

"He Careth for You."

What can it mean? Is it ought to Him That the nights are long and the days are dim?

Can He be troubled by the grief I bear, Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?

About His throne are eternal calms, And strong, glad music and happy psalms, And bliss untroubled by any strife— Now can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me While I live in this world where the sorrows be!

When the lights die down from the path I take; When strength is feeble, and friends forsake;

When love and music, that once did bless, Have left me to silence and loneliness, And my life song changes to silent prayers— Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadow hangs over the whole day long, And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;

When I am not good, and deeper shade Of conscience makes my heart afraid, And the busy world has too much to do To stay in its course to help me through, And I long for a Saviour, can it be That the God of the universe cares for me?

O, wonderful story of deathless love! Each child is dear to that heart above! He fights for me when I cannot fight, He comforts me in the gloom of night, He lifts the burden, for He is strong, He stills the sigh and awakes the song; The sorrow that brought me down He bears, And loves and pardons, because He cares.

And all who are sad take heart again, We are not alone in hours of pain; Our Father stoops from His throne above To soothe and quiet us with His love; He leaves us not when the storm is high, And we have safety, for He is nigh, Can it be trouble which He doth share? O, rest in peace, for the Lord does care!

—Marianne Farningham.

Things that Need Fighting For.

Everything in the world that is worth having has to be fought for. When the Apostle describes faith as a victory over the world, he is not telling us something about it which is not true of every other grace and gift in the range of human life. Each of them is a victory.

Take sanity, for instance. The sanest minds, those which infect other men with their mental health, and help to keep the race from what is melancholic, fantastic, and unsafe, are those which had in them the capacity for insanity, and mastered it by heroic effort. We see illustrations of this in Luther, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Johnson, and Lincoln,—all of them men of large and sane intelligence, who have contributed to keep up the standard of mental health for the civilized world, and yet every one of them capable of saying with Shakespeare, "That way madness lies."

So we are coming to the recognition of the fact that courage is not a natural indifference to fear, but a victory over it. The bravest men in the world's history have been men of natural timidity, who were afraid in the dark, or wanted to run away in the presence of danger, or—like Frederick the Great—actually did run away in their first severe encounter with it, but who mastered this timidity under the demands of duty.

Faith is that grace of which the Scriptures especially tell us that it is a victory. It is not the natural credulity that fits a man to take for truth whatever is told him. Neither is it the dull acquiescence that accepts whatever our grandmother, or our nurse, or our favorite preacher, has told us for truth. Neither is it the obstinate clinging to a body of beliefs for which we have no better reason than that they are the accepted opinions of those with whom we associate, or the opinions we think it safest or most respectable to hold, or those we have identified with our reputation for consistency. As Coleridge says, the faith that makes a man a Christian is neither "acquiescence without insight," nor "immunity from doubt through resolute ignorance," nor "the habit of taking for granted the words of a Catechism." It is the victorious outcome of a process of struggle with the unfaithfulness or natural atheism of the heart, in which the battle is not flinched, but honestly won. The strongest believers have often been those who had the hardest fight to win their foothold on the solid ground of Christian truth,—as Paul, Augustine, Luther, Duncan, and Bushnell had. To such men our Lord seems to repeat his saying to Peter, "Do thou, when once thou hast turned again, establish thy brethren."

Hope is a victory as well as faith. It is not the natural cheerfulness which comes of a disposition to look on the bright side of things. Dickens's Mark Twain is no type of Christian hopefulness, and, indeed, is not even a possible human being. Hope is the triumph of a soul which has the faith to believe there is an eternal wisdom

working for good through all the gloom and disasters of human life, and thus learns to look above and beyond them all for the triumph of goodness over evil. It is often a victory over natural despondency, which is capable to every one who seeks it in God. It is not the prerogative of a few happily constituted minds, who are blind to all the darker side of things, and face life with the perpetual smile of contented ignorance.

