

DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
Change one letter, then I see
That the thwarting of my purpose
Is God's better choice for me
His appointment must be blessing,
Though it may come in disguise.
For the end from the beginning
Open to His wisdom lies.

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
Whose? The Lord's who loves me best.
Understands and knows me fully,
Who my faith and love would test;
For, like loving earthly parents,
He rejoices when He knows
That His child accepts, unquestioned,
All that from His wisdom flows.

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
"No good thing will He withhold,"
From denials we oft gather
Treasures of His love untold.
Well He knows each broken purpose
Leads to fuller, deeper trust,
And the end of all His dealings
Proves our God is wise and just.

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
Lord, I take it, then, as such.
Like the clay in hands of potter,
Yielding wholly to thy touch.
All my life's plan is thy moulding,
Not one single choice be mine;
Let me answer, unrepining—
"Father, not thy will, but Thine."
Selected.

CHOOSE THE BEST.

"Well, I find great enjoyment in it,"
said a gentleman at the close of an earnest
discussion on the use of tobacco.
"That may be," replied his friend, "but
you will readily acknowledge that it is
often wisdom to give up a less pleasure
for a greater one. I have often heard you
say that it was the crown of manhood to
choose the best."
"Yes, but what has that to do with my
giving up tobacco?"
"Simply this: if I can prove to you that
you can secure for yourself for the amount
of money you spend on tobacco, a greater
pleasure than you derive from its use, you
ought to make the change."
"Certainly, but I, not you, must be the
judge of the enjoyment that I experience."
"Well," said the other, "how much is
your tobacco bill in the course of a year?"
After a little calculation the amount
was found to be \$3.00 per week, and it
was agreed that the experiment should
begin on the following Sabbath, and that
he should call upon the Ladies' Relief
Committee that was working among the
poor of that city.
The ladies gladly gave him the most
urgent case of need that had just been
reported to them. Sunday afternoon the
friends mounted the stairs of a tenement
house, and came into a room where a
young woman lay on a miserable bed with
a babe of three days by her side. No
food, no fire. At the bedside sat her
sister with swollen, reddened eyes
which told of a night of tears. The young
woman's husband had deserted her, and
the younger sister had, on Saturday lost
her place, where she had received but \$2.00
per week, for her work, and which, small
as it was, was their sole dependence. The
gentleman wanted at once to make an
outlay of a considerable amount of money,
but his friend said, "No, you are supposed
to have only \$3.00, which is just this
week's tobacco money." He figured a
few moments and said: "Order a quart of
milk, and a loaf of bread for each day in
the week, that will make \$1.05; then order
50 cents' worth of coal, pay \$1.00 on
the rent, and leave 45 cents with them." If
you want to do any more, perhaps you
might get a situation for the girl, he
added, as they parted. Weeks passed
away, until three months had been occupied
in this work. "Now, at last," our
tobacco using friend said, I am convinced.
I have found a truer, better rule than
self-gratification, and, by the grace of
God, I 'choose the best.' I shall see the
ladies of the Home, and tell them to draw
on me quarterly for the amount I used to
spend on tobacco, in the same time.
And, more, I am going to give myself,
hereafter, to the work that I have been
doing this last three months.—National
Advocate.

Faith stands on the promises in the
past, love lives in the present, and hope
stretches over the future.—Sel.

A GLARING FACT TO BE DEPLORED.

Is the flagrant open increase of vice,
specially the liquor crime: but we forget
that when it gets bold and open, that
glaring wrong in its bravado makes the
old proverb true: "Whom the gods would
destroy, they first make mad." The open,
defiant wrong makes the loudest argument
for suppression and prohibition.
The world in the days of Christ and the
apostles was notoriously licentious. Even
their religions were vile. Certain gods
were gods of lewdness: the Christian
converts became corrupted and winked at
incest, till Paul compelled them to ex-
communicate such. The very evil of the
world made the purity of Christ's gospel
and people to shine as a light in a dark
place.
We are having today a notable illustration
of our statement. Several governors
are enforcing laws against gambling,
licentiousness and the saloons: the lid is
on tight. It is highly gratifying to the
Godfearing people that this old hackney-
ed cry, "You can't enforce prohibitory
and Sunday laws," that it is now a bit of
common place news that in St. Louis and
Kansas City, Mo., not a drop of strong
drink can be bought on Sunday. Now
the governor of Kansas calls the mayor
and police captain of the city opposite—
Kansas City—into the courts to know
why they permit the open saloons, and
threatens to remove them unless the law
is enforced, hence the lid is down tight in
that Kansas town.
God is not asleep. The principles of
righteousness surely stir hearts in quar-
ters when we least suspect it. Don't be
weary of sowing good seed.
"To doubts and fear give thou no heed,
But broadcast it o'er the land."
—Ch Standard.

