The Prayer Meeting.

[The following is an address given by Rev. John Aldis at the Baptist May meetings in London.]

The deepest meaning of our prayer meetings is, that they express clearly what our Christian life is, and blessedly promote it; they confess our faith in God who hears and pardons, and in Jesus Christ who died to atone, and lives to plead; they declare our love, for they are occasions of intercession for the guilty, the needy, and the sorrowing; they avow the common brotherhood, all equally unworthy and dependent, yet equally honored and enriched. They attest the fellowship of souls in the hidden life of deepest sympathy and loftiest ambition. They are a perpetual and open profession. We are sadly reticent on personal experience, though eloquent in theological debate; yet, by a law of nature and of grace, confession confirms conviction and purpose, and the utterances of the prayer meeting are nearly all the confession left. "As in water face answers to face, so the heart of man to man." In prayer you get nearest to the heart. Renewed hearts, like live coals brought close together, and fanned by the breath of the Divine Spirit, will give out a divine glow. One of the best records in Saul's life is, "there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." Happy the church that has such, for they will be found at the prayer meeting!

HINDRANCES.

Many things are opposed to spiritual religion, and therefore fatal to prayer meetings: against their influence we must watch and strive. Worldly prosperity is apt to enfeeble devotion. Agur offered a prayer in which but few would care to join: "Give me not riches" (yet it was profoundly wise and good) "lest I be full and deny Thee." Our Lord tells us that "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word"; and so they stifle prayer. The full soul loathes a honeycomb, but the needy and hungry will cry and seek. Now, even moderate means can command abundant literature, which requires but little thought, and brings no discipline; yet it consumes time, diverts the mind, and chills the heart. Now, as men are rich, they can plunge deep into amusements which dazzle the senses, kindle the passions, and distort the imagination. Thus they blend with the worldly and the gay, who regard earnest piety with scorn, and whose temper is strangely contagious. The decorations of vanity, and the tasks of dissipation, leave men as little prepared for the prayer meeting as for the bed of death or the bar of judgment. As faith in Gospel truth dies, so will the prayer meeting die. We read in one of Robert Hall's sermons: "In other Dissenting communities there are meetings for the express purpose of prayer, but, has anything of that nature ever been heard of among Socinians?" Then Socinianism was hard and logical, but now it is sometimes imaginative and sentimental, and ready to sing, not only the Te Deum, but the Gloria. Still the lowly prayer meeting is revolting to it both as absurd and vulgar. In order to pray men must believe in God, and they will pray most who see Him best in the person of His Son. There is no "boldness to enter into the holiest" but "by the blood of Jesus." Only the risen Intercessor can send down the grace of supplication. One of the greatest proofs that the Gospel is Divine springs from this, that it unites the souls of men so profoundly, and lifts them to heaven so blessedly; for, just as their faith is simple, and their love fervent, they find the atmosphere of devotion is just that in which they thrill with the Master's joy, and get strength and heart to do His work. The multiplied social activities of our day may endanger the prayer meeting. Wise plans, well ordered agencies, and diligent efforts, are Divinely appointed channels of blessing. It gladdens the heart to see so many roused, and mustered, and ruled to battle with evil, and to diffuse good. For both, nothing brings so much guidance, force, and facility, as prayer. But, without it, social activities may be endangered. They may fill our eyes and ears till the face of Jesus is dimly seen and His voice is faintly heard. They distract attention, excite passion, and absorb us too much in ourselves or our fellows. They consume time and energy, and leave too little of either for fellowship with God our Father. Yet, cut off from Him, we wither and perish. The greatly exaggerated diffusion of education affects our prayer meetings. That education is advanced we are glad and grateful, but it is not enough to allow pride. Unhappily, there is just enough to make men conceited and critical; a little more might make them modest and generous. Yet, in regard to this, among us the word applies: "The fear of man bringeth a snare." As a rule, the proportion of members who lead in public prayer is least in our wealthier churches. The natural gifts must be equal, and the acquired greater, but more grace is needed to vanquish what opposes their exercise. When asked to pray, shall the fear of criticism strike us dumb? Daring to speak to the infinitely wise, shall we quail before erring man? Trusting to the Divine compassion to accept our cry, cannot we trust the Divine grace in the heart of the brotherhood? With less of self we should get nearer to God, and draw others with us, too. The prayer meeting is

OF PRICELESS WORTH.