Love is above all things a victory. As each of us is a self, and wakens up to the fact with the first dawn of consciousness, so each of us is perpetually tempted to make this self the center of the universe, and to estimate all things with reference to its comfort and satisfaction. Selfishness and love set the battle in array very early in the life of every human being, and the shaping of character depends on that struggle in the field of the heart. To learn to forget self in another, to acquire the heroic art of a true friendship for another, to make use and service to others rather than gain to one's self, the goal of our existence,—this is not a thing that is achieved in a day. Life indeed has some charming surprises that co-operate towards this result, as when the personality of some other person seems to furnish the complement of our own. But these are but openings and suggestions of higher possibilities, which will amount to something, or will prove a disappointment, according to our use of them.

The real way to true and lasting love for man and God is through steady and loyal obedience to love as a law, until it becomes an instinct. It is through small surrenders of our comfort, our interests, our conceit of ourselves, that the habit grows of finding a center outside of ourselves, and we rise to the social sense of other men's personality and their rights. Step by step men climb thus to the recognition of the fact that Love embraces the universe, is the other name of God, and is the motive to the great disclosure of Himself He has made in His Son. But no man gets to that level with out a battle against the law in his members which sets up self as the real deity, and will not be deposed without resistance. All that is low and base in human nature revolts against such a reversal of selfish estimates of life. The love that prevails is an outcome of victory.

As faith, hope, and love are the results of victory, and not natural endowments, they are all within the reach of every one of us, and we are without excuse if we do not possess them, or are not on the way to them. True, they are all supernatural graces, but the power which makes them possible to us is at hand for our help. "What soldier ever serveth at his own charges?" What government expects its armies to equip themselves? Nor is God less reasonable with his soldiers, for the strength and the equipment for this war both come from Him. But it is help to war and aid to fight, not assistance to sit still or to develop our natural gifts into something divine. In our Lord's last words to His churches, it is to "him that overcometh" that all the blessings of Christian joy and perfection are promised.

Not to the vanquished Heaven opens its portals; Rest is the glory given To crowned immortals.

Think not of mere release, Welcomed victors; God giveth more than peace, His rest is glorious. —S. S. Times.

The Young Minister.

The doctor, as he walked slowly homeward down the village street in the quiet Sunday afternoon, was joined by the young minister, who had preached that morning in the little church. He had been ordained only a week, and this was his first sermon since his ordination.

His friend's thought it "a masterly effort." He hoped the old doctor would say of it, too. The effort had cost him much study and prayer, and surely deserved commendation. But the doctor only said, "Good-morning, Willy!" and talked of the drought.

The old man had known the young minister since he was born, had lanced his first tooth and brought him through the measles. It was natural that he should call him Willy. Still, he ought to recognize the fact he had become a teacher of men, one whose office was to declare the oracles of God.

The doctor, meanwhile, eyed askance the smooth face, with a sad yet half-questioning expression in his gray eyes.

"S. I've reached the goal at last," the young man said presently. "You are fully qualified now to take charge of a congregation?" asked the doctor.

"Well, I hope so. I passed through college and the seminary with success, as you know," the lad said modestly.

"I have studied hard. I think I am sound in doctrine. No man in my class is better versed in the original Hebrew and Greek of the Bible, and I have made myself familiar with modern forms of belief—the 'bane and antidote,' you know."

"Yes; but what do you know of men?" gravely demanded the doctor. "What have you learned of sin? That poor tavern-keeper yonder knows depths in the Devil's power and God's patience of which you never dreamed. How can you preach to such as he?"

"What would you have me do?" cried the young man in surprise. "Go out into the world, as your Master went. Mix with men and learn their temptations and the good and ill of their lives. Get close to them. Take poor outcasts by the hand, and try to lift them up. Feel with the tempted man's heart, see with his eyes, think with his thoughts. Then you will be able to speak to men who are like him words that they will understand. Neither they nor men of higher moral character care to listen simply to a clever literary essay in the pulpit."

