

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil
room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When fragrant wishes beckon me astray—
'This is my work; my blessing, not my
doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can be best done, in the right
way.'
Then shall I see it not too great, nor
small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my
powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the labor-
hours,
And cheerful turn when the long shadows
fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

YOUR TALENT.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan relates this experience: "Some years ago at home a woman came to me at the close of the first Sunday morning service and said: 'Oh, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the work that is going on here next week in winning men and women for Christ, but I don't know what to do.'" I said, "My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the five loaves and two fishes you possess?" She said, "I don't know that I have five loaves and two fishes." I said, "Have you anything you have used in any way specially?" No, she didn't think she had. "Well," I said, "Can you sing?" "Yes, I sing at home and I have sung before now in an entertainment." "Well, now," I said, "let us put our hands on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?" "I will." I shall never forget that Sunday evening. I asked her to sing, and she sang. She sang a gospel message with the voice she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry room one man. That man said to me afterwards that it was the gospel that was sung which reached his heart; and from that day to this—that is now eleven or twelve years ago—that man has been one of the mightiest workers of God in that city and that country I have ever known. How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had. Let this be an incentive to us today."

Sent of God.

A beautiful story connected with an old log church on the New Jersey coast, at Goodluck, illustrates this. In 1770 a brig named Hand-in-Hand struck on a bar. Among the passengers rescued was an English clergyman named Murray, who, having lost his wife and children, had become a prey to despair. Almost insane, he had resolved never to preach again, but to come to the wilderness of the new world, where he could forget the past and the God who, he believed, had forgotten him. As he crossed the sand beaches he saw a log house, and near it an old man standing in the door of a cabin. A basket of fish was beside him. "Will you sell me a fish?" asked the shipwrecked clergyman.
"No! The fish are yours. I caught them for your dinner. I expected you."
You do not know who I am," replied Mr. Murray.
"You are the man who is to tell us of God," said the fisherman.
"I will never preach of Him again," was the answer.
Then Thomas Potter told his story. He said, "I had been a sailor, but twenty years ago I settled with my wife on this coast. I could not read, but my wife spelled out some verses in the Bible. I determined to know something about God. Whenever a preacher came down the coast I would gather the folks into the kitchen to hear him preach. When I got a day to spare, I worked at yon log house. It is a church. I built it. First a Presbyterian came along, and then a Baptist, and then a Methodist. They all preached in it, and I said, 'Stay and teach us about God.' But they had work elsewhere. Last night I saw the brig cast away on the sands. I heard a voice say, 'There in that ship is the man who will teach you of God. He has come through great sorrow to this work.' I have made ready

for you a long time ago. You will not go away and leave." The tears streamed down the old man's cheeks as he pleaded. The rebellious minister fell on his knees before God in penitence and faith. He remained during the rest of his life at Goodluck, preaching in the log church, faithful and happy in his work. Thomas Potter bequeathed the church to him, and it is said that the will of John Murray, minister at Goodluck, still exists, in which he left the building "free for the use of Christian people"—Sel.

LIFE A DISCIPLINE.

Sooner or later we will find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we all discover that the world is not a playground; it is quite clear God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to plan in school; the Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for he likes to see his children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care; but our Master cares. He has a perfectly overpowering and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because he loves us, he comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently, or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough, and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once, and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like a thunderclap startling a summer night. But one thing we may be sure of—the task he sets us to is never measured by our delinquency. The discipline may seem far less than our desert, or even to our eye ten times more. But it is not measured by these; it is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his Father. The discipline of life is a preparation for meeting the Father. When we arrive there "to behold his beauty," we must have the educated eye; and that must be trained here. We must become so "pure in heart"—and it needs much practice—that we shall "see God." That explains life—why God puts man in the crucible, and makes him pure by fire.—Henry Drummond.

LIFT THE LATCH.

"I was visiting," said that good man, Arnot, "amongst my poor, sick people in the wynds and closes of Edinburgh here last week. I stood away back and looked up at the high houses to see whether Betty—my good old Betty Gordon—an aged saint of God, were at home or not. I knew that she was home by this sign, that her little flower-pots were on her window sill, that the blind was up. I knew Betty was in, for when she went away she carefully took in the flower-pots and pulled down the blinds.
"I knew that she was poor and needy, but she trusted God, and I was so glad that somebody had given me some money that morning that I might give it to the poor. I calculated what Betty's rent would amount to for a month, and I put that aside in my pocket with other moneys for the poor.
"I went into the close, climbed up the winding stone stairs, and panting at last reached Betty's door. I knocked. At first I knocked softly; but there was no answer. Then I pulled the bell, and it rang through the bedrooms, but there was no answer. At last I said, Betty forgot to pull down the blinds and she has gone out, leaving her flower pots there. What a pity." Then I went down stairs.
"The next morning I went back because I knew Betty needed help, and knocked at the door. After a little waiting, Betty came and opened it.
"Oh," she said, "is it you, Mr. Arnot? I am so glad to see you! Come in!" I went in and sat down. I offered prayer and the sweet face of Betty, framed with her white hair, looked to me like the face of an angel. But there were tears in her eyes, and a look of care that I had not seen.
"I said, 'Betty, woman, what are you crying for?' 'Oh,' she said, 'Mr. Arnot, I am so afraid—I am so afraid of the landlord. He will come, perhaps, today. He came yesterday and I had na the rent, and I did na open the door; and now I am afraid of his coming; for he is a hard man.' 'Betty, what time did he come yesterday?' 'He came between eleven

