

A PLEA FOR CHINA.

Once we prayed that God would open
China's dark neglected land
For the spreading of the gospel;
Clear the way with His own hand.
Have we prayed in vain, dear Christian?
No, today, as ne'er before,
China pleads, for gospel workers;
God has opened every door.

Though the masses seem indifferent,
There are many hungry hearts;
And His messengers will tell us,
While the tear unhidden starts.
How while passing through a city
With just, perhaps, an hour to spare,
They would tell the gospel story,
Breathe to God an earnest prayer.

"Tell, oh, tell more," they're pleading,
"Of the God who loved us so;
We'll gladly listen if you'll tell us
Just once more before you go."
God knows how they'd love to tarry,
But new duties call them on,
And ere again they meet those people
Oh, how many will be gone.

Do we pray for China's millions?
Do we feel the awful need?
Are we praying for the workers
Who have gone to plant the seed?
Days are passing, Christ is coming,
Time for work will soon be gone;
Whatsoever thou doest, do quickly,
Souls are passing to their doom.

Many volunteers are called for;
Should His sweet voice call for thee,
Could you answer, "Yes, my Saviour,
I am ready, send Thou me?
The world may make enticing offers,
Friends may plead their love and claim,
But my eyes are fixed on Jesus,
What care I for worldly fame?"

"Send us workers," comes the message
From South China's needy field.
Shall that message go unheeded,
Or will you respond and yield?
Be not unconcerned or careless,
There's a part for every one;
You may go or help send others,
And will share His grand, "Well done."
Butler, Pa. Georgia Jackson.

JOHN WOOLEY'S RESCUE.

John G. Wooley, in defining, before a
body of young people, the meaning of the
words "Gospel temperance," related much
of his personal experience.

"I walked the streets of New York
city one August day, starving; but I was
sober. The play of my life was over; the
light had burned out. I was a ruined
man, Godless and hopeless, and that is
hell, whether it happens to a man in this
world or another. I saw the three
witches—starvation, beggary and crime
—stirring a black broth for me on the
bleakest moor of life and over the fanged
hounds of appetite and remorse haunted
me ever. But I was sober.

"And as a man with difficult, short
breath
Forespent with toiling, scaped from sea
to shore,
Turns to the desolate, wide waste, and
stands at gaze—

so I looked back upon the wreck of my
life that day. All was lost. Father had
died calling me to come to him from the
saloon and see him die. Mother had
died calling me to stay out of the saloon
and see her die. My wife was worse
than widowed; her children worse than
orphans—shelterless but for the grace of
creditors and God's canopy that shelters
all—and the future was an infinity of
pitch.

"But I was sober! If I had said that
I had left off drink forever, no man who
knew me would have believed me. If I
had been able to telegraph my wife I was
going home, she would have answered,
though it broke her heart: 'You must
not come home.' If I asked for employ-
ment no man would trust me. The
asylums would not receive me, for I was
sane. Nor the hospitals, for I was not
dead. I had not been in bed, for I had
no bed. I remember nothing of the
night before, or of the morning, but I
was sober. I thought I was going mad.

"I washed my face at the fountain at
Union square and crossed over to Eighth
avenue. At the corner of Twenty-sev-
enth street I saw the sign of Steven Mer-
rit—you know him, some of you—all the
angels know him well. I had never seen
him, but had heard of him. It was no
food I thought of, but an overwhelming
desire filled me to touch the hand of a

good man. I entered. A man with the
joy of the Lord in his face came to meet
me, with his hand extended, and, as he
grasped mine, I said: 'I don't know why
I came.' The sentence was never finish-
ed, for I burst into tears, and then I
told him who and what I was. I said
not a word about money or hunger. I
had forgotten both.

