

A LOST DAY.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have
done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who
heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it
went,
Then we may count the day well
spent.

But if through all the livelong day
day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've nothing done that we can
trace
That brought the sunshine to a face,
No act most small
That helped some soul, and nothing
cost,
Then count that day as worse than
lost.

MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

Elaborate and costly provision are made for the rescue of men, women, and children from the devouring flames and for the safety of valuable property. Engine houses are built in every city, fire engines are purchased, fine horses are kept in readiness, and companies of well-trained men are employed, whose sole business it is to put out fires and save life and property from the flames. Electrical appliances are provided whereby intelligence of the existence of a fire can be communicated almost instantaneously and its exact location designated. At the first stroke of the signal the firemen are out to fight the fire and save life and property. Right well do they perform their task. They are prompt, brave, and skillful. They are ready at a moment's notice to go through the wildest storm and the darkest night, to rush into the most imminent peril to do their duty. Firemen seldom fail to do their duty. They deserve the gratitude of the community for the service they render.

Provision is made to save men from the waves also. Life-saving stations are established all along the coast. They are furnished with life-boats, ropes, buoys, and all other equipments. Crews of trained men are maintained in these stations. It is their business to keep a sharp lookout by night and by day, especially in stormy weather, for ships in distress. Instantly these brave men fly to the rescue when they hear of a wreck. They do their duty. Hundreds of lives and millions of dollars worth of property are saved every year.

Men are perishing, not only by fire and flood, but especially by sin. There is something worse than the fire that burns the body. There is something worse than the wreck which carries ships and men to the bottom of the sea. Sin is worse. Multitudes are perishing in sin. Provision has been made for their rescue. What are our churches for? Is not every church a life-saving station? Is not every Sunday school a rescue station? Is not every Epworth League Chapter a company of life-savers? Are we as prompt, as brave, and as skillful as firemen in the discharge of our duty? It is to be feared that many have an erroneous idea of the church. They

seem to think that the church is a place where its members may meet, listen to fine music, hear eloquent sermons, have a good time, and go home satisfied. Let each church member consider what the church is for, and what he is here for.

Let no one be discouraged because the cases of so many unconverted men and women appear to be almost desperate. Desperate cases have been reached. Manasseh was a brand plucked from the burning. His soul was pulled out of the fire. Saul of Tarsus was a brand plucked from the burning. His soul was blackened and scorched from pride, worldly ambition, malice, hatred, and selfishness. But this blackened brand was planted in the house of the Lord. It revived, lived, took root, and grew to be a fruitful vine. In almost every case those whose rescue from sin is described in the New Testament were brands plucked from the burning. They were well-nigh consumed. Their case was desperate. But they lived and glorified God.

A very little effort may accomplish a great deal. By the blessing of God a sermon, an exhortation, a prayer, a song, a good example, an invitation, a word in season may save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. In his autobiography Gypsy Smith tells a touching story of the conversion of his mother. They lived, as all gypsies do, in a wagon. Smallpox broke out in the gypsy wagon, and it was quarantined in a narrow lane. Two children were down with the smallpox. It was a dreary time. But the worst came when the mother was taken down with the awful disease. From the first it was evident that she could not recover. The husband and father knew that some sort of preparation was necessary for death, but he did not know what it was. He could not read. They had no Bible. They never went to church. They lived in darkness. The husband with a heavy heart asked his wife if she knew anything about God and if she tried to pray. She said she did, but when she tried to pray a black hand seemed to come before her and tell her that there was no hope for her. The husband, in his distress, hastened away from the wagon that his wife might not witness his agony. After a while he heard her singing in a feeble voice:

"I have a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land."

He hastened back to the wagon and asked, "Where did you learn that?" She told him that when she was a little girl her father, who was also a gypsy, pitched his tent on a village green, and she saw the children going to Sunday school. She did not know what it was, but followed them. In that little Sunday school she heard this simple song. She had forgotten it, but when she came near the gate of death the Holy Spirit brought it back to her mind. It touched her dark heart, and she sang it. She said to her heart-broken husband, "I am not afraid to die now. I have a Father in the promised land, and He will take care of my children and take me to Himself." In this faith she died. This little song, by the blessing of God, became the

salvation of a poor gypsy. Out of that conversion grew the conversion of her husband, his brothers, and their families. Gypsy Smith, one of the sons, who tells the story, has become one of the most effective evangelists of our time. Thousands of souls have been gathered into the kingdom of God through his labors.

