

The Kiss of God.

When the great leader's task was done, He stood on Pisgah's height, And saw, far off, the westering sun Drop down into the night.

Saw, too, the land in which, alas! He might not hope to dwell Spread fairly out; and then—for so Talmudic legends tell—

Jehovah touched him, and he slept; And smooth the mountain sod Was leveled o'er him, and 'twas writ, "Died by the kiss of God."

The kiss of God! We talk of death In many learned ways— We know so much—which of them all So simple in its praise

As this which from the oldest days Has treasured been apart, To comfort in this hour of time The mourner's aching heart?

We walk our bright or desert road, And, when we reach the end, Bends over us with gentle face The universal Friend.

Upon our lips His own are laid; We do not strive nor cry. The kiss of God! Upon that kiss It is not hard to die.

—John White Chadwick.

Frozen Kindness.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

The world is not, intentionally, unkind, instead, I believe it is full of a certain sort of kindness which might not inaptly be denominated "frozen kindness!" This is a kindness of feeling which dwells within our heart for others, but which seldom finds expression; but which, for all the good it does the hungry spirit, is about the same as no kindness at all. The coal within my grate—though the very best of coal—can give no warmth unless I allow the match to be applied; and I might wander in a forest amid a perfect wilderness of fallen timber, yet freeze to death if I had no means of kindling the wood into flame.

In the family, the social circle, the church, if we take no trouble to let the one whom we love know of the tenderness that is within our heart for them, they cannot be very much happier or stronger than if our tenderness had no existence.

Very far am I from arguing for that love which can prove its existence only by words; but I am pleading that we uncover our hearts and let the one who can be made glad by dwelling therein, see how large a place they really hold.

I never feel there is much danger that sensible people will become unduly elevated because of an occasional word expressive of appreciation. Anyway, there are generally sufficient weights on the other side to keep him securely on terra firma.

I like my pastor so much, said a Presbyterian lady to me. I often feel that it would be such a pleasure to me only to tell him how his sermons help me. I can always be more patient with the children after a talk with him.

Why not tell him? I asked. Oh, well, I suppose he knows it, and he is not the kind of a man that would care for anything like that.

And far more likely than not that very pastor is hungry for some real assurance that he is not casting his seed on barren ground.

We think we have the best Sunday school teacher in town, said a beautiful girl, giving her teacher a loving little hug; and, pinning some roses on her. Mamma says she has to take you for breakfast, dinner and supper. And the teacher—well, I think I can understand how she felt. I am sure it did not cause her to feel her superiority to any other teacher. It made her very happy, yet very humble too; and I know there must have been swiftly wafted from her heart to heaven a more earnest prayer, not only for her class in general, but for God's blessing to especially rest upon the winsome, loving girl.

We miss so much that is beautiful, both in giving and receiving, because we do not oftener tell to others our love or appreciation of them.

My pupils who greet me with words or looks of love always receive my very best help. Perhaps it is wrong, yet I can not help it. I always become more enthused while doing for those who I see appreciate my efforts, and who exert themselves to meet my wishes, than I possibly can while assisting the indifferent.

I believe it is natural. All the twelve were dear to our Lord; but John pressed forward to lean upon his Master's bosom, and John is always known as the "beloved disciple."

I would that some word could be written, said or sung that had the power to break the ice of formality that rises as a high wall between friends who, but for this, could so help each other. Tenderness comes easily enough when the hungry heart has ceased to beat. When the ear has grown too dull to hear, we pour into it such lavish devo-

tion, a millionth part of which would have been as sweetest music to the one listening so wearily for the words of encouragement which never came.

Not long ago one of the public school teachers died. Beautiful were the tributes which were spoken above that coffin lid. Pupils came laden with costly flowers, and sobbed convulsively as they crowded them above, beneath and around the senseless clay. Associate teachers told in eloquent language, yet broken voice, of what a stimulant she, for so many years, had been to them. The superintendent stood at the head of that flower-decked coffin, and told how in all the years of his professional life he had never met one more faithful; how he had been impelled to greater efforts by the example of her noble self-forgetting. And then he said, laying his hand among the flowers, She might have been with us to-day if she had been more like to us, less like to God. She truly gave herself for those she served. And, after, he added softly, Greater love hath no man. The effect was touching in the extreme, and the mysterious dispensation of Providence was oft repeated.

I chanced to know something about the life of the now dead teacher. I had never imagined her a favorite. The pupils had often called her cranky, and superintendent and associate teachers would shrug their shoulders, or smile, in a superior sort of way, at her extreme views. She had never deamed herself beloved; and at the close of every year she had felt, not that they needed her, but a dread lest she should lose her situation. How surprised her spirit must have been if it was still hovering around the senseless clay! I couldn't help but wish they had told her all this before she died. It would have helped her so.

