

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is fall-
ing,
And in the wind, from sunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown—
Thou, who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls
decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.
I have but Thee, my Father: let Thy
Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and up-
hold;
No gate of pearls, no branch of palm I
merit,
No street of shining gold.
Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abound-
ing grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—
Some humble door among Thy many
mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and
striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green
expansions
The river of Thy peace.
There, from the music round me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy
song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of
healing,
The life for which I long.
—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

CLEMENT C. CARY.

There is a wonderful power in prayer.
Let none doubt it for a moment. It has
been proved scores of times. Many are
the witnesses to this proposition. Some
may question it, but one fact is worth a
hundred theories. One clear instance of
prevailing prayer answers all objections
and solves all doubts. We need not rea-

son about it. Let us take the case just
as it is, be encouraged in soul, and take
fresh hold on God.

A good woman settled in a town where
religion was at a low ebb. She prayed
and testified till she tasted something of
criticism, but remained true to God. One
night her soul was moved to pray for the
place, and she gave no sleep to her eyes,
but wrestled with God till the day dawned.
Finally she heard a whisper in her
ears, "What do you want?" And throwing
her arms wide open, called out, "All
of the community, Lord." Very soon a
revival broke out which left hardly a
man, woman or child out of the fold.
During busy harvest, seven meetings
were held, and all were well attended, and
the fire was burning two years afterwards.

William Bramwell, that mighty man of
God, said once of the work in Sheffield,
"I have seen nearly twenty souls set at
liberty; but I feel I should have seen
many more, but I cannot find one plead-
ing man." If he were now living, he
would have to make the same complaint
about being able to find "one pleading
man" in some of our communities. O for
an interceding Moses, or a pleading
Abraham! Then would something hap-
pen.

It is said that fully one hundred thou-
sand persons were reported as having con-
nected themselves with the various
churches beginning with the great revival
about 1830, which was engaged in by
Rev. Charles G. Finney, in New York
state, and branching out from it. And
this was largely the result of intercessory
prayer. Who can say but that the pres-
ent lack of revivals of the old time sort
is due to the lack of prevailing prayer?

Mr. Finney says of the great revival in
Rome, N. Y., where about five hundred
people were converted, that the whole
town was full of prayer. Pass along the
street, and if two or three Christians hap-
pened to be together they were praying.
And this is the case whenever scriptural
revivals occur.

Abe Clary was converted in the same
revival with Mr. Finney, and became a
man noted for prayer. It was said he
prayed nearly all the time, and sometimes
he could not stand upon his knees, but
would lie prostrate upon the floor, and
groan and pray in an astonishing manner.
Of him Mr. Finney said: "This Mr.

Clary continued in Rochester as long as I
did. He never, that I could learn, ap-
peared in public, but gave himself wholly
to prayer." Such a case in these days
would be so much out of the regular order
of things that he would be thought to be
a candidate for the lunatic asylum. But
it will be seen in the day of judgment
who are the demented ones in this day of
unbelief and neglect of prayer.

At a camp meeting in 1893, God put
upon the heart of a minister a burden of
soul for a drinking man as he came into
service. He exhorted after the regular
sermon, and saw the sinner standing in
the congregation. As soon as the altar
service was over, he felt moved to go and
kneel in the preachers' stand, and as he
did so the travail of soul for the man in-
creased, when he called on God to save
him. Three days after the meeting closed,
he received a letter telling him that the
sinner for whom he had been so exercised
had been graciously converted. Here is
the reason why travail of soul should be
desired, as it is the accompaniment of
prevailing prayer and the certain pre-
cursor of the salvation of souls. When
Christians get loaded down with the
weight of souls, it is the most natural
thing in the world to pray effectually, for
it is but the Holy Spirit within giving
assurance of what He proposes to do.