SINCERE.

Some insist upon their "sincerity" with-
out knowing how much that word in-
cludes.
Dr. Adam Clarke thus defines the word
"sincere": "The word which we translate
sincerity is compounded of two words, one
meaning 'the splendor of the sun' and
the other meaning 'I judge,' a thing which
may be examined in the clearest and
strongest light, without the possibility of
detecting a single flaw or imperfection.
A metaphor taken from the usual prac-
tice of chapmen in the view and choice
of their wares, that bring them forth to
the light, and hold up the cloth against
the sun to see if they can espy any de-
fault in them. Pure as the sun. So
purified and refined in your souls by the
indwelling Spirit that even the light of
God shining into your hearts shall not be
able to discover a fault that the love of
God has not purged away.
"Our word sincerity is from 'sinceritas,'
which is compounded of 'sine,' 'with-
out,' and 'cera,' 'wax,' and is a metaphor
taken from clarified honey; pure or clar-
ified honey without wax; no part of the
comb being left in it. 'Sincerity' taken
in its full meaning, is a word of the most
extensive import; and when applied to
the state of the soul, is as strong as the
word perfection itself. The soul that is
sincere is the soul that is without sin."
—Selected.

THE GATE OF OPPORTUNITY.

There is no time in life when opportu-
nity, the chance to be and to do, gathers
so richly about the soul as when it has to
suffer.
Then everything depends on whether
the man turns to the lower or higher
helps. If he resorts to mere expedients
and tricks the opportunity is lost. He
comes out no richer or greater; nay, he
comes out harder, poorer, smaller for his
pain.
But if he turns to God the hour of
suffering is the turning point of his life.
—Phillips Brooks.
"I dare not ask either crosses or com-
forts, I only present myself before thee.
I open my heart to thee. I open my
heart to thee. Behold my wants, which
I am ignorant of; but do thou behold,
and do according to thy mercy. Smite or
heal! Depress me, or raise me up! I
adore all thy purposes, without knowing
them. I am silent. I offer myself in
sacrifice."—Fenelon.
Sorrow is a soul tonic. Our grief is
our grandeur.—Rev. Ira Billman.

A POOR INVESTMENT.

New Jersey has 3,810 saloonkeepers,
36,10 barkeepers—7,220 in all—busy day
and night making drunkards and crimin-
als, with 2,622 clergymen trying to coun-
teract this evil influence. In Camden
three citizens counted 1,205 men going
into a corner saloon one Sabbath between
7 A. M. and 5 P. M. It is needless to ask
why the men are not in the churches.
Essex and Hudson counties contain more
than a third of the population of our
state. Newark, the largest city in Essex,
has 1,283 saloons, requiring 360 police-
men to make, 6,399 arrests. Jersey City,
in Hudson County, has 1,021 saloons, re-
quiring 360 policemen to make 6,399 ar-
rests. Jersey City, in Hudson County,
has 1,021 saloons, 250 policemen, 7,343
arrests. The taxpayers maintain for
these jails, prisons, penitentiaries, re-
formatories, police stations, judges, juries,
lawyers—all requiring salaries, court fees,
costs of prosecutions, etc. We well be-
lieve what the United States Commis-
sioner of Labor has asserted, that for ev-
ery dollar of revenue received twenty dol-
lars go out to care for its results.—Mrs.
Emma Bourne, state President W. C.
T. U.