God has made it the channel of His blessing. It was the breath and pulse of primitive Christianity. The great Lord ordained it when He said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." He returned to heaven, and left the disciples as orphans. Then, manifestly, His promise and honor, and the salvation of His Church, demanded "power from on high." The Comforter was to bring the light of truth, with "tongues of fire and hearts of love!" To get that, they had nothing but the prayer meeting. "They continued, with one accord, in prayer and supplication," and on that followed the marvels and triumphs of the Pentecost. Persecution came, clanked the chain, brandished the sword and scourge, and pointed to the dungeons. All joined and raged against them—soldiers and priests, Sadducees and Pharisees. They were but few, feeble and despised, for they had nothing but the prayer meeting; but that was enough. As they prayed the place was shaken, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. James was slain, and Peter was cast into prison; but they clung to the prayer meeting, and Peter was delivered. Oh, for the true apostolic succession, to breathe the same spirit, to wield the same weapons, and win the same triumphs! So in later days, the force and triumphs of the church have been measured by its united gatherings for prayer. The revival under Whitefield and Wesley wakened the slumbering professors, and quickened and purified multitudes of the obdurate and profane; but its fires were laid, and kindled, and fanned, in the prayers of the Oxford College rooms. Thus inspired, men went forth with the thunders of judgment, to rouse the conscience, and to break the heart; and then poured in the healing balm, and filled believers' souls with peace and joy. Marvels of converting grace in Wales warmed its best passions and tuned its richest eloquence, and so blessed the land and made it a blessing. But the preaching that wielded the instrument of conversion was nerved with the energy of agonizing prayer. The preaching was preceded and followed by thronging crowds in supplications with strong cryings and tears. The best thing that shaped and hallowed our foreign missions was the monthly prayer meeting, and it remains the strong support and abundant recompense of all our efforts. In the worship of God, our best gifts and acquirements are only too poor, yet therein they are most improved and richly repaid. The prayer meetings at old Maze Pond live in my memory as a beautiful creation of grace. Some of the oldest and most cultured had marvellous gifts in prayer. Their exercises were thoughtful, reverent, earnest and spiritual, yet plain and simple, not intended to fill the ear, but to lift the heart. If our most educated and gifted members would consecrate themselves to get and use this power, they would become priceless blessings, and they would find and show that he that watereth shall be watered also himself. But the least endowed and educated, if taught of God, may be mighty here. Grace prevails, rather than gifts. It says not much for the depth and force of our devotion if bad grammar can disturb it. Our love of the brotherhood, and our sense of the Divine compassion, cannot be fervent if we are chilled or diverted by broken speech. I know that I have found more comfort and help by joining in lowly and artless prayers than in the most elaborate services. At the close of the day, some son of toil has come to find heart fellowship with the Divine Father and His children. Like myself, he is a child of dust and sin, but he has been born again, has repented, and is forgiven. He has looked at the pierced hands, and been embraced by them. Christ is all to him, and now, through Him, he communes with God. Our souls are bowed, and as he prays my heart is subdued in tenderness, yet attracted, uplifted, and absorbed. When the Master prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and the disciples said "it is good to be here." The prayer meeting

SUITS OUR CIRCUMSTANCES.

Blessed be God, we are weakest in the flesh! For what is often called worship there are many fleshly aids: great crowds, eager, excited, gazing, pressing; or elegant manners, costly dress and adornments; or the grandeur, beauty, and accommodations of the building; or the resources of music, in the richness and variety of chant, anthem, and psalm. All these gratify taste, regale the senses, and stimulate feeling. Some imperiously demand, and others helplessly allow them. They may be harmless or even helpful, but if they are the end sought they will not honor God nor bless man. Spirituality is our need and our blessing. In this the church may say, "When I am weak, then am I strong." While we are in the body, everything should be ruled and done to keep out dullness, and discord, and grovelling. But still our great wants will remain. We want hearts, lowly and contrite before God, yet full of sympathy with the redeemed brotherhood; a deep sense of the needs of the Church, of the guilt and misery of the world; a gladsome sight of the treasures of grace stored in Christ; a firm grasp of the yea and amen promises, that we may trust and plead them; and a glowing faith in the compassion of the Father who loves us, in the great High Priest who pleads for us, and in the Comforter, who makes our groans significant, princely, and prevailing.

