

The Young Christian and the Prayer Meeting

BY CHARLES H. ROLT.

The young Christian owes a duty in respect to the prayer meeting, which may be conveniently spoken of in three respects,—first, before the meeting; second, at the meeting; third, after the meeting.

Take these in their order: Before the meeting, preparation.—When should it begin? As soon as it is known there is to be a meeting. Indeed, earlier. The young Christian should keep himself in such a condition of mind and heart that he can always enter a prayer meeting without feeling that he is going into a strange place.

The answer to this question will vary in detail according to the circumstances of each person. But, in general, there should be preparation of mind and heart.

Preparation of heart is of course absolutely necessary, and, indeed, cannot well be had without preparation of mind.

First, before meeting. Remember that the Holy Spirit can help the leader to lead rightly; can help you to be in the right condition, and to get and do the greatest good; can make the word powerful to reach others.

Obey the Master. The dearest meetings are those of which the attendants are not in earnest about doing the will of him to whom they are praying.

Try to interest others. Nothing else will so set your own interest on fire as to awaken an interest among others, whether Christian or not.

With a pure heart, fervently, is a good motto for this part of the subject.

All this calls for honest work. It is easier to drift into a meeting and do nothing because we are not prepared; but I am talking about duty, not ease; and, after all, every effort put forth in preparation has great recompense of reward.

At the meeting, co-operation.—Coming with a prepared heart and mind, there will be so great trouble after you are there. One of two matters of detail may be worth mentioning.

Choose your seat,—with reference to your own convenience