

The Children's Prayer Meeting

When I was a little girl about eight years old, I lived in the country and attended the country school about a mile and a half distant from our house. In this little schoolhouse we had a Sunday school, and our superintendent was a very excellent man. He was a great lover of children, and his teaching was so attractive to the little folks that some of us believed we had been converted, and wanted to do something for Jesus, and as in the same schoolhouse was a day school at recess time we would go out into a little grove, a few steps away, and there we would read the Bible and have a little prayer meeting among ourselves; while the boys, who were not so religiously inclined as the girls, would come on the other side of the wall and throw stones at us. But instead of getting out of patience with them, we would pray for them, and finally succeeded in making an impression on them of the wickedness of their doings, and they to come over and prayed with us.

One day the teacher had rung the bell and it was time for us to go, but one boy was praying very earnestly to God to forgive his sins, and several prayers were being sent up to God for this boy. He was quite a naughty boy and used profane language, so we thought it was so important to wait until he got through praying that we were late in answering the bell. We went into the schoolhouse, all of us cry-

ing, and the teacher said, "What does this mean? What are you crying for?" So we told her, and we all began to cry again and the teacher herself had to stop and shed a few tears.

After that she never had any more trouble with her scholars, for we used to go out and have our little prayer meetings, but she taught us to be very careful to come in when the bell rang. We kept up the meeting all summer, and it had a good effect upon the school and upon the teacher herself; for she became a Christian and we always thought that it was the prayers of the little children who gave their hearts to God.

It is an excellent thing to teach the little ones to pray and to get near to God in their lives, in their words and in their actions. When I was young there was more devotion among the children than I see now. I wish that all the children could see that Jesus is the same blessed Savior that he was in those days, and that He will hear them pray just as He did us at that time. He is able to answer the prayers of the little ones.—Mrs. H. L. Hastings.

Inconsistency.

An officer from Japan was visiting in America; and one day while looking about a big city, he saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Is he going to arrest that man?" asked the Japanese.

"Oh, no," was the answer, "he must see that the milk sold by this man is pure, with no water or chalk in it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No, but the people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Not long after the two passed a saloon where whiskey was sold. A man came staggering out, struck his head against a lamp post and fell.

"What is the matter with that man?" again asked the Japanese.

"He is full of bad whiskey."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes, a deadly poison," was the answer.

"Do you watch the selling of whiskey as you do the milk?" he asked.

"No," was the reply.

At the market they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthful.

"I can't understand your country," said the Japanese. "You watch the meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whiskey as much as they please."—Selected.

The Larger Life.

No one should be satisfied with simply existing. Life is sweet when it is lived for something. Many people live for little things. Their desires and aspirations are too easily satisfied. A young girl asked lately, "How can I lead the larger life?" The answer came from a woman whom she admired as representing it. "Look for that person near you whom you can help in any way and help at once

and to your utmost." The girl tried it. She helped a crippled child. Then she formed a shut-in society to help other cripples. Then she corresponded with other workers in the same field; and so her work and influence go on enlarging every day. This is the kind of a life that is full of joy and peace. Such a life is glorious and will be crowned with the crown of eternal life.—Selected.

Real Praying.

I was in San Francisco a few years ago talking with an old gentleman, and he gave me this incident. I don't deal in fancy incidents when I am talking to an audience. I deal in incidents for which I can vouch. This old man said to me, "My friend, men don't pray often; they say prayers frequently, but seldom they pray." He said: "I prayed once when in a ship. It was at an early day, before the steamers plowed the ocean, and we had to depend on wind and sails. We were becalmed out in mid-ocean and we could not move, and we had been in that condition until all our fresh water supply had been exhausted and people were dying for water. Ten thousand dollars offered for a pint of fresh water, and it could not be had. At last the old ship captain called for prayer on that ship." He said: "We met at ten o'clock in the morning and held a prayer meeting. At two o'clock he called for prayer again, and the prayer meeting had almost

doubled just from ten o'clock till two. At five o'clock he made another call for prayers." Said he: "My friend, there was not a soul on that ship who could leave his post that was not in that prayer meeting. And," said he, "I was among the number. On our knees, under a profound sense of our helplessness, we prayed—one time we really prayed—and, strange to say, while we were praying a brisk wind set in and continued for two days and nights, until we went into port." The reason my friends, that our prayers are not more frequently answered is because we merely say prayers. We don't pray.—Sel.

