back he came when he had obeyed the order, and the tyrant looked at it and then commanded the servants to bind the man hand and foot with the chain he had made and cast him into prison. And," Mr. Spurgeon said, "that is what the devil does with men. He makes them forge their own chain and then binds them hand and foot with it and then casts them into outer darkness." My friends, that is just what these drunkards, these gamblers, these blasphemers—that is just what every sinner is doing. But thank God, we can tell you of a deliverer. The Son of God has power to break every one of these fetters, if you will only come to him.

THE TRUE COMFORTER.

WHEN a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now, get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off of it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off of it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. And you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plot she plucked flowers or into that show-window she looked, fascinated, saying: "Come see the pictures." Go deeper



The Comforter.

into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No! There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

HAVE FAITH.

THE future will clear up many a mystery. A few months ago I went into the house of one of the leading merchants, whose beloved daughter had been brought home dead from being run down in the public street. The first word was: "Tell me now why God took away that girl?" Said I, "my brother,

I have not come here to interpret God's mysteries. I have come here to lead you closer to God's heart. Be still, and know that he who gave takes away. She already knoweth, why she is yonder; wait till God clears away the cloud, and thou wilt find that even this was right and well." Do you not remember how the prophet of old once had his eye touched at Dothan, and he beheld the mountains round about him filled with chariots and horsemen? When you and I work in some great cause of reform, and we have met with defiance and discouragement, why, if God were to open the eyes of our faith, and we could see the battle-field as he does, we would find all round about us a great army of God's promises, assuring us of inevitable victory—nothing to do with chariots and horsemen—but simply to stand our ground and fight out the battle, and trust that he will finally clear away the cloud, and the light of his glory shall shine on the banners of truth borne over the field; for by and by shall come the last great day of revelation, when nothing that is right shall be found to have been vanquished, and nothing that is wrong shall be found to have triumphed.—*Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

HOPE is the child of penitence.

HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

IN time of prosperity, faith in human will and self-reliance serve a good purpose. In time of adversity there is no inspiration to courage, and hope in storm experiences no anchor, like faith in God's absolute sovereignty, and trust in him who doeth all things, and doeth all things well.

“Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

What though thou rulest not!
Yet Heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.”

LOOK OUT, YOUNG MAN!

LOOK at that man in a boat on Niagara River. He is only about a mile from the rapids. A man on the bank shouts to him: “Young man, young man, the rapids are not far away; you'd better pull for the shore.” “You attend to your own business; I will take care of myself,” he replies. On he goes, sitting coolly in his boat. Now he has got a little nearer, and a man from the bank of the river sees his danger and shouts: “Stranger, you'd better pull for the shore; if



Safe in Smooth Waters.

you go further you'll be lost. You can be saved now if you pull in." "Mind your own business and you'll have enough to do. I'll take care of myself." Like a good many men, they are asleep to the danger that's hanging over them while they are in the current. And I say, drinking young man, don't think you are standing still. You are in the current, and if you don't pull for a rock of safety you will go over the precipice. On he goes. I can see him in the boat laughing at the danger. A man on the bank is looking at him, and he lifts up his voice and cries: "Stranger, stranger, pull for the shore; if you don't you will lose your life," and the young man laughs at him—mocks him. By and by he says: "I think I hear the rapids—yes, I hear them roar," and he seizes his oars and pulls with all his strength, but the current is too great, and nearer and nearer he is drawn on to that abyss, until he gives one unearthly scream and over he goes.

AFFLICTIONS show us the darkness of the world and the brightness of heaven, and they stimulate to perseverance unto death in order to receive the radiant crown of everlasting life; they are designed to brighten the graces of God's people—to strengthen their faith and patience.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—*R. W. Emerson.*

SYMPATHY.

“Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.”—ROM. xii. 15.

I REMEMBER hearing of a little girl who went to her Sunday-school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school, and she, in the simplicity of her little soul, said: “O, dear mother, I am afraid I have done nothing; for you know there was little Mary Curtiss, whose baby brother was buried this week, and she was so sorry, and she cried so that I cried with her, and I took her hands in mine and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect, and she was so happy that although she got more than I did, I was quite glad too.”

“My dear,” said the happy mother, “you have fulfilled the apostle’s injunction; you have wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced.”—*Rev. Paxton Hood.*

If all did this, what a happy world we would have! Do you do your part towards making a happy world?

“ALL who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin.”
—*Byron.*

A NEW HEART.

AND if there is within you but the feeblest desire after God, here is his message to you: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you. I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." Remember, no patching up or repairing of the old Adam will do; you must get a new nature. "Ye must be born again."

There is a vast amount of precious time lost, a great part indeed of many a man's lifetime thrown away, in vain efforts to get some good out of an unregenerate heart; to amend the character and life; to do better for the future; to turn over a new leaf, without first of all getting a radical change within.

If every page of the book is soiled, to what purpose is it to turn the leaf? Ah! I have known men spend ten, fifteen, twenty of the best years of their life in this hopeless business, only to give it up in despair; and then they came—just where I would have every unconverted brother here to come—to that Divine and Almighty Saviour who is ready to bless, and who says, "A new heart I will give you."

TRUE charity arises from faith in the promise of God, and expects rewards only in a future state. To hope for our recompense in this life is not beneficence, but usury.

LAST WORDS OF BISHOP HAVEN.

SOME one, writing about the last hours of Bishop Haven, tells us that, turning to one brother in the ministry, he said:

“Preach the whole gospel, a whole heaven, a whole hell, a whole Christ.” To another he said: “Stand by the old church.” To another: “My dear brother, you and I would not have this so (referring to his dying), but God knows best, and it is all right, all right,” and then went on to say: “It is so pleasant, so beautiful. It is so delightful dying. The angels are here. God lifts me up so in his arms I cannot see the River of Death. There is no river. It is all light. I’m floating away from earth up into Heaven. I’m gliding away into God.” He was ever whispering the name of Jesus in the intervals of his conversation. “Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!” Thrice he exclaimed, with holy triumph: “Glory to God in the highest!” The last minister to bid him farewell was an old and long-time friend. “Good night,” said the brother, as he turned away. “Good night,” said the Bishop, “but when we meet again it will be good morning.”

WE are most like God when we are willing to forgive, but powerful to punish; and admirable is his virtue and praise who, having cause and power to hurt, yet will not.

DILIGENCE.

“Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.”
—ROM. xii. 11.

A MINISTER once came unexpectedly behind a Christian of his acquaintance, who was busily occupied in his business as a tanner. He gave him a pleasant tap on the shoulder; the good man looked behind him, started and said: “Sir, I am ashamed that you should find me thus employed.” He replied, “Let Christ, when he cometh, find me so doing.” “What!” said the good man, “doing this?” “Yes,” said the other, “faithfully performing the duties of my calling. We are commanded to be ‘diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’ And he who does this will not be found unprepared when he is called into the presence of his God.”

HEAVEN will not be like a strange place, but like a home from which we had been detained; for we shall see, not strangers, but old familiar faces; and faces never by us seen before will be known instantly by us, by that law of spiritual, subtle recognition by which spirits know each other everywhere, even as they know and are known instantly of God; and Heaven will be, in its sights and sounds and greetings, a great home-gathering to us who enter it.—*Unknown.*

HOPE AND PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is a grace which honors God. It rests upon his word. It trusts his power. It believes that all things are working for good, and that Heaven will more than requite him for all the trials on the way. The connection of the apostle is suggestive when he couples "rejoicing in hope" with "patience in tribulation." Hope anticipates the sorrowless life, the ever-abounding joy, and patience says, "I will quietly wait the breaking of the eternal day." So far from seeking to break open its prison doors, patience watches at the window for the Christ to pass by, assured that he will give release at the appointed time, and wing the soul for its heavenward flight. Surely, with such an issue out of all our troubles, we should bear them patiently through the "little while" that they stay, then exchange the "light affliction, which is but for a moment," for the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

THE faith which you keep must be a faith that demands obedience, and you can keep it only by obeying it.

A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear.

Faith is the root of works. A root that produceth nothing is dead.

CHARITY draws down a blessing on the charitable.

PURITY THE REAL STRENGTH.

THERE are plenty who will try to persuade you that it is a sign of weakness to be pure. There are brutes of men who will toss their heads and take dramatic attitudes and boast of their own indiscretions, and ask the right-minded young man if he would not like to do the same. And then, if he looks displeased, they will call him verdant or puritanical, and ask if he is still tied to his mother's apron strings. And unless you are prepared to stand that vulgar bluster—unless your heart in its purity recoils with disgust—you are all but certain to be caught, and from the gates of hell shall ascend another shout of victory. A good man of seventy-five once said: "God has forgiven me all the sins of my lifetime. I know that; but there is one sin I committed at twenty that has taken the charm out of my whole life, and to this hour has never ceased to trouble me."

WE shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call, and rightly, faith in God.

MEN of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share with them in their happiness.

LOOKING BACK.

REMINISCENCES of the past are sources of profit and gladness. After a success we look back with joy upon the trials over which we triumphed. After having made a perilous ocean voyage the remembrance brings gladness. Youth and childhood, with their victories and defeats, joys and sorrows, who would wish obliterated from their memories? Man will never be grateful for sin, but will gladly remember that through the grace of God he triumphed over it. The very blackness of the sin will add glory to his victory. It is the rain dropping from the clouds and catching the rays of light which give hues to the rainbow; so the tears and sorrows of the present life, catching the light from that new Heaven and new earth, will add beauty and gladness to the experiences of that day.—*Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D.*

WITH OUR LOVED ONES.

IF there is anything that ought to make Heaven near to Christians, it is knowing that God and all their loved ones will be there. What is it that makes home so attractive? Is it because we have a beautiful home? Is it because we have beautiful lawns? Is it because we have beautiful trees around that home? Is it because we have beautiful paintings upon the walls inside? Is it because we have beau-

tiful furniture? Is that all that makes home so attractive and so beautiful? Nay; it is the loved ones in it—it is the loved ones there.

I remember after being away from home some time I went back to see my honored mother, and I thought in going back I would take her by surprise and steal in unexpectedly upon her, but when I found she had gone away the old place didn't seem like home at all. I went into one room and then into another, and I went all through the house, but I could not find that loved mother, and I said to some member of the family, "Where is mother?" and they said she had gone away. Well, home had lost its charm to me; it was that mother that made home so sweet to me, and it is the loved ones that are going to make Heaven so sweet to all of us.

—*D. L. Moody.*

"THE DAYS OF THY MOURNING SHALL BE ENDED."

REMEMBER that the promise respecting these days of trouble is that they shall soon be ended.

The believer has "mourning days." The place of his sojourn is a valley of tears. Adam went weeping from his paradise; we go weeping on the way to ours. But, pilgrim of grief, thy tears are numbered. A few more aching sighs—a few more gloomy clouds—and the eternal sun shall burst on thee, whose radiance shall never more be obscured! Life may be to thee one long "Valley of Baca," a protracted scene

of "weeping," but soon shalt thou hear the sweet chimes wafted from the towers of the New Jerusalem: "Enter into the joy of thy Lord!" "The Lord God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces!"

"The days of thy mourning!" It is a consoling thought that all these days are appointed, meted out, numbered. "Unto you it is given," says the apostle, "to suffer." Yes; and if thou art a child of the covenant thy mourning days are days of special privilege, intended to be fraught with blessing. To the unbeliever they are earnest of everlasting woe; to the believer they are preludes and precursors of eternal glory! Affliction to the one is the cloud without the bow; to the other it is the cloud radiant and lustrous with gospel promise and gospel hope.

A WORD OF WISDOM.

AN old colored man, long an earnest Christian, had been somewhat puzzled and confused by the questions of a skeptical white man, who kept pressing him with difficulties about the principles and promises of Scripture. "How can this be, old man?" he kept saying. "Well, sir," said the old brother, "I don't know how *dat* is, but dis I know, dat more dan a hundred of dem Scripture promises I has proved and found true, and if dare is one of 'em dat don't seem right, I jest falls back on de hundred and says dey is true, and I know my God don't lie. Some

day it will all come out right. Don't you remember what it says, 'What I do you don't know now, but you shall hereafter?' Dat's enough for me." The scoffer was silenced by the wiser philosophy of one who could trust.

GROWING IN GRACE.

If I could make each one of my readers realize how utterly helpless we are in this matter of growing, I am convinced a large part of the strain would be taken out of many lives at once. Imagine a child possessed of the monomania that he would not grow unless he made some personal effort after it, and who should insist upon a combination of ropes and pulleys whereby to stretch himself up to the desired height. He might, it is true, spend his days and years in a weary strain, but after all there would be no change in the inexorable fiat, "No man by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature;" and his years of labor would be only wasted, if they did not really hinder the longed-for end.

Imagine a lily trying to clothe itself in beautiful colors and graceful lines, stretching its leaves and stems to make them grow, and seeking to manage the clouds and the sunshine, that its needs might be all judiciously supplied!

And yet in these two pictures we have, I conceive, only too true a picture of what many Christians are

trying to do, who, knowing they ought to grow, and feeling within them an instinct that longs for growth, yet think to accomplish it by toiling and spinning and stretching and straining, and pass their lives in such a round of self-effort as is a weariness to contemplate.

Grow, dear friends; but grow, I beseech you, in God's way, which is the only effectual way. See to it that you are planted in grace, and then let the Divine Husbandman cultivate you in his own way and by his own means. Put yourselves out in the sunshine of his presence, and let the dew of heaven come down upon you, and see what will come of it. Leaves and flowers and fruit must surely come in their season; for your husbandman is a skilful one, and he never fails in his harvesting. Only see to it that you oppose no hindrance to the shining of the Sun of Righteousness, or the falling of the dew from heaven. A very thin covering may serve to keep off the heat or the moisture, and the plant may wither even in their midst. And the slightest barrier between your soul and Christ may cause you to dwindle and fade, as a plant in a cellar or under a bushel. Keep the sky clear. Open wide every avenue of your being to receive the blessed influences your Divine Husbandman may bring to bear upon you. Bask in the sunshine of his love. Drink in of the waters of his goodness. Keep your face upturned to him. **Look, and your soul shall live.**

THE RICHEST JOY.

Oh, the joy of the pastor or missionary who goes out to the needy with his hands full of blessings furnished by a loved church. Joy unspeakable! Sweetest of all human blessings! There is a life and a satisfaction in successful pursuits in other walks of business life. There is an exhilaration about the triumphs of secular contests which gives a good measure of happiness. But no pursuit can approach the delicious sense of peace and the consciousness of God's approval which come to the messenger of charity, who travels between a bountiful store of love and relief and the homes of the sad and suffering poor. The "God bless you" as you go, the prayers for you as you pass, the smile of gratitude as you reach the place, the tears of thankfulness as you open the stores, the "Amens" of broken hearts as you pray for them and with them, make a radiant journey of heavenly experiences. To go forth with the prayers of a mother behind you and the dignity and influence of the church to sustain you, and seek after the wandering son who has forgotten God by forgetting his mother; to find him when he thinks God has forgotten him; to urge him earnestly and in honest friendship to change his course; then to see him kneeling at the altar; to see his changed life; then to return with him to his home and to his mother, and to hear the cry of joy, so like the former cry of



A Mother's Joy.

sorrow, but yet so different. Oh! that, that is blessedness the heart can know but the tongue cannot express. All the gold in Nevada's mines could not buy a blessing so rich as that. It is like going from the gleaming throne of God with a bundle of those glorious rays into the abode of gloom and

“Making it rich and like a lily in bloom.”

A NEW SONG.

Yes, we will have a new song. It is the song of Moses and the Lamb. I don't know just who wrote it or how, but it will be a glorious song. I suppose the singing we have here on earth will be nothing compared with the songs of that upper world. You know the principal thing we are told we are going to do in Heaven is singing, and that is why men ought to sing down here. We ought to begin to sing here, so that it won't come strange when we get to Heaven. I pity the professing Christian who has not a song in his heart—who never feels like singing. It seems to me if we are truly children of God, we will want to sing about it. And so, when we get there, we can't help shouting out the loud hallelujahs of Heaven.—*D. L. Moody.*

THAT man is of a base and ignoble spirit that only lives for himself and not for his friends; for we were not born for ourselves only, but for the public good.

VIRTUE is an ornament to all persons, and no part of beauty is wanting to them that are endowed with it. Virtue is amiable in an aged person, though wrinkled and deformed, but vice is hateful in a young person, though comely and beautiful.

ETERNAL JOY.

READER, art thou now one of the many members of the family of sorrow? Be comforted; soon the long night watch will be over—pain, sickness, weakness, weariness. Soon the windows of the soul will be no more darkened. Soon thou shalt have nothing to be delivered from; thy present losses and crosses will turn into eternal gains; the dews of the night of weeping (nature's tear-drops) will come to sparkle like beauteous gems in the morning of immortality! Soon the Master's footsteps will be heard saying, "The days of thy mourning are ended," and thou shalt take off thy sackcloth and be girded with gladness.

Up to that moment thy life may have been one long "day" of mourning, but once past the golden portals and the eye can be dim no more; the very fountain of weeping will be dried. Then there will be eternal joy. "For the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away."

Believer, leave thy "bow in the scabbard" behind thee, and with thine eye off the "inbow round about the throne" (Rev. iv. 3) think of the gladsome return of God's ransomed ones to Zion—every tear-drop dried, every pang forgotten!

As some seeds require *on earth* to be steeped in water before they germinate, so is immortal seed oftentimes here steeped in tears. But "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Though "weeping" may endure for the night, "joy cometh in the morning!" "You are," says Rutherford, "upon the entry of Heaven's harvest; the losses that I write of are but summer showers, and the sun of the New Jerusalem shall quickly dry them up." The "song of the night" shall then blend with the song of the skies, and inner glorious meanings will be disclosed to sight which are now hidden from the eye of faith.

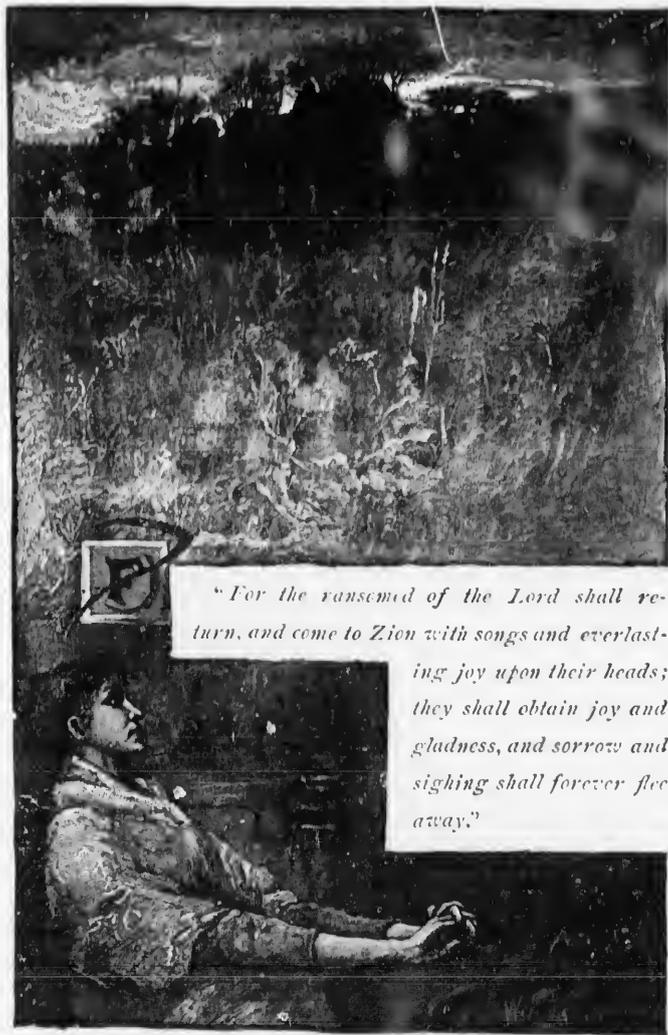
A CHILD'S REPLY.

"How is it that ye have no faith?"—MARK iv. 40.

It was a beautiful reply of a child when asked, "What is faith?" She answered, "Doing God's will and asking no questions."

Then, reader, "How is it that ye have no faith?"

Love is the medicine of all moral evil. By it the world is to be cured of sin.



"For the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away."

A GREAT TEMPERANCE EXAMPLE.

It is needless to say that often in agony did he lament the taking of a first glass. How easily but for that could he have become self-educated and honored. Now, at last, ragged and broken in body by delirium tremens, he was walking the streets of Worcester on that Sabbath evening, absolutely homeless and hopeless! He was thinking—utterly heart-sick as it is possible for men to be—of his ruined life, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He was startled. Nobody had spoken to him in a friendly way for months.

“Mr. Gough, I believe?” said the stranger.

“That is my name,” he replied, and passed on.

“You have been drinking to-day,” said the kind voice. “Why do you not sign the pledge and protect yourself?” And then the young man, whose name was Joel Stratton, took his arm in a brotherly way, and, as a brother might, asked if he would not like to be a sober man, go to church once more, and have friends once more.

At the temperance meeting, with almost palsied hand, he wrote “John B. Gough” to a total-abstinence pledge. For six days and nights, in a wretched garret, without one hour of healthy sleep, without one monthful of food, John B. Gough fought the dreadful battle with appetite. Weak, famished, almost dying, he crawled out into the sunlight; but he had conquered.

Soon after this he became a Christian, and for nearly forty years he honored the name he bore. "If the pledge had been offered to me when I was a boy in Sunday-school, I should have been spared those seven dreadful years," I have heard Mr. Gough say. He was now twenty-six. This year he made three hundred and eighty-three addresses, receiving about three dollars for each and paying his expenses out of it. With the first money he could possibly spare he purchased Rollin's Ancient History, bent upon self-education. He was now urged to visit England. Sensitive to an unsuspected degree, never forgetting the stains on his early manhood, he sought the advice of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

"John, my son, don't fear," he said. "I have prayed for you. Go, and the blessing of an old man go with you."

England gave him the greeting she gives to heroes. Exeter Hall, London, where the welcome meeting was held, was draped with the flags of England and America. For four hours great crowds waited on the sidewalks for the doors to be opened. His brother Englishmen were eager to hear the famous orator who had gone out from them a poor, unknown boy. As he spoke, simply yet touchingly, the enthusiasm was unbounded, hundreds weeping with joy. All through Great Britain crowds, numbering often several thousand persons, came to hear him. On his thirty-seventh birthday he spoke in Sandgate. The

village people listened as though he were inspired. Old Mrs. Beattie, who had known him when a lad, hastened to grasp his hand. When he slipped \$25 into it, telling her he was in her debt, she said, "Goodness me! what for?"

"For a bottle of milk and some ginger-bread you sent me twenty-four years ago when I was starting for America."

For thirty years John B. Gough worked untiringly on both continents. Though he had swayed brilliant and crowded audiences by his marvelous eloquence, he did not forget to visit prisons and poor-houses. Thousands of the lowest have written to him in despair, and thousands of the highest in their admiration for his work. His beautiful home at Hillside, Worcester, had no end of choice remembrances from such friends as Spurgeon, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Cruikshanks, Dr. Guthrie, and our own statesmen and ministers and poets. His choice library showed his love for books.

The last time Mr. Gough was in England four thousand of the *elite* of that country received him at a garden party in the grounds of Westminster Abbey. Canon Wilberforce, Canon Duckworth, Samuel Morley, the American Minister, and others made addresses. Dean Stanley led him through the grand old abbey. The next morning twenty London papers, some in six columns, gave an account of this great reception to the great moral hero of his time.

At Sandgate, where he went to lay the corner-stone of the Memorial Coffee Tavern bearing his name, the enthusiastic people removed the horses from his carriage and drew it through the streets. He was invited to dine at the stately homes where fifty years before he had cleaned knives and blacked boots. Public banquets were given in his honor. To his own country, each time, he was welcomed back with demonstrations no less hearty. When once asked the secret of his success, he replied: "Whether I speak to one or to thousands in my audiences, I always try to do my best." Another secret was his throbbing sympathy for humanity. He was determined to win the erring, and therefore succeeded.

TRUTH should be the first lesson of the child and the last aspiration of manhood; for it has been well said that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.—*Whittier.*

THAT man enjoys a heaven upon earth whose mind moves in charity, rests in providence, and turns upon the poles of truth and wisdom.

"HER ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—PROV. iii. 17

REST IN THE LORD.

Do you recollect the delicious sense of rest with which you have sometimes gone to bed at night, after a day of great exertion and weariness? How delightful was the sensation of relaxing every muscle, and letting your body go in a perfect abandonment of ease and comfort. The strain of the day had ceased for a few hours at least, and the work of the day had been laid off. You no longer had to hold up an aching head or a weary back. You trusted yourself to the bed in an absolute confidence, and it held you up, without effort, or strain, or even thought, on your part. You rested!

But suppose you had doubted the strength or the stability of your bed, and had dreaded each moment to find it giving way beneath you and landing you on the floor; could you have rested then? Would not every muscle have been strained in a fruitless effort to hold yourself up, and would not the weariness have been greater than not to have gone to bed at all?

Let this analogy teach you what it means to rest in the Lord. Let your souls lie down upon his sweet will, as your bodies lie down in your beds at night. Relax every strain and lay off every burden. Let yourself go in a perfect abandonment of ease and comfort, sure that when he holds you up you are perfectly safe.

Your part is simply to rest. His part is to sustain you, and he cannot fail.



A Restful Scene.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.*

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
 I looked at John—John looked at me,
 (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,
 As well as though my locks were jet),
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
 "Tell me again what Robert said!"
 And then I, listening, bent my head.
 "This is his letter: 'I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given.'
 I looked at John's old garments worn,
 I thought of all that John had borne
 Of poverty, and work, and care,
 Which I, though willing, could not share;
 I thought of seven mouths to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this.—"Come, John," said I,
 "We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep"; so walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band—
 First to the cradle lightly stepped,

*A father and mother in straitened circumstances, with seven children, were offered by a wealthy, but childless, neighbor, a comfortable provision, on condition that they would give him one of their children. This beautiful poem tells the result.

Where Lillian, the baby, slept.
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her."
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. 'Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.

"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently,
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in wilful way,
 And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
 The while my heart beat audibly.
 Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
 So like his father. "No, John, no—
 I cannot, will not, let him go."
 And so we wrote, in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away;
 And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
 Happy in truth that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!

—*Mrs. Ethel L. Beers.*

TRUTH is the beginning of every good thing, both
 in Heaven and on earth; and he who would be blessed
 and happy should be from the first a partaker of the
 truth, that he may live a true man as long as possi-
 ble, for then he can be trusted; but he is not to be
 trusted who loves voluntary falsehood, and he who
 loves involuntary falsehood is a fool.

LOVE is just. Love is more just than justice.

A SOUL AT AUCTION.

THERE is a very good story told of Rowland Hill and Lady Ann Erskine. You have seen it, perhaps, in print, but I would like to tell it you. While he was preaching in a park in London to a large assemblage, she was passing in her carriage. She said to her footman when she saw Rowland Hill in the midst of the people: "Why, who is that man?" "That is Rowland Hill, my lady." She had heard a good deal about the man, and she thought she would like to see him, so she directed her coachman to drive her near the platform. When the carriage came near he saw the insignia of nobility, and he asked who that noble lady was. Upon being told, he said: "Stop, my friends, I have got something to sell." The idea of the preacher becoming suddenly an auctioneer made the people wonder, and in the midst of a dead silence he said: "I have more than a title to sell;—I have more than the crown of Europe to sell; it is the soul of Lady Ann Erskine. Is there any one here who bids for it? Yes, I hear a bid. Satan, Satan, what will you give? 'I will give pleasure, honor, riches—yea, I will give the whole world for her soul.' Do you hear another bid? Is there any other one? Do I hear another bid? Ah! I thought so; I hear another bid. The Lord Jesus Christ, what will you give for this soul? 'I will give peace, joy, comfort, that the world knows not of—yea, I will give

eternal life.' Lady Ann Erskine, you have heard the two bidders for your soul, which will you accept?" And she ordered the door of her carriage to be opened, and came weeping from it, and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

WORK FOR ALL.

God has got a work for every one of us to do. Now, in the parable the man who had two talents had the same reward as the man who had five talents. He heard the same words as the man who had five talents: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The men that take good care of the talents that God has loaned them, he always gives them more. But if we take the talent that God has given us and lay it away carefully in a napkin and bury it away, God will take even that from us. God don't want a man that has one talent to do the work of a man that has got ten. All a man has got to answer for is the one that God has given each man. If we were all of us doing the work that God has got for us to do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance? I believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it"; and that is what the church wants to-day. Every one of you has his own appointed task, and no minister, or deacon, or elder, or steward can possibly do it for you.

A CHRISTIAN, AFTER ALL.

A good gentleman, whose name was William Ladd, was at one time the president of the American Peace Society. He believed that kindness and love, carried out, would keep peace between neighbors as well as between nations. But there had been a time when he gave little thought to this matter, and did not understand it. Then, if a man struck him a blow, he believed it was right to strike him back again, without pausing to think if there were not a better way of returning the blow. And if one did him an injury "he would give him as good as he gave;" or, as children say, "would give him tit for tat." But now he had learned better; and this story shows how he learned to be a peace-maker, and the good that came from it.

At this time he lived on a farm, and a poor man, who was his neighbor, neglected to keep up his fence, as he should have done. The consequence was that this man's sheep got into Mr. Ladd's wheat field, and did a great deal of damage. Mr. Ladd told Sam, his hired man, to go to this neighbor, and tell him he must mend his fences, and keep the sheep at home. But the fences were not mended. The sheep got into Mr. Ladd's field again, and this made him angry.

"Sam," said he, "go to that fellow and tell him if he don't keep his sheep out of my field, I'll have them shot."

But even this did not do; for the next day the sheep were in again.

"Sam," said Mr. Ladd, "take my gun and shoot those sheep."

"I'd rather not, sir," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam! Why, there are but three of them; it's no great job."

"No, sir; but they are all the man has in the world, and I don't feel as if I would like to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man ought to take better care of them. I gave him warning; why didn't he mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough sort of message. It made him mad, and so he wouldn't do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said Mr. Ladd, "and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

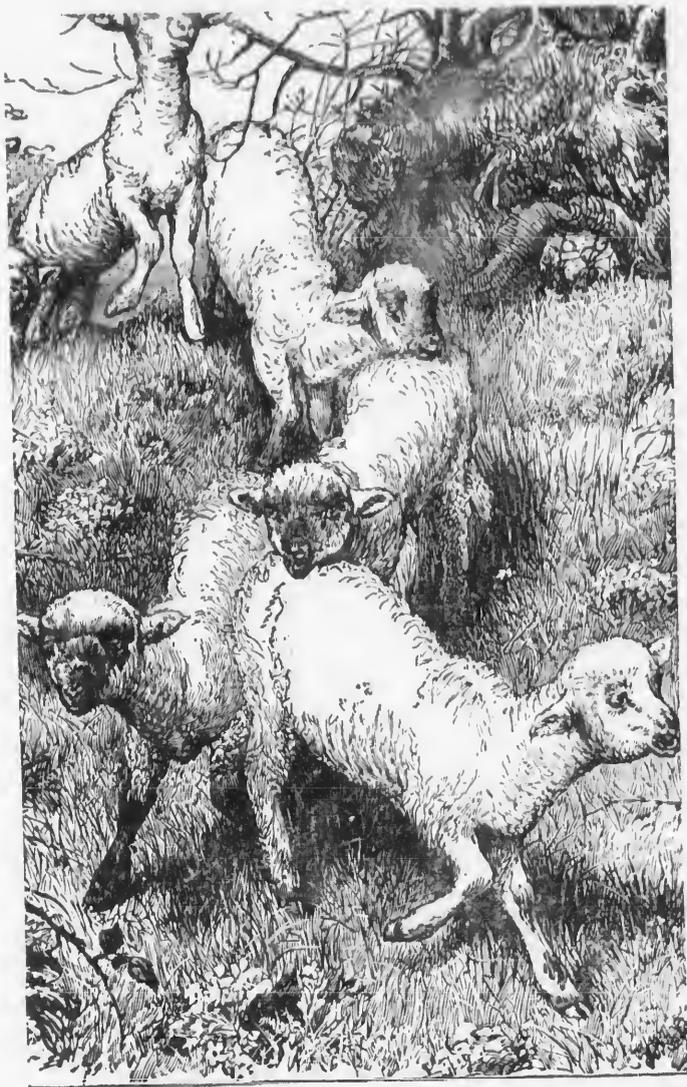
"'Shall I put the gun in too?' asked Sam.

"'No,' I answered. I saw a quiet smile on Sam's face, but said nothing. I got into the buggy, and drove off to my neighbor's. He lived a mile away, and I had time to think it all over.

"When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood. The wood pile was very low. The house looked desolate and forlorn, and my heart was softened.

"'Neighbor,' I called out.

"'The man looked sulky, and did not raise his head.



"Shoot those Sheep."—(See page 214.)

“‘Come, come, my neighbor, I have come with friendly feeling to you, and you must meet me half way.’

“He saw that I was in earnest, laid down his axe, and came to the wagon.

“‘Now, neighbor,’ said I, ‘we have both been wrong; you neglected your fence, and I got angry and sent you a provoking message. Now let us face about and do right. I’ll forgive you, you forgive me, and let’s shake hands over it.’

“He did not feel quite like giving me his hand, but he let me take it.

“‘Now, neighbor,’ I said, ‘drive your sheep down to my pasture. They shall share with my sheep until next spring; you shall have all they yield, and next summer we shall start fair.’

“His hand no longer lay cold and motionless in mine. He gave me a warm, friendly grasp, and his eyes filled with tears as he said:

“‘I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all.’”

And so Mr. Ladd went home, feeling that he had received the blessing promised to the peace-makers.

“I SHALL pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.”

HIS MOTHER'S GOD.

A WAYWARD boy in London, whose mother was very anxious for his salvation, said to her: "I am not going to be bothered with your prayers any longer; I will go to America and be rid of them." "But, my boy," she said, "God is on the sea and in America, and he hears my prayers for you." Well, he came to this country, and as they sailed into the port of New York, some of the sailors told him that Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in the Hippodrome. The moment he landed he started for our place of meeting, and there he found Christ. He became a most earnest worker, and he wrote to his mother and told her that her prayers had been answered, that he had been saved, and that he had found his mother's God.—*D. L. Moody.*

"IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."

THERE is nothing in which young converts are more prone to err than in laying too much stress upon their feelings. If they have a comfortable half-hour in the morning, it atones for a multitude of sins in the course of the day. Christ says, "If you love me, keep my commandments."—*Dr. Payson to his daughter.*

Do you keep God's commandments because you love him, or because you feel like it? Suppose you did not feel like it, what then?

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

AN old woman of about eighty years of age came to die, and her memory so failed her that she could not even remember her own children. She had a large family, and one by one they passed before her, anxious to bid her a last farewell in this world. The eldest went by the dying woman's side and said: "Don't you know me?" She shook her head and said, "No;" and it was so with the rest of the children; each asked the same question and got the same reply, till it came to the youngest. She was a happy Christian, and instead of asking: "Don't you know me?" she put this question: "Don't you know Jesus?" The old woman joyfully responded: "Yes; and I am so glad Jesus knows me." Oh, knowledge of Christ makes up for everything in this dark world.

I MAY relate a little experience. In Philadelphia at one of our meetings, a drunken man rose up. Till that time I had no faith that a drunken man could be converted. When any one approached, he was generally taken out. This man got up and shouted, "I want to be prayed for." The friends who were with him tried to draw him away, but he shouted only louder, and three times he repeated the request. His call was attended to and he was converted. God has power to convert a man even if he is drunk.—*D. L. Moody.*



Nearing the Close of a Well-Spent Life.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE right Christian mind will find its own image wherever it exists; it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being, often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity; and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow of Heaven does over the hard and black and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light for them to make them fair; and that must be a steep and unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover.

The charity that thinketh no evil trusts in God and trusts in men.

BETTER THAN ALL MY HOPES.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
 He was better than all my fears;
 He made a road of my broken works,
 And a rainbow of my tears.
 The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
 But carried my Lord on their crest;
 When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march
 I can lean on his love for the rest.

NEVER let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter is divine.

THE FIRST SIN.

The first sin ever committed in our world was a lie. It was in the Garden of Eden. Satan was tempting Eve to break God's commandment. He did it by telling her a lie and getting her to believe it. And now it is impossible for anybody to count up all the injury that has been done by that sin. That one sin was like poisoning a fountain, and then all the water that flows from it is poisoned too. That one sin has caused all the people ever born into our world to have wicked hearts.

That one sin has led to all the sickness and sorrow, the pain and death, that have been in the world ever since. All the tears that have been shed, all the crimes that have been committed, all the battles that have been fought, all the violence and misery that have filled the earth for centuries, may be traced up to that one sin, that first lie, just as you trace streams up to the fountain from which they flow.

And when we tell a lie now we never can tell where the injury that springs from it will stop. It is just like loosening a great rock at the top of a mountain and letting it go rolling and plunging down the side of the mountain. Nobody can tell how far it will go, nor how much injury it will do before it stops rolling. Telling a lie is like letting a wild beast out of a cage. You can never tell how many people that animal will wound or kill before he is

caught again. Telling a lie is like dropping sparks in powder. It is sure to make an explosion, and no one can tell beforehand how much harm that will do. Telling a lie is like going out from the plain beaten path into a tangled wood. You never can tell how long it will take you or how much you must suffer before you get back again.

WISE COUNSEL.

AN Eastern prince once asked two of his wisest counsellors to tell him in what way he could do his people the greatest good and make them the happiest. He gave them two months' time in which to prepare their answers. At the end of that time these wise men appeared before the prince. One of them came bearing on his shoulder a great roll of papyrus leaves, which were used in that country instead of paper. On these he had written out two hundred rules to show what he thought the prince ought to do to make his people happy. The second came with nothing in his hand, but with a wise thought in his head. The reading of the two hundred rules was very tiresome to the prince. After hearing them he called upon the other counsellor for his advice. He gave it in two short words: "Love God."

"What do you mean?" said the prince. "I asked you to tell me, not what I was to do for God, but what I should do for my people to make them most happy."

“True,” said the wise man, “but loving God supremely will secure the highest happiness both to yourself and to your people.”

This was a good answer. It is just what the Bible teaches when it says: “*Love is the fulfilling of the law.*”

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE

If it is a great relief to a sorrow-burdened heart to vent its sorrow in the presence of one who is possessed of a large, loving, and sympathizing heart, even when he can do little or nothing to help, how much more should it be to spread out our sorrow before him whose pity is equalled by his power, who is both infinitely able and willing to do exceeding abundantly for us above what we ask or think!

If he does not see fit to remove the burden yet, he can render our strength equal to bear it. If the thorn is not taken away, yet the promise may be made good. “My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness!” How often has it been proved that the sorrow that has riven the heart has but cleft a way for the entrance of that word that giveth light. The farther down the ploughshare of sorrow has gone, and the deeper the furrows made in the heart, the more deeply bedded has been the precious seed and the more abundant the future harvest. “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

WHEN the Israelites were pursued by the Egyptians near the Red Sea, you remember, God caused the cloud, which had guided them by day, to go and stand between them and their enemies by night. That cloud had two sides. The side towards the Israelites was very bright, while the side towards the Egyptians was very dark. And it is just so with most of the illustrations we find on this part of our subject. We can hardly ever see the injury that lying does, without, at the same time, seeing the good that is done by telling the truth.

Two boys came at an early hour to a country market-town. They spread out their little stands, and sat down to wait for customers. One of them sold melons and fruit, the other dealt in oysters and fish. The market hours passed on, and they were both doing well. The goods on their stands were gradually getting less, and the money in their pockets gradually getting more. The last melon lay on Harry's stand. A gentleman came by, and placing his hand on it, said, "What a fine large melon! I think I must buy it. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir, and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot on the other side," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man, "I think I'll not take it. But," he added, looking in the boy's face, "is it

very business-like to point out the defects of your goods to customers?"

