

The Christian Life.

WHEN TO TRUST.

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
In bright and happy days,
When tasting earthly gladness,
Or winning human praise.
Then is the hour for hiding
In the shadow of His wings;
Then is the time for singing,
"Praise to the King of kings."

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When daily cares perplex,
And trifles seem to gain a power
Thy inner soul to vex.
Then is the hour for grasping
His hand who walked the sea;
Then is the time for singing,
"He makes it calm for me."

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art wearied sore,
When head or hand refuses
To think or labor more,
Then is the hour for leaning
Upon the Master's breast;
Then is the time for singing,
"My Saviour gives me rest."

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art tired with pain,
No power for prayer, the only thought
How to endure the strain.
Then is the hour for resting
In His perfect love to thee;
Then is the time for singing,
"He thinks, He prays for me."
—Unknown Scotch Writer.

THE STRENGTH OF HOPE.

When hope expires the hands hang down and the heart grows faint. But when hope is revived no foe can make our souls afraid or triumph over us. The disciples of our Lord were a little flock, and had the whole world against them, but they were not discouraged. They went out to a hard fight, but they went out with hope.

One may often hear Christians bear their testimony in the prayer meeting in a tone of discouragement and depression. One of these discouraged and discouraging souls contrasts the present condition of the Church with its condition in former years, and reaches the conclusion that these are degenerate times. He tells his brethren in doleful strains his conviction that the Church is going down very fast. Another, casting about, discovers difficulties in the way which appear to him to be insuperable, and never misses an opportunity to declare his opinion that these mountains cannot be surmounted.

He is like the explorers whom Moses sent over into the promised land to take observations and bring back a report. They rose up in the meeting and said that it was, indeed, a good land, but the giants were powerful and the walled towns were impregnable, and it was simply impossible to enter in and take possession. They imparted their unbelief to the people and caused the heart of the people to melt with doubt and fear. So there be some Christians who have no hope, and they discourage the people. They forget that a grain of faith is sufficient to remove a mountain. The wonderful works which God did for His people in former days fail to impress them.

Some doubters take advantage of rainy days and stormy Sundays to help discourage the people. The congrega-

tion is small on rainy days. The prayer meeting is not large when the weather is unpropitious. But the faint-hearted disciple is sure to be out on such occasions and to tell the people to note how the congregations are falling off and the prayer meeting is going down. Possibly he does not like the pastor, or would like to have a change. Then he will wax eloquent about the small congregation, never missing a rainy day, but keeping before all prominently the fact that the former days were better than these?

One weak, depressed, or discontented brother can agitate a whole congregation by his testimonies. He seems to talk out of a burdened and anxious heart. But beware of the seeming. He is a doubter, a grumbler, a fault-finder, a mischief-maker. If he should leave the Church and go over to the enemy and do his best to tear down the Church by infidel arguments and methods he could not do half so much harm as he is doing by making a loud profession of religion and at the same time always airing his doubts and complaints. He is poisoning the minds of the people with doubt and discouragement. Let those who have no hope keep silent while Joshua and Caleb speak. They are in the minority, but the minority is often right. The Calebs and Joshuas are men of hope. They are not afraid of giants and walled towns. They do not underestimate the difficulties in the way but they count on God. He that is for us is more than all that can be against us. "We are abundantly able to go up and possess the land." The God of Elijah is our God. The God of the disciples is our God. "Lift up the hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees." "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him."

CHRIST THE BURDEN BEARER.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." We would have a victorious church if we could get Christian people to realize that. But they have never made the discovery. They agree that Christ is the sin-bearer, but they do not realize that he is also the burden-bearer. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." It is the privilege of every child of God to walk in unclouded sunlight.

Some people go back into the past, and rake up all the troubles they ever had; and then they look into the future, and anticipate that they will have still more trouble, and they go reeling and staggering all through life. They give you the cold chills every time they meet you. They put on a whining voice, and tell you what "a hard time they have had." I believe they embalm them, and bring out the mummy on every opportunity.

The Lord says, "Cast all your care on me. I want to carry your burdens and your troubles." What we want is a joyful church, and we are not going to convert the world until we have it. We need to get this long-faced Christianity off the face of the earth.

Take these people that have some great burden, and let them come into a meeting. If you can get their attention upon the singing or the preaching, they will say, "Oh, wasn't it grand! I

forgot all my cares." And they just drop their bundle at the end of the pew. But the moment the benediction is pronounced they grab the bundle again. You laugh, but you do it yourself. Cast your care on him.