No labor for the Master shall be in vain. Let the church awake and rescue the perishing.

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,

Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;

Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,

Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:

Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,

Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

—*Christian Advocate.*

CHRIST'S SERVICE AND OURS.

The school of the world was the school to which the Son of man was sent. There was no royal road for Him, although He was the King's son and heir of all things. The path He chose was not the only path which presented itself to thought as He deliberately planned out His life. He rejected power that He might serve. He refused the leadership to which men called Him that He might help and educate men who were to be at once leaders and servants for the spiritual life of the world. We are assured of the reality of Christ's sympathy in our perplexities and renunciations, for He was tempted in all points like as we are. The ways of His humanity and ours lie parallel, His in the sunshine of true obedience and perfect service, ours in the shadow of sin. But it was not without a struggle and a victory that He discovered and decided on the sunlit way.

In Christ's service of His fellow-men there were no reservations. He gave His life for His friends, not merely in the giving up of death, but also in the harder gift of daily self-denial. Looked at upon one side, the life of Jesus was all for God. Looked at from another, it was all for men. In a higher unity the two were one. The life with God made possible the work for men. The earlier self-givings of the home in Nazareth we can only imagine. He gave Himself in true obedience to His parents. We may believe that He gave Himself in quiet, uncomplaining work for the support of the family when Joseph died. He postponed, perhaps, His settled purposes of a wider life until brothers and sisters were provided for. But with the opening of His public ministry He gives Himself for men with a completeness which admitted of no reserves, not even the primacy of filial or of brotherly affection.

Now that the Lord has passed into the heavens, He requires of us a service parallel in kind within the limits of our individuality and opportunity. The servant's office which He took upon Himself when He washed the feet of His disciples He

commends to us as our example. In Paul's deep-going words, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." Jesus discovered the individual. He brings each of us home to His Father in a communion which is our own and which we cannot share with others. But even our individual life with God is an equipment for special service. True Christianity is broad-minded and keeps both God and man in view. The love of God is proved and exercised in work for men. In Christ's parable of judgment the test is loving service. Christ Himself being hidden in the form of His needy brother. This is the crown of the obedient life—Christ's recognition and the honor which the Father gives. Without this service, free, deliberate, patient, and rejoicing, so directed, so recognized and honored, no life of man can be complete upon the earth.—*The Congregationalist.*

PLAIN TALK TO CHRISTIANS.

Be a light that burns and shines and reveals good works; not a painted fire beside which one may freeze to death.

Be as religious in handling a yardstick as you are at a sunrise prayer-meeting.

Be as much consecrated to God when mending shoes as when listening to a sermon.

Behave like a Christian because you are one, not because you want people to think you are pious.

Let everybody find out that you belong to God by seeing that you possess a Christ-like spirit.

Take your religion with you when you travel, and don't leave it at the gate when you go home.

It won't help the Lord any for you to behave like a saint in church and like a heathen in the street-car.

Be as true to God in a crowd as you are in your closet.

Let patience have her perfect work as much when the butter is strong or the baby fretful, as when you are about to kill a lion or move a mountain.

Let the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount be a daily utterance in your experience.

Dreadful Spinal Pains.

Weak back, pains in the side, number their victims in thousands. Only very powerful and penetrating remedies will reach these distressing complaints. Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in the world can be sure. One drop equal in pain subduing power to five drops of any other. Potent, penetrating, persistent in action these express the qualities of Nerviline. Druggists everywhere sell it.

Great Medicine.—Tonti, one of the pioneers of French Canada, lost a hand, and wore an iron hook as substitute. He was in the habit of boxing the ears of refractory Indians with this iron hand, and they have remarked that it was "great medicine". Dr. Thomas' Ecleteric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description, and cures coughs, colds, croup, and all affections of the respiratory organs.

Pain is a Punishment.—Pain is a protest of nature against neglect of the bodily health, against carelessness, regarding the physical condition. It steals in at the first opportunity and takes up its abode in a man and it is sometimes difficult to eject it. Dr. Thomas' Ecleteric Oil will drive it out in short order. Pain cannot stay where it is used, but immediately flies away.