"Perhaps not, sir, but it's better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, my boy; always remember to speak the truth, and you will find favor with God and man. You have nothing else that I wish this morning, but I shall not forget your little stand in the future." Then, turning to Ben Wilson's stand, he asked, "Are those oysters fresh."

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning," was the reply. The gentleman bought them and went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser I was about those stale oysters; sold them at the same price as the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon till he got home."

"Ben, I wouldn't *tell* a lie, or *act* one either for twice the money we've both earned to-day. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved; for the next day the gentleman bought a large supply of fruit from Harry, but he never spent another penny at Ben's stand. So it continued all through the summer. At the close of the season he took Harry into his store, and, after awhile, gave him a share in the business.

FAITHFULNESS.

WE forget that there are no small things; that life is a school in which every work, every duty, every opportunity, however insignificant it may seem to us at the moment, is a lesson; the learning or the neglect of which means just so much loss or gain in character. The man who is faithful in each day's work stores up in himself each day that reserved force of habit and character which makes him equal to those unexpected emergencies which any hour or moment may bring. Small opportunities faithfully used are rounds by which we mount to greater ones, and the true way to broaden life is not by idly gazing around the horizon in search of some larger field, but by doing with all one's heart and soul the things that lie next one.

SYMBOLS will pass away; . . . temples of stone will pass away; . . . but that which will endure forever is worship in spirit and in truth, perfect charity, and the rest of souls in Jesus. . . . In the whole world there is neither temple nor tabernacle so dear to him as the soul of the just man.

NO CHARACTER is more glorious, none more attractive of universal admiration and respect, than that of helping those who are in no condition of helping themselves.

THE PIECE THAT WAS LOST.

THERE was promise of a capital hay-day; so Silas Rogers decided as he stood in the back porch after milking, polishing his face with a coarse towel and noting the weather signs between the rubs. A capital hay-day; but a "spell of weather" might be expected soon; for did not the almanac say, "About this time look out for storms?" So all hands were warned to be in readiness to mow the lower intervale in the morning, and lose no time in getting at it, for the intervale was swampy after a rain.

The chores were done, the supper eaten; Silas, with his chair tilted against the wall, was sleeping the sleep of the just, while his good wife pattered about the kitchen setting her sponge, beating up some "riz griddle cakes" for breakfast, grinding the coffee, and, in a dozen provident ways, squeezing out of the tired day a little help for the morrow. Reuben went to the store for a new seythe snath; Abner, the hired man, hung over the barnyard gate with the beloved pipe that tried the housewife's soul, and pretty "Mistress Hetty" wrinkled her forehead and pricked her fingers over the new dress she was trying to make in the few leisure minutes snatched from house-work. She made a charming picture in the frame of the vine-wreathed window, her sleeves still rolled above her plump elbows, the bright hair drawn back from the rosy face which was turned full

to the lamp as she threaded her needle, or paused to flirt some poor deluded moth away from the dangerous flame that fascinated him. A charming picture, out no one to look at it; for the great Norway pine held up a screen of solid blackness between the window and the road, even if any belated traveler had chanced to pass that way, and only Hetty's white cat crept stealthily along the top of the garden-fence with murderous designs upon an untimely brood of chirping birds in the currant-bushes. Only this—ah, beware, Mistress Hetty! evil eyes are looking at you: eyes from which even a heathen mother would cover your face with her hands, and breathe a prayer to break the unholy spell they might cast upon you—a woman's eyes peering from the thick jungle of lilacs and syringas so near it seems as if Hetty must feel them. But Hetty feels nothing, sees nothing, but the troublesome dress; and as the perplexing ruffles are conquered one by one her heart grows light, the little frown smoothes away, and Hetty begins to sing. What a sweet voice she has! It reaches the tired mother, and lightens her heart too. It wakens her father, and then lulls him pleasantly to sleep again. Now Abner hears it, and draws his hickory shirt-sleeve across his eyes; and that watcher in the green tangle—who can guess what she thinks or feels as she sinks down with her chin upon her hands, and her face quite in the dark, and listens to the pathetic story of "The Ninety and Nine"? Hetty herself is



The Lost Sheep.

not half conscious of the pathos with which she bewails the lost one,

"Away on the mountains bleak and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,"

and goes on through the tender story to the final rejoicing when the Shepherd brings back his own. She is still humming it fitfully over and over when her mother opens the door of the keeping-room and bids her go to bed, and not ruin her eyes with sewing by lamplight.

"Just a minute," says Hetty; "as soon as I finish this sleeve." And the minutes glide on and on, the sleeve is finished, held up and admired, and Mistress Hetty takes off her shoes and slips softly up-stairs to bed. She does not even close the window. What should come into the house unbidden, save the cat and the cool night-air? Everything is silent. The mother bird broods her little ones securely, unconscious of the cruel eyes near by, until Reuben comes whistling along the road, and, boy-like, stops to sly a stone at the tempting white mark on the garden-fence; the prowler leaps away with long bounds over the wet grass, and a tragedy is averted, with nothing to show for it but dirty tracks upon the piece of "factory" spread out to bleach. By and by there is a little stir in the lilac jungle; a woman comes cautiously out of her hiding, and steals away to the barn. The cows are lying here and there under the long shed, sleeping, perhaps, in a cow's uneasy fash-

ion, but with a certain air of motherliness and content about them. They do not even wonder at the late comer as she threads her way among them, enters the barn, mounts the scaffold already well filled with the sweet new hay, and is soon asleep, hearing now and then a broken twitter from the restless swallows under the eaves, or perchance a faint sweet voice singing, with lingering pity in its tone,

“Sick, and wounded, and ready to die.”

Who can tell when the summer day begins? One instant a dusky silence, cool, moist and fragrant, hanging over the hills; the next a burst of song from some tree-top, caught up from a hundred green coverts, swelled and repeated and prolonged in a mad chorus that presently settles again into silence. Then the slow stir of life awakening, the bustle among the poultry, the lowing of some impatient cow, or the steady sound of her companions nipping the short juicy grass, the unwilling creak of a rheumatic pump-handle, and here and there the dull thud of an improvident ax preparing the kindling for the kitchen fire.

The day was well under way in Silas Rogers's household before the majority of his neighbors had reached this point. The cows were milked and turned into the green lane to make their own way to the pasture, the steady “*c-r-r-r-r*” of the grindstone and the sharp ring of steel told that the moments before breakfast were being made the most of, and

even at table there were few words spoken, and no useless lingering. But after breakfast Silas Rogers took down the leather-covered Bible that had been his old mother's daily companion for eighty years, and all the family sat reverently down to worship. The golden moments might speed as they would, but no day in that household began without its portion from the Bible. It might have been a lingering recollection of Hetty's song; it might have been one of those celestial providences which we call chance, which led him to read from the gospels the story of the wandering sheep and the lost piece of silver. It is doubtful if any of them were very deeply touched by it. It was a familiar story to the good wife, and she could not keep her thoughts from straying anxiously to the loaves rising perilously in the pans, while Hetty glanced at the clock and secretly hoped her father had not chanced upon a long chapter. The reading came abruptly to an end with the heavenly rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth, and with an earnest though homely prayer the service was ended. Abner and Reuben almost stumbled over a woman sitting absorbed in the doorway. Silas looked at her, but did not stay to question; and when they were gone she rose and said abruptly, "Will you give me some breakfast?"

Mrs. Rogers looked at her. She saw a tall and not uncomely woman of about thirty, but with something indefinably evil about her face. The hard mouth,



"The Piece that was Lost."

the bold, defiant eyes repelled her, yet seemed as if at any instant they might break into scornful tears.

"Who are you?" asked the good wife, coming nearer with her pan of bread in her hand. Again the face lightened and darkened, grew hard and then yielding, with the sudden declaration:

"I am the piece that was lost."

Martha Rogers had not a particle of poetry in her nature, but she had the most profound reverence for the Scripture, therefore the words both puzzled and shocked her. But she was not the woman to refuse bread to the hungry, so she placed food upon the table and motioned the woman to a chair, with a brief "Set up and eat."

All the time that the woman was eating, and she did not hasten, her eyes followed the mistress and Hetty, until Martha Rogers grew nervous and sent Hetty to "red up the chambers."

As soon as she was gone the woman turned abruptly from her breakfast.

"Will you give me work to do?" she demanded rather than asked.

"Who are you?" asked Mrs Rogers again, simply to gain time.

"I thought you knew. I am Moll Pritchett; they have turned me out of my house; burned it over my head," and the eyes grew lurid with evil.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Rogers feebly.

“Anything that a woman can do, or a man. I can work in the field with the best of them; I have done it many a time; but I should like to do what—to be like other women.”

“Are you a good woman?”

The question came straight and strong, without any faltering. She had heard of this Moll Pritchett, a woman who lived alone in an old tumble-down hut below the saw-mill, and won a meagre living by weaving rag-carpets, picking berries for sale, and it was suspected in less reputable ways; but Martha Rogers took no stock in idle rumors. If she had not divine compassion she had something very like divine justice, which is altogether a sweeter thing in its remembering of our frame than the tender mercies of the wicked.

The woman looked at her curiously, at first with a mocking smile, then with a sullen, and at last with a defiant expression.

“Is it likely?” she said fiercely. “A good woman! How should I be a good woman? I tell you I’m ‘the piece that was lost,’ and nobody ever looked for me. If I was a good woman do you suppose I should be where I be—only twenty-eight years old, well and hearty, and every door in the world shet in my face? I tell ye the man that wrote that story didn’t know women; they don’t hunt for the piece that’s lost; they just let it go. There’s enough on ’em that don’t get lost.”

Poor Martha Rogers was sorely perplexed, all the more that her way had lain so smooth and plain before her that she might have walked in it blind-folded. If this was a lost piece of silver it was not she who lost it; but what if it were the Master's, precious to his heart, and a careless hand had dropped it, and left it to lie in the dust? And what if he bade her seek it, and find it for him? Should she dare refuse? On this very day, when she needed so sorely the help which she had looked for in vain, had not this woman been sent to her very door, and was it not a plain leading of Providence? It is a blessed thing for us that we are usually driven to act first and theorize afterwards, even though the after-thought sometimes brings repentance. The bread was ready for the oven and the wood-box was empty.

"You may fetch in some wood," said Martha Rogers, and the woman promptly obeyed, filling the box with one load of her sinewy arms, and then stood dumbly waiting. Hetty came into the kitchen and began to clear the table, but her mother took the dishes from her hands.

"Go up-stairs and fetch a big apron and one of your sweeping caps, and then you may get at your sewing and see if you can finish up your dress."

Away went Hetty, her light heart bounding with the unexpected release, and her mother turned again to the woman, furnished her with a coarse towel and sent her to the wash-house for a thorough purifica-

tion. Half an hour afterwards, with her hair hidden in the muslin cap, her whole figure enveloped in the clean calico apron, a comely woman was silently engaged in household tasks, doing her work with such rapid skill that the critical housewife drew a sigh of relief.

"There's a han'ful of towels and coarse clothes left from the ironing; you might put the irons on, Mary, and smooth 'em out."

The woman turned a startled face upon her, and then went quickly for the clothes, but something—was it a tear?—rolled down the swarthy cheek, and mingled with the bright drops she sprinkled over them. When had she ever been called Mary? When had she heard any name but Moll? Not since away among New Hampshire hills a pale woman had laid her hand upon the tangled curls of her little daughter and prayed that from the strange world to which she was speeding she might be allowed to watch over these wayward feet lest they should go astray. Had she watched? Did she know? Moll hoped not; it made her shudder to think of it. What would Heaven be worth if she could see and know? and yet, what did she hear about joy in Heaven over one sinner that repented? If there was joy it must be that they knew; or perhaps only good news was carried there.

That night Hetty sang again at her sewing by the lamp, and from the attic window, far above her head,

the wanderer leaned out into the dark to listen. The little chamber was bare of ornament; there was not a picture on the cleanly whitewashed walls, and the straight curtain was for decency, not drapery; but it seemed to this lost one a very chamber of peace. The great Norway pine almost brushed her cheek with its resinous plumes, balmy with the moist night air, and a bird, hidden somewhere among its branches, sent out a startled, half-awake cry, and then dropped off to sleep again. There was a pale young moon low in the western sky, with black clouds scudding across it, and the dull, steady sound of the river, poming over the great dam in the valley, seemed to come nearer and nearer, like the tramp of feet. Martha Rogers went out to the milk-room and stood for a moment in the door, shading the flickering candle in her hand. She was only taking a housewifely observation upon the gathering storm, but it seemed to the wanderer that she might well be the woman who had lighted a candle to search for the lost piece of silver, and with a dim comprehension of love on earth and joy in Heaven she tried to pray and fell asleep.

Silas Rogers listened to the day's story as he sat mending a bit of harness with clumsy fingers. He may be forgiven if his thoughts sometimes wandered to the hay so fortunately secured from the storm, or ran over the grist to be sent to the mill in the morning if it proved a wet day, or speculated curiously on

the superhuman knowledge of almanac men; but, on the whole, he was tolerably attentive, and certainly grasped the idea that his wife had secured a valuable and much-needed helper.

"It seems a risk to run," said Martha anxiously; "and I don't know but it's presumptuous; there's Hetty, and there's Reuben—"

"And there's the Lord," said Silas, stopping to open his knife.

"Yes," said Martha with a little start, "and I can't quite get rid of what she said about the piece that was lost; though, to be sure, the woman that lost it ought to hunt it."

"She never does; folks are always losing things for somebody else to find; 'tain't many of 'em can say, 'those that thou hast given me have I kept,' right straight along."

"But if you lose your own piece looking after other folks'—"

Silas cut off his waxed end and gave the harness an experimental pull before he answered.

"Well, there's risks, as you say, but I'd rather take a risk for the Lord than agin him."

Martha Rogers took the risk for the Lord, and he abundantly justified and rewarded her faith. For the piece that was lost becomes *my* piece to the heart that finds it and lays it again in the Master's hand; and locking the story of the wanderer in her own breast it was only to the angels she said, "Rejoice with me."

And when, years afterward, the woman herself said, before the committee of the church, "I am a woman over whom there is great joy in Heaven," there were not wanting those who thought she was presumptuously claiming to be a saint.—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

PATIENCE.

SURELY it is wise to learn the lesson of patience, as it will help us to see the bright side in everything that happens.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it. The other patiently went to work to plant a new crop. After awhile the impatient man came to visit his neighbor. To his surprise he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked how this could be.

"This crop I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why, then, you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said his friend; "and that's the reason why I put it off."

"Joy rises in me like a summer's morn."

—*Coleridge.*

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

WE see the same thing all around us. Look at the tops of the mountains. They represent pride. Nothing grows there. See how bare and barren they are! And then look at the quiet, low-lying valleys. They represent humility. And see how beautiful they are in their greenness and fertility! The highest branches of the vine or tree represent pride. You find no fruit on them. The low branches represent humility. These you will find bending down with the load of rich, ripe fruit that hangs upon them.

A farmer went with his son into the wheat-field to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father," said the boy, "how straight those stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang down their heads, as if they were ashamed, can't be good for much, I'm sure."

The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind, and said, "Look here, foolish child. This stalk that stood up so straight is light-headed, and almost good for nothing; while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain."

THE love of home is strong, and the love of country is strong, but the love of God is supreme, and fertilizes and vitalizes all other loves.

WHERE there is no hope there can be no endeavor.

DO GOOD UNTO ALL.

No one ever did so much good in our world as Jesus. The Bible tells us that he "*went about doing good.*" This was his occupation—his daily business. And the way in which he did this was by showing men that God loved them, and by teaching them to love one another. And if we wish to be true Christians, we should try to be like Jesus in this respect. We must learn to love God, and show our love to him by living in love with our friends and neighbors. When a building is on fire the best thing we can do is to try and put it out. And when people have angry feelings in their hearts towards each other, it is just like a fire that will burn all that is kind and good. The longer it burns the more harm it will do. We are doing great good when we strive to put out the fire of anger by overcoming all unkind feelings. Then we are peace-makers; and we shall be blessed in the good that we do. And this is a thing that the youngest persons can do as well as the oldest.

SCIENTIFIC truth is marvelous, but moral truth is divine, and whosoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on.

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The Crown of Thorns.

Oh, how great is the power of truth! which of its own power can easily defend itself against all the ingenuity and cunning and wisdom of men, and against the treacherous plots of all the world.

The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed.

To love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.

The germs of all truth lie in the soul, and when the ripe moment comes, the truth within answers to the fact without as the flower responds to the sun, giving it form for heat and color for light.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

SOME ministers were once discussing how the command to "pray without ceasing" could be kept. One of them was appointed to write an essay upon it to be read at the next meeting. A servant who heard this exclaimed: "What! a whole month waiting to tell the meaning of that text? It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well, well," said an old minister, "let's hear how you understand it. Can you pray all the time, Mary?" "Oh yes, sir." "What! when you have so many things to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do the more I can pray." "Indeed! Well, Mary, let us hear how that

is, for most people think otherwise." "Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I wash me I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin to work I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; when I begin to kindle up the fire I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep out the house I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and while preparing and eating breakfast I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the Word; and as I am busy with the little children I look up to God as my Father, and pray that I may be his child; and so on through the day. Everything I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer."

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

HEAVEN is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of Heaven. My idea of Heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fire-place, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the

door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent for years; you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea about Heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mothers there—she who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal “Mister”? You have never been anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child’s voice—she of the bright eye and ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of Heaven’s great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.—*Talmage.*

TRUTH is the handmaid of justice, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the gospel, it is the attribute of God.

ALWAYS leave the home with loving words, for they may be the last.

RESTING UPON GOD.

"THEY ask me if I can trust," said one stricken by a heavy blow. "I do not know. I search my heart, but—no, I am afraid I do not even trust." Then came one wiser than them all, her white-haired pastor. "Dear child," he said, "you lie here quietly on this bed. You are not afraid of falling? You think the bed is strong?" "Yes." "You think the floor is strong, the foundations of the house firm. You do not stop to question about it. You lie down. Just so your soul may be resting upon God, though you are not conscious of an act of trust."

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

A WASHINGTON lady recently tried to impress upon her little girl the evil of personal vanity by drawing a picture of a human heart with a peacock in it. "Mamma, what does that mean?" queried the little one. "My child, it means when you have your new hat and dress on, and go to church thinking how fine and pretty you look, there is something ugly in your heart that is like this gorgeous bird, which is all fine feathers and nothing else. Its voice is a dreadful screech; it can't sing or say anything nice to anybody, only admire itself and strut about." The little girl's face grew very thoughtful. She was evidently taking in the lesson for future reference, as

the result proved. For on Sunday morning papa appeared in a new suit of clothes, and he hitched about here and there before the dressing table, carefully noting how it fitted at every point. Meanwhile mamma had on her spring suit, with a nice new bonnet, and she spent much time before the glass putting the finishing touches to her elegant toilet. The little girl, equally fresh and presentable, paid no attention to her new finery, but watched her parents from the vantage-ground of her little rocking chair. Finally, just as they were ready to start for church, the little one looked up innocently and said: "Mamma, haven't you and papa got a peacock in your hearts this morning? I felt mine coming, and I just said, 'Go away, bad bird, you can't come in here to-day. I'm going to church!'"—*Mrs. E. L. Sherwood.*

WHAT SHALL I BRING?

SOME people want to know what they shall bring when they come to Christ. They bring prayers, and tears, and promises, and faith. These are all well enough in their place, but when a man starts to come to Christ, the only thing he wants to take with him is his sins. Are you a sinner? Then come to Christ and bring your sins along with you, for they are the only things you have which the Lord wants. Let me illustrate this. I have a little boy over on the West Side, and we will suppose when I go home to-

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A Faithful Friend.

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night I find out by his mother that he has been telling a lie. Of course I am greatly troubled. The little fellow comes and climbs up into my lap, tells me how much he loves me, but that isn't what I want. Somebody has given him a nice present, and he brings it and offers to give it to me. No, I don't want that, either. The only thing that I want him to bring me is that lie. Let him come to me and say, "Papa, I told a lie; I own it and am sorry for it." That would make me happier than anything else. Just so it is with the Lord. The reason why so many of you can't come to him is because you can't bring your sins with you; you try to hide them away somewhere.

ALAS for a man who from a child has known the Holy Scriptures, and now is growing old and has not become wise unto salvation! Alas for a man who can bear, like Atlas, the burdens of the world's affairs in the maturity of his strength and his wisdom, and who is neglecting to be wise unto salvation! Ah! if I speak to any one such person, in middle life or growing old, might I persuade him to say this day, out of an honest and humble heart, "O Jesus, of whom my mother taught me in my childhood, take me now to be thine!"

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

HOLD ON TO GOD.

I PREACH to you not alone out of my faith in the Word of God, but out of my own deepest experience, when I say that it is good in times of joy, and even better in times of sorrow, to draw near unto God. He is a stronghold. He is a tower. He is the shadow of a great rock in a weary, sultry summer. He is a shield and a buckler. No good thing will he withhold from those that fear him. His love is more than all possession, more than all honor, more than all ease. It is everything, and it brings everything.

Trust in God. Do not give up your fathers' faith in God. Do not worry or fret yourself if you have a firm faith. Hold on to God, and everything will ultimately come right. If you do not know it here, it will be revealed to you in the glory of your Father's kingdom.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing on the blackboard a straight line between two points. Then he asked him, "What is a lie?" The boy rubbed out the straight line, and drew a zig-zag (or crooked line) between the same two points. Remember this.

HE that doeth the will of God as faithfully as he can shall be given strength with which to do it better.

GOD'S PEACE.

Who shall separate us from Christ's love? "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, neither angels nor principalities nor powers, neither things present nor things to come, neither height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." When we are in trouble, let us take fast hold upon that great thought, that trouble does not divide us from the love of God. Yea, God's peace can conquer trouble, and guard us as in a fortress, against its assaults. "In nothing be anxious; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus."

THE true greatness and the true happiness of a country consists in wisdom; in that enlarged and comprehensive wisdom which includes education, knowledge, religion, virtue, freedom, with every influence which advances and every institution which supports them.

HE is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

"Blot out my transgressions."—Ps. li. 1.

"ACCORDING unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out our transgressions."

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—remembered no more. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.'"

COMMUNION BY FAITH.

How beautiful is the belief of man's immortality! The dead alive again and forever. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," is only spoken over the body when consigned to "the house appointed for all the living." Not such the requiem of the soul. A refrain of immortality concludes earth's history and announces eternity's beginning. "Not lost, but gone before." Such is the cherished and beautiful

faith of man in all ages and lands; a mere glimmering indeed in minds anirradiated with divine truth; and only a power and a joy when God's voice audibly falls upon the ear in words of counsel and prophecy.

The sainted dead dwell in life; beholding "the King in his beauty"; shining "as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever." They fade no more, nor realize pain; a wealth of love is theirs, a heritage of goodness, a celestial habitation; and in them thoughts, hopes, feelings expand and move forward in ceaseless progressions. We may feel sad because they are lost to us; but while we weep and wonder, they are wrapped in garments of light and warble songs of celestial joy. They will return to us no more, but we shall go to them; share their pleasures, emulate their sympathies, and compete with them in the path of endless development. We could not call them back. In the homes above they are great and well employed and blest. Shadows fall upon them no more; nor is life ruffled with anxious cares; love rules their life and thoughts, and eternal hopes beckon them forever to the pursuit of infinite good.

To whom are these thoughts strange and dull? Who has no treasure in Heaven—well-remembered forms, hallowed by separation and distance—stars of hope illumining with ever increasing beauty life's utmost horizon? What family circle has remained

unbroken—no empty chair, no cherished remem-
tos—voices and footsteps returning no more—no
members transferred to the illimitable beyond?
Where is he who has stood unhurt amid the chill
blasts that have blighted mortal hopes and withered
mortal loves? Alas! the steps of death are every-
where; his voice murmuring in every sweep of the
wind; his ruins visible on towering hill and in seques-
tered vale. We all have *felt* or *seen* his power.
Beneath the cypress we rest and weep, our hearts
riven with memories of the loved and lost; and yet
hope springing eternal from earth's mausoleums to
penetrate and possess the future.

Heaven is ours, for is it not occupied by our dead?
Heaven and earth lay near together in the myths of
the ancients; and shall it be otherwise in the insti-
tutions of Christianity? We need faith. Our paths
are surrounded by the departed, our assemblies mul-
tiplied by their presence, our lives bettered by their
ministries. From beneath light shadows we look
forward into the approaching day; and while we
gaze the beams of the morning spread light and
loveliness over the earth. It is not otherwise, as
from beneath the night of time we peer anxiously
after the pure day of Heaven.

Faith penetrates the veil and bids the invisible
stand disclosed, while its magic wand wakens into
life forms well known, but holier and lovelier far
than we knew them here. Such thoughts make us

better, purer, gentler. We cannot keep society with the sainted dead, and with the great God in whose presence they dwell, without feeling a nobler life throbbing through us. They draw us upward. We grow less earthly, more heavenly; and God-like aspirations come to us as we wander along the border land where dwell the sainted dead. Too little do we seek such communings. Our time is so absorbed with perishable and unsatisfying forms of good; and so we lose the image of the heavenly and grow carnal. The beauty of our life fades, and we are left to hanker after passing shadows and unsubstantial dreams. Let us tear away oftener from these earthly moorings; let us walk more steadily in the light of celestial companionship, and so attain to the true and the good, as they have attained who roam the hills of immortality.

“They dwell with thee—the dead;
Pavilioned in auroral tents of light;
Their spheres of heavenly influence ’round thee
spread,
Their pure transparence veiling them from sight,
Angelic ministers of love and peace,
Whose sweet sollicitudes will never cease.”

Communion by faith with the immortals cannot fail to strengthen us for the stern conflicts of life. At once this earthly existence is seen in its true light; the opening of a day that shall never close; the

spring-time of a year that will know no end; the initial chapter in a volume whose records shall find no final page nor incident. When life is thus truly gauged, we learn to place a proper estimate upon its passing pomps and pleasures, and we grow less sensitive to the world's smiles and frowns; more careful to seek after the eternal good. The example of the sainted dead, who toiled and endured till they now reign, affects us; and we feel strong for like conflicts and ready for equal labors, till in us, too, the mortal shall put on the immortal. Divine ties spring up and last forever, binding the heart to the good, the beautiful, the true, and making it strong for the work and trials of life.

And communion with the dead, whom we have known and loved on earth, will make Heaven more real and attractive to us; dissipating the vagueness of the notion with which it is too often regarded; begetting within us abiding attachments for celestial seats. God, who created the world and whose providence is everywhere visible in promoting our welfare, is there; and Jesus, who died for us and with whom we have grown familiar in his earthly history; and the Holy Spirit, the sanctifier of the church, whose gentle influences we have felt within us. And our friends are there—changeless, loving spirits now, yet with lineaments familiar and forms well remembered. The homes of the blest are no longer vague, indistinct, poorly defined. We see them—

the beautiful city, the outlined hills of immortality, the on-flowing river making glad the palaces of God. And we can have an idea of what they must be—how substantial in their foundations, how vast in their proportions, how rich in their furnishings—to be fitting habitations for the immortals. Heaven comes nearer to us and grows more attractive as we think of the loved ones who dwell there.

A STORY OF TRUE CHARITY.

RALPH BELL lived in an old-fashioned farm-house. It had a roof high in the middle, sloping, one side of it to the front, the other to the back. It was painted white; and here and there, in summer, a green vine or tall shrub was trained round a window or door. Behind the house was an apple orchard. In front and at the sides were a few large shade trees. At the right of the house and a short distance back from it was a big barn painted brown. From this a long lane, with trees on each side of it, led down to the road.

Down this lane had passed many a huge load of hay to be sold at the village, seven miles away; and many a ride Ralph used to have on the hay when his father went to sell it.

At about the middle of the lane there was a gate that led to the meadows where the cows grazed, and many a time Ralph, even when a very small boy, was

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Born into a Happy Home

seen driving them up the lane to be milked, and driving them back again. This farm was Ralph's native land; and when he was eleven years old he had never been farther from it than the village just named. Yet he was a contented and happy child. Why should he not be? for he had a well-ordered and cheerful home. His parents were plain people, but not coarse; they were refined. A dress may have few frills and furbelows, yet be made of fine stuff. So Mr. and Mrs. Bell, though they had no elegant accomplishments and no costly adornments, were made of fine stuff. They were gentle and considerate toward each other and to their only child, Ralph. They were polite at heart. If they had gone to live at the North Pole, they would have been as polite as they would have been had they gone to board at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. Their greatest ambition was to have their son grow up to be good and wise, and to be a true gentleman.

One autumn, late in November, when the loft in the barn was piled full of fodder for the animals, and the cellar of the house was well stored with vegetables and apples, and there was little more farm work to be done, Mr. Bell proposed to his wife a new plan.

It was Saturday night, and they, with Ralph, were sitting at the tea-table in the clean, cheery kitchen. The father said, as he broke open a smoking-hot baked potato: "Mamma, I've been thinking that I

will go to my old home in Connecticut to visit my dear father and mother once more and attend to some business that needs my care."

"You have worked hard all the season, and a rest and visit would do you good," answered Mrs. Bell. "Ralph and I will stay here and take good care while you are gone."

"I wish I could take you both with me. I can't bear to leave you behind."

"Oh, do take us all, papa!" said Ralph.

"Who would take care of the folks that live in the stable, and of all your pets, the hens and ducks? Besides, times are so hard that papa can't afford money to take us on a journey this year," said the mother.

"There is something I would like to do while I am East, mamma; but as it is a matter which so much concerns you, you shall have the veto power if you do not like my plan. It is that I go to New York and bring home with me a boy from the Children's Aid Society. I think that, working under my eye, he could be a great help to me. He would make more care for you, but you could train him to do a great deal for you about the house."

"Oh, what a jolly plan, papa!" exclaimed Ralph. "He can help me do my work, too, and play with me when we get through with it."

"I had no doubt that you would vote for the plan, Ralph. So will I," said the mother. "It will be a

good one for us all if it works well, so far as help is concerned. Besides, it will give us a way in which to do some good. I have often thought, when reading of the Children's Aid Society, that I would like one of its waifs to bring up in our home. We should consider him our private missionary ground."

A few weeks after this tea-table talk Farmer Bell started for Connecticut. When through with his visit and his business, he went to New York, and selected from the many boys anxious to go West one to take home with him. He was thirteen years old, two years older than Ralph, strong and healthy, with an intelligent but very sober face. He was an orphan, and had but a few days before run for refuge to the society from a miserable home. Jack Burns, for that was the lad's name, had never been far out of New York, and the journey from thence to Wisconsin was to him the most wonderful journey that ever was known. The cities, the villages, the fields, the forests, the hills, made one long enchanting panorama for the boy. His surprises and delights gave much pleasure and amusement to Mr. Bell.

At the end of this journey was the farm-house that has been described. The ground was clad in a light spread of snow. Grasses and leaves were seen peeping through it, looking chilly and dreary, as if they were wishing that another spread would be sent thick enough to cover them up warm—heads and all.

But inside the house how comfortable and cheerful everything was! A neat tea-table was spread, with a bright light on it.

Mrs. Bell showed Jack into a cosy little bed-room, which, as she told him, was his own. When the idea had fairly reached his brain that he was to have that room all by himself, his eyes opened as big and bright as two new silver half-dollars, and he said, "That's the strangest thing that ever happened to me yet—to have a whole room for my own. And it's warm, ma'am; and it's almost Christmas," said he, throwing his arms affectionately round the stove-pipe that came up from the kitchen stove below.

"Yes, Jack, our sleeping-rooms, all up-stairs, are comfortable through the whole winter, tempered by a big coal stove in the hall. We have no ice in our bowls and pitchers, and a house plant isn't afraid of freezing in any room. Our hall stove is the only thing in the house that we are proud of. We wouldn't exchange it for the softest carpet or the finest furniture in all New York."

Wonderful, indeed, was all this comfort to a boy who had so lately lived in a wretched tenement-house in a narrow city street.

Soon he spied in his new little room a rose in bloom in a jar on a table near the window. That was one of the ways by which Mrs. Bell began at once to cultivate her missionary ground.

After a day or two, when Jack was rested from his

journey and had begun to feel at home, some regular work was given him to do. Time was laid out, too, for lessons, for reading and for play. Winter is the season when farmers do not work all day.

Soon a great storm came, and Jack was delighted to see snow come where there was plenty of room for it to stay, and where it would not have to be carted away as in New York.

Jack had been two weeks in his Western home. One afternoon he and Ralph were playing out of doors. Mrs. Bell sat at her machine making some warm shirts for the new-comer. Suddenly Ralph burst into the house, saying excitedly:

"Mother, Jack tells awful, awful lies, and I'm so sorry he's come to live here!"

The burr of the machine was quickly stopped, and Mrs. Bell said: "Softly, softly, my boy. Come here and tell me what has happened."

"Mamma, I made a splendid snow-man yesterday. A little while ago I saw Jack working at it, and spoiling it. I kept still and watched him. Afterwards, to see what he would say, I asked him who had meddled with my snow-man. He said, 'I don't know anything about it.' Yesterday I saw him playing with my marbles in the barn. I waited awhile, and then asked him if he knew where my marbles were. He said, 'No, I haven't seen 'em.' He had told some more just such lies; but I didn't like to tell you and father, for I knew it would make you feel so bad."

"I am grieved indeed, my son. Have you told Jack that you knew of his telling lies?"

"Yes, mother; I told him just now that I couldn't bear to play with a liar, and that I wished he hadn't come to live here."

"What did he say, Ralph?"

"He didn't say a word, but ran right up in the hay loft."

"Is he there now?"

"Yes; I crept up the stairs before I came in the house, and he was lying flat with his face in the hay, crying. I heard him say to himself, 'Ralph will tell, and I shall get a dreadful whipping.'"

"Poor child," said Mrs. Bell tenderly with tears of pity in her eyes.

"Mother, you and father have always brought me up to hate lying, and how can I help it?"

"I don't want you to help it, my child. I want you to hate lying with all your heart; but do not hate the liar. To do that is not to be like Christ."

"But, mamma, aren't you sorry now that Jack has come to live with us?"

"No, I am more glad than before; for I see how he needs us to help him to learn to be true."

"And do you really believe, mamma, that he can learn to be true?"

"Ralph, you have been brought up all your life to speak the truth. What might you have been if you had been brought up to tell lies?"

"Maybe I might have been a liar; but it don't seem as if I would."

"You don't know, Ralph. Your life has no doubt been entirely different from Jack's. I have little doubt that he has in various ways been trained to tell lies. We will find out what his circumstances have been. Go to the barn, my son, and tell Jack that your mother wants him to come in the house and get warm. If he seems afraid to come, tell him that he will not be hurt by me or your papa. I can speak for papa, you know."

Ralph ran to the barn, and standing at the foot of the stairs called cheerily: "Halloo, Jack! come down. Mother says come in the house and get warm."

For a minute or two there was no sound. Presently Jack came to the head of the stairs and said gloomily: "I suppose you've *told*; and I'm afraid."

"Jack, my mother says no one shall hurt you."

"But, Ralph, how does she know about your father, and he gone to the village?"

"My mother always speaks the truth; and when she promises for papa, he always keeps her word."

"That's very queer, Ralph. I never heard of such a thing in New York."

"Never mind; you ain't in New York. You're out West; and you live with folks that don't pound children to make 'em good. My father don't thrash his horses, let alone boys. Come on, Jack, and don't be afraid."

Jack, thus assured of his safety, came down the stairs, and walked up through the path in the snow, his hands in his pockets, and his cap drawn down low over his face. Ralph led the way, whistling to cheer the boy behind him. They entered the house and hung up their caps according to law.

When Mrs. Bell saw the tear-stained face and the dusty clothes, she said kindly, "Jack, go up to your room, wash your face and hands, and brush your hair and clothes."

The boy obeyed. It was one of the wonders of his new home—that wash-stand in his room, with its white bowl and pitcher and soap; its hair-brush and comb, tooth-brush and clothes broom; the rack beside it furnished always with two towels, a soft white one for the face, and a large brown one for bathing. It was required that all these things should be used. Mrs. Bell was right in thinking that apparatus very necessary in the cultivation of her missionary ground.

Jack lingered in his room. After a while he came down-stairs and seated himself near the stove. Presently Mrs. Bell said, "I am basting work now, and that don't make any noise, so we can talk. Jack, we can hear you tell us about your life in New York. Mr. Bell learned little more from the Society than this: that you are an orphan and have fared sadly in the world." This was very gently spoken by Mrs. Bell. She continued: "Do you remember your parents, my boy?"

"No, ma'am; no more'n if I never had had any. It's just the same almost as if I never had had any, only I keep always thinking about them and wondering how they look. After they were dead I was taken by my aunt to live with her. When I was old enough, she used to tell me that my father and mother were good, and that they loved me."

"I am glad of that, Jack," said Mrs. Bell. "I hope you will be good too, and that you will know your parents in another world, and live with them forever."

As the loving mother spoke these words her eyes were full of tears. Jack looked at her with astonishment.

"Why do you look so surprised?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"Because, ma'am, I never saw anybody cry for me before."

"Poor child! Did you not live long with your kind aunt?"

"No, ma'am; she died when I was a little fellow. It was all the good time I ever had, when I lived with her. After she was dead I kept on staying with my uncle. He was a rough man and used to drink hard. He got another wife and she was very bad to me. Then my uncle got to be a great deal worse. All the time I was afraid of them both. We got poorer every day. I was sent out to sell nuts and candy, and sometimes to beg. If I didn't get much money or much to eat, I was afraid to go home, for I used to

get dreadful whippings very often when I brought home only a little. Sometimes I made up a lie, and told that I had got a good deal and that big boys had let on me and robbed me. Sometimes when I got a good deal of money I carried part of it to my uncle; the rest I hid, to keep for the next day, when I might not get much."

"Did you ever have any time to play?" asked Ralph.

"Hardly ever. I was scolded or whipped if I was caught playing with boys in the street."

"Didn't you know, Jack, that it was wrong to tell lies?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"Yes, ma'am, I knew it was; but I didn't think much about that. The most I thought of was that I was so poor, and all the time so afraid."

"Why didn't you run away?" asked Ralph.

"I did run away once; but my uncle found me and whipped me awfully and half-starved me. I didn't dare try again. At last my uncle got sick and died. Then I said to myself, 'I won't stay here and be this woman's slave any more.' She never went much about the city, and I thought she'd never find me; so I ran away to the Children's Aid Society."

"How had you heard of that, Jack?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"I often used to hear the newsboys and the boot-blacks talk about all the good things it did, and how many boys it sent out West. How I wished I could go out there!"



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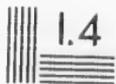
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"And you have had your wish. Here you are in the West," said Ralph.

"Yes, I am, and in the best home in all the world."

"Jack, my poor boy," said Mrs. Bell gently, "your story has pained my heart. But now you need not be afraid any more. Do you mean to keep on telling lies?"

"Oh, ma'am! I'd like to stop if I can."

"If you can! Why do you say that?"

"Seems I'm like Ralph's sled. When it starts to go down hill you can't stop it. I've been going down hill so long."

"Suppose I should say to you, 'Jack, if you will in one year stop telling untruths, I will at the end of the year give you a farm for your own and one thousand dollars,' could you stop?"

A broad smile broke over the boy's face as he answered, "I do believe I could."

"How could you do it, Jack?"

"By thinking about the farm and the money, and watching myself all the time so as not to tell a lie."

"Now, my boy, listen to me. If you could stop telling untruths for such a reward, can't you do it to please Jesus, who came to save you? Can't you do it to gain our love and respect? We want to love and respect you. Can't you do it for your own self-respect? You don't want to despise yourself, Jack?"

