

THE AMEN CORNER.

In planning our modern churches,
And service of Sabbath days,
We have left out the Amen Corner,
And smothered the soul of praise.

There are faces that shine like Stephen's,
When he saw his master stand
With a look of love and welcome,
In glory, at God's right hand.

There are eyes that answer divinely,
And hearts that in sympathy beat
With all that is grand and holy,
But the service is incomplete.

When the light of the Lamb comes,
Filling faith's rapt and adoring ken,
We listen in vain for the "glory,"
And the seraphic souled "Amen."

In the golden days, when our fathers
The enemy put to rout,
All the saints of the Amen Corner
Pursued him with a shout.

And the burdened heart of the penitent
Seeking for pardon and peace,
In a flood of hallelujahs
Obtained a swift release.

And oft when the preacher in battle
Was overborne by his foes,
From the praying souls in the corner
A mighty "Amen" arose.

And the spell of the tempter was broken,
The heaven ceased to frown;
Faith rose to the throne triumphant,
And the glory of God came down!

When the saints of the Amen Corner
Bowed, listening, on their knees,
They heard the sound of a going
In the tops of the mulberry trees.

And, bestirring themselves in spirit,
They marched with the heavenly host,
Stepped out on the promises boldly,
Prayed in the Holy Ghost,

Till the flame of a grand revival
Swept through the land abroad,
For the saints of the Amen Corner
Kept pace with the march of God.

We have men in the pulpit filled
With wine of the kingdom new;
The life of the grand old gospel
Still flourishes in the pew.

We are singing the songs which our
Fathers
Sang in those days of old;
We are telling the wondrous story
Their lips so sweetly told;

And the Lord, with his church, is dwell-
ing
In power e'en now as then;
But the spell of silence is on her,
And she needs the grand "Amen."

We are bearing suppressed emotions
Like a fire shut up in our bones,
And our only relief is in sighing,
And in timid undertones.

Re-establish the Amen Corner—
The freedom of ancient days—
And these pent-up streams of emotion
Will deluge the earth with praise.

When the voices of rejoicing nature
The land with its music fills,
Not the least in the great enchantment
Is the answer of the hills.

For the Lord of the whole creation,
Who speaks in a thousand ways,
Is surrounded with "Amen" Corners,
Which answer his voice with praise.

And when I ascend, at his bidding,
To the upper temple fair,
I will steal to the Amen Corner,
For I know he has one there.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

A brother evangelist tells a remark-
able case where he was led to fast and
pray for a certain district of country
about thirteen miles in length and many
miles away from where he was at that
time. He prayed for days feeling the
blessing of God upon his petitions, and
receiving the assurance that God was
going to send His Spirit upon that place;
then without writing to that locality, he
went on his way preaching the Gospel,
and accidentally as it appeared, he picked
up a piece of paper, and read an account
of a wonderful revival. One man in the
community was saved in his home, then
went to a neighbor's house and told the
news. They all broke down and sought
the Lord, and thus it spread from house
to house until six hundred were saved.
The most wonderful thing was that no
preacher or evangelist was known to be
instrumental, and there seemed no mani-

fest cause for such results. No one but
God and our brother knew the secret.
He went on his way rejoicing, not stop-
ping to throw any light upon the mys-
tery, only telling it as the Lord led in
order to encourage the faith in others.

Prayer is perhaps the most important
part in winning souls, and no one, even
on a bed of sickness or in prison, can be
shut out of this ministry through prayer.
Few people realize the power of interces-
sory prayer. Though their efforts may
be unknown and unappreciated by man,
yet when the books are opened, rewards
for winning thousands of souls will be
awarded to many hidden instruments
who have been effectually used of God
through incessory prayer.—Holiness
Era.

THE SINGLE EYE.

"If thine eye be single thy whole
body shall be full of light." If thine eye
be single; if God be in all thy thoughts;
if thou are constantly aiming at him
that is invisible; if it be thy intention in
all things, small and great, in all thy
conversation, to please God to do, not thy
own will, but the will of him that sent
thee into the world; if thou canst say
not to any creature, but to him that
made thee for himself, I view thee, Lord
and end of my desires—then the
promise will certainly take place; thy
whole soul shall be filled with the light
of heaven,—with the glory of the Lord
resting upon thee. In all thy actions
and conversations, thou shalt have not
only the testimony of a good conscience
toward God, but likewise of his Spirit,
bearing witness with the spirit, that all
thy ways are acceptable to him.—John
Wesley.

NEVERS FOR BOYS.

Never be rudely boisterous at home
or elsewhere.

Never treat other boys' sisters better
than you do your own.

Never lay aside your manners when
you take off your fine clothes.

Never make fun of a companion be-
cause of a misfortune he could not help.

Never forget that God made you to
be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpfu
being. Be one.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of
filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and
act is the sign manual of a true gentle-
man.

Never call anybody bad names no
matter what anybody calls you. You
cannot throw mud and keep your hands
clean.

Never quarrel. When your tongue
gets unruly, lock it in—if need be bite
it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad
temper.

Never make fun of old age, no matter
how decrepit or unfortunate or evil
it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on
the aged head.