CONCLUSION.

It was in their devotions that the disciples continued to represent their Master. Nothing more marked His life than prayer. Alone, with His disciples, on the mountain and in the upper room, ascending from the Jordan, in Gethsemane, and on the Cross, His whole life was prayer. They too prayed, no doubt. They listened, were attracted, and desired to learn the Divine art; but no record is left of any acts of devotion wrought by them. Yet after He was risen these seemed to embrace and rule all their purposes and passions. They had caught His mantle and they lived His life. When the thorn pierced, they "besought the Lord"; when the enemy raged, "prayer was made continually." In missionary journeys by the seashore, and on board the ship, the prayer of faith and love went up. In the church the cry rung out, "Pray without ceasing"—"Continue instant in prayer." And this was the result: "they continued steadfastly in prayers." All who desire spiritual prosperity should pay earnest heed to the prayer meeting. Pastors and deacons should be always present at it, and give it a constant and warm place in their thoughts and affections. It must not be left to take care of itself, but wisely planned and ruled. He who presides should feel that that duty demands all his faculties, and must be done with all the heart. All the brethren should be encouraged, but none coerced, to speak. The timid and less gifted should be drawn forward, while the obtrusive are swayed back. Some may be called to pray, not at the moment, but before reading or singing, while others follow as they feel prompted. It is often refreshing when each selects his own hymn. All requests from the chair should be prompt and brief, never noisy or dictatorial. All arrangements should be brotherly, free from all taint of caste, or clique, or clan, and in mutual forbearance in all matters of habit, taste, and culture. Hymns and prayers should be short and hearty, with brief readings and remarks interspersed, and all steeped in the grace of supplication. Thus we shall attain the highest duty, and drink in the purest joy; find least of man and most of God. To Him be all the glory. Amen.

Sowing In Sorrow—Reaping with Song.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Before me, as I write, hangs Boughton's fine picture of the return of the "Mayflower." The little historic craft is almost sinking behind the horizon, while in the foreground stand the groups of homesick Pilgrims, who watch the departing vessel with heavy hearts. They are literally "Sowing in tears" upon the cheerless soil where in after years the splendid harvests of Christian civilization have been gathered. This has been the history of all the grandest enterprises and most beneficent movements in the progress of our race. A bereaved group of disciples climb the stairway to an "upper room" in Jerusalem—probably the very one in which a part of them had partaken of the paschal supper with their departed Lord; they descend from that room glowing with the fiery baptism, and within a few days or weeks they are shouting in with joy the first gospel-harvest. Eighteen centuries later a group of New England college-students, distressed in spirit for the perishing heathen, wrestle in prayer and tears beside the "Haystack" at Williamstown. Before the last of the four has gone up to his crown, the "American Board" is in the full tide of its missionary achievements. This has always been God's method. They that shirk the toils and the trials win no triumphs. *No weeping—no reaping.*

There are few more inspiring chapters in the biographies of many of the bravest and the best than those which record their early struggles with poverty and stern adversities. Many a great artist mixed his first colors with tears. Heroic John Todd, of Pittsfield, when he footed it to New Haven to enter college, was compelled to sleep through a cold night under a bush by the road-side from sheer lack of money to pay for his lodgings. If he had lost heart then the New England pulpit would have lost the sturdiest Puritan of these modern days. Godly mothers also can bring their testimonies of the tears, the prayers, the self-denials, and the faithful training of sons and daughters whose after careers have brought honor and joy to the parental heart. The love-tears soaked both the soil and the seed, or there had been no harvest. We pastors too have our experiences; we have often known what it was to go forth weeping, bearing our load of seed, and to come back singing, laden with the sheaves. God never makes his choicest blessings too cheap. Let every young minister who means to reach the highest usefulness, lay his account to one thing: his sweetest pleasures will be wrought out of his sharpest pains, and hardships will pioneer his richest harvests.

As this world is only a training school for a better world, God's discipline commonly runs along these same lines. The seeding in sorrow brings the reaping in song. Some of my readers may be now treading the furrows of affliction with moistened eyes and trembling steps. Good friends, do not let your tears blind your eyes, either to God's love or your own duty. When sorrow is allowed to *settle* in the heart, it often turns the heart into a stagnant fen of bitter waters, in which sprout all manner of noxious reeds of murmuring and selfishness and unbelief. Turn that sorrow outward into a current of sympathy with others, and it may drive many wheels of benevolence. Tears are often wonderful fertilizers of the soul; they are the heart-water that grows some sweet graces, just as the irrigating brooks in Nevada turn barren sand into a garden. Sow on, ye suffering ones; you will be the better men and women for this severe schooling. If faith grows, and unselfish love grows, and patience grows, then sorrow will end in song, and weeping will bring the reaping.

