

The Best We Have.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat, And still He asks His own with gentlest pleading To lay their highest hopes and talents at His feet.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer And fills them with His glorious beauty, joy and peace, And in His service wears growing stronger. The calls to grand achievement still increase,

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember How once our Lord poured out His soul for us, And in the prime of His mysterious manhood Gave up His precious life upon the cross!

Through bitter grief and tears gave us The best we have. Dom. Presbyterian.

Autumn Lessons.

We are in the midst of Autumn. The leaves are falling, the grass is withering and the flowers are fading. We perceive in nature impressive lessons of human life. On every hand may be observed pictorial illustrations of truths that should be of deepest concern to mankind.

The return of Autumn tints and vegetable decay reminds us of the frailty and brevity of human life. This life is often compared in the Scriptures, not to a tree, hardy and strong, able to defy the tempest, and to endure in some instances for hundreds of years, but to leaves and flowers and grass, to that which is frail and weak, unable to endure hardness, and which in the midst of its beauty and life is sometimes torn from the stem or prematurely cut down.

All Christians desire to do good. They see the need on every hand, and feel stirring within them a longing to make the world better. Some earnestly seek and honestly try to drive away a little of the misery and increase the happiness of their neighbors.

One reason why we fail in our efforts to do good may be found in the condition of society. Men and women are divided into classes, and the members of these separate classes look on each other with suspicion.

Another cause of failure is found in the nature of the material with which we have to deal. The minds of men have become earthy through long contact with the world. Some are mercenary, and nothing arrests their attention except the voice of mammon.

The leaves and flowers sometimes fade prematurely. Before they reach perfection they begin to wither and die, or by some ruthless hand are torn from their stems. This is another true picture of human life.

grace. The child of many prayers, of much fond parental hope, around whom clustered devout affections and anticipations, whose love was strong and ardent, and whose accomplishments were many—such an one is cut down and committed to the dust. Again, those who have just reached maturity, whose faculties and powers of mind and heart are superior, and whose existence seemed almost indispensable, wither and fall, not in the midst of autumnal winds, but in the summer heat. Their sun goes down at noon.

These emblems of life are faithful and true. We see them illustrated every day as our fellowmen fall on our right hand and on our left. It should have the effect to make man more thoughtful. Inconsideration will not change the stubborn fact of our mortality. We naturally shrink from the thought of death. Our eyes are willingly turned from it, for we have not learned to look upon it without pain.

Reflections upon our frailty and mortality should not influence us unduly and prejudicially; should not cause us to suspend our purposes or relax our energies. On the contrary, it should be allowed to operate as a mighty motive, urging us to duty in greater earnest.

The fading of autumn, emblematic of our lives, has an admonishing voice. It admonishes us to seek and secure the things which satisfy, which fade not, which survive the wrecks of time, and abide forever—the love and favor of God, the merits and grace of Christ, the influences of the Holy Spirit, a title to heaven, and eternal life.

Weary in Well-doing. All Christians desire to do good. They see the need on every hand, and feel stirring within them a longing to make the world better. Some earnestly seek and honestly try to drive away a little of the misery and increase the happiness of their neighbors.

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The chief reason why we do not succeed is in ourselves. Our own ignorance and weakness furnish a sufficient explanation of our failure. We are not wise in the choice and use of methods. We hear much discussion in churches, in temperance societies concerning methods. Preachers are restless, workers are discontented, and the air is full of criticism.

principles of righteousness and salvation which remain the same from age to age and among all classes of men. Successful evangelists and reformers have refused to be hampered by worn-out methods. The successful man is not afraid to strike out a new way for his work.

But our weakness is manifest not so much in the choice and use of methods, as in the spirit with which we work. This is all important. If the spirit be right, success is almost sure. When Jesus went about doing good His methods were simple. The power lay in the heart of our Lord, and not in the outward act. He touched the leper, but cleansing power was not in the touch of the finger. It was in the spirit of the Master. He could have healed him just as readily by a word or look. There was an infinite fullness of life and health and love in His divine spirit. Whatever method He used the result was the same.

If we have His life and love in us we shall not fail so often, neither shall we be weary in well-doing. Success quickly dispels weariness. When Jesus journeyed through Samaria with His disciples He was weary with His journey, and sat down to rest while His disciples went away to buy bread. So soon, however, as He saw the Samaritans coming out in great multitudes to hear Him His weariness vanished. He needed no material nourishment to refresh Him.

Count the Consequences of Your Acts.

He was an upright business man. In his heart he believed the religion of Christ to be true. But he was very busy, and when Sunday came he was thoroughly tired. He had become interested, too, in his newspaper, so he gradually left off going to God's house. His wife went regularly, and sometimes the children.

One morning, just as his wife had set out, he was comfortably seated reading the money article, when he heard his boys talking in the next room. Said ten-year-old Willie: "When you grow up, shall you go to church as mother does, or stay at home like father?"

"I shall do neither," replied Frank, decidedly. "When I'm a man I shall have a horse and trap, and be out on the road on Sundays and enjoy myself." The newspaper suddenly lost its attraction. Between the father and it there came a picture of "his boys associating with loose men, and drifting into a godless, reckless life, and of himself looking on it in his old age as the fruit of his self-indulgence."

Five minutes afterwards he was rapidly walking towards the chapel. When the service was over, his wife, coming down the aisle, saw him waiting at the door. There was questioning, glad surprise in her eyes, but he only remarked that he had taken a walk, and thought he would join her on the way home.