"You did not approve of my sermon, then?" asked the minister. "It was grammatical, terse, and in good taste. The allusions were apt. The poetry was well recited. You told us of a flame which you proved logically would burn us, of which you had read in three languages. If you could have spoken—as I trust you may do some day—out of the temptations of your own life; out of your own struggles against selfishness and fleshly impulses, urging, 'Behold, I have felt the fire; it rages in every nature; it burns on every hearthstone; it is ready to burst forth in every daily act; and then had proclaimed God's methods for extinguishing it, every attentive soul in your audience would have responded in personal sympathy and in desire for the better life."

"Young men in theological schools are sheltered," said Willy, coldly, "and occupied by their studies, they note little of the vice or of the temptations of human nature in the world about them."

"And that is the reason," said the doctor, promptly, "that older men and every-day business men, who are forced to see and note both, and whose daily lives are filled with besetments, are not eager to fill the pews to hear young men from the theological schools preach. The German apprentice, when he had learned to handle his tools, went out into the world for a year or more—his Wanderjahr—to enlarge his experience and from personal observation to learn, if possible, how to use them with greater skill and efficiency. The same custom would be useful to the young minister."—Youth's Companion.

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"Joy Cometh in the Morning."

We always represent sorrow and trouble as circumstances of a night time of the soul. We speak of the life into which they come as being darkened over. Poetry calls tears the dew of that night. But "joy cometh in the morning." How true is that beautiful assurance of the old Hebrew psalmist! How eternally true! You may have gazed longingly into every dark hour of the passing night for a ray of comfort and deliverance, and in vain, but the morning brought light to your soul; you may have lain down in the evening in despondency, but you rise up in the morning with hope in your heart; at dusk the world seemed a tangle and a labyrinth, at dawn its path was open wide and plain before you. Pessimism is the philosophy of night, optimism the philosophy of the morning.

"Joy cometh" with "the morning." The coming of joy is certain and sure, therefore, as the morning's advent. And the morning will come. Never once has a day dawned since God first set His light in the expanse of the heavens.

But why the night, why the weeping, why the sorrow? The physical night has its uses. Our planet could not stand unceasing sunlight on all its service. Night is so necessary as day to its life and economy. Neither could man endure perpetual happiness. We cannot understand why not, perhaps, but it is so. We know, at any rate, that there is beauty in contrast in life, as well as in color; that if one note were always sounded in our lives there would be no music there; that doubtless we would never see and know, at least never thoroughly realize, the glad, bright joy of the morning, if there were no night in our lives. Faith has learned little until it has learned that

"Life is sweeter, love is dearer, For the trial and the day." Another night will come to us all men. What a soul that night of death,

so drear and dark? For it does the assurance hold good, that it will have a morning of brightness and joy. "In His favor is life." And life is light, and light is morning. O, be very sure that you live in the favor of God, through Christ His Son, and then faith will tell your soul that this night of death, likewise, is only a night, that it has indeed a morning of eternal joy!—The Examiner.

Giving, Consecration, and Prayer.

Following the suggestion made above we select another useful paragraph from an article by Rev. E. L. Flagg, on the subject of Christian Giving. Mr. Flagg shows how it is intimately associated with Consecration and Prayer.

Giving is closely related to consecration. It is a part of consecration. The philosophy of giving money and of any other kind of Christian service is exactly the same. Cash represents so much toil and energy sealed up. Giving cash in the right spirit represents so much of life's energy going forth to bless and help humanity. Hence the collection-plate is an important part of the consecration service. Like the thermometer that indicates the degree of heat and cold, one's generosity indicates the temperature of his piety.

Giving is closely related to prayer. It is a part of prayer. We often say "Amen" too soon. Real prayer implies corresponding action. Such action, which is giving in one form or another, becomes the wire along which the prayer-power speeds. "If I had as much wheat as you have in the barn, papa," said a little boy to his stingy father, who had prayed for a family in need of bread, "I would answer that prayer myself." That little boy was on the line of keeping things in their right proportion. Some things are out of all proportion. It is out of all proportion for a rich man to talk of giving his mite. The mites are all right for the poor widow. But a rich widow or a prosperous man should devise larger things.

