

Why Don't You Wave Your Hand Back To Me, Papa.

This plaintive request from a child's lips came to my hearing one morning while I was dressing. Across the street the father, having kissed his wife, bade a hurried good-by to his little son, while he anxiously looked at his watch, knowing the time was drawing near for the train that would carry him down to his office.

The child's voice was full of heart-hunger, and as the simple request to the father, "Why don't you wave your hand back to me, papa?" repeated itself over and over again in my mind, the thought came to me, how often we older ones, like children, crave these little attentions that are so dear to the heart—even the trivial wave of the hand.

But with many of us who lead busy lives these small acts of love that do so much to cheer the heart and make a happy day are crowded out. What a solemn thought for us to feel that some day these fond morning greetings may be the last we shall have an opportunity to offer our loved ones! Let us take more time—even for the wave of the hand.—*Elizabeth Lee.*

LEAVE RESULTS WITH GOD.

How often we are worried and perplexed over problems in life's book! How we burden ourselves regarding consequences!

How much relief we gain when we can decide to act to the best of our knowledge and wisdom, leaving consequences wholly to God.

Said our friend: "If I give to that poor family in our vicinity, they will waste my gift probably, and, what is worse, they will keep on begging of me till I'm worried with them."

"Do you think best to give to them in this instance?" we ask.

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Do they especially need just now?"

"I think, yes, I know they do."

"Then give, leaving consequences to the Lord, who knows how to care for them."

"If I invite Mrs. B. to my gathering, she will henceforth take it for granted that she is one of our set, and feel slighted if not invited. And yet in this instance we owe it to her to include her in the invitations. What shall I do?"

"Do? Do right as far as you know what right is, and let God care for Mrs. B. and the future."

"If I utter that little apology for my hasty word to N., she will take advantage of it in a way that will make me feel greatly humiliated."

"Ought you to apologize?"

"Well, yes, I believe I ought."

"Then, we say do it. God will take care of what is to come after."

"If I speak to G. upon the all-important matter, he will likely be angry. I cannot afford to offend him."

"Ought you to speak to G. upon the great subject?"

"My conscience says, yes."

"Then speak and leave the consequences. Put them in the Lord's hands. He will take care of them."

At one time we sat beside a man and wife in a great religious meeting. They were intimate friends of our own. The wife was a devoted Christian, the husband a non-professor. Mrs. B., the wife, was from time to time urging her companion to give a sign in response to the evangelist's invitation—to virtually say, "I am ready to seek Christ." The man evidently felt deeply, but he held back.

"Oh, do, Mr. B!" we whispered. Then, frightened at our temerity, we lifted up our hearts to God and begged him to turn our folly into wisdom, if the word had been folly.

Mr. B. rose and uttered a little word of confession, and was very soon after this a member of Christ's fold, and showed his sincerity by his conduct.

We had spoken from deep feeling even if impulsively, and God took care of the consequences. And so in all matters we may leave him to care for consequences if we act from right principles, asking from him wisdom and knowledge.

Oh, the worry, the fretting, the suffering—it would save us if we would put consequences all in the hands of Infinite Wisdom!—*Anna D. Walker, in Christian Intelligencer.*

REDEEMED.

The white-haired minister stood within the altar rail, which was surrounded by weeping penitents. He sang:

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

The entire congregation joined in the chorus:

"Turn to the Lord and seek salvation."

"Yes, come," he cried, "for all things are now ready."

"Come, for 'to-day is the day of salvation.' You who know how sweetly he saves, is there no lost one among your friends? Looking backward upon the crowded assembly, young Mabel Johnston started as she saw a white, despairing face and great dark eyes swimming in tears. "Ellen Campbell!" she thought. "And as she had not been in church for three years, not since ———, poor girl!"

A moment later, and she stood beside the sorrowing one, her hand upon her shoulder.

"Don't you want this dear Saviour for your friend, Ellen?" she said.

"Yes, oh, yes," the girl answered, too much in earnest to even wonder that Mabel should speak to her.

"Then come to the altar," she said.

"I'm afraid I'd keep others back."

"Won't he hear my prayers here?"

Ellen answered.

"You dear girl, Christ came all the way from heaven to save you. Won't you come to his altar to meet him?"

Ellen rose instantly, and tears fell from her eyes unused to weeping, as Mabel Johnston and Ellen Campbell knelt at the altar. As Mabel's voice rose in earnest pleading "that Jesus of Nazareth would reveal himself to Ellen as her Saviour, then she might be able to trust him," the tear-drenched face by her side instantly brightened.

"It is gone," Ellen whispered. "The load of sin is gone. Jesus is my Saviour."

"Will you tell the people. All will be glad," Mabel said; "He said, Ye are my witnesses."

With her face shining as with the light of heaven, Ellen Campbell stood among the witnesses. "I've been redeemed," she said, "the blessed Christ has come into my poor, sinful heart and cleansed it. He will never leave me anymore."

There was a glad song of rejoicing, and the unseen angels carried home the glad tidings that the lost was found.

But what is this?

Jack Dowling, a drunkard, the despair of all, is on his feet.

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"Is there any hope for me?" he said. "I heard somewhere,

While the lamp holds out to burn—
The vilest sinner may return,

and that's me, and I'm alive, thank God."

"Yes, thank God, my brother," said the minister, holding out his hand to the prodigal, who had come to the altar.

"Christ Jesus left his throne for you. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

Even while prayer was going up for his deliverance, he sprung up to his feet saying "I've got it. I've got it. Jesus is mine. Now I can quit drinking."

"You all tried to coax me, but I jest couldn't. Now, God is helping me, I will."

"I didn't have no faith in you, because I saw you trampin' down that poor girl for one false step, but when that pretty Mabel, who has everything, went to try to help her, then I knew it was of God, and that there was hope for me. I'm jest going to give all up to him, and do jest what he wants me to."

Years have gone by, and Mr. Dowling, an honored and trusted leader of the church, and Ellen Campbell, one of its most beloved and helpful members, are living trophies of the divinity of Christ the Redeemer.—*Exchange.*

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