

PRAYER.

"Lord what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence, will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosom take,
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seem to lower;
We rise and all the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear."

—R. C. TRENCH.

MOTHER MUST NOT GO TO JAIL.

The papers recently told of a touching incident in a Chicago police court. A mother had been arrested for drunkenness, and lodged, with her two children, a boy and a girl, in a stationhouse for the night. The boy was about eight years old, his sister still younger.

The next morning the woman was brought before the magistrate, who sentenced her to pay a fine of \$5.00 and costs, the latter amounting to about \$2.50. She was to be sent to jail until the fine and costs were paid. When the sentence had been passed, the boy said to his little sister:—

"Come, Jennie, we must go out and try to get some money. Mother must not go to jail, and we have nothing with which to pay the fine."

Out they started, hand in hand, on the unpleasant errand of borrowing money to pay the drunken woman's fine. "Borrowing," I say, for everywhere the little fellow, as he told his sad story added, I only want to borrow the money; I will come and work for you, or I will earn the money and pay it all back."

After some hours of wearisome trudging, getting a little here, being coldly buffed off there, the children returned with two dollars. Handing it to the police magistrate, the boy said:—

"Mr. Judge, I know this isn't enough, but it is all I can give you now. But mother mustn't go to jail. I'll go in her place. I know she is larger than I am, but I'll stay the longer. I know I'm little but I'll work it out; I'll stay till I've worked it out. Please, Mr. Judge, please let me go to jail in mother's stead."

Before the magistrate could reply the policeman who had arrested the woman, said: "My little fellow, I'll pay your mother's fine for you, neither she nor you shall go to jail," and the tears began to course down the hardened cheeks.

The heart of the Judge was also touched, and he said, "For the sake of this faithful little fellow, I freely forgive both fines and costs."

The heart of the hardened mother, too, was melted, and bursting into tears, and lifting up her hands toward heaven, she prayed, "O God, give me strength to live worthy of such dear children." And the little party, mother and children, left the crowded room, many a tear falling from the eyes of hardened men and women, as they thought of the tender heartedness and faithfulness of the little boy.

How glad I know you are, dear children, that you do not have such a dark shadow over your heart,—that of a drunken mother. How glad and thankful you should be that your mother leads you heavenward, Godward, instead of in the broad road that goes down to eternal death. But you see from this sad incident what a little child may do by kindness and tenderness to melt the hearts of sinners, and lead them to Jesus, and to a life of honesty and right and righteousness. Are you doing all you can in this way for Jesus? Remember, all this is done by kindness, tenderness, love, not by harshness, or crossness, and sourness.—Selected.

NAN'S SYMPATHY BUREAU.

ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

Nan was in the cozy sitting room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheerful fire-place, now darting up in spiral beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

"I'm just like them!" she exclaimed slowly. "I try to do something to be useful, and—well, I'm just like you, little flames; somehow never accomplish anything."

The last was said aloud, and as Nan threw back her curls she noticed Grandma Allen standing in the doorway.

"Tut! tut! my little girl," reproved grandma, gently; "if we do the best we can, we are not the ones to measure the good we do—we can't."

"I—suppose—so," said Nan, slowly, "but then what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money I might establish reading rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working girls could get a nice, warm lunch without paying anything for it, or something else really worth doing; but, grandma, it takes means, and all that I have in the world would hardly buy one magazine, or a single plate of doughnuts."

"Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthy as those you mention—things, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do."

Just then the warning bell rang, and, with a good-by kiss, Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking of grandma's remark: "Things that perhaps nobody else could possibly do."

"I wonder what that can be," and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands, with her elbows on the desk.

As she was standing near the cloak-room door at recess she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

"I pity her," said Maud, "but I do not feel that I can do anything for her; she's not of our set. Her mother has done our washing for years, you see—that's how I happen to know of her."

Nan turned, and as she did so saw Beth, who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournfully pinched face.

"Her mother's," thought Nan.

Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell Beth's face wore the first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. "I guess it's what grandma meant," she thought.

The next day, and the next, she found some way to help, all unconsciously, somebody about her. The old colored janitor felt pleased all day long at the smile with which she greeted him as she passed him in the entry.

"Bless her honey chile—she's a sunshine ray fo' sure," he murmured as he closed the door behind her.

Miss Norcross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her a pleasant good-night, felt the cares of the days grow lighter, and her work less irksome.

