

WHERE JESUS REIGNS.

Where Jesus reigns there is no fear  
No restless doubt, no hopeless tear;  
No base deceit nor faithless prayer,  
No angry strife nor weak despair;  
No greed for gain nor selfish pride,  
No bitterness for ought denied;  
No evil tongue, no cruel arm,  
No envy, hate, nor wish to harm;  
No wicked lust nor trace of stains,  
But all is pure where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there is no night,  
For He is wisdom, love, and light;  
No raging sea nor tempest dread,  
But quietness and calm instead.  
No anxious care, no blind unrest,  
No heavy heart by guilt oppressed;  
No discontent, no gloomy days,  
But highest hope and sweetest praise;  
No stumbling oft nor galling chains,  
No shame, no sin where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there's joy untold;  
There's wealth that's richer far than gold;  
There's service glad and courage true;  
There's power to be and strength to do;  
There's sacrifice and sweet content;  
There's grace Divine, in mercy sent;  
There's triumph over self and sin,  
And blessed peace abides within;  
There is a faith that never wanes,  
There's love supreme where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns all these are found;  
All these shine forth where He is crown-  
ed;  
Where Jesus reigns all things are true;  
Are these all found, dear heart, in you?  
—Sel.

MADAME GUYON'S TESTIMONY.

Oh, my God, if the value of prayer were  
but known, the great advantage to the  
soul from conversing with Thee, everyone  
would be assiduous in it. It is a strong-  
hold into which the enemy can not enter.  
He may attack it, besiege it, make a noise  
about its walls; but while we are faithful,  
he can not hurt us.

Let the poor come, let the ignorant and  
carnal come, let the children without  
reason or knowledge come, let the dull or  
hard heart which can retain nothing come  
to the practice of prayer, and they shall  
become wise. Come to this Fountain of  
—Sel.

LUBETTA HARBOR.

I suppose I have thought of this  
visit a thousand times. I am per-  
suaded the will has much to do with  
our happiness. We may be deter-  
mined to rejoice in the Lord always,  
and by grace be able to keep the  
purpose of our heart, our peace being  
as a river and our righteousness abun-  
dant as the waves of the sea.  
—Bishop James, in Keystone Endeav-  
or.

It means everything to retain the  
experience of entire sanctification.  
Those who are entirely sanctified  
measure up to all the truth. They  
are beyond reproach. They are ex-  
amples of all that is good and true,  
plain and holy. They are delighted  
with the simple, plain, holy road that  
leads to the city of God. They have  
laid aside every weight, and the sin  
that did so easily beset them. They  
are delighted with the cross and all  
duty has become to them a perfect  
delight. They are walking with Jesus  
in white.—Sel.

When you are doubtful as to your  
course, submit your judgment absolutely  
to the Spirit of God, and ask Him to shut  
against you every door but the right one.

In the meanwhile, continue along the  
path which you have been already tread-  
ing. It lies in front of you; pursue it.  
Abide in the calling in which you were  
called. Keep on as you are, unless you  
are clearly told to do something else.  
Expect to have as clear a door out as you  
had in; and if there is no indication to  
the contrary, consider the absence of in-  
dication as the indication of God's will  
that you are on His track.—F. B. Meyer.

The headlight on an engine is a small  
lamp, backed and set forth by a burnished  
reflector. Then it casts forth its bright-  
ness, pointing out and illuminating the  
way for the speeding travellers. Your  
lamp may not be large, but if you will  
put behind and about it the burnished  
reflector of a consistent, consecrated life,  
it may shine forth into the darkness,  
guiding hurrying pilgrims safely through  
the night.—Bishop Fowler.

HOW COULD I DARE!

If I should see  
A brother languishing in sore distress,  
And I should turn and leave him comfort-  
less

When I might be  
A messenger of hope and happiness—  
How could I ask to have what I denied  
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share  
A brother's load along the dusty way,  
And I should turn and walk along that  
day—

How could I dare,  
When, in the evening watch, I knelt to  
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,  
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

And so I know  
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;  
But if it show  
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,  
Then do I hold the golden hours well  
spent,  
And lay me down to sleep in sweet con-  
tent.—Sel.

