

Watch and Pray.

Though narrow be the path to life,
And straight its entrance gate,
To see the beauties of the road
We only need to wait.
The paths of righteousness are peace,
And pleasantness her ways,
Pray without ceasing and rejoice
In everything give praise.
Like Job, be willing to receive
Not only good but ill,
As all that happens, happens but
God's purpose to fulfill;
In wisdom's hands are always found
Honor and length of days.
Pray without ceasing and rejoice
In everything give praise.
Praise Him for sickness or for health,
For comfort or for pain,
Praise Him for poverty or wealth
Adversity or gain;
His word commands this gratitude
As clear as noon-day's blaze,
Pray without ceasing and rejoice
In everything give praise.
The end of Job, as all men know,
Was better than the start
So when the clouds are big and black,
Look up and ne'er lose heart;
But learn to gain by losing all,
Right doing always pays,
Pray without ceasing and rejoice
In everything give praise.

J BAKER.

The Blood of Christ.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words, "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying, with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"
"Yes, grandpa."
"Then read it to me again. I never heard it before."
She read it again.
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."
"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."
She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:
"Now, read it to me again."
With a soft, sweet voice she read:
"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."
"You are quite sure it is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."
"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"
With that the old man passed into the presence of him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—The Christian Work.

Hustle.

That's the word, "Hustle," with a large H, for it is only through hustling that one achieves advertising success nowadays. No matter what what you are—a book-keeper, stenographer, advertising solicitor or clerk—work hard and do your work right. Don't grumble. The world has no time for grumblers. Be cheerful, even if it takes some effort to do it. And if in addition to doing what you are told and doing it well, you do a little more—for which many purchase "through" tickets and at which few arrive. But those who do reach the place get there only by Hustle & Hard Work railroad the president of which is Mr Perseverance; and the superintendent, Mr Energy; the general manager, Mr Ambition.

TEMPERANCE

Twin Themes.

By Rev. P. T. Klapp, Moncure, N. C.
The themes of prohibition and missions are engaging the attention of the world as never before. We have called these themes "twins," because of their close relationship. The object of one is to prevent as far as possible, a worldwide curse—the other is to spread the good news of salvation over the entire world as quickly as possible, even in this generation.
The one is for the moral peace and safety of states and nations; the other is for the extension of the church to the uttermost parts of the inhabited earth. The one will exterminate the greatest foe to the church's progress; the other will carry to completion the great aim of the church's existence.

If all the members of the churches were true to their vows taken upon themselves the prohibition of the liquor traffic would be the inevitable result. When prohibition prevails the churches will find it much easier to establish the cause of our Lord throughout the world.

The manufacture and traffic of the liquor business is one of the greatest enemies of all combined, to business, society and church. It is a business so vile, so corrupting, so destructive, so damning that no one has ever yet been able to offer a good reason for it. We advocate the prohibition of the liquor traffic because the traffic is wrong, utterly, ruinously, terribly wrong, and all the logic in the world, reason or laws can not make it right. I am a prohibitionist from a Bible standpoint. The Bible is a prohibition text-book. Its prohibitory laws were enacted for Adam and Eve. "Thou shalt not eat," etc. The ten commandments, written by the hand of God in tables of stone (durable), are all, with one exception, prohibitory laws. Yes, the voice of the Scripture from the beginning to the end is a continual protest against all evil, all wrong of every kind. All truly enlightened true Christians in all ages have said Amen to the prohibition spirit of the dear old Bible.

Now who are opposed to prohibition? The devil and all his hosts, the brewers, the distillers, the saloon-keepers, the gamblers, the hellish set engaged in the white slave trade of young women, the seducer, the profane, the profligate, are against prohibition and I do not see how any man who calls himself decent can afford to connect himself with such a crowd at the polls or elsewhere.

I am a prohibitionist for four reasons:
1. Because God is a prohibitionist.
2. Because the Bible is a prohibition Book and I accept and believe in its teachings.
3. Because I am a Christian.
4. Because I know it is right.
—The National Prohibitionist.

Influence Of Bad Books

We forbid the sale of opium, but allow an unrestricted trade in blood curdling outlaw stories in which the law nearly always is depicted as an oppressive institution to be defied or evaded and where those who break the law are extolled as heroes. In a recent bank robbery the president and cashier were shot down, and the youthful robber, unable to escape, committed suicide. His companion of fifteen years related how the dead young robber never was without a robber story, and that, 'Tracy the Bandit,' was his idol. The same enthusiasm diverted into a more worthy channel, might have made a hero of him who now fills a felon's grave.

Many parents who would be horrified to see their boys associate at all with persons of low character allow them to associate with such characters under the cover of books. Parents forget that from the perverted admiration of such heroes to the emulation of their deeds is but a step. Since so many parents neglect the supervision of their

children in this respect and the public is the sufferer in the end, it devolves upon society as a matter of Self protection to suppress the sale of such books.

It seems inconsistent to hang a body of men for preaching anarchy to adults, who are supposed to know better, and on the other hand, to allow the broadest dissemination of similar ideas stupefying the moral perception of our youth. It is a noteworthy fact that most of the murders, highway robberies and other atrocious crimes, the relating of which fills our newspapers, are committed by persons of youth and vigor.

What Smoking Does For Boys

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fourteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had on the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he found injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation, and digestion, palpitation of the heart and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

At last a chemist tells us that the trouble with alcohol is it contains a bad microbe. We did not have to be told that there is something bad in it, but we have always believed it is the devil.

Wanted a Worker.

God never goes to the lazy or the idle when he needs men for his service. When God wants a worker he calls a worker, when he has work to be done he goes to those who are already at work. When God wants a great servant he calls a busy man. Scripture and history attest this truth.

Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb.
Saul was busy searching for his father's lost beasts.
David was busy caring for his father's sheep.
Elisha was busy plowing with twelve yolk of oxen.
Nehemiah was busy carrying the king's wine cup.
Amos was busy following the flocks.
Peter and Andrew were busy casting a net into the sea.
James and John were busy mending their nets.
Matthew was collecting customs.
Saul was busy persecuting the friends of Jesus.—Christian Observer.

LESS TALK AND MORE WORK

The most valuable ideas may sometimes be expressed in uncouth language, as in the following quotation from a converted cowboy, given by the Presbyterian Review.
"Lots of folks who would like to do right, think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' his name. Now I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm working here for Jim. Now if I'd sit 'round the house here, tellin' what a good fellow Jim is, an' singin' songs to him, I'd be doin' just like what lots of Christians do, but it wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick.
"But when I hustle among the hills an' see that Jim's herds are all right, an' not sufferin' for water an' feed, or bein' off the range branded by cattle-thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served."

Moravian Quarterly, October 1909

The following appeared lately in a contemporary:—
"The Moravian Synod has recently met, and it has been found necessary to abandon all ideas of advance. While not surrendering any field as a whole, particular parts must be given up simply for lack of funds. There is no lack of men, and, of course, no lack of opportunity, but only a serious lack of money. And so this pioneer of missions, this Church, which is a missionary Church as distinct from having within it missionary societies, has to retrench. It is all very sad, and makes us again seek to know the cause. The world is open, the call is clear, and yet gifts of money are wanting. Why? Because of the shallowness and weakness of our spiritual life. Deepen and strengthen that, and missions will then flourish."

Character pots

I had sometimes caught a glimpse of the small scullery maid at my boarding house; but one day slipping to the kitchen for a cup of hot water, I had a queer bit of chat with her. She was scouring granite pots with a vim and vigor that were bound to bring results, and all the while her face was as shining as her finished work. "Do you like them, Alice?" I asked. No, I hate them, she replied emphatically. "What makes you smile so over them, then?" I asked curiously. "Because they're character pots," the child replied at once. "What?" I inquired, thinking I had misunderstood. "Character pots," miss. You see, I used to only half clean them. I often cried over them; but miss Mary told me as how if I made them real shiny, they'd help to build my character. And ever since then I've tried hard, miss; and O, it's been so much easier since I've knowed they was character pots!" I said a word or two of encouragement and went on my way, knowing that I had been rubbing up against a real heroine. Everyday life is brimful of disagreeable duties. Why not turn them, every one, into "character pots?"—East and West.

Near And Far-Off Duties

"Elsie, dear, will you take care of baby for an hour? I would like to finish these buttonholes before dark."
"Why, mother, I'm sorry, but I must go to the Reading Club at the church. It's so useful and benevolent, you know."
So fair Elsie trips off to read to a dozen poor children, who would have been just as well attended to by Miss Lawrence or Mrs. Warner, or any of the other half dozen ladies who were there, while her tired mother rocks the baby to sleep, and works a score of buttonholes by the wearing gaslight.
Was it inclination that blinded Elsie's judgment or selfishness, or thoughtlessness? When we meet a distasteful duty, how often does temptation assume the form of a lighter and less irksome task with which to drug our conscience and make us satisfied with ourselves? We need to pray the old deacon's prayer: "Lord, give us grace to know thy will, and grit to do it!"—Selected.

O terbein, founder of the United Brethren denomination says in speaking of the difference between justification and sanctification. Justification is Joseph taken out of prison and sanctification is Joseph arrayed in royal apparel and sitting upon the throne.

Camp Meeting John Allen said: "Some ministers preach holiness till they come to the point, and then leave that out."

Saved To Serve.

James Anthony Froude says: "Many years ago I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and rising out of the gray waters a line of cliffs was visible, the white houses of a town, and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and like ly, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it. 'yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I know, how weak so ever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify his name in the same place.' That place was Saint Andrews: that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he came back, and did glorify God in this place and others also."—Woman Home Missions.

'Abide in Me, and I in You.'

When a new graft is placed in a vine, and it abides there, there is a twofold process that takes place. The first is in the wood. The graft shoots its little roots and fibres down into the stem, and the stem grows up into the graft, and what has been called the structural union is effected. The graft abides and becomes one with the vine, and even though the vine were to die, would still be one wood with it. Then there is the second process in which the sap of the vine enters the new structure and uses it as a passage through which the sap can flow up to show itself in young shoots and leaves and fruit. Here is the vital union, the graft which abides in the stock, the stock enters with sap to abide in it. When our Lord says, 'Abide in me, and I in you,' he points to something analogous to this. 'Abide in me,' that refers more to that which we have to do. We have to trust and obey, to detach ourselves from all else, to reach out after him and to cling to him, to sink ourselves into him. As, through the grace he gives, we do this, a character is formed, and a heart prepared for the fuller experience: 'I in you.' God strengthens us with might by the Spirit in the inner man, and Christ dwells in the heart by faith.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

A Powerful Notion.

One who had recently been converted gave the following testimony in a prayer meeting: "On my way here to-night, I met a man who asked me where I was going; I said, 'I am going to prayer meeting.' He said, 'Religion is only a notion.' I said to him, 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it.'—'Do you see me?'—'Yes, of course I see you.' 'Now the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern. Without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go there; and stranger, if this is a notion, I can tell you it is a powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger you had better go along with me; you might get religion too'—Selected.

When No Reason Appears.

Payson was asked when under great bodily affliction if he could see any reason for the dispensation. 'No,' he replied, 'but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand.' God's will is the very perfection of all reason.—C H Spurgeon.