

SINGING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A little seven-year-old boy fell into one of the deep excavations for the New York subway one day, and was taken, bruised and suffering, to the nearest hospital. When the doctor began to examine his injuries little James drew a deep breath, "I wish I could sing," he said, looking up at the big doctor. "I think I'd feel better then."

"All right; you can sing," said the doctor; and James began. So, brave and sweet was the childish voice that, after the first verse of *The Palms*, there was a round of applause from the listeners. As the doctor went on with his examination the boy winced a little, but struck up his singing again. The nurse and attendants, hearing the sweet, clear soprano, gathered from all parts of the building, until he had an audience of nearly a hundred. Through all the pain of the examination, the child never lost the tune; and everybody rejoiced when the doctor announced: "Well, I guess you're all right, little man; I can't find any broken bones."

"I guess it was the singin' that fixed me," said James. "I always sing when I feel bad," he added simply. Then he was taken home not knowing in the least what a courageous lesson he had taught to every one within the sound of his voice—and to many beyond it, for a newspaper reporter told the story in one of the big dailies the next day. Many a reader felt the inspiration of that boyish sentence, "I always sing when I feel bad."—The Pilgrim Visitor.

PUT OFF OR POP UP.

A man said: "My Christian life is like a 'Jack-in-the-box.' Touch a spring and up comes Jack (the 'Old Man') out of my heart." Is your experience and life of the "Jack-in-the-box" kind? What then? Shall "Jack" be put down every time he pops up? St. Paul says, "Put off (not down) the old man. If we put Old Man Jack down, he may keep us busy. The spring may let him up at every slightest touch. But if we "put off the old man" we are done with him once for all. The Bible remedy for this "Jack-in-the-box" experience is to "put off the old man and to put on the new man, to put on Christ." Let us go to the point where we can truly say, "Our old man is crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be destroyed." That will put an end to "Jack-in-the-box" carnality.—Selected.

Professor Lafin says, "Cigarettes create a thirst for strong drink, containing as they do five poisons, one in the paper, the oil of nicotine, salt-petre to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild and the oil in flavoring." The economy of the human system is such, that a person can by beginning with small doses and gradually increasing, become accustomed to the rankest poison. Then they are slaves to it, which is proved by an effort to discontinue the habit. You cannot afford to trifle with deadly poisons. Tobacco is a poison weed, a thing. It never shall be said of me again: "There is a man mastered by a thing." "The Son of God came, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

A Missionary says, "China is undoubtedly the greatest slave country in the world. Of a population of 400,000,000 over one fortieth are slaves, and a man's position is gauged by the number of slaves he keeps. At any age from three to fifteen girls are sold, seven being the age at which most of them change hands. The unfortunate slaves vary in price. The average is from £2 to £4. Much depends upon the girl's appearance. The girls are mostly purchased to do house work, it being cheaper to buy them than to hire.—Word and Work.

No fewer than 1,086,670 Bibles are recorded as being circulated in China last year. The actually reported official sales were over one million. "The seed is the Word." This promises a great harvest in the future for the Kingdom.

A MAN OF ONE BOOK.

JOHN WESLEY

To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought I am the creator of a day, passing through life, as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God, just hovering over the great gulf till a few moments hence I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven, how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book! O give me the book! At any price give me the Book of God! I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be homo unius libri (a man of one book). Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men I sit down alone, only God is here. In his presence I open, I read this Book, for this end to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Is anything dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights. Lord, is it not thy word, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God?" Thou "givest liberality and upbraident not." Thou hast said, if any man be willing to do thy will, he shall know. I am willing to know; let me know thy will. I then search after, and consider parallel passages of Scripture, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual" I meditate thereon, with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. \* \* \* And what I thus learn, thus I teach.—Sel.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

The Bible account of the power of prayer is the best we have, or can have: Abraham's servant prays—Rebecca appears.

Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—He is delivered from the prison of Egypt.

Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited, Israel triumphs.

Hannah prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained.

David prays—Ahitophel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehosaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles.

Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth.

Elisha prays—the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life.

Isaiah prays—one hundred and eighty-four thousand Assyrians are dead.

Hezekiah prays—the sun dial is turned back; his life is prolonged.

Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free.

Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a minute.

Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.

The church prays—Peter is delivered by an angel.

Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the door opens, every man's bonds are loosed.—Sel.

The Railway Station Mission—a branch of the inner Mission work of the Lutheran church in Germany—aims to direct young women coming into the cities to safe lodging places and to find work among those who are safe employers. In other words, it strives to keep them from falling into the hands of evil-minded men and women. In Berlin, fifty society women visit the railway stations daily to meet incoming country girls and to conduct them to approved lodging homes and working places. They say they have no intention of handing over their labors to salaried agents. These are "society women" in a very real sense—pillars of society.

There are 35,000 liquor shops in Paris.

The custom of requiring women to remove their hats in church, which prevails in Dr. C. M. Sheldon's church in Topeka, Kan., is spreading to other congregations.

The German Emperor tells his soldiers that Russia's defeat at Mukden was due to enervation caused by immorality and drunkenness. Moral: Let the German army be sober and pure.

"VELLY MUCH CANTREEN."

Under the title, "A Temperance Lecture," the Toronto Globe says editorially: "The result of the battle in the Korean Straits is, in reality, the triumph of sober Japan over whiskey-soaked Russia. It is the greatest temperance lecture ever delivered to the world, to nations, and to individuals as well. What was proved on the wreck-strewed straits of Korea had already been proved in the destruction of the Port Arthur squadron, in the running fight with the Vladivostock cruisers, in the reduction of an almost impregnable fortress, and in the land operations in Manchuria. It was in each case Japan against Russia, but it was more—it was temperance against debauchery. Japan's achievements on land and sea were not directed by men who had spent their days and nights in idleness and dissipation. They were the product of lives of strong, steadfast, sober endeavor, the very opposite of what their enemy had been. This lesson of the war is not for Russia alone. It is for every nation and for every individual who seeks stability and advancement. Great Britain's greatest danger today is the intemperance of the people. Intemperance and progress do not go together. They are as Sir Frederick Treves said the other day, hopelessly antagonistic. This eminent authority made the statement that alcoholic drink, even in small quantities, absorbs human energy and minimizes the effort of the individual. Russia has learned this truth, but at a terrible cost. Let Great Britain profit from that lesson before it is too late."

The same truth was forcibly expressed by Au Wing, a Chinaman, who on being asked for his opinion on the situation in the Far East, said: "Russian officers and soldiers—too canteen—velly much canteen. Japanese captain and men—no canteen about the—just like Melican soldiers."

Not only should Great Britain profit by that lesson, but the United States and all other nations. The use of liquor by officers and private should be prohibited in both the army and navy. We do not want the canteen restored.—Northwestern Christian Advance.

SHOW US YOUR SAMPLES.

An humble Christian worker was holding a preaching service in the open air, when a well-dressed man drew near, and at a pause in the service asked permission to address the meeting. Permission being given, he denounced religion as

A HUMBBUG

and a sham, and advised men to go to the socialist meetings, which he said would do more good.

While he was speaking the leader of the meeting learned from one of the men there that he was a drummer for a dry goods house, and a noted infidel. As he closed, the Christian man said to him:

"I hear you are

A DRUMMER,

and go from town to town with samples of the goods manufactured by your firm. Now you are engaged in another business, I ask you to

SHOW YOUR SAMPLES."

Beckoning to two men to stand up beside him, he continued:

"Here are two brothers. You see them now. Five years ago they were the biggest scamps and drunkards in the district. They were wife-beaters and even a terror in the saloon. But five years ago they went to a little gospel meeting, and there they gave their hearts to Jesus. Now they and their wives are well dressed and their homes comfortably furnished, yet they are earning just the same wages as they did before their conversion, and in their homes all is happiness. That is the work of the gospel. They are samples of what it can do. Now show me the

SAMPLES OF SOCIALISM.