Benjamin M. Adams, a writer in the
New York Christian Advocate, a few
years ago, told of his "blessed old barn,"
in which he was accustomed to go and
pray. It was his closet of prayer, where
the Lord heard and rewarded him. There
was a young man about seventeen years
of age, about whom his parents and sisters
were very much concerned, who asked
this brother to pray for his conversion.
He put the young man on his praying list,
making thirty-two in all. One night he
made special prayer for that boy with the
other thirty one on the list. Three
months afterward he went forward as a
seeker, and in a little while, in the "bless-
ed old barn," where he went with the
man of prayer, he was converted. Some
time after this occurred everyone of the
others on the list was converted, and

many others beside, and not one of the
number failed to hold out, so far as could
be learned.

This Brother Adams had a brother who
was a pleasure-loving, popular young man,
who gave his parents much uneasiness
because of his careless condition. He
received a letter from his mother en-
treating him to pray for his brother Sam.
That night he went into the barn to pray
for him, and prayed the "prayer of faith,"
and received what he believed was the
assurance that he was heard, and so wrote
his mother next day. Never for a moment
did he doubt that his brother would be
converted. Seven years afterwards, in
God's providence, Sam moved to the town
where his praying brother lived, and in a
meeting there held was converted. Prayer
prevailed for the young man seven years
after it was offered. So it is often the
case. Delays with God are not denials.
What need to have patience and wait on
God!

Heman Bangs said that before the
great revival in New Haven years ago he
sought first for a baptism of the Spirit
upon his own heart and received it. The
plan of his campaign was on this wise:
"I prayed till I saw victory." He held
services for three weeks three times a day,
inviting only church members up for
prayer. At the end of two weeks a com-
mittee of his officials waited upon him and
asked him why he did not ask sinners to
the altar, and why he so persistently dealt
with the church. He did not answer the
question directly, but inquired of the first
sportsman if he prayed in his family, and
of another if the affairs with his former
business partner was settled. And so on
he continued till he had gone entirely
around. There was no reply from any of
them. Then he said, "let us pray," and
there was a weeping time. They left him
in tears. At the end of three weeks he
gave his first invitation to sinners, and
before the meeting ended six hundred
professed religion.

Why is it we don't have it on this
fashion these days? Many are the an-
swers. But one answer is worth ponder-
ing—it may be because we do not run on
the praying lines as they once did. It is
worth thinking about anyway.

A SONG THAT SAVED.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay
a wonderful Scottish soldier. The

surgeons had done all they could for him.
He had been told he must die. He had
a contempt for death, and prided himself
on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life, with none but
evil associates, had blunted his sensibili-
ties and made profanity and scorn his
second nature. To hear him speak, one
would have thought he had no piously
nurtured childhood to remember, and that
he had never looked upon religion but to
despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle hearted man came
to see the dying soldier. He addressed
him with kind enquiries, talked to him
tenderly of the life beyond death, and
offered spiritual counsel. But the sick
man paid no attention or respect. He
bluntly told him that he did not want any
religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will
you not?" said the man at length.

"No; I know how to die without the
help of religion." And he turned his face
to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good.
But he was not discouraged. After a
moment's silence he began to sing the
old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every
congregation in Scotland:

"O mother de, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice and the words
and melody were sweet and touching as
he sung them. Pretty soon the soldier
turned his face again but his hardened ex-
pression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he said, when
the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when
I was a child, and I used to sing it with
her." And there were tears in the man's
eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy
to talk with him now. The words of
Jesus entered in where the hymn had
opened the door. Weeping, and with a
hungry heart, he listened to the Chris-
tian's thoughts of death, and in his last
moments turned to his mother's God and
the sinner's friend.—Selected.

IT HURTS.

I once heard a missionary say, "It hurts
so to live in India." I have often thought
of the expression. It is very true and
suggestive. It does hurt very much to
live there. We see and hear and know
so many things here which hurt us.

On a cold morning last November I
saw two naked children fighting for pos-
session of a coarse cotton garment. I did
not see the end of the struggle, for I was
riding rapidly past the village; but the
larger of the two seemed to be stripping
the garments from the back of the young-
er one.

Indian childhood, so often hungry, cold,
burdened with heavy work, mercilessly
beaten, neglected, taught only evil, is one
of the things which hurt us. The help-
lessness of the weak and ignorant, the degra-
dation of women, the fierce struggle for
existence, the hopeless poverty of so many
millions, all these things hurt us, though
we do not personally share such calamities.