"He said: 'You need the woods. Did
you ever go to camp meeting? I have a
tent on the Hudson at the camp meeting;
there's a boat at one o'clock. You can
catch it. Go out and rest, and perhaps
you'll enjoy the sermons, too; I'll be out
in three days.' Then he snatched up a
pen and wrote a letter to a Christian
woman, and read it to me before he
closed it. 'This is my friend, John G.
Wooley, of Minneapolis; show him to my
tent, and do for him as you would for
me.' Then he slipped a five-dollar bill
into my hand and said: 'Good-bye, see
you Monday,' and, pretending he was
called, was gone before I could say a
word.

"I call that Gospel temperance work.
And when a young man simply declines
a glass of wine, giving the name of Jesus
for the reason, I call that Gospel temper-
ance!

"And when a young woman with
Christian tact and grace demands, as
Christian ladies can demand—for Jesus'
sake, who never once reproached a wo-
man—abstinence as a prerequisite to her
respect, I call that Gospel temperance.
And when a Christian man stands up and
votes the will of God touching the drink,
into the ballot box, and does it for His
sake, and in His name, though he stands
alone among a million, and against over-
whelming odds of policy or politics or
worldly wisdom, I call that Gospel tem-
perance."—Sel.

IRREVERENT PRAYING.

My brother, take heed to that for
which thou prayest! There lies the
difference between the pious and the
impious mind. It is not the praying
that makes thee good—not even thy
sincerity in prayer. It is not thy
feeling of dependence that makes thee
good—not even thy feeling of de-
pendence upon Christ. It is the thing
for which thou prayest, the thing for
which thou dependest. Every man
cries for his grapes of Eshcol; the
difference is not in the cry, but in the
grapes. It is possible for thee to ask
from thy God three manner of things:
Thou mayest ask thy neighbor's vine-
yard: that is bad. Thou mayest ask
thine own riches; that is neither bad
nor good; it is secular. Or thou mayest
ask to be made unselfish; this is
holy. It is not thy prayer that thy
Father prizes; it is the direction of
thy prayer. Dost thou deem thy
child a hero because he asks thee for
a holiday? Nay, though he sought
it sorrowing and with tears. But if
he asks thee to let him share his joy
with a brother or sister, then thou art
exceeding glad; then thou sayest:
"Thou art my son; this day have I
begotten thee." So with thy Father.
He waits till thou criest for a crown
—till thou prayest for his presence,
longest for his light, sighest for his
footfall, callest for his company,
tariest for his tread, seekest for the
sign of his coming. That will be thy
Father's highest joy.—Rev. George
Matheson.

THE BOY WHO WON.

A merchant in a large city sent to
a friend in a village, asking if he
knew of a good lad who wanted a
situation. After thinking for some
time, he went to a poor widow and
asked her son if he would go. The boy
readily consented, and the mother
reluctantly agreed to let her child
leave home.

The man wrote to the merchant
telling him about the boy, and one
dollar was sent, so that the lad might
come out at once by coach. Instead of
spending the money traveling, the boy
told his mother that she could keep

the dollar, as she would need it to buy
food, and that, by starting early in the
morning, he could walk the twenty
miles, and get to the city before the
merchant left his office. So his clothes
were gotten ready, and he left amid
the blessing and tears of his devoted
mother.

He reached the office just before
the merchant was leaving, and made
himself known.

The employer was annoyed, saying:
"Did not I send you one dollar, so that
you could come by coach, and now it
is a long time since the coach came in!
You will not do for me!"

The poor lad told the man the rea-
son that he was late was because his
mother was very poor, that he gave
her the money, and that he had walk-
ed the twenty miles so that his mother
could buy food with the dollar.

The merchant was greatly touched,
and told the boy to come at once, and
declared to a friend that he would
not take a thousand dollars for the
lad.

The boy soon became valuable, and
rose to become partner in the concern,
and after the death of his employer,
was the proprietor of one of the largest
mercantile businesses in the world.

"Despise not the day of small
things"—Sel.

WHAT'S THE USE.

"What is the use," one asks, "of
abolishing saloons until you change
the nature of human hearts, and take
from them the desire to drink? As
long as men's hearts are intemperate
there will be saloons."

