

The Christian Life.

COMFORTED.

We are like little children:
When we are weak with pain,
And sorrow has overshadowed us,
We want our mothers again.
Why do the mothers die so soon,
Whom we are so fain to keep?
Why do they pass away to heaven,
And leave us lone to weep?
Listen, O hearts that are sad for love,
To what God the Lord can do:
As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.

Who can be like a mother
Hushing her child to rest?
We cannot outgrow the longing
To lie on the mother's breast.
The mother-love is so wonderful,
To pardon and help and bless,
And, even though we have erred and sinned,
They do not love us less.
Mothers have arms so strong and kind,
And hearts most tender and true:
As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.

Lord, who hast been my Father,
Lifting my heart to Thee,
Thou art my consolation
When the darkness covers me;
Even a mother-love I find
When I cling to Thee alone,
I am as weak as a little child,
But still I am all Thine own;
Pardon me, pity me, give me grace,
For I know Thy word is true:
As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.
—Marianne Farningham.

THE DEACON.

Writing of the deacon, the editor of the *Basist Argus* describes him as one of the afterthoughts of the New Testament. His appointment grew out of a situation; he is the child of an emergency. The writer goes on to describe and discuss the deacon in an interesting way:

"When we say the deacon was an afterthought, we do not degrade him. Afterthoughts are oftentimes the embodiment of wisdom. The deacon was made because he was needed. The deacon was created as a relief to the pastor. In point of rank he is inferior to the pastor, and in the matter of authority is largely subordinate to him. He is chosen to attend to certain common things which have to be done, and which would be left undone unless some special arrangement for doing them had been made. His work is lower than that of the minister, and yet closely connected with it, and essential to the good order and peace of the church. It is a wonderfully fine thing for a deacon to know his place, and to magnify his office. Officially his business is not to elect the pastor, nor to direct him, nor to eject him, but simply to help him.

"The New Testament has far more to say of the character of a deacon than of his work. At the first blush this may be surprising, and yet it is just as it ought to be. For if the churches can find men who measure up to the inspired picture of the deacon, as found in the New Testament, they will have men of such fine spiritual tones, such practical judgment and rich sanctified energies as will adjust them to every phase of their duty. The deacon needs to acquaint himself with his work—find what

is expected of him, and to acquire skill in every detail of the performance. He ought to be thoroughly practiced. If he hands the bread and wine around, he ought to know how to handle himself—how to hand the plate or the cup, and how to deal with every incident that may occur as he passes around. That is skill, and that is what every deacon needs. An awkward, sloven, ungainly, tactless man is not fit for a deacon. But far more does he need to look after his character. It does not take long to become an expert deacon in the mere details of his office, but it requires steady, ceaseless, indefatigable watchfulness in order to be good enough to be a deacon.

"An unworthy deacon is a crushing misfortune to a church. He stands as a monument of the church's blunder in his selection. He is a standing reproach and mortification to the church. He is an expert in mischief.

"Ah! our eyes have looked upon the good deacon, and the sight was most charming. He was neat in dress, in person clean, erect and agreeable to look upon. He was always present, there in time, and while free from bluster and officiousness, had his eyes everywhere. If a window needed to be shut, or a notice had to be given, or a stranger came in, our deacon was ever at the right point at the right moment. Toward the pastor, he bore himself with gracious and delightful courtesy, watched after his comfort, kept him from forgetting things, and saw that everything was in place that would put the pastor at ease. The pastor leaned upon him. The people loved to see him moving about, and even the children clung to his hand and loved to talk to him. He was mighty in prayer.

A PERSONAL RELIGION.

One of the difficult things for men to realize seems to be their personal relation to God—that God cares for them as individuals, and that they owe him a love and a service which shall be real and practical.

When, some years ago, in the British naval manoeuvres the *Camperdown* was sunk by her sister ship, the sailors struggling in the water had no trouble to realize that the boats which were put out by the vessels of the fleet were there to save them. Each one knew his personal safety was sought, and where one had a shipmate in the boat, who called his name and sought him, it had a special meaning, though that sailor knew his friend would be seeking others, even though he were not in need.

So Christ seeks us, and calls us by our name, and day after day labors for our salvation. His love is personal and real, and reaches down to everyone.