Never be cruel. You have no right to
hurt even a fly needlessly, cruelty is the
trait of a bully; kindness is the mark of
a gentleman.

Never make comrades of boys who are
continually doing and saying evil things.
A boy, as well as a man, is known by the
company he keeps.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your
play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere
at any age. Your play should strengthen
or weaken your character.

Never lie. Even "white lies" leave
black spots on the character. What is
your opinion of a liar? Do you wish
other people to have a like opinion of
yourself?

Never fancy you know more when
fifteen years old than your father and
mother have learned in all the years of
their lives. Wisdom is not given to
babes.

Never hesitate to say no when asked
to do a wrong thing. It will often re-
quire courage, the best kind of courage,
moral courage; but say no so distinctly
that no one can possibly understand you
mean yes.

Never make sport of one of those
miserable creatures—a drunken man or
woman. They are wrecks; but God alone
knows the stress or the storms which
drove them upon the breakers. Weep
rather than laugh.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a
leverage. You might never become a
drunkard, but beer, wine and whiskey

will do you no good, and may wreck your
life. Better be on the safe side. Make
your influence count for sobriety.

Never be unkind to your mother and
father. When they are dead and you
have children of your own, you will dis-
cover that even though you did your best
you were able to make only a part payment
of the debt you owed them. The balance
you must pay over to your own children
—The Independent.

HOW MUCH LIKE JESUS AM I?

MRS. ANNIE M. ALLEN.

Jesus has given his life for me. What
have I given for him?

Jesus suffered death for me. How
much have I suffered for him?

Jesus stooped very low to save me.
How low have I stooped to save a soul
from death?

Jesus commands me to be holy in all
manner of living. Am I obedient?

Jesus went about doing good. Is my
life a source of good to others?

Jesus loves me with an everlasting love.
How much do I love the fallen and sinful
and those who hate me?

Jesus prayed for those who were cruel-
ly putting him to death. Would I do so?
or do I pray for those whom I know to
be my enemies?

Jesus is always interceding for me. Do
I ever intercede in prayer for my fellow
creatures.

Jesus gave not railing for railing. Do
I?

Jesus was meek and gentle and humble.
Am I?

Jesus is pure in heart. Am I?

Jesus never forgets me. Have I Him
in remembrance always?

Jesus spent whole nights in prayer.
How much time do I spend in secret
prayer?

Jesus washed the disciples' feet. Would
I stoop to a menial task for his sake?

Jesus was patient under provocation.
Am I?

Jesus suffered himself to be spit upon
and struck in the mouth. Could I en-
dure it?

Jesus is my example. Ah, how little I
am like him! Dear Lord, help me. Make
me more like Jesus.

DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of
a Christian," said a little girl to her
mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if
one wants to be good," was the reply.

"One has got to overcome so much and
bear so many burdens, and all that. You
know how the minister told all about it
last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that
great pile of wood into the shed last
spring? Did he do it all at once, or little
by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered
the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a
Christian life. All the trials and burdens
won't come at one time. We must over-
come those of today and let those of to-
morrow alone till we come to them. Of
course there's a great deal of work to be
done in a Christian's life-time in the per-
formance of our obligations to God and
the discharge of the duties that devolve
upon us; but the work is done just as
Dick moved the wood—little by little.
Every day we should ask God for strength
to keep us through that day. When to-
morrow comes, ask again. He will give
all we ask for, and as we need it. By do-
ing a little today, a little tomorrow, and
keeping on in that way, we accomplish
great things. Look at life in its little-
by-little respect, rather than as one great
task to be done all at once, and it will be
easy to face it."

A little gain in patience today, a
little more trust tomorrow—that's the
way a Christian life grows.—Eben E.
Rexford.

IDLENESS, A DISGRACE.

Every child should be taught to work.
Habits of thrift and industry should be
formed in youth, which will be as strong-
holds of character when the stern realities
of life come upon them in later years.

What a sad comment on parental gov-
ernment and true discipline and influence
is a young lady or young man, who sees
nothing to be done, nothing to turn her
or his hands to. Work of various kinds
and degrees may pile up around them,

but the delight of service is not theirs,
for they have no inclination or aptitude
to take hold of anything. I have often
pitied such ones, for their early training
has moulded their whole future life.

There is nothing so sweet and so re-
munerative to an individual, both in
spiritual and physical strength, as whole
hearted service—real work. If it is noth-
ing more than supplying a needy place at
the dishpan, the washtub, sweeping, do-
ing some mending or sewing for a tired
or busy mother, taking a few steps in the
care of children, anything, that will occu-
py precious time and lift another's load,
will bring sweet comfort to one's own soul,
and words of gratitude and appreciation
from others. "An idle brain is the devil's
work shop." "None of us liveth to him-
self and no man dieth to himself.—Pent.
Herald.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Are you always as kind as you ought
to be to the aged person passing the re-
maining years of life in your home? A
parent or grandparent may by circum-
stances be thrown in your care, and it is
a thoughtless heart that is inconsiderate
of his or her feelings. The active part of
life has been lived bowed with years, the
old form seems to stand and wait for the
summons to pass over the river. When
gone, you will miss it in its accustomed
place in a corner by the winter fire or in
the rocker on the porch where the sum-
mer breeze toys with the gray locks.
While it lingers make life as pleasant as
possible.

