

PARADISE REGAINED.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Centre of our hopes thou art;
End of our enlarged desires:
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires:
Join'd to thee by love divine,
Seal our hearts forever thine.

All our work in thee be wrought,—
Levell'd at one common aim:
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

Let us altogether rise,—
To thy glorious life restore;
Here regain our Paradise,—
Here prepare to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earnest given:
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

TEN DAYS.

Christine Lennox had been ill a fortnight.
"I can't see that there's much the matter," she told the doctor. "I believe you are keeping me abed just to make me rest," and she laughed up at him.
The physician was the cheeriest of men, but now he had no smile of response. He had been the girl's friend since her babyhood, and he looked at her tenderly.

"Christine," he said, "I have never lied to you, and I am going to tell you the truth. You are not as well as you think."
Her startled eyes searched his own.
"Do you mean?" she began.
"I mean, my dear child, that all I can do is to make you comfortable for a little while." His eyes were wet.
"How long?" she asked, softly.
"Probably about ten days."
She drew a quick breath. "Do the rest know?"

The physician nodded.
"Poor mother!" she murmured. Then she looked up with a smile. "I thank you for telling me."

Her father sat with her at the noon hour. Her slender fingers nestled in his big, warm hand.

"Will you ask Uncle Norman to come up to see me?" she said. "This evening will be a good time."

The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years.

"You'd better send a note."
"I'd rather you'd take the message—please."

"All right. I'll tell him," and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as he stooped to kiss her.

"If only I could see them friends before I go!" she whispered to herself.

Her longing was granted. At her bedside the barrier of years was broken down, and the two were brothers again.

Christine's favorite cousin was in college. He was not making the best of himself and friends were anxious. A note from her brought him home for a parting visit.

"Theodoric, do you know the meaning of your name?" she asked.

"No. Somethin' I'm not I presume."

"Something you can be," the gentle voice replied. It is 'powerful among the people,' and I think it is beautiful. Only one cannot be that, you know, unless one is master of himself, and is true to the best, to the highest. I wish you'd think about it when I'm away."

The boy did think, and he became a power for good among his fellows.

So full were those ten days! Through the influence of the dying girl two estranged lovers were united, a home was provided for a destitute cripple, a church contention was resolved into harmony, and a despairing woman found peace and joy. Besides this, there were uncounted deeds of love that lived in many hearts long after the doer of them had passed from sight.

Ten days! They are waiting just ahead. One by one they will come into the grasp of all of us. Shall they be filled with frivolities or blessed by deeds of love and Christian service? Shall those days which are to be dedicated to God be only the last ten days of life, or shall they be the next ten day, and every ten that follow them?—Youth's Companion.

HELL UPON EARTH.

Dr Adam Clark says (Col. 3-19.) Wherever bitterness is, there love is wanting. And where love is wanting in the married life, there is hell upon earth.

CARVOSSO'S WAY.

Carvossó had seen all his children converted but one. Borne down with anxiety for her, he sought counsel of his class leader, Sunday night, returning from class. "Why don't you claim a promise of the Lord?" asked the leader. "I don't understand you." "Well, the Book is full of promises, some bearing right on your case; seize one of these and throw all your weight on it until God feels your confidence in heaven." "I'll do it," said the dear old man. They parted. In a moment the promise swept down like a cable before him: "Thou shalt not leave one hoof behind thee." He recognized it in all his breadth and meaning. He seized it and swung clean loose from earth and earthly doubts. God signalled him it would be all right.

For ten days he saw no change. On the tenth day he was plowing near his house, when a runner came from his wife. "Do come at once; it seems daughter will die." But he understood it. What's the matter, daughter?" as he reached her room. "O father, pray for me, I do believe I'm lost." In a little while she was converted. "Now, daughter, tell me all about it." "I don't know anything about it, save that Sunday night, ten days ago, just before you came home from class-meeting, something got hold of my heart that I could not shake off, or read off, or sleep off. I have been miserable ever since." "I know all about it. That very night I claimed the promise made to Israel—that is what has moved you." When Carvossó quit doubting, God began working.—Sel.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Rev. Dr. Deems recently told the following story to his congregation:

A minister once called on an aged class leader, and after having prayed with the family said, "Brother, how is it that you have been a church member so long and yet you are not a converted man?"

"Are you my judge?"

"I know by your fruits. You have no family worship."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well, it is true; but I would like to know who told you?"

"No one told me, but had you been in the habit of having family worship that cat would not have jumped out of the window, frightened, as it did when we knelt to pray."

The text was true in that case.