God knows us through and through  
Not the most secret thought, which  
we most hide from ourselves, is hid-  
den from Him. As then we come to  
know ourselves through and through,  
we come to see ourselves more as God  
sees us, and then we catch some little  
glimpses of His designs with us, how  
each ordering of His Providence, each  
check to our desires, each failure of  
our hopes, is just fitted for us, and for  
something in our own spiritual state,  
which others know not of, and which,  
till then, we knew not. Until we  
come to this knowledge, we must take  
all in faith, believing the goodness of  
God toward us.—Sel.

Visiting one day an aged and poor  
old woman, I found her very happy  
notwithstanding her many infirmities  
I asked her: "Are you always hap-  
py?" She replied: "Yes, always  
happy." "But are you never unhap-  
py?" She replied with great earnest-  
ness: "No; I won't be unhappy!"

I suppose I have thought of this  
visit a thousand times. I am per-  
suaded the will has much to do with  
our happiness. We may be deter-  
mined to rejoice in the Lord always,  
and by grace be able to keep the  
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the contrary, consider the absence of in-  
dication as the indication of God's will  
that you are on His track.—F. B. Meyer.

MISSIONARY.

TWENTY-FOLD RETURN FOR GIFTS TO MISSIONS.

An English society were endeavoring  
to bring their gifts up to their usual  
standard. One of the leaders said, "Let  
us make another collection. I will give  
another shilling."

George Leal, a farm laborer, responded,  
"And so would I, if I had one with me."  
"I'll lend you a shilling, George," said  
the leader, as he handed him one to drop  
into the plate.

"Well done, George Leal!" exclaimed  
the minister, "the Lord will reward you  
tenfold."

This stimulated others; the plate went  
round a second time, and the deficiency  
was more than made up. When the meet-  
ing was over, the minister greeted George  
Leal with unusual warmth, remarking,  
"Remember what I said, George; the Lord  
will reward you tenfold."

The next day when Leal went into the  
field to his ploughing, he had not gone  
many yards when the ploughshare turned  
up a sovereign. George called to his  
master, and asked if he knew who had  
lost a sovereign, quite willing to give it  
up. "Nay, George," said the farmer, "it  
must have been in the ground many years.  
It is thy own good luck, keep it." Thus  
quickly and twenty-fold did the Lord re-  
ward his gift.—Sel.

GOLD FOR MISSIONS.

John Sunday, the converted Indian  
chief of Upper Canada, addressing a mis-  
sionary meeting in England, in his appeal  
to the benevolence of the people, precious  
to collection, said, "There is a gentleman  
I suppose, now in this house; he is a very  
fine gentleman, but he is very modest.  
He does not like to show himself. I do  
not know how long it is since I saw him,  
he comes out so little. I am very much  
afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time,  
when he ought to be going about doing  
good. His name is Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold,  
are you here to-night? or are you sleeping  
in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold;  
come out, and help us to do this great  
work, to send the Gospel to every crea-  
ture. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be  
ashamed of yourself, to sleep so much in  
your iron chest! Look at your white  
brother, Mr. Silver, he does a great deal  
of good in the world, while you are sleep-  
ing. Come out, Mr. Gold! Look, too, at  
your brown brother, Mr. Copper, he is  
everywhere! See him running about  
doing all the good he can. Why don't  
you come out Mr. Gold? Well, if you  
won't come yourself, send us your shirt,  
that is a bank note, and we will excuse  
you this time."—Sel.

RESULT OF LOVE FOR MISSIONS.

A poor Christian mechanic was much  
chagrined that he could give so little for  
missions when the subscription was pass-  
ed among the workmen in the factory.  
He told his wife of it, and she was inspir-  
ed to try to earn something for the cause  
of missions. She secured some silktwist  
and a few button-moulds, and began the  
manufacture of silk buttons. She sent a  
sample to a New York merchant, saying  
that, if they would sell, the money was to  
be her husband's contribution for missions.  
She received answer, "Make as many as  
you choose; I can sell a hundred dozen."  
The wife made her venture unknown to  
her husband; but now he was let into the  
secret. Success crowned her efforts.  
Machinery supplanted hand labor. A  
large manufactory, extensive business,  
and ample fortune grew up from and re-  
warded their love and labor for missions.  
—Sel.