and twelve o'clock," she said. "I remember because I looked at the clock and it was twenty-five minutes to twelve."

"Well, Betty," said Mr. Arnot, "it was na the landlord, it was I and I brought to you, Betty, this money to pay your rent; take it and be thankful."

"She looked at me and said, 'Oh, was it you? Did you bring that money to pay my rent, and I kept the door steekit against you and I would na let you in? And I heard your knocking and I heard your ringing, and I said, 'That is the landlord, I wish he would go away.' And it was my ain meenister. It was my ain Lord who has sent ye as the messenger and I would na let ye in.'"

SOME BIBLE DREAMS.

In the olden time when there was no written word within reach of the people, God's warnings and counsels often came in visions and dreams. After the days of Eden, his revelations to man seem to have come most frequently at night and in dreams.

What leader of any grand army gained courage by hearing a dream told?

What young man had a great choice offered to him in a dream?

What dream did a ruler have which caused him to economize?

What man dreamed of seeing beasts, creeping things and fowls gathered in a strange place?

What was the dream which a ruler once had about a tree?

What strange dream came to a man sleeping alone on a journey away from home?

What ruler's wife tried to free a prisoner because she was frightened by a dream?

What dream did a boy once have of binding sheaves in a field?—Kate W. Hamilton.

The Ideal Home.

Dr. Lyman Abbott in extolling and portraying the ideal home well says, that one of its chief qualities is a refuge. "If from being tossed about in the fogs and storms which surround and overtake us we can come into the home as into a beautiful land-locked harbor; if husbands can come from their offices and business perplexities into a peaceful, sunny atmosphere, bringing with them the spirit which shall exercise care and make home a refuge to them, and if wives and mothers welcome them into such homes where the very air as the doors are opened seems fragrant with love and restful sympathy, and pure and refreshing with cheerfulness, such a home is ideal and a refuge for all its inmates. It is such homes that keep the church alive and develop the same old reverence and faith and hope and love which have blessed the world ever since Abraham built the first altar to Almighty God in the long ago."

Lives Beautified.

It is not the great sorrows of life that do the most harm. It is rather those little pin-pricks that creep into our everyday existence that cause the most disorder, pain, worry and a whole list of unpleasant traits. For all this there are but two remedies—good sense and good nature—both having a wonderful power of changing gloom into sunshine. Don't get into the habit of having a poor opinion of people, for assuredly they will have it of you. Unkindness breeds unkindness, while a happy consideration for others makes yourself the sweeter and them the better. Some people look at the spots on the sun, unmindful of the glorious radiance behind them. We all have our faults, but the only way to look at them is to look behind them into the bright skies of our better selves, which they fleck. In order to make our lives beautiful we must show good-will, kindness and courtesy to all with whom we come in contact.

MIND THE CHECKS.

A soul, who made rapid progress in her understanding of the Lord, was once asked the secret of her easy advancement. She replied tersely, "I mind the checks." And the reason that many of us do not know and better understand Him is, we do not give heed to His gentle checks, His delicate restraints and constraints. His is a still, small voice. A still voice can hardly be heard, it must be felt. A steady, gentle pressure upon the heart

and mind like the touch of a morning zephyr to your face. A small voice, quietly, almost timidly spoken in your heart, but if heeded, growing noiselessly clearer to your inner ear. His voice is for the ear of love and love is intent upon hearing even faintest whispers. There comes a time also when love ceases to speak if not responded to, or believed in. He is love, and if you would know Him and His voice, give constant ear to his gentle touches. In conversation, when about to utter some word, give heed to that gentle voice, mind check and refrain from speech. When about to pursue some course that seems all clear and right and there comes quietly to your spirit suggestion that has in it the force almost of a conviction, give heed, even if changed plans seem highest folly from the standpoint of human wisdom. Learn also to wait on Him for the unfolding of His will. Let Him form your plans about everything in your mind and heart, and then let Him execute them. Do not possess any wisdom of your own. For many times His execution will seem so contradictory to the plan He gave. He will seem to work against Himself. Simply listen, obey and trust Him even when it is highest folly to do so. He will in the end make "all things work together for good" but in the apparent outworking of His plans, so many times,

"In His own world He is content
To play a losing game."