"I tell you, Nan," said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come in which he could try his new bicycle, "you do a fellow good just by your sympathy. I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—'Sympathy Bureau' Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with anyone in trouble. Office hours from morning till bedtime.' And as for pay"

"Pay! O Ted," interrupted Nan, smiling, "that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others"

"You've found," broke in Grandma Allen, "a joyful, contented little self all the time, and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do!"

"Yes; and what you said, grandma, dear, led me to find out what they are," said Nan, sweetly, giving grandma a love kiss as she spoke.—King's Herald.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN RHYME.

1. Thou shalt have no more Gods before me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain:
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean:
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean:
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

With all thy soul love God above;
And as thyself thy neighbor love.

—WATTS.

Love is the life of the Christian soul as blood is the life of the body.

EDUCATION VERSUS PIETY.

Education refers to the training of one's intellect. Piety refers to the state or quality of one's being. Education constitutes ability to accomplish. Piety dictates the ends to be accomplished. Education is the blossom without which there can be no fruit. Piety is the favorable season which causes the fruit to set, grow and mature. Education has its use in, and relates mainly to, this life. Piety is fitness for the life to come. Education is acquired by natural means through natural channels. Piety is a quality received only by belief on, and faith in, the Lord Jesus Christ. Without education, one is unfitted to accomplish the most in this life. Without piety, he is unfitted for the life which is to come. With both education and piety, he is qualified to fulfill well his purpose as a man, so far as we may consider him independently of his physical organism.

In their relation to each other ordained by the Creator, there is no conflict between education and piety. Neither is a bar or a hindrance to the other. Both are desirable and necessary to the highest interests of every person. It is not a constitutional principle on which natural and spiritual law are founded that there should be a choice between two, but a choice of two. It is only when people forget, or fail to understand, the natural poise of a capable man or woman that either the one or the other is lightly esteemed or neglected. If one were compelled to be other than well balanced, and to choose between two, he ought, by every consideration that appeals to reason, to choose to be pious rather than educated. Education unlocks the gates of eternal life to no man; piety opens them to all.

Education and piety are not interchangeable; neither can take the place of the other. How then can one who seeks education but neglects piety realize the fulfillment of his hopes?

Education is sought as a means to success. The highest degree of success can only be realized by the truly pious. The great Creator has imposed duties upon all which cannot be discharged in the realm of the temporal. It is an unchanging fact that every one has not only

A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

but also lives under the demand of an omnipotent God to exert a pious influence in the world. Success consists in meeting, to a reasonable degree, the obligations arising from the fact of existence; which fact brings the whole race of men, individually, under the forces of the above divine law. Hence, however much education one may acquire, without piety, there must inevitably be written across the page of his life's record, in letters which can never be effaced, the ominous word "Failure."

Piety opens a wide field of blessed influence in which so much of real worth to humanity may be accomplished. To education, add piety, and the noblest of lives will, by it, be vastly enabled. Piety without education is an unarmed condition for aggressive warfare. Education without piety is a millstone hanged about the neck of the soul.—G. S. McMillan, in Wesleyan Methodist.

The Moravian Brotherhood leads the missionary forces of the world. A humble people, smallest of all in figures, they are a mighty host in the world's redemption. They have one missionary for every fifty-eight missionaries at home, and for every member in the churches at home they have two members in the congregations gathered among the heathen. Their missionary battle cry is, 'To win for the Lamb that was slain, the reward of His suffering.' They have five memorial days which they carefully observe. One is the Day of Prayer. On August 26, 1727, they set their great prayer vigil going. Twenty-four brethren and twenty-four sisters decided that they would keep up a continuous circle of prayer through the twenty-four hours of the day, each brother, each sister, in their own separate apartment accepting by lot the hour when they would pray. Many others have joined that prayer circle since, but the prayer vigil of that day has never been omitted for 176 years.—Sel.

Be not only prayerful in spirit, but give vent to your present inclination by actual praying, or you will shortly lose your spirit of prayer.—Beulah Christian.

THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

There's a secret God has whispered
To His hidden ones alone;
'Tis a secret sweeter, stranger,
Than thy heart has thought or known.

Changeless secret, how it keeps us
Thro' all changes life can bring;
Joy may cheer or trial press,
Still the restful heart can sing.

Holy secret, how it cleanses
All the heart from self and sin,
Crowding out the power of evil
By the life of Christ within.