SOWING AND REAPING.

A young man once stood upon the trap-  
door of the gallows, and, pointing to the  
noose that soon must encircle his neck—  
after an eloquent appeal to those of his  
companions who were standing around to  
flee from wine and liquor as they would  
from a serpent—said, "No harm in it!  
No harm in wine! There is a noose in  
every glass! Lost reputation, prison  
doors, cruelty, brutality, murder and death  
are in it! I sowed my wild oat, but now  
I must reap the ripened grain. You see  
what it is (still pointing at the noose),  
wine did it. It broke my mother's heart,  
disgraced my sisters, robbed my father of  
all he possessed, and leaves me a grey  
headed, broken down pauper."—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE CLOSED DOORS.

"Mamma's gone away," said a childish  
voice. It was a dirty door, tight shut, in  
a dirty, dark hall, fifth floor of a big  
tenement house. The deaconess had  
gained easy admittance at the other  
doors in the hall, but at this one it was  
only after repeated knockings that this  
response came.

"Well open the door and let me come  
in and see you," said the deaconess.

"I can't. It's locked."

"And are you all alone in there?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you lonely?"

No reply, but listening carefully the  
deaconess heard the sound of crying.

"When will your mamma come home?"

"I don't know," in a pitiful voice.

"Where has she gone?"

"I don't know."

"Well, good-bye, little one. I'll come  
again and see you some time."

This conversation, at least in substance,  
was repeated several times as on different  
days the deaconess tried to get in that  
room. Finally the neighbors gave her light.  
"Yes, miss," they said, "it's a shame how  
that youngun is shut up day after day.  
His mother is no good. Off on a bum.  
Oftentimes she don't come all night long.  
The little one'll starve to death some day.  
We can't do nuthin' for him, you see, for  
the door is always locked. And he don't  
never cry so loud as our younguns."

"What shall I do?" said the deaconess  
finally to the superintendent. "I really  
believe that child is being slowly starved  
to death."

"Go to the Humane Society," was the  
answer. And so promptly was the reply  
acted upon that the very next day the  
locked door was forced open by an officer  
whom the deaconess had guided to the  
spot.

"The room was frightful," said the  
deaconess in telling the story. "Worse  
than a wild beast's den. Rags, dishes,  
broken furniture, some old straw from a  
broken mattress—and in the midst of all  
that little pale-faced, wild-eyed, haggard  
child. He stared at us like a hunted  
animal through his straggling hair. His  
poor little body was covered with sore  
brought on by filth and starvation.

He offered him a bun, and—the deaconess  
choked: "I am such a baby!" she said,  
apologetically. "I can see starving men  
and women and remain quite calm, but  
the starving children break me all up."

"But let me tell you the rest. We took  
the little fellow to the orphanage and in  
a few weeks you positively wouldn't have  
known the laughing, hearty boy for the  
same child. And that's not the best of it.  
We watched the room for the mother that  
night, and when she came home we dealt  
with her pretty severely about her child.  
But, poor thing. She wasn't to blame—  
not then. She was just as much a maniac  
as if she were Kankakee. But there was  
a little spark of mother love left, and we  
worked on that. And to day—well you've  
noticed our washerwoman, Tillie? She's  
the very woman. Perfectly sober ever  
since she was converted, three years ago.  
Yes, Robbie is with her again—just pro-  
moted to the fourth grade in school."

Deaconess work doesn't pay. Think  
what that one saved home—those two  
saved souls, are worth!—Way of Faith.

QUEEN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

I knew a beautiful and wealthy woman  
who, as a girl, had been a reigning belle.  
Her old friends crowded about her, but  
she had no time for worldly amusements.  
She literally never lost sight of her child-  
ren. She nursed the baby and bathed it  
herself. She inspected every meal the  
older children ate and talked and played  
with them constantly. Her friends pro-  
tested.

