

The Way to Find Out Pride.

Pride, ugly pride, is something seen By haughty looks and lofty mien; But oftener, it is found that pride Loves deep within the heart to hide; And while the looks are mild and fair, It sits and does its mischief there.

Now if you really wish to find If pride be lurking in your mind, Inquire if you can bear a slight, Or patiently give up your right? Can you submissively consent To take reproof and punishment? And feel no angry temper start In any corner of your heart? Can you at once confess a crime, And promise for another time? Or say you've been in a mistake; Nor try some poor excuse to make; But freely own, that it was wrong To argue for your side so long? Flat contradiction can you bear, When you are right, and know you are, Nor flatly contradict again, But wait, or modestly explain, And tell your reasons one by one; Nor think of triumph when you've done? Can you in business or in play, Give up your wishes or your way? Or do a thing against your will, For somebody that's younger still? And never try to overhear, Nor say a word that's hard to bear. Does laughing at you in a joke, No anger, nor revenge provoke?

Sel. by Mrs. Moyer, in Banner.

"Clouds."

There are clouds in every believer's life, but our attitude towards them is changed by the position we take to view them. Many of God's children, who are seated in the heavenlies leave their high calling and go to the "Dead Sea" to find a place to view the clouds. No wonder their lives are so cloudy. Our conversation is in heaven and if our life is there, we should act like it in our work on earth—for we should look at things from the standpoint Christ looks at them, and all will be well.

Brethren, keep away from the "Dead Sea." There are more clouds around the marshes than elsewhere. I have found it so. Malaria and other diseases are more prevalent there; so then get on a higher plane. In fact, get out of the marshes, if you do not wish to have many clouds or look at them from the right standpoint.—Gospel Banner.

Don't.

Talk much about faith when you are resting on men's promises.

Or about trusting God when everything is assured full value.

Boast of love and not speak to your Christian brother.

Brag of righteousness and not pay your honest debts.

Talk cream in public, and live skim milk in private.

Judge your brother's faults when you have so many of your own.

Throw stones until you are without sin.

Look saintly on Sunday and act devilish all the week.

Point others the way unless you go ahead.

Learn to be foreign missionary and forget the family next door.

Spend on cigars, gloves or ribbon more than you give to the church.

Get up suppers and frolics to pay debts you are too stingy to bear.—Selected.

Lost His Temper.

Many people are troubled with a violent temper. And they seem to be ignorant of the fact that the gospel of Christ reaches to such a case at all. But the fact is, Christ died to deliver us from sin, and His grace is able to help us to get rid of that troublesome thing which not only destroys our peace, but injures our influence in the world. How often we hear it said of an individual, "He lost his temper." The words do not mean what they seem to mean. George III once gave a hard hit at Lord Kenyon, one of the most uncomfortable noblemen in the English court. He came into the royal presence one day in great excitement, and seeing the surprise depicted on the face of the monarch, said in self-defense, "I have lost my temper."

The king was quick at a repartee, and, without waiting for the explanation which was to follow, said: "I congratulate

you. I hope you will find a better one; for your old one was the worst I ever knew."

The courtiers laughed, and even Lord Kenyon could not hold out against the general merriment.

The man had not really lost his temper; he had lost control of it. But the fact is no man can handle the thing himself. But Christ can do it for him. The thing to be done is to give one's self, temper and all, to the Lord Jesus, and let Him have absolute control of the being. If that is done, then, really and truly, the temper will be lost, and the soul will constantly grow in likeness to its Lord.—Messiah's Herald.

Havelock as a Boy.

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London Bridge, and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and, after he had rested a while, his wife inquired:

"Where is Harry?"

The father thought a moment.

"Dear me!" said he, "I quite forgot Harry. He is on London Bridge, and has been there for eight hours waiting for me."

He hastened away to relieve the boy, and found him just where he had left him in the morning, pacing to and fro like a sentinel on his beat.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed showed itself in after years in the march to Lucknow.

Not a Christian Potato.

A certain little boy in Kansas, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she was paring the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, which was very white and nice on the outside; but when cut into pieces, it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian."