The Minister Himself

Every minister should study to treat himself well. Himself is his capital—the gold currency of his life. He is in demand according as he himself is above or below par. He must respect himself. Position, wealth, brain, nothing can compensate the loss of self-respect. This self-respect must always be modified by the fact that he is a messenger of God. A minister cannot lend an ear to coarse jokes or vulgar stories and maintain his character. God must not be ashamed of him, and man will not be. Self-respect is not egotism. The one is gloriously divine; the other is basely human. A minister should be clothed with humility, not with eccentricity. This last has reference to habits, manners, dress. He must act and look like a minister, or at least like a well-behaved, neatly dressed man, not like a dude, or a clown, or a sloven. Some ministers delight in being odd, or in imitating some one more noted and seem determined on making apes of themselves. Imitators are likely to lack brains, and take on the faults and vices, not the excellencies and virtues of the original. It were better far to study the agreeable and to learn the secret of being loved by the people.

The ideal minister is a gentleman—a Christian gentleman. He is the friend of man; the friend of sinful man. His habits must become a man of God. Any habit that injures the life forces, tempts the appetite, corrupts the youth, degrades the pulpit, afflicts the sensitive and delicate or unfits one for the presence of the sick and dying, ought to be totally and forever discarded by the minister.

A minister has no business to have weak points that hinder his usefulness and acceptability, while the grace of God holds out. He, above all men, should lay aside every weight, as well as the sin that does so easily beset him. Paul says: "Be thou an example of the believers, in word and conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Having studied himself he will the better appreciate the wants, the sorrows and the sins of others. The minister will not lord it over God's heritage. Like a tender shepherd he will be near all his flock. His officials will be his counsellors; his members his collaborators. He is related to all by a holy kinship, and he must assert this kinship by association and consecration.—Northern Christian Advocate.

Ruth's November April-Fool

BY ANNIE LOUISE BERRY

"This is your third guess, Aunt Helen; you can't guess why I'm so happy," and Ruth nestled farther down into her little white bed. No one needed to guess that she was happy—her dancing eyes told that; but why—that was what Aunt Helen had made two wrong guesses on already.

She had guessed that it was because she was staying a week with her grandmother and aunt, but Ruth had shaken her curly head vigorously.

"Partly that, of course," she said; "but that's not it."

The next thing Aunt Helen guessed was the new ring with three tiny pearls in it which Uncle Jack had given her.

Ruth told her that this was more wrong even than the first one. There was one more chance, but Aunt Helen knew so many things which might make such a merry little girl as Ruth happy that she gave up trying to guess any particular one.

"I give it up," she said.

"Well," Ruth began, "you never could have guessed if you tried all night, so I'll tell you. It's just because I played an April-Fool on somebody today."

"April-Fool?" Aunt Helen certainly was surprised.

"Why, my dear, this is November."

"I know it," Ruth giggled softly. "You know Mr. Dobbs."

Yes, Aunt Helen knew, and she looked very grave. She had known Mr. Dobbs when he was a tall, strong man, before the accident which had crippled him for life. She did not think that Ruth could have been doing anything that might bother him.

"You know he goes past here every day, making his wheel-chair go with that little handle he works back and forth."

Yes, Aunt Helen knew. "Well, when I see him coming I hide behind the little tree in the corner of the yard. Just as soon as he is past I slip out behind him and begin to push, and I push till he's clear up that little hill."

Aunt Helen put her arms around Ruth. "I think that is a splendid April-Fool," she said.

"But wait, let me tell you the rest," Ruth went on, squirming from her aunt's embrace.

The funniest part is to hear him wonder why his chair goes so easy. He talks to himself, and I almost laugh out loud to hear him.

"What ails my chair?" he'll say. 'It acts as if it had feet instead of wheels,' and pretty soon he'll say, 'Dear me, am I going crazy? It looks to me as if this was up-hill, but from the way I'm going it must be down-hill.' Oh! it's more fun than anything I ever did, and when I go home Harold Tompkins is going to keep on fooling him. Wouldn't he be the most surprised man in the world if he ever did find it out?"

Aunt Helen tucked the covers around the happy little girl.

"I wish all April-Fools could be as splendid as that, dear," she said softly.

Selected.

Activity not a Power-Supply.

