

MY SAVIOUR'S HAND.

BY KATHARINE E. FURNIS. That tender hand—in dark Gethsemane Railed in the prayer, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

THE MORAL USES OF MONEY.

If money is in any degree a power, the motion of morality or of immorality must attach to every use of it. It is a thing that must be accounted for to God.

In numerous instances money has proven the root of all evils of intemperately indulged appetite, social superciliousness, hardness of heart, and unscrupulous gratification of ambition.

But, if it be true that the love of money is the root of all evil, it is also true that the want of money is the root of numerous evils, to say nothing of inconveniences.

A shrewd clergyman remarked to a man who demurred at presenting him a wedding fee, on the ground of gratuitousness of the gospel, "Salvation is free, but it costs to get married."

On returning from church, a mother remarked to her son, "I did not like the sermon to-day, nor singing, nor the choir."

And yet again He said: "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Christianity is worthy of decided rebuke. It may not be necessary to return to the practice of a hundred years ago, when the church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors; but it is needful to insist on the duty and the privilege of giving generously to all good causes in obedience to the exhortation, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

The familiar couplet is worth repeating: "That man may be, but never lives, Who much receives, and nothing gives."

The mean can never be in any true sense wealthy. It was the sage advice of an old gentleman to his daughter, "Be sure that you never marry a poor man; but, remember, the poorest man in the world is the one that has money and nothing else."

"What I gave, I have; What I spent, I had; What I kept, I lost."

THE BEST PRAYER.

Is it not to be feared that if most of our prayers could be properly interpreted they would mean, "My will be done?" The prayer "Thy will be done" is the broadest, deepest, and highest supplication that saints on earth or saints and angels in heaven, yet that the only begotten of the Father, can offer.

The picture in the parable of the prodigal son correctly represents the outcome of a life in the pursuit of one's own will. It does not always lead to the same depths of shame, but it always leads downward.

If we shall leave ourselves in the hand of the Lord, and honestly seek to do His will and follow where He leads, He will lead us by still waters of peace and hope, and make us to lie down in green pastures of rich spiritual satisfaction.

This is an appropriate petition for an afflicted soul. It is natural to pray in affliction, and to ask for the removal of the pain. This is not wrong, provided we do not stop there. Pain was unwelcome to the human nature of Jesus and of Paul, and they prayed that the cup might pass from them; but they did not stop there.

This petition should be in the mouth and heart of everyone as he contemplates the future. We know not what a day may bring forth. For the most part, when we offer this petition we are praying in the dark. We place our hand in the hand of our heavenly Father and say, "Lead Thou me on: I will follow whithersoever Thou leadest."

We know not the way, but we do know the end of the way. We know not His will concerning the health of our bodies, the success of our financial operations, or the outcome of our social plans, but we know His will concerning our eternal destiny.

And yet again He said: "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

THE PLAIN GOSPEL IS ENOUGH.

Jesus said that if he were lifted up he would draw all men unto him. Paul said that by the foolishness of preaching men would be saved. Are even Christians presenting Christ with sufficient simplicity and directness? Are they sufficiently emphasizing the importance of simple and direct Gospel preaching?

Are not in effect substitutes for the Gospel offered by the representatives of the churches themselves—doctrines that may indeed be found in the New Testament but are of secondary importance, speculations that are made to pose as truths of primary importance, and organizations that, however "benevolent," are not the church—the "pillar and ground of the truth?"

How utterly worthless are all plans and methods of reform compared with the application of the simple Gospel to the hearts and consciences of men? For the cure of social evils, for the solution of the liquor problem, for the checking of selfishness in politics, for the removal of sex and color prejudices, for the adjustment of relations between capital and labor, for the amelioration of the world through the spiritual regeneration of the individual man and woman, have we not the simple Gospel of Jesus and the essential form of the primitive church? What more do we need except simplicity and directness of service in humility and fervency of spirit without vain show or needless formalism of any kind?—Morning Star.

NOT PRAYING FOR OTHERS.

There is a Scripture word which suggests to us in a striking way the importance of praying for others. Samuel had been set aside by the people in their eagerness to have a king. For a moment, under a special revealing of God, their consciences were awakened to a sense of their sin, and they came to Samuel, as they had done so often before, with a request that he would pray for them.

Perhaps we are not accustomed to think of praying for others in just this way, as a binding duty, the omission of which is a sin against God. We think of it only as a privilege, and we are in danger of narrowing our prayers to ourselves and our own wants. We think of our own sorrows and trials, our own duties, our own work, our spiritual growth, and too often do not look out of the window upon our friend's rough path or sore struggle.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

An artist wanted a man that would represent the prodigal. One day he met a poor beggar, and he thought: "That man would represent the prodigal." He found the beggar ready to sit for his painting if he would pay him. The man appeared on the day appointed, but the artist did not recognize him. He said, "You made an appointment with me."