Show me one drunkard made sober, one dishonest man made honest, one immortal man reclaimed, and then we will listen to you. If socialism is better than Christianity, show your samples."

There was a

GENERAL LAUGH

at the confusion which sat visible on the face of the socialist, and amid the roar of derision he slunk away.—The Christian.

"To unbelief, a grasshopper looks like a giant, but to faith a giant looks like a grasshopper."—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK.

What says the clock when it strikes one? "Watch," says the clock, "O, watch little one."

What says the clock when it strikes two? "Love God, little one, for God loves you."

Tell me softly what it whispers at three. It is, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more;

'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And let your young hearts gladly revive, When it echoes so sweetly "God bless you" at five.

And remember at six, at fading of day, That your life is as vapor that passeth away.

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?

"Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven."

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?

"Strive, strive to enter at the beautiful gate."

And louder still it calls you at nine—

"My son give me that heart of thine."

And such be your voices responsive at ten,

"Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna! Amen!"

Loud let your voices ring out at eleven,

"Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven."

When the deep strokes at midnight the watchword shall ring,

"Lo, these are my jewels—these, these," saith the King.

—Vanguard.

HOW MOTHER MANAGED.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand, which had never done any hard work, and patting it reassuringly. "I'm very poor—only a thousand a year, dear, and we shall have a struggle to get along at first—

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly.

"And," he continued, "we shall have to come down to strict economy. But, if you could only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked, smiling at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know! So that we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blackening done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was taken away; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, and so went to her house for a long visit, the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one morning John received to his amazement, a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

"I have learned how your mother 'manages,' and I am going to explain it to you, since you confessed you didn't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener and a general slave for a family of five in the morning until ten at night; and almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled and corded and unloved! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the wood, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'John!' she repeated, 'John!'—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. 'Why—John!'—she said in a trembling, bewildered way, 'the works

in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired; or else—or else—he goes down town."

"Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a 'manager' as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she is an excellent 'manager.' I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earns the name also; and, judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. As the son is, the husband is, is a safe and happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed, and John pondered; and he is pondering yet.—Anon.

TRIMMING EMPTY LAMPS.

One of the many marks of folly shown by the foolish virgins was their attempts to make empty lamps burn, by trimming them. All the trimming in the world will not make an empty lamp burn. Trimming can never be made to become a successful substitute for oil. Trimming an icicle is as profitable work, as far as obtaining light is concerned, as trimming an empty lamp.

There are many in the church today who are making this same mistake. They are trimming an empty profession, but it gives no light. Thousands are imitating the foolish virgins in this respect. They are trimming their church membership with prayers and almsgiving and churchly efforts, but all in vain, there is no divine grace in the heart. A great denomination keeps a week of fasting and prayer, but it amounts to nothing except with those who have oil in their lamps. God said of the Jews who attempted to substitute the keeping of festal days for obedience, that his soul loathed the whole business. Get plenty of grace and then the trimming of prayer, almsgiving and good works will make the flame burn all the brighter. Without the oil of grace trimming is a waste of time.—Christian Witness.

SINGING.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work, when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleaned their bills on a napkin of a bough, when on a top twig they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. Oh that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! Oh that we could put songs under our burden! Oh that we could exact the sense of sorrow by song! Then sad things would not poison so much. Sing in the house—teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—Beecher.

WELL PUT.

The infidel contemptuously exclaims: "Two-thirds of the church members of this country are women." He might have added that out of the forty-five thousand convicts of our penitentiaries, more than forty-three thousand are men. Women take to church rather than the penitentiary. As a rule they are better than men. But be it said to the credit of the noble army of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, that they are the most powerful ally which the kingdom of righteousness has in this rebellious world.—Selected.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Hale.