It would be as reasonable to say,
"Why seek to abolish swamps till you
have changed the nature of the water?
Take away from water the tendency
to stagnate, and then talk about
abolishing swamps." The water would
not stagnate if it had no place to.

But the metaphor, even as it is,
is incomplete, because hearts are
changed by their surroundings, while
water is not; except, to be sure, as a
rapid current tends to purify it.
Bring up a generation without the
taste or sight of liquor, and they will
reasonably lose the desire for it.
There is no way to bring up such a
generation except by abolishing the
saloon.

While the lowlands exist, the water
will run in and make swamps. While
the saloons exist, the boys will run in
and make drunkards. Saloons mean
ruined boys, and always will as long
as they exist. There is no way to
stop the ruin of the boys but by stop-
ping the saloons.—Bible Bulletin.

LECTURING AGAINST NOTHING.

"Aren't you the evangelist, preach-
ing up here at the church?" said a
man in a New Jersey city to a
stranger one morning.

"Yes, sir," replied the preacher.

"Well, I supposed you were a
gentleman."

"I claim to be one."

"Well, I don't think you are one.
Didn't you say last night that you
could prove to the satisfaction of any
one within ten minutes, that all in-
fidels were fools?"

"Where is your infidel?" said the
preacher.

"I claim to be one," was the reply,
"and I want you to know I am no
fool either."

"You don't mean to say there is no
Christianity?"

"I do, sir. I have studied all the
phases of the subject, and have deliv-
ered lectures against Christianity
for more than twelve years; and I am
prepared to say there is nothing in it.

"Will you please tell me," said Mr.
Hyde, "if a man who will lecture
twelve years against nothing is not a
fool, what in your judgment, would
constitute a fool?"

The infidel went away in a rage,
though the evangelist, drawing his
watch, insisted he still had six minutes
left.—H. L. Hastings.

LESSON ON GIVING.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar
given her. She asked her father to
change it into dimes.

"What is it for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part
out of it." And when she got it into
smaller coins, she laid out one of the
ten. "There," she said, "I will keep
that until Sabbath."

And when the Sabbath came she
went to the box in the church and,
dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard
the last one jingle in, "I thought you
gave one-tenth to the Lord?"

"I said one-tenth belongs to Him,
and I can't give to the Lord what is
His own, so if I give Him anything I
have to give, Him what is mine."—
Pleasant Hours.

NOT GIVEN.

"So Mr. Jones gave \$500 to mis-
sion at his death, did he?" was asked
a minister the other day.

He replied, "I did not say he gave
it. He left it; perhaps I should have
said that he relinquished it, because
he could no longer hold it."

One only "gives" when living; he
"relinquishes" at death. There is
plenty of Scripture commendation for
giving, but none for relinquishing
what the stiffened fingers of death
can no longer hold.—Sel.

MORE THAN HIS SHARE.

"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a
Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his
heart's fondest feeling had been offered
up.

"Why, Seth," answered she "we are
commanded to love one another, are we
not?"

"Aye, Martha; but does thee regard me
with that feeling that the world calls
love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth;
I have greatly feared that my heart was
an erring one. I have tried to bestow
my love on all; but I have sometimes
thought, perhaps, that thee was getting
rather more than thy share."—Anon.

MORAVIANS OUTDONE.

It has been customary to credit the
Moravians with contributing more than
any denomination to foreign missions, but
the following paragraph, taken from the
January number of Record of Christian
Work, makes it appear that English
Friends now enjoy the distinction:

"It is said that the English Friends,
who number approximately 16,000, sup-
port ninety foreign missionaries with their
native helpers (960), at a cost of \$100,-
000 a year. This means that each Friend
annually contributes over six dollars to
the work of Christ in heathen lands, an
average which no other denomination in
the world can show."—Sel.