"No, it must be some other artist. I have an appointment to meet a beggar here at this hour." "Well," says the beggar, "I am the man." "You the man?" "Yes." "What have you been doing?" "Well, I thought I would get a new suit of clothes before I got painted."

COUNTRY AHEAD of the city for residence. But, alas, neither place is proof against coughs or colds, and so Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam is welcome in both localities. 25c. all Druggists.

THE LAST IDOL GONE.

Dr. Judson, the eminent missionary to Burmah, once examined a Karen woman who was a candidate for baptism. She gave intelligent answers to his questions, but Judson was not quite satisfied. There seemed something lacking. His eye caught the glitter of a necklace of a kind much esteemed by the Karens.

apparently be a severe one. Judson appealed to her own consciousness of pride and vanity, and the woman broke down. She took her necklace off and looked at it admiringly. It was the most precious in her possession. She thought about it for some time, and laid it down on the missionary's table with the declaration, "I love Christ more than that."

READ THIS SLOWLY AND THINK.

Does my life please God? Am I studying my Bible daily? Am I enjoying my Christian life? Is there anyone I cannot forgive? Have I ever won a soul to Christ? How much time do I spend in prayer? Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ? Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer? Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ? Just where am I making my greatest mistake?

How does my life look to those who are not Christians? How many things do I put before my religious duties? Have I ever tried giving one-tenth of my income to the Lord? Is the world being made better or worse by my living in it? Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?—Presbyterian Endeavor.

EXPULSION FOR PRAYING.—Over one hundred years ago six under-graduates arranged to meet weekly for extempore prayer. This singular proceeding was gradually noised abroad throughout the university; it reached the ears of the Vice-chancellor. A meeting of the heads of houses was held to consider the extraordinary circumstance, and it was resolved that, the offenders still persisting, they should be expelled.

At Night

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TRUE RESTS.—Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for this scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam.

The first was only "stagnation"; the last was "rest." Christ's life was outwardly one of the most troubled lives that was ever lived; tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time, till the worn body was laid in the grave.

But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to him and found rest. And even when his enemies were dogging him in the streets of Jerusalem he turned to his disciples and offered them, as a last legacy, "My peace."—Henry Drummond.

RESPONSIBILITY.

You are not right to stand still in any great party, moving in any direction, doing wrong, without deliberately taking account with yourself. Am I striving to correct the evil by all the influence I can wield? On finding it is impossible, do I free myself from all imputation of partnership in such guilt, one way or the other? A man who, with open eyes and a clear understanding, permits wrong to be done without protest and resistance up to the measure of his power has responsibility for the sum-total of that wrong. Nobody has a right to be peaceable when there is sin around, and when it is surrounding him. If there is wrong doing he cannot say to himself, "There are four partners, and I shall have only one-fourth of this responsibility."

Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look in on it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it seem to me unprofitable. The universe is full of love and of ex-acting serenity and veracity and it remains forever true that God reigns.—Carlyle.

OUR NAME IN HEAVEN

Some years ago a friend of mine that was in London was going back to America. She went to Liverpool with a party of American friends, and they were talking about what hotel they would stop at, and decided to go to the Northwestern. The hotel was full, and as they were starting to find another, they said to my friend, "Are not you going with us?" My friend said, "No, I am going to stay here."

THE CROSS.

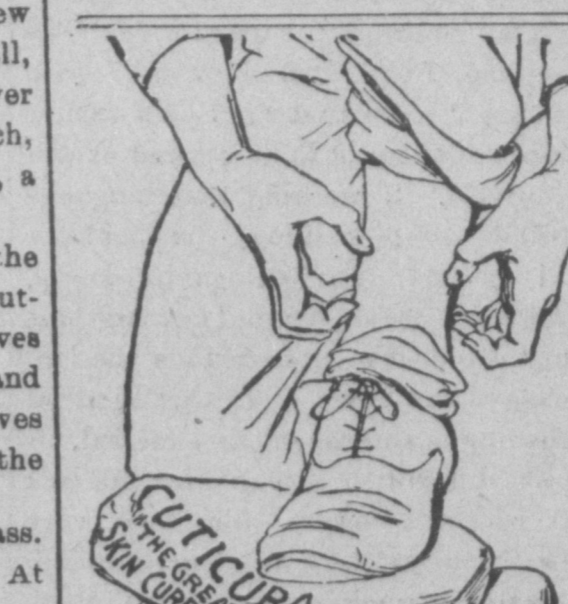
A long time ago there was in Scotland a chain-bridge famous for its massive strength. A French engineer came over and took its dimensions, and in due time built a similar structure on the Seine at Marly. It was, however, much lighter and slier than its prototype. When its gates were opened to the multitude it began to sway to and fro ominously beneath their footfall and presently gave way. The trouble with this bridge was that its architect had omitted the middle bolt, thinking it but a clumsy feature at best. There are those who are making a similar mistake in these days in their eagerness to press the application of the Gospel upon the temporal wants of the people.

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