For a long time before she gave up to die, she had been sick and nervous, and perhaps irritable, and fancying herself endured did not tend to whisper peace. If only some pupil had put her arms around the tired worker—as did the pretty girl in the Sunday school this morning—and pinned some roses above the throbbing heart, how much lighter would have grown her burden. If only one teacher had said to her, I am a more useful woman because my life has been touched by yours, or if the superintendent had ever once said, Your devotion to duty, your brave self-forgetting, is an inspiration to me, then the spirit, strengthened, would have helped the body to endure. But they waited and said it all when the heart had ceased to throb.

This is no fancy sketch, and many homes can paint its counterpart. When the toiling hand is forever still, we try to warm it into life by our, too late, repentance. Poor, cold, dead hands that, but the day before, would have so thrilled beneath our caressing touch! We pile high the flowers above the pulseless breast, when a tiny flower now and then pinned above the beating heart would have cast a radiance about the pathway, and guided them away from the many thorns and rocks that pierced and bruised and made to bleed their aching, weary feet.

With tearful eye we tell of kindly deeds the willing hands have wrought; of gentle, strengthening words the pallid lips have spoken; of errands of mercy upon which the eager feet have sped. But, alas and alas! the ear is deaf to words of praise; the eye is blind to look of love; the aching heart has ceased to beat and our too tardy love can not avail.

We love our own, and life would be desolate without them. We love our friends, and their absence would leave a sad vacancy within our hearts. But we sometimes forget that it is within our power to so add to their strength and courage that even death himself cannot always win the prey he wishes. Day can uphold a brave spirit for a long while, yet duty is a poor substitute for hope and love and joy, and these cannot live long unless they have something upon which to feed.

Let us not wait to write in obituary notice the words that could nerve to richer life the aching heart to-day. Let us not cherish a frozen kindness that only a frozen heart can thaw into warmth. Let us not forget that every heart about us is often travel-worn, and gentle thoughts made known will bring the sweetest rest.—Christian Standard.

The Danger of Discidence.

I firmly believe that God sends to His children tests to try the strength of their love. It is, I believe, in these tests that so many prove themselves unworthy of the great things of God.

We all have our natural ambitions and desires, and these are often directly opposed to God's plan for us.

We think we are having a very close walk with God—think we are

very obedient—we enjoy great liberty, we talk much of our love for God and determination to live only for Him.

Suddenly comes the test. Something which has always been our natural ambition to acquire is placed within our reach. We look, we falter; the Spirit speaks, gently urging us to the denying of self. Perhaps faithful friends warn us. But all the while we are trying to stifle the voice; we think of the great good we can accomplish if we follow our inclinations, and finally we yield to the tempter.

We still talk of our love for God, we still pray and try so hard to make ourselves think all is well; but alas! we have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

We no longer enjoy the close communion, no longer are happy in the assurance that God is pleased with us. We have disobeyed, have grieved the Holy Spirit and He no longer talks with us.

So we go on, our light growing fainter and fainter from day to day; till finally it flickers, flares and is gone, and we are left in the darkness of despair.

Oh, dear reader, do I not know what that means! I have been right there, from the bright assurance that I was a child of God, to the feeling that I was without God and without hope in the world; and all this came from one act of disobedience.

I tried very hard to still serve God, but it was trying. It was no longer a spontaneous, happy service. I felt this, oh, so keenly! I found that I no longer enjoyed freedom in talk or prayer. My life became a burden to me. I was constantly doing things which I felt were unworthy of a child of God; and at last I got so heart sick that I said, It is no use trying. So I hung my harp on the willow, put away my Bible and stopped praying.

Dear ones, here was my second terrible mistake. What I needed was to confess my disobedience to God and cry mightily for forgiveness and restoration; but this I would not do.

God's Holy Spirit kept calling me to come back, and many times I tried only to fail, because I tried instead of trust.

God began to send trials and heartaches; but still I wandered on, heavy-hearted, foot-sore, tired of life; until finally came a great, an overwhelming sorrow which utterly crushed me for days, till finally I saw the Father's hand, and heard the sweet voice of the Spirit saying so lovingly, and so pleadingly, Come home, weary one.

Oh, the sweet peace that filled the poor, crushed heart. I am once more a child of God, once more hear His dear voice, once more I say, I am walking just as I am led.

Dear friends, this is no theorizing, this is an actual experience, and is written because I hear God's voice saying, Tell it to others; warn them of the danger of disobedience.

To the young Christians I say, Let nothing come between you and God. Make a complete surrender. It is the only happy life on earth.