"An eminent New England divine,
in his last sickness, was asked by a
friend, 'What seems to you now the
greatest thing?' 'Not theology,' said
this prince of theologians, 'not con-
troversy,' again replied this chief of
of debaters, 'but,' gathering up his
last breath to speak the words, while
his spirit hovered at the gate of heav-
en, 'the greatest thing in the world
is to save a lost soul.'—Bible En-
cyclopedia.

THE MOTHER'S SPHERE.

"Do you do any literary work?"
asked a neighbor of a mother.

"Yes," she replied, "I am writing
two books."

"What are their titles?"

"'John' and 'Mary,'" she answered.
"My business is to write upon the
minds and hearts of my children the
lessons that they will never forget."—
Sel.

OUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

TWIN PLACES.

"There! my darling is done for this
week—every hole is mended!"

"And the thin places?"

"Thin places! Why, auntie, I never
look for thin places! There are always
holes enough to keep me busy."

"When I was a little girl," said auntie,
"I had a dear old grandmother who
taught me to mend and darn, and with the
teaching she slipped in many a lesson
about higher things. 'Look out for thin
places,' she used to say. It'll save thee a
deal of time and trouble. A few runs
back and forth with the needle will save
a half hour's darning next week. 'There
are a few twin places in thy character,'
she said one day, 'that thee'd better at-
tend to—little failings that will soon
break into sins.' I did not quite under-
stand her; so, sweetening her talk with a
bit of chocolate she carried for the bairns,
she said, 'I see thy mother picking up
thy coat and hat; putting away thy rub-
bers again and again. I hear thee some-
times speak pretty sharply when some
one interrupts thee at thy story-reading.
I heard the offer to dust the parlor several
days ago, but thee forgot it, and today
thy mother put down her sewing to do it.
'I felt so ashamed that I never forgot
about the thin places after that, though
I am afraid that I did not always attend
to them at once."

"Why, Aunt Mary! If you hadn't said
grandma, I'd think you meant me! There
are my rubbers under the stove, and I
promised mamma to dust the sitting room
this very day! But I don't quite under-
stand what holes she meant."

"If you can't find your things and you
are in a hurry, what might happen,
Grace?"

Grace colored, and her eyes fell.

"I did get real mad about my gram-
mar. I was sure I had put it in my
desk!"

"And you found it on the divan! Then
if you promise and do not perform, does
it not lower your notion of truthfulness,
and so give Satan more power over you?"

"Why, auntie, dear, I went right up
and tidied my room!"

"I don't understand, Grace."

"I thought you knew," said the girl,
in a shamefaced whisper. "I told mamma
I had tidied my room (for I promised I
would) when I had forgotten it and was
ashamed to own up. Oh, I see how thin
places become holes, and I mean to look
out."

"With God's help," said auntie, softly,
and Grace giving her a hug, ran to put
away her rubbers and dust the sitting-
room.

How about your thin places!—Selected.

THEY CRIED FOR JOY.

A pretty little incident in Governor La
Follette's office in Madison, Wis., while
President Roosevelt was holding a recep-
tion there. The Milwaukee Free Press
describes two little girls who edged their
way into the crowd in the office. Their
dress indicated that their home was not
furnished with all the good things which
children like to have. Governor La Fol-
lette, seeing the children, asked them if
they wanted to see the president. The
smaller of the two shook her head, abash-
ed by the big crowd. The governor press-
ed them to see the president, when the
larger one spoke up and said, "We do not
want that, but we would like something
else."

"What would you like?" asked the
governor. "We would like that flower,"
replied the little tot. "Papa is sick at
home and could not come, and we would
like to give him that flower."

She was told she could have the flower,
and she was so happy that she cried with
joy as she seized the large American
Beauty rose. Willing hands stripped
several of the vases in the governor's
office, and the children had all the flowers
they could carry to cheer up the sick
father, whose happiness they thought of
amid all of the excitement of the presi-
dential reception.—Ram's Horn.

Once in a camp meeting a man said
that he used to live at Grumbling
corner, but he had lately moved up
into Thanksgiving street, and he
found the air better there, the sun-
shine brighter, and the company far
more delightful.