

Dying in Harness.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
 Stretched in the broken shafts and crushed by the heavy load;
 Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
 Watching the frightened teamster goading the beast to rise.
 Hold! for his toil is over —no more labor for him;
 See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
 See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head—
 Thinking, if dumb beasts think how good it is to be dead;
 After the weary journey how restful it is to lie
 With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.
 Watchers! he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps—
 Fell, and the burden killed him; one of the days mishaps—
 One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
 A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.
 Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
 What is the symbol? Only death —why should we cease to smile
 At death for a beast of burden? On through the busy street
 That is ever and ever echoing the tread of hurrying feet.
 What was the sign A symbol to touch the tireless will?
 Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
 The seed on the rock is wasted on heedless hearts of men
 That gather and sow and grasp and lose labour and sleep; and then—
 Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread;
 The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, lies there in his harness—dead.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Seeing God.

REV. S. E. QUIMBY.

A half-demented veteran of the cross sat in his easy chair. On the wall of the room near him hung, as a motto, the sixth beatitude. His daughter-in-law approached him and pointing to the card asked him: "Father, who are the pure in heart?" "The sanctified," was the quick reply. "And what is it to see God?" she inquired. He answered with great emphasis, "To enjoy him."
 All the beatitudes are present-life experiences, except the last, which also adds the promise of great reward in heaven. To see God in this life must mean a spiritual insight. This the Holy Ghost alone can impart. The natural man receiveth not the things of God, much less can he discern God himself. There are many ways of reasoning that there must be a God, but the proof of all proofs is his personal revelation of himself to the consciousness of the believer.
 Seeing God implies harmony with him, approving what he approves, enjoying what he enjoys, loving what he loves, hating what he hates. He who sees God enjoys the fact of God's presence. He loves to say with the Psalmist, "I have set the Lord always before my face." He delights to converse with God. He loves to know that God is with him. As the veteran said, he enjoys God. Oh, the indescribable blessedness of communion with him!
 But this cannot be experience unless the heart is pure. God is holy; and to the unclean the very thought of a holy God is painful. The exact meaning of the word rounded "pure" is "cleansed." Blessed are the cleansed in heart. This beatitude then is a promise to sinners. Therefore sinners may be so changed as to enjoy the constant presence of a holy God. Hallelujah!
 But this experience can come to the sinner only after he has been cleansed from all unrighteousness by the saving efficacy of the atoning blood in response to the exercise of personal faith in the divine Redeemer. To see God he must be entirely sanctified by the baptism with the Holy Spirit. He comes to the surrendered, trusting heart, once for all, as the abiding Paraclete. He reveals God to us.
 To see God! To enjoy God! This

the pearl of all the beatitudes. My soul says Praise the Lord!—Christian Standard.

Smallpox and Saloons.

1. Smallpox is the attempt of certain germs to live on the blood of people.
2. Saloons are the attempt of certain men to live upon the earnings of others.
3. Smallpox first attacks the weak and then all who are exposed.
4. Saloons prey first upon the weak and then corrupt the whole community.
5. Smallpox kills some and disfigures others.
6. Saloons send some to drunkards, graves and bloat and bear the faces of others.
7. Smallpox costs the victims and the community for treatment and for preventing the spread of the disease.
8. Saloons cost their victims much money, and tax the community for the prevention of crime, and the care of paupers and criminals.
9. Smallpox affects only the purse and the body.
10. Saloons destroy purse and body spirit, and soul.
11. Smallpox gives employment to a few doctors.

Where are the Children.

Samuel ministered unto the Lord at an early age. Josiah was anointed king of Judah at the age of eight years, and he worked righteousness in the sight of God. David was chosen when a youth among the sheep.
 The devil knows, as well as the Lord, that "As the twig is bent the tree inclines," and Jesus said, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light; and we need but to go on the street to see at every turn scores of children growing up in wickedness, while Christians seem to think their condition is none of their business."
 John Wesley used to spend a great deal of his time in going from house to house teaching the children and instructing the parents how to train them, but no one undertakes that service now, and how few mothers there are even among those who are considered good Christian women, who understand what God requires of them in the care of their own children.

When they come to be judged for deeds "Done in the body," and give in their report of the Master's treasures which were committed to them, how many questions and answers will there be like these?
 "Where are the boys and girls I gave thee?"
 "Lord, I was busy keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wandered away."
 "Where wert thou while thy sons and daughters were learning lessons of dishonesty, malice and impurity."
 "Lord, I was polishing furniture, ruffling dresses and making beautiful rugs."
 "What canst thou show for thy life's work?"
 "The tidiest house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in the neighborhood."

Oh, these children! these children! The restless boys and girls whom we love more than our own lives! Shall we devote our time and strength to that which perisheth; while the rich garden of our child's soul lies neglected, and foul weeds choke all worthy and profitable growths? Shall we exalt the incidentals of life to the shutting out of that work whose results reach far beyond the stars?
 Fleeting, O mother, are the days of children; and speckless windows, snowy linen, the consciousness that everything about the house is faultlessly bright and clean, will be poor comfort in that day wherein we shall discover that our boy's feet have chosen the path that leads us away from God and separates him from us for eternity. What heritage can a child have that is equal to that of a faithful praying mother?