Tears burst from the boy's eyes.

"Oh, Mrs. Bell! I really believe now that I could stop telling lies. But please tell me a little plainer just how to begin."

"The first thing is to get a heart to love all good and hate all evil—to love truth and to hate lying. Jesus Christ, who loves us and wants to save us from our sins, will give to all, will give to *you*, this heart. Ask him earnestly for it. He will certainly give it. Then he will want you to do something. It is the Lord's way in everything to help us and have us help ourselves. He gives us the sunshine, the rain, the dew. We must sow the seeds and watch against the weeds. You, Jack, must watch against untruth; that must be your great work."

"Will I have to watch every minute all my life, Mrs. Bell?"

"If you pray for the love of truth and for strength to overcome untruth, if you watch carefully and steadily, I believe that before the snow of another winter falls you will be a truthful boy, whose word we can always believe."

At these words Jack's face suddenly lit up with joy. But soon a shadow passed over it, and he said mournfully, "But *now*, and for a good while, you, nor Mr. Bell, nor Ralph won't believe me, I suppose?"

At this Mrs. Bell looked sorrowful. She covered her eyes with her hand, and was silent for awhile.

When she dropped her hand she looked cheerfully at Jack, and said:

“I have been thinking of a plan, and if you will follow it, doing just what I tell you, we can believe you even before you become a perfectly truthful boy.”

A half puzzled, half amused expression came over Jack's face. “That's very queer, Mrs. Bell,” said he. “How could you?”

“Listen while I tell you. Sometimes you may forget to watch, and you may say things that are not true. Then, if you will be a brave boy, and confess your wrong at once, we shall soon be able to depend upon you. But sometimes, perhaps, you will be a coward. At the moment you have told an untruth you will not say, ‘That was a lie.’ Then, my boy, come afterward and confess it. Now you know my plan. Will you promise to follow it?”

“I promise you with all my heart I'll try. And if I do,” he said, looking up wistfully, “can you all love me some?”

“Certainly we shall; and we do love you now. What is far better, the dear Lord loves you, and will help you.”

Now comes, by measure, the smallest part, but in importance by far the greatest part, of this story.

After all Mrs. Bell's pity and kindness; after her true teaching; after her wise and pleasant plans, did Jack go right on being a liar? or did he begin at once to pray and watch that he might become a truthful boy?

After the long talk, when night had come and the boys had gone up to their rooms to go to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, sitting by the fire, heard Jack beside his stove-pipe above praying: "Please, Lord, make my heart hate lies and love truth." It was not the only time he was heard offering that prayer.

It was two or three days after that. A violent snow-storm was raging. At about dark of the short winter afternoon Jack came in from the barn. He was heard in the entry using the broom vigorously. Presently he came into the kitchen, sat down and took off his boots.

It was a rule of the house that the noisy boots should come off when all work was done that needed them, and slippers be put on. A pleasant rule it was, particularly to Jack, who thought it something wonderful to wear and to own a pair of slippers. As he was stooping down that evening to put them on, Mr. Bell asked if he had watered the cows. After an instant's pause he answered briskly, "Yes, sir." He sat down by the stove to get warm.

Presently he covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed in a hurried, distressed tone: "*I told a lie; I didn't water the cows!*" Before any one had time to speak he rushed into the entry, put on his boots, and dashed through the snow to the barn.

Returning to the house, he went directly up-stairs to his room. Mr. Bell, understanding the boy's feelings, said, "Ralph, dear, take up Jack's slippers to

nim." And said Mrs. Bell, "Stay with him till I ring the bell for supper."

The door at the foot of the stairs was open, and Jack was heard saying, "I can't go down-stairs to-night. I'm so ashamed."

"But you kept the promise you made to mother, and told the truth quick," said Ralph. "How was it about the cows?"

"I forgot to water them; and when your father asked me about them I was afraid to own it. In an instant, oh, how I wished I had."

"But, Jack, you know you needn't be afraid."

"I know that; but I'm so used to being afraid. I can't stop right off."

"That's so; and I'm awful sorry for you; but you'll stop pretty soon."

Three weeks more of the winter had gone. There was fine skating on a pond near the farm-house. Ralph and two neighbor boys were going one afternoon to enjoy it, and Jack, the delighted owner of his first pair of skates, was to go with them. He was hurrying to get through with his work at the barn, being a little behind Ralph, who had finished his.

There was but one more small job to be done, when, seeing the boys so eager to start, he said to himself, "I will do this when I get home. As he ran into the house to get his skates, Mrs. Bell asked, "Have you finished all your work, Jack?"

“Yes, ma’am,” said he, and ran as fast as he could to join the boys, who were already moving down the lane. Soon all were skimming over the ice. They were a happy party—all save one; and he was as miserable as the others were merry. It was Jack. He felt too heavy to skate, for he carried a lie in his heart.

As soon as he reached home he hastened to do the work he had left undone; but that took nothing from the weight of the lie. He knew that his unfaithfulness had not been found out; for Mr. Bell was still at the village, to which he had gone in the morning, and Mrs. Bell never visited the barn in winter. But this knowledge did not in the least lighten the lie. Not until, in the gray of the lengthening evening twilight, the poor boy knelt beside his bed and asked the pitying Lord to forgive and help him, and, sitting together in his little room, he had told all to Mrs. Bell, did he feel his burden gone.

This was not the last time that Jack forgot to watch and pray, and so entered into temptation and fell.

Other proofs might be given, but they will not be told in this tale.

Jack kept his promise always to confess when he had been guilty of untruth. As the weeks and months passed on, farther and farther apart those confessions became.

By the help of God and by his own efforts, more and more his word was believed—his first yea and his first nay.

When the snows of another winter fell softly upon the happy home in the farm-house it was almost forgotten that Jack had ever told a lie.

ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

Oh, weeping, trembling mother, the Good Shepherd who carries the lambs in his bosom, looks pityingly upon you, and says in loving tones, "Can you not trust your child with me?" Surely your heart, in the midst of its agony, will reply, "Yes, Lord, I can." You have often said to an earthly friend, "I have no fear or anxiety about my child when it is with you." And if this be true, for it to be with Christ must be far better. Think of his unerring wisdom, his almighty power, his boundless resources, his unutterable tenderness, and above all, his infinite love, and your faith will be strengthened and steadied. Remember that he loves your sainted child as tenderly as if there was not another child in the universe, and, oh, how safe, how happy, it must be with him! Bear in mind also the separation is only for a "little while," as little as is consistent with your eternal welfare. Your Heavenly Father is far more anxious to have you in Heaven than you are to get there. All the events of your life are working together for this end. You may not be able to see how this can be, but his eyes are clearer than yours. He sees the end from the beginning. If, therefore, you

cannot praise him for this "fiery trial," don't murmur—be dumb, and open not your mouth, because he has done it. He will understand your silence. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." His purposes will soon be accomplished, and then amidst the glories of Heaven you will meet again; so shall you "obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

PERFECT PEACE.

THERE he waits for his release,
There in God finds perfect peace;
Till the long years end at last,
And he too at length has passed
From the sorrows and the fears,
From the anguish and the tears,
From the desolate distress
Of this world's great loneliness,
From its withering and its blight,
From the shadows of its night,
Into God's pure sunshine bright.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—*Isaac Newton.*

HAVE CHARITY.

WHEN Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly; washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshiped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years although he dishonored me; and couldst not thou endure him one night?"

No man can afford to invest his being in anything lower than faith, hope, love—these three, the greatest of which is love.

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.



Abraham.

TRUE JOY.

To banish sorrow's tear, to speak a kind
 Word to the friendless, and to feed
 The hungry, lift the fallen, and to find
 The time most spent in giving heed,
 In love, to all such as are in distress,—
 Herein is true joy understood,
 And thou made it glad—The Mount of Happiness
 Is only gained in doing good.

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

PSALM xxx. 5.

SORROW is represented by the Psalmist as only a lodger for a night, to be succeeded by joy at the sun-rising. This is a truthful picture of most frequent experiences; it is full of comfort to God's people, and it points on to the glorious dawn of Heaven's eternal day, when the night-watch of life is over. Sorrow is often the precursor of joy: sometimes it is so needful, that unless we endure the one we cannot have the other. Some of us have known what it is to have severe sickness lodge in our bodily tent, when every nerve became a tormentor and every muscle a highway for pain to course over. We lay on our beds conquered and helpless.

But the longest night has its dawn. At length returning health began to steal in upon us, like the earliest gleams of morning light through the window

shutters. Never did food taste so delicious as the first meal of which we partook at our own table. Never did the sunbeams fall so sweet and golden as on the first Sabbath when we ventured out to church; and no discourse ever tasted so like heavenly manna as the one our pastor poured into our hungry ears that day. We sang the thirtieth Psalm with melody in the heart, and no verse more gratefully than this one, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

You may have yet to pass through many trials, but he will draw close as the night grows darker. He will not let one unheeded thunder-cloud burst over your head, and you shall find the promise true, "He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." When outward things look darkest the peace of God is often fullest in the soul. The Lord gives his people "songs in the night." They rejoice in the midst of sorrow. When the thorn is piercing their song is sweetest, their joy is fullest. So, reader, let it be with you. If trials press sorely on every side, carry them to your Heavenly Father and yet mingle your prayers with praises. The Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with you.

THE MASTER'S JOY.

It is a pleasing sight to see, sometimes, a youthful and almost playful spirit even in old age. Above all, it is beautiful to see the germ of the everlasting youth shooting up in verdure and in vigor amid the decays of nature and the infirmities of years. "Although the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

At times it looks as if the silvery locks were reflecting the sunlight of the celestial city, and as if the withered face were lit up and aglow with the irradiations of the inner glory. As the westering sun, when he descends and nears the horizon, although shorn of his meridian splendor, often looks more full-orbed and ruddy, and bathes with his golden sheen the attendant clouds that hover around and pavilion him at his exit, so the aged Christian often looks more rounded and ripe, more fruitful and mellow, more fair and beautiful, as he goes down into the valley of the shadow and leaves a trail of glory, a lingering radiance, behind. "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." And thus diademed with glory and with beauty, the weary saint is welcomed with the Master's "Well done!" and enters into the Master's joy.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.



*The Grandfather's heart is like a hill
While in its mantle cap of snow;
The old man's heart is growing still
As warm as sixty years ago.*

*When Grandmother, a bright young maid,
Returned with joy his manly love,
Beneath the Mistletoe she strayed
Its virtues with a kiss to prove.*

*But see! her grandchild now, and his,
Long after she has gone to Heaven,
Receives her ancient sweetheart's kiss,
With blessings to this Baby given.*

"The Hourly Hand is a Crown of Glory."

CAST YOUR BURDENS ON THE LORD.

MOST Christians are like a man who was toiling along the road, bending under a heavy burden, when a wagon overtook him, and the driver kindly offered to help him on his journey. He joyfully accepted the offer, but when seated continued to bend beneath his burden, which he still kept on his shoulders. "Why do you not lay down your burden?" asked the kind-hearted driver. "Oh!" replied the man, "I feel that it is almost too much to ask you to carry me, and I could not think of letting you carry my burden too." And so Christians who have given themselves into the care and keeping of the Lord Jesus still continue to bend beneath the weight of their burdens, and often go weary and heavy-laden throughout the whole length of their journey.

When I speak of burdens, I mean everything that troubles us, whether spiritual or temporal.

WILL IT BE A HOME?

WILL any soul that reaches Heaven feel strange there? Will it seem a foreign country? Will all its sights and sounds and suggestions be totally unfamiliar? Will they make no responsive note on any chord of the harp of memory? Will they shed no ray of light on the lens of hope? There are many of us who are looking forward to a residence in Heaven.

Will it be more than a residence? Will it be a home? We know the difference between the two when applied to places upon earth. There are many kinds of residences; there is but one home. A lunatic asylum, a penitentiary, the place where we *must* live, but do not want to live, is a residence. The only real home a man has upon earth is the spot in which he would rather be than in any other. The place in which he gets most rest, most comfort, most solace, most satisfaction to every craving of his nature—that is home. How do we look forward toward Heaven? Is it simply the termination of the journey, where, in the natural course of things, the pilgrimage ceases? Such a state of affairs may occur to a man who has gone from his home, and whose business or duty has taken him across the ocean to a foreign port. There he may have to stay all the days of his life, and behind him leave wife and children, father and mother. He looks forward with interest to his arrival. He would rather be there than on the stormy ocean. But it is not home. Now, how do we feel toward Heaven? Is it simply the end of the road we must travel as Christians, and which we must terminate somewhere, sometime; or have we longings for it? Does it come into our dreams? Do thoughts of it often lift our souls as the tides lift up the seas? Do we feel that every other residence is a tent, but Heaven is our mansion; that we go to every other place because we *must*, but are stretching ourselves to be in Heaven

because we *would*? Are we heavenly-minded and heavenly-hearted? If so, we shall be at home in Heaven. It may be so sweet, so delicious, so satisfactory, so fulfilling as to come in sudden and sublime contrast with all our previous experience. In this sense it may, for a brief season, be startling and somewhat strange; but if we have been spiritually-minded on earth each new moment in Heaven will bring us the fulfillment of some hope, or the completion, in shouts of laughter, of some song which we had begun upon earth, and which had been drowned in sobs. It will be the being "forever with the Lord" that will make our Heaven everlasting.

"Forever with the Lord?" Why not *now* with the Lord? Is not our present life a part of "forever"? If now with the Lord—if our communion be with him—if we are learning his ways and walking in his companionship here, and are to be learning his ways and walking in his companionship in Heaven, why should we not be at home in Heaven?

The angels come down to earth. They have their mission of ministry. Their duties probably take them, sometimes, into places where they feel very strange; but there must be other spots amid the circumstances of which even angels must feel very much at home. Where a family is consecrated to God—where perfect love prevails—where Jesus reigns—where the Father's will is done on earth as it is in Heaven, oh! surely there the good angels must feel at home.

How blessed is the work of the angels and the men who are striving more and more to make earth like Heaven, so that the denizens of the one shall be the citizens of the other!

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, "does God ever scold?" She had seen her mother, under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper and give way to the impulse of passion; and pondering thoughtfully for a moment she asked: "Mother, does God ever scold?"

The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock, and she said: "Why, my child, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God was good, and that we should try and be like him; and I should like to know if he ever scolds."

"No, my child; of course not."

"Well, I'm glad he doesn't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong; and it doesn't seem to me that I could love God very much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the in-

nocent face of the little one to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes. Children are quick observers; and the child, seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to say what I said?"

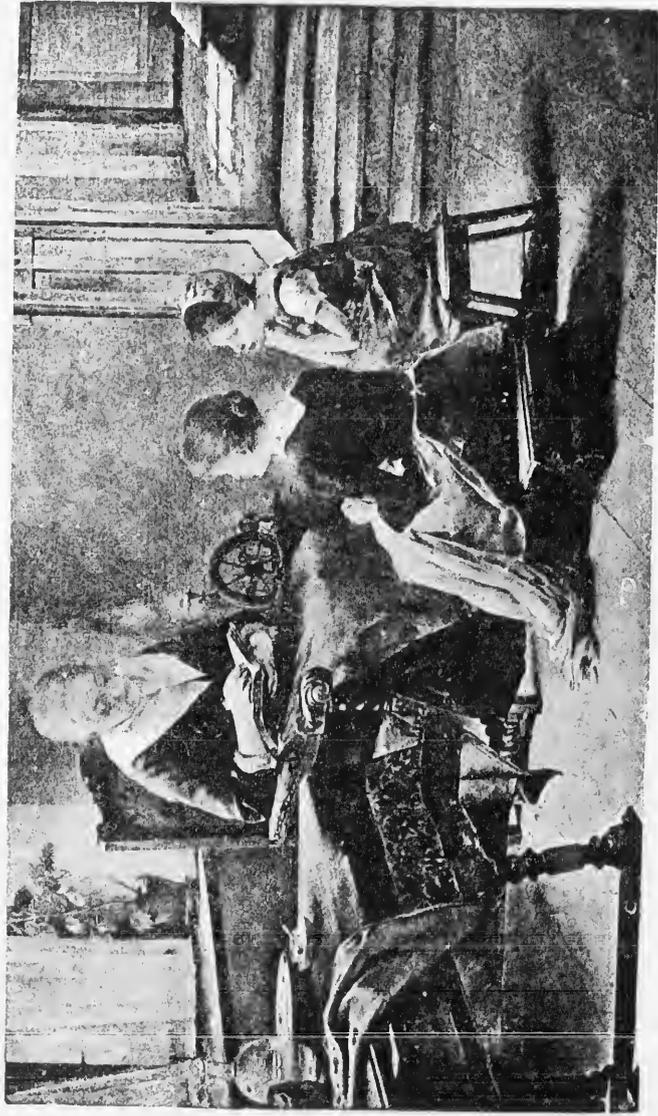
"No, my child, it was all right. I was only thinking that I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily, and in anger, as I did."

"Oh, mother, you are good and kind; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you, so far, as if I could not come near you, as I could when you speak kindly. And oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had repelled her little one from her heart; and the child, wondering what so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up, and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered:

"Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O yes! I love you more than I can tell," said the parent, clasping the little one to her bosom; "and I will try never to scold again, but if I have to reprove



A Home where K. and his Sisters.

my child I will try to do it, not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong."

"O I am so glad. I can get so near to you if you don't scold. And do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good."

The lesson was one that sank deep in that mother's heart, and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of reproof in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—the great end of winning the child, at the same time, to what is right, and to the parent's heart.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

AMONG younger Christians he sits as a patriarch who has learned sober lessons from a varied allotment, and discovered the emptiness of the world, and is ready to be translated to the city which hath foundations whose Maker and Builder is God. He is not sour or morose. Indeed, there is often a mellowness and childlikeness which are wonderfully beautiful, and a benignancy of aspect and expression which is irresistible; but he is weaned in great measure from the world, and is hearkening for the footsteps of his beloved Master, as one who has reached a point of transition and must stand ready for the change.

THY peace shall be in much patience.

TRUE COMFORT.

ONE of the great comforts of the Christian is that God understands him fully, whether he can explain his troubles or not. Sometimes I think all of a sudden that I do not love the Saviour at all, and am ready to believe that my pretended anxiety to serve him has been but a matter of feeling and not of principle; but of late I have been less disturbed by this imagination, as I find it extends to earthly friends who are dear to me as my own soul. I thought once yesterday that I didn't love anybody in the world, and was perfectly wretched in consequence.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

No process of reasoning can soothe a mother's empty, aching heart, or bring Christ into it to fill up all that great waste room. But faith can. And faith is his gift; a gift to be won by prayer—prayer persistent, patient, determined; prayer that will take no denial; prayer that, if it goes away one day unsatisfied, keeps on saying, "Well, there's to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow; God may wait to be gracious, and I can wait to receive, but receive I must and will." This is what the Bible means when it says, "The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." It does not say the eager, the impatient, take it by force, but the vio-

lent—they who declare, “I will not let thee go except thou bless me.” This is all heart, not head work. Do I know what I am talking about? Yes, I do. But my intellect is of no use to me when my heart is breaking. I must get down on my knees and own that I am less than nothing; seek God, not joy; consent to suffer, not cry for relief. And how transcendently good he is when he brings me down to that low place and there shows me that that self-renouncing, self-despairing spot is just the one where he will stoop to meet me!

It seems to me that God is my Father, my own Father, and it is so natural to turn right to him every minute almost, with either thank-offerings or petitions, that I never once stop to ask if such and such a matter is sufficiently great for his notice.

Thus only I know, that I earnestly wish all the tendencies of my heart to be heavenward, and I believe that the sincere inquirer after truth will be guided by the Infinite mind. And so, on that faith, I venture myself, and feel as safe as a child may feel who holds his father's hand.

A WISE man will always be a Christian, because the perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind and how to attain it, which Christianity teaches.

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

ONE of the most fatal things in the life of faith is discouragement. One of the most helpful is cheerfulness. A very wise man once said that in overcoming temptations cheerfulness was the first thing, cheerfulness the second, and cheerfulness the third. We must *expect* to conquer. That is why the Lord said so often to Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage;" "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed;" "Only be thou strong and very courageous." And it is also the reason he says to us, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The power of temptation is in the fainting of our own hearts. Satan knows this well, and he always begins his assaults by discouraging us, if he can in any way accomplish it. . . .

I remember once hearing an allegory that illustrated this to me wonderfully. Satan called together a council of his servants to consult how they might make a good man sin. One evil spirit started up and said, "I will make him sin." "How will you do it?" asked Satan. "I will set before him the pleasures of sin," was the reply; "I will tell him of its delights and the rich rewards it brings." "Ah!" said Satan, "that will not do; he has tried it, and knows better than that." Then another spirit started up and said, "I will make him sin." "What will you do?" asked Satan. "I will tell him of the pains

and sorrows of virtue. I will show him that virtue has no delights and brings no rewards. "Ah, no!" exclaimed Satan, "that will not do at all; for he has tried it, and knows that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.'" "Well," said another imp, starting up, "I will undertake to make him sin." "And what will you do?" asked Satan, again. "I will discourage his soul," was the short reply. "Ah, that will do!" cried Satan, "that will do! We shall conquer him now." And they did.

An old writer says, "All discouragement is from the devil," and I wish every Christian would just take this as a pocket-piece, and never forget it. We must fly from discouragement as we would from sin.

TEMPERANCE in everything is requisite for happiness.

Temperance, in the nobler sense, does not mean a subdued and imperfect energy; it does not mean a stopping short in any good thing, as in love or in faith; but it means the power which governs the most intense energy, and prevents its acting in any way but as it ought.—*Ruskin.*

YESTERDAY is yours no longer; to-morrow may never be yours; but to-day is yours, the living present is yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

PEACE AT LAST.

IN the course of a long service and experience among all classes and conditions of men, I have learned the full meaning of words which are idly uttered and leave but a faint impression in their ordinary use. Among these, the word rest has gathered great strength and significance. I have seen men breathless and still toiling, still pressing on, panting, almost despairing, and suddenly, by the visitation of God, stopped and straightened for the grave. The lines of care were smoothed away, slumber hung upon the eyelids, and the whole countenance regained in death what toil and anxiety and eager aspiration had torn from it in life. But the transfiguration wrought upon the face of age has been even more marked and beautiful, and, like the clearing away of mist from the landscape, so have the traces of anxiety and weariness and sickness given place to an aspect of heavenly repose in death, and we have felt the profound meaning of the blessed declaration, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." And this is the undoubted truth which gilds the closing days of the aged saint. Rest is at hand, and "peace which passeth all understanding."

Love is ever the beginning of knowledge. Love is the life of the soul. It is the harmony of the universe.

“BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD THINGS.”

“BEHOLD, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” You remember how, during the war, we used to pray for peace. You could not go into a church but you would hear the cry going up, “Peace, peace.” In every home where there was a family altar the prayer was “Peace.” That’s just what we all want. Now, these angels have told these shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem that they bring peace. “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.” And how that ought to fill every soul with gladness! There is no true peace, true joy, till he comes into our hearts. We can not have it unless he has entered our souls. We have in this text the announcement that this gift is ready for us; therefore it is good tidings. There is not a thirsty soul in this building but will have peace if they will only take him, because that is what he came to bring.

When we had war in this country with England, and everything looked very dark for the people of these shores, you remember how some commissioners sailed to see if they could not bring about a reconciliation. They had been six months—and you know we hadn’t any cable in those times, or fast steamers sailing every ten days—and the people hearing no news from them, things began to look very dark. It looked as if they were not going to

have a reconciliation, as if they were not going to have peace, but a long war. You know the colonies were very weak, and they dreaded to have a continuance. At last the news came that the vessels were off Sandy Hook, and the people were anxious for the commissioners to arrive, so that they could learn whether the war was ended. The news spread through the city that day that they were coming, but the day passed into the night, and it looked as if the vessels would not be able to reach port that night. So the people went to bed. But the vessels came up, and these men had good news, and the boats were lowered. The commissioners got into the boats, and the sailors in the darkness pulled for the shore. When they got within hearing they could not contain themselves, and cried, "Peace, peace," and the men took up the glad news and ran up one street and down another shouting, "Peace, peace;" and men, women, and children, too, came from their homes and took up the cry, and it echoed through the city. The cannon were booming, and the bells were ringing, and all New York was full of the joy of that peace. It was what the people wished. The war was over, peace was brought, and the English army was withdrawn, and we had peace in this blessed land for nearly one hundred years. If we have been at war with him, here is reconciliation to-day. Yes, my friends, it is good-will to men. If you have been at enmity with him, bear in mind that our enmity

can cease to-day. We can be reconciled unto himself, we can have peace for time and eternity, for "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour."

THERE are truths that shield themselves behind veils, and are best spoken by implication. Even the sun veils himself in his own rays to blind the gaze of the too curious starrer.

Truth is inclusive of all the virtues, is older than sects and schools, and like charity, more ancient than mankind.—*A. Bronson Alcott.*

Truth illuminates and gives joy; and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held.

THE Christian man should be awake to the duty of making the most of himself, not simply for his own sake, but for the sake of more worthily illustrating the grace of God, and for the sake of the influence over others which attainment and eminence brings, which may be the channel of moral good to them.

THE soul is a temple; and God is silently building it by night and by day. Precious thoughts are building it; disinterested love is building it; all-penetrating faith is building it.

IT WAS PRIDE.

I TRIED to reconcile two men who stood very high in the community, who had had a quarrel, and in their churches the wheels of salvation's car were clogged. I said to one of them, "Don't you know that God is not going to bless your church as long as this quarrel is going on? Now, I would like you to go to that other man and say, 'If you think I have done you an injustice, I want you to forgive me.'" "Well," said he, "I don't know that I can put it in that way. I fear I am a little to blame, and I don't think he would receive me." The other man said the same thing, but I just reasoned with them and got them together, and they were soon down on their knees, asking God to bless the church. It was pride that kept those two men separate and hindered the work of their churches, and whenever that was reached and cut out, everything went on smoothly.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

WHAT we know not now we shall know hereafter. Our souls are in their childhood. They will one day understand things which are now hidden. The veil will be removed, and we shall know even as we are known. When we were children we talked and understood as children. We now see that many childish thoughts were foolish. Things are plain which

sorely puzzled us. Mysteries have vanished. We have outgrown joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears. We have put away childish things. So the soul will put away the things of its childhood. It will understand things now hidden. The being of God, the work of the Spirit, and the joy of Heaven, will no longer be veiled and darkened. Then, face to face "it will know the full enjoyment of God and of Heaven." "What I do (said the Saviour), thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

This is the Christian's hope. It is his comfort in the time of trial. It strengthens him against temptation. The world may be dark, but he looks beyond.

His life may be a battle with evil, but he sees victory and its reward. His way may be hedged and rough, but he journeys to a sure place—"to a land of which the Lord hath said, I will give thee." Our Saviour, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame. So his followers, in the hope of Heaven, bear their burdens, counting it a joy that they are allowed to suffer with him.

Unbelievers may doubt the value of this comfort and strength. They may ask us to demonstrate it and prove its value by figures, as men prove earthly good. So we may ask a child to prove its father's love, or demonstrate the nature of its faith in him. We have no just conception of Heaven. No more has a little child a true idea of its country or of liberty. We can only say, we know in whom we be-

lieve. We know that God is true. We know that if "our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

WHEN a man sows in the natural world he expects to reap. There is not a farmer who goes out to sow but expects a harvest. Another thing—they all expect to reap more than they sow. And they expect to reap the same as they sow. If they sow wheat they expect to reap wheat. If they sow oats, they won't expect to gather watermelons. If they plant an apple-tree, they don't look for peaches on it. If they plant a grape-vine, they expect to find grapes, not pumpkins. They will look for just the very seed to sow. Let me say right here, that ignorance of what they sowed will make no difference in the reaping. It would not do for a man to say, "I didn't know but what it was wheat I was sowing, when I sowed tares." That makes no difference. If I go out and sow tares, thinking it is wheat, I've got to gather tares all the same. That is a universal law. If a man learns the carpenter's trade, he don't expect to be a watchmaker; he expects to be a carpenter. The man who goes to college and studies hard expects to reap for those long years of toil and labor. It is the same in the spiritual world. What-

soever a man or nation sows, he and they must reap. The reaping time will come. Men may foolishly think God is winking at sin now-a-days, and isn't going to punish sin, because he does not execute his judgments speedily; but be not deceived; God is not mocked; and whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap. I tremble for those young men who laugh in a scoffing way, and say, "I am sowing my wild oats." You have got to reap them. There are some before me now reaping them who only a few years ago were scoffing in the same way. The rich man who fared luxuriously, while the poor man sat at his gate, and the dogs came and licked his sores—the reaping time has come for him now. He would gladly change places with that beggar now.

Yes, there will be a change by and by. Men go on scoffing and make light of the Bible, but they will find it to be true by and by. I think there is one passage that you will admit is true. You very often see it in the daily papers that "murder will out" when some terrible crime that has been covered up for years has come to light. And there is one passage I would like to get every one to remember: "Be sure your sin will find you out." There are a great many things in this world we are not sure of, but this we can always be sure of, that our sins will find us out. I don't care how deep you dig the grave in which you try to bury them. Look at those sons of Jacob. They thought they had covered up



A Promise of Harvest.

their sin, and their father never would find out what they had done with Joseph. And the old man mourned him for twenty long years. But at last, after all these years had gone, away down in Egypt, there Joseph stood before them. How they began to tremble! Oh, it had found them out. Their sin had overtaken them. Young men, you may have committed some sin many years ago, and you think nothing is known about it. Don't you flatter yourself. God knows all about it, and be sure your sin will find you out. Your own conscience may turn witness against you by and by. If you sow tares, you will reap disappointment, you will reap despair, you will reap death and hell. If you sow to the Spirit, you shall reap peace and joy and happiness and eternal life. The reaping time is coming. What is the harvest going to be? If you confess your sin, God will have mercy. He delights in mercy.

THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER.

THERE never comes an hour to the believer, though every earthly light goes out, that he has not reason for thanksgiving. He should sing songs in prison, and join his hallelujahs with the wailings of the storm. He should be thankful that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; that the chisel which is often upon him is fitting him to be a pillar in God's temple; that the

weariness by the way is preparing him for a richer enjoyment of the rest that remaineth; that the path of suffering is the path the Saviour trod, and that, with the sweet privilege of putting his feet where Christ's have been, he is going to the Heaven where the King has established his throne and waits for his coming.

Dearly beloved, let us trust the Heavenly Friend, and with our hand in the Father's hand, whatever the mystery of life and the painfulness of the road, may we patiently wait the revelations of the life to come—the life just beyond the western hills—assured that Christ will keep his royal word: "Thou shalt know hereafter."

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

LOVE OF GOD IN JESUS CHRIST.

I SOMETIMES think we give a totally different meaning to the word love when it is associated with God from what we so well understand in its human application. But if ever human love was tender, and self-sacrificing and devoted; if ever it could bear and forbear; if ever it could suffer gladly for its loved ones; if ever it was willing to pour itself out in a lavish abandonment for the comfort or pleasure of its objects; then infinitely more is divine love tender, and self-sacrificing, and devoted, and glad to

bear and forbear, and to suffer, and to lavish its best of gifts and blessings upon the objects of its love. Put together all the tenderest love you know of, dear reader, the deepest you have ever felt, and the strongest that has ever been poured out upon you, and heap upon it all the love of all the loving human hearts in the world, and then multiply it by infinity, and you will begin perhaps to have some faint glimpses of what the love of God in Jesus Christ is.

TRUST GOD IN TRIAL.

TRUST him to govern then;
 No king can rule like him.
 How wilt thou wonder when
 Thine eyes no more are dim,
 To see those paths which vexed thee,
 How wise they were and meet—
 The works which now perplex thee,
 How beautiful, complete,
 In thy right hand to-morrow
 Thy God shall place the palms;
 To him who chased thy sorrow
 How glad will be thy psalms.
 —*Paul Gerhardt.*

A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.
 —*Alexander Pope.*



"How will thou Wonder when thine Eyes no More are Dim."

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

I FRY from the depths of my heart that Christian who can't help his brother to obtain salvation. He tells us to enter his vineyard and work for him. I remember I had a picture that I thought a great deal of. It was of a woman coming up out of the water, with both hands around the cross. I thought it was beautiful. But one day I was going along the street and I saw in a window another picture. It was of a woman coming up from the waters of death. She had one arm around the cross, and with the other she was helping the struggling people around her up to where she was. I didn't think much of the first picture then. I thought it was like a good many Christians. They had both arms tightly clasped around the cross, and gave no assistance to those struggling around them.

If the Son of God pulls you out of the pit of darkness and puts a new song into your mouth, don't you hold your peace. He said to the men from whom he cast out the devils, "Go home, and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done for you."

WISDOM consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.

“THE LORD’S DOIN’S.”

“I s’pose Maria’ll say I’m a fool,” reflected Nancy Dean, taking off her spectacles and laying them across the open Bible in her lap. “An’ p’r’aps I am; but somehow it’s borne in on me to do this thing. Who knows but it’s a leadin’ o’ the Spirit? Again she placed the glasses on her nose, and following the words on the printed page with her finger, slowly read aloud:

“Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

“Now, Nancy,” she soliloquized, “if these words mean anything they mean for you to just go ahead in this matter an’ not stand parleyin’ here with Satan. Never mind what Maria says. If the Lord’s put this thing into yer heart he’ll stand by ye.”

Having reached this righteous decision Miss Nancy left the inner room, to which she had retired for meditation, and went into the little shop, where she did quite a thriving business in fancy goods and small wares. These two rooms, with a diminutive kitchen in the rear, were the lonely woman’s home. It was somewhat out of the city, and very convenient for the people who lived near by to run in there for a spool of cotton or a bit of braid which they had forgotten to purchase in Boston. Besides she had a few regular customers, who patronized her cheerful es-

tablishment because her brave efforts to secure a livelihood when snarther shops threatened to swallow up her trade commanded their respect. But the summer was apt to be a dull time, and of late years, in common with her neighbors, Miss Nancy took a vacation, going to the old home in Maine where "Maria" lived. She, too, was struggling to support herself by carrying on the farm, which was the sole patrimony of the two sisters after their parents died. They were far from being poor; but with true New England thrift they were careful to lay by something for their old age and for a decent burial, so that rigid economy had become their rule of daily living.

It was a hot day in August, and Miss Deau had been reading about the suffering among the poor children in Boston. Early in the season she had sent a small donation to the Fresh Air Fund for giving horse-car rides to the sick and poor, but even this did not satisfy her conscience; and to-day, when pondering the parable of the last judgment and thinking of her own meagre ministry to the King, she resolved to take a child home with her when she went to Maine.

"Tain't much, to be sure," she thought, "but 'twill make one less to be scorched up by this heat, an' I may as well make a stir first as last. Lemme see," she mused, tying her bonnet strings, "I'll run round to the 'Sylum. They always have a puny lot there, an' 'll be thankful to get rid o' one for a couple o' weeks."

On reaching the asylum and making known her errand to the matron, that weary woman's face lighted up as she said earnestly: "God bless you, Miss Dean. This is truly an act for one of Christ's little ones."

On the way to the nursery the visitor said, with a touch of uneasiness in her voice: "I ain't no ways used to children, an' mebbe I can't get one to go with me."

"We'll see," said the matron, willing to trust the children's instinct in the matter.

The room was neat and clean, but oh! so stifling, and the air that came through the windows seemed like the breath from a furnace. Something seemed to trouble Miss Dean's eyesight. It may have been the change from the glare of the street to a partially darkened room, or perhaps the heat affected her; at any rate, she could scarcely distinguish the little form that stood by her side and clutched at her dress, till she heard the matron say:

"Poor Willie! I believe it will give him a new lease of life; and he's such an affectionate child, Miss Dean, I know you'll become attached to him."

"Bless me!" gasped the good spinster, "is it a boy? Why, really—I don't think—the truth is—well, I hadn't thought of taking anything but a girl. What will Maria say?"

This fear scattered the mist from her eyes, enabling her to look with a clear vision at the boy. One gaze

into the depths of the truthful brown eyes, and then she gathered the child into her arms; and while his fingers crept over her thin face, or toyed with the old-fashioned brooch at her throat, the bargain was made.

The next few days Nancy Dean seemed to be living in a dream. The mother-love, latent in every true woman's heart, had swept like a great tidal wave into her being. Fervent indeed were the prayers that were whispered night and morning into the Heavenly Father's ear for a blessing upon "his little one," as she secretly called Willie.

At length the preparations were completed, and among the hundreds of passengers that crowded the "down East" boat one August evening were no happier souls than Miss Dean and her little *protege*. They had a queer look, as if mismatched somehow; but people were too absorbed in their own affairs to pay much attention to them. When the stewardess came along for the fares it was funny to see the important air with which Miss Dean said: "For myself and a child."

"What age, ma'am?" said that functionary.

"Five next September," replied Miss Dean, proudly.

"No charge for children under five," said the sable maid, and passed on.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Dean. If I'd a-knowed that I'd bought him another balloon and some more peppermints. But p'r'aps 'twould made

him seasick;" and with this sage reflection they retired to their state-room.

The next morning a difficulty arose. It was a comparatively easy matter to get the boy out of his clothes, but dressing him was quite a different process. Miss Dean examined the stocking-supporters in despair. The whistle had sounded for Rockland, and in half an hour the boat would be at the pier, where a stage-coach connected for Maria's inland home. She fussed and fumbled, and at length took out her spectacles for a closer examination of the complicated article.

"Dear Suz!" she muttered, "me'n Maria never wore such fangled things. Mother tied up our stockings with a bit o' list till we were old enough to knit good sensible garters for ourselves." Opening the state-room door she spied a little girl playing about the saloon, and called out: "Sissy, come here a minute." The child obeyed, and Miss Dean unburdened her heart to the small maiden, whose nimble fingers not only adjusted the hosiery but helped otherwise about the toilet. After receiving Miss Nancy's profuse thanks the child ran back to her mother and related the adventure, saying:

"O mamma, I do believe she isn't even the little boy's aurt, nor his grandma, for she didn't know anything about his clothes."

This report naturally led Mrs. Lecomte to look at her fellow-passengers as they emerged from the state-

room. A question about the place of landing opened the way for a conversation, and Miss Nancy confided the story of her own and Willie's vacation to the elegant stranger. It was only a chance seed dropped by the wayside, but destined to bring forth fruit an hundred fold.

Miss Dean grew somewhat fidgety as she drew near the old home. "What will Maria say?" was the refrain to her every thought, and the sister soon spoke for herself.

"Who on earth is that child?" she asked, as the two alighted from the stage. Nancy meekly explained.

"Well, if it ain't a load off my mind," said Maria, leading the way to the house. "The fact is, I read about them poor children in Boston more'n a month ago, an' sez I to myself, 'I s'pose Nancy 'll call me a fool, but I'm going to send for one o' them little tots this summer,' an' she's off in the medder playing now. They'll be a sight o' company for each other."

These New England women were people of few words, so Nancy's only comment on this surprising announcement was: "I was a good deal exercised myself, Maria, but I guess 'twas the Lord's doin's, and he'll stand by us."

And he did in a most unexpected way; for Mrs. Lecomte visited the old homestead and made arrangements with the Dean sisters to convert it into a Summer Home for Children, providing liberally for its



"They'll be a Sight o' Compting for Each Other."

support from her own abundant means. Nancy Dean's vacation was indefinitely extended, and the small shop in the suburbs of Boston was given up for the larger service of caring for the city waifs.—

Francess J. Dyer.

LONGING FOR PEACE.

