

DEMAND OF THE DAY.

HOLLAND.
Give us men. A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue and shame his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds,
Mingled in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

PROVIDENTIAL PLACE.

"We then, as workers together with him," beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." 2 Cor. 6:1. As all Christians are to be workers together with God, it is very necessary that each be in his God-appointed place. If we let God choose our work and set us in our places, there will be no mistake made, and the work of the Lord will move on, the word of God will increase, and the number of disciples will multiply greatly. Unless we are full of the Holy Ghost, and have learned the blessedness of being in divine order, there will be discontent with what God has given us to do, and a desire to have some other one's place. It matters not to those whose will is merged into God's will what or where their appointment is, so they please God.

If God calls us to preach the gospel as pastor, evangelist, or missionary, He will not be pleased to have us turn aside to secular business, no matter how much of the money made is used for gospel work. No amount of work will satisfy God, unless it is the work He has called us to do. On the other hand if our calling is to be a business man or woman, we are not to spend our time going from place to place trying to preach, but attend to our calling in business life.

It is a mistake to think the work of the Lord is all public, and only spiritual. It is a more serious mistake to think that secular employment hinders spirituality, or relieves of care for spiritual things. Those who are doing business for God in the Spirit may be as effectively preaching the gospel as those who stand in the pulpit. The servant girl who saves of her meager earnings, and the woman who gives of the money she has earned at the wash tub or sewing-machine, may be doing as much in the eyes of the Lord to save the heathen as the missionary who labors among them. Such souls, if full of "faith and the Holy Ghost," can preach by their daily lives great sermons that will tell in eternity. Above all let us each be filled with the Spirit; then find our God-appointed place, and do the work faithfully that He gives us to do until He says, "It is enough, come up higher."—Vanguard.

PRAYER, A LIFE.

Prayer is a life, rather than a series of isolated acts. It is an attitude of soul, a temper, that at times must express itself in words, but also time and again is best heard when it is silent. It is communion, and for communion, speech is necessary. It is often deepest and most precious when nothing is said. In fact, its highest preciousness is when such perfect understanding exists between God and the soul that silence is most eloquent speech.

Prayer is the outgoing of the soul toward God in everything it does and says. It is the homelife of the soul, of which the heavenly Father is both the source, the center and the goal. Its eloquence is that of deeds, and its breath is aspiration. It is as unceasing as breathing, and like breathing, it is an inhalation of the pure air of heaven.

Nothing in life is foreign to prayer. Everything, both small and great, is swept within its sacred circle. The center is the soul's outgoing toward God. The circumference includes the remotest province of the individual life. Not more truly does a man live and act for his home

and family than the prayer-filled soul lives for his heavenly home. Everything feels the fires of devotion, and from them a warm glow radiates his life.

We know a man who has made it the habit of his life to pause in his day's work and for a moment or two give his mind and heart a chance to live with his wife and little ones at home. It quickens his soul. It makes arduous tasks light, and consecrates his doings to a noble use. In just such a way the prayer-filled soul gives itself a chance to live the home-life of God. . . . The prayer life is the praise life, made sacred by the intimacy of the soul with Him who calls us "not servants, but friends," and makes known to us all things He has heard of the Father.—Sel.

TOM'S AWAKENING.

In one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we call Thomas Stone. He is a lad of about sixteen, quick, intelligent and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was allowed to interfere with the daily family prayers.

His father is a well-known merchant, of definite and well-fixed religious ideas. Every morning, after breakfast, the whole family, guests, servants and all, assemble in the drawing room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the Bible, and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's Prayer, in which the whole family joins.

To the lively, impatient boy this sacred family custom was at times a bore. It interfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So it frequently happened that he fretted and showed more or less impatient when the few minutes devoted to family prayers arrived.

His father tried all sorts of plans—punishments, rebukes—but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt. Finally, one morning, just after prayers, while the family were all present, he said: "My boy, you are now sixteen—old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home—and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers."

The boy was taken by surprise, and flushed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure, "All right, father." But his heart beat tumultuously.

The next morning his father handed him the Bible, and told him he was to lead the family worship.

"But I can't make a prayer as you do," whispered the son.

"You can repeat the Lord's Prayer," said his father, gently.

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down and followed him as he led them in the Lord's Prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more unsteady as he went on. Finally, when he came to "and forgive us our trespasses as we"—he burst into tears, and, jumping up, rushed upstairs to his room and flung himself on the bed, weeping bitterly.

The father knew that something serious was the matter, but did not know what. He gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him upstairs. He leaned over and patted his boy upon the head:

"What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you."