So if you would know His voice never consider results or possible effects. Obey even when He asks you to move in the dark. He Himself will be gloriously light in you. And there will spring up rapidly in your heart an acquaintanceship and fellowship with Him which will be overpowering in itself to hold you and Him together, even in the severest testings and under most terrible pressures.—Way of Faith.

SELFISHNESS.

Nidas, the architect of the king of Egypt, built the watchtower that flung its rays over the sea—a great piece of masonry it was in those old days. The king of Egypt had given instructions that beneath the lantern where the light was his name should appear that after ages might link the magnificent work to his name, but Nidas was like many a Christian—he loved his own name best. So, right in the stone, carved as deeply as his chisel could carve, he placed his own name, "Nidas," but over it he put plaster, then blazoned on the king's name in gold letters. When the lighthouse was finished it was the admiration of all, and they saw the king's name on the tower. Nidas knew very well that as years went by the spray of the sea would eat into the plaster; he knew right well that it was but a temporary surface-place of the king's name. The years rolled on, and at last the plaster was stripped by the sea, and there stood out the solitary, bold carving of the architect's name. God help us, Christian workers. We have put the Lord's name in plaster and we have chiselled our own name in the stone. Where is the heart that today will not say, "Guilty?" Ah! I will say, "Guilty!" It is God's mercy that the chastisement is not as public as the sin. So do not throw stones, as I have witnessed many very foolishly doing, at Ananias and Sapphira. Their sin was not the gross, outrageous thing that you may think, it was just over again the false half crown in the assembly collection.—Sel. by J. Hygema.

BEGINNINGS.

Always begin the day with prayer. Pray before you leave your bedroom, if possible. Always have your own prayer in secret. Then a holiness text-book is good to have near at hand. You can soon commit a verse of scripture that you can carry with you throughout the day. Learn the scripture just as it is in the Bible. Thus beginning the day by communion with God, by meditating upon his Word, will make you strong to meet the severest tests of life.

Begin to look for opportunities to do good. Begin to plan that you may win some unsaved friend to Christ. Begin to expect results from your Christian life and service. The world needs "beginners who begin." Begin today, do not put it off until tomorrow.

LOVE WITHOUT HYPOCRISY.

C. H. WETHERBE.

While recently reading the Epistle to the Romans, I came upon this short sentence: "Let love be without hypocrisy" (Rom. 12:9, R. V.). Of course Paul did not mean to say that true love is, in itself, hypocritical, for that is quite impossible. Evidently his meaning is that one should not make a hypocritical use of his love. He should not say that he loves a brother ardently, when in fact he does not even love him in any true measure. Do not pretend to love another, when you know that you do not really love him at all. I have seen frequent statements in some religious papers by either the editors or some contributor, declaring that they loved a certain one, and yet the writer's language was so spiteful, so derogatory to the other's character and standing as to be positively contradictory to anything like true love; and I have said to myself that it was a mockery in one to claim to love that person. I know that it is maintained by those who write so censoriously that true love leads its possessor to faithfully reprove sin and wrongdoers, and thus they defend their course; yet the simple fact remains that true love, possessed by one in large measure, never leads one to either write or say damaging words against the character or standing of a genuine believer, however much the latter may differ from the former. There is not a single mean word in Paul's writings concerning any Christian brother, even though they differed somewhat in some respects. He did write sharply about those whom he knew to be false brethren, or, in other words, religious frauds. Paul's love did not have the least hypocrisy in it. His love was thoroughly transparent, perfectly honest. Thus ours should be. We should not say that we love God with all our heart, and then pursue a course in daily life which belies our words. We are hypocritical if we say that we love God supremely, and yet act indifferently about paying our debts and about the plain promises which we have made to others. I know a professedly Christian woman who often tells people that she loves God, and yet I have no expectation that she will ever pay what she owes me!

GLEANINGS.

Evil passions riot in evil thoughts.
Bad temper may trip the best teacher.
Don't mistake your self will for conscientiousness.
The quiet soul knows God best: "Be still and know that I am God."
The sermons that come down are better than any you can get up.
The majesty of prosperity is in truth and meekness and righteousness (Ps. 45:4).
Hollow hearts make hollow heads more than hollow heads make hollow hearts.
It is not safe to ask for more light when we are not living up to the light we have.
It is bad when blessings become curses; it is an amazing mercy when curses become blessings.
When one has grown used to domineering, it is hard to submit to the least and most reasonable requisitions, even for peace's sake.
Elijah's juniper-tree experience, where he wanted to die, was followed by angel ministry awaking him to even more vigorous life.
Jesus comes to his disciples over the contrary winds and waves when he sees them toiling in rowing. He cheers them. He calms the seas.
Even the royal and sinful Herods observe, save, keep, hear gladly the just and holy Johns, and do many things they preached to them. What a power is fearless holiness.