But it asks a return in love and sacrifice. The story is told of a young officer, dying of consumption, a good enough fellow, who lived up to the ideals and standards of his set, not immoral, honest, brave, everything a man could be, except that Christ had no place in his life. He kept on planning for the future, and had no special dread of death, relying on his "record." One day a clergyman friend talked to him about his soul. His reply was to point to his spotless life. His friend turned to him. "Jack, what have you ever done or not done that would have been

different if you believed there was no God? Or, I'll put it differently: What have you ever done or not done for the sake of Christ your Saviour? If your life has been moral, hasn't it been godless?" "I see it now," he replied. "Leave me and let me think about that question." It brought him to Christ and the feeling of a real personal relation to his Lord.

Morality will not answer. The standard of heaven is so high above our standard that our own lives would make a poor showing.

What is our relation to Christ? What are we doing for his sake? What are we not doing because his disapproves? The intimate relation with our Lord, the personal relation, is what we need, giving him love and service in return for the great salvation he is offering us and for the love which he bears to us.

Our religion is a personal religion, and our love must be a personal love for the Christ of Galilee.—*The Lutheran Observer.*

CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

If you are converted, the next step is to confess it openly. Listen: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Confession of Christ is the culmination of the work of true repentance. We owe it to the world, to our fellow-Christians, to ourselves. He died to redeem us, and shall we be ashamed or afraid to confess him? Religion as an abstraction, as a doctrine, has little interest for the world, but what people can say from personal experience always has weight.

I remember some meetings being held in a locality where the tide did not rise very quickly, and bitter and reproachful things were being said about the work. But one day, one of the most prominent men in the place rose and said, "I want it to be known that I am a disciple of Jesus Christ; and if there is any odium to be cast on his cause, I am prepared to take my share of it."

It went through the meeting like an electric current, and a blessing came at once to his own soul, and to the souls of others.

Men come to me and say: "Do you mean to affirm, Mr. Moody, that I've got to make a public confession when I accept Christ? Do you mean to say I've got to confess him in my place of business and in my family? Am I to let the whole world know that I am on his side?"

That is precisely what I mean. A great many are willing to accept Christ, but they are not willing to publish it, to confess it. A great many are looking at the lions and the bears in the way. Now, my friends, the devil's mountains are only made of smoke. He can throw a straw into your path and make a mountain of it. He says to you: "You cannot confess to your family; why, you'll break down! You cannot tell it to your shop-mate; he will laugh at you." But when you accept Christ, you will have power to confess him.—*D. L. Moody.*

A nagging cough drives sleep and comfort away. You can conquer it with Allen's Lung Balsam. A neglected cold is troublesome and dangerous.

HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM.

Service does not seem to some a very attractive feature of the bliss of heaven. In this world men do not admire service. They prefer to be lords and masters and let others do the serving. Jesus, however, taught us the dignity of service. One who has learned this lesson will not despise service, but glory in it.

The Bible teaches us that we shall still serve in heaven. Our service there will differ from that which we render here. We cannot wipe the tear from the eye of the mourner there, for the Lord shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no more crying. We cannot sit down beside a mother who has just closed the eyes of her only daughter and try to comfort her with the hope of the gospel, for in heaven there shall be no death. We cannot give bread to the hungry nor a cup of cold water to one of the little ones, for in heaven they hunger no more, neither thirst any more. We cannot kneel by the couch of the sufferer and commend him to the pity and compassion of God, for in heaven the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

The service we shall render there will not be outward and physical, but in the inner temple of intellectual and spiritual life we shall minister. Much of our work in this world is coarse, exhausting, and tends strongly to degrade. But in heaven, while we may not be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, we shall be able to contribute far more to the happiness of those by whom we shall be surrounded than we can do now.

Pneumonia is Filling the Hospitals.

Every day we hear of someone being taken with pneumonia. The only preventive is to get strong and keep your blood healthy. Take Ferrozone, which makes the rich, red kind of blood that nourishes and stimulates the entire system. "I was all run down and an apt subject for pneumonia," writes A. B. Charters, of Burlington, when I tried Ferrozone. "I didn't believe it was possible for Ferrozone to build me up so quickly. In a few days my appetite improved, color came into my cheeks, and I felt stronger. I gained eight pounds and regained my old time vigor through using Ferrozone." Try Ferrozone, it assures health. Price 50 cents.

One way to be good is to go about doing good.

For Inflammation of the Eyes. — Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

The salvation of Christ is as many sided as the needs of the soul.

Bickle's Anti-consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, and even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

It is sad to fail in business, it is sadder still to fail in health. But the saddest thing of all is to fail to enter the kingdom of heaven.