"Father," sobbed the boy, "I couldn't lead in prayers! I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. I—I forgot all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that prayer meant before."

"You had better tell your teacher today, Tom."

"I will, I promise you!" was the emphatic answer. Then, raising himself, he looked his father in the eye, and said:

"I don't see how any one can pray aloud before people unless he can wash everything off the slate and know that it is clean."

Much moved, his father laid his hand upon his shoulder. "My dear boy," he said, "you have stumbled upon the vital truth in prayer. It is not that one cannot go to his heavenly Father until 'the slate is clean,' as you say, but it is because prayer shows him when it is not clean and helps to make it clean that it draws us nearer to God and makes us better."—Youth's Companion.

THE SLANDERER.

The slanderer has three swords on his tongue with which he kills three persons with one stroke namely: himself, the one whom he slanders and the one who listens attentively to his words. Sometimes slanderers do not even let the dead alone. Lying and murder are inseparable and Jesus says of the devil, that he is a liar and a murderer from the beginning. The slanderer is no better; for one thing he has the devil's nature and disposition, and then he is a tool of the devil. Nobody is safe from the devil and much less from the slanderer's tongue. No one can tame the devil, neither can the backbiter's tongue be tamed, which is "set on fire of hell." Consider this, you who speak bold lies against your neighbors.

The devil concealed himself in Eden in a serpent, and who does not know that a serpent carries its poison in its mouth? No sword cuts so keenly, no wound pains so severely, no arrow pierces so deeply as a slanderer's tongue. A scourge makes furrows of blood, but a wicked tongue crushes the bones and kills the marrow. Many have fallen by the sword, but more by wicked tongues. Nor is any wound harder to heal than that which is made by the mouth of the slanderer, especially when the slanderer is influential. Herein is the greatest power of this evil, when it has the authority of the great.—Bishop John Seybert.

BABY'S OWN WAY.

The question of the governing of little children is a vexed one. A great many parents seem to think that baby should grow up to have its own sweet way and to continue to be a law unto itself until some indefinite time, when it infringes so far on the rights of those around it as to necessitate repression. The time to begin governing baby is at the time when it first shows an absolute will of its own. A little baby in long dresses needs government as much as at any period of its childhood. It is marvelous to observe at how young an age a baby will learn that by screaming it can obtain its will. It is very easy to train a child when it is little to eat and sleep at regular intervals.

A very young child will often cry for the light, but if it is indulged in such a whim it is quite likely to turn night into day, a dissipation which tells as much on its health as on the comfort of those about it. Subjecting the child strictly to the iron rules of hygiene in the matter of food and sleep will very soon bring the most obstinate of infants into a placid and, in course of time, a far more happy state of mind than if it had its own way. It requires possibly one or two battles, but not more. As the little one grows up, it should always be made to recognize the rights of others and to understand that its own rights are recognized. There is a species of firm yet gentle government which is always the most successful because it wins the heart of the child. While the mother must not yield in the enforcement of what she believes is for the child's best good, she should do it in so gentle a manner that it will recognize its mother's love while it recognizes her authority.—Sel.

HITTING THE NAIL.

At a recent Sunday-school concert in an eastern city an anecdote was related to the children which was worth remembering.

One of the corporations of the city being in want of a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts, in a prominent place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read:

"Boy wanted. Call at the office tomorrow morning."

At the time indicated a host of boys were at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he:

"Boy, I want only one; and here are a great many. How shall I choose?"

After thinking a moment he invited them all out into the yard and, driving a nail into one of the large trees and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place. The boys all tried hard and, after three trials each, signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning; and this time, when

the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up a stick and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" asked the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said:

"You see, sir, I have a poor old mother; and I am a poor boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place, and so help her all I can; and, after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn and have been trying to hit it ever since, and I have come down this morning to try again."—Sel.

A LIFE LESSON.

"You are too strict with your children," said a good Christian woman whose bright-eyed, active little boy was playing about the streets, to another mother who held her own mischievous son under strict, yet kind, control, and would not allow him to associate with rough boys or enjoy the advantages of the "street school."

Twenty years, said the narrator, have passed away. The boy whose mother was too strict with him is in college—sober, temperate and respected—the other squandered his parents' property, contracted habits of intemperance, became an inmate of a prison, and at last has gone to an untimely grave, though not, we trust, without penitence or hope.

"You are too strict with your daughter. Young folks must enjoy themselves," said a kind mother. But the daughter that was guarded and watched over has grown up in safety, while those who had their liberty brought bitter sorrow to mother's heart.

Where love tempers authority there is little danger of being "too strict." "The world is very evil." Times are perilous; snares are many; parents are responsible for the training of children; and "A child left to himself bringeth his moth to shame." (Prov. 29:15).—Selected.