TRUST IN THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In revival meetings, preach with all
your might—make the people think
of the future, make them remember
the past, make them weep for sorrow
over their sins, make them laugh for
joy over the great salvation there is
in Jesus. Stir the people with your
preaching. Don't drag along, and let
the words dribble over your chin, fire
them out straight at the mark with
unction and power. But don't trust
in your preaching. Pray, pray day
and night. Get the people to pray-
ing. Pray until you get hold of the
Lord for victory. But don't trust in
your praying.
Sing, sing loud and lively. Sing
in the spirit, sing until the spirit of
song gets hold on the people. Sing
the good old songs that will carry you
back to sacred scenes, and bring up
precious memories. Sing the good
new song that will interest, catch and
stir the multitudes. But don't trust
in your singing.
Work from house to house, in the
shops, stores and factories. Work in
the congregation, write a note, send
an invitation, bring in the people.
Bring in those who are not accus-
tomed to attend church. But don't trust
in your works.
Believe. Have a strong faith.
Trust God without a doubt. Believe
for victory, hold on with your faith
in spite of doubting men, and tempt-
ing devils, or untoward circumstan-
ces. But don't trust in your faith.
Advertise. Let it be known all
about that the revival is going, that
the battle is on. Use the newspapers,
use big posters on walls, little hand
bills, hand out cards. Don't be eco-
nomical, but be lavish, sow beside all
waters, and sow it all over again.
Compel them to see it, to think about
it and come to it. Make the meeting
the subject of thought and conversa-
tion. But don't trust in your adver-
tising.
Trust in the Holy Ghost. He is
here. He is in our midst to convince,
convict, energize, unite, and sweep ev-
ery obstacle before Him. Thank God
for the Holy Ghost. He is with us
to break the power of the enemy, and
mightily save to the uttermost. In-
voke Him, submit to Him, follow and
trust in Him.—Pentecostal Herald.

PRACICAL RELIGION.

What can we do for Christ this winter?
Can't we give Him an overcoat, a pair of
shoes, a load of coal, a warm suit of cloth-
ing, a bushel of potatoes, along with some
kind words, and heart-felt prayers? "In
as much as ye do it unto one of the least
of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me."
The poor are about us everywhere, let us
do something practical for them in the
spirit of holiness and the name of the
Lord. Love prompts to good works, and
good works fan the flame of love.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

BARNARDO AND JIM JARVIS.

The story of Dr. Barnardo and Jim Jar-
vis is a familiar one. There entered, one
chill and bitter night, into the schoolroom,
for shelter and warmth, a little boy, just
at the hour when the medical student,
tired after a day of hard professional
study and an evening given up to teach-
ing his ragged school, was about to close
the place. This little fellow was shoeless,
hatless, shirtless, and with only a few
rags to cover him from the keen wind and
pitiless night. He had no desire to be
taught, only to find shelter. He crept in,
much as a battered little bird might enter
where the lights are, from the darkness
and tempest without.
When the rest left he lingered, and the
medical student, about to lock up, told
him he must now go home. But he
prayed to be allowed to stay for the night
by the fire, and he promised to do no
harm. A lad had told him that very
likely, if he came up there, the "Guv'nor"
would let him stay by the fire all night.
To this the young medico objected.
"Oh, no; run away home," he said.
"Got no home," was the boy's quick re-
joinder.
"Got no home!" exclaimed Barnardo!
"Be off, and go home to your mother.
Don't tell me!"
"Got no mother," repeated the boy.
"Then go home to your father," Barn-
ardo continued.
"Got no father," said the little fellow.
"Got no father? But where are your
friends? Where do you live?"
"Don't live nowhere; got no friends,"
said the lonely lad.
There was a tone of sincerity in the
boy's words that made Barnardo pause,
and he hesitated to conclude that he was
lying. So he continued to talk with him,
and the end of the interview was that
Barnardo learned that this little fellow
was not an exceptional case,—a case the
like of which he would never meet with
again, but one verily of a large class of
street waifs who lived "Nowhere."
—Geo. H. Archibald, in The Sunday
School Times.

JOHNNIE'S INFLUENCE.

"It all very well for teacher to speak of
influence. He may have it, and ministers,
and fathers, and mothers, and grown up
people, but who minds what a boy like
me does? What would it matter? How
could it make anybody better or worse?
Johnnie was thinking as he left the Sun-
day School. The text for the night had
been, "No man liveth unto himself," and
the teacher had been trying to impress
upon the boys that every word and act
and look have their consequences, far
reaching often, beyond what we can con-
ceive.
It was little wonder, perhaps, that
Johnnie thought that his doings could be
of little importance. An errand boy in a
big, busy shop, he was running at every-
body's beck and call from early morning
till night, and though the poor, over-
driven little fellow did his best, he was
often scolded for being late or too slow
over his messages. At the evening classes
his teachers often thought him stupid,
and called him so, when he was really
too tired to learn, so poor Johnnie had
a very humble opinion of himself or any-
thing he could do.
"Who's got any pennies?" said one of
the boys next Sunday night, as they were
passing an ice cream shop. "We'll club
them and have a jolly spree here. They've
rattling good sweeties with liquor inside,
the real stuff, you bet," with a wink.
Coppers were readily produced. Many
of the boys indeed were too good custom-
ers for these sweeties with the strong, hot
liquid inside the sugar coating.
"Come, Johnny, out with your penny,
if you've got one—not likely," with a
laugh. "You never have."
For a wonder, Johnny had a penny.
His mother could not spare him one, but
a shopman had given it to him for run-
ning an errand very late on Saturday
night. He flushed at the coarse laugh
in which the boys joined. The penny was
already in his hand. It would be
grand for once to do as the other boys
did. Then with a gulp he thrust it back
into the empty little pocket.
"I have a penny, but I'm not going to
spend it in a Sunday shop. Mother said