None of us doubts that time spent apart with God is a secret of power and efficiency. If this is so, then we have no choice but to take time for this duty. No thing can replace it. All the exercise and "Christian service" in the world are of little value without it. Yet many a man tries to excuse himself from the privilege of drawing close to God and letting God speak directly to him, by saying that he is one of the "workers," and that he has never been able to spend much time in prayer. Such a one has yet to learn the lesson that he can do more for God in less time than he is now giving to his work for God if he will take time from his work to be alone with God. The spiritual life grows strong, it is true, through exercise; but there is no exercise so disciplinary and fruitful as the exercise of prayer. One of the most active and statesmanlike organizers of Christian effort in our generation shows a cause of his power, and safeguards himself against this very failure by recognizing his own danger of it, when he voices the prayer "that the tremendous pressure of work which has come upon me after a year's

absence may be held back from submerging the claims of my spiritual life." Merely going through the motions of great activity for Christ will not create and supply power for any follower of Christ who refuses to replenish his life at the source of power.—Sunday School Times.

Where the Shine Came From.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's stuffed chair-arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered his grandma, cheerily. "I have read a little and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one dear little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now!"

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window sill.

"That girl with the brown apron on!" he cried. "Why I know that girl."

"That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O, my boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly; and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window and called; "Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been ill a long time, and mama is tired out with nursing, and the baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."—Sel.

The Tongue.

The boneless tongue, so weak, Can crash and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Parsain proverb wisely saith.

"A lengthy tongue—an early death,"

Or sometime takes this form instead,

"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"

Say the Chinese, outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,

"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,

"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole.

"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—Ex.

Whatever does anything to depreciate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind.—Macaulay.

Better Than Gold.

"I shall give that to the missionaries," said Billy; and he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box. "Why?" Susie asked "Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold, and the missionaries work for Jesus." Stillness for a little bit, then Susie said. "The gold all belongs to Him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to Him and give Him just what He asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked; and Susie repeated softly. "My son give me thine heart."

"The Best Drinking Place."

On a pleasant day in the early fall A stranger rode into the town, And, stopping his horse in the public square

Glanced this way and that with a frown; For the place that he sought he could not find

(Saloons had been banished that year,) So he called to a lad who passed that way,

And said to him, "Sonny, come here.

"Here's a nickel for you to show the way To the best drinking place you know."

"All right he answered—a quick-witted youth—

"Just turn up that street sir, and go Till you come to another turn upon your right;

Then turn into that and keep on Till you come to another; turn right again And you'll see it quite plainly," said John.

So, thanking the lad, the stranger rode off,

And John gave a hop, skip and jump; For back came the stranger within a trice Brought up—at the old town pump!

"Here you are, sir," said John with a smile;

"The 'best drinking-place' to be found, Take a drink, sir; it's free, and you're welcome too;

It's good for your health, I'll be bound! He took the glass in a good-natured way

And drank of the water clear, Then said, 'Tis an excellent drink, I'm sure;

The best I've had for a year."

So saying, he tossed the lad a coin—

"The lesson was worth that to me. Keep on playing your temperance joke;

'Twill make the world better," said he. Selected.

R. J. 8:1 "He saves from the condemnation of sin. A minister was once expounding the 7th and 8th of Romans to a class of colored Bible-women, deeply experienced as to their hearts, but very ignorant, as he supposed, in their heads. After he had been talking quite eloquently

interrupted him with: "Why, honey, it 'pears like you don't understand them chapters." "Why not, auntie?" he said,

"Why, honey," she said, "you talk as if we wuz to live in that seventh chapter, and only pay little visits to the blessed eight." "Well, that is just what I think, don't you?" With a look of intense pity for his ignorance, she exclaimed "Why, I lives in the eight!"

Some men are depressing. Their spirit, manner, and tone have a tendency to depress. Others give us inspiration, awaken new resolves within, and set us going afresh. An English preacher gives his bit of experience, which is to the point:—

"Many a time on a Thursday, as often as I could, I used to go to hear Joseph Parker at the city temple, and he always made my mouth water to preach. When I went in tired, discouraged, dull, stale, feeling empty, I always went away saying 'Here goes; we will have another shot at it!'"

Blessed is the man who can inspire and set the pace for better and larger service;—World's Crisis.

Whatever may be your vocation you have no ground to hope for success unless you conform to God's laws. It is quite right to trust in Providence and to cast our cares entirely upon God so long as we endeavor to perform our own duty. But if we are indolent and careless and thoughtless, we have no right to expect the smiles of Providence or the help of God.—Rev. P. D. Howlands.

She makes a beautiful climate for me said a mother of her attentive daughter. That is what should be said with truth of every Christian. They should temper the moral climate of this world, warming its coldness, cooling its excessive heat, soothing its sorrows and cheering its discouragements.—Sel.

If you want God to hear your prayer when you're on your knees, you've got to hear him, when you're on your feet.—Gipsy Smith.

Do not refrain from doing you little because you can not do the much of some one else.—Sel.