The brother confessed that he had omitted family worship because he did not wish to hinder his workmen. He was touched with the reproof and immediately commenced it, and years afterwards testified that he had found it profitable, even financially, to acknowledge God in the house. Since he has made his religion real in his daily life, his workmen have become more industrious and faithful, so we come back to the old statement: "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey."—The Star and Crown

WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

Both Sides, a liquor organ, says: "The liquor traffic in this country employs 364,000 persons and 1,800,000 people derive their support as families of the former directly from the manufacture of liquor," and then asks: "Will the Prohibits please tell us what they would do with this army of people if they should succeed in abolishing the traffic?"

A prohibition paper makes this reply: "We would set them to raising grain and meat to feed the hungry mouths of the wives and children of the patrons of the saloon. We would employ them in the production of cotton, wool, and hides and in making them into clothing, hats, and caps, boots and shoes for those who, on account of the saloon, are never comfortably clad. We would set them to felling trees and sawing them into lumber and making them into homes for those who live in hovels because the husband and father spends his wages for drink, if indeed his patronage of the saloon has not put 'out of a joy.' We would keep them busy making carpets, furniture, pictures, pianos and organs, books and newspapers for the millions by whom, on account of the drink, most of these things are considered as luxuries intended only for saloon keepers and other fortunate people."—Anon.

"A REST."

"There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it." In our whole life melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come in between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key note. If we look up, God himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest," let us not forget "there is the making of music in it." The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long he waits for us to learn the lesson!—John Ruskin.

TO-MORROW.

God's call is not a call for to-morrow. "To-day, if we will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, when your fathers tempted me." God's grace always comes with dispatch; and if thou art drawn by God, thou wilt run after God, and not be talking about delays.

To-morrow!—it is not written in the almanac of time.

To-morrow!—it is in Satan's calendar, and nowhere else.

To-morrow!—it is a rock whitened by the bones of mariners who have been wrecked upon it; it is the wrecker's light gleaming on the shore, luring poor ships to destruction.

To-morrow!—it is the idiot's cup, which he fableth to lie at the foot of the rainbow, but which none hath ever found.

To-morrow!—it is the floating island of Lochlomonid, which none hath ever seen.

To-morrow!—it is a dream. To-morrow!—it is a delusion.

To-morrow, aye, to-morrow you may lift up your eyes in hell, being in torments.

Yonder clock says, "To-day," thy pluse whispereth, "To-day." I hear my heart speak as it beats, and it says, "To-day," everything cries, "To-day," and the Holy Ghost is in union with these things, and says, "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Sinner, are you inclined now to seek the Saviour? Are you breathing a prayer now? Are you saying, "Now or never—I must be saved now?"—Charles H. Spurgeon.

THE INSTANTANEOUS PLAN THE BEST.

A certain brother said, "I went to hear a great preacher preach on entire sanctification. He worked hard for an hour to prove that Wesley contradicted him on the subject. The entire discourse was in the direction to show that we are sanctified by growth. I went to hear another one who worked hard to prove that we receive entire sanctification at regeneration. Neither of these men quoted much Scripture, and their congregations seemed relieved when dismissed. Then I went to hear a backwoods local preacher on the same subject. During his sermon I jotted down fifty passages of Scripture which he located and quoted correctly. He had to stop preaching to allow a man to shout. At the close of his sermon he called for seekers. Fifteen came forward, some seeking in pardon and others purity. Soon the shouts of pardoned and purified souls ascended. So we concluded that the instantaneous plan was the best.

Y is it the only right plan—the plan that brings results. Here lies the secret of getting souls saved and sanctified. Preach the WORD, and follow it up by giving the people a chance to seek what you offer them.—Gospel Banner.

The Son of God became the Son of Man that the sons of men might become the sons of God.—Sel.

A BARGAIN FOR SIN.

Dr. Horatius Bonar gives an account of a strange transaction which took place some years ago in Warsaw, Russia.

Several Jews were gathered together and among them a young unbeliever. This unbeliever affirmed that there was no such thing as sin. An old Jew standing by and hearing the bold words of the scoffer offered him twenty-five roubles or about \$15, if he would agree to take his sins upon him. The youth accepted the bargain in the presence of witnesses to attest the transaction.

The old Jew seemed to think he had done an excellent stroke of business and expressed his satisfaction at having gotten rid of his sin for so small a sum as \$15. The youth rejoiced also in that he had an opportunity of displaying his unbelief, and to show it was not money he wanted, he gave it to the poor.

Soon after this the unbeliever became ill. The physician could find no cause of illness. It seemed to proceed from his mind and not from the body. The physician, on making inquiry, heard of the bargain that had been made between the two, and the young man confessed that it weighed on him. The old man was asked to cancel the bargain and thus relieve the other. The old man refused. A thousand roubles, or \$600, were offered the old man but still he declines. The young man was in agonies of conscience because of the sin which he had taken upon him but the old man was resolute in his determination not to relieve the young man of his contract. Soon after the young man sank under his mental sufferings and died with the full burden upon him.