Mr. B. F. Jacobs tells that he was once soliciting money for Sunday school work. After the meeting a man said to him, "I want to give my widow's mite." "Wait a minute," said Mr. Jacobs, "I want to ask you two questions. The first, Are you a widow?" "No." "The second, Do you know how much the widow gave?" "How much?" "She gave all she had. Now, do you want to give the widow's mite?"

It is most consistent for us to sting, "Take my silver and my gold, nor a mite would I withhold," and then withhold everything but the mite. Surly such a rate of giving is disproportionate and discredit to professedly Christian people.

The Tongue.

The human tongue is capable of nobler good and of more debasing evil than any other organ of man. "Therewith bless we God even the Father, and, therewith curse we men which are made after the similitude of God." No instrument of man is capable of such infinite variety of use or of such high attainment under cultivation. It can repel or invite, welcome or warn, whisper or wail, solace or sadden, make drowsy or rouse from slumber, utter harsh discord or voice sweetest symphony. It lends itself to the learning of many forms of speech and can simulate even the noises in nature.

It is at once slave and master. To him who has learned its control it becomes the willing servant instantly and perfectly obeying behest. To him who is controlled by it the tongue is a tyrannical master, turning the whole man whithersoever its utterances tend.

The tongue is a fire. When dominated by the Spirit of the living God its purifying flames cleanse the lives of men and make earth a wholesome abode. When not so dominated it is controlled by Satan and "is set on fire of hell." Then its lurid flames devour virtue and besmirch beauty.

The tongue is a fountain of waters. When the fountain is presided over by the spirit of Jesus, then the thirsty drink of its cooling streams, and the weary take on new life beside its sparkling freshness. Burdened lives rest them by its inviting refreshment and go forth girded anew because of its gracious influence. But if the Master Spirit be not present to clarify and sweeten, then its waters ooze forth in muddy contamination and hurtful poisons.—Can. Baptist.

His Church Affiliations.

This story is told of a minister of the Episcopal Church, who, during a certain journey, met a citizen who claimed that he was also an Episcopalian.

"To what parish do you belong?" "Do I know nuthin' 'bout any parish," was his answer. "Well, to what diocese do you belong?" inquired.

"There ain't nothin' of it at sort in this part of the country that I ever heard of," he replied. "But who confirmed you?" said I. "Nobody," he said. "But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?" I asked in astonishment. "Oh, yes," said the old man: "I tell you how it is. Last spring I was away from home visitin', and while I was there I went ter church, and it happened to be an Episcopal an' one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they oughter done, and done them things they hadn't oughter done; and I said to myself, 'That's just my fix too; and since then I've always considered myself an' Episcopalian'."

"Well," said I, as I shook the old man's hand, "if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world."

Belief the Foundation. A man said to me some time ago, "Moody, the doctrine you preach is most absurd; you preach that men have only to believe to change the whole course of their life. A man will not change his course by simply believing!" I said, "I think I can make you believe that in less than two minutes."

"No, you can't," he said; "I'll never believe it." I said, "Let us make sure that we understand each other. You say a man is not affected by what he believes, it will not change his course?" "I do."

"Supposing," I said, "a man should put his head in at the door and say the house was on fire, what would you do? You would get out by the window if you believed, wouldn't you?" "Oh," he replied, "I didn't think of that!"

"No," I said quietly, "I guess you didn't."

Belief is the foundation of all society, of commerce, and of everything else.—Exchange.

"We are ALL EVE'S DAUGHTERS," sighed a pretty woman, whose husband had just scolded her for catching cold by attending a Christmas dance in a low-necked dress. "Then Adam's son's Cough Balsam must be the very thing to cure you," said a witty bystander. 25c. all Druggists.

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