MANY an outworn traveler is constrained to say, "I have no pleasure in them." The shadows of a long experience and a varied sorrow have fallen thick around them. They muse and sit apart. They shun the crowd and the gay circle. Shut out from their old haunts of business, and away from general society, they are inclined to brood over their lot and indulge in querulous animadversion upon current follies. Their day is over. The sun of a wearied and lengthened life is ready to set. The solemnities of an eternal state, moreover, are distinctly rising into view; and this consideration, when allowed its weight, is sufficient to touch the soul, if not with gloom, at least with thoughtfulness unknown before. Death is at hand. The judge standeth at the door. The world of spirits with its mysteries, and the world of retribution with its adjustments and everlasting decisions—with its boundlessness of glory and of shame, of joy or woe, of life or death—these are not far off; and although we too often find triflers at an advanced point in life, and men who utterly ignore

all tokens of their exit, and who, even in their dress and conversation, affect a period far remote from their own, and stimulate the indifference of youth to the concerns of religion, yet there are multitudes, as we have reason to know, who, trembling on life's verge, are serious as they look forth upon the future, and serious as they look back upon the past, and whisper to their souls, "How long have I to live?" They hear the murmur of the shoreless sea, and are conscious that the time of their departure is at hand. At such a crisis it is sad to be unsupported by the hand of God—sad to be without a Saviour. Human sympathy avails but little. Earthly interests are dead. The tabernacle is falling to pieces. Nothing is left to be desired but the peace which is not of the world, and the sustaining help of the everlasting arms; and if these are wanting—if these have been accounted of no importance—then old age has but little to lighten its darkness or lift from around it the mists of despondency, irritability and despair.

AMEN.

I CANNOT say,
Beneath the pressure of life's care to-day,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way,
If him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well, when dark'ning clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves, and say, since it is so,
"Thy will be done."

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When he is love;
But I can see,
Though dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above.

I do not look
Upon the present, nor in Nature's book,
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's Holy Book,
And I can wait.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back; but hush that sigh,
"It might have been";
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond, Amen.

—*F. G. Browning.*

ETERNAL YOUTH.

A COMFORTABLE old age is the reward of a well spent youth; therefore, instead of introducing dismal and melancholy prospects of decay, it should give us hope of eternal youth in a better world.

“Straight is the line of duty;
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee.”

The almost universal answer, then, to the question, “What shall I do?” is, “Do the work that offers, whatever it is.”

Moreover, you cannot tell what abilities are wanted or what obstacles you will meet. Generally the obstacles we anticipate do not confront us; those we do not anticipate are those which we have to overcome. “It is always the unexpected that happens”; therefore time spent in trying to determine whether I have the power to meet the exigencies of the future is time wasted, for I neither know what are my powers nor what are those exigencies. If God’s providence calls me, he can give me the powers—that is, if he wants me to succeed. If he wants me to fail, that is what I also ought to want. Moses imagined that his chief difficulty would be to convince and arouse the Israelites; and this needed eloquence. But they believed and were ready to follow on a very simple statement

of the case. The chief difficulty was with Pharaoh; and this required not words but acts. Moses was just the man the exigency needed; for it needed a man of deeds, not of words. It is always so; God can choose our work for us better than we can choose it for ourselves. In fact, very rarely does any man choose for himself. In a class of fifty gray-haired men ask the question, Who of you are doing now what in your youth you expected to do? and see what answer you get.

TO THE BELIEVER.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."
—Rom. viii. 28.

ALL things? Yes; whatever happens to the Christian is directed and overruled by a special providence for his good. It may be very bitter; it may lay him very low; it may try him to the quick; it may keep him in the dust for a long time, but it will do him good, not only in the end, but while it lasts.

Believer, your present trial is for your good; nothing could be better for you. You may not see it now; you may feel as if you never could think so; but the time is coming when you will bless God for it. You love God, though it is but feebly; and that proves that God loves you with an infinite and eternal love. You have come to the cross as a poor sinner, and you look to the Lord Jesus to be your per-



fect Saviour; and this shows that you have been called according to God's purpose. And it is as one beloved of God, as one of God's called ones, that we may have this assurance respecting you, and that all things—light and darkness, health and sickness, hatred and love, prosperity and adversity, life and death—will work together for your good. God asserts the fact, and therefore you should believe it. The history of all God's people proves and illustrates it, and therefore you should rejoice in it. Dark clouds bring rich blessings; sharp winters introduce fruitful springs, and sore troubles often precede the sweetest consolations. Your present affliction—be it sickness of body, trouble of mind, bereavements, losses, crosses, or whatever else—is working for your good; not merely will work in the future, but is working now. While your heart is bleeding, while you are tempted to think all is against you, all is working together for your good. "We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."

"THOUGH I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

THE highest compact we can make with our fellow is: Let there be truth between us two for evermore.—
Emerson.

BEAR ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

How often is the happiness of many a well-meaning couple marred by their forgetfulness of the duty enjoined upon us, to "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ!"

How often, when John comes home from work, a little put out because things have not gone quite smoothly at the workshop, or Sally is just a wee bit out of temper because the children have been rather more troublesome than usual—how often, we say, in such a case, instead of gentle words to make things pleasant, is some such remark as this indulged in: "Holloa! why, how cross you are to-night!" This leads to the retort: "I'm not cross a bit; it's you that are always trying to make a body angry."

One word of course brings on another, and a most uncomfortable evening they spend, you may be sure.

Now, we know a couple with whom this difficulty not infrequently occurred, and very wretched for the time it made them. But they were really very fond of one another, and had more common sense than many a couple we have met with. What wonder, then, that they should put their heads together, and try to find some means by which this state of things could be got over?

They did, and now we will tell you the experiment they tried, and what was the result. It was agreed between them that if things had gone unpleasantly

with John during the day, when he came home he was to wear his cap a little on one side, and Sally then must do her very best to make all smooth at home. If, on the contrary, her temper had been ruffled by little household troubles in the day, a corner of her apron was to be tucked up on John's return, and he was then to be more amiable than usual. The plan was tried, and answered admirably; many a pleasant evening was enjoyed, which otherwise would have been passed in great discomfort.

At last they found themselves in this dilemma. One evening John returned with his cap immensely on one side, and what was his dismay on entering the house to find that Sally's apron was also tucked up! Now, what was to be done? Whose duty was it to give way and try and make things pleasant to the other? The difficulty lasted only for a moment. Looking at each other strangely, they both burst out into a hearty laugh. John gave his wife a long and loving kiss, and they have since been heard to say it was one of the happiest evenings they ever spent.

More than this, that very night, we have good cause to know, they lifted up their hearts together in thanks to him who enabled them to overcome the wicked one, and in prayer that he would ever keep them steadfast in their love to him, and to each other; and now we are sure that for twenty miles around there is not a happier couple to be met with than John and Sally.

“Oh! there has many a tear been shed,
And many a heart been broken,
For want of a gentle hand stretched forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken.
Then O! with brotherly regard
Greet every son of sorrow;
So from each tone of love his heart
New hope, new strength, shall borrow.”

“THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of
angels, and have not charity, I am become as sound-
ing brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE ALSO
REAP.

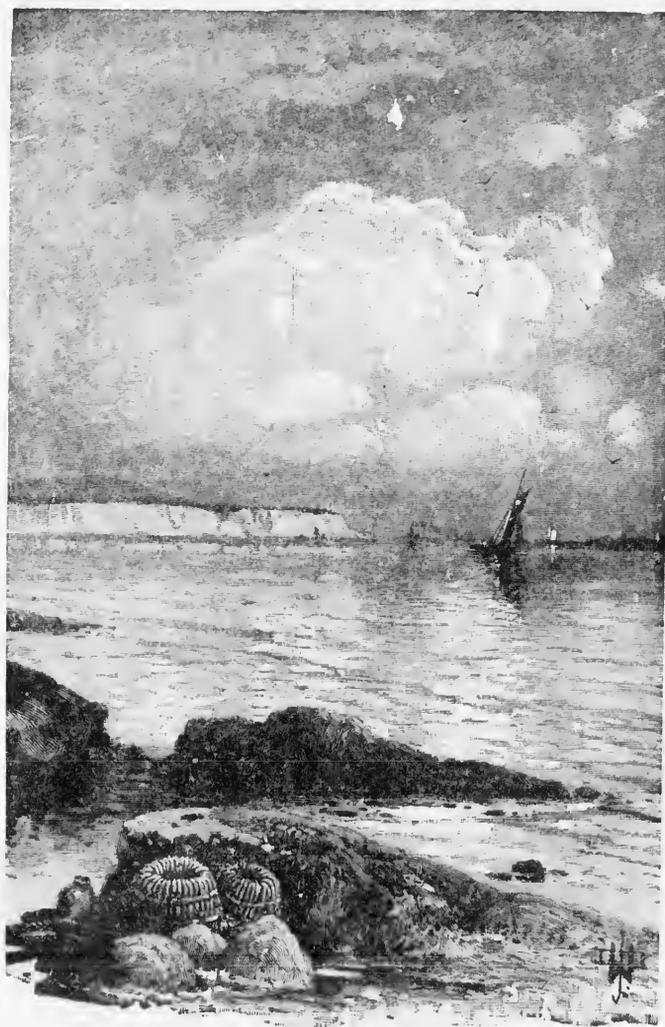
WHEN a man sows, he expects to reap. This truth must be admitted first. A farmer that planted grain and never reaped his fields, you would say had gone clear mad. No man sows who does not expect to reap. That is just what he does expect to do. The next point: A man always expects to reap more than he sowed; if he sows a handful of grain he expects to get from that handful a bushel, and if he sows a bushel he expects a harvest of five hundred bushels. And just so it is in spiritual matters. If a man scatters handfuls of tares in spiritual things his spiritual harvest will be bushels of tares, and not wheat. Whatever he sows he shall reap; just that, and noth-

ing more; and if he sows the wind he must reap the whirlwind. A man must expect a harvest of just the kind that his seed is, and this great law is even more true of spiritual growth than of natural growth. If a man is bad and corrupt in his thoughts, you can tell precisely what his deeds will be. If he has lying, thieving thoughts and wishes, look out for him, for he is going to turn out a liar and a thief. And the seeds of his bad character spring up even beyond his life, and choke all good from the lives of his children. His little children grow up to lie and deceive him just as he has deceived others. A bad boy is too often the living penalty of the sins of his parents; they have sown and watered, and now he is reaping the punishment. Another point: If a man sows, he must reap the fruit, no matter how ignorant he may claim to be, or really be, of the nature of the seed. A plea of ignorance won't do. You sow tares and think it wheat, but nothing but tares will spring up. You may call it wheat, or rye, or grain of whatever name you please, but you get nothing but weeds and tares. You must look to what kind of seed you are sowing, for neither ignorance nor any other excuse can make tares bring forth wheat. And now, see how that is true in regard, not only to individuals, but to nations. Nations are only collections of individuals, and what is true of a part in regard to character, is always true of the whole. In this country our forefathers planted

slavery and an open Bible together, and didn't we have to reap? Didn't God make this nation weep in the hour of gathering the harvest, when we had to give up our young men, both North and South, to death, and every household, almost, had an empty chair, and blood, blood, blood, flowed like water for four long years? Ah, our nation sowed, and in tears and groans she had to reap!

LOSS OF FAITH.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.
One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair, freighted ship,
With all his household, to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.
There were some who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that could not rest,
For far-off hills, whereon its joy had been.



"Upon the White Sea Shoal,"—(See page 321.)

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea;
But, howe'er it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

COMFORT FOR THE DOUBTING.

HAVE you never tasted the luxury of indulging in hard thoughts against those who have, as you think, injured you? Have you never known what a positive fascination it is to brood over their unkindness, and to pry into their malice, and to imagine all sorts of wrong and uncomfortable things about them? It has made you wretched, of course, but it has been a fas-

cinating sort of wretchedness that you could not easily give up.

And just like this is the luxury of doubting. Things have gone wrong with you in your experience. Dispensations have been mysterious, temptations have been peculiar, your case has seemed different from that of any one's around you. What more natural than to conclude that for some reason God has forsaken you, and does not love you, and is indifferent to your welfare? And how irresistible is the conviction that you are too wicked for him to care for or too difficult for him to manage.

You do not mean to blame him, or accuse him of injustice, for you feel that his indifference and rejection of you are fully deserved because of your unworthiness. And this very subterfuge leaves you at liberty to indulge in your doubts under the guise of a just and true appreciation of your own shortcomings. But all the while you are as really indulging in hard and wrong thoughts of your Lord as ever you did of a human enemy; for he says he came not to save the righteous, but sinners; and your very sinfulness and unworthiness is your chiefest claim upon his love and his care.

As well might the poor little lamb that has wandered from the flock and got lost in the wilderness say: "The shepherd does not love me, nor care for me, nor remember me, because I am lost. He only loves and cares for the lambs that never wander."

As well might the ill man say, "The doctor will not come to see me, nor give me any medicine, because I am ill; he only cares for and visits well people." Jesus says: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And again he says: "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it?"

Any thoughts of him, therefore, which are different from what he says of himself are hard thoughts, and to indulge in them is far worse than to indulge in hard thoughts of any earthly friend or foe.

TELL me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest—
Where grief may find a balm
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortal given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered, "Yes, in
Heaven."

GRACE teaches us in the midst of life's greatest comforts to be willing to die, and in the midst of its greatest crosses to be willing to live.—*Matthew Henry.*

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

I SAT alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the lands where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.
And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the Judgment Day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave,

But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave—
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

“TREASURES of wickedness profit nothing.”

SOWING AND REAPING.

"They have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind."—
HOSEA viii. 7.

WE hear men say in a jesting way, "Oh, we are sowing our wild oats; we will get over this by and by." I have seen men reap their wild oats. It's all well enough sowing, but when it comes to the reaping it's a different thing. I remember I went home one night and found all the people in alarm. They had seen a man coming running down the street, and as he approached the house he gave an unearthly roar, and, in terror, they had bolted the door. He came right up to my door, and, instead of ringing the bell, tried to push the door in. They asked him what he wanted, and he told them he wanted to see me. They said I was at the meeting, and away he ran and they could hear him groan as he disappeared. I was coming along North Clark street, and he shot past me like an arrow. But he had seen me, and turned and seized me by the arm, saying eagerly, "Can I be saved to-night? The devil is coming to take me to hell at one o'clock to-night." "My friend, you are mistaken." I thought the man was sick. But he persisted that the devil had come and laid his hand upon him, and told him he might have till one o'clock, and said he: "Won't you go up in my room and sit with me?" I got some men up to his room to see to him. At one o'clock the devils came

into that room, and all the men in that room could not hold him. He was reaping what he had sown. When the angel of Death came and laid his cold hand on him, oh, how he cried for mercy—how he besought for pardon. Ah, yes, young men, you may say, in a laughing and jesting way, you are sowing your wild oats, but the reaping time is coming.—*D. L. Moody.*

THE SANCTUARY OF PEACE.

RELIGION sweetens and sanctifies all the relations of life. It doubly enhances all the ties of nature and kindred, by intertwining them with the more lasting ties of grace. It diffuses a spirit of forbearance and gentleness and brotherly kindness and charity. It makes home the sanctuary of peace and purity, of love and joy—a model Heaven upon earth. It lays the foundation of social order and civil jurisprudence, by inculcating the principles of truth and justice and honor.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”—REV. iii. 20.

THERE is a beautiful picture, painted by the great artist, Holman Hunt, called “The Light of the World.” It represents the Saviour standing with a lantern in his hand, patiently knocking at a door which is almost hidden from sight by the weeds and

briers which have grown up all about it. All looks dark and desolate, and a feeling of sadness creeps into the heart as you gaze at the picture. But the artist meant to impress a great truth upon the mind when he painted it. He wanted to show how Christ loved his erring children, and how he comes and asks for the love of those who have shut him out and have suffered the weeds and briers of selfishness and sin to grow up in their hearts; for the weeds and briers doubtless represent the wrong and selfish ideas which spring up within us when we neglect to think of him who died to save us.

Have you ever tried to think how much the Saviour cares for your heart? Have you ever tried to understand something of the great love he feels for you—that wonderful love which made him willing to give his own life to win your heart?

STRANGERS TO PEACE.

Oh! how slow we are to trust! We are too often like one learning to swim, who would fain keep touching the ground with his feet, and fears to trust himself on the buoyant waters lest he should sink at once. So we would like to feel some good bottom underneath, to have some tangible or sensible ground of comfort, and are reluctant to throw ourselves upon God's bare promise. But we can never know the effectual support he gives unless and until we let go

our hold of everything else and venture our souls solely and wholly upon his sure word of promise. We must break down the bridge of self-will and fall back on him alone. So long as we quarrel with his will and wrangle to get our own way, we must remain strangers to peace.

“God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day.”—Ps. vii. 11.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

It is not Time that flies;
’Tis we, ’tis we are flying;
It is not Life that dies;
’Tis we, ’tis we are dying.
Time and Eternity are one;
Time is Eternity begun;
Life changes, yet without decay;
’Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies;
’Tis we, ’tis we are flying;
It is not Faith that dies;
’Tis we, ’tis we are dying.
O ever-during faith and truth,
Whose youth is age, whose age is youth!
Twin stars of immortality,
Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are flying;
 It is not Love that dies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.

Twin streams, that have in Heaven your birth,
 Ye glide in gentle joy through earth;
 We fade like flowers beside you sown;
 Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we do but die to live;
 It is from death we're flying;
 Forever lives our life;

For us there is no dying.
 We die but as the spring-bud dies,
 In summer's golden glow to rise.
 These be our days of April bloom;
 Our summer is beyond the tomb.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

PATIENCE A CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

LET us consider the motives that should persuade us to be patient as Christians; for as patience includes meekness under wrongs of our fellow-men, we must forgive, or we may not hope ourselves before God to be forgiven. Christ laid the ax where no earthly reformer would have dared to place it—at the root of revengefulness. The Christian law of morals gropes in the heart of every petitioner oft as

he prays, and it bids him pray without ceasing. We are warned again that in yielding to impatience and anger we cease to possess our souls, and, as is darkly intimated, Satan takes hold of the deserted rudder and wields the ungoverned helm, and drives before him the infuriated and imbruted man.

THE EVERLASTING JOY.

SIGHING and sorrow are confined to earth. They are limited by time, and a blessing is pronounced upon them: "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." Every believer is a mourner. We mourn over our imperfect duties, feeble graces, neglected privileges, and many shortcomings. We mourn because our hearts are unholy, and our lives are sinful—because our children are unconverted, and our other relatives love not the Saviour. We mourn because we suffer, but more because we sin. How much there is in the world, in the church, in the family, and in the heart, to make us mourn? We do groan, being burdened.

But soon, very soon, the mourning days of God's people will be ended. All sin and all sorrow will be left on earth when we ascend to Heaven. Then our tears will be wiped away; every cause of sorrow will be removed; and joy, peace, and pleasure will be our portion for ever. Then we shall be made perfect in love; then we shall be filled with holiness; then we

shall enjoy full satisfaction; then we shall reap in joy who have sown in tears.

Let us, then, look upward and look forward; remembering, when our cup is bitterest, our burden heaviest, and our sorrow greatest, that in a very little time the days of our mourning will be ended—the night of sadness will soon be past, and the morning of joy, everlasting joy, will break upon us. Then there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying. Then, perfect in knowledge, perfect in holiness, and perfect in happiness, we shall be ever with the Lord. Then we shall see Jesus, and that for ever. Everlasting joy succeeds the sorrows of a day.

NO LIGHT.

A TIME of darkness and there is no light! Sometimes it comes to a man burdened with the consciousness of sin. He must sit down face to face with an accusing conscience; he must give account of wasted opportunities; he must feel the shame of duty neglected; he must bear the weight of evil memories; he must endure the plague of polluting thoughts.

A time of darkness and there is no light! It is to be observed that this time of darkness comes at times to God's own people. There are some who would have us believe that the Christian life is, or ought to be, a life of unclouded sunshine. They say: "A Christian is the object of God's electing love; he is

the subject of God's regenerating grace; he is an heir of Christ's glory; he should bask continually in the light of God's smile."

Beloved, whatever ought to be, it is certain that this is not the actual experience of God's people. The Word of God recognizes this, and addresses itself to those who fear God, who obey the voice of his servant, and who nevertheless walk in darkness.

To all such, whether they be believers or unbelievers, Christians or infidels, there is only one method by which to dissipate the darkness—one way that may be pursued with success. That way is the way of firm, unquestioning, implicit faith in God. "Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." Let him commit himself without hesitation or reserve to the infinite wisdom, power and love of him who is King of kings and Lord of lords.

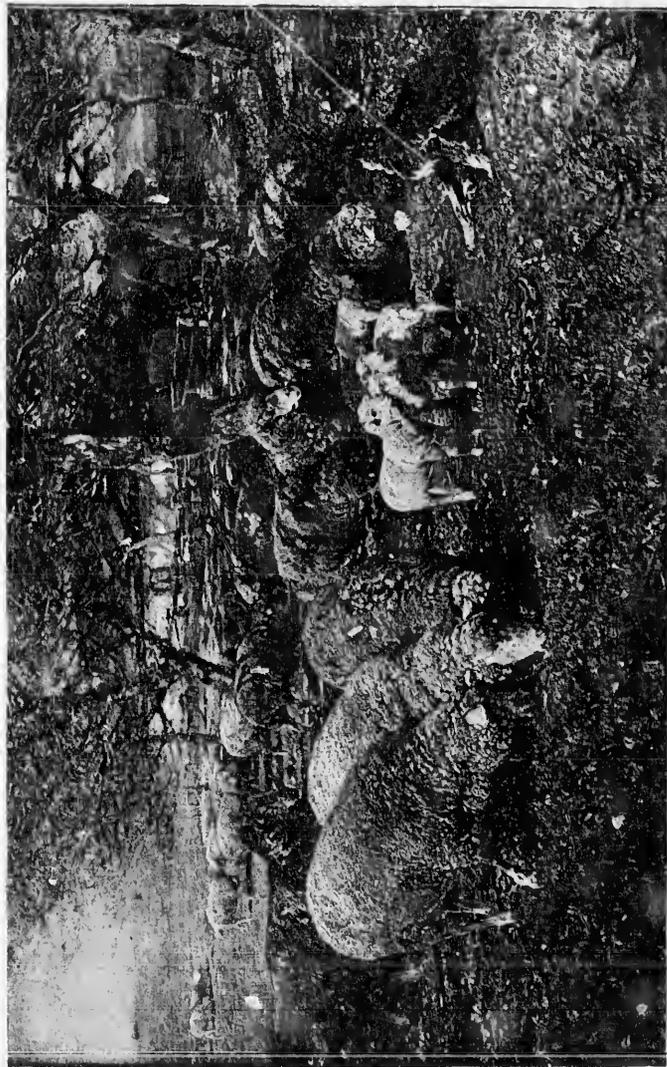
The bad way is the way of self-trust. It is the attempt to walk by the light of one's own wisdom—to "stay" upon one's own strength. All such kindle a fire for themselves; they compass themselves about with sparks; they walk in the light of their own fire and in the light of the sparks they have kindled; they shall lie down in sorrow.

THERE is a time when thou mayest say nothing, a time when thou mayest say something, but there will be a time when thou shouldst say all things.

“THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.”

THINK of the shepherd carefully counting his sheep at the close of the day. One is missing. What does he do? Is he content with his ninety and nine and to leave the missing? No; he safely houses the others, and then goes in search of the one which is missing. Can you not see him hunting for the lost one, going over mountains and rocks and crossing brooks? and what joy there is when the wanderer is found! Oh, what a Shepherd is that! He wants to be a Shepherd to all. Will you not accept him? The man who saw a shepherd calling his sheep by name wondered if he could tell one from another, they all looked so much alike. When he inquired on the matter he was pointed to several little defects on the sheep; one had a black spot, another a torn ear, another a bad toe, one was cross-eyed, and so on. You see the shepherd knew his sheep by their defects, and I think it is so with our Heavenly Father. He knows us all by our defects; and yet, with all our faults, he loves us. You may ask, “If he loves me, why does he afflict me?” Well, now, I once saw a drove of sheep looking very tired and weary, being hurried on by a shepherd and his dogs, and when they wanted to stop and drink at the brook by the wayside they were not allowed to, but driven on. I felt that it was very unkind of that shepherd; but, by and by, they stopped before a pair of handsome

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The Shepherd Kanoeth Best.

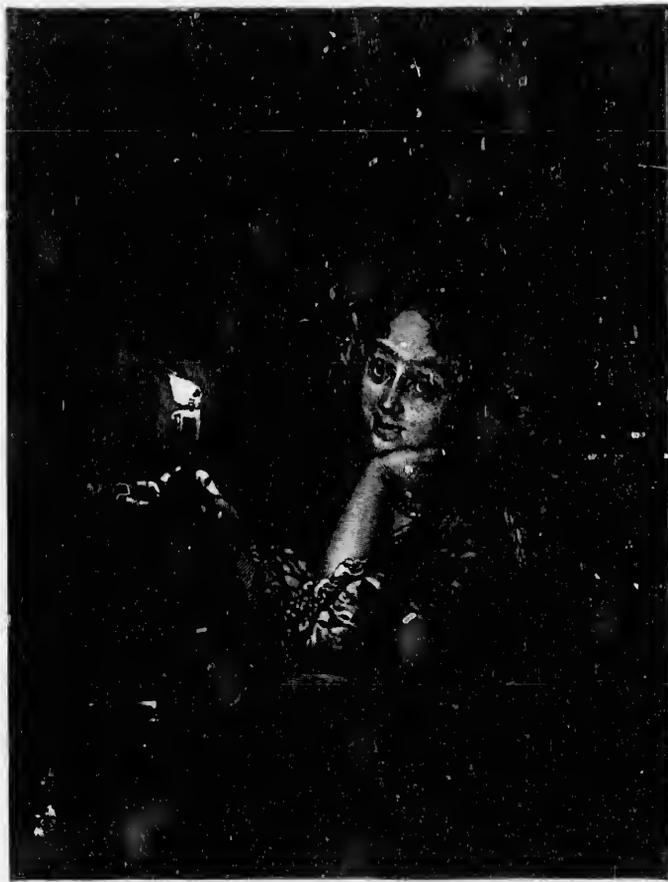
gates, and the flocks were turned into beautiful green pastures, with a clear stream running through them. Then I knew that I had been hasty; that the shepherd had not been unkind, but kind, in not allowing his sheep to drink from that muddy stream in the road, for he had been saving them and taking them on to something better. So with our Heavenly Father, our Shepherd; he is compelled to afflict us sometimes while leading us into green pastures. Oh, brethren, let us give thanks that we have such a good Shepherd to guide and protect us, and though these afflictions may come upon us and seem hard at the time, let us remember his great mercy and loving kindness and bow and kiss the rod.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

You know the old country fashion of holding meetings in the school-houses at early candle-light. Well, when it begins to grow dark a man comes and brings his candle; goes into the dark room and strikes a light. That one tallow-candle can't do much toward lighting up the school-house, but pretty soon another man comes and brings his candle, and then another and another; and by the time they have a hundred candles lighted the place is pretty well lit up. Now, my friends, you cannot all of you be light-houses, but every one of you ought to be at least a tallow-candle,

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A Little Light.

COUNTING GOD'S MERCIES.

I WOULD be joyful as my days go by,
 Counting God's mercies to me: he who bore
 Life's heaviest cross is mine for evermore;
And I, who wait his coming, shall not I
 On his sure word rely?
So if sometimes the way 'e rough and steep—
 Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
 Let me be mindful that these things must be,
To work his blessed will until he come
And take my hand and lead me safely home.

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL.

It is related in history that a large body of soldiers went to attack a Moravian village; they arranged themselves in battle order, but to their surprise they found that no apparent preparation had been made to resist their attack. Thinking it possible that it might be a trick to draw them into an ambuscade, a strong party went cautiously forward. They found that the gates and doors were open, and the inhabitants engaged about their daily business as usual. They found that "they would not fight." The soldiers were so struck with the peaceful disposition of the honest Moravians that they would not injure a hair of their heads.

HANNAH'S FAITH.

SHE had been carried triumphantly through a life of unusual sorrow. She was giving the history of her life to a kind visitor on one occasion, and at the close the visitor said, feelingly, "Oh, Hannah, I do not see how you could bear so much sorrow!" "I did not bear it," was the quick reply; "the Lord bore it for me." "Yes," said the visitor, "that is the right way. You must take your troubles to the Lord." "Yes," replied Hannah, "but we must do more than that: we must *leave* them there. Most people," she continued, "take their burdens to him, but they bring them away with them again, and are just as worried and unhappy as ever. But I take mine, and I leave them with him, and come away and forget them. And if the worry comes back I take it to him again. I do this over and over, until at last I just forget that I have any worries, and am at perfect rest."

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

A TRAVELER, during a dark and tempestuous night, had fallen into a ditch by the wayside. He was very anxious to reach home, from which he had been absent for a long time. He had been abroad in a foreign country, and was returning with the fruits of his industry; and when he had almost reached home

he was overtaken by a storm of wind and rain. Darkness increases; he cannot see his way before him; the road is washed into gullies; he stumbles and falls; he has broken his leg, so that he can proceed no farther on his journey.

The poor man in the ditch, with his leg broken, bemoans his sad fate. His wife and children are expecting him this very night. They trim the midnight lamp, and anxiously await his arrival. He comes not; and as they hear the howling winds and driving tempest without, they are filled with direful apprehension. The disabled traveler, as the storm beats upon him in the ditch, is ready to exclaim, "All these things are against me." He is, perhaps, tempted to murmur against Providence, when he was at the point of reaping the reward of a long season of toil and privation, to be thus thrust back when upon the threshold of the realization of his hopes, and to be thrown groaning into a ditch.

But wait awhile, and it will be seen "'tis all for the best." When the morning light appears the dismal traveler is filled with joy and gratitude at his wonderful deliverance. Had he proceeded a few rods, or even feet, farther on his journey, he would have fallen from the broken bridge, sunk and perished in the foaming flood beneath. When upon the brink of destruction a kind Providence turns his feet aside and prevents his moving from a place of safety. His family, also, are kindly cared for and preserved.

That very night a plan was to be put in execution to rob, and perhaps murder, the inmates; but the midnight lamp showed that the master of the house had not arrived with the expected treasure.

Thus we often perceive as in the light of the noon-day sun the truth of the saying that "affliction has been a mercy." We doubtless are preserved from many dangers unseen by what are termed the mishaps of life. Let us not deny the truth of the proverb because we see so many good men live in suffering and die unrelieved, and so many bad men arrive at the summit of wealth and outward prosperity. By looking forward to another life we discover its full meaning. "Our trials and troubles here will only make us richer there." Even here we often find the trials of life are like the bracing wintery winds which invigorate our frame, or like the fire that tries and purifies the gold.

Let us, therefore, pursue our onward way, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the mire of the slough of despond and up the hill of difficulty, or down the valley of humiliation, with courage, confidence and submission. Let us confide in the wisdom that is above us. Men are but short-sighted beings. "Behind a frowning Providence is seen a smiling face." Whatever may befall us, or whatever afflictions may attend us, they will, if rightly met, prove but blessings in disguise; and if not here we shall hereafter see that they were "all for the best."

REQUIREMENT.

WE live by Faith; but Faith is not the slave
 Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
 Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
 What asks our Father of his children save
 Justice and mercy and humility,
 A reasonable service of good deeds,
 Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
 Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
 The Master's footprints in our daily ways?—
 No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
 But the calm beauty of an ordered life
 Whose very breathing is unworded praise—
 A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,
 Fast rooted in the faith that God is good.

—Whittier.

THE Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of special revelation from God; but it is also a book which teaches man his own individual responsibility, his own dignity, and his equality with his fellow-man.

REMEMBER that the true pleasure of temperance and the many benefits that follow sobriety cannot be imagined by those living riotous lives; so neither can the sweet influences thereof be enjoyed without self-denial and some trouble to old Adam.

ANGRY WORDS.

THERE have been many mighty men whom history calls great, who have led victorious armies and have captured great cities, but they are not as great as he who rules his own spirit. He is greater than Alexander, the conqueror of the world, for he was a slave to passion, in a fit of which he killed his best friend. Sometimes a man gets angry with his friend for some trifling reason, and the other, feeling that he is wronged, answers back with angry words; and by thus doing all friendship between them is broken up. Very probably a word of explanation would have kept them friends for life.

“HE THAT IS SLOW TO ANGER IS BETTER THAN THE MIGHTY.”

A ROUGH, ill-natured teamster once met a loaded wagon on a bad road. “Come, go along,” said he to the other man; “I never turn out.” “I always do,” said the other. He would not fight, and thus saved himself from trouble and proved himself superior to the other. When a person is angry he is partially deranged, and we ought to pity him. It is very ill-judged at such times to say or do anything which will add to his excitement. Do not contend with him; his passion will cool down; he then becomes ashamed of his conduct and regrets the course he has taken.

JOY TO THE SPIRIT.

TRUST in God is health to the affections, joy to the spirit, and purity and nobleness of mind. Just as when nature turns her face from cold winter to the sun and is quickened into the bud and blossom of sweet spring, the flower and beauty of summer, the fruit and opulence of autumn, so the poorest human creature may be wakened into joy, quickened into love, and have all his higher faculties roused into activity by turning from indifference or distrust to conscious sympathy with God and full faith in his goodness. Trust in God is contact with his spirit, and he gives health and strength and growth of soul to him who yields himself to his embrace as the child does to its mother's.

TAKE GOD AT HIS WORD.

FAITH is the foundation of all society. We have only to look around and see this. You and I could not live in this community if it were not for faith; commercial relations could not exist. Let men lose confidence—which is faith—in one another, and there would be such a run upon the banks to-morrow that would cause general bankruptcy. Men have faith in one another. A great many people think that the faith spoken of in the Bible is not of the right sort; they don't think they have got the proper kind

of faith, and they are waiting for some new kind of faith to come out of Heaven. The faith spoken of in the Bible is no miraculous kind of faith. It is the same kind of faith we have in one another. Faith has an outward look and an inward look. Many people never look any other way than inward. They are like a horse working a treadmill, going round and round and never get out of the circuit—never look beyond it. Faith says, "Look to God—take him at his word." They don't do this, and their path is shadowed by clouds; but the moment they take him at his word the clouds of darkness disappear, and they walk under an unclouded sky.

STILPO, the philosopher, when his city was destroyed, with his wife and children, and he escaped alone from the fire, being asked whether he had lost anything, replied: "All my treasures are with me—justice, virtue, temperance, prudence, and this inviolable principle, not to esteem anything as my proper good that can be ravished from me."

THE desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands.

LOVE IS LIFE.

My work is finished; I am strong
In faith, and hope, and charity;
For I have written the things I see,
The things that have been and shall be,
Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong;
Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate;
For Hate is death; and Love is life,
A peace, a splendor from above;
And Hate a never-ending strife,
A smoke, a blackness from the abyss
Where unclean serpents coil and hiss.
Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate the unpardonable sin.
Who preaches otherwise than this
Betrays his Master with a kiss.

—H. W. Longfellow.

FIRST LESSONS IN TEMPERANCE.

THE home is the fountain of civilization. Americans are a home-making people. Our laws are made in the home. There are trained the voters who shape the course of our country. The things said there give bias to character far more than do sermons and lectures, newspapers and books. No other audiences are so susceptible and receptive as those gathered

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Temperance.

about the table and the fireside. No other teachers have the acknowledged divine right to instruct that is granted, without challenge, to parents. The fountain of our national life is under their hand. They can make it send forth waters bitter or sweet, for the death or the healing of the people.

Intemperance strikes first and most fatally at the home. The evils most dangerous to social order depend upon dram-drinking for their existence. This, too, is the scene of its most cruel and beastly devilisms. Here it smites, and stabs, and kills. The home must be guarded against its outrages, or the country will be ruined.

The best work against intemperance must be done in this centre and seat of power. Parents have it in their power to train their children to abhor that which is evil and cling to that which is good; and they owe them this duty. They bring their children into existence. They hold them under their hand till the young life has taken a bias that will last through eternity. Usually the tiny, tilting craft has its prow turned toward Heaven or hell before the parent's hand lets go the helm. This ought to startle careless people out of their indifference. It ought to drive them to lives of piety; for how can they teach that which they have not learned. How can they impart what they do not possess?

Parents must teach by example. Precept has no authority unless backed by example. For the child-

ren's sake all liquors ought to be banished from the home. The story is most pitiful and quite too common to need repetition: "I learned to drink at my father's table. My mother's hand first passed me the cup that is working my damnation."

In every home there ought to be the right reading on this, as on every by-subject. We are what we read—or we read what we are—as you will. One thing is certain: if we really care much about this horrible traffic we will see to it that our children have books and papers that will keep them in sympathy with the efforts made for its prohibition.

By personal example, by look, by reading, and by prayer we may make an atmosphere that shall set and keep our households right on this great question. Only thus can we hope to save ourselves, and those whom God has given to be with us, from the tide that sweeps to destruction so many of the noblest and best.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

· WHAT armies of bad thoughts sometimes get into our souls, like those in Joseph's brethren when they sold their brother into slavery: envy, hate, deceit, cruelty and covetousness. God tells us to take Bible words for swords, and kill such wrong feelings. The verse to use as a sword to kill envy and hatred is, "Little children, love one another." The sword

words to kill deceit are, "Speak the truth in love." The sword words to kill cruelty are, "Be ye kind one to another." And the sword words to destroy covetousness are, "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Do you remember when Jesus was tempted by Satan to do wrong, how he defended himself with Bible words for a sword? Every time the devil made him think about doing something wrong, as if he would lift a sword of defence he repeated some Bible verse that he had committed to memory when he was a boy. So he killed the bad thoughts with the sword of Bible verses. When Satan makes us think about swearing, let us kill the bad thought by repeating God's words, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." When the devil makes us want to disobey our parents, let us use a sword to cut down the wicked wish, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord."

THE WAY OF LIFE.

You are seeking for yourself the best thing in the world. Stop here a moment, and think of the others who desire that best thing as earnestly as you do. Think of that wide circle, all over the earth, of men and women who long for a nobler and more satisfying life than they have reached. Think that every person you know has keen feelings, eager desires, hungering and thirsting after good, that their lives

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Nature speaks to the Thoughtful Spirit.

are just as real and their wants just as imperative to them as yours are to you. If they are not consciously seeking the highest things, so much the more is their real need. Take some sense of this great company in which you are only one; and then lay it to heart that the only object worthy to be sought with your whole strength is the good of all these lives, and not just your own. To come back to the word of Jesus, you are to seek not your own salvation, but "the kingdom of God." A kingdom is a society. About any merely personal salvation Jesus has very little to say except this: "He that saveth his life shall lose it." He that seeks even the highest good *for himself alone* shall be disappointed.

ALL that happens in the world of nature and man—every war, every peace, every horn of prosperity, every horn of adversity, every election, every death, every life, every success and every failure, all change, all permanence, the perished leaf, the unutterable glory of the stars—all things speak truth to the thoughtful spirit.

THE pilgrim they laid in a large, upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.

GOD is patient because he is eternal.

“THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.”