A kindred truth which lies very close to this is that they only who sow the tears of sincere repentance can ever reap the joys of pardon and of triumph over sin. Too many begin wrong in the Christian life. Their view of sin is very imperfect, their contrition for it very slight, their conversion very superficial. As holy Rutherford phrased it, they "never had a sick night for sin, and only take a half Christ, and this maketh loose work." The more thorough the repentance, even to the plucking out of right eyes and cutting off of darling lusts—the deeper will be the peace and the more rich and joyous will be the Christian experience. Blessed are the tears of penitence! He who never mourns will never mend. There are too many dry-eyed Christians in this world. Such commonly have dry hearts and barren lives. If there was more godly sorrow over neglects of duty and woundings of Christ, and more sympathy with the wronged and the suffering, then we should enjoy more gracious sunshine from Christ's countenance. Rainbows are never painted on cloudless skies, but only upon raindrops. If we grudge the tears we lose the rainbow. Nay, the tears which godly contrition sheds will turn to jewels in the crown of our rejoicing.

Shall we the servants fare better than our Lord, who was the "Man of sorrows" from the time when He emptied Himself of His celestial glory until his heart broke under the agonies of Calvary? It was for the *joy* set before Him that He endured the cross and despised the shame. That word "endure" signifies to *stand up steadfast* under the cross. So should you and I stand steadfast, even with wet eyes and a bleeding heart. Our crosses will then turn to crowns. Our sowing in tears will end in the eternal harvest of song. This whole earthly life is but a ploughing time and a sowing time; in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

"Ours is the seed time, God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
The harvest hour is hid with Him."

A Vacation That Was Not Taken.

BY J. L. M. S.

"Well, good-by, Carrie. I wish you and the children were going," and the Rev. Charles Lambert, pastor of the Baptist church of Clarkville, kissed his wife and three children affectionately, took his satchel in his hand, threw his linen duster over his arm, and with a last backward glance and smile, closed the gate behind him and hurried down the street to the station.

Once fairly on board the train he deposited his beaver and satchel in the hat-rack, donned his duster and travelling cap, purchased a newspaper, and settled himself back in his seat for solid comfort. For was he not off on his summer vacation, and must he not have just as good a time as possible? Surely that was one of the last things that his wife had told him.

But, somehow, fate seemed against him this morning. In vain he tried to read the paper. Turn wherever he would he saw such notices as these: "The Rev. Dr. Michel, wife and daughter, have just left the city for their summer vacation." Rev. Mr. Somer preached in the First Baptist church last Sabbath, as the pastor with his wife and family have gone to the country for a few weeks vacation." How he wished he could have brought his family with him! But of course it was impossible. It was almost more than they could afford for him to go alone. So he argued with himself, and finding he could not become interested in his paper, he pulled down the blind of the window, through which the sun was streaming, and determined to take a nap. But alas for his determination! Providence, in the shape of a little girl in the seat just in front, was equally determined that neither he nor his fellow passengers should enjoy themselves. "The child is crying for her father, whom we have just left," said her mother, rather apologetically, when she saw the child was disturbing Mr. Lambert.

"I wonder if my little girl is crying for me," that gentleman thought to himself as he remembered the three very sober, childish faces that looked after him as he hurried down the village street. Harold, the oldest boy, and yet only seven years old, had forced back the tears and tried to be very manly when his father had told him he would have to be the man of the family, and take good care of his mother and two little sisters.

