

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Long years ago, one wintry night
The storm was howling fierce and loud,
And all around was wrapt in gloom.
Beneath a threatening, angry cloud,
The surges dashed upon the rocks,
The foaming billows tossing high,
And sailors on that raging sea
Had no alternative but die—
Unless the lighthouse lamp was bright,
And shedding forth its warning ray
That men might know when they ap-
proached
The treacherous rocks that round them
lay.

With eager eyes they tried to pierce
The misty darkness, but in vain;
No welcome light could they discern
To cheer them on that pathless main.
With mingled hope and trembling fear
They bravely struggled o'er the deep,
While in the lighthouse heedless lay
The unfaithful keeper—fast asleep!
His light was out: he knew it not
And none was near to it relight.
Oh! had he only faithful been
No awful wreck had marked that night.
When waves were lulled and all was
still,

Just at the dawning of the morn,
'Twas then he knew—but ah, too late!
His warning light had ceased to burn!
In breathless haste he wildly rushed
From whence he oft his vigil kept,
With anxious dread lest on the rocks
Some souls had perished while he slept.
With beating heart he looked around,
And, by the beam of dawning light,
He saw the rocks with wreckage
strewn,

Which told the horror of the night.
In trembling awe, appalled, he stood
Aghast at that which met his view;
For broken on the rugged rocks
Lay lifeless all that hardy crew.
With solemn tread he stepped to where
One battered body lay alone,
And, in the cold and death-drawn face,
He recognized his only son!
Oh, what a wail then rent the air!
"My son, my only son!" he cried;
"Oh had I to my trust been true
Thou and thy comrades had not died."
—M. A. Kirkpatrick,
Pentecost.

A CREED.

I believe in cleanliness of body, mind
and soul.

I believe in kindness to man, woman,
child and animal.

I believe in truth, because it makes
me free.

I believe in the charity that begins
at home, but does not end there.

I believe in mercy, as I hope for
mercy.

I believe in moral courage, because
I am more than a brute.

I believe in righteousness, because it
is the shortest and best line between
the two eternities.

I believe in patience, because it is
the swiftest way to secure results.

I believe in that kind of industry
that takes an occasional vacation.

I believe in that sort of economy
that spends money for a good purpose.

I believe in honesty, not for policy's
sake, but for principles' sake.

I believe in hospitality, because it
puts a roof over every man's head.

I believe in obedience, because it is
the only way to learn how to com-
mand.

I believe in self-control, because I
want to influence others.

I believe in suffering, because it
chastens and purifies.

I believe in justice, because I believe
in God.—Selected.

"Grow tall—tall enough to look over
Mount Difficulty into Hope City. Grow
broad—broad enough to bear with peo-
ple whom God has made different from
ourselves. Grow deep, sending roots
down into perpetual springs. Come to
know God. Grow straight, measuring
right up to the line of duty. Grow
stout, ready for burdens, and ready
for fruit."

SIN AND SALVATION.

There are men whose faces grow old
when they hear a story of sin, just as
they grow young again when they hear
a story of redemption. Have we this
sensitiveness to the sin of the world?
"And he called to the man clothed
with linen, which had the writer's irk-
horn by his side; and the Lord said
unto him, Go through the midst of the
city, through the midst of Jerusalem,
and set a mark upon the foreheads of
the men that sigh and that cry, for all
the abominations that be done in the
midst thereof." Would the man with
the inkhorn put his mark upon you and
me? Upon all "that sigh?"

Does sin touch us only academically,
as a dark and fascinating problem, or
does it pierce us to the quick, and make
us "sigh and cry?" My brethren, if we
are benumbed, if we are "past feeling,"
if we do not poignantly discern the sin
of the world, how can we be the min-
isters of its salvation? Rest assured it
is the Church that is most keenly sen-
sitive to the world's sins that will be
the most gloriously influential in the
world's salvation. It is the Church
that most deeply "sighs and cries"
that will most exult in the triumphant
"song of Moses and the Lamb."—J. H.
Jowett.