But we must not forget that the Word of God places the responsibility of the training and government of the children upon the father and not upon the mothers. God said, "I know Abraham that he will command his children and his household after him." The government was upon Abraham, not Sarah. Yet through the selfishness of men the false idea is entertained that the responsibility for training the children rests upon the mother while the father can go free.
 The curse of God came upon Eli because he did not control his children, not a word is said about his wife.
 Under the Gospel age, Ephesians the 6th chapter makes it clear that children are to obey both parents, but the injunction is to the fathers to "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."
 Many men, however, who profess to follow the teachings of the Scriptures, are evading this clear command, on prefer to go to destruction as they are doing, rather than to leave their business, their work or pleasure, to fulfill the duties which God has put upon them.

Scores of men, also, have been ordained as ministers of the Gospel, who would not have been approved if God's requirements in 1 Tim. 3:4,5; Titus 1:6 had been observed.
 Fathers must awake to their duty in this most important matter or they will face an awful reckoning in eternity.—Sel.

Creating Unsolvable Problems.

The proprietor of a tanyard was anxious to fix a suitable sign to his premises. Finally a happy thought struck him.
 He bored a hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the tufted end outside.
 After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute, and then stepped out and addressed him:
 "Good morning, sir," he said.
 "Good morning," said the other without taking his eyes off the sign.
 "Do you want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.
 "No."
 "Perhaps you've got some hides to sell?"
 "No."
 "Are you a farmer?"
 "No."
 "What are you then?"
 "I am a philosopher. 'I've been standing here for nearly an hour, trying to find out how that calf got through that hole.'"
 The above reminds us of the difficulties which the higher critics raise, and then in the profundity of their deliberations set to work to remove the raised difficulties. Why climb a tree to get into the third story window, which may be locked, when you can easily enter by the door? Why raise a mythical question that Jonah was an allegorical personage, when the Word of God says, "Jonah" was "the son of Amittai, the prophet, which was of Gath-hepher" (II Kings xiv. 25; Jonah i. 1).—Christian and Missionary Alliance.

It Was His Business.

Uncle John Vassar one time came into a hotel in Boston, looking for a friend, and in the parlor were two fashionably dressed ladies. He went right up to them and said to one of them: "Excuse me madam, are you a Christian?"
 She said, "O! course."
 He said, "I didn't mean that kind of a Christian. Have you been born again?"
 "Why, no, we have gotten all over that in Boston; we do not believe in being born again any more."
 "Have you gotten all over the Bible in Boston, or do you believe that some more?"
 "Oh yes, we believe the Bible, of course."
 "Will you let me read it to you?" and he took his Bible and began to pour the Word of God into her heart, until her soul burned within her and the tears came into her eyes. His friend came and he had to go, but he said, "Before I go, may I pray with you?"
 She answered, "I wish you would."
 He knelt down and asked God to save her there. Her husband came in afterwards, and seeing signs of tears in her eyes, he asked "What is the matter?"
 She said, "There has been a strange little man here. He came up to me and asked me if I was a Christian—if I had been born again; and then he preached to me and read the Bible; and husband I never in my life felt as I feel now."
 He said, "Why didn't you tell him it was none of his business?"
 She said, "Dear, if you had been here you would have thought it was his business."—Selected.

A Home in Heaven.

Many persons have no home on earth. They are wanderers to and fro among men. Many homes are exceedingly inferior, inadequate, and uncomfortable. We have seen five persons trying to live in one dingy, dark, dismal room, with a few pieces of broken furniture, none of the luxuries, and scarcely any of the necessities, of life. It is hard to think that life is worth living in such a home. But there is one thing to comfort those who have been doomed to such earthly misfortune—each one of these may have as good a home in heaven as the richest man on the earth. Some have splendid homes here. We have seen ample grounds, beautiful lawns, stately trees, fragrant flowers, walls decorated with costly tapestry and magnificent pictures, tables loaded with every luxury, libraries filled with choicest books, while charming music cheered the hearts of the inhabitants. It requires no little grace to keep some men from feeling the slightest emo-

tions of covetousness when they look on such a home. But there is something better still. Jesus says: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

A soldier tells this story of the civil war: The armies of Grant and Lee were encamped near each other, and there was a lull in the fighting for several days. At such times it was difficult for the commanders to prevent intercommunications between the soldiers on both sides. Federal bread was often exchanged for Confederate tobacco, and the men engaged in games in spite of orders to the contrary. One evening a band belonging to the Federal army played "The Star-spangled Banner," and the Federal soldiers cheered the music, but the Confederates were silent. Then the band played "Dixie," and it was the turn of the Confederates to cheer, but the Union army gave no sign of approval. After a few national airs of the Confederates had been played a band struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Then both armies cheered till the mingled voices of the opposing hosts made the air ring with their gladness. Here was a sentiment to all who could respond.