Then Alice, the baby, just learning to talk, had cried, "I vants to do viv papa and see ze big vater." It was to bad to have to leave them there all by themselves, while he went alone to enjoy the sea breezes. But then his church had said he needed a vacation. Carrie had said so too, and had seemed very happy in planning with him that he might go to the seashore for a few week's recreation. Yet he felt that it had been hard for her to give up the visit to her mother that had been paid every summer since they were married. Yes, he remembered now. He believed it must have been tears that made her eyes so moist and shiny after she had read her mother's last letter. Maybe she did feel worse about it than he realized. But it was really no rest at all for him to go with her there. Last summer he had done so, but while the absence of the care and responsibility of housekeeping had brought the roses back to his wife's cheeks, and while the children, turned loose in the streets and yards of the little village, had come home as healthy happy little urchins as one would care to see, he had found that, with the round of visiting and being visited, and preaching twice every Sabbath to accommodate old friends and addressing Sunday-schools and leading prayer meetings, his vacation proved of little benefit to him. So, although his wife knew that his spending his vacation at the seashore this year meant her remaining at home with the children, for they could not all go, she cheerfully gave up her own pleasure.

"It wasn't the greatest good to the greatest number, this time; soliloquized Mr. Lambert, as he surveyed all these facts that beautiful August morning, as the fast express hurried him oceanward. But just here the train stopped, and in the hurry of changing cars he forgot all about the greatest good to the greatest number, until he found himself again in the cars en route for a quiet little resort on the Sound, and recognizing in his neighbor Rev. Dr. Peeters, pastor of one of the city churches. The good Doctor quickly recognized his young brother, and after a few words of greeting, he introduced his wife.

"I am sorry Mrs. Lambert is not with you," said Mrs. Peeters, "but perhaps the seashore does not agree with her."

Mr. Lambert hesitated for a moment, trying to recall some words of Carrie's which would allow him to truthfully say it did not. But in his heart he knew she was very fond of the ocean and so he replied, "No, it's not that, but we could not both afford to come and so she unselfishly sent me off alone.

"Better have brought her along and stayed half as long. Depend upon it she needs the change as much as you do," and the outspoken old Doctor leaned back in his seat and surveyed with evident pride his handsome well-kept, middle-aged wife.

"But what about the children? I suppose yours are old enough to take care of themselves, said Mr. Lambert.

"No," answered the Doctor sadly, "we have no children. We had one, a little girl, Alice by name, who lived to be ten years old. That summer wife and I thought we ought to begin to lay by somthing special for Alice's education, and so we determined to stay in the city, instead of taking our regular vacation. But Alice never needed the money we saved from that vacation for she fell ill of a fever and only lived a few weeks. Then when people came to condole with me, I felt that I, in my foolish economy, had been to blame. But here is our station; come, Mrs. Peeters. Glad to have met you, brother Lambert. Better send for the wife and babies to come down, and all stay a week together," and with a parting grasp of the hand, the good old Doctor passed out.

After the Doctor had left, Mr. Lambert settled down once more in his seat, and began to consult with himself.

"I wonder if Dr. Peeters thinks I am a selfish fellow to go off alone and leave Carrie and the children at home? Well, Carrie insisted on my doing it, at any rate," and with this thought he was obliged to content himself, for the brakesman called out his destination, and with satchel in hand, he left the car, and soon found himself on the breezy platform, face to face with the great rolling ocean.

How his spirits rose as he strolled along the beach watching the breakers dash against the sandy shore, and toss the pebbles back and forth. Surely this was better than food or drink for his wearied body and sadly disordered nerves. It was but a short walk and he found himself at the hotel steps, hungry as a bear and feeling a year younger than when he left his home in the morning. "Home." As this word came to him, the Doctor's words, "Better send for the wife and babies to come down, and all stay a week together," rang in his ears, and he wondered if even the ocean would not grow tame to him without the companionship of his loved ones. But notwithstanding this thought, the Rev. Mr. Lambert indulged in a very hearty supper, and then, thinking that by some chance there might be a letter for him, he went to inquire. Sure enough, as he had intended to start Monday, instead of Tuesday, the postmaster at home had sent down a letter before him.

He quickly recognized the hand-writing of an old college chum, and so, taking the letter and strolling down to a pretty little pavilion built out into the ocean, he opened it and read—To the Rev. Charles Lambert, Dear Chum,—You can't imagine what I have discovered—a summer resort where they don't charge you a dollar every time you take a drink of water or catch a fish. It is just the place I've been looking for for years. One of our deacons learned of the place two years ago and has built himself a pretty cottage here, but as he decided to go to the seashore this year with his family, he offered me his cottage gratis. He put it as a sort of a favor to himself if my wife and I, together with the children, would come down and look after things. Well we are looking after things, especially the fish who, I think, are becoming rather prejudiced against us.