NOT TOO STRAIGHT.

"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John 2:15. Don't you think John was too straight and said extreme things? Why, what he said here would unchristianize many, and that would be wrong. Yes, John was narrow-minded. He was just as narrow-minded as Christ, and people would find fault with both Christ and John today, were they here in person the same as did the Pharisees and lawyers who said to Christ when He condemned them for their sins, "Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also." Yes "us" and "we," those are the fellows, those broad minded fellows whom we must be careful not to hurt. But we will give them the truth and leave the rest with God.—Gospel Banner.

THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK.

"One step, and then another," the song says. Once there was at Oxford, the great English university, a little bootblack named George; he was bright and active. The boys liked him very much. At length one of them said: "A boy who can black shoes well can study well." The other boys agreed and banded together to educate the little fellow. The bootblack became a learned man, and, better than that, a man of very noble character. He was George Whitefield, the great preacher.—Sel.

THE NEW-FASHIONED WAY.

When a young man starts out to get ahead of a man double his age, he sometimes finds he has met his match.

An old farmer was once invited to a dinner, and, before sitting down, reverently said grace, as was his invariable habit.

One of the young men at the table noticed this, and said, sneeringly:

"That's not the fashion now; but I see you cling to the old-fashioned ways. I suppose, in your place, every one says grace?"

"No," said the farmer, gravely, "not every one."

"How is that?" inquired the young man. "If you are master, you ought to be able to have things as you order them?"

"Well," exclaimed the farmer, "I have some pigs in my styes. They never say grace before their meals. I suppose they do things in the new fashioned way."—Selected.

PRAYING EVANGELISTS.

There are many singing evangelists in the world to-day whom God is using in proportion as they sing in the Spirit and with an eye single to His glory; but we hear very little about praying evangelists. Charles Finney saw the importance of prevailing prayer for the success of his work, and had as a companion Father Nash, who often lay on his face in his room crying earnestly to God for souls, while Mr. Finney preached in the power of the Spirit and men fell on their knees and cried for mercy, in answer to prevailing prayer.

Why do we not have more praying evangelists? There are some; but do not these perilous times call for many more who know how to besiege the throne and with unwavering faith cry "It shall be done!" The urgent need of the hour is men and women who though unhonored and unsought by a worldly church, have learned the secret of success in soul winning; that of going forth and weeping and travailing for souls; until they are born into the kingdom of God. Men and women are needed who know how to pray heaven down and see the foundations of hell give away and sinners tremble and flee to Christ; while others may receive the honor from men for bringing about the revivals.

The Holy Spirit is searching for such men and will one day crown their self sacrifice with glory and honor eternal. Let us have more wrestlers who cry, "I will not let go!" rather than men pleasers and honor seekers; then shall we have more real princes who have prevailed with God and men.—Sel.

AWFUL, BUT TRUE.

The following appeared some time ago in a religious weekly, published in New York city.

A young lawyer won and married a bride that was the object of her parent's refined affection, and the favorite of all the circles of her numerous friends.

A beautiful cottage, elegantly located and beautifully furnished by her parents, was the home of this favorite pair. Several years glided by, and the husband began to ply the sparkling glass, warning from the Bible, entreaties from his devoted partner, the solemn pleadings of his friends, could not arrest his downward path.

One fierce winter's night he came home reeling through the snow, and found his wife in a miserable cold room, an invalid, and trying to keep her two babes warm. The drunken madman swore he would soon have it warm enough. Midnight came. The tempest had increased; the elements were in fierce conflict, while the raging fiend in human form was within. How he fired his home will never be known. The flames, fanned by the wind, drove the wife out, bearing her darlings to face the awful tempest. A quarter of a mile off stood the nearest house. Soon exhausted, she sank down in the deep snow with her helpless babes clinging to their mother. But a few moments sufficed to reduce their lonely home to ashes.

In the morning the sobered author of this ruin, with the parents and friends were searching under snow drifts for the lost ones. At length, wrapped in a spotless winding sheet, they were found. White as marble, the lovely features of the mother disclosed frozen, silent tears on her cheeks, and the cherub forms clasped in her arms.

What changed that promising young lawyer to a fiend? Who murdered those two innocent babes clinging to the dead form of the fond mother? Who destroyed that happy home, blighted the fondest hopes, and blotted out the young life of that devoted wife and affectionate mother? The skeleton fingers of that silent form point to the saloon as the place where the man became the fiend, and to the rum-seller as the guilty party.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, and maketh thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also." Hab. 2:15.—Sel.