SPIRIT OF TRUE PRAYER.

Any religion that does not manifest
the forgiving spirit is a delusion. Only
a wicked heart will hold a grudge.
There is no room in a pure heart for
an unforgiving spirit. The more we
are like Christ, the more anxious we
will be to forgive those that wrong us.
We cannot be reconciled to God until
we are willing to be reconciled to our
neighbor. Harmony with God will
bring us in harmonious with our brother
in Christ. Prayer for ourselves or
others must be accompanied with the
forgiving spirit. A lack of love will
result in a lack of prayer. We must
love people to pray for them. Any
prayer that is not prompted by love is
spurious, only imitation. "Forgive us
our debts, as we forgive our debtors"
is the spirit of true prayer, for the
Spirit that prompts us to pray will
prompt us to forgive. "For if ye for-
give men their trespasses, your heavenly
Father will also forgive you. But if
ye forgive not men their trespasses,
neither will your Father forgive your
trespasses."—S. B. Shaw, Gospel Ban-
ner.

SECRETS OF STRENGTH.

It is noted that George Muller,
though a man always of delicate con-
stitution physically, began evangelistic
tours at the age of 70 involving a pe-
riod of seventeen years, and of travel
aggregating a distance of eight times
around the world, and he continued to
carry much of the responsibilities of
the Orphanages besides, until beyond
the age of 90. As a young man his
frequent and serious illnesses and gen-
eral debility had apparently disquali-
fied him from all military duty and
many prophesied early death or hope-
less succumbing to disease; yet at the
age of 92 he is quoted as saying, "I
have been able, every day and all the
day, to work, and that with ease, as
seventy years since." He ascribed his
marvelous preservation to three causes;
(1) The exercising himself to have al-
ways a conscience void of offence both
toward God and toward men. (2) To
the love he felt for the Scriptures, and
the constant recuperative power they
exercised upon his whole being. (Prov.
iv:20); and, (3) To the happiness he
felt in God and His work, which re-
lieved him of all anxiety and needless
wear and tear in his labors.—The Wit-
ness (Calif.)

"I am having more fun than any
other millionaire alive," said Dr. Dan-
iel K. Pearsons last week. "Let other
rich men go in their automobiles and
steam yachts. I have discovered after

THE PREACHER'S WIFE.

She is a decided help or a decided
hindrance. When she lacks in the ex-
perience of holiness, is unstable and
unsteady; when she has no power in
prayer, and a testimony that is shaky;
when she snarls and growls at her
husband for his unswerving fidelity to
Truth; when she dresses like the world,
wears feathers and plumes, diamonds
and jewelry, chews gum and remains at
home from church, she is an awful hin-
drance to the preacher and the gospel
he preaches. We pity such a preacher
from our heart.

But when the preacher's wife is
humble, beautiful in spirit, controlling
well her home and children, is neat,
tidy and clean in dress, consistent with
holiness, ready and earnest in her de-
votion to the church and to God, back-
ing up her husband with a hearty
amen! ready to pray, sing or shout,
a living exponent of perfect love; she
is a diadem in the crown of her hus-
band, an ornament in the parsonage,
and a blessing to the community.

Let young preachers, who are about
to be married, look well to the quality
of the women they marry.—Pentecost
Advocate.

BELATED KINDNESS

O the pathos of love's belated offer-
ings! I have seen—no matter where—a
child in her coffin in starched white
dress and new shoes with patent-leath-
er tips who never wore a white dress,
and who walked barefoot till the little
toes were blue. I have seen her with a
new doll in her arms when she was
dead, and she never owned a doll while
she lived! I have seen the alabaster box
kept on a shelf and the child's ears
boxed for climbing to smell of it and
the box broken to shed fragrance at
the funeral! And I have moralized with
great sadness and almost with scorn
on the futility of the gifts that come
too late. And then I have been some-
what glad, though with a melancholy
gladness, that even then, when late—
so late—the heart opens with a little
of love and gratitude.

