

Sunday Reading.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

The old Gentleman Explained How it Could Light the way.

A poorly dressed errand boy was carefully marking the text, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,' on a gate with a piece of chalk. So absorbed was he with his writing that he never noticed a kind looking old gentleman, who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood behind him, carefully watching his movements.

'My,' said the boy, repeating the letters aloud, as he formed them with care; 'f double e-t, feet.'

'Well done, little lad, well done!' said the old gentleman, with a smile. 'Where did you learn that?'

'At our Sabbath school, sir,' replied the boy, half frightened and thinking that the old gentleman was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate.

'Don't run away. I am not going to hurt you. What is your name?'

'Nicholas.'

'Nicholas what?'

'Nicholas Lambert, sir.'

'You are an errand boy, I see; isn't that your basket?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'So you learned that text at the Sabbath-school. Do you know what it means?'

'Well, not quite, sir,' said Nicholas.

'What is a lamp?'

'A lamp? Why, a lamp—a thing that gives light.'

'And what is the word that the text speaks of, do you think?'

'The Bible, sir.'

'That's right. Now, how can the Bible be a lamp and give light?'

'I don't know, 'less you set it afire,' said Nicholas.

'There's a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night, with an unlighted lamp in your hand, and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?'

'Why, light the lamp, sir,' replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that any one would ask such a foolish question.

'What would you light it for?'

'To show me the road, sir.'

'Very well. Now suppose you were walking behind me one day, and saw me drop a shilling what would you do?'

'Pick it up and give it to you again, sir.'

'Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?'

Nicholas hesitated; but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and, with an answering one on his own, he said:

'I should want to, sir; but I shouldn't do it.'

'Why not?'

'Because it would be stealing.'

'How do you know?'

'It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal.'

'O!' said the gentleman; 'so it's the Bible that makes you honest, is it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'If you had never heard of the Bible, you would steal, I suppose?'

'Lots of boys do,' said Nicholas, hanging his head.

'And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?'

'Like the lamp!' said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant. 'Is that what the text means?'

'Yes, there is always light in the Bible to show us where to tread. But suppose you kept the slide over the lamp, would it be of any use?'

'No; there would be no light, sir.'

'Neither will the Bible give us light if we keep the slide down. How can you keep the Bible slide down?'

'By keeping it shut, and not reading it,' said Nicholas, doubtfully.

'That's it. Now, my lad, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp and let it light you through life?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you think you would be safer with it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why?'

'Because if I'm honest, I shan't stand any chance of going to prison.'

'And what else?'

Nicholas thought for a few minutes. 'If I mind the Bible, I shall go to heaven,' he said at last.

'Yes; that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you, and mind, you keep the slide up.'

'Sir,' said Nicholas, grasping the shilling and touching his cap, 'I'll mind.'—Ex.

'Who has Seen Christ in you Today?'

'The parson asked a strange question this evening,' said John Sewell to his wife,

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Ann, on his return from church on Sunday.

'What was it, John?'

'Who has seen Christ in you today?'

I wish you had been there to hear him, Ann; he made it pretty plain that all who loved Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest.'

'That's true, John. I know that I often fall short of what a Christian should be.'

'I'm sure that you and the children have not seen Christ in me to day. If I'd remember to be like my Master I should not have been so cross with you because you wanted to take your turn this morning.'

'And I shouldn't have snapped you up and been so vexed,' interrupted Ann.

'Then I used Tom roughly, because he worried me; and when he cried I boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made him all right. There are plenty of things I should have done, even today, if I had acted up to the parson's question.'

'We'll try to begin afresh, John. You're quick, and I get vexed. We've both a deal to learn. We must pray that

the children and our friends may see Christ in us.'

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went to work he asked that Christ might be seen in him that day. Ann did not forget that she, too, wished that Christ might be seen in her; and at breakfast-time the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving toward one another and toward their companions.

Man and His God.

Man must stand face to face with his God. No shadow must step between himself and his light. Salvation he must reach through his own efforts. No one can carry his cross, no one live his life, think his thoughts, eat his food, sleep his sleep, dream his dreams. The saviors of the world appear among us to show us how to work, how to attain the good, but 'each one must carry his own burden.' 'Cease to stand between me and the sunshine,' said Diogenes to Alexander the Great.—Swami Abhayandity.

A True Revival.

The true revival must be born of convictions; anything else is froth. The noble men of the world are those who are governed by principles, and principles are the result of convictions. Some men are temperamentally amiable, honest or temperate. They need the conviction of their need and of their sinfulness, from God's point of view. The man who thinks he can juggle with his dual nature of good and bad is not likely to be saved. A man cannot stumble into living well. I do not believe in placing the son in the father's place, but I do believe in the adequacy of Jesus to save men. This is the second fundamental condition of the growth of a genuine religious life—that we realize the abiding presence and the sufficiency of God.—Rev. Dr. Perin.

Cities as Critics and Censors.

The city not only acts as critic and censor, it is itself the greatest creative force of thought. The perils that are usually pointed out are vastly exaggerated by persons who overlook the counteracting influences that are constantly at work in large communities. For instance, the danger to our democratic government that it has been claimed lurks in the discontent of the masses and in our peculiar American political system is more imaginary than real. For the fact is that from the cities emanates the desire for freedom and for representative government.—Dr. Joseph Silverman, Rabbi, New York.

The Lord's Prayer.

The appeal of the Lord's prayer is to the soul—it can never in its real character be made a part of any ritual. It lives in the character and disposition of the man, marks his transformation from selfishness to submergence in the divine nature. It is the spiritual door by which we find ac-

ceptance with God. It is the plan and foundation of Christian character as the caisson of the towers of the bridge determine their shape and firmness.—Rev. B. D. Hahn.

Laborers With God.

We need the assurance of divine alliance to make us and our work worthy of our calling. The inspiration which lets a man throw his whole personality into the work will make all the difference in the character of the work itself. Real work must always be warm, living work. There is no contract work in God's employ, I tell you.

The way to save or help men is by self sacrifice. Christ sets us an example.



Old People's Troubles.

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