There is much of pathos in the aged.
If a mother or grandmother, there was a
time when she was young, and when she
counted no sacrifice too great to make
for the comfort of those near and dear to
her. She may now be an invalid; the
cheeks that once bloomed, sunken and
wrinkled; the hands trembling and weak.
But at some time in the past her strength
was exerted maybe for your comfort, and
the soft palm was laid as a benediction
on your brow. If a father or grandfather
his form was once manly, his now feeble
hands wrought perhaps for you with un-
selfish zeal. Do not forget these things
when some impatient thought moves you
to complain at their old-fashioned ways
or their inability to see things from your
view.

If they are living, but not abiding with
you, you can make life sweeter by writing
to them now and then. It is a sad thing
to feel that the work of life is over. Do
not make it more so by any neglect on
your part. The old hearts are sensitive as
well as young ones, and feel the sting of
a slight more keenly for their helpless-
ness. A letter breathing love, or a word
showing you reverence, will bring the
light to faded eyes and joy to lonely
hearts. It is your duty to be thus con-
siderate.—Children's Visitor.

THE SPIRIT IN PUBLIC SPEAKING.

In public speaking we may depend
upon the Holy Spirit for—

1. Restraint: Keeping us from say-
ing things we ought not, perhaps, to
say at all; or that are not best to be
said then.
2. Recollection; brings to our re-
membrance what, through frailty of
memory or excitement of occasion, we
might have forgotten that we ought
to speak.
3. Revelation; showing us truth,
and things of truth, and applications
on the spot. This is what some may
call "thinking on our feet;" but it is
more than that. It is learning on our
feet, and that, too, from the highest
sources of knowledge and by the high-
est means. Guided into truth by the
Holy Spirit.—Ex.

WHICH?

There are two ways of beginning
the day—with prayer or without it.
You begin the day in one of these two
ways. Which?

There are two ways of spending
the Sabbath—idly or devotionally.
You spend the Sabbath in one of these
two ways. Which?

There are two classes of people in
the world—the righteous and the
wicked. You belong to one of these
two classes. Which?

There are two great rulers in the
universe—God and Satan. You are
serving under one of these two great
rulers. Which?

There are two roads which lead
through time to eternity—the broad
and the narrow road. You are walk-
ing in one of these two roads. Which?

There are two deaths which people
die—some "die in the Lord," others
"die in their sins." You will die one
of these two deaths. Which.

There are two places to which peo-
ple go—heaven and hell. You will
go to one of these two places. Which?

Ponder these questions! Pray over
them! May the issue be your salva-
tion from "the wrath to come."—
Selected.

YOUNG WOMAN.

You had better learn to sew.
You had better learn to bake.
You had better learn to keep a tidy
house.

You had better help mother mend the
children's stockings and make yourself
otherwise useful around the house.

You had better not cry and pout or
grow peevish or fretful, under restraint or
parental advice.

You had better practice economy, self-
denial, self-restraint, humility, love. Such
flowers will grow in the garden of your
soul, and blossom into fragrance and
beauty.

You had better avoid taking into your
mind the trash of the street, world or
literature. Poison is always dangerous.
Read pure books, train your mind to
think pure thoughts, and your character
will be strong, robust, healthy.

You had better not marry an unsaved
young man. See to it that Christ has
the first place in your life and demand as
much from him who is to be your con-
stant companion. This will save you
from a thousand heartaches, enhance do-
mestic felicity and very greatly help you
on your way to heaven.

Young woman, will you heed this
kindly advice?

KILLED.

The list of persons who have killed
themselves because they have been
ruined by rum is a long one, and the
list of those who have killed them-
selves by rum is much longer. Every
day persons who have spent all their
money in buying rum hang them-
selves or made away with themselves
by other methods; every day such
persons are taken to insane asylums,
almshouses, and prisons; every day
they are discharged from situations;
every day they receive wounds with-
out cause; every day their wives and
children, are made wretched by the
spectacle of their drunkenness. Never-
theless, the people of the United
States look with favor upon the sa-
loon, because they are shortsighted
enough to think that it keeps down
taxes.—National Temperance Advo-
cate.

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

A farmer told a lawyer that he had
seven good reasons for opposing the
drink traffic, when asked to give them,
said: "I have five sons and two
daughters."

A saloon can no more be run without
using up boys, than a flouring mill with-
out wheat, or a saw mill without logs.
The only question is, whose boys—your
boys, or mine—our boys, or our neigh-
bors?"

The Bible cannot be completely un-
derstood by those who do not "go on to
perfection." The president of a college
cannot comprehend holiness or preach
purity of heart until he has the experi-
ence. "The world by wisdom knew not
God."

Lamps do not talk, but they do shine.
A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats
no gong; and yet far over the waters its
friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So
let your actions shine out your religion.
Let the main sermon of your life be illus-
trated by all your conduct.—Spurgeon.