Willingly or unwillingly we suffer much
for India. Christ suffered for men be-
cause He loved them; we believe He loves
men all the more because He suffered so
much for them. Few, indeed, of those who
have come from other lands to India have
not suffered much for India, willingly or
unwillingly.

What a catalogue could be made of
things in India that hurt us, which give
pain. Like her own jungle of Karaunda
or Gangehi, the Indian life has many
sharp thorns and we cannot pass through
it without torn garments and bleeding
hands and feet. And whether we desire
it or not, this suffering gives the land a
large place in our minds; so large indeed
that when separated from it we are con-
scious of a great loss, which fills our
hearts with indefinable yet undeniable
regret.—Indian Witness.

THE SERIOUSNESS OF LIVING.

Some people seem never to have any
serious thought of life. They think only
of amusement and never get beyond the
airy surface of things. But to one who
thinks deeply, life is not all a round of
empty pleasure. A traveller who tarried
several days at Antwerp describes the
effect which the bells in the great tower
had upon him. Every quarter hour they
rang out on the air their sweet notes, in

soft melody, which fell like a delicious
rain of music dropping from the heavens,
as tender and as holy as the songs of
angels. Then, at the full hour, amid
their shower of liquid notes of silver,
there rang out the solemn strokes of the
great bell, with iron tongue, deep and
heavy; and these heavy tones filled him
with a feeling of awe. As he listened,
hour after hour, to the chimes, the tender
melody of the smaller, sweeter bells re-
minded him of the mercy and love of God,
and the solemn undertones that broke on
his ear at the end of each full hour spoke
of the awful themes of justice, judgment,
eternity.

So it is that every thoughtful person is
impressed in reading the scriptures. Their
usual tone is mercy. Love rings every-
where, like the notes of angels' songs.
But here and there, amid the words of
divine tenderness, comes some deep note,
telling of justice, of wrath against sin, of
the awful judgment day. It is the same
in life. The flow of the common day is
gladness. There is music everywhere.
Flowers bloom. Love lights its lamp in
our path. Then suddenly there breaks in
amid the merry laughter, a tone deep and
solemn, which fills us with awe. Life is
not all gayety. Even now its undertone
is serious. We should be thoughtful.
Eternity lies close to time. The momen-
tous things of judgment are hidden only
by a thin veil of mist.—J. R. Miller,
D. D.

WILLING CONSENT.

There is an old motto which is well
worth appropriating: "When you consent,
consent cheerfully." Two ladies recently
asked a young girl to aid them by playing
the piano at a weekly service for children.
These made the request with no great
confidence of success; for though the one
whom they asked was admirably qualified
so far as talent and ability were concern-
ed, they feared the usual excuses and ob-
jections, the plea of lack of time and
pressure of school duties. Instead, the
bright face grew brighter.

"Why, yes, I can do that. I like little
children, and I'd like that work. I'll be
glad to do it."

The two applicants drew a long breath
of relief, and as they turned away, one
said to the other:

"Isn't it delightful to meet one who
responds willingly, who knows what she
can do and is ready and glad to do it?"

But why should the experience be rare?
All around us is work to be done in social,
benevolent and religious circles, and it is
our work as well as that of others. From
every side, too, come the pleas for assist-
ance, and though we must needs refuse
many, yet we can do; and why not do
that gladly? Where we can consent, let
us do it promptly and willingly.

THE REAL NEED OF THE CHURCHES.

Not money, not leaders, not more
machinery, but spiritual life is the su-
preme need of the churches today.

Money without spiritual life is dead.
Leaders without the endowment of power
from on high can achieve no victories for
God. Church machinery without the life
of God to work it is powerless to bring a
lost soul to Christ. The presence of "the
living creatures" is needed to work the
machinery.

Josiah Strong well says "Life produces
organization, but organization does not
produce life."

If the churches are filled with the life
of the Holy Spirit, the endowment of
power, then the money, the leaders, and
the machinery needed to take this world
for Christ will all be forthcoming in due
time; but without this divine life energiz-
ing and inspiring self-denial, the churches
may have all these, and still they will be
cold, formal, and powerless.