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it isn't good clear through?"

This little Kansas boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that a Christian must be sound and right clear through.

The Saloons are Open Again.

In one of the cities of Massachusetts, where no license has ruled for two years, at an election license was carried. The effects were disastrous. Take the following:

A little boy, when in a store, said:

"Well, the saloons are open again."

"Yes," answered the merchant, "and does it make any difference to you, my little man?"

"Well," said the boy, hesitatingly, "we don't have so much to eat at our house when the saloons are open."—Evangelical Messenger.

A Quick Reply.

That quick wit is not confined to cities was proven last spring by a young woman who was rambling along one of the roads.

She was dressed smartly; and, when she met a small bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it, she did not hesitate to stop him.

"You are a wicked boy," she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she don't care," said the boy, edging away. "She's on your hat!"—Cape Ann Advertiser.

Our best opportunities come unannounced, often unexpected. Well may we pray for eyes always open to our opportunities, hearts always ready to welcome them, hands always prepared to do what they find.

When we get filled with the Spirit we cannot keep from praying; it becomes our "vital breath" and our "native air."

Hobbies.

Do not get into hobbies. It will spoil the effect of much good in your life and teaching. Some people get an angular view of sanctification, and they cannot

accept anybody's experience unless it is molded exactly on theirs. When Queen Elizabeth was told about a certain woman being very beautiful, she asked how tall she was. And when she was informed that she was some inches taller than the Queen, Elizabeth answered scornfully, "She cannot be beautiful. She is too tall, for you know I am of a just height." That is practically the way a good many people look upon all others who differ from them.

Let us have an uncompromising devotion to the essentials of truth and life, and a blessed largeness of heart about all the variations of experience and teaching, which give breadth and beauty to the body of Christ. Do not have such cast iron notions about little side issues connected with divine healing, holiness, dress, etc., as to weaken your testimony. The Lord give us the spirit of a sound mind and make us full orb'd like the glorious sun; like a well-dressed person, so well dressed that no one notices particularly anything we have on! So we adorn the doctrines of Christ in all things, and Chastity, and not any phase of truth, shall be the one divine and glorious Friend that we shall present to the thoughts and minds of men.—Sel.

Only a Quarter.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing pitifully to his own.

"What do I want of chestnuts?"

"Please, sir, do buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone, "Nobody seems to care for them, and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you so very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry," said Ralph, smoothing her tangled hair. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if it will do any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth: "That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Dear me! I wish I were rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections the dark-orbed damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down streets with rapid footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled from her arm. Down an obscure alley she darted, and ran up a wooden staircase to a room where a pale, neat-looking woman was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were playing in the sunshine that supplied the place of the absent fire.

"Mary, back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon!"

"Oh, mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a quarter! Only think, mother, a whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his small silver gift had brought into that poverty-stricken home he would have grudged still less his privation of cigars.

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver quarter.

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and blast of the bleak December night. A fire was glowing cheerfully in the grate, and the dinner table was in a glitter with cut glass, rare china and polished silver. Everything was waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at her tiny watch.

"There's a man with him in the study, come on business," said Robert Audley, a

pretty boy of twelve years, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door. But as she opened it the gaslight fell on the humble-looking man in threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to get rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, "who is that man, and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, love, and he came to see if I would give him the vacant position in the bank."

"And will you?" she eagerly asked.

"Don't know, Mary; I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a hundred times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my promise, Mary," said her lover husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I will write the fellow a note this very evening."

An hour later, when the children were tucked snugly in bed, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not forgotten in twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," said her husband, when the simple tale was finished, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting that self same night in his poor lodgings, beside his wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous banker, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha," he exclaimed, joyously, as he read the words. "We shall not starve. Mr. Audley has promised me the position."

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor. Moore stooped to pick it up. It was a \$50 bill neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters of life; after many days it returned to him.—Times Herald.

God Knows the Bottom of the Barrel.