Sometimes they go into their closet and close their door, and they get so carried away and lifted up that they forget their trouble; but they just take it up again the moment they get off their knees. Leave your sorrow now; cast all your care upon Him.

If you can not come to Christ as a saint, come as a sinner. But if you are a saint with some trouble or care, bring it to him. Saint or sinner, come. He wants you all. Don't let Satan deceive you into believing that you can not come if you will. Christ says, "Ye will not come unto Me." With the command comes the power.

A man in one of our meetings in Europe said he would like to come, but he was chained, and couldn't come. A Scotchman said to him, "Ay, man, why don't you come, chain and all?" He said, "I never thought of that."

Are you cross and peevish, and do you make things unpleasant at home? My friend, come to Christ, and ask him to help you. Whatever the sin is, bring it to him.—D. L. Moody.

PRAYER IS NOT ASKING FOR THINGS.

Prayer is not asking for things and getting them; it is spiritual fellowship with the Father. Doubtless we may ask God for things, and may sometimes get them and sometimes not. It has been well said that No! is an answer to prayer as truly as Yes! The sublimest prayer in human history is that of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, "If thou be willing, remove this cup from me;" but the cup was not removed from him. But prayer is more than asking for gifts of any kind. A boy asks his father for a nickel to ride to school. Monday his father gives it to him; Tuesday his father says, "No—run along to school; the exercise will do you good." The father answers the prayer on Tuesday no less than on Monday. At night the boy sits down with his father by the open fire and tells him the story of the day—of his studies, his plays, his temptations, his struggles, his defeats, his victories. He asks for nothing; his father scarcely says anything; the boy talks himself out to a sympathizing spirit stronger than his own, and in so doing gets a comfort from the past and a strength for the future, and goes to his bed refreshed by what has almost been a monologue. This is a far higher type of prayer than asking for the nickel, this is a far higher answer to prayer than either the giving or the withholding of the nickel. Prayer is talking to God and listening to God. Asking for things is the poorest phase of prayer.—The Outlook.

SPIRITUAL HYPOCHONDRIACISM.

This is a disease which has always infested the church, but perhaps was never more in evidence than it is today. The victim of this malady is in a perennial state of worry and discontent about his own spiritual condition or about that of people with whom he comes in contact. There is a degree to which concern of this kind is always allowable, and indeed to be commended. We are distinctly enjoined to make our own "calling and election sure." We are also held accountable for the spiritual well-being of our neighbors, but

having complied with the conditions of God's salvation, by repenting of sin and offering a clean and obedient heart for Christ's service, the Christian ought to pass out of the realm of cloud and despair and doubt into the clear light of faith, hope, joy, and assurance. There is a good, old-fashioned notion which has been too much abandoned nowadays. It was that when a person is ill, one of the surest means of remaining ill is to sit in a close and curtained room, watching nervously for any change of pulse or temperature. A quicker means of recovery is to use what little strength one has in stirring about and getting into the sunshine and air. The singing of birds, the shout of a growing boy, the voices of nature, whether they be silent or vocal, all help to build up health in those who move among them. And in a similar way one who is liable to fall into spiritual pessimism will find relief not in nursing doubts and inciting his uncertainties, but by moving about in some active service for God and men. Nothing is so conducive to mental vigor and a healthy hope as an act of service for some needy soul. The Christian's career is like the course of a plowman. The latter has his mind on the work immediately at hand, and his eye on the stake toward which he is driving, far across the field. There is little opportunity given him for introspection or haunting cares. His interests lie outside himself, and it is as true of the ideal Christian life. It is occupied not so much with questions of personal safety as it is with concern for the safety of those within our personal influence.—Ram's Horn.

Cures Colds in One Hour

Many cold cures are dangerous because composed of deadening opiates. But fragrant healing Catarrhozone cures colds in one hour, and is both harmless and delightful to use. Even the worst colds, sneezing, sniffling colds with running eyes are stopped very quickly when the balsamic vapor of Catarrhozone is inhaled. Catarrhozone acts like a charm on colds, kills them outright, prevents their return a few hours later. For colds, catarrh and throat trouble, use only Catarrhozone. Complete outfit \$1.00; trial size 25c. at all druggists.

"And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing of coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Christ doth not say, He that is not baptized shall be damned, but He lays damnation wholly upon the lack of faith. Many have been saved without baptism, not of contempt or wilful neglect of it.

It has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

There never was a brighter day in the history of missions than today. The obstacles have all been surveyed and all have been surmounted.—John Potts.