"Here, then, is the point at which to
make the attack for an onward movement
in church work. First secure the divine
life, the endowment of power. How can
this be done? By devout prayer, study
ing God's Word, and claiming his promises.

To your closets, then, O ye Christians,
who desire a great revival. It is a recog-
nized, historic fact that every great re-
vival of the past had its origin in prayer.
A few devout souls earnestly besought the
Lord for the outpouring of his Spirit, and
and he heard and answered their prayers.
—The Telescope.

God's revelation is for man's revolution.

GLEANINGS.

Jesus comes to his disciples over the
contrary winds and waves when he sees
them toiling in rowing. He cheers them.
He calms the sea.

The great decline of the Japan Bud-
dhists during the last two hundred years
is shown by the fact that then there were
393,087 temples, whereas now there are
less than 72,000.

"Some people think that, if they have
neglected a duty, they have only to
apologize for the neglect and let the
matter drop. But they cannot be put off
that way; the only way to get rid of it is
to attend to it."

According to the report of Missionary
Bieling of Berlin, 44 Jews have applied
for baptism during the past year. Nin-
teen of them have been found clear in the
faith towards the Lord Jesus. The re-
maining twenty-five have been baptised.
—Volks Advocate.

Christian comity has won a great victory
in Cuba. At a conference in Feb-
ruary, the representatives of the mission-
ary societies voted to have but "one
denomination in cities of 6,000 inhabi-
tants, two denominations in cities of
15,000 inhabitants, and three denomina-
tions in cities of 25,000."

The crown prince of Japan has decided
to start on a tour of Europe and America
in May, 1903. He desires during this
tour to see all that is possible of Western
life. Vice admiral Prince Arisugawa,
Marquis Ito and a number of court
officials are to be ordered to accompany
the prince imperial on his tour.—Indian
Witness.

"So long as we live in this world, we
cannot be without tribulation and tempta-
tion. Hence it is written in Job, 'The
life of man upon earth is a life of tempta-
tion.' When one temptation or tribula-
tion goeth away, another cometh; and we
shall ever have something to suffer, be-
cause we are fallen from the state of our
felicity."—Thomas a Kempis.

There are two sides of life's road—the
side on which are lying the wounded, the
suffering, the dying, and the "other side."
The "other side" is a well trodden side.
It is the easier side to go on. There is
nothing to interrupt us. We do not need
to lose time in stopping to help people
who are sick, weak, fainting, wounded, or
in any want or trouble. We shall get
along faster on this side, and shall save
ourselves a great deal of inconvenience
and annoyance, and much uncomfortable
feeling. But this "other side" bears none
of the footprints of Jesus.—Wellspring.

"Carey entered India in 1793. He
represents the best type of modern mis-
sionary, hero and reformer. Translating
the word of God; on a farm; in a factory;
in the Chair of Sanskrit and Bengalee;
translating the Ramayana into the vernac-
ular; founding a college; helping forward
moral and political reforms; memorializing
the government to suppress infanticide
and the abominations of Suttee; protest-
ing against the pilgrim tax of the govern-
ment; establishing a botanical garden, he
towers sublimely as the representative of
the noblest and broadest philanthropy
and aggressive Christianity."—Dr. J. T.
Gracey.

Bishop Hoare, of China, in a recent
address before the Church Missionary
Society of England, gave the following
suggestive reminiscence:

"I remember, five and twenty years
ago, sitting at the table of dear old Bis-
hop Russell with a high English official
from Peking. The Bishop asked this
gentleman if he had ever come across any
traces of the influence of Christianity
among the higher classes—among the
highest officials. The gentle said he had
once asked a high Chinese official if he
had ever read the Bible. The man, he
said, went back into an inner room and
he brought out a notebook full of extracts
from the New Testament and he said
that he had read the New Testament
through and through, and had made ex-
tracts of all that he had admired most.
And then, after he had put the book up-
on the table, he laid his hand upon it, and
he said, 'If only the people who profess
this religion were to live in accordance
with its precepts, this religion would
spread all over the world.'—Ex.