The love of home is well nigh universal in the human breast. Some do not love England; some have no love for Germany. Many do not love France; and some do not love the United States. They are not charmed by the stars and stripes, nor by our national airs. But all men love home. "Be it ever so lowly, there's no place like home."

Our heavenly home is bright and fair. Here is comfort for the poor and for the rich. The rich must soon vacate their magnificent home and go into the silent tomb. The poor have no homes to vacate or if they have any, they are altogether inadequate. But all those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ have "a building of God, a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I can sing,
 All glory to God, I'm the child of a King!"
 —Christian Advocate.

An Unwitting Avenger.

BY ADELE BARNEY WILSON.

The proud Miss Elzora Evangeline Small was making Miss Maude Montmorency a call
 In formal and properest way;
 Her dress was a wonder
 Of hand-broidered linen,
 Her feet, peeping under,
 Such shoes had ne'er been in;
 The hour was quite right for a call to begin in,
 And she knew to a minute just how long to stay;
 Her stylish loggnette
 And gold vinaigrette
 Both served to complete an esthetic array.
 She chatted away quite at ease as she sat
 And saw in the mirror the bird on her hat—
 Her milliner's costly "creation,"
 Just then old Hodge Johnson,
 Who dozed near the fender,
 Cast envious glance on
 The bird in its splendor;
 It seemed to his fancy young, juicy and tender;
 So he sprang up and seized it without hesitation,
 And nothing wrong deeming,
 In spite of their screaming,
 Reduced the whole head-gear to dilapidation.
 The moral of which is (no doubt about that)
 The place for a bird is not on a hat.
 —Ladies' World.

To the Point.

The following question is asked by the Southern Presbyterian:
 Who of us would like to see placards posted for a "bean supper" for the relief of himself? Is it any more pleasant to the Lord to see such placards about Himself and His work?
 Bishop Greer, in an address at a recent missionary meeting in New York, said that whenever he heard anyone say he or she did not believe in foreign missions—that there were plenty of heathens at home—he felt like answering, "Yes, and you are one of them."

A Homely Counsel on Care.

MARY GUY PEARSE.

Do not trouble trouble
 Till trouble troubles you
 Do not look for trouble
 Let trouble look for you.
 Do not borrow sorrow,
 You'll surely have your share
 He who dreams of sorrow
 Will find that sorrow's there.
 Do not hurry worry
 By worrying, lest it come,
 To hurry is to worry
 'Twill miss you if you're mum.
 If care you've got to carry
 Wait till it's at the door
 For he who runs to meet it
 Takes up the load before it.
 If minding will not mend it
 Then better not to mind;
 The best thing is to end it—
 Just leave it all behind.
 Who feareth hath forsaken,
 The Heavenly Father's side;
 What he hath undertaken
 He surely will provide.
 The very birds reprove
 With all their happy song;
 The very flowers teach thee,
 That fretting is a wrong.
 "Cheer up," the sparrow chirpeth,
 "Thy Father feedeth me;
 Think how much more he careth
 O lonely child for thee."
 "Fear not," the flowers whisper,
 "Since thus He had arrayed
 The buttercup and daisy—
 How canst thou be afraid?"
 Then do not trouble trouble,
 Till trouble troubles you;
 You'll only double trouble,
 And trouble others too.

Grumbling Reacts.

"And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron in the wilderness."
 I have read of Caesar that, when the day appointed for a great feast proved to be gloomy, he was so enraged that he commanded all those who had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that rainy weather. Their arrows fell upon their own heads, and many were sorely wounded. So all our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God Himself, will return upon our own heads.—The Sunday School Chronicle.
 Bro. Carradine, who is now at Adrian, Ga., is completely crushed by the unexpected sorrow that has come upon him. His son Ræd, who was in New York, was doing well but suddenly fell sick. The sickness was not supposed to be serious at all and the patient was cheerful, expecting to be back in his office in a week, but died suddenly. Bro. Carradine was holding a meeting at Munfordville, Ky, when the news reached him. He at once ordered the body to be sent to Vicksburg and buried him by the side of his mother and Guy in the family burying lot, which is described in two chapters in this book, "Pastoral sketches." It can well be imagined that he has held the Adrian meeting with a sore heart. The audiences at Adrian were large and the Spirit at work among the people. He begins a meeting at Savannah, Ga; April 29, continuing to May 9. Let all of his friends remember him in prayer at this time of great sorrow.—Ch. Witness.

Dr. Wilfred T Grenfell, the famed missionary among the coast people of Labrador, has been delivering lectures under the auspices of the Philadelphia Branch of the Grenfell Association of America, the purpose being to secure funds for establishing a fishermen's and seamen's Institute at St. Johns, Newfoundland. It is intended as a home for the deep sea fishermen and their wives and families who are obliged to spend days and sometimes weeks in the harbor of St. Johns awaiting supplies. It would provide opportunity for spreading Christian influence among the sea-faring folk who can be reached in no other way.