Does the tempter whisper the suggestion, that for a time at least something may be gained by venturing upon the path of disobedience to God—something may be lost by a life of sacrifice in his service? Nay, tell me that you can hush the thunders of the storm with your word—tell me that you can imprison the lightnings of Heaven in your fist—tell me that you can crush the everlasting mountains with the blow of your hand, and I will believe you—I will think you a sane and truthful man—sooner than I would if you would say, I have hardened myself against God and prospered; I have transgressed his word and found profit and peace in my sin.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,
We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way,
The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of Heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

THE MAN WHO KEPT HIMSELF IN REPAIR

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

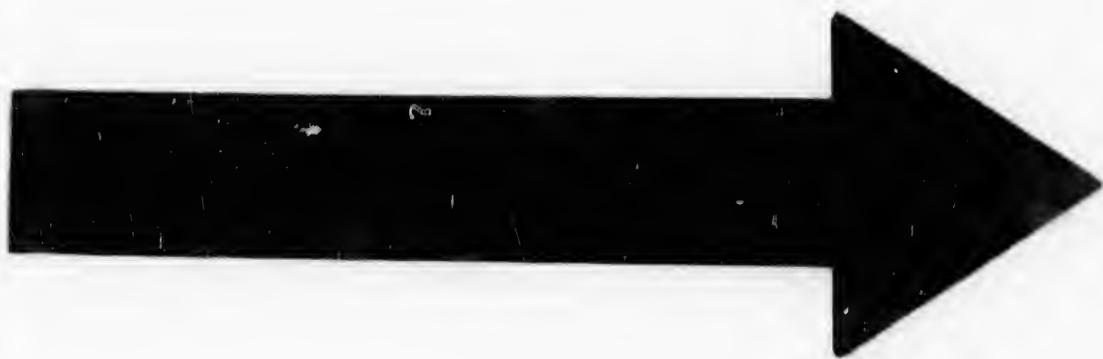
MR. JOSEPH FLICKER might have been called a "cobbler" by that class of persons who always take delight in giving their fellow-creatures credit for as little as possible; but those who were of a generous turn of mind would probably have called him a "shoemaker," and perhaps this latter term would have been the more courteous of the two. Joe Flicker took a delight in his work, and many were the dilapidated shoes, that would otherwise have been thrown away, which were set up by his doctoring, with, so to speak, a new constitution altogether; and which, instead of lying in a ditch, might be seen in high romps at foot-ball and leap-frog on the village green.

Fame brought fortune, to a certain extent, to our friend Joe Flicker. All the neighborhood brought him boots to repair; and as every one was willing to pay a good price for really good work, the worthy man thrived, and did an excellent trade in a small way. Wherever Joe turned, he saw not only that things were, for the most part, what they ought not to be, but also not what they might be. "The tendency of everything," said the cobbler to himself, "is to go to ruin. As soon as ever you make a shoe, it begins to wear out; as soon as you wind up a clock, it begins to run down; you no sooner build a house but it begins to want something to keep it up; and

if things go beyond a certain point, it is impossible to bring them back."

"But now," said the cobbler to himself, "though we can't remedy this state of things altogether, still it is our duty, and it certainly will be both to our comfort and advantage, to improve it as much as lies in our power. The great point, then, is to keep a sharp look-out, and keep everything in repair;" and upon this principle in life Joe determined to go. "And I'm sure," said the cobbler when he made this resolution, "I shall be happier and richer for it too. For just look," said he to himself, "at this shoe," as he turned and twisted a small one in his hands: "Mrs. Smith will have to pay sixpence for the toe-caps, and she can't well afford that. There are six of them to be shod, and her husband's wages are only sixteen shillings a week. Now I can see all about this shoe in the twinkling of an eye. This is what I call a stitch-in-time shoe; if Mrs. Smith had only sent it to me when the first stitch began to rip, 'twould have cost her only twopence instead of sixpence, as it will now. Dear me! when will folk learn to look after repairs? and that in everything as well as their shoes?"

Joe Flicker might have branched out into a great variety of thoughts, but that his attention was turned to a rapping at the door, and in a moment after there entered a long, lanky-looking man, with uncombed hair and dilapidated clothes, and in his hands he held the skeleton of a pair of boots.



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"Here, Joe," said the lanky man, "can you make anything of these boots? If any man in the parish can, you are the man."

"Let's see them," answered Joe. "They're very far gone."

"I let them go too far," said the lanky man; "they were prime boots; 'tis a pity I didn't keep them in repair."

"'Tis a pity you don't keep yourself in repair," said Joe Flicker, looking at him with a glance as sharp as one of the points of his own awls. "'Tis a pity, John Thatch, that you don't keep *yourself* in repair," and he laid strong emphasis on this word "yourself."

John Thatch looked hard at the cobbler for a few moments, holding the half-skeleton, half-ghost-like boots at full length from him, and said, in a half-puzzled, half-boozy kind of way, "Joe Flicker, what do you mean?"

"Throw down your boots," said Joe; "it's no use your trying to make them stand up like respectable boots; throw them down there, poor, ill-used creatures, and I'll tell you what I mean."

"'Tis my belief," said the cobbler, "that every man has only a lease of himself—and that a repairing one—and the like of his wife and children; and 'tis as plain as that I have this shoe in my hand, that you aren't keeping yourself in repair."

"Go on," said Jack Thatch. "It does a man good



"Ja, can you Make Anytling of These Boots?"

to hear you talk. He! he! I don't think I've been in repair for a precious long time."

"I *will* go on," said the cobbler. "Whenever I make a beginning I always like to go on until I come to the end. Now, look at your hat—a hat is a man's roof, and yours wouldn't fetch sixpence. I wonder you ain't dead long before this with cold in your head. And look at your coat—'tis hanging in ribbons on your back; and then your boots—boots might be said to be a man's foundation—anyhow," said Joe, "they're the lowest story; and from your attic to your basement, you're out of repair."

"Go on, Joe," said Jack Thatch.

"I *will* go on, John; and how do you come to be out of repair? Why, by that horrid dram-shop that you're always at; and you'll never be in decent repair as long as you go there."

"Well, *you're* in tidy repair, anyhow," said John Thatch, as he looked at the cobbler's shining face and decent clothes, and rolled his eyes round the comfortable little room.

"So I am," said Joe. "I'm in what I call tenantable repair. I ain't what the agent calls in decorative repair—that means painting and gilding, and such like finery—but all good and solid; at least, as good and solid as I can make it—weather proof, you know, not hurt by wind or rain."

"That'll do now," said Jack Thatch. "When will the boots be done?"

"'Twill set me hard to do them at all," answered the cobbler; "still, though I say it, if any man in the parish can do them, I'm the man; but you can't have them for a month. I'm not one of those men that say a fortnight when they mean a month. When I say a day, I mean to keep to it; and I've promised so many folk before you, that it will be a month before these boots are done."

"Well, go on," said Jack Thatch, "and I'll call for them then."

Jack Thatch had acquired that sad, boozy habit of looking stupid, but he was not always indifferent to what was said, and on the present occasion he was sober and quite able to take in the remarks the cobbler had made.

"And so I'm out of repair," said Jack, "am I? Humph! that's a new light to look at one's self in—from the roof down to the cellar, eh! that ain't creditable, is it, especially for a young man who comes of people who always kept themselves up in the world? Well, the sooner I'm put in repair the better, that's all; but before I begin, I'll have a glass;" and being by this time quite close to the "Boar with the Shining Tusks," in he stepped, to take a half-pint. The half-pint was drawn, and stood foaming on the counter, and Jack put his hands in his ragged trousers pocket to find wherewithal to pay; but he had not a penny, and he began to apologize to the landlady as he took the glass in his hands.

But that glass of beer Jack Thatch was never destined to drink; and a very good thing it turned out for him that he was not.

"Stay, stay," said the landlady, stretching out her fat, rosy arm and laying hold of the glass; "do you think, John Thatch, that we can always be giving credit? I'd like to know how we can keep the roof over our heads, and pay house rent and taxes, to say nothing of repairs, if we go on in this style. No! no! no more liquor for you, Mr. Thatch, except what you pay down for."

Poor Jack looked stupidly at the landlady, who in turn looked saucily at him, and slowly and sorrowfully turned away from the bar, while his beer was handed over to a customer who was standing by, and who had put down the money on the counter.

"Repairs!" said Jack, slowly to himself, "repairs! She couldn't keep her house in repair but for my money and that of other drinking folk; and she does keep her house in repair, doesn't she?" said Jack, looking at the plate-glass windows and the bright, new paint. "She keeps her place in repair, and Joe Flicker says I don't keep myself in repair. One and one make two," said Jack, "and, putting these ones together, that I'm out of repair and the 'Boar with the Shining Tusks' is always looking span new, I'm of opinion that we can't both be kept in repair at the same time; and I'll look to it and try whether I can't do myself up a bit."

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Bully Out of Repair.

So Jack Thatch refrained from the "Boar with the Shining Tusks" for a month, and kept hard at work. It was fortunate that the nature of his work was such that most of it could be done in the half-worn-out slippers in which he had gone to the cobbler's; otherwise he could not have commenced his new career until his boots were mended, and that would have been a whole month lost.

Nor were the boots any losers by thus having to await their turn. During this interval the cobbler had heard of the attempts of his cousin to reform; and he determined to give him a good start, as he was getting on his legs again. So he soled and heeled and vamped the boots, and stuck a new piece of red lining inside, and polished them up, until the cat made a looking-glass of them, and shook hands with herself in them in a half friendly and a half suspicious way. Then Joe hung up the boots again, and covered them with a cloth to keep them perfectly bright until their owner appeared.

As Jack knew that the cobbler was a man of his word, and that the boots would be surely done to the moment when they were promised, and as he was now ashamed to be seen in the worn slippers and so generally out of repair, he came to Joe Flicker's shop on the appointed day. And to Jack's credit it must be chronicled that he arrived in much better condition than he was in on his first visit; for he had been able to take a few things out of pawn, and put himself a little in repair.

"Well, Joe, are the boots done?" asked Jack Thatch, as he entered the little shop.

Joe Flicker looked up, and then laid down his awl and the shoe which he was mending, and finally rose from his bench and deliberately walked three times around Jack, without saying a single word which could account for so extraordinary a journey. Having performed these revolutions, he retired backward to his stool, and dropped down upon it, still keeping his eyes fixed upon Jack.

At length he broke silence, and said, "Jack Thatch, you've been and got yourself repaired."

"Yes," said Jack, "I've been repairing myself; and I'm all the better for being a little done up."

"You *are*," said Joe Flicker; and he laid a long, strong emphasis on the word "are." "You are. Now, sit down here, and tell us all about it."

Then Jack seated himself on the only chair in the room, and told the cobbler how he couldn't get rid of the idea of being out of repair, after what he said; and then, how it was fixed in his mind by the landlady's speech; and then, how horrid it seemed to him that he should be keeping other people's places in repair at the expense of himself and those belonging to him, while he and his were going to ruin, worse and worse, every day; and—but the cobbler could hold out no longer; jumping hastily up, he rushed to the wall, and unveiled the sparkling boots, and cried, "Jack Thatch, you'll yet be worthy of

those boots; ay, of much more, too; there they are; and not a penny will I take for them until you and your wife and your children are all put in thorough repair, and, so to speak, made as good as new."

The tears came in poor Jack's eyes, as the cobbler made him, then and there, get into the boots, and stand in them, with his feet in different attitudes, to see how he looked; and then shook him by the hand, and clapped him on the back, and wished him "God speed."

"Ah, Joe!" said Jack, "'tis much better to do as you have done, not to allow one's self to get out of repair, than to make such a mistake, and repair it ever so well at last. How did you keep right without half the chances I have had?"

"Don't say 'keep right,'" said the cobbler with a serious look; "who keeps right? 'tis just because I knew I was always by nature likely to get out of repair that I watched myself; and what I say of myself I may say of all belonging to me, too. You see, Jack, here's what I thought: There is a sort of rottenness in everything that makes it its nature to decay and get out of repair; and so it will be as long as the world is as it is now. Our bodies! ain't they always getting out of order and wanting the doctor? our houses! our clothes! our tempers! our business! all things, if left to themselves, go wrong instead of right; and we must be always getting them put to rights."

"Well, Joe, and how did you come to think of all this?"

"I used my eyes," said the cobbler, "and saw it; didn't the very business of my life—always repairing—tell me something about it? And I used this," said Joe, and he pulled out a small book from a kind of little box in his bench; "you know this book well; many people are ashamed of it, but I'm not; 'tis a Bible; and this taught me how all the decay comes; and it showed me who to go to to get it repaired. I say, first and chief, this has been my counsellor and friend. There would be less want of repairs if people attended to what it says; and when repairs are wanted they'd be better done if they minded it then; but folk are wise enough in their own eyes, and that's the way to become fools."

"Well," said Jack Thatch, "but don't you *do* anything to keep yourself all right? You're smirking and smiling when other people are frowning and growling; and you always have decent clothes, when many a man with as good earnings is naked; I'd like to know what you *do*."

"Well, cousin," answered the cobbler, "I do all I can to keep myself in repair. Here's this little body, 'tain't half the size of yours, and it has had a wonderful deal better treatment; but if I were careless about it, I'd soon be laid up and unfitted for work; and then, who'd look after my wife and children here? What's food? Isn't it repairs for the waste of the body?"

And what's sleep? Isn't it the same? So I take care, out of what I earn, to have good, wholesome food and stout, warm clothes, and I go to bed at decent hours, and get enough of sleep. That's what I do. And when this little room gets foul and close, then I throw open the window, and that repairs it; and so I go on, always repairing, and always keeping in repair. And mind you, Jack Thatch, the great thing is to repair *at once*. 'A stitch in time saves nine.' Many a shoe that comes here with sixpence and eightpence for repairs would have only been twopence if it had been brought in time. We must not be put out, Jack, at having repairs to do; 'tis unreasonable that we should; 'twill be so as long as we are in this world at all. And remember, things get worse faster and faster—twice as fast to-morrow, and four times as fast as that the next day; that's a thing to be remembered when we are letting ourselves go to rack and ruin, as we are by nature inclined to do.

"And I sometimes do some *extra* repairs. When I get seedy, I treat myself to a half-holiday, and go in the train over to the hills, and come home a new kind of man; and this is the way, in part, that I'm always smiling and always happy."

"Well, Joe, but many folk live well, and they're not happy."

"Ay," said Joe; "perhaps they live to eat, and don't eat to live. But I do something more to myself than this—I'm always keeping my temper in

repair. You wouldn't believe it," said Joe, "but I'm sometimes inclined to be as sharp as this awl; then I turn to this good friend," and the cobbler laid his hand on the Book, "and I go down upon my knees, and I get the better of myself. Believe me, Jack, a man's knees are wonderful tools, if he'd only use them as he ought. And sometimes I sit and think. Ah, Jack, you're not much given to thinking; but thought is a wonderful tool, if you have the patience to use it; and I say to myself, 'Joe Flicker, how much better off are you than others;'' 'Joe Flicker, how much better off are you than you deserve to be;'' 'Joe Flicker, after all, does this trouble matter very much? won't it soon be over?'' 'Joe Flicker, how will you make the best of it?—perhaps it needn't be as bad as it looks.' Then I always wind up with this one saying, 'Joe Flicker, 'tis only for a while.'

"I say many such things," said the cobbler, "but these are some of them; and what between the Book and the knees, and this talk with myself, I very soon come right."

"Well, you're a happy man," said Jack Thatch, who now sat with his legs stretched out before him, and his eyes riveted upon his transformed boots.

He was aroused from his reverie by the cobbler's voice, who asked his cousin what he was thinking about.

"About my wife," said Jack.

"And a very good thing to think about, too," said the cobbler; "if a wife's worth having, she's worth thinking about; and thinking a great deal about, too. I wish men would think a little more about their wives. There would be a good deal more comfort in families if they did."

"Mine gives me a plaguy deal to think about," said Jack Thatch.

"That's because you don't think enough about her," said the cobbler. "There's a kind of riddle here—and indeed some folk say that wherever there's a woman there's a riddle. However, here it is: 'The more you think about your wife, the less she'll give you to think about.'"

"I'm not good at riddles," said Jack Thatch; "and what's that in plain English?"

"Why, the meaning of it is this: If you make it your business to take thought for your wife, she'll know she's cared for, and she'll value it and value you, and she'll try and be a credit to you, and she won't give you cause for anxiety, running into debt, neglecting your children and yourself, and perhaps drinking, driven to it by neglect and ill words, and, it may be, even hard blows. That's not the kind of treatment that women require," said the cobbler. "They're very brittle kind of things. So far from being banged about, either with words or blows, or anything unkind, they require a deal of care. They're likely enough to go out of order, if they're left to

themselves, without our doing them any harm; in fact, they're like you and me, they want to be kept always in repair. But here comes Mrs. Flicker," said the cobbler, with an extra smile on his jolly face; "here she comes, and right glad I am always to see her, although the chances are a hundred to one she wants something or other."

But this sentiment the cobbler had all to himself. Jack Thatch was not at all anxious to see Mrs. Flicker; for the latter was a very out-spoken, and, indeed, sometimes vehement woman, and she had more than once given her cousin a bit of her mind about his conduct to his wife and children.

Now this the cobbler knew very well, and as poor Jack was evidently on the mending hand, he did not want him to get a lecture from Mrs. Flicker : 'his particular time. The only thing, therefore, was to put him out of the way, and this could be done only by stuffing him into a little kind of cupboard, which, at that particular time, was fortunately empty, but which generally held the cobbler's stores of leather. In a trice, accordingly, Jack found himself imprisoned, and, in another trice, Mrs. Flicker was in her husband's little room.

"Well, my dear,
Welcome here,"

half said, half sang, the cobbler. "You know, Betsey, though I'm very fond of singing, I never made

a song in my life but this one, and I sing it whenever you come to visit me at my bench. Come, sit down a minute on that chair."

"I can't sit down," said Mrs. Flicker; "for Mrs. Stone is going to Burnthorpe to-day, and she offered me a ride in her cart if I choose to go. Drapery is much cheaper there than here, and Mary wants a new frock and Joseph can't go longer without two more shirts, and as we don't run credit I'm come to know if you can give some money."

"How much will they be?" said Joe.

"They'll be fifteen shillings the lot."

"Fifteen shillings," repeated the cobbler, "and five for a new ribbon for your bonnet, Betsey, that's twenty—and there's a sovereign."

"But you can't spare it," said Mrs. Flicker.

"Ay, ay," answered her husband; "I can always spare something for my wife. I've saved that sovereign on purpose, for I heard you say at Christmas that you thought the young ones were getting shabby; and I'll never forget the mother when I remember the children," said the cobbler—"no, never;" and he cried "Catch," and sent the coin tumbling over and over in the air, until it fell into his wife's hand.

"Now I'm off," said Mrs. Flicker; and giving her husband a farewell nod at the door, she disappeared.

And a great thing it was for Jack Thatch that Mrs. Flicker had taken herself off so quickly; for the

closet was so small that he could not have remained there long, and much he dreaded an interview with this good woman, who knew well how little he had done for his wife and family.

Jack first peered cautiously out of the cupboard door, to make sure that the last particle of Mrs. Flicker had disappeared; then he came out; and on the cobbler's assuring him that his wife would not return, he seated himself again in his former seat.

"Now, Jack," said the cobbler, "you saw, or at least you heard, me do a little bit of repairs. I repair Mrs. Flicker from time to time, just as I do myself; for we're both made of the same flesh and blood. Men don't always remember that. They seem to think that women are always to keep on working, and being worried with children, and no one knows what, and yet never want anything to keep them up."

"And how often do you repair Mrs. Flicker?" asked Jack Thatch.

"I'm always at it," answered the cobbler, "more or less; for, d'ye see, Cousin Jack, women require to be kept a trifle in decorative as well as substantial repair; and I do enjoy seeing her nice, that I do. I'm not a man for fandango finery, not I; but I like what's a little tasty, provided 'tis good and in a quiet way. You'll see, she'll bring home as neat a bit of ribbon as you ever saw; and she'll look all the fresher with that little bit of trimming, though it isn't fine and isn't dear.

“Ever since I got Mrs. Flicker,” said the cobbler, and I took up this notion of ‘repairs,’ I’ve put it in practice on her; and so she is what she is to-day. Some folks starve their poor wives, for they spend their wages, you know how; but I said to myself, ‘How can a woman keep up, if she isn’t well fed? and how can she respect herself, if you don’t give her the means of being respectable?’ and I’m proud to say,” said the cobbler, drawing his waxed threads so tight that the wonder was they didn’t break, and holding them there, “I’m proud to say, she has never wanted since the day I called her mine. But there are times, Jack, when all the good food in the world won’t nourish—times when the spirits sink, and the heart sickens, and the nerves go all astray, and nobody can tell where the repairs are wanting, or how they are to be done. Then I have kind words for her; and they seem almost always to find out the sore places, and drop like oil upon them, and heal them up. But there are times, Jack, when even these won’t do. Then I bring out this Book; and I find it can do for her and me what nothing else can; and I try these,” said the cobbler, laying down the shoe he was mending, and putting a hand on each knee; “and if I were to tell you how much all this has brought us through, you wouldn’t believe it; no, nor would anybody, unless they tried, and found it out for themselves. You hear folk making sport of religion and of prayer, and saying, ‘there’s nothing

in it;’ but there’s two ways of trying a thing; and if folk are not earnest and real, what wonder if they find no good?”

“’Tis my wife’s temper that troubles me,” said Jack Thatch; “she’s wonderfully fretty, and at times fractious, too.”

“Ah,” said the cobbler, “when this happens she’s out of repair; and you should set to work and put her to rights as soon as ever you can. I take just as much pains to keep my good woman’s temper right as anything else.”

“Why, to look at Mrs. Flicker,” interrupted Jack Thatch, “no one would think that her temper was ever put out.”

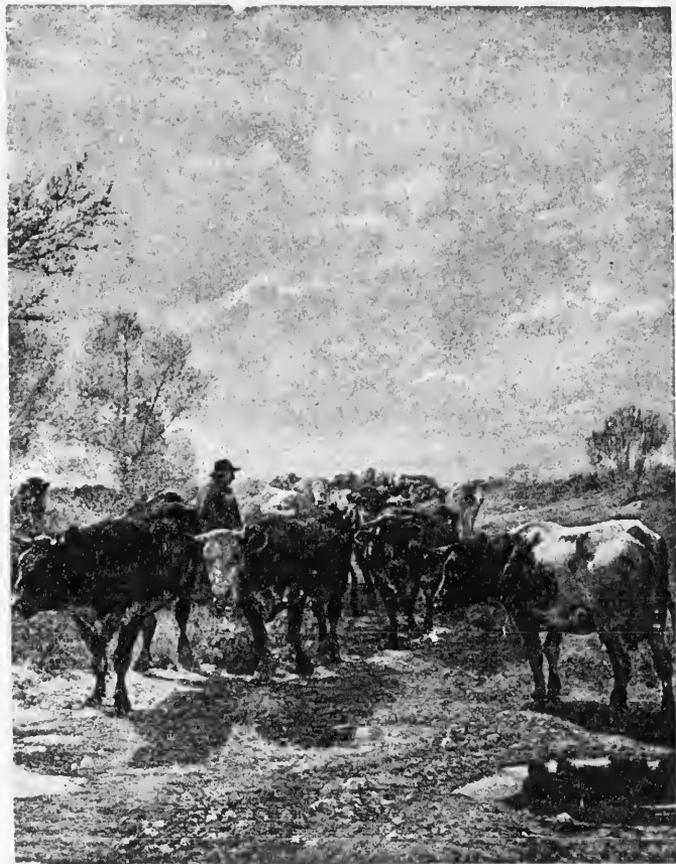
“Jack Thatch,” said the cobbler, a little quickly, “my wife is only a woman. She’s flesh and blood; and what worries flesh and blood will worry her. Women have often a great deal more to worry them than men; and, what’s more, they can’t get away from their worries as we can. The wonder to me is that any woman that brings up a large family of children has any temper left; yes! that there’s any of her left at all; and I act accordingly. I believe, as I have told you already, that there are ways above this world of keeping us up in our troubles, and repairing us when we are wearing out; but I know ’tis my duty to *do* all I can, and to use whatever means I have; and so I pray and work too.”

“What kind of things do you do?” asked Jack

Thatch, who, although he understood by this time how the body was to be kept in repair, could not, for the life of him, imagine how this desirable result was to be obtained in the matter of the temper.

"Well," answered the cobbler, "sometimes I gather all the children, and have them out in the garden for a play, and leave Mrs. Flicker the house all to herself. Believe me, 'tis very soothing to have a little quiet now and again, and be able to move about without looking to see that you don't tread on some one. I always find her the better for that. And I generally manage so as to have five or six shillings in my pocket for an occasion, whenever one comes; and though we can't go for change of air for long together, as gentlefolk do, still we can have a little turn now and again, and I take her off with me for a jaunt. Sometimes we go by rail, and sometimes in one of the neighbor's spring carts; but, however we go, I always find she's the better of it for weeks after she comes back.

"Then, about that little present that you saw me make Mrs. Flicker, or, at any rate, that you heard, when the sovereign fell smack into hand. 'Twas but a trifle; still it showed her that I had been thinking of her; and women like well to be thought about. And now, Jack Thatch, if you take my advice you'll do as I do, and set about repairing Mrs. Thatch a bit. Poor woman! to see her old broken shoes and battered bonnet and ragged gown, she needs much. And never



A Bit of the Country.

you mind if you can't do a great deal all at once; just do a little at a time; only begin at once, that's the great thing. And if you begin repairing her you'll see she'll go on repairing herself; for she'll get new heart and spirit; and when there are two of you at it, depend upon it, it will get on much faster than you think. Just look at those boots," said the cobbler, pointing with professional pride at the shining coverings of Jack Thatch's legs; "how could you walk about in those boots and see her slipshod and the children out at the toes? Remember, you are all a part of the same premises, and all must be kept in order together."

"But it will come uncommon hard upon a man," said Jack Thatch, "to keep wife and children, too, in order. If I keep the woman, the woman ought to keep the children."

"That's just a part of the selfishness," said the cobbler, "that there's a deal too much of in the world. Don't the children belong to you both? Ain't one of you the father of them and the other the mother? Ain't some of them like you, and some of them like her, and some of them like both of you together? and how can you make out that you have nothing to do with the children?"

"Well, Joe Flicker, I feel uncommon as though I should like to be cross with you, but I can't. I'll try the wife, but I won't promise the children; and even if I wished, 'twould be no good, for I never knew what to do with them in my life."

"I'll tell you what to do," answered the cobbler; "you set about repairing them in their bodies as quick as you can. You spend your money on warm clothes for them, and get their boots and shoes mended up, and buy them new ones as soon as you can, and that will repair them outside. Then get them good bread and milk for their meals, and a bit of meat when you can, and that will repair them inside; and 'tis sorely they want it, if I know aright. And then give them a penny toy now and again; a penny ain't much to spend on one's young family; and be with them for a minute or two when you can spare the time, and tumble them about, and never mind letting them give you a tumble, too. Make a tumble for yourself, Jack, if they can't make it for you, and then laugh as loud as you can, or, if that don't suit you, why pretend to cry; that'll do as well; and then they'll come to make you well, and they'll be twice as fond of you, and you don't know how fond you'll get of them. Yes, Jack, though you're a great big fellow, you'll be ready to cry if anything is the matter with them. Then, man, your children will love you, and they'll obey you from love, and your wife won't have half the trouble with them; and, as I have just now said, you'll all be in repair together, and a very nice family you'll be."

Whether Jack Thatch saw any visions of brightness in the brilliant boots which glittered upon his feet or not we cannot tell, but some such vision cer-

tainly passed before him; for, after a long pause, he said, "A very nice family we'll be. Yes! we'll all be in repair together; and a very nice family we'll be." So saying, Mr. Thatch rose from his seat, drew down his trousers over his boots, cast a look of ineffable scorn at his old slippers, stretched out his hand to the cobbler, and, without more ado, marched out of the little shop, with the air of a man that was well set up on his legs, and didn't mean to trip for any one.

From time to time the cobbler heard intelligence of the private life of his cousin; and everything seemed to promise that he and his household, together with their tempers, and boots and shoes and clothes, and all belonging to them, would soon be very different from what they had been for many a long day; for, to Jack Thatch's credit, it must be told that he set about all these needful repairs at once. He had a Book like Joe Flicker's, and he took to reading it; and he had knees like Joe's, and he took to using them; and he had a head like the cobbler's, with brains inside, and he began to use it, too; and he found that by reading and thinking and praying, and then manfully setting to work, an immense deal could be done. Jack's wife was a sensible woman that didn't talk too much; and, though she greatly wondered, she allowed herself to be repaired, and never said a word about the past. Only at times she felt her heart swelling within her, not as though it would burst, and let out the deep, dark waters

which once had been within, but as if it were full of all sorts of cordials that ever had been made, together with sunshine and mountain air, and laughing-gas, and happiness, and singing, and a hedge-podge of delight fizzing and sparkling and popping, and shooting the cork clean out of her heart; altogether unlike anything she had ever felt since she was a child.

And when the good woman's heart thus swelled, and she could contain herself no longer, she used to sing out and praise the One who had looked at her poor husband on his knees, and taught him out of the Book, and put good thoughts into his head, and given him the heart to carry them out. And at times she would go to her room and shut herself in; and while she was there one day Jack was listening at the door, and without saying a word, he walked in and knelt down by her side. And neither of them said anything, though they both tried, and they got up off their knees, and looked at each other, and those looks explained all; and they never had much talk about what had passed, for their eyes had tongues; yes, and though they couldn't say a word on their knees, their hearts had tongues; and as once they had knelt together they seemed to feel as though they could henceforth go well through life together—and they did.

And under Joe Flicker's directions and with his helping advice, Jack Thatch started even still more

extensively in the repairs, more than he had thought of at first; for, when in the course of a little time, he came to order a new pair of boots for the winter, for his wife, and six pairs for his six children, he and Joe had another conversation, of which, though it produced further great results, we can not give only the sum.

Jack Thatch told the cobbler all he went through in his efforts to repair himself, his wife and children, his house, and all he had. He owned, like an honest man, what he felt: that he never could have succeeded if he had not sought help above his own. And he gave his experiences also of his efforts with the various children for whom he now came to get a supply of boots. "I tried the laughing," said Jack, "and it did with all but little Sophy; you know she's delicate, and she was very shy of me, for 'twas so strange to see me with her brothers and sisters at all. But when the baby tumbled me down and I began to cry, poor little Sophy couldn't stand that, and kept on her stool any longer; so she crept over to me, and kissed me and wiped my tears with her little ragged frock, and ever since that we've been like father and child; and, to come to an end, we're all as happy as a family can be. To be sure," said Jack, "'twas rather queer to be knocked down by one's own baby, and to feel it crawling all over one like an earwig, but I got used to it very soon, and 'tis a very cheap way of making a friend."

“Now, Jack,” said the cobbler, “you must go on and do still more in this repairing line. You must keep your business in repair by watching every little thing. Never let a customer be dissatisfied, or have a wrong impression of anything, or be obliged—keep always repairing your stock; keep your customers’ good opinion of you in repair; never mind trouble—no, not even a little loss, if it is to do a stroke of repairs. Remember that nothing will *keep* right in this world—it must be *kept* right; and you’ll have to be at this work as long as ever you live. And do for your neighbors what you do for yourself. Never pass by a chance of putting them into repair when you get an opportunity of doing so. If you see a poor neighbor in want, hold out your hand to him; give him a bit of what you can spare. And if you see a poor fellow down-hearted or down-trodden, give him a kind word. Or if you see a poor, foolish fellow going wrong, put him in the right way, and teach him the secret of the Book, the knees and the head. Yes, and if you see neighbors quarreling, set them right; perhaps ten minutes’ kindly talk will do it, and repair what otherwise may come to ruin altogether. If we do this, Jack, we shall not have lived for nothing. We may be poor and not have the chance of doing any great thing, or, if we get the chance, perhaps we couldn’t do it; but our business is to try and do what lies in our power; and ’tis for that we shall have to give our account by and by.”

Thus did Jack Thatch. And he and the cobbler became fast friends; and though Jack became known as a prosperous tradesman and a happy family man, and a man who was respectable and respected, that which he took most pleasure in himself was the thought that he was

“THE MAN WHO KEPT HIMSELF IN REPAIR.”

Good reader, you have now come to the end of the story of Jack Thatch; and you have seen how, from having been a dilapidated, wretched, good-for-nothing creature, he became a decent, happy, useful man. The writer hopes that you have been interested and, perhaps, entertained; but he has a further hope, and that is that you may be profited also. For the end of all reading should be profit.

MY SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

I LOVE my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eye shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of his sheep.
 He feeds his flock; he calls their names;
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

It is not a question of how *much* we are to do, but of how is it to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.—*Ruskin.*

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The Fools His Flock.—(see page 300)

GOD'S WAYS.

THOSE of you who are familiar with fruit culture know that it is usual to engraft a bud or a scion of some chosen variety on a wild stock, though we read that the opposite method has been successful in some cases. It does not matter. God's ways are not our ways. He always knows what is best. In his wisdom he has been pleased to graft wild branches on the good tree. Those who understand what that means see plainly that the result is most satisfactory, and Paul shows that the best is yet to come.

"THE BOOK OF BOOKS."

HERE is a series of books written thousands of years ago, professing to deal in matters of great importance and all clustering about one central fact. They declare themselves issued from above—by good and not by evil. They disclaim every selfish end and profess only to have in view the well-being of the human race. And these books have a circulation compared to which the circulation of any other books is insignificant. The authors are often unknown, often obscure, often poor. Nobody took extraordinary efforts to push these books into sale or circulation. Other writers of genius have come down to us from remote ages and as distant countries, but how? Homer, to the great mass of people, is but a name. Even our

English writers of the greatest credit and renown, and of a comparatively late era, are known chiefly on the book shelves. Chaucer and Spenser are school books. Shakespeare is read about rather than read, except by a small class. Milton is parsed and passed. But this little collection of books called the Bible, written in an indefinite but remote past, on the other side of the world, is not only on the shelves of the student; it is in the hands and the hearts of every hard-working man and every loving mother in this country. The old grandame keeps it on her table open, with her spectacles on it, ready to take up at any moment. The father reads it in the morning with his children around him. The little ones lisp it on bended knee saying their evening prayer. The invalid clasps it on her pillow to take it verse by verse as her strength enables her to read. The theologian consults it for his daily business. The statesman points with it his strongest argument. The scientific man keeps his eye on it while delving among the rocks. It is not a name. It is comfort, rest, peace. It is strength and security. It is an armory of weapons. It is a stumbling-stone and rock of offense. It is a bulwark of society. It is a terror to evildoers. It is the solace of the ignorant and the centre of the thought of the civilized world.

All this has seemed to come of itself. I know nothing about it. You know nothing about it; only here is the Bible. No flourish of trumpets ushered

it into the world. No impregnable fortress defended it after it was once in. A great many books have been written and have perished utterly. A great many books of the chronicles of the Kings of Israel, a great many gospels of the Son of God, have been penned and are either utterly passed away or lie silent on the shelves of scholars. But these books floated noiselessly into the world, one by one, at intervals of years, hundreds of years sometimes, no one knows when, no one knows how. They have been buried in neglect, battered by hatred, bruised by love—but here they are, never in better repute, never of wider or deeper interest, never of more established authority, than they are to-day.—*Gail Hamilton.*

TRADITION is full of warnings on temperance. One from the Talmud pictures Satan offering to assist Noah in grape culture and requiring two-thirds of the grape wine as his share; the lesson taught being that the use of wine was two-thirds evil. A Mussulman tradition tells of Satan's pouring in succession upon the vine that Ham had planted, the blood of a peacock, the blood of an ape, then of a lion, and last of a pig; thus teaching that moderate drinking develops the vanity of the peacock, that it still more produces the antics of an ape, and when one has become drunken he rages as the lion and finally grovels like a pig.

CALLING THE ROLL IN HEAVEN.

AN incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army. The hospital tents had been filling up as fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded and unable to speak. It was near midnight, and the surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, called, in a clear, distinct voice: "Here!" The surgeon hastened to his side and asked what he wished. "Nothing," said he. "They are calling the roll in Heaven, and I was answering to my name." He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. In the great roll-call of eternity can you answer "Here"?

LET no condition surprise you, and then you cannot be conflicted in any. A noble spirit must not vary with his fortune; there is no condition so low but that it may have hopes, nor so high that it is out of the reach of fears.

IT is good to know much and to live well; but if we cannot obtain both, it is better to desire piety than wisdom, for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in intellectuals. The only brave thing is a religious life.

GOOD TEMPER.

I AM surprised that intelligent men do not see the immense value of good temper in their homes, and am amazed that they will take such pains to have costly houses and fine furniture, and yet neglect to bring home with them good temper. Depend upon it, this is the most valuable thing a man can send home or keep at home. Is well-polished mahogany so much more valuable than a well-tempered man or woman that we must make so much sacrifice for the former and so little for the latter as we do oftentimes? A feast of nightingales' tongues, after the classic sort, is very poor beside a feast of pleasant words from kind hearts full of mutual love, each assuming the other better than himself.

THE WORLDLING.

THE bright lovely one bearing a starry crown is Religion, daughter of the skies; she has many attendants, who are concealed at present; she has come a long way to meet the poor man; she looks upon him with compassion; she sees his miserable condition, she knows his great folly. Addressing him, she says: "Poor soul, why labor you for the dust which perisheth? Why do you spend your strength for naught? Hearken unto me and I will give you riches, more abundantly than earth can give, and lasting as



Religion.

eternity. Look up, poor man; behold this crown, beautiful and glorious; it contains the riches of a million of such worlds as this, and the happiness of ages upon ages; throw by your rake and be happy." Worldling—for that is the name of the infatuated mortal—takes no notice whatever. He still continues at his task; there is no voice nor any that regard. And Religion, after waiting a long time, departs and leaves him to his folly.

ILL TEMPER.

A SINGLE person of a sour, sullen temper! What a dreadful thing it is to have such a one in a house. There is not myrrh and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect a single home of such a nuisance as that. No riches, no elegance of mien, no beauty of face, can ever screen such persons from utter vulgarity. There is one thing which rising persons hate the reputation of more than all others, and that is vulgarity; but, trust me, ill temper is the vulgarest thing that the lowest born and illest bred can ever bring to his home. It is one of the worst forms of impiety. Peevishness in a home is not only sin against the Holy Ghost, but sin against the Holy Ghost in the very temple of love.

"AND the work of righteousness shall be peace."
—ISA. xxxii. 17.

HE THAT IS FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST IS
FAITHFUL IN MUCH.

It is a small thing to give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ. But whoever is faithful in things so small will be first to meet the demands of duty when the trial is great. The man who is first to speak a kind word to a friendless child, or to carry a look of sunshine into an afflicted and desolate home, will be first to make the great sacrifices of duty when the Master calls. The King in the final day will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," to those who have only done the least and most common acts of kindness—to those who have only done what anybody can do any day of his life.

"THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET."

A RAGGED errand boy was carefully printing with chalk on a gate this Bible text.

Interested was he with his work that he did not notice a kind-looking old gentleman who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood beside him.

"M—y," said the boy, repeating the letters aloud as he formed them with care. "F—double e—t, feet."

"Well done, my boy, well done!" said the old gentleman. "Where did you learn that?"

"At the Mission Sunday-school, sir," replied the boy, half frightened, and thinking the old gentleman

was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate.

"Don't run away; I'm not going to hurt you. What is your name?"

"Nicholas."

"So you learned that text at the Sunday-school. Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir," said Nicholas.

"What is a lamp?"

"A lamp? why, a lamp! a thing that gives light!"

"And what is the *word* that the text speaks of?"

"The Bible, sir."

"That's right. Now, how can the Bible be a lamp and give light?"

"I don't know, 'less you set it afire," said Nicholas.

"There is a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night with an unlighted lantern in your hand and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Why, light the lantern, sir," replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that any one should ask such a foolish question.

"What would you light it for?"

"To show me the road, sir."

"Very well. Now, suppose you were walking behind me some day, and saw me drop a shilling, what would you do?"

"Pick it up, and give it to you again, sir."

"Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?"

Nicholas hesitated; but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and with an answering one on his own, he said, "I should *want* to, sir, but I shouldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be stealing."

"How do you know?"

"It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "so it's the Bible that makes you honest, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you had not heard of the Bible you would steal, I suppose?"

"Lots of the boys do," said Nicholas, hanging his head.

"And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?"

"Like the lamp!" said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant. "Is that what the text means?"

"Yes; there is always light in the Bible to show us where to go. Now, my boy, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp and let it light you right through life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you will be safer with it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because if I'm honest I shan't stand no chance of going to prison."

"And what else?"

Nicholas thought for a few minutes. "If I mind the Bible I shall go to Heaven," he said at last.