"Mother, I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel," said a little boy to his mother one day. His mother was poor. They often used up their last stick of wood and their last bit of bread before they could tell where the next supply was to come from. But they had so often been provided for in unexpected ways, just when they were most in need, that the little boy thought God always heard when they scraped the bottom of the barrel. This was only the little fellow's way of saying what Abraham said when he called the name of the place where God had delivered him, "Jehovah-Jireh."—Gospel Banner.

We should possess an ardent desire to obtain it.

When the "old man" is crucified there is perfect rest in that soul.

We should be strongly impressed that Christianity is a good thing.

When we become Christians we should be careful to live a Christ-like life.

The body of sin is destroyed at the crucifixion of the "old man." Rom. 6:6.

No one can enter into the holiest place except by the blood of Jesus. Heb. 10:19.

That is a glorious and blessed life, which is "hid with Christ in God." Col. 3:3.

"No confidence in the flesh," is the inscription written on every sanctified heart.

Boys and girls should never be ashamed to stand up boldly for Christ and the right.

Prayer is the atmosphere in which the soul must live if it would prosper in spiritual things.

If the Lord lays a line of duty on your heart there is no rest to your soul unless you perform it.

Nothing brings more substantial joy than a day's work well and honorably and successfully done.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

The injunction to be "filled with the Spirit" is given to all believers everywhere. I do not find two standards of Christian experience in God's word at all. I do not believe God intended there should be a lower life and a higher life for his saints, and I am afraid that those who are living in the "lower life" will find themselves awfully mistaken. This lower life seeks to divide between God and others. Religion, that is spiritual religion, is all or nothing. God is either first or He is nowhere in our life. If father or mother or husband or wife, prevent our being faithful to God, Jesus taught that we must forsake them. If we cannot keep houses or lands, business or pleasure and love God with all our heart, we must part with them. If life itself prevents our faithfulness to God we must even give this best thing up. The very essence of religion is "God first." The very core of consecration is alligence and obedience to God first. To every believer who will surrender fully to God in everything, the Pentecost blessing is fully and immediately offered. God waits to enter poor empty hearts, that He may fill them from His own fulness of love, joy, and peace; He waits to anoint the powerless life with His own power so that He may be glorified therein; He waits to touch cold dumb lips with the fire of His altar so they may witness for Him to every creation. God only knows what He would do with, and what He could make of you and me if we were filled with His Spirit. As God "stands at the door and knocks," the man, "the inner man" must rise and set the door open. As in the matter of justification and forgiveness so in this glorious sequel, our part is to take the gift and the Giver.

It is not enough to help an erring brother out of the mire. We must help him to get upon a rock.

The most glorious results ever achieved by any child of God are those that were brought about by simply obeying God.

The prayer of the Pharisee could have been much improved by simply adding and now, Lord, take self and sin away and make me Thy child.

A man out in Manitoba got filled behind his seeder. God can fill us at any time or in any place when our heart gets right with Him.

The greater the strength, the easier it is to do; the stronger the life current, the easier it is to live. Our religious service depends upon our religious experience. No man can do much for God who does not know much of God. A thorough, satisfactory, personal realization of saving power is the mainspring which moves the machinery of our spiritual life. The joy of the Lord is our strength. The intensity and efficiency of our work for Christ will be determined by the intensity and depth of our religious experience.

A fair foe is not so much to be dreaded. But the worst foe is one fair to your face and false behind your back. A preacher who can attend holiness meeting, seem to indorse and favor them, speak approvingly in them, and then stand in his own pulpit and hold up holiness doctrine and preachers and people and meetings to public scorn and derision must be of the chameleon type, who takes his color from his surroundings. He is the foe that holiness should dread.

John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary that the continued outward success of a tricky politician seemed to him "a slur upon the moral government of the world." If this righteous and conscientious statesman so thought in his time, what would he say today if, in the church of Jesus Christ, which claims to be dominated by His Spirit and purposes, he saw men in the ministry trying to vault into the es-copacy and other offices of the church by political arts the most scheming, determined and tricky? Will the Methodist Episcopal Church ever wake up and throttle these monster ecclesiastical politicians?