Mighty secret, how it brings us
Heavenly help for hearts forlorn;
Turns our battle tide to triumph,
Changes midnight into morn.

Precious secret, I have found it,
Precious Jesus, Thou art mine;
Prove in me Thy boundless fullness,
Live in me Thy life divine.

—Sel.

THE SPIDER.

A railway brakeman was discharged from a hospital in Sedalia after four months' treatment for a tarantula bite. He touched a tarantula, and was bitten on the top of the middle of the right hand. He felt a sharp pain at the time, yet paid no attention to it and went on with his work. The bitten finger began to slough off. The hand and arm were swollen to three times their natural size. The wound would not heal. The surgeons were compelled to continue to follow the hand back, and finally made twenty-nine operations in all, and he thought himself fortunate to save his life with the loss of his arm. The poison of the spider bite had become so thoroughly infused into his system that it was impossible to overcome it, and his final recovery was considered almost a miracle. All about us are men who have been bitten with strong drink, who have lost property and good character, and love of children and wife, and hope of heaven, and their system has been so thoroughly poisoned that, unless saved by some miraculous cleansing through the blood of Jesus Christ, they must be lost forever. Beware of the poisoned bite.—Sel.

A BOY'S REASONS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

"I abstain from alcoholic drinks because, if I would excel as a golfer, Gray says 'abstain'; as a walker, Weston says 'abstain'; as an oarsman, Hanlon says 'abstain'; as a swimmer, Webb says 'abstain'; as an orator, Bright says 'abstain'; as a missionary, Livingston says 'abstain'; as a doctor, Richardson says 'abstain'; as a preacher, Farrar says 'abstain.' Asylums, prisons and work houses repeat the cry, 'abstain!'—Sel.

The horrors of the rum traffic in Africa are unutterable. I traveled up and down the coasts on boats that were simply wholesale liquor houses—rum in hogsheads, rum in casks, rum in barrels, rum in kegs, rum in demijohns, rum in stone jugs, and the vilest that ever burnt its way down human throats. The Christian nations of the world have turned the entire West Coast into one long bar-room, from which no fewer than two million savages go forth to die every year, as a result of the traffic.—The Rev. Charles Morris, Baptist Missionary.

"There is a total of 871 books printed in the German language dealing with the temperance question, written by 413 different authors, and practically all published since the year 1880, the greater portion of them since 1890.

"Besides this, there are now 37 newspapers, magazines and annuals published in German devoted to the temperance question."

Why preach sanctification? Because it is the only kind of preaching today that has grip enough on the great fundamental doctrines of sin and salvation to arouse souls and get them to God.—Beulah Christian.

He who votes with the Prohibition party can see the poor, ragged, pinched-faced children, and the wet-eyed, sunken cheeked wife of the drunkard, and say, "Thank God, neither by voice nor vote did I help to sink you into your wretchedness and misery."—Free Methodist.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—Faber.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

HARTLAND, N. B., Jan. 11th, 1904.

Dear Gaynel,—I received your nice letter sometime ago but neglected to answer. I have got a cold so cannot go to meeting to night which is a great trial to me. All the churches (except one) have united in holding special meetings around in the different churches. Tonight the service is in the Methodist church and papa is to preach. Every once in a while I sing,
I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul
Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

and then I think of all our good old times up to the convention. I had a fine time coming down on the train that day, the trip was all to short. Dr. Carradine sat right behind me and we had a considerable conversation. He is just as full of funny sayings as he can be, Mr. Bullock's folks were also very nice to me. I often think of our lovely prayer meetings after supper. Do you suppose we shall ever meet that way again?

Dear Gay how are you getting along in your Christian life. Have you taken any advance steps as we all planned to do such as praying in public etc.? I prayed one evening in prayer meeting and mean to get more strength every way possible. I have not heard from Dora yet. I wish she would write. I had a very nice time Christmas, got lots of presents. My big sister is home and we are enjoying her visit. We had a big snow storm the other day which makes the walking heavy. I do hope my cold will get better so I can go to meeting tomorrow night. Every afternoon they meet at some person's house and have an hour's prayer for the evening meeting; I was there the other day. Do write me a nice long letter and tell me all about yourself. Do you pray every night for me? I do for you girls, how I wish you would for me. Bye Bye, your dear old friend,

CARRIE BAKER.