"Yes, that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into Heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you, and mind you don't keep the Bible light covered up by not reading it."

"Yes, sir," said Nicholas, grasping the shilling, and touching his ragged cap; "I'll mind."

When Robert Raikes started Sunday-school a hundred years ago in a place where the boys and girls, before that, used to spend the Sunday in swearing and fighting, the Bible was like a lantern to many poor boys like Nicholas, to show them the right way to speak and act and walk, and to keep them from going wrong, and to show them how to go to Heaven. Since then Sunday-schools have multiplied, until fourteen millions of people, mostly children, now go to Sunday-school, and get the Bible as a lantern to show them how to go right in this world and how to get to Heaven at last.

If we have God's words in our memories, and can repeat them to help others, our hearts also will be like lanterns, to show people the right way. That is what Jesus means when he says, "Ye are the light of the world"; "Let your light shine."

In England they call matches "lights," and so the

match-sellers cry, "Have a light, boys!" When a little boy said that to an old minister he replied, smiling, "Don't you know that I am one of the lights of the world?" The mischievous little fellow, not understanding the Bible words, answered, "Well, then, I wish you was hung up in our alley, for it's an awfully dark one." There are alleys and streets "awfully dark" with drunkenness and swearing and sin and sorrow; and we can help to lighten them up with temperance and religion and joy, by kind words of our own and Bible words from our memories, and by acts of kindness and love.

"Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle shining in the night.
In the world is darkness—we must shine,
You in your small corner, I in mine."

GOD PUNISHES BECAUSE HE LOVES US.

I REMEMBER my little girl had a habit of getting up in the morning very cross. I don't know whether your children are like that. She used to get up in the morning speaking cross, and it made the family very uncomfortable. So I took her aside one morning, and said to her, "Emma, if you go on in that way, I shall have to correct you; I don't want to do it, but I'll have to." She looked at me a few moments; I had never spoken to her that way before; and she went away. She behaved herself for a few weeks all

right; but one morning she was as cross as ever, and when she came to me to be kissed, before going to school, I wouldn't do it. Off she went to her mother, and said, "Mamma, papa refused to kiss me; I cannot go to school, because he won't kiss me." Her mother came in, but she didn't say much; she knew the child had been doing wrong. The little one went off, and as she was going down-stairs I heard her weeping, and it seemed to me as if that child was dearer to me then than ever she had been before. I went to the window and saw her going down the street crying, and as I looked on her I could not repress my tears. That seemed to be the longest day I ever spent. Before the school was out I was home, and when she came in her first words were, "Papa, won't you forgive me?" and I kissed her, and she went away singing. It was because I loved her that I punished her. My friends, don't let Satan make you believe, when you have any trouble, that God does not love you.

I do not, in my family, measure out love to my children by what they are: I love them by what I am. Not how much they can hold, but how much I can pour out, is the measure of my love for them; and we ought to rise to that same feeling which exists in God toward us who take his messages from the fullness of his own nature, which he pours out to suit himself, and not to match any desert that is

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"Papa Refused to Kiss Me" — (see page 104.)

in us. We should pour upon others the richness of our nature, not because they are orthodox, more or less; not because they are good, more or less, and not even because they are our friends. They may be adverse to us; they may even dislike us; but that, strange as it may seem, should make no difference. As Christ looks upon them they are his; and that is enough to entitle them to our consideration.

TRIBUTE TO PURITY.

THINK of a young man growing up, conquered by his appetites—the soul overlaid by the body, the smutch of shame on all the white raiment of God's youthful son—who can stoop the pride of his youth so low and be a trifler, a drunkard, a debauchee! The mind of man despises it, the woman's holy soul casts it aside with scorn. Stern as you may think me, and stern I surely am, I can only weep at such decay as this—flowers trod down by swine, the rainbow broken by the storm, the soul prostrate and trampled by the body's cruel hoof.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Thy will be done!"—we say it at first, perhaps, in a forlorn and almost hopeless way, with a sense as of resignation to the inevitable, and at last it breaks upon us that that will is better than our own! We sought for pleasure, and we have found duty; we

hoped that life might mean happiness, and lo! it means love; we longed for a personal blessing, and we are made sharers in the blessedness of the universe. So, coming to see how God's ways are higher than our ways, we surrender our lives and the lives dearer than our own to a keeping which is better than ours. No longer in sad submission, but in gratitude in which sorrow is forgotten, in trust that has nothing to ask we say: "Not our will, but thine, be done."

PATIENCE.

UNDERSTANDING something of God's unconquerable patience, we shall have patience with men that nothing can overcome. Seeing how his rain and sunshine are freely given to the evil and unthankful, we learn to measure our giving not by men's deserts but by their needs. As it grows upon us that the whole vast system of nature and providence is regulated in every part by the one central force of love, we learn to make the same force central and sovereign in our lives. As we recognize that our sweetest affections, our fairest imaginings, the hopes that soar on boldest wing, the peace whose tranquillity is most perfect, are manifestations of the Divine life flowing into our life, so all that is best in us will receive its highest inspiration, and there will shine from us upon others something of that light which we have caught from the face of God.

"HEAVEN A HAPPY HOME."

A THROG of women who had served the Lord
Waited before Heaven's gate for their reward.

Each shining soul had her fair record brought
Of glorious service for the Master wrought.

One gentle one, whose life was full and long,
With her great pen had slain a giant wrong.

With starving children this one's life was spent;
To nameless outcasts hope that presence lent.

For dwarfed and stunted souls these labored well,
And left love's blessing in the prison cell.

For poor humanity and for the lost
They gave their lives and counted not the cost.

Oh, they were bright and beautiful to see!
Earth's fame had crowned them ere their souls were
free.

But one there was who lone and trembling stood
Among this throng of women, great and good,

To whom the recording angel, speaking, said:
"What doest thou here among the blessed dead,

"Bearing no record? Hast thou nothing done
On earth where these their crowns of glory won?"

To whom she, weeping, said, "Let me return
To that dear earth for which I sorely yearn;

"The hearts that loved me all my service bought,
Not any service for the Lord I wrought.

"Life was too short for me; when death had come
I had but made of earth a happy home."

"Ah, sayest thou so? thou well beloved and blest
Daughter of Heaven, go in among the rest.

"The hearts that loved thee thou shalt have again;
None may return, but thou shalt lose thy pain.

"For thou shalt breathe in Heaven their native air,
And in its glorious mansions, great and fair,

"To thee familiar all its joys shall come;
Heaven is what thou hast left—a happy home."

A SHORT TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

A LABORER lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his

wife concerning this; but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the saloon that you go to so often. The two lean rats are my mother and me, and the blind rat, father, is yourself."

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE INFIDEL.

The Christian following the light of the glorious Sun of Truth discovers ever-opening mines of richest knowledge. Fountains of living waters roll their treasures at his feet. Trees of life overhang his pathway, and drop into his lap their golden stores, till at length he beholds the opening gates of the New Jerusalem,

"Where Light and Truth their mystic powers combine,
And o'er the realms of Love forever shine."

The infidel, turning his back upon the light, walks in the vain shadow of his own opinions. Darker and yet more dark the shadow grows; he waxes worse and worse: one truth after another is given up, one lie after another is embraced; further and further he wanders from God and bliss, and finally he takes his fearful "leap in the dark" and finds himself, contrary to his expectations, in outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and woe.

AN EVER-PRESENT SAVIOUR.

HAVE we no Jesus but him of Galilee and Jerusalem? Does he live for us only in what he did and said in those three years? Or is he a living, ever-present Christ? To no one would I so gladly go with this great hope of salvation for all men as unto Jesus, were he upon the earth. To no ear would I so gladly pour out the yearning desire, the unquenchable hope, the faith that conquers fear, as to his. And this very yearning and hope I do take to my Father in Heaven, to him whom Jesus has revealed to me, and before that Father's face the hope blooms into a faith immortal and serene.

INDUSTRY.

THE bread which we solicit of God he gives us through our own industry. Prayer sows it and industry reaps it.

Although God has stored the world with an endless variety of riches for man's wants, he has made them all accessible only to industry. The food we eat, the raiment which covers us, the house which protects us, must be secured by diligence. To tempt man yet more to industry, every product of the earth has a susceptibility of improvement; so that man not only obtains the gifts of nature at the price of labor, but these gifts become more precious as we bestow

upon them greater skill and cultivation. The wheat and maize which crown our ample fields were food fit but for birds before man perfected them by labor. The fruits of the forest and the hedge, scarcely tempting to the extremest hunger, after skill has dealt with them and transplanted them to the orchard and the garden, allure every sense with the richest colors, odors and flavors. The world is full of germs which man is set to develop; and there is scarcely an assignable limit to which the hand of skill and labor may not bear the powers of nature.

PREPARATION.

"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—*MATT. xxiv. 44.*

On a sultry summer's afternoon I was writing at my desk in my study, as I am now. Across the street, two or three doors off, was an open window, and before it, in the chamber, two boys playing. As the sun went down a dark cloud was seen forming swiftly in the west. It spread out its black wings northward and southward, like some mighty bird of prey, and sailed silently up the evening sky. Suddenly there came a rush of wind from the northwest, and in a few moments the whole heavens were black with careering clouds. A dash of rain followed, then a blaze of lightning and a solitary peal of thunder, so quick and condensed that it

seemed like the flash and report of a cannon. And when the peal died away one of the two boys, who had ceased from their play to look forth from the open window upon the wild clouds, was lying dead upon the floor of the chamber, and the other was standing unharmed by his side. That black cloud, as it came up the sky, brought a single thunderbolt in its bosom. There was a whole city of towers and steeples and roofs and chimney-tops for the one solitary bolt to strike. But it passed them all, and shot down with fatal precision upon the head of that one boy. In a half hour the setting sun shone out beneath the lifted cloud; the rainbow hung its arch of peace and beauty upon the path of its departure; the world looked brighter than it did before to all in that city save the one family that were weeping in terror and agony over their dead child. So does the lightning write out with its finger of flame the repeated lesson of the Divine Word, "In God's hand is the soul of every living thing and the breath of all mankind." So does the crashing thunderbolt verify the words of the gentle and compassionate Jesus, "One shall be taken and the other left." The angel of death enters a silent street at midnight. In one house is an old man weighed down with years and infirmity, and he is wondering why he has been left to live so long, to be a burden to himself and others. But the angel of death passes that door without entering. In another house a pale and emaciated

victim of incurable disease is writhing with pain and panting for breath, praying in agony that every hour may be the last. The angel of death looks in at the curtained window, and only says, "Not yet," and passes on. In another house an intoxicated husband and father has just come home from the scene of midnight revelry. And he is wreaking his violence and blasphemy upon his weeping wife and his terrified children. It would be a relief to that family if the angel of death would touch that miserable monster with his cold fingers and say, "Come with me." The world would be purer and happier when he is gone. But the dread messenger passes silently on, leaving the wicked to live and the innocent to suffer. In another house is a wretched creature who has fallen so low in sin and shame as to choose death rather than life. She has taken the oblivious draught, that she may sleep this night and wake no more. And now she is rousing slowly to the consciousness that the vain attempt has only added to her misery. But the angel of death enters not that chamber where his presence has been sought, and the return of life is the renewal of sorrow. In another chamber, sleeping as calmly as if kept by guardian angels, is a fair and healthful child, the joy and hope of a widowed mother's heart—a child whose voice of gladness rings like the song of birds through the house all day; a child that has been watched and guarded and gratified with idolizing affection all its

life. And the angel of death touches the cherub brow of that little one and says, "This child is mine." And when the morning comes it brings no light to the sad chamber where a mother sits stunned and distracted, gazing upon the still face of the dead. The little child, so loved, so full of hope and joy, is taken; and so many others who loathe life, and deserve to die, are left. So God's silent providence teaches the same lesson which the crashing thunderbolt hurls from the clouds, the same warning which the meek and lowly Jesus utters—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." True faith and filial affection will be ever ready to say, when the thunder rolls, "It is the voice of my Father. Let him speak in the storm or in the still small voice; his child shall ever be glad to hear."

THE BEST FRIEND.

O FATHER of the weary step, O mother bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! Oh, how many bright mornings, how many glorious evening hours, you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers.—*Dr. Talmage.*



If the power of the sea were let loose upon the land, it would sweep every human being from the face of the earth, and yet that power is kept in check with infinite ease by Him who holds the stars in his right hand. Let us rejoice that there is One who can rule the raging of the seas with his voice, and make the mightiest agencies in nature work together for our advantage. Let us see to it that we are on terms of friendship and agreement with Him who founded the earth upon the seas, and who measures the waters of the deep in the hollow of his hand. Let us ever look, with hope and longing desire, to that better country where the abundance of the deep shall give place to everlasting riches, and the wonders of the deep shall be surpassed by greater wonders in the infinite ocean of the divine love.

DO NOT TRIFLE WITH SIN.

WHAT an awful thing it is to be bitten by a serpent! I dare say some of you recollect the case of Gurling, one of the keepers of the reptiles in the Zoological Gardens. This unhappy man was about to part with a friend who was going to Australia, and according to the wont of many he must needs drink with him. He drank considerable quantities of gin, and though he would probably have been in a great passion if any one had called him drunk, yet reason and common sense had evidently become overpowered. He went back to his post at the gardens in an excited state. He had some months before seen an exhibition of snake-charming, and this was on his poor muddled brain. He must emulate the Egyptians, and play with serpents. First he took out of its cage a Morocco venom-snake, put it around his neck, twisted it about, and whirled it round about him. Happily for him, it did not arouse itself so as to bite. The assistant keeper cried out, "For God's sake, put back that snake," but the foolish man replied, "I am inspired." Putting back the venom-snake, he exclaimed, "Now for the cobra." This deadly serpent was somewhat torpid with the cold of the previous night, and therefore the rash man placed it in his bosom till it revived and glided downward till its head appeared below the back of his waist-coat. He took it by the body about a foot from the

head, and then seized it lower down by the other hand, intending to hold by the tail and swing it around his head. He held it for an instant opposite to his face, and, like a flash of lightning, the serpent struck him between the eyes! The blood streamed down his face, and he called for help, but his companion fled in horror; and, as he told the jury, he did not know how long he was gone, for he was "in a maze." When assistance arrived Gurling was sitting on a chair, having restored the cobra to its place. He said, "I am a dead man." They put him in a cab, and took him to the hospital. First, his speech went, he could only point to his poor throat and moan; then his vision failed him, and lastly his hearing. His pulse gradually sank, and in one hour from the time at which he had been struck he was a corpse. There was only a little mark upon the bridge of his nose, but the poison spread over the body, and he was a dead man. I tell you this story that you may use it as a parable, and learn never to play with sin, and also in order to bring vividly before you what it is to be bitten by a serpent.

HOPE.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
In spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

TRUST.

It is true that Providence has so ordered our lot here that mankind to some extent must trust one another. Without this trust there could be no friendship and this earth would be a wilderness. It is also true that one man cannot attend to everything. Labor is so divided that one man, by long practice, excels in one branch, and his neighbor in another. But it is not necessary that a man should actually do everything; he should, however, as a general rule, keep everything that relates to himself under his own eye. The safe rule is to do all yourself which your health, time and circumstances will permit. Having done all this, we are relieved from self-reproach and can cheerfully abide the dispensation of an overruling Providence.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILITY.

It is not when we see visions, nor when we dream dreams, nor when we are in our most ecstatic moods, nor when our thoughts range in the realms of poetry and imagination, nor when our feelings traverse the spheres of emotion, that we are the most blessed; it is when we are in the lowliest condition, when we are the most sunk out of sight, apparently, and when we are doing the humblest things because Christ wishes it, and because that is the noblest and best way in which we can show our devotion to him.

INDOLENCE

INDOLENCE is a great spendthrift. An indolently inclined young man can never make nor keep property. I have high authority for this: "He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." When Satan would put ordinary men to a crop of mischief, like a wise husbandman he clears the ground and prepares it for seed; but he finds the idle man already prepared, and he has scarcely the trouble of sowing; for vices, like weeds, ask little strewing, except what the wind gives their ripe and winged seed, shaking and scattering them all abroad. Indeed, lazy men may be fitly likened to a tropical prairie, over which the wind of temptation perpetually blows, drifting every vagrant seed from hedge and hill, and which, without a moment's rest through all the year, waves its rank harvest of luxuriant weeds.

THE LOVE UNTOLD.

If all the pity and love untold
Could scatter abroad in coins of gold,
There would not be, on the whole round earth,
One hungry heart, nor one wretched hearth.

And, oh, if the kind words never said
Could bloom into flowers, and spread and shed
Their sweetness out on the common air,
The breath of Heaven would be everywhere!



If Kind Words Could Blossom into Flowers.

THE DISCIPLINE OF TROUBLE.

Do you have trouble? What is trouble doing inside of you? Is it teaching you to be less self-indulgent? Is it teaching you to curb your desires? Is it teaching you to live for to-morrow instead of for to-day? Is it teaching you to be content with such things as you have? Men in prosperity are saying, "Let us build tabernacles here"; but God is saying to men, by the troubles which he sends them, "Your life is not here." Trouble that makes a man think beyond his body, and beyond this world, makes more of a man of him; but if you faint under adversity you are not fit to go into God's school. Therefore bless God for any adversity that may come upon you. It is hard dealing at first; but by and by it will blaze with the thanksgiving and gratitude of eternity.

TRUST.

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH xii. 2.

MAKE a little fence of trust
 Around to-day;
 Fill the space with loving works,
 And therein stay;
 Look not through the sheltering bars
 Upon to-morrow;
 God will help you bear what comes,
 If joy or sorrow.

SADIE'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

"I SAY!" called Ted at the top of his voice, rushing in, making noise enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers, just as Sadie had put the baby down. "I say, Sadie, I want—"

"Hu—sh!" said Sadie, springing to the cradle.

But she was too late. Baby's eyes were open, and his voice was raised in opposition to Ted's.

"You horrid, hateful boy!" said Sadie angrily. Then she dropped down on the floor all in a heap, the carving knife and fork in her hand, and cried.

It had been such a miserable day, every minute of it, and yesterday she had felt so good and happy. Mr. Graves had had such an earnest sermon, every word of it full of the blessings of working for the Master. She had resolved to do something immediately herself. She had settled it all before she went to bed at night. She would commence bright and early Monday morning by going down town and getting the flannel to make Auntie Dole's wrappers. Then, in the afternoon, she would go over to the "Island" and see if she could not gather up a class for Sabbath-school. And, oh, there were so many things she thought of to do she could hardly wait for the morning to come that she might set about it.

But when it came it was such a disappointment. To begin with, Bridget was sent for because her father was dying; then mamma had one of her very

worst headaches, and, as though that were not enough, baby fretted and worried continually from his teeth. To think Teddy should have waked him just as she had put him down! There stood the dinner-table just as they left it; it was to be cleared away, the dishes washed, the dining-room swept and put to rights, and something to be made for tea. And she was *so* tired and disappointed to have all her plans and resolutions so utterly frustrated. But it would not do to let baby cry and disturb mamma; so Sadie wiped her eyes, took him up, and rocked and sang with what patience she could for another hour.

At last he shut his eyes, and Sadie rose up and went bravely about her work.

Ted and Margie were on the doorstep, holding a council of war. Sadie could hear them as she went back and forth.

"I wish mamma would get well and come down. Sadie's so cross," sighed Margie.

"I don't believe she's much of a Christian," replied Teddy. "She was awful cross to me because I waked the baby up. You see, I forgot all about him; a feller can't think *all* the time. I was sorry, an' I was going to tell her, but she blowed away so cross I wouldn't. I thought folks was Christians so's not to get mad."

Sadie took the last pile of dishes out in the kitchen and shut the door, wishing with all her heart that she could shut Teddy's words out of her mind. But

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Sally's Trial.

that she could not do; the more she tried to forget them, the more thoroughly she remembered.

"I don't believe she's much of a Christian."

And then only yesterday she had been planning how she would let her light shine so brightly.

"I have been carrying a dark lantern all the time," she said to herself disconsolately; "it's of no use trying; I do more hurt than good; I might as well give it up. Oh, dear," she sighed as something flashed into her mind, "I can't do that; he would make more fun of me than a little. I can't."

"Let your light so shine," whispered the little voice within, "and if it's gone out, light it over again."

The last dish was put away in its place at last, and Sadie went up to her own room to rest awhile, but her thoughts would not allow her to rest very easy.

"You know you ought," whispered conscience.

"I can't," answered self.

All at once, after a long, hard struggle, Sadie sprang up, and went quickly down stairs. Margie was in the dining-room amusing the baby, and Ted was sitting on the table—a forbidden pleasure—amusing Margie.

Sadie hesitated only a moment, then she went directly up to Teddy, whose consciousness of guilt made him rather anxious.

"I was cross," said Sadie, putting her arms around him, "I was cross to you this morning, Teddy, and I'm real sorry. Won't you forgive me?"

Overjoyed at this unexpected turn of affairs, Teddy was himself again.

"Don't you want I should forgive you for nothin' but this noon?" he asked.

"I want you to forgive everything, if you can," replied Sadie, meekly. "I've been cross to you ever so many times, I know, Teddy, and I'm sorry for them. I've asked God to help me do better."

Teddy looked at his new copper-toes very intently for a few minutes.

"I don't s'pose I've been very good either, all of the time," he said at last.

"Can't we try together to be good, Teddy dear? God will help us. And now if you will help me a little, I will make you some warm ginger-bread for supper."

"Marg," said Teddy on his way up to bed that night, "I don't believe Sadie was a Christian, but I guess she is now, certain sure."

"Help me to keep my light burning bright and clear *all* the time," prayed Sadie in her own room.

LIFE A DUTY.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noon-day light to thee.

“RECEIVE THE WORD WITH MEEKNESS.”

MANY do not receive the gospel because they are not of a meek and teachable spirit; they come up to God's house, but the only seat they will occupy therein is the judgment-seat. One would imagine them to be the god of God by their bold talk. Judge not the word of God, I charge you. Ye may judge me as ye like; small matter shall that be to me; for we are not anxious as to men's judgment, but our judgment is with the living God. If the preacher truly declares the word of God, woe unto the man who sits in judgment upon it; this same word shall judge him at the last great day. We stand at the bar to be tried by God's word, and searched, and sifted; but woe unto us if, rejecting every pretence of meekness, we ascend the tribunal and summon God himself before us. The spirit of critics ill becomes sinners when they seek mercy of the Lord. His message must be received with teachableness of mind. When you know it is God's word it may upbraid you, but you must receive it with meekness. It may startle you with its denunciations, but receive it with meekness. It may be there is something about the truth which at the first blush does not commend itself to your understanding; it is perhaps too high, too terrible, too deep; receive it with meekness. This is not the spirit of the present age, but it is the spirit which the living God requires of us. It is by receiving with

meekness that we receive the truth in the power of it, and so it is able to save our souls. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." The door of Heaven is open to those who sit at Jesus' feet and learn of him. Thou art not his servant, unless he is thy master. Thou canst not be said to be his disciple if thou dost question his teaching; for in the questioning of Christ's teaching lies the rejection of his person. To doubt Jesus is treason against the authority he claims over every human heart. Receive with meekness if you would be blessed with grace.

PATIENCE AND ENTHUSIASM.

THE world was created during epochs of time. Rome was not built in a day. You did not grow to man's stature over night. There is seed-time and afterward harvest. Do not think that everything can come at once. Possess your soul in patience. Do not expect impossibilities, but simply the possible, for which proper efforts have been made. Patience is not in conflict with enthusiasm. The one is co-partner with the other. Neither will get far without the other. Together they are invincible.

Love is swift, sincere, pious, pleasant, gentle, strong, patient, faithful, prudent, long-suffering, manly, and never seeking her own; for wheresoever a man seeketh his own, there he falleth from love.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

SUCH is the change that awaits all the living—such the shadow that will fall upon every path and dim the light of every eye. And where shall our immortal selves find a home when the wind of death has passed over this mortal frame and blown the life out of this perishable dust? In what province of God's great kingdom, in what state of bliss or woe, shall we make our habitation when the places which now know us on earth shall know us no more forever? Child of mortality! behold yourself in the gentle flower that blooms and dies at your window. Bend your ear to the gentle whisper of the lowly grass. Be ready for the coming of that frost in which the bud and flower of all your earthly hopes shall wither away. Be ready for the blast of that wind which shall blow you out of time into eternity. Let no earthly hope be so firmly rooted here that it will not live to be transplanted to the gardens of Paradise.

“If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.”—
JOHN vii. 17.

THE greatest safeguard, and the sure safeguard against fatal error, is given by Christ: “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.” Right living in the fullest sense—the spirit of love to God and love to man carried into every relation of life—

brings the soul into such a state that it is sensitive to moral truth, and apprehends it as if by instinct. Therefore do we, even in the interest of a true theology, mainly insist on character as the supreme necessity. For, through fidelity, through self-denial, through prayer; by all ways of patient and loving service to men; by sweetness of disposition, by humility, by opening itself as a little child to receive the heavenly guest, the soul is brought into tune, so that it answers the touch of the Divine Spirit with the sacred harmonies of truth.

JUSTICE.

No man ever sacrificed his sense of right to anything, to lust of pleasure, lust of money, lust of power, or lust of fame, but the swift feet of Justice overtook him. She held her austere court within his soul, conducted the trial, passed sentence, and performed the execution. It was done with closed doors; nobody saw it, only that unslumbering Eye and that man's heart. Nay, perhaps the man felt it not himself, but only shrunk and shriveled, and grew less and less, one day to fall, with lumbering crash, a ruin to the ground.

To endure the present with patience and wait for expected good with long-suffering is equally the part of the Christian and the hero.

HUMILITY.

THE grand discovery of Christian faith is to suffer and be strong, to submit and conquer, to be killed all the day long and yet live, to wear the cross and win the crown. Our true greatness begins not when we think more of ourselves, but when we think more of God, more of duty, more of making others happy. If I were called upon to go out into the streets and highways, to stand in the noisy manufactory or the crowded market-place, to enter the *salons* of fashion and the mansions of wealth, and teach men, as I might find them in either place, the first lessons of human happiness in the fewest words, I would say, Love thyself last, praise thyself least, fret thyself never. Try more to interest yourself in others than others in you. Envy nobody, despise nobody, be willing to take the lowest place, and then strive to make it the highest by filling it well. When disposed to repine at your lot and to grow weary in well-doing, think of the manger in Bethlehem and who was laid there; think of the cross of Calvary and who was nailed thereon; think of the crown of Heaven and who wears it. To be happy, be humble. To learn how little reason you have to be proud, look down upon the lowly flower and the perishing grass, and see what beauty, what glory, God confers upon things that you tread beneath your feet. Hear the voice which says, "Learn of me, for I am lowly."

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THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING.

For five years Eddie had never known what it was to be strong like most boys, and had often suffered much pain. His aunt, too, who lived in the same family, had not taken a step for four years, so that pain and helplessness were sadly familiar to the child, and caused him some strange thoughts.

Once he said, hesitatingly, and as if weighed down by the idea, "God sends pain, and, if he chose, he could take it all away from me this minute. Why doesn't he, mamma?"

The old mystery over again! How swiftly the mother's thoughts flew to our Father in an inaudible cry to him for wisdom to answer! "Surely," she argued within herself, "it cannot be true, this old idea which my child has somehow imbibed, that God is accountable for suffering! I know, for I am older, how, since it is already in the world, Infinite Love can change it into one of his ministers. I have seen it call out the noblest in this very little one, teaching him patience and bravery. But that God can allay such evils, and will not—Nay! nay! I cannot so interpret *my* Lord!"

"Eddie," was her reply, "I think you don't rightly understand that."

"Please make me understand, mamma."

Now Eddie was very fond of having a watch in his hand when he had to lie in bed, and the motion

of the various parts would amuse him for a long time. .

“My son, suppose that a fine workman makes a watch, beautiful to look at and with every part, even the smallest, most carefully formed, and all working together to keep perfect time. He gives it to his son, and explains to him exactly how to wind it and keep it in good order. But the son is ignorant and careless. He does not value the gift as he ought, and does not try to obey his father’s directions. He drops the watch, and the tiny pivots are loosened and the little cogs become bent; he lets it fall into the water, and the bright smooth steel becomes rusty. The watch no longer keeps good time. Whose fault is it?”

“The fault of the son.”

“Is the father to blame at all?”

“Oh, no, mamma.”

“The father will feel sorry to have his work so spoiled. Suppose that he offers to take back the watch, to clean, and straighten, and repair, until it shall be as good as new; can he do anything more than that?”

“No, he is a good, kind man.”

“Well, now, listen. God is good and kind always. He is our Father, and men are his children. When he made man’s body at first, it was perfect and more wonderful than any watch. It had many parts, each nicely fitting into the rest; if men had never been careless or sinful, no part of the body would ever

have been ill or in pain. Our aching bodies are like the battered watch-case with the bent, rusty works inside. Is it God's fault, then, that we are ill?"

"No; oh, no. And he will make us as good as new some day, too?"

"Yes. He sent his son to save us from sin, and he will redeem our bodies also. They will be more beautiful than at first, so that our Maker and Father will rejoice in our pure bodies and holy souls. That is what St. John seemed to see when he wrote, 'God shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people; and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.'"—*Elizabeth J. Warren.*

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—Prov. xvi. 32.

Be sure, before you give way to anger, that your neighbor has injured you, and then—forgive him. But even if an apparent cause does exist, suppose some one has injured me. Is not this enough? He that sinneth wrongeth his own soul; shall I therefore sin and wrong mine? To have an enemy is bad; to be one is worse. And why should I inflict self-punishment for the crime of another?

“WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT
WITH ALL THY MIGHT.”

THE work of the present hour—whether it be the student's lesson, the carpenter's job, or the preacher's sermon—is God's direct gift and message to us. To do it faithfully is for the time being the whole of the law and the gospel to our souls. The ultimate results of it are beyond our reach and knowledge. They are God's business. Ours is to do with our might whatsoever our hand findeth to do.

Where is a man's religion to take hold of him? If it leads him to pray, to seek communion with God, to do works of benevolence, that is well. But no man can live in a constant glow of devotion. Few men can give largely of their time to works of charity. The great majority of the working hours of mankind are of necessity passed in their “secular” employments—in counting-room, workshop or kitchen. And if Christianity is more than an intermittent force, if it is universal in its obligation and its power, it must be with men in these places. How are they to bring its spirit there? It must be done partly, indeed, by maintaining a temper of love to those they meet, but in great part, also, by doing faithfully and thoroughly the work they have to do.

Often a man may see in the direct effects of his work how, by doing it well, he is contributing to God's service. Good done to men is service to God.

The man who by his labor contributes in any degree to the comfort or the security of others—by raising corn for them to eat, by building ships for them to use, or by promoting the commercial exchange of goods—is contributing to the sum of human happiness. Every part of his work, however trifling in itself, has a bearing on this grand final result. And as the world's physical health and comfort is the necessary condition of its spiritual growth, so whoever works for men's bodies does indirectly something for their souls. So, after praying "Thy kingdom come," we may help in the progress of God's kingdom by just doing honestly and well our day's work. There is a great truth in this view of daily labor; it is because the truth is so large that we habitually fail to grasp it. We have a right to take comfort in the thought that our daily work, which perhaps seems sordid and low, is a real help to the great world of our fellow-men, and so a service to the Father of all.

TEMPTATION OF THE DEVIL.

JESUS had his temptation in the wilderness, says the New Testament story. No doubt it was so. But he had it in the city also, in house, and shop, and everywhere else. When the devil finds us in the wilderness, and, single-handed, meets us, the devil alone and we alone, he is not much of a devil; he is not hard to put to rout. But the greatest temptation

of the devil is when he is backed by interest or fashion, and meets us not alone, but in the crowd. There is small cause to fear the devil when we meet him alone, but the devil well-attended by respectable gentlemen, that is the devil who is alarming. The devil who lies in ambush under the counter, who skulks behind a bale of cotton, or rings money in your ears, or rustles gay garments, that is the dangerous devil; and fortunate is he who sees him fall as lightning from Heaven. Nay, that is the kind that goeth not out but by manly prayer and manly work.

THE TEACHING OF THE SPIRIT.

IF we consider the fullness of divine wisdom which there was in Jesus, and then look at the narrow limitations within which his earthly teaching was shut up, we are struck with the thought of how much he must have left unsaid. His ministry extended over hardly three years. He had to adapt his words to men who were extremely ignorant, and who even up to his death got only a faint glimmering sense of the higher truth which he tried to disclose. When he left them, their education was extremely imperfect, as is shown by their childish questions until the last. And if that education had ended with his death the new light would soon have faded out of the world.

But, at the last, we find Jesus telling his followers that he has only made a beginning in teaching them, and that henceforth they are to be led upward in truth, not by a master wearing human form, but by the Spirit of God dwelling in their hearts. A promise was given, whose fulfillment was to run through the ages: "When the Spirit of truth is come he will guide you into all truth."

FOR ALL WHO COME.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yea, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

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"Does the Road Wind Uphill All the Way?"

LOOK UPWARD.

“Man alone, of all God’s works in this world, was made to walk erect, that he might look up.”

If you keep your eye always on the earth you will walk in darkness and stumble at every step. Look up to Heaven and God, and you will find your way safely wherever duty calls you to go. If you lay up for yourselves treasures only on earth you will be poor with all your gains. If you lay up treasures in Heaven, you will be rich with all your losses. If you look only to man for comfort in the day of need, you will be helpless and desolate with all your friends. If you have God for your father you can hope and rejoice though every human friend should forsake you. These earthly and perishable things which engage so much of our attention now, are appointed to help us lay hold on things heavenly and divine. Man is nothing without God; earth is nothing without Heaven. Man alone, of all God’s works in this world, was made to walk erect, that he might look up. Into him alone did the breath of the Almighty breathe desires and aspirations that overpass the boundaries of earth and time. If you would be true to your own immortal nature you must spend this life of earth in preparing for a higher and a better; you must not let the animal and perishable nature subdue and enslave the spiritual and immortal.

HOPE.

SOMETIMES when I am sore cast down,
And labor seems in vain, in vain,
Hope sings to me this silver strain,
"He who endures shall wear a crown!"

Sometimes when I would flee the frown
Of adverse fate that frights my soul,
Hope whispers, pointing to the goal,
"He who endures shall wear a crown!"

Sometimes when I am weary grown,
And baffled by the foes I meet,
Hope spurs me with this promise sweet,
"He who endures shall wear a crown!"

—*Susie M. Best.*

TRUST.

Yes, believer; trust wholly and faint not even in thy sorest straits. He that loveth thee will not let thee suffer one pang too many. Listen in thy darkest hour, and thou shalt hear him whispering to thy soul, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted; behold, I will lay thy stones with colors and lay thy foundation with sapphires." After the storm, light, beauty, gladness, and richer and sweeter life in God, then thou wilt heartily approve the methods of his grace, and rest in his everlasting and perfect love.

HEIR TO-DAY AND KING TO-MORROW.

THOSE who have little faith in the promise of an other world are generally agonized with fear at the thought of quitting this, remarks a judicious writer. It is natural, indeed, that it should be so, for if through life we have entertained firm hopes of immortality, those hopes remain and brighten at the portals of the tomb. But those who have disbelieved and those who have doubted have nothing to cheer them in the dark transition; and if they had misgivings, those dreary misgivings last when all the vanities that covered them have melted away like snow.

From the standpoint of mere comfort, faith pays. Cultivate it. The believer owns both worlds—this in possession and the other in reversion. He is heir to-day and will be king to-morrow.

DUTY.

LET us do our duty in our shops, in our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.



It is Heir to-day, and will be King to-morrow.

THOU TOIL'ST TO BUILD THY SELFISH WALLS.

WHATEVER thou canst hear or see
Of grand or sweet is meant for thee;
And every joy for which thy heart
Can gladden shall be thine in part;
And every sorrow thou canst share,
For thee its blessed fruit shall bear.
Thou call'st "thine own" a narrow spot
And frettest; but hast thou forgot
That far and far this earth is spread,
The sky stretching overhead?
One earth, one sky, one common air,
One household, 'neath one Father's care.
Thou toil'st to build thy selfish walls;
But, when the evening shadow falls,
Thy Father's voice thou'lt gladly hear,
"Come home, my child, for night is near!"
Then, looking backward o'er thy day,
Thy walls will show as children's play—
As children's play, who set apart
Their garden-beds with careful art,
What time their father claims alone
The whole wide garden for his own!

—*Harriet W. Hall.*

LET men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty,
if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice
in.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

WHEN we think of causes for thankfulness we are not apt to remember unanswered prayers as among them. Yet how often has the denial of our prayers been a blessing! The very things we have earnestly desired, time has proved to us, would, if granted, have caused us bitter sorrow. Of ancient Israel we read: "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul." So now we may crave what we suppose will be for our temporal good, and its granting may be calamitous. We only pray aright when we say, as did our divine Lord,

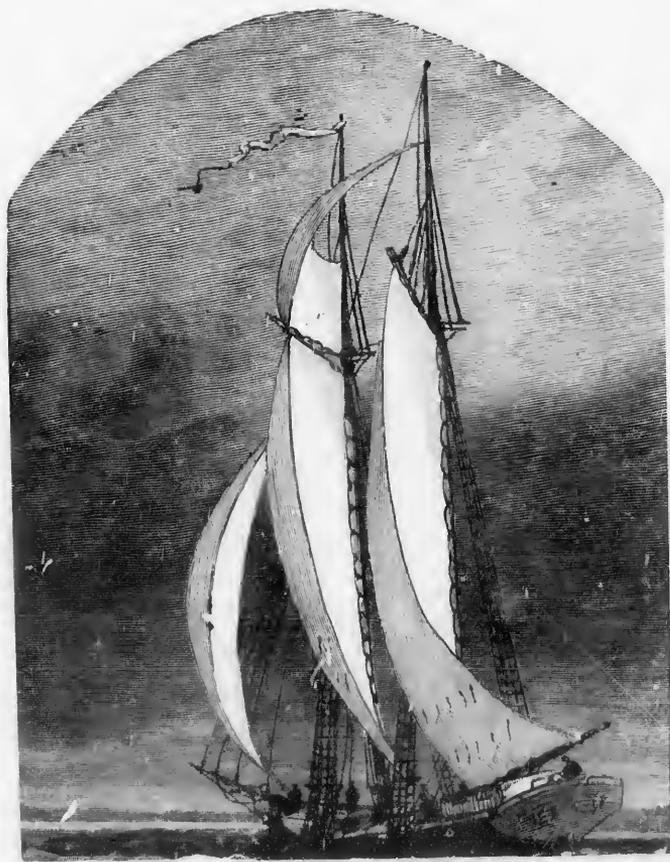
"Not my will, but thine, be done."

A NEW LESSON IN TRUST.

I REMEMBER, one day, as I stood leaning over the bulwarks, searching, with bewildered and aching eye, for some object to diversify the dreary waste of waters, I saw a small land-bird flying over the ship. For some time the little creature beat up and down, as if weary and lost, not daring to come on board, and yet not able, like the sea-gull, to rest on the wing or float on the water. At length, as if emboldened by despair, it alighted on deck, passed around among the people, and eagerly picked up the crumbs that had been dropped from our overloaded table. Was it a part of the plan of the infinite Father, with-

out whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, that our great ship, with its wasteful superabundance of food, should pass that way over the waste of waters just at that particular hour, to give rest and food to that poor, lost and weary wanderer from the land? Or is it more befitting the comparative importance of things to say that the little bird was directed to the path of the ship by that eternal Providence to which nothing can be too minute to receive attention, nothing too difficult to accomplish? Or shall the philosopher tell me that such things are all determined by immutable and personal law, and that only the weakness of human hopes can refer them to the desires and purposes of a free, intelligent, all-ruling mind? Or, will the skeptic take comfort to his cold heart by saying that chance rules all, and there is no such thing as mind, purpose or feeling governing the universe and deciding the destiny of every creature? I leave the mysteries of faith and the abstractions of philosophy to those who can solve them best; but I was willing to believe that one reason why the infinite Father had directed that little bird to seek a shelter on our ship was to remind me that I was not yet out of the reach of the hand which feeds a sparrow, measures the deep, and holds the worlds in the firmament of Heaven. I was glad to learn a new lesson in the theology of faith and trust from that little creature, for the relief of whose hunger God had sent out the mighty ship into mid-

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A Lesson from the Deep.

ocean. And when night came on, and darkness covered the sea, and the storm lashed the deep with its black wings, as I watched alone upon the plunging and wave-swept deck, and myself and the great ship seemed but a mote which the merciless waters might swallow up in a moment, and leave not a trace of our burial, then I could say with new assurance, "The Being who takes pleasure in preserving a beautifying bird or a blossom will not forget me."—*Rev. Daniel March.*

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.