But if you do fall in some point, go to the root of the matter with out delay. Tell Jesus how you have failed, and ask to be restored. Rest assured if you go in humility He will hear your prayers and restore you to favor; even though your wilfulness may have thwarted some divine plan in your life.

Always remember that the vessel which was marred in the hands of the potter was made into another (Jeremiah 18: 17).

Thus will you save perhaps years of miserable wanderings and uselessness in the Master's vineyard.—Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Farmer John.

BY CHARLOTTE ARCHER RANNEY.

My dear Mary, there is perfect accord between Farmer John and myself, said the white-haired old wife, swaying softly back and forth in the sweet morning sunshine, and smiling as she rocked.

We are of one mind on all fundamental questions, and in no case do we come to an open difference of opinion. Now, you seemed surprised a few moments ago when I gave the advice John asked for, and he went promptly out and did the opposite thing. You see, my dear, he did not really want advice—he simply wanted help to make up his mind. I did not care in the least on which side of the yard he planted that May cherry-tree, but I see now that it is going into the one spot on the whole lawn that exactly suits the needs of its being, and the old lady glanced complacently out at her husband as he firmed the rich soil around the roots of the young tree.

The young matron had opinions of her own on most questions—opinions which she felt were as good as any one's opinions, and there had been times in her life when the quiet ignoring of her opinions had caused friction of wills in the household, and some heart-ache besides.

This the old lady knew and grieved over.

Mary, all men are alike in a general way. I accept as a token of love and respect my husband's sweet little habit formed early in our married life of consulting with me about all the small affairs of the home. The great affairs of the farm he is able to manage without my help. He knows just what is wisest and best to do, and does it promptly. But it is a great pleasure to Farmer John to go through with the form of consulting me, and I should miss something very pleasant out of my life if he were to suddenly stop coming to me with all the sweet and varied interests of the home.

But why do you advise him, auntie, when you know you can give him no help? said the young woman with some asperity.

Oh, but, my dear child, I do help—I help him to make up his mind! And after all, an earnest look taking the place of the mischief in her eyes, I think his plans are nearly always better than mine anyway. Where my advice is really best, Farmer John is swift to see and take advantage of it. And where he cannot see, why make myself and him, too, uncomfortable by insisting on my way? There are very few women who get their own way and happiness at the same time.

One Son.

A college professor and doctor of philosophy, whose name is well known not only in this country but abroad, was spending his vacation on his father's farm, where I stayed for a few days one summer. I found him out in the hayfield the day that I arrived. He was pitching hay and making things lively for his brother, who was on the load. Just before sunset he went to the pasture and drove home the cows, and, last of all, he brought in the morning's supply of firewood. During the day's that I remained at the farm he was almost constantly assisting in the work. One morning he was surprised by the almost unexpected arrival of two of the faculty of the college where he taught, but the fact that they found him in overalls and jumper did not disturb him in the least.

At the table he took more notice of the old folks than he did of his brothers and sisters, rising from the table to toast a slice of bread for his mother, and looking out that his father's tea was of the right strength.

It was all appreciated, too. It was a real treat to watch the eyes of the aged father and mother light up whenever he entered the room.

There are not many sons like Will, said his mother one morning, after the professor had left the room; goin' to college hasn't seemed to change him a bit; he's always lookin' out for his father and me.

The mother's were only too true. There are not many sons like Will. Somehow, too many of those who have gone to college and to the city forget about the old folks at home, forget about the sacrifices that have been made for them, forget that father and mother are fast approaching the last milestones of life.

The day comes when a telegram is received with the dread tidings that father or mother is dying, that the sons and daughters had better come home at once. The limited express somehow seems to creep over the rails, and the traveller wonders if it will ever reach its destination. The heavy-hearted child drops on his knees at last beside the dear old form, and somehow he wonders what makes the wrinkled face look so sad, and the poor old father or mother passes away, wondering what had become of the boy or girl whom the parents had worked night and day to educate.—Wellspring.

God has much respect for the honest confession of sin, but none whatever for excuses for it.

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4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.

5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.

6. It would lessen on the part of the rich the temptation to be envious and malicious.

7. It would save valuable time on the Lord's day.

8. It would relieve our means of a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.—Ex.

He serves his country best who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed, and walks straight paths however others stray, and leaves his sons as uttermost bequest a stainless record, which all men may read.

TOO MUCH

Exercise is as bad as too little for the growing girl. It is very easy for her to overdo, and this is especially dangerous at that critical period of a young girl's life when she crosses the line of womanhood. It is not an uncommon thing to lay the foundation for years of after misery by neglect of necessary precautions at the first "change of life."

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