I mustn't."

"We'll not ask you to spend your only
penny, then. It's so precious seldom he
has a penny, eh, boy?" jeeringly. "But
we're not all of us so stingy; we'll each
give him a sweetie apiece, and he can tell
his mammy he didn't buy them."
To poor Johnny, who seldom tasted
them, a sweet, even offered in this fashion,
was a temptation. He clenched his chap-
ped, reddened fists hard. "I won't take
them. Mother says it's wrong to buy
them, so it's no better to eat them, and if
there's liquor in them, I can't and I won't,
for I promised I would never touch it—
so there!" in hot defiance, which was not
far from tears.
The boys looked at each other, some
laughed tauntingly, but others remem-
bered with shame the promises which
like Johnnie, they had given, but which,
unlike him, they had been afraid to keep.
"Johnnie's right, said one at last with
an effort. "I promised, too, and I'll do
like him this time and stick to it."
"And so will I," said another, gaining
courage, too.
"I'm off for school, then, or we'll be
late, said Johnnie, and the three walked
away together, while the group left be-
hind at the shop door lingered a little
and then melted away without entering.
As Johnnie took his seat, his heart
was full. He had learned that his teacher
was right, that it was not only grown-up,
important people who had influence, but
that for good or for evil it did matter
what even a little boy did, for "Even a
child is known by his ways."—The Na-
tional Advocate.

THE LAST LETTER.

A commercial traveler, T. W. S., in the
employ of a Boston firm of marble dealers,
committed suicide some years ago in Ro-
chester, N. Y. This was the letter he
left behind him:
"Rather than have opium and rum kill
me, I prefer to do it myself. I feel I am
past redemption, and why should such a
useless thing encumber the earth? I have
abused and disgusted my best friends,
have lost my position with my house,
have overdrawn my account several hun-
dred dollars, and in fact, cannot see a ray
of light ahead. If I thought my friends
would put me in an asylum somewhere, I
would not do the cowardly thing I am
about to do; but they have always used me
so kindly, and I have as invariably abused
their trust, that I neither ask or expect
any more mercy at their hands. You can
notify my house, and they will inform my
friends where I am, and I think they will
give me a Christian burial.
"To my father and my darling sister, a
long good-by. May God forgive me for
all the trouble I have caused you. May
those friends in Springfield who first in-
duced me to smoke the pipe, and thereby
wrecked my young life, suffer for it, if
there is an avenging God.
"Young men, for God's sake, never
touch a drop of liquor. It has killed me,
and will just as surely kill you. I had as
bright a prospect ahead of me as any
young man ever had—had a nice position
and good salary—but rum and opium
have got the mastery of me.
"As a dying request, I ask that my
penknife be sent to my father, and my
ring to my sister. They are of little value,
but I want them to know that my last
thoughts were of them. They are the two
kindest, most constant friends I ever had."
That is the end of smoking, and drink-
ing, and treating, and carousing, and
having a good time. This is the outcome
of "I can drink or I can let it alone." "I
can take care of myself."
Young man, do you care to travel such
a road as this?

FREQUENT PRAYER.

Prayer is the key to open the day, and
the bolt to shut it at night. But as the
clouds drop the early dew and the even-
ing dew upon the grass, yet it would not
spring and grow green by that constant
double falling of the dew, unless some
great shower at certain seasons did supply
the rest; so the customary devotions of
prayer twice a day is the falling of the
early and latter dew. But if you will in-
crease and flourish in works of grace,
empty the great clouds sometimes, and
let them fall in a full shower of prayer.
Choose out seasons when prayer shall
overflow like Jordan in time of harvest.
—Bishop Taylor.