It surprises me when I hear Christians talk about the marvelousness of the fact that Jesus should have been willing to come down from his home in Heaven to suffer and die for man. The wonder would have been that Jesus, knowing how it was possible to save man, had not done it. Do you wonder that the mother gives her life, with a cry of thankfulness, for that of her child, and counts it a privilege that she can do so; or that the patriot and hero rushes into battle to do all that it is possible for him to do for his country? Read your own nature deeper and you will understand your Christ. The lesson Christ sets before you is not the glory of suffering, not the necessity for suffering, but simply the fulfillment of obedience, the duty of service to man. All this comes to us at a time when men are

questioning whether Christianity is to be the true religion which shall be the salvation of the world. Is this Christian religion, with its high pretensions—this Christian life that claims so much for itself—is it competent for the task which it has undertaken? Can it solve all these human problems, meet all these human miseries, fulfill all these human hopes? Christian men, it is for us to declare that Christian Christianity, that the Christian faith, that the Christian manhood, can do that which the world needs to-day.—*Phillips Brooks.*

TRUST IN THE LORD AND BE JOYFUL.

SOMETIMES when I find my thoughts going wrong, sometimes when I think I am uncharitable or severe, I transfer myself to the great company of the saints above, and say, "Would not such thoughts as these strike discord through all that company? Would they not be intolerable there? If you are an heir of eternal glory you must begin to accord yourself here on earth." It is a great inspiration to generosity of thought and magnanimity of sentiment to reflect that you belong to a company that cannot afford to have any discord between its earthly members.

When a man is once fairly joined to that state it does not seem to me that it is of very much importance what becomes of him here. A man may so lose, at least for a time, his earthly identity, and may

so associate himself with all that is beautiful and glorious in the life that is to come, as to feel, "when a few more days are passed, when there have been a few more tears shed, all will be well." I know that is what I felt when I was on the sea. I used to say, "Nine days gone, thank God." I never went back to think how many times I had been sick during that period, as some people go back to think about their sorrows and troubles. I said: "Nine days gone, and probably in three days I shall see the land." The very thought of seeing the land was an inspiration and a joy. Though day by day it was delayed, yet the expectancy of it helped to wear out the weariness of the sea voyage. And why not wear out the weariness of the other voyage in the same way? Why not make our lives brighter and our cares and burdens lighter by thinking of the blessedness which awaits us by and by, when all our troubles will be over?

FAITH AND REPENTANCE.

FAITH always walks side by side with his weeping sister, true Repentance. They are born in the same house at the same hour, and they will live in the same heart every day, and on your dying bed, while you will have faith on the one hand to draw the curtain of the next world, you will have repentance, with its tears, as it lets fall the curtain upon the world from which you are departing. You will have at the

last moment to weep over your own sins, and yet you shall see through that tear the place where tears are washed away. Some say there is no faith in Heaven. Perhaps there is not. If there be none, then there will be no repentance; but if there be faith there will be repentance, for where faith lives repentance must live with it. They are so united, so married and allied together, that they never can be parted, in time or in eternity. Hast thou, then, faith in Jesus? Does thy soul look up and trust thyself in his hands? If so, then thou hast the repentance that needeth not to be repented of.

TRUE CHARITY.

THE poor man had fallen among thieves. The priest went by on the other side; the Levite looked on him and passed on; and, I doubt not, both of them, when they got home, remembered him in their prayers, and hoped that God would take care of the poor man, and quietly laid their lazy heads on their pillows, thinking that God's providence required no human hand. But the good Samaritan used God's means to accomplish God's end, put him on his own beast, bore him to an inn, gave the host his fee, and said, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Which of these three was not only neighbor to him that fell among thieves, but which had trust in God?

PATIENCE—FAITH—HOPE.

THE night is dark, but God, my God,
Is here and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor patience out,
And wish—but wait—for day.

Fierce waves the storm, but wind and waves
When in his hand are held,
And resting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in his faithful grasp,
I'll trust him, though he slay;
So, letting go the anchor faith,
I'll wish—but wait—for day.

Still seem the moments dreary long,
I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on his "eternal years,"
And feast upon his word;
His promises, so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor hope ahead,
And wish—but wait—for day.

Those evils would break a proud man's heart that
would not break an humble Christian's sleep.

PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.

A CHRISTIAN king of Hungary, talking one day with his brother, who was a gay, thoughtless courtier, upon the subject of a future judgment, was laughed at by his brother for indulging in "melancholy thoughts." The king made no reply. There was a custom in that country that if the executioner sounded a trumpet before any man's door, that man was led instantly to death. The king ordered the trumpet to be sounded that night before the door of his brother, who, on hearing the dismal sound, and seeing the messenger of death, was greatly alarmed. He sprang into the presence of the king, beseeching to know how he had offended: "Alas! my brother," replied the king, "you have never offended me; but if the sight of my executioner is so dreadful, shall not we, who have so greatly offended God, fear to be brought before the judgment-seat of Christ?"

"Lo, I am with you alway." MATT. xxviii. 20.

THEN, O my soul, since God doth love thee,
Faint not, droop not, do not fear;
For though his Heaven is high above thee,
He himself is ever near.

"SEEK light from above; cultivate humility; be vigilant against excesses of private greed; let a spirit of nearness to Christ be the end of all your efforts."

THE TRUTH TOLD LOVINGLY.

How a truth is told has much to do with making a truth attractive or repellant. It is not enough to speak a truth that ought to be spoken; it is needful to speak it in such a manner as to influence in its favor those who hear it spoken. A fault may be pointed out in a spirit that will prompt the one corrected to turn from that fault, or in a spirit that will tend to fix him firmly in its defence. When a prominent English artist was told that his portrait of Ruskin flattered its original his answer was: "No; it is only the truth told lovingly." How much more of gladness of heart, and of added interest in the right, there would be if the truth, when it was told, were always told lovingly! But, in order to tell the truth lovingly, we must first look at it lovingly.

AS THE END DRAWS NEAR.

Do you know that when your time of intercourse is short with any man your relations with that man grow true and deep? Two men who have lived side by side for years, with business and social life between them, with a multitude of suspicions and concealments, let them know that they have only an hour more to live together, and, as they look into each other's eyes, do not the suspicions and concealments clear away? They know each other. They

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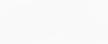
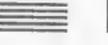
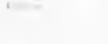
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trust each other. They think the best of each other. They are ready to do all that they can do for each other in those few minutes that remain. Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive, because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the streets, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you had heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or of letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day—if you could only know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that “the time is short,” how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do! What a day of friendliness, of brotherliness, of reconciliation, of help, the last day of the world will be if men shall know how near the awful end is! But need we wait for that? Cannot the men and women with whom we live now be sacred to us by the knowledge of what wonderful, mysterious ground it is that we are walking together here, in this narrow human life, close on the borders of eternity?—*Phillips Brooks.*

HALTING AMENS.

AN old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer meeting: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our souls." "Amen" was responded by many voices. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our bodies." "Amen" was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our money;" but to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming. Ah! very few people have converted pocketbooks. The Amens are forthcoming until you touch the pocketbooks; then, as Shakespeare makes guilty Macbeth say, "Amens stick in the throat."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

A WORD IN SEASON.

A DYING boy was seen smiling pleasantly over some thought. "I was thinking," he said, "of one afternoon, a few years ago, when I was swinging under the apple tree, when old Aunt L., with her gentle face, came down from the porch with her hymn-book in her hand. She said she wanted to show me her hymn. I read where she pointed, and I have always remembered the first two lines—

"Gently, my Saviour, let me down
To slumber in the arms of death."

Tears came with the repetition, but the speaker added, "I have been so glad of those words, and so

glad to think of the comfort she seemed to take in them. But I have often wondered what made her show them to me, only a child, full of play. How did she know that I would be the first of her kindred to follow her out of the world?" She did not know it, of course. She showed those pleasant words of death to a vigorous child in the midst of his summer play, because of the peace with which they filled her own mind, and because of love which prompted her to share with him her blessing, though it seemed not altogether suited to the present tenor of his life. In her sweet self-revelation she acted wiser and kindlier than she knew.

SELF-CONFIDENCE DANGEROUS.

THE mariner who should put to sea without chart or compass, trusting to his own knowledge, would, without doubt, on the first stormy night, repent heartily of his folly. O how much greater is the folly of those who, trusting to self, neglect to use the lamp of God's truth, or to seek the enlightening influences of his Holy Spirit, or to follow the advice of the wise and good. The case of Pharaoh, the Egyptian monarch, affords a striking example of self-confidence. When the children of Israel had left the house of bondage, and were well on their journey toward the land of promise, the king, confiding in his strength, exclaimed, "I will pursue, I will

overtake," and presumptuously set forth for that purpose. Each recently-received plague remonstrated, and forbade the rashness of the monarch, but all in vain. On he rushed, even to the division of waters. In his self-confidence he engaged in battle with Jehovah, God of armies. The conflict was of short duration; the arm of the Lord prevailed; Pharaoh and his men of war were swept away with the waters of destruction.

RECEIVE THE WORD JOYFULLY.

ONCE more, you are to receive it by faith, for you are to regard the word as being able. Believe in the power of God's word, receive it as being fully able to save your souls from beginning to end. Two ways it does this: by putting away your sins as you accepted the blood and righteousness of Christ, and by changing your nature as you accepted the Lord Jesus to be your Master and your Lord, your life and your all. There is such potency in the word of God that if it be received into the heart it will effectually save the soul; it will not merely give you a hope of being saved, but will really save you; save you now, save you through life, save you to all eternity. Oh, with what ears ought men to listen to that which can save their souls! With what open mouths ought they to drink in this living water! How wisely might we wish to be like sponges, to suck it all up; or, like

Gideon's fleece, to be saturated with the dew of Heaven! How we ought to wish to be like the ploughed ground which is broken up and pulverized, so that every drop that falls may soak into it! Oh, that the new life that is come to us would put out the old life of the flesh, so that our life should no longer be after the old fashion, but in all newness of power! Let us rejoice to have the word engrafted in us.

OBEDIENCE.

A BOY was asked by some fellows that he was walking with to go into a rum shop and have a drink and some fun. "No," said he. "I have positive orders not to go." "Nonsense," said the other boys; "let us see your orders." He took a little card out of his pocket-book, and read:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked; avoid
it; pass not by it; turn from it and pass away."

"There," said he, "are my Captain's orders, and I propose to obey them. Good night."

A QUESTION.

EVERY day, as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us this question afresh: "What will you do before this day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again?"—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

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Obliging Captain's Orders.

DIVINE GRACE.

EVEN in the heart of weak and sinful man divine grace is invincible. Drown it in the waters of adversity, it rises more beautiful, as not being drowned indeed, but only washed; throw it into the furnace of fiery trial, it comes out purer, and loses nothing but the dross.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE RACE AND THE PRIZE.

RELIGION is compared to a race; the stadium, or race-ground, is the path of piety leading through this world to the next; the runners are those who profess religion; the officers appointed to keep order, the ministers of the Gospel; the spectators, men and angels; the judge, the Lord Jesus Christ; the reward, a crown of righteousness. Let us imagine a company of young persons just commencing the Christian race. They set off together; the directions are given to all; they are four in number :

1. Be sure to lay aside every weight;
2. Relinquish the besetting sin;
3. Exercise patience;
4. Look to Jesus.

They go along pretty well for awhile. Soon one is seen lagging behind. What is the matter? He has too much weight about him. Another drops off; his besetting sin has prevailed. A third is missing;

what ails him? Oh, he is out of patience—with God, himself, and everybody besides. Some follow the directions, persevere to the end, and obtain the prize. But mark : of those who run in the Grecian games, one only could receive the prize. In the Christian race, all may run so as to obtain it. The judge there was sometimes partial; the Christian's umpire is the "Righteous Judge." The successful candidate, after all his labors, obtained only a garland of withering flowers ; the Christian receives a glorious "crown of righteousness that fadeth not away."

SINS AND SHADOWS.

OUR past sins are like our shadows. We all have them. Old-time people used to believe that when any one sold himself to the devil he no longer had a shadow; but that was only a story. No one is without a shadow when the sun shines, and where God is our sins look dark and terrible.

Now, if you go toward the light your shadow is behind you, out of sight, but if you go from the light your shadow stretches out long and dark on your path. So, when you go from your sins toward Christ they are forgotten. God says he will remember them against you no more forever. When you deny your sins and go from God, they cannot be covered up. They are in your path, and before your face. When we have forsaken our sins, God's mercy covers the

hateful memory as the carpet of spring flowers covers the dark earth. Then we can go on to do good and leave our sins behind us, just as one climbing a beautiful mountain leaves many disagreeable things behind, and forgets them when he looks at the sunny fields from the top.

CHRISTIANITY TEACHES HEROISM.

WHATEVER of self-sacrifice is incident to the saving of men Christianity inspires. It teaches us to be heroes. To this end she holds up before us "One who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we might be made rich." It is written of the Son of Man that he had not where to lay his head. It is his own saying. But this was incident to his errand here. It was not of his own seeking. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. Men did esteem him stricken; smitten of God and afflicted. But surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. In humanity and for humanity's sake, not asceticism, but self-sacrifice, heroism. This is Christianity. Instead of escaping from the diseased and sinful men, people brought their sick to Christ, and he healed them. He received sinners and ate with them. If he had not where to lay his head, it was not because he had made a vow that he would only sleep out of doors; it was because humanity had shut its doors, as it had shut its heart, against him.—*President I. E. Rankin, D. D.*

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Birds and Flowers.

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

JOHNNY was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study, and he found it interesting. He was such a tiny fellow, scarce large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent upon his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night. Drank *ten* glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes. "How many did *you* drink, father?"

"I drank but *one*, my son," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then you was only one-tenth drunk," said Johnny reflectively.

"John!" cried his parents sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued with a studious air: "Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part beastly drunk; and—"

"There, there," interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come. "I guess it is bedtime for you. We will have no more arithmetic to-night."

“WHEN THOU GOEST THROUGH THE FIRES THOU
SHALT NOT BE BURNED.”

HAVE you had five troubles, six and seven? What say you to this: “He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee”? Have you two troubles at once, both of them enough to overwhelm you? Ye have it here: “When thou goest through the fires thou shalt not be burned.” That is one trouble warded off. “When thou goest through rivers they shall not overflow thee.” Here is another trouble subdued. There are two at once—fire and water—one to burn and the other to drown. “I will be with thee,” saith he, and that word meets both. Is it sickness? “I will make all thy bed in thy sickness.” Is it failure in business, crops, harvest, and the like? “At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh.” Or is it death? “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.” Get a hold of just that promise which is suitable to your case. You say, Is there one? Why, would you have a list of blessings, you have them here in the catalogue of promises—promises of peace, honor, success, plenty; promises of preservation from trouble, support under it, deliverance out of it; promises in sickness, child-bearing, old age, famine, want, war, slander, reproach; promises to the stranger, the exile, the poor, the

helpless, the fatherless, the widow, the prisoner, the captive, the dying; promises of justification, pardon of sin, adoption, union and communion with the church, access to God; promises of wisdom, knowledge, divine teachings; promises beyond mention.

COMMON TASKS.

“Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.”—JOHN ii. 5.

THE highest duties oft are found
Lying upon the lowest ground,
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household work, on common days;
Whate'er is done for God alone
Thy God acceptable will own.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

THE Captain of our Salvation has provided us with all that is necessary for the Christian warfare. Is our head exposed to the assaults of the devil? He has furnished us with a “helmet” to guard it; this is called, in another place, the hope of salvation. This good hope prepares the soldier for the warfare, upholds him in it, and brings him off a conqueror. Is the heart liable to be pierced? There is a breast-plate provided to protect it; it is the breast-plate of righteousness; this is a consciousness not only of his own sincerity, but also of his favorable accept-

ance with God. He feels that he is honest in his profession of attachment to the Saviour, and that Christ, his Captain, acknowledges him for a true soldier. The girdle is given to keep the rest of the armor in its place, and to strengthen the loins. "Truth" accomplishes this for the Christian soldier. By this he discovers who are his enemies, their mode of attack, and the best way to resist them. A shield also is provided; it is called the shield of faith, by which he is able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. Finally, a sword is put into his hands; with this he is to inflict deadly wounds on all his foes; it is called the Sword of the Spirit, because the Word of God was inspired by the Holy Spirit. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way but by taking heed thereto according to thy word?" By the clear instruction, by the powerful motives, and by the glorious encouragement of the Word of God, the Christian soldier puts all his foes to flight.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE.

"Be patient."—2 TIM. ii. 24.

UPON the loyal soul there dawn from time to time more glorious mornings than it ever saw before. You may come to learn that life contains no more wonderful and blessed thing than God's surprises. A man struggles bravely and unsuccessfully with an evil habit, and suddenly a change of circumstances

lifts him out of its reach. A life of faithful service is lonely and hungry for human love, and some day a great and sacred friendship comes to it. A soul walks for years the patient path of duty, vainly longing for a sense of the living God, and in some unexpected hour the Divine Presence shines full upon it. Nor is it alone by sudden surprises we come to know how "God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame." To steady fidelity come steady growth and enlarging vision, as surely as the harvest follows the sowing. There are better things in store for you than you know. In the calendar of your future there are days marked for angelic visits. The angels may come disguised, but come they surely will. Yours be it to have for them an open door, and a house where, amid firmly knit habits and pure affections, they shall find a home.

REAL SUCCESS

We count success a good thing. But the measure of our success should be the measure of lives rounded to a bounteous fullness with good deeds, pure thoughts and holy purposes. The success which comes only from the gathering together of earthly treasures, even though the glittering dust be pure gold and the sparkling baubles genuine diamonds or sapphires or rubies or other stones of like precious worth, counts for little in the summing up of our lives if they constitute our all and only treasures. We can-

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"Be Patient."

not wear them as spiritual ornaments, nor will they serve to satisfy a single immortal need in themselves alone. They are good things and pleasant things. So, too, are flowers and delicate foods. But all these have their place; and they should be kept subordinate to growth of character, nor ever be permitted to become stumbling-blocks in the way of our getting truer riches.—*The Lutheran.*

“BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD, AND NOT HEARERS ONLY.”

DOING far surpasses hearing. I believe that, with a very little knowledge and great doing of what we know, we may attain to a far higher degree of grace than with great knowledge and little doing of what we know. The man who knows how to keep shop makes no profit by his knowledge if he does not keep any shop. The doctor who knows how to cure the sick is not therefore a healer if he never has a patient. The man who knows how to teach children but never does teach them is not an instructor of youth. If the schoolmaster teaches the little he does know, he may be a better teacher than a great philosopher who keeps all his wisdom to himself. We value clouds by their rain, and men by their actual doings. The world is always looking to the church, not so much to hear her teachings as to see her doings. Few ask, “What is the doctrine taught at

such a meeting-house?" The ungodly world cries, "Bother the doctrine. What good is done there?" If the people who attend there are mean, false, hypocritical, the world condemns the tree which yields such fruit. The bulk of men do not read the Bible, but they read you; and if they do not come to hear the minister preach the gospel, yet they say, "These people who hear him are no better than other people, and why should we trouble to go and listen to him?" The minister gets the blame which should rightly belong to those who are hearers but not doers of the word. Oh, may the Eternal Spirit work in us all to will and to do of his own good pleasure! There is nothing done by these Sundays, there is nothing done by these pulpits, there is nothing done by these pews, there is nothing done by these vast gatherings, unless our hearers are doers of the word. Practice is the harvest; the rest is but the ploughing and the sowing.

The better that which you hear, the more guilty are you if you do not practice it; and the plainer and straighter the gospel which is taught you, the more inexcusable are you if you do not receive it. When the gospel comes to you with a heavy knock at the door of your heart, the more terrible your crime if you bolt and bar your door against it, or say, "When I have a more convenient season I will send for thee."

CONQUERING ONE'S SELF.

WHO has a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself? This ought to be our endeavor, to conquer ourselves and daily wax stronger, and to make a further growth in holiness.—*Thomas a' Kempis.*

NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF ALONE.

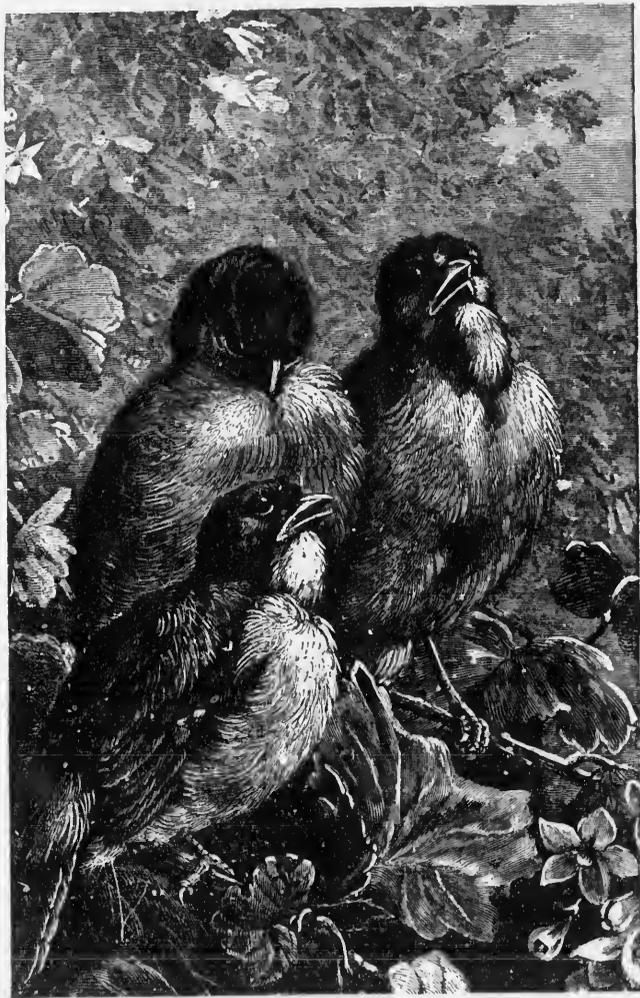
BLESSED is the man whose life ceases to be in himself, and passes out into the generation in which he lives. Blessed is the man who is buried out of sight in those that copy him. Blessed is the man who stands in a community and gives to young men better habits of industrious activity, new conceptions of integrity, and a clearer view of piety. Blessed is the man who raises the standard of goodness and truthfulness and happiness in a community.

You cannot tell what such a man's life has done by telling what he has done. It works in the mother's soul; and she brings up her son on a higher plane. It works in that young man; and he comes to a stature that he never would have come to without it. It sends this ideal down through his children. And I suppose that, as God looks upon it, it will be generations before the forces that this unassuming, nervous, active, restless man put in operation will stay themselves, and will have worked out their last and best results.

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Happy Birds.

HOLINESS THE ONLY TRUE RICHES.

SELFISHNESS is the prolific source of every vice, giving birth to oppression, falsehood, injustice and covetousness, producing outbreaks of the basest passions, such as envy and revenge, which end in crimes of deepest guilt. On the other hand, holiness is boundlessly benevolent; it embraces God, it embraces the world. It gives to God the sincere worship of an undivided heart. We may visit the abodes of the poor, the cottage of the afflicted, the hovel of the dying. If we find the inmates in possession of holiness, there also we find happiness; poverty does not expel her, affliction does not drive her away, death even cannot pronounce a divorce; united are they in life, undivided in death, inseparable to all eternity.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

HE who possesses true religion will be truly humble. Humility is the only proper antidote for pride. When humility enters, pride departs, as flies the darkness from the sun. To slay pride and teach man humility by example, the blessed Saviour took upon him the form of a servant. He made himself of no reputation; he humbled himself unto death—yea, even unto the death of the cross. O wonderful humility! O boundless grace! Pride renders its possessor truly miserable in this life. The Father of

spirits alone can fill an immortal spirit. The man of pride rejects the blessed God and depends for happiness on the applause of man. This is uncertain, unsatisfying and transitory. Witness the case of Haman, who, notwithstanding "the glory of his riches," "the multitude of his children" and his princely preferments, was truly wretched. "All this availed him nothing" so long as his voracious pride went without its accustomed fee—so long as one man refused to bring his tribute of homage. But pride will render its possessor miserable to all eternity. "How can ye be saved who seek honor one of another and not the honor that cometh from God only?"

FAITH IN PRAYER.

I NEVER take any trouble at all to go out and see whether the dews are going to fall at night; I know that they will fall; I know that every blade of grass will get its share of moisture; and I know that the leaves—all of them—will be drenched with the copious mid-summer dews. So I believe that the answers of God to the prayers of his people everywhere are distilling upon men blessings like the dew. They come down at night; they are to be found here, there and everywhere; and, though not recognized, they are the divine response to the prayers of God's people one for another, in obedience to the command, "Pray for one another."

THE JOYS OF KEEPING GOD'S HIGHER LAW.

You know how preachers often speak of the joys of this life. I think they are apt to undervalue them. They make light of success, of riches, of comfort, of the joys of a happy home. I love these joys, and every day I thank my God by a constant cheerfulness for what of them I have received or won. I say I think these joys are undervalued; and yet they may be estimated too high. But the joys of goodness, of charity, of love to man and love to God, that faith which never wavers—no man ever exaggerated these, no man can, as no painter can ever portray the sparkle in the star, or paint the varied beauty of a rose or the sweet fragrance embosomed in a lily's cup; for the imagination of man cannot come up to the fact, and speech delays behind. All this joy comes to individuals from personal faithfulness to God's higher law.

"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

HOLY men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and holy men of to-day speak moved by the Holy Ghost, for every good gift and every perfect gift—of love, benevolence, kindness, genius, beauty, music; finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things

are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, they are all from above and came down from the Father of light. All love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—all are the fruit of the Spirit. The fruit of the Spirit is not alone in the words which holy men of old spake, moved by the Holy Ghost, but in all goodness and righteousness and truth. This is the conclusion of my own reason, and it is the assertion of those holy men of old, who were moved by the Holy Ghost. Where is our authority in the Bible for declaring that the Lord's hand is shortened that it cannot save, or his ear heavy that it cannot hear, or his Spirit restricted that it cannot no longer move upon man, inspiring him to wisdom and holiness? I give you to understand, says Paul, as if speaking to this very point—I give you to understand that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed, and no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.—*Gail Hamilton.*

A good Christian cannot be other than eager for the extension of our Lord's kingdom among men, not only from his sense of what is due to the Lord, who bought him, but also from his natural sense of justice, his persuasion that he has no right to withhold from others those privileges and prospects which are the joy of his own inmost life.—*Canon Liddon.*

“HE THAT SAVETH A SOUL FROM DEATH HIDETH A
MULTITUDE OF SINS.”

“MAYN’T I stay, ma’am? I’ll do anything you give me—cut your wood, go after water, and do all your errands.”

The troubled eyes of the speaker filled with tears. It was a lad standing at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the end of November; a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only naked tree near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy’s benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy’s request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her mother’s heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but not handsome, gray eyes.

“Come in, at any rate, till the gudeman comes hame. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold.” And she drew a rude chair up to the

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Children in the Country

warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door swung open with a quick jerk, and the "gudeman" presented himself, weary with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow"; so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of the winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where? who is he? what is he?"

"A jail-bird!" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months. He's a hard one; you'd do well to look keerful arter him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word "jail," the old woman trembled as she laid away her purchases; nor could she be easy till she had called the boy in and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lip quivered, and anguish was painted vividly upon his forehead, as if the words were branded in his flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin; there's no use in my trying to be better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me. I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold. "oh! I hain't got no mother! oh! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out of his strange-looking gray eyes. "I wouldn't 'a been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on to with whips; I wouldn't 'a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and stole because

I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother! I hain't had no mother since I was a baby!"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great, choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his knuckles.

And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly tell him to pack up and be off—the jail-bird? No, no; she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church-yard, was a mother still.

She went up to that boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her hand kindly, softly on his head, to tell him to look up, and from henceforth *find in her a mother*. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words—words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh, how sweet was her sleep that night! how soft was her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest, bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little siming, but striving, mortal. None but angels could witness her holy joy and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never; he is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-

mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

“He that saveth a soul from death hideth a multitude of sins.”

GOD'S GIFT OF PEACE.

“He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me.”—PSALM lv. 18.

I KNOW that heavenly *joy* is sweet,
I know thy name is *love*,
But, after life's long toil and heat,
Peace most my soul doth move.
Peace seems the word of words, complete,
Thy gift all gifts above.

HELPFUL HOPE.

HAPPY is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April air upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south,

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

“WHOSOEVER shall give one of these little ones a cup of cold water only . . . shall in no wise lose his reward,” said our Saviour. There could not well be a simpler act, a smaller service, than that ; not one you would sooner do for those whom you do not like, or sooner ask from those who do not like you. Many a time, as Jesus walked the roads of Galilee, he must have stopped at the door of a stone hut, or rested by a village spring, and asked for a drink of water, just as we do in our country tramps. And some mother turned at the words, caught the look in the earnest eye, and set down her child to bring the cup ; or some man, hailed at his plough across the field, pointed to the kid-skin bottle under the bush, and told the stranger to help himself. No one would deny it. Bread may be doubtful, but bubbling fountains, pouring rivers, shining lakes, are cups so plentiful that few ever add to the prayer for bread, “Give us this day our daily water.” So this Teacher chose a cup of cold water as his emblem of small service, when he wanted to say that not the slightest deed that is meant for good gets lost and goes uncounted. The deed is appraised by its aim. He who offers the cup to the disciple as disciple offers it to the teacher, and he who offers it to the teacher as teacher offers it to him who sends the teacher ; and God takes notice, and the giver shall in no wise lose his reward.

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Chipping Sparrow Under Difficulties.

OPPORTUNITY.

THINGS we deem adverse may prove openings for serving Christ. Saul greatly helped the gospel before he became an apostle. He "made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and, haling men and women, committed them to prison." Those who escaped arrest fled, and "they that were scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word." The fugitives became missionaries. Had they been allowed to abide in peace, they would have done little to propagate the gospel. Many a Christian might now well inquire, when his comfort is imperilled, whether God does not intend to lead him into larger usefulness.

LITTLE SINS.

"Be watchful and strengthen the things which remain."—REV. iii. 2.

DESPISE not little sins;
 The gallant ship may sink,
 Though only drop by drop
 The watery tide it drink.

ALL personal beauty seems little when we see the virtues of a man. The perfect symmetry which men ascribe to Jesus—the beauty of his form and face—all that fades into nothing when we know that out of his own heart he could pronounce those beautiful beatitudes, and with his dying lips say, "Father, forgive them."

THE END IS PEACE.

Is the day long? Be happy in the length
That gives thee larger store of faith and strength.

Is the day short? There's time to gather more
Of gifts and graces than thou hadst before.

Be the day long or short, the end is peace
To those who in the love of God increase.

HIS WORD SHALL BE A LIGHT TO MY FEET.

I AM going forth unto him—that is, I am to go forth to his truth. Wherever I see his truth I am to espouse it; wherever I see error I am to denounce it without hesitation. I am to take his Word to be my only standard; and just where his Word leads me, there I am to go, no matter where. I may have been educated in one way, I am to bend my education to this Book; I may have conceived prejudices, but they must give way before his truth; I may know that such-and-such a belief is profitable to me, but my profit shall go for nothing in comparison with the Word of God.

SOMETIMES we say this thing is not right, but it will do in the long run. How far can you and I see? The best, only a hand-breadth. How clearly? But with exceeding dimness. We say it will last our time, and so serve our purpose. Is it not worth while to remember that our time, after all, is eternity?

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

I THINK not of to-morrow,
Its trial or its task,
But still, with child-like spirit,
For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning,
I cast old things away;
Life's journey lies before me;
My prayer is for to-day.

A ROYAL TRUTH.

THE smallest roadside pool has its water from Heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean. Even so the humblest man or woman can live splendidly. That is the royal truth that we need to believe, you and I who have no "mission," and no great sphere to move in. The universe is not quite complete without my work well done.

MAKE Christ your most constant companion. Be more under his influence. Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day; will make every thought and feeling different; will enable you to do things for his sake that you would not have done for your own sake, or for any one's sake.

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"The Smallest Roadside Pool has its Water from Heaven as well as the Ocean."
(See page 492.)

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL.

This faith that makes faithful enables us to rest in our humblest endeavor. It is not for him who sits at this end of yon telegraph line, and with deft and diligent fingers transmits the message into its electric veins, to anxiously stop and query whether it will ever reach its destination, and to wonder who is to receive and transcribe it on its arrival. That is not his business. The management is adequate to that work. Other minds and hands will attend to that. It is for him faithfully to transmit. So, friends, it is not for us to query the efficacy of those small acts; the saving power of these lowly graces; the daily, hourly messages of humble faithfulness. Like faithful soldiers, it is ours not to reason why, but to do, and, if need be, die.

TRUST AND BE JOYFUL.

I would be joyful as my days go by,
 Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
 Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore;
 And I who wait his coming, shall not I
 On his sure word rely?
 And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,
 Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
 Or at my waking I would only weep,
 Let me remember these are things to be—
 To work his blessed will until he come
 To take my hand, and lead me safely home.

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Wild Flowers.

THE MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

WELL, in the first place "The Model Scholar" comes to Sunday-school bright and early; takes good care of the books and papers committed to his or her care during the week. "The Model Scholar" studies the Sunday-school lesson, reads the daily Bible-reading, and when Sunday arrives is thus prepared to enter into the recitation of the lesson with heartiness and enthusiasm. "The Model Scholar" will not be content to only answer the questions, but will think of some of the hardest questions in the lesson to ask the teacher. "The Model Scholar" will also join heartily in the singing, and be prompt and careful to observe silence when the moment arrives for absolute silence in the room. Many model scholars not only study their lessons in the Bible, but bring their Bibles to school with them, thus familiarizing themselves with them; and they can in a short while, by practice, readily turn to any portion or reference in them. "The Model Scholar" is careful to recollect the collection and contribute liberally each Sunday, according to his or her ability. It is a beautiful thing to do, and, besides, an absolute necessity, as the money is needed for the purchase of supplies in our school, as well as for helping others who are worthy, but more needy than ourselves; thus we learn the lesson of unselfishness and enjoy doing good to others. "The Model Scholar" constantly seeks to prac-

He does not lay off his or her goodness, kindness and gentleness when the Sunday clothes are laid aside, but treasures up the good impressions of the Sabbath, and tries to make them shine forth in their lives from day to day. There is work, grand, glorious work, for the "Model Scholar" to do every day of his or her life; work that pays big in every respect, both in building us up and preparing us for the duties and responsibilities of this life, as well as for an entrance into the glorious life hereafter. "The Model Scholar" early inclines his heart to God and learns the force and beauty of that grand declaration of our Father's, "Seek ye the kingdom of God; and all things shall be added unto you." Advancing years do not lessen, but simply serve to intensify, the interest of "The Model Scholar" in the Sunday-school and Sunday-school work. It is from "The Model Scholar" that the model church member comes, and it is among the model church members that the model Christians are found; and verily the model Christian is the noblest work of all created beings, occupying as he does a lofty position above the average man or woman, and constantly living in sweet communion with the God of love, who rules and reigns above us. Won't you try to be a "Model Sunday-school Scholar?"



Childhood and Age

THE MODEL CHRISTIAN MAN.

BY REV. J. M. FROST, D. D.

THERE is only one model for the Christian, viz., Jesus of Nazareth. He is our great Exemplar in all things. We are to have his spirit, his mind, his life, showing ourselves a pattern of good works. Sometimes we are discouraged by the painful consciousness of his being so much above us—possibly restrained in our efforts to be like him and in our desires to be conformed to his image.

But surely we may go in the way he went, though we may not go so far; may certainly follow in the direction of his leading. To follow afar off is better than not to follow at all. If he has gone a hundred paces, and you can step into his footprints fifty times, verily that is worth doing. The imitation of Christ is a thing within the power of his people. We need to be deeply impressed with this fact. It has been done by others, it can be done by you.

We wish to speak, however, not of the Christian's model, but of the model Christian—the one who is so following Christ as to make himself worthy of being imitated; who, living soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, adorns the doctrine of God our Saviour, and so makes himself "an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." If you can-



not imitate Christ, then by all means imitate those who are manifestly and conspicuously his—following Paul or others as they follow Christ. There are many such Christians, men and women who are what they ought to be in the sight of their brethren and their Master, and whose lives are worthy of all imitation. They are not perfect, not sinless, not faultless; but they are Christ's, and are consecrated to his service and living to his glory. They count not themselves to have apprehended indeed; but this one thing they do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, they press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. The imitation of these on your part would revolutionize your manner of living, set you upon higher heights, give to your horizon a wider sweep, and open to your view such visions of glory as have not yet delighted your eyes.

These persons, to start with, are Christians; and if you would shape your life after theirs, then you must start where they started.

YOU MUST BE A CHRISTIAN.

This is fundamental to all else. The oak cannot be developed from the grain of wheat; it is a physical impossibility. One who is not a Christian, whatever of excellence he may have in character and life, cannot be developed into a Christian life and char-

acter; it is a spiritual impossibility. No, if you wish to make yourself a model Christian, or to shape your life after his—to follow him as he follows Christ—then you must be a Christian; you must be a new creature in Christ Jesus, and Christ must be in you the hope of glory. This is the starting-point; without it no attainment is possible; with it the possibilities of attainment are almost boundless.

But it must not stop here. The building begun in the foundation must be carried to completion. When you have planted your corn, the work of producing a crop is just begun. Corn-planting is not corn-gathering.

THE CHRISTIAN WILL GROW.

Throughout the Bible this is contemplated. He is first a babe in Christ, and by growth comes "in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The model Christian has come to his life and character by growth—as the lily comes to the bloom, as the flowers in the garden come to their beauty and fragrance. And he is still growing. There is a growth for even the full-grown man—in the larger cultivation of his mind, in the nobler maturing of his character, in the achievements and triumphs which belong to manhood. The tree, after attaining full growth, then leaves and blossoms and bears; indeed

the richest growth of the tree lies in its foliage and blossom and fruitage. And the fruit, after it is full-grown, matures, mellows, sweetens, ripens. So in Christian manhood there is further growth, an augmenting in all the Christian graces, increasing in all that is Christ-like and God-like. Enlargement of heart and mind, Christian manliness and dignity, courage and strength—these are the things which characterize the model Christian, and in these he increases more and more. They govern his life in the church, in the home, in the social circle, in his business.

If you feel that the Christian's model is out of your reach, why not set your heart on the model Christian and follow him as he follows Christ? Mark how he conducts himself in his church-life—his treatment of the pastor and the other members, his bearing toward the great enterprises for building up Christ's kingdom, his jealousy for the good character and reputation of his church, his abiding concern for everything which affects the interest and welfare of his church. Mark his religious life which lies under and gives coloring to his church-life—his reverence for God, his profound love for the Lord Jesus, his study of the Bible, his regularity in secret worship, his delight in the sanctuary service. Mark him in all these things, and come as near to him as you can. Far more is possible to you in any and all these things than you have ever dreamed. The stammer-

ing tongue may be as devoutly consecrated to Christ as the one gifted in speech; the poor man may *abound in the grace of giving* as he abounds in faith and utterance and knowledge, and in all diligence and in his love for the saints; indeed, he may excel in this grace the one possessed of large fortune. You don't know the possibilities that are open to you along all the lines that converge in noble Christian character and living.