Yes, I have even come to be glad of
flowers at funerals. But, my friend, if
you will take home to your wife
tonight a dozen carnations or a half
dozen roses or a bunch of violets, they
will not be missed from the coffin, and
they will do her a lot of good tonight
and leave a fragrance in her heart for
a long time. But if you will neglect
the matter till then why buy the
flowers for the funeral? It will do her
no good, but it may do you more good
than you really deserve.—Advance.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

What a vast portion of our lives is
spent in anxious and useless forebod-
ings concerning the future, either our
own or that of our dear ones! Present
joys, present blessings slip by and we
miss half their sweet flavor, and all for
want of faith in Him who provides for
the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh,
when shall we learn the sweet trust in
God our little children teach us every
day by their confiding faith in us? We
who are so mutable, so faulty, so ir-
ritable, so unjust; and He who is so
watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so for-
giving! Why can not we, slipping our
hand into His each day, walk trustingly
over that day's appointed path,
thorny or flowery, crooked or straight,
knowing that evening will bring us
sleep, peace and home.—Phillips Brooks

endowing forty-seven colleges in twenty-
four States, that giving is the most
exquisite of all mundane delights. On
my ninetieth birthday, April 14th,
next, I am going to have a squaring up
with all the small colleges I have
promised money, and I serve notice
now that beginning then, I am going
on a new rampage of giving. I intend
to dispendness. I am going to live
ten years longer, and during that time
I expect to do nothing but give away
money.—Exchange.

'WE DON'T HAVE TO COME BACK'

Several years ago, a vessel foundered
on Diamond Shoals in a fearful storm.
Her signals of distress were seen and
Captain Pat Etheridge got the life-
boat ready. The storm grew worse
and the wind, which was off shore,
grew more violent every moment.

He ordered the crew to launch the
boat—but they hesitated. Then one of
them spoke: "Captain Pat, it's no use
with that wind. We can launch the
boat and we can reach the ship, but
we can never come back." There was
silence, except for the wail of the
storm; then Captain Pat said: "Boys
we don't have to come back."

The crew looking into his flashing
eyes understood. They reached the
wreck, took off the survivors and, the
wind changing a point or two, after
nine hours of heroic toil got back to
the station. "Boys, we don't have to
come back," is repeated at life-saving
stations on both coasts wherever there
are dangers to run, deeds to do, and
lives to save.

You would like to have done it,
wouldn't you? Not many can do a
thing like that, but there is a hero's
job waiting if you have the hero's
spirit. The calling of the ministry
doesn't sound as if it offered you that
chance. It seems rather dull and com-
monplace. Still it is the hero's job,
for like every hero's work it means a
life of sacrifice and service.—Epworth
Herald.

APPROPRIATING SLIGHTS.

She was a bright little woman, and
when some one apologized for an oc-
currence at which she might have taken
offense, she laughingly disclaimed any
such thought.

"I am honest, you know, and so I
never pick up things that don't belong
to me—not even slights," she said
merrily. "I don't like them, anyway,
and I have to be quite certain that one
is intended for my use before I appro-
priate it."

So many people spend many wearis-
ome hours in nursing grievances that
they have only "picked up," and in
brooding over slights which were never
designed for them, that this sort of
honesty is heartily to be commended.—
East and West.

Above the fog: On one occasion,
when the steamer 'Sardinian' had en-
tered the River St. Lawrence on her
homeward voyage a heavy fog sudden-
ly arose which completely hid the shore
and all objects from view. The ship
continued her course, still going at
full speed, and the passengers became
frightened, considering this extremely
reckless on the part of the captain.
Finally, one of them went and remon-
strated with the mate, telling him of
the fears of the others. The mate lis-
tened, then replied with a smile: 'Oh,
don't be frightened! the passengers need
not be uneasy; the fog extends only a
certain height above the water, and
the captain is at the mast head, and
is up above the fog; it is he who is
directing the vessel!' So may we im-
plicitly trust the 'Captain of our sal-
vation,' whose all-seeing eye is never
blinded by any earth-born cloud of
doubt or uncertainty, to guide us
safely to the long-desired haven.