But I will not expatiate longer upon the charms of the place, for I want you to come and see for yourself. So here is my plan: There is a tent on a platform right next door to us which the occupants have to leave on account of the sickness of friends at home. They will rent you their outfit, tent, beds, dishes, chairs, etc., for five dollars a week while they are away, which will probably be about three weeks. This lake is only two days drive from your home—you see I have been studying up the matter. So buy a straw hat and a flannel shirt; tell your wife to get some big hats and calico dresses for herself and the children, for we are not at all stylish here, and come at once. You will find it costs you not more to live here than at home. We await you impatiently. Yours as ever,

FRANK.

"Why did I not wait another day," sighed Mr. Lambert, and then he remembered with a twinge of conscience how he had—yes, fretted a little, because it had been impossible for him to start on Monday as he had intended.

It was growing a little chilly on the pavilion, so crushing the letter in his hand a little savagely, he rose and walked thoughtfully toward the hotel. There he found a crowd of merry dancers upon the broad piazzas. As he mounted the steps a rather talkative young girl with whom he had exchanged some remarks at supper approached him and asked him if he danced. Bowing rather coolly he answered, "No, I am a clergyman," and, as he made his way through the parlors, he heard the merry laughter of a group of young people to whom she was evidently relating the adventure. At the foot of the stairs he found himself suddenly accosted by a brother clergyman, and, after exchanging greetings, Mr. Lambert inquired after the other's family.

"I left them all at home; I am only here for a day or two and then we all expect to go to the mountains for our regular vacation. The seashore does not agree with my wife."

"Is Mrs. Lambert here?"

"No; I, also, am here for only a few days, but we expect to go away together the last of the week," he replied.

"The die is cast," he thought to himself, "but now the question is, can we afford it."

So that night before he retired, Mr. Lambert made some close calculations and this was the result: He had started from home with fifty dollars for the summer vacation. If he should return home on the morrow, his trip would have cost him about ten dollars, leaving forty for their stay at——Lake. Five dollars a week for three weeks, that would leave twenty-five dollars. The trip to and from the lake, if they drove their own horse and carriage, would cost about five dollars, leaving twenty to live upon while there.

"Well, I'll do it," was his conclusion after he had thought the matter carefully over. "I have felt very selfish about this vacation, and I am sure this letter from Frank is from the Lord," and with this rather paradoxical statement he fell asleep.

The rest of my story is soon told. Mrs. Lambert was just preparing supper for herself and the children the next evening, when suddenly she heard a shout from the children, and looking up she saw her husband standing in the open door. At first she feared some bad news but his cheery countenance soon reassured her.

"Yes, I felt very selfish all the time," he confessed to her that night after the children were in bed, and they were talking matters over.

"And I shall enjoy this change you speak of so much," rejoined his wife, "for it was hard to stay here all the year round with no vacation."

And so, after mutual confession, they began planning for their vacation. As a result it was a very merry party that started bright and early for——Lake, and to both parents and children it was a never-to-be-forgotten journey.

Once at the lake they were greeted most heartily by their friends and introduced to their home. O, the pleasure of those days! The fish they caught, the water-lilies and cat-tails that they gathered, the moonlight rows on the lake, when with the children abed and asleep, at the cottage, they lived over again the halcyon days of courtship and honeymoon. But all holidays must have an end and so, one day, without note or warning the owners of the tent appeared and with them their pastor, Dr. Peeters. To the others, the good old Dr.'s greeting to Mr. Lambert seemed nothing extraordinary, but to Mr. Lambert himself, the grasp of the hand seemed a little more cordial and the greeting a little more hearty than it had been a month ago. Nor was he wrong, for the next morning as they were preparing to return home, the Doctor came to Mr. Lambert and said: "You don't know how much good it does an old man like me to discover somebody taking his advice. Indeed, I am so pleased that I intend to have my church secure your services as supply next summer during my vacation. So you and your family may expect to spend your vacation at the seashore, and you can run over to New York every Sabbath."

And even so it was, but not only that. Two years have elapsed since all this occurred, and now, Dr. Peeters thinks of retiring from the ministry, and his people instinctively turn to Mr. Lambert as his successor. And so in all human probability the coming spring will find Mr. Lambert pastor of one of the most influential of the city churches. And who will say all this did not happen on account of that vacation that was not taken.—*Baptist Weekly.*

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