SUCH A LIFE DOES NOT COME BY ACCIDENT.

It results from aim and purpose and effort. We should not only desire to enter Heaven when we die, but should make it our abiding aim and effort to live a good life. A crop of wheat, a garden of flowers, attainment at school, success in business, mastership in the art of painting, triumph with the sculptor's chisel—these all come as results. God himself works toward great ends and creates forces along the line of his purposes. It is ours to do the same thing both in spiritual and temporal matters; not only our privilege, but our duty. We are responsible for the kind of life we give to God and to his service. It is the business of the Christian to live as Christians ought to live, in whatever sphere he may find himself. And he should put into this business the same planning and devising as to ways and means, the same energy and effort as are necessary to make any business go and become a success. Who will deny the statement

that one can become as good a Christian as he wants and wills to be? To be a model Christian, or to follow him as he follows Christ, may cost much; but it will amply repay, making one a power for Christ while in this world and crowning him, when he shall go hence, with glory and honor.



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THE MODEL WOMAN.

BY REV. JOHN POLLARD, D. D.

THERE never has been a time when woman's influence was inconsiderable; but to-day she is a greater power in the world than ever before. Indeed, the nineteenth century may be called woman's century. If it cannot be called wholly hers, it is certainly more hers than any century that has gone before. Holding by a title as undisputed as ever her ancient realm, she has of late been extending her conquests in many directions. Still supreme in the home life, she has, in recent years, asserted with unusual emphasis her right to be heard in literature, in education, in social reform, and even in politics. It does not come within the scope of this paper to enquire how far such an extension of woman's activities is a prophecy of good and how far an omen of evil. But the fact of such extension makes us doubly anxious to find on every hand the model woman.

The model woman is one whose character is shaped by a Bible pattern. She is the product of Christianity. She is a model because she herself has been fashioned by a model. She is what she is because Christ has been formed in her and shines there, the hope of glory. Every flower must have its root, every stream must have its fountain-head, every structure must have its base. If the highest womanly vir-

tree be a flower, religion is its root; if it be a stream, religion is its fountain-head; if it be a structure, religion is its base. What are the traits that will distinguish the model woman?

SHE WILL NEVER NEGLECT HOME.

It has already been said that, whatever may have been woman's recent conquests, home constitutes her ancient realm. Her earliest kingdom must be her chiefest care. What the heart is to the individual man the home is to the social fabric. The individual man finds that out of the secret chamber of the soul come "the issues of life;" and, therefore, the exhortation is given, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." The relation between the home and society is very similar. Home determines what society is to be. Man and woman make society, but not until the home has first made them. Therefore, the home is to be kept most diligently.

1. *It must be kept clean.* Dirt has one quality of a true friend—it sticks; but any alliance with it the home should assiduously avoid. Indeed, the home should carry on a ceaseless warfare against dirt. Every woman in charge of a house may not have the means of hanging elegant curtains before her windows, or of spreading velvety carpets on her floors, or of putting luxurious furniture in her apartments, or of setting off her table with glittering wares; but she may have a domestic embellishment

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The King's Daughters.

far more indicative of character and therefore far more valuable—thorough neatness and order prevailing everywhere. “Impossible,” says the mother, “impossible to keep the house neat when there are so many children to put it out of order.” It may be admitted there is some force in the plea; but suppose children, instead of being allowed to think they are just so many persons for putting the house out of order, are taught to regard themselves as just so many persons to keep the house in order—suppose this be the sentiment dominant among the inmates, might not a numerous family cease to be a hindrance to neatness and order at home, and become a constant help in the direction indicated? Home must be kept morally clean, also. To guard the domestic circle from the invasions of sin is indeed a difficult task, and perhaps it may be thought that too much is demanded of woman when she is asked to assume that responsibility. Undoubtedly she needs and should receive assistance; but still it remains true that woman can do more than any one else towards making family life pure. Home is most under her eye; she is the sentinel oftenest on duty. She should sedulously watch all the avenues along which immoralities may enter—the avenue of temper, of speech, of companionships, of literature and of amusements.

2. *Home must be kept happy.* Here again the main responsibility is on woman. How can a home fail to be miserable if it be in charge of an unworthy

woman? How can a home fail to be happy if it be fortunate enough to claim for its presiding genius a loving and lovable woman, whose constant cheerfulness sheds its radiance everywhere?

"The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home."

3. *Home must be made educational.* Every home should be a school. In our thinking and talking, home and school are placed over against each other. We speak of sending children away to school; we speak of the age at which children enter school. The truth is that children, in being born into the family, should be born into a school, and that no child should be compelled to go away from home in order to get into school. It is not meant, of course, that classes are to be organized in the family, or that, necessarily, regular lessons in text-books are there to be assigned and there recited. But it is meant that educational influences should be present in the household, and that when the child is put under regular teachers, such an arrangement should be regarded only as a means of carrying on more efficiently a training that the home commenced some years before. But is any woman in charge of a house appalled at the thought that she should make it a school? She need not be. Such an achievement does not require that she should be learned; it does not require that she should abandon the duties more

strictly domestic and become a regular teacher for the children. It is only urged that she should see to it that educational influences are present in the home. That does not involve any great cost. The family that takes one good weekly paper, and has in the house one good dictionary and one good encyclopedia, possesses an educational outfit not to be despised. Let every inmate be induced to make the very best use of these helps, and great intellectual quickening will certainly be the result.

The model woman will

BE AMBITIOUS.

Not foolishly so. Her ambition will not be to wear the finest clothes, to dwell in the finest house, to exhibit on the streets the costliest equipage, to give the most brilliant entertainments, or to count the most admirers. Much less will she be wickedly ambitious. She will not envy the good fortune of others; she will not in her heart curse those who stand on a higher eminence than she has yet reached; she will not try to pull her neighbors down, that she may make their shattered hopes stepping-stones to her own promotion. But she will be laudably and honorably ambitious. She will have a strong desire to make the most of herself, and, if she be a mother, to make the most of her children. She will be constantly striving to develop in her self and in them those traits that insure to individuals as well as to

families respectability and influence. While she will meekly accept the position that Providence assigns her, the responsibility for the betterment of her lot she will lay upon herself. She holds her mother in reverent and loving remembrance; yet, if she can, she will be a wiser and better woman than that excellent mother was. While she gratefully recalls the advantages afforded her in early life, she will, if possible, make those enjoyed by her children still more helpful and abundant. She is glad if her family name has attained the least honor, but she will do what she can to give it additional lustre.

It might be remarked that the model woman will not indulge in gossip. But surely on such a statement it is not necessary to enlarge. So I conclude this paper with the thought that the model woman will cultivate

SELF-RELIANCE.

No one can be absolutely self-reliant. The person that possesses the largest capacity for self-help and self-enjoyment—even he, cut off entirely from the sympathy and offices of his fellow-men, would be a pitiable creature. Women is perhaps further removed than man from absolute self-reliance. In making the two sexes God seems to have formed one less strong in some respects than the other. This natural disparity will never be overcome, nor is it desirable that it should be. Much of what is really noble in man comes from the appeal that woman's weaker

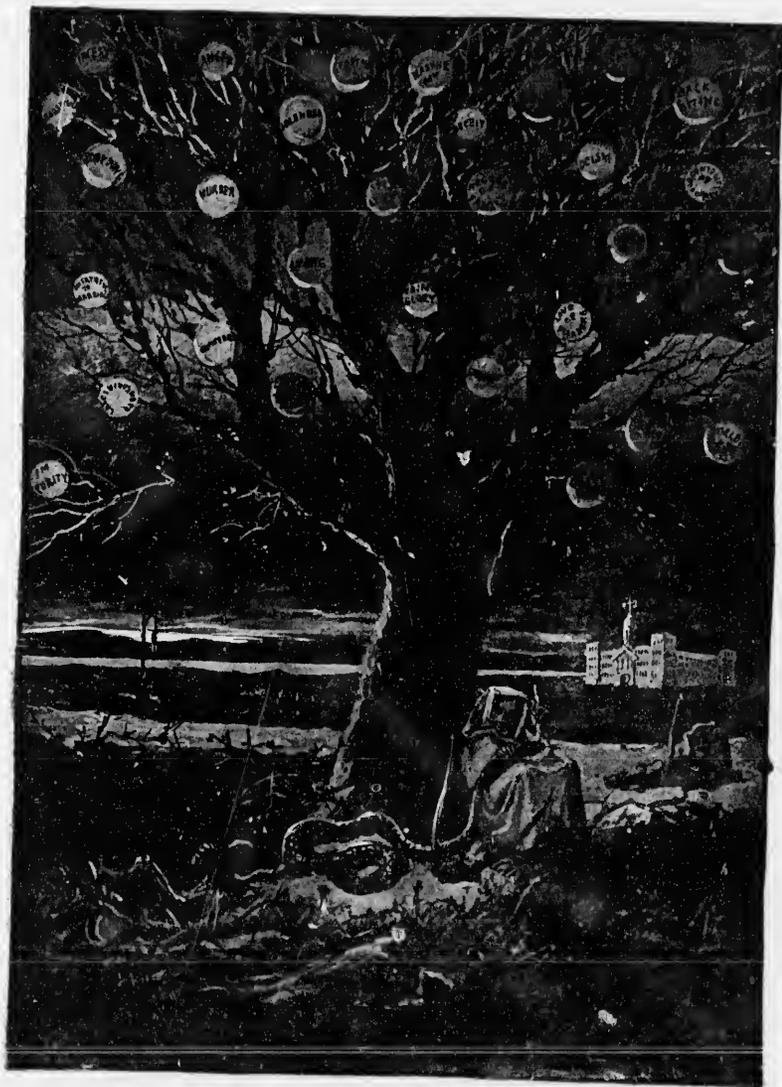
nature makes to his generosity and his chivalry. Luckless for him, then, would be the day when she had no further demand to make. Still, within the limits established by the Creator, woman should cultivate self-reliance. She can make herself capable of her own support. She ought to acquire this ability, though its employment may never become necessary. She can make herself capable of forming an independent judgment about the chief questions of life, and she should not doom herself to the humiliation of feeling that she must always have a counselor. She can make herself capable of efficient religious work among her own sex, and she should not accustom herself to the unworthy thought that, if a woman's society is to be opened by prayer or addresses on some Bible theme, a man must be present to perform the service. She can make herself capable of conducting family worship among her own children, and she should not leave them without this inestimable advantage merely because her husband is indifferent, or absent from home.

Let the model woman come! The world stands ready to give her welcome.

THE END.

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THE TREE OF DEATH.

"But a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."—MATT. vii. 17.
"Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"—LUKE xiii. 7.



GETTING AND GIVING,

BY

Bishop J. H. Vincent.

Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

Luke vi. 38

"Getting and Giving" consists of choice extracts from the Introduction to "Path to Wealth," published by B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. This book, of over 500 pages devoted to contributing our share to the support of the Lord's cause, is the best work of the kind ever published, and all who are very much interested in the subject of getting and giving should possess it.

Price, post-paid, \$1.75. Besides the Introduction by Bishop Vincent, it contains a number of valuable articles along the same line by some of the leading thinkers of the world.



GETTING AND GIVING.

BY
BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.

THERE are fountains in the sweet gardens of our civilization. There are up-springing jets of water from lofty, out-of-sight sources, which play in the sunlight, filling the surrounding air with freshness, imparting new life and strength to grass, plants, trees, washing the leaves of overhanging branches and the petals of fragrant blossoms in the neighborhood, causing them to shine with a new beauty, and to render a lovelier ministry of color and fragrance to the passer-by. These up-springing fountains describe curves of beauty, and give one constantly a sense of strength and of generous intention. The fountain puts gladness into the hearts of men; causes childhood to leap in very excess of joy; giving back to the benevolent sunlight for his light, life for his force, and beauty for his glory.

In the gardens of our modern society there are some, alas! too few, such fountains. They are the men and women supplied from divine reservoirs with the water of life. They give freely, having freely received. The sources of their life are in the heavens. They beautify the neighborhood in which they live. Flowers bloom more brightly, birds sing more sweetly, the air is more bracing, the foliage fresher, the sunshine brighter, the earth and heavens more glorious because of the divine love which leaps up in looks and words and deeds from these fountain-hearts.

These live for others. They are not whirlpools, but fountains. They do not ask, "What can this do for me?"

but "What can I do for others?" The spirit of help is the spirit of their lives. The cry of their souls is not, "Lift me up," but "Whom shall I lift up?" They do not take souls away from the light, but they bring souls into the light. To them giving is better than receiving, serving better than being served.

The great need of the age is the fountain-life of grace which shall neutralize and destroy the whirlpool life of self. And this radical change in society must be effected through the individual members of the church, who, loving their kind, denying themselves, and giving their substance, create in every community personal and social centres from which flow fountains of living waters for the refreshing and for the healing of the nations.

If you will turn to Genesis xiv. 20, you will there learn that Abraham paid tithes to Melchizedek, the priest of the most high God. It appears that Abraham had been engaged in a warfare with Chedorlaomer, a heathen prince, and was successful. God had given Abraham the victory, and enabled him to rout the enemy. In returning from the war he brought much spoils with him, and meeting Melchizedek, the priest of the most high God, he gave him a tenth of the prize he had captured. Whether this was a spontaneous thank-offering to God for the signal victory which he had achieved, or whether he was carrying out a commandment he had received, we are left to conjecture.

I am inclined to think, by some means or other, God had communicated to Abraham His will, that he demanded of His people ten per cent of their income for the carrying on of His cause. There is strong presumptive evidence of this, of which I will not now speak, but I may do so hereafter. Whatever the truth may be concerning this, it is certain that God afterward adopted the tenth as His share of the increase of the people. We find that it became incorporated in the Jewish statute books; we find it coming from the lips of the prophets, from the kings, and

from all those who were in authority over God's ancient people.

The next reference to tithe-giving is in the memorable case of Jacob, when he was fleeing from Esau, and on the road to his uncle Laban at Padan-aram. The story says that on the road he laid him down to sleep, and he dreamed a dream; in his dream, he saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending, while God was on top of the ladder, and had a conversation with Jacob. At the conclusion of the conversation, Jacob made a bargain with God (Gen. xxviii. 20, 21, 22): "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, if God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God, and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." It is not irreverent to say, that this was a business bargain of a man with his Maker; and it seems that God was pleased with it, and graciously accepted its conditions, and He fully carried out His share of the bargain.

Jacob reached the house of Laban in safety, and hired with him as a keeper of sheep. While he was there he fell in love with Rachel, one of the daughters of Laban, and served seven years for her; but at the end of the term he was cheated by his old heathen uncle, and received Leah instead; at the end of another seven years, he was rewarded with Rachel. It seems, during the fourteen years which Jacob had been in the employ of Laban, that the latter's flocks had wonderfully prospered; and Laban, with an eye to business, valued Jacob's labor, and manifested great anxiety to retain his services. Jacob had now quite a large family around him, and wanted to leave Laban, so that he could provide for his household, but Laban prevailed upon him to stay, saying (Gen. xxx. 27, 28): "And Laban said unto him, I pray thee, if I have

found favor in thine eyes, tarry: for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake. And he said, appoint me thy wages, and I will give it."

A bargain was made between them, that Jacob was to have all the spotted and speckled sheep and goats for his share. Jacob reminded Laban that before he came to him he had but little, but now he had a multitude of sheep and goats, and that the Lord had blessed him for his sake. The bargain, as just mentioned, was made between them; and it seems wonderful, that from this time on, most of the sheep and goats came spotted and speckled, the strong lambs of the flock were nearly all marked that way. Laban, stirred with jealousy, changed Jacob's wages, and paid him on another plan; but it would seem from the narrative that Jacob's share of the sheep was always larger than Laban's, and that Laban, filled with envy, changed the nature of his wages ten times; but it made no difference what kind of sheep were to be Jacob's share, his would always be the largest. Jacob increased wonderfully, and the story says (Gen. xxx. 43): "And the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and maid-servants, and man-servants, and camels, and asses." God, in a conversation with Jacob, states, in substance, that the reason of all this increase was because he had taken Him into partnership, and given Him a tenth of his earnings; for in the conversation referred to, God cited Jacob back to the years gone by, when he was a refugee, and had nothing but his staff, to the time and place where Jacob made the bargain with God, and said (Gen. xxxi. 13): "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me; now arise get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred."

It is reasonable to suppose that God would take special care of the business of that man in which He had a one-tenth interest, even if the Bible were silent upon the subject; but the Bible is by no means silent, as it expressly

declares, over and over again, that the reason why His people were so blessed in their worldly goods, was because they regularly paid Him the tenth; and at other times it expressly declares, that the reason why diverse circumstances overtook them was because they robbed Him of the tenth which He demanded.

It is very clear that, when the people of God obeyed this commandment, they prospered wonderfully, they were blessed with material increase, their crops were plentiful, the health of the people was remarkable, and, in fact, in every way they enjoyed material and spiritual prosperity. It is also very clear that, when they disobeyed this commandment and gave God a less sum than ten per cent, the curse of God came down upon them; their crops were blighted and mildewed, they fled from the presence of their enemies, they were scattered and driven from one place to another; God distinctly states that these calamities came upon them because they robbed Him of His dues, and kept for themselves what He demanded for His cause.

The peril of great property, which is worldliness, is best avoided by great benevolence. Many members of our churches are becoming rich, and not a few very rich. The United States is to be the richest nation of history. Many men making money rapidly can keep alive their Christian faith only by giving away a certain percentage of it as rapidly as it is made. "I grow avaricious," said a prosperous banker, "if I do not give away much money." Benevolence is an ethical and Christian safeguard.

Benevolence is a duty laid upon all. Churches distinguished for their generosity usually gain their eminence from the generosity of a few. An offering recently made in a Presbyterian church of New York amounted to some \$14,000. It was heralded as a munificent contribution; but in it was one check for \$10,000, and the larger part of the balance was given by two or three men.

Benevolence should not be subject to impulse, but the result of wise deliberation upon the needs of Christian work. Offerings should not be proportioned to the interest which a speaker for a cause may or may not awaken; they should not be dependent upon a rainy Sunday or upon personal presence in a service in which the contribution box is passed. Their amount should be adjusted to income and to property on the one side, and to the demands of the work on the other. They should be systematic—systematic as to time, as to amount, as to distribution. They should be the subject of premeditation, and in many instances of pledge in advance.

At the opening of this century lived in Salem a rich merchant by the name of John Norris. Three years before the establishment of the American Board he had resolved to give a sum of money to the cause of foreign missions. To his home came, one winter night in 1806, Dr. Worcester and Dr. Spring, of Newburyport. The reverend gentlemen were endeavoring to found a theological school at Andover. After explaining their plan they departed, without any promise of aid from Mr. Norris. The next morning, however, Mr. Norris said to Dr. Spring: "My wife tells me that this plan for a theological school and the missionary enterprise are the same thing. We must raise up the ministers if we would have the men go as missionaries." With this idea he promised to give \$10,000 to found Andover Seminary. He went to bank, drew out the whole amount in silver, carried it to his chamber, and with prayer dedicated it to the cause he loved. He explained his gift in silver by saying that "he had never heard that paper money was given to build the Temple." Who shall estimate the influence of those silver dollars? They have helped to educate three thousand ministers. They have helped to educate hundreds of missionaries, who have preached and taught, lived and died for the heathen. They have gleamed in a path reaching from Andover Hill round the

globe to Andover Hill—like the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Money is not to be spent in loaves of bread to toss to a man in a bog; it is to be spent in a plank to get him out of the mire, that he may himself earn bread. Money, to be the means of the greatest good, must be placed so as to make its benefits lasting; and money may be so placed that its benefits shall last as long as eternity.

Give something to God out of everything you get, and then God will bless you.

God has given us all that we have, and if we remember this, gratitude for these gifts should make us willing to give to Him whenever we have an opportunity.

One day a gentleman gave a little boy a gold dollar. "Now, you must keep that," said the gentleman.

"Oh, no," said the boy, "I shall halve it first. Maybe I shall keep my half."

"Your half?" said the gentleman. "Why, it's all yours."

"No," answered the child, with an earnest shake of the head; "no, it's not all mine. I always go halves with God. Half I shall keep, and half I shall give to Him."

"God owns the world; He does not need it," said the gentleman; "the gold and the silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills belong to Him."

The little boy looked puzzled for a moment. He had never thought of this. Presently he said: "Anyhow, God goes halves with us, and don't you think we ought to give Him back his part?"

That was the right feeling. This little boy felt grateful to God for all the good things He had given him, and it was the gratitude he felt that made him desire to "go halves with God."

A gentleman from this country was traveling through France. He attended a Protestant church, in the city of Lyons, one Easter Sunday. The Lord's Supper was

celebrated. After it was over, a collection was taken up to help them build a new church. Instead of having the collection-boxes handed round as we do, a table was placed in front of the chancel, and, one by one, the members of the congregation came up and laid upon it whatever they had to give. Among the rest, a soldier came up. The tear of gratitude was trickling down his face as he laid on the table all his earnings for the last three months. The minister knew the man and knew his circumstances, and fearing that he was giving more than he could afford, asked him if he could spare as much as that?

"Spare it!" said the soldier with deep feeling; "my blessed Saviour spared not Himself, but freely gave His life for my redemption, and surely I can spare one quarter of my year's earnings for the promotion of His glory here on earth."

A poor, blind girl, in England, brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He declined to take them, saying: "You are a poor, blind girl, and can't afford to give so much."

"I am blind indeed, but that's the very reason why I can afford to give these thirty shillings better than you suppose."

"How so?" asked the minister.

"I am, sir, by trade a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure that, during last winter, it must have cost those girls, who have eyes, more than thirty shillings for candles to work by. All this I saved. I love my precious Saviour, and want to do something to show my love for Him. Please take my offering."

Of course the minister took her gift. And Jesus accepted it. It was the offering of grateful love. That is sure to make everything acceptable to Him. This means that we must give something to God out of everything we get, and then God will bless us. The first thing that

should lead us to learn and practice this lesson of giving is—gratitude.

A little girl once had a bed of strawberries. She was very anxious that they should ripen and be fit to eat. At last the time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he picked some beautiful berries for her to eat.

"I can't eat these," she said, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are so much the greater treat."

"Yes, but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, you know the Bible says we must 'honor the Lord with all our first fruits.' And dear father says that he always gives God the first one of all the money he gets, and that then he always feels happier in spending the rest; and so I wish to give God the first of my strawberries too."

"Ah! but"—said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, He would not care for them."

"Oh! but I've found out a way. You remember how Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' So I mean to take them to Mrs. Perkins' dying child. She never gets strawberries, they're so poor."

Then away ran the children to give the strawberries to the dying child. And when they saw her put out her thin, white arms, and take the ripe, round, juicy fruit in her little shriveled fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten, and her little faded lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves. And they were sure that God had accepted their offering.

Doing good is the best way of getting good; and the surest way of getting truly rich is to learn to give as God

teaches us to do in the Bible. If we give something to God out of everything we get, then God will bless us, and God's blessing will make us rich.

Some years ago a poor boy was in search of a situation. He made many inquiries without finding a place. At last, when he was just on the point of returning home disappointed, a gentleman who was pleased with his appearance, gave him work. After trying him for some time, he took him as an apprentice. The boy behaved so well during his apprenticeship, that when the time was out, his employer lent him money enough to set up business for himself. He felt very thankful for this, and as he was a Christian young man, he made a solemn promise that he would give one-tenth of all the money earned to God. The first year he earned \$500, and he gave away \$50.00. He kept on faithfully doing this till his gifts in the course of a year amounted to \$2500.

“A MAN'S gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men.”—PROVERBS

As a fountain finds its expression in overflowing, as a river in rushing to the infinite main, as trees bursting into life and blossom in the spring-tide, so God feels it His joy to give liberally, and to give above all we can ask or think or desire, for Christ's sake.

We need to apprehend the beauty of giving. It is the highest of the fine arts. We ought to be enamored of it as of the most æsthetic production of the artist, the sculptor, the architect, the musician. Then giving will not need to be *urged*; there will be rather need of restraining the people from bringing, as Moses did. The man or woman who learns to give in the right spirit forgets all about the duty in the privilege, and the absence of life's necessities would bring no such distress as to be cut off from this luxury.—*A. T. Pierson, D. D.*

DO NOT WAIT.

THE man who is waiting for opportunities is wasting opportunities. In looking for those that may come, he is overlooking those that have come. To wait for a special opportunity is to be unfit for it when it comes. Do your whole duty in your humble station to-day, and you will be ready to come up higher to-morrow.—*United Presbyterian.*

"THE ACT OF GIVING IS AN ACT OF WORSHIP."

THIS is the verdict of all history. Eighteen hundred years ago giving was as much considered worship as prayer or praise. The first recorded act of worship is Abel's *giving* to God the first fruits of his field, and all Jewish worship from Genesis to the Gospels is filled with giving. In all the temple service *very much* was made of oblation and "without a gift came they not in thither," while the gifts themselves were not the leavings, but the first fruits, the very best and choicest things of all. It seems as if nine-tenths of the worship of a Jewish household was giving of gifts upon the temple altar. Worshiping by giving is not peculiar to Jew or Christian. It is a part of natural religion, and has been observed by men of all colors and habits, and in all quarters of the globe.

The classic authors are full of gifts and libations to the heathen gods, and wherever on this broad earth worshipers have been found, men have worshiped by the giving of gifts.

The best worship the wise men could render was the giving of gold, frankincense and myrrh. So in the Pentecostal days, when the Holy Spirit filled the people, and Christian graces grew and blossomed like flowers in spring, giving was always considered a most important part of worship.

Those disciples trained from childhood in the Jewish system of tithes and temple offerings would have thought

it strange to gather in a synagogue and pray and read the Word and yet "come empty before the Lord." How the Church *grew* in those days! All were active, few were rich, yet the Lord's treasury was never empty, and the Church was foremost in every act of benevolence. Even the Emperor Julian, the Apostate confessed: "It is a shame for us that the impious Galileans should not only keep their own poor, but even many of ours, whom we leave to suffer." Have we not fallen from grace in the late years in this matter?

GROWING RICH BY GIVING.

WHOEVER would become rich in spiritual treasures must give away bountifully. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." This is one of the truest of paradoxes in Christian economy. He that saves for self only loses; he that loses for Christ's sake is sure to save. Would you become rich toward God? Then learn to give. God loveth a cheerful giver. Nor should we limit this only to the donations of the purse. The gift of God is only a part of Christian benevolence—though by no means an unimportant part. I have often wished that I were the possessor of the wealth of a Lenox, or a Dodge, or a Frederick Marquand, provided that I should be sure of the wealth of heart which those princely men had. But a rich soul can be always giving; as the noon-day sun overflows his golden urn of ceaseless radiance, and is yet none the poorer in warmth and glory when a whole universe has been flooded with his beams.

We must freely give of everything that we have freely received. If we have the heart to pray with faith, let us give of our prayers. No legacy that a millionaire father could have left me would compare in value with my widowed mother's prayers for me at the mercy-seat. You that have acquired the wisdom which age and experience confer can give those hints and timely counsels which are

apples of gold in baskets of silver to the young, the inexperienced, and the fortunate. Give your personal labors, too, for Jesus Christ. Many a rich man seeks to compound with his conscience by bestowing bank checks in lieu of his own presence in the mission school, the prayer meeting, or the abodes of suffering. Oh, man of wealth, God gave thee that very leisure thou enjoyest in order to do the work of charity which thy poorer, hard-toiling neighbor has no time to perform. Those that have no money or counsel or charitable deeds to bestow, can afford at least a godly example. And so a Christian life may, from first to last, be a constant expenditure, just as the temple lamps consumed themselves away in giving light. What were rich-hearted Christians given to the world for but to be reservoirs of blessings? *New York Evangelist*.

TO HAVE the gift of life is a solemn thing.

THE COMFORT OF GIVING.

A METHODIST minister tells, in the *Treasury*, an instructive story about giving. In one of his charges a good man regularly contributed every Lord's Day \$5.00 for the support of the church, and as regularly a poor widow put in five cents, all she could spare, as she supported herself and six children by taking in washing. One day the former came to the minister and said that the latter ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The minister called to tell her of this offer, which he did as delicately as he could. What was her reply as the tears started to her eyes. "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to Him. My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week." How few can read this simple narrative without feeling rebuked for their insensibility to God's exceeding goodness.

EXPERIENCE OF A PASTOR—PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

BEING an earnest believer in proportionate, systematic giving, or rather *paying*, to the Lord, and having for some time been greatly blessed in tithing my income, and thoroughly believing that our people have not as yet learned the art and luxury of giving, I hereby, upon the suggestion of one of our well-known missionaries who is himself an enthusiastic advocate of the tithing system, request every brother and sister who reads these lines, and who has had experience in this plan of contributing money, to write me. Tell me what you think of the tithing system. Is it not scriptural? How long have you practiced it? Have you not been blessed materially and spiritually since commencing it? Do you know of anybody who has ever given the system a faithful trial who has not been blessed abundantly? Please make your answers brief, but complete. There are doubtless many hundreds among us now who are practicing this simple, and, to my mind, most satisfactory system in the world of "honoring the Lord with one substance." I should be glad to hear from all, as I have it in heart to prepare something practiced on the subject to place before the brotherhood. Address me at Emporia, Kan.

GEORGE F. HALL,
Pastor First Christian Church.

EXPERIENCE OF A SISTER.

NEARLY eighteen years ago—I had then been a church member two years—it occurred to me that I was doing nothing for the Master. What could I do? Apparently there was very little I could do. Yet I must do something for Him who had done all for me.

After serious thought I resolved to give to the Lord one-tenth of all I made—not of all I cleared, but *of all I made*. It will not do to give a tithe of the net proceeds, for we are so prone to count the cost so closely that there will be

little, if any, to divide with the Lord; and, moreover, He says, "Give of the first fruits." We must not wait to count the cost, but give freely a tithe of all we make. "So shall thy barns be filled," etc. I wanted to give of what I made by my own exertions, and it was so little that I could make, a tithe of that would be such a mite—scarcely worth the giving. But Christ says, "a cup of cold water" given in His name is accepted. Thus I resolved, by the help of God, to cheerfully give one-tenth of all He gave to me, let the amount be great or small. What has been the result?

At first I found it hard to do. I had need of the money, but I had vowed to God (and only to God—I had no earthly witness) to do this, and my vow must be sacredly kept. I kept my accounts and paid my tithes (usually every month—I think once a week better, if practicable), and found verified, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," for I can give twenty dollars now as easily as I could give one then. I do not say it with pride or ostentation, but in *humble* gratitude that God has enabled me to give. There are only *two men* in my church who give as much yearly to missions, etc., as I do—my pastor and one of the deacons. I always wish I had more to give. The more we give, the more we wish to give.

If all church members would try this system, what large amounts the churches could give! And how easy they would find it to give, for there would always be something on hand, laid aside, ready to give. The Lord's money—not ours! Under this system our churches would become strong in faith and more prosperous, for "he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Yet one must not give from selfish motives, but from a desire to do something for God's glory—praying it may be acceptable to Him. At same time we may accept and apply His promises, thereby increasing our faith.

I have tried during these eighteen years to faithfully keep this promise to the Lord; and, by His help, I shall

keep it so long as I live. I feel that the tenth of all I make is God's money, and it would be robbery for me to use it. If my experience will help to induce any one else to adopt the tithing system, then I shall be more than repaid for giving it.

TEACH THE CHILDREN TO GIVE THE TITHING.

BUT why teach a child to tithe his income if he have none? This touches the heart of the giving question. We all prize a thing in proportion as we have put our own work, thought, sacrifice into it. So with a child also; and for a child to give ten cents of money he has earned himself, does *him* more good than several times that sum simply asked of the parent and placed in the offertory. Simply being a conduit for money will not teach him its value. It does not call for planning or sacrifice on his part, so that there is no following it up in his thought, no looking after it to see where it goes and what it does.

To be a cheerful giver one must know something of the worth of the thing given, and that largely involves the earning of it, each for himself.

A boy of eight years old said: "Did you know I had a little store down in my grandpa's office? I made eleven cents selling pencils and such things to the clerks;" and he said to the church collector as he came down the aisle, "put me down two cents, I can pay it;" and pay it he did out of his own earnings. That was *Christian* giving. Any effort that will help a child to earn money when he wants it to help on the Master's work in the world is an effort in the right direction and well expended. A negro mother guiding a little child's hand to the plate was told to "make haste." "Have patience," she replied; "I just want to bring de little twig up to it."

There are so many ways for a child to earn small sums that hardly anyone need be lacking. Almost any country or village child can get control of a bit of land, never so little, and vegetables, flowers and fruit are easily grown.

The waste paper and rag business, collecting old iron, shoveling snow, blacking boots, children's fancy sales, mending, helpfulness of various sorts, the nickel loaning plan, all count.

Little self-denials count. One boy saved his money by denying himself salt mackerel, selecting this because he said "they didn't have it often, and he didn't like it much." Hardly a typical sacrifice; but better than none.

A school in Wisconsin had seventy-six contributors to a fund, and reported over forty different ways of earning the money. By all means help the child to earn something, and then the money given in such proportion as he cheerfully decides upon is given in the proper spirit, and will be spiritually helpful to him.

We should remember, also, that the love of giving once awakened may be made to grow by training, as the child's fingers on the piano grow supple and skillful by training. Here the force of habit helps. Habit is the result of the aggregation of little acts. We know how the silent flakes of snow fall noiselessly through the night, and by the morning they have massed themselves upon the railroad track so that even the mighty locomotive cannot push through them. So, often in the Christian soul, the continuous giving way to some little impulse, the almost unconscious doing of some little wrongful acts accumulates into a habit that blocks the wheels and clogs the spiritual progress of the soul toward God. If good living can be blocked by habit, bad living can be blocked by habit. Let us reverse the figure. Suppose we bring ourselves into the habit of Christian giving—and the child also—by the frequent, continuous, regular giving of small gifts; then unselfishness acquires momentum in the soul, so that when selfish thoughts come in to block the way, the soul rides on triumphantly like the mighty train when the track is clear.

Training makes great things possible. Who is it that says: "There is no height so high but a child may climb to it, if only you make the steps short enough."

THE Christian's wealth is not his; it is Christ's, to whom he himself belongs. He is, therefore, to keep or to give, to hoard or to spend, as will result most fully in the doing of the Divine will.

THERE is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving. Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.

I SHALL pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

CHRIST scorns no work that is done for love of Him. Most of us have much drudgery in our lives, but even this we can make glorious by doing it through love for Christ.

RICHEST are they that live for Christ so well
 The longest day would scarce suffice to tell
 In what wide ways their benefactions fell.
 POOREST are they that live to self so true.
 The longest day brings but such good to view.
 As they may need self's service to pursue.

—*E. R. Champlin.*

WE'LL receive no good when we commence calculating how much we'll get by doing good. The good comes when we lose ourselves in the good work; when we give, not for the sake of the good that will come back to us, but for the sake of the Master, because of the love we bear Him. The good comes when the gifts go not alone, but are accompanied by earnest prayers from loving hearts. The message to Cornelius was, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."

—*Rev. P. V. Bomar.*

RICHEST gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

Hands that ope but to receive,
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

GIVE cheerfully. Give a cup of cold water, a mite, a kiss, a word, a smile, nobly as a disciple. That way of giving swells the gift, and God will use it grandly.

—*Dr. Pierson.*

THE test of a blessing is not in what it secures to us, but it is in what it secures to others through us. God does not give us any treasure to hoard for ourselves, but he gives to us in order that we may give to others. Whether it is the blessing of a new joy or the blessing of a new sorrow, it ought to make us newly sympathetic with those who mourn or those who rejoice, and newly tender toward all. Unless we are made more Christ-like to our fellows through that which we count a blessing from God, we have reason to question whether that which has been sent to us has yet proved a blessing.

THANKSGIVING ANN.

IN the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing just now a look of troubled thoughtfulness not

quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

“Thanksgivin’ an’—

“Johnny, don’t play dar in de water—*Wade!*!”

“Thanksgivin’ an’—

“Run away now, Susie, dearie!

“Thanksgivin’ an’—

“Take care o’ dat bressed baby! Here’s some gingerbread for him.

“Thanksgivin’ an’ de voice of melody.”

You laugh! But looking after all these little things was her work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now to the end of her days. How many these days had already been no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell; they only knew she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early usual breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a fine batch of delicate waffles the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen

window; and 'Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just 's if, 'cause a p-sson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin; an' wouldn't pay it if dey did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway the messenger returned, apparently unwearied in his chase.

"Wa-ll, I came up with him—told ye I would give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a ginerous jonation—equal to your master's; which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a litt e afore hand, as other folks will dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thank'givin' an' de voice of melody,"

she began in her own, well-known voice; but the words died on her lips—her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all her 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebby I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows when I see here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'age, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks, an'

losses, an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happen when de time comes, an' no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need der help. All de world is His; and He send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'taint *my* soul! but I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remained one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye aint give so freely an' gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young no-'comit gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole massa he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes; an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', and den I went bare-foot; an' dat's jist the way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person another," said the lady smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"'Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Massa likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "'Cause if dem old Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout its bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar nms' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin's dat I mos' believe dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me."

And now another call had come.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave all we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"'Spose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat aint none o' my business; vas 'tis, too, 'cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like's if dey didn't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartain, I'll give you all dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose the cry:

"Oh, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there, when, near the dinner-hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too; and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," she said, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes, neither—nor vegetables of any kind!"

"Laws, yes! But den a body has to think about it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same with taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, and I didn't happen to have much of nuffin. 'Clare! I forgot de bread!" and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough; but dat kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey *had* to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all o' my warm feelin's, when de time come."

"When a man has provided boumtifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently; bnt still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think o' Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy;' an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all His benefits to'ard me.' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches."

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning contents; but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all! De chilern eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I'se sorry dar aint no more; but I hopes y'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lips for a moment, and then asked quietly:

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, 'Thanks-giving?'"

"Wall, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone; "b'lieve I will, next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened to be on hand was so much freer an' lovin'er a way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear 's if dey fared slim, an' I spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled face.

"She 's right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is His direct gift; and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own but His; to be journeying toward His royal city; and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom, or the forwarding of His work; but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem very like faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction

occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"Ann, now, I suppose, you are satisfied?"

"I's 'mazing glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but *satisfied*—dat's a long, deep word; an' de Bible says it will be when we 'awake in His likeness.'"

"Wall, now, I don't perfess none o' these kind o' things," said Silas, standing on one foot, and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't believe nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see; but I don't s'pose you'd call that a right good motive; would you?"

"Not de best, Silas; not de best; but it don't make folks love de Lord any de less, 'cause He's a good paymaster, and keeps His word. People dat starts in givin' to de Lord wid dat kind o' motives soon outgrows 'em—it soon gets to be *payin'* rad'er dan givin'."

"Wa-ll, ye see, folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, they don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. But I's glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went in, with her old song upon her lips:

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice o' melody."

REWARDS OF GIVING.

"BLESSED is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing; thou wilt make his bed in his sickness."

—Ps. xli. 1.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."—Ps. xxxvii. 3.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

—Prov. iii. 6.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall we watered also himself."—Prov. xix. 17.

"And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day; and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."—Is. lviii. 10.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that they may be meat in mine house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the

windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of Hosts."

—MAL. iii. 10.

"Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

—LUKE vi. 38.

"I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"—ACTS xx. 35.

"Every man as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace (the word 'grace' here refers to temporal blessing) abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."—2 COR. ix. 7.