It is true, one may say this was a delusion, that no man could lay his burdens upon another and no man could accept the burden from his fellow, but this contract had awakened the conscience of the scoffer, and the idea of sin had become a terrible reality. There is no such thing as the transferring of sin from one man to another, yet the Scriptures reveal the exceeding sinfulness of sin and provide a way for its transfer—not from man to man, but the transfer of our sin to the Substitute, the Son of God, and, by that transfer, sin is cancelled, for all those who accept of Christ as Substitute and as Lord. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Gospel Message.

HOW TO BRING UP A BOY.

Mrs. Mary G. Mears, the president of the New York state assembly of mothers' whose object is the advancement of the education of American mothers, says: "Mothers should try to make the home the most beautiful spot on earth for the boy, so that no other place shall be so attractive to him. Harsh methods should not be used. I believe in the public school system.

"Boys should be watched in order that the parent may learn the tendencies in the boys, natures and plan their education along the lines for which they seem most fitted. Parents should make their children their companions.

"Make the meal time an hour for the exchange of ideas with them. Encourage them to talk freely about what has impressed them in the day's work and pleasure, and gently correct any mistaken ideas in their minds. Give plain and substantial food, with plenty of fruit. Impress the value of order and regularity upon them. Insist upon their keeping early hours, and give them a great deal of outdoor exercise. I approve of the kindergarten methods and believe that education should begin at the kindergarten.

"Above all, remember that happy home life makes good boy and superior men. The remembrance of happy home life is an influence that has made home a potent factor in life. The devotion of father and mother is remembered and cherished. There should be a close intimacy between parents and children. Many problems now confronting the home would find solution in this helpful intimacy between parent and child."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

RUTH IS CONVERTED AND SHE KNOWS WHY.

Rutty, as she was called, was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters. Her father was wealthy. Most of the family were members of the church, and active in the cause of religion. There had been in progress for some time a gracious revival. Many were converted. The whole family generally attended the meetings. Finally Ruth made a profession, and like others wanted to be baptized and taken into the church. She was eight years old. One Sabbath morning, in the front part of the meeting house, she got up and said that she was converted and would like to be "pabtised" and taken into the church. One of the members, with whom she was well acquainted, said to her, "Rutty, what makes you think you are converted?" I was pastor of the church, and I well remember how I felt tried with the Deacon for asking a little girl such a question. We all had seen blessed evidence of her conversion. But the dear child instead of being perplexed by the question, turned deliberately around and faced the large audience, and then in a clear, distinct voice gave a reason for the hope she had, or how she knew she was converted. She said, "I know I am converted, because before I was converted I did not want Elder Austin to come to our house for fear he would talk to me. Now I like to have him come; I could sit and hear him talk all day; I love to talk with him about Jesus. I know I am converted because before I was converted I did not want to go to meeting for fear some one would say something about religion. I would sometimes make believe that I was sick and couldn't go, then some of our folks would have to stay home with me when I wasn't sick a bit, it was just because I didn't want to go, I didn't love Jesus Christ. Now I am glad when the time comes to go to church. I want to do all I can to help get ready." By this time there were many in the audience weeping heartily. "But," Rutty continued, "I know I am converted for before I was converted I did not want to go alone by myself and pray. Now I do love so to go up in my room and go down on my knees and talk to Jesus; it makes me so happy. I know I am converted, for before I was converted after breakfast I would go to the barn or out into the garden and manage to keep away until I thought sisters had—the dishes washed and the morning work done. Now I feel I want to do all I can to help them. I want to be baptized and taken into the church I love." Rutty's experience was a monitor to us all. We most all cried. Rutty was earnest, but impassioned. Well, we most all wept, but it's not wicked to weep. I need not say the vote to receive her was hearty and unanimous. I believe two Swede men who were working for her father were converted through her influence. She would take her Sunday testament and go to their rooms and read to them and then say "now let us pray" and they would go down on their knees and she would pray with them and for them. One of them was wonderfully saved from the appetite of drink and tobacco. He was a bright man of about thirty years of age. He declared that God had taken away the appetite. Now he wanted to go back to the old country and see his mother.

Rutty's baptism was a scene of divine approval. May God convert and bless the children.

JOEL H. AUSTIN, Goshen, Ind.

THE POET'S REPLY.

The late John Lewars, superior of the excise, who in his youth was a great critic of Burns, used to relate the following anecdote of the poet, which occurred while he was in the company of Rabbie. A neighbor of rather questionable morality was going to a funeral, and being in want of a decent black coat for the occasion he sent in to Burns requesting the loan of one. "Tell him," said the poet grimly, "to fling his character about him, and then he will have as black a coat as anybody there.

"Some sneer at those who 'gush' and 'slop over,' but dry fountains do not gush nor empty vessels slop over."