"You are degenerating into a mere  
nursemaid! You give yourself no chance  
to grow!" they said.

"God just now has given me nursing to  
do," she said quietly, "and I can grow in  
that line."

I lost sight of her for three years. Then  
her husband moved to the country, where  
I lived. Her children were at school, but  
she still kept close to them. She took  
drawing lessons with Mary, studied  
mathematics with Joe and taught Jim  
history, coloring the dull dates with vivid  
stories of battles and heroes. Her  
mother-eye was on each child, and when

the teacher drove one of them too hard  
the child was promptly brought home and  
turned loose on the farm for a few  
months.

Her friends protested that she took no  
part in the modern affairs of women.  
She belonged to no clubs.

"I must be about my own business,"  
she said.

Her husband was a large cattle-grower.  
She knew his affairs to the least detail.

When Joe was ordained a minister she  
threw herself into his parish work. When  
Jim became a magazine editor she plun-  
ged into the works of modern writers and  
poetry and read scores of manuscripts for  
him.

She is still living, still keeping step  
with her boys and husband. They carry  
all their worries to her; they consult her  
in all their plans.

Her life was broadened in their lives.  
Her friends still complain that she does  
no public work.

But, "her children rise up and call her  
blessed,"—Andora—Sel.

TEMPERANCE.

"PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT."

That celebrated preacher and mirth-  
provoking lecturer, Robert J. Burdett,  
replies to the above objection raised  
against prohibition, and in favor licens-  
ing the saloon, with the following biting sar-  
casm:

"The laws of the state against murder  
do not entirely prevent murder; but  
nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing  
one murderer to every so many thousand  
persons, even on petition of a majority of  
the property owners in the block, that we  
may have all murder that is desirable in  
the community under wise regulations,  
with a little income for the municipality.  
I believe in the absolute prohibition of  
murder.

"The laws of the country to prohibit  
stealing do not entirely prevent stealing.  
Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high  
license system of stealing, providing that  
all theft shall be restricted to certain au-  
thorized thieves, who shall steal only be-

forbid theft at any hour, on any day of  
the week.

"And on the same ground and just as  
positively, do I believe in the prohibition  
of the liquor traffic. And I did say that  
I did. And I DO.

"I do say that the best way to make a  
man a temperate man is to teach him not  
drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten  
of sobriety."—Selected.

THE VOICE OF REFORMERS.

It is a most significant fact that both  
in this country and in Europe all reform-  
ers worthy of the name have been the  
enemy of the intoxicating cup. Luther  
said the man who first brewed beer was  
the curse of Germany; Gladstone pro-  
nounced it worse than war, pestilence and  
famine put together; John Bright opposed  
it, and Richard Cobden, the prince of  
them all, said: "The Temperance question  
lies at the bottom of all social and politi-  
cal reforms."

In our own land the men who led the  
crusade against the curse of slavery were  
almost without exception the enemy of  
the saloon. Lovejoy, the first Abolition  
martyr, divided the columns of his paper  
to what he called "These Siamese twins  
of barbarism—the auction block and the  
saloon." Garrison, Giddings, Chase,  
Phillips and Greeley all opposed it.  
Horace Greeley wrote in the columns of  
the New York Tribune as early as 1854:  
"Now it is mad, it is drivelling to talk  
about regulating the traffic in intoxicating  
beverages. Raise the price to ten thou-  
sand dollars, and enact a law that only a  
doctor of divinity shall be allowed to sell,  
and you will have the same old devil.—  
Christian Messenger.

If a man buys \$100 worth of boots and  
shoes he pays \$20.71 of that amount for  
labor; if he buys \$100 worth of furniture  
he pays \$23.77 for labor; if he buys \$100  
worth of woolen good he pays \$12.86 for  
labor; if he buys \$100 worth of liquors he  
pays only \$1.23 for labor. Therefore,  
concludes the Year Book, liquor is labor's  
worst enemy.