Next Sunday, however, the whole family were in their pew, and all the rest of the day there was a kind of peace about the home that reminded him of his boyhood's happy days under the old roof-tree. And who will say that he was less fitted for another week of business life by his share in the services of God's house, instead of "staying at home all Sunday to rest?"

Spurgeon and an Inquirer.

A young man came all the way from Holland once to ask Mr. Spurgeon the oft-repeated question: "What shall I do to be saved?" "Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Spurgeon. "I came from Flushing, sir, by boat." "And you want to know what you must do to be saved? Well it is a long way to come to ask that question. You know what the answer is: Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

many years, and I do trust him;—but if you know something or other against him I should like to know it, for I do not like to be deceived."

"No, sir, I do not know anything against him."

"Why don't you trust him, then? Could you trust me?"

"Yes; I would trust you with anything."

"But you do not know much about me."

"No, not much; only I know you are a preacher of the word, and I believe you are honest, and I could trust you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that you trust me, and then tell me that you cannot trust Jesus Christ?" He stood still for a moment, and then said: "I can see it now. Why, of course, I can trust him; I cannot help trusting him. He is such a One that I must trust him. Good-bye, sir," he added, "I will go back to Flushing; it is all right now."

The Right Door.

An aged man—one of the happy, shining spirits that never really grow old—met with an accident which resulted in his death. He mistook one doorway—opening upon a flight of stairs—for another, and in the semi-darkness, fell. A few hours later, when consciousness had fully returned, he explained to one who watched beside his bed how the misadventure had occurred.

"You took the wrong door?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. Then his eyes flashed wide open, and with the old cheery note in his voice he corrected his statement: "No, it was the right door. God let it happen."

From that happy faith he never wavered, and for him it was indeed the door that opened homeward.

Into all our lives there come happenings that seem like dreadful mistakes. Things do not turn out as we expected, and instead of the bright and joyous path which we fancied was stretching before us, a sudden grief shuts us in. We find ourselves where we never meant to be; the pleasantness of our days is all swept away by some unwelcome change, and it seems as if occurrences so unexpected and bewildering must be blunders. But if we have used our best judgment, and consciously chosen no wrong course, we need not be dismayed. However it seems, God will open for us the door that leads to His will.

The Easy Chair.

We once heard of a dear old saint, living all alone in a humble cottage, in an out-of-the-way place, some distance from the busy town, with very few neighbors about her, and they quite poor.

She was too feeble to work, but God had put it into the hearts of some of His children to look after her and minister to her necessities, so that she did not come to want. Her stopping-place, for it could hardly be called a home, was scantily furnished; a bed, a chair, stool, and cupboard, with stove, was all she had.

Upon being asked, "Do you murmur at your lot?" she replied, "Satan does tempt me to murmur sometimes when things are bare."

"And what do you do then?" "Why, I just ask the Lord to put me in the easy chair to keep me quiet." Her visitor looked about in vain for anything like an easy chair, and wondering said, "I don't see any easy chair; I don't think I quite understand you." "My easy chair is Romans 8: 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose.'"—Word and Work.

Beware of Misjudging.

Perhaps it were better for most of us to complain less of being misunderstood and to take more care that we do not misunderstand other people. It ought to give us pause at times to remember that each one has a stock of cut-and-dry judgments on his neighbors, and that the chances are that most of them are quite erroneous.

What our neighbor really is we may never know, but we may be pretty certain that he is not what we have imagined, and that many things we have thought of him are quite beside the mark. What he does we have seen, but we have no idea what may have been his thoughts and intentions. The mere surface of his character may be exposed, but of the complexity within we have not the faintest idea. People crammed with self-consciousness and self-conceit are often praised as humble while shy and reserved people are judged to be proud. Some whose whole life is one subtle, studied

selfishness get the name of self-sacrifice, and other silent, heroic souls are condemned for want of humanity.—Ian Maclaren.

How to go Wrong.

When one declines from religion it is usually by gradual steps. It is not easy to tell just where it began. Often it is neglected in secret devotion. This is soon followed by occasional neglect of public worship, and then by more frequent neglect, till it is given up altogether. Once excuses were given for neglect, but these are no longer offered. When the house of God is forsaken, the soul is then open to the attacks of Satan and is in danger of almost any temptation. When decline begins, none can predict the end. How much we need to resist and guard against beginnings of evil and secret ways, and especially the neglect of private religious habits! After a tree has fallen it often reveals the fact that there was decay at the heart a long time before it was suspected. The rottenness within prepared it for its downfall when an unusual strain came upon it. Presbyterian Record.

The Privacy of the Home.

The privacy of the family life ought to be protected in every possible way. We can think of nothing more coarse and vulgar than the habit which some people have of tearing down the walls, and bidding the general public see all that goes on in their homes. Especially do we reprobate the folly of publishing family disputes and difficulties. The husband, who opens his lips to mention to others the supposed shortcomings of his wife, and the wife who makes a practice of parading the defects of her husband, are both alike worthy of unmixing contempt. If there be differences and disagreements—and there ought to be none of a serious nature—the proper thing to do is to conceal them from the curious gaze. Any other policy brings inevitable strife and alienation, and probable disgrace and shame.—Nashville Advocate.

"I tried to be a skeptic when I was a young man," said Cecil, "but my mother's life was too much for me."

You can, of course, do as you please, but you will have to settle the matter with your God some day.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Ardson, Knobs, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over 10 years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also find it of great value in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

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