GRIND YOUR AX.

Never allow yourself to entertain
the mistaken idea that you have not
time to study the Bible, for then you
are as the man who has so much wood
to chop today that he has no time to
grind his ax. You see a man mowing
a field; he has time to stop occasion-
ally and whet his scythe and he knows
that he gains time.

If we get in such a hurry to finish
our education that we cannot study
this Book, which in that mysterious
way lets us into the secret of every-
thing, then we are simply working
against our own best interest.—Ex-
change.

MISSIONARY

THE PROGRESS OF
CHRISTIANITY.

"One outcome of the work of Com-
mission I. of the World Missionary
Conference is a Statistical Atlas of
Christian Missions in which are tabu-
lated statements, carefully co-ordinat-
ed, which have been obtained direct
from the various Missionary Societies
of all countries and all bodies of Pro-
testant Christians. From these it ap-
pears that in 1908 there were 338 so-
cieties appointing and sending forth
missionaries, with 450 auxiliary so-
cieties, whose united income amounted
to more than \$25,000,000. The num-
ber of ordained missionaries is given
as 5,522; of doctors as 982 (about
two-thirds of them men); and of other
lay missionaries as 7,491, besides
5,406 wives of missionaries; in addi-
tion there were 5,045 ordained natives,
and 92,918 other native workers. More
than 35,000 stations and sub-stations
were occupied; 1,361,506 pupils were
being educated in mission schools and
colleges; and 7,500,000 'treatments'
were registered at the 1,574 mission
hospitals and dispensaries. The pres-
ent Christian population of non-Chris-
tian origin due to Protestant mission-
ary labor, including several consider-
able bodies of Christians, the fruit of
missionary effort in years gone by,
who have passed from the direct super-
vision of the societies which started
and for long conducted work among
them, is estimated to exceed 12,000,-
000. With all allowance for possible
error and for differences of definition,
the figures quoted above are sufficient-
ly remarkable, but they do not call at-
tention to what is perhaps the great-
est encouragement which statistics, al-
ways more or less unsatisfactory as a
means of gauging results, afford, viz.,
that the rate of progress is being
vastly accelerated. According to Mr.
Sherwood Eddy, who refers to baptiz-
ed Christians, and evidently adopts a
more conservative estimate as to the
number of Protestant converts, 'it
took nearly a century to win the first
million Protestant Christians; the
second million were won within twelve
years; it is taking less than six years
to win the third million.' This, of
course, is as it should be, for each
convert ought to be a worker seeking
to win others for Christ."—(Church
Missionary Review.)

CHURCHES UNBUSINESSLIKE.

Evangelist Breeze Says They Need
More Commercial Spirit.

Most every one has heard of the Rev.
Moses Breeze, who gave up an influ-
ential pastorate to get into home mission
work, in which he has won a national
reputation through his sensational ac-
tivities. In an article in Munsey's Jos-
eph H. Odell quotes Rev. Breeze as the
author of these epigrams:

"If the average business man ran his
business as the average church is run,
he would land on the financial scrap-
heap."

"One great proof to me that the
church is divine is that it stays on
earth and does business with so little
business ability in it; if God were not
in it, it would have gone bankrupt
long ago."

"The time has gone by when we can
trust the financial affairs of our church-
es to the Good Spirit who takes care
of little children and idiots."

"If the men of the world got money
from the world as some of the home
mission churches get it from the Home
Mission Board, they would go to jail
for obtaining money under false pre-
tenses."

"It's the man in the church who
doesn't put up the dollar who does
put up the holler."

Some churchmen may or may not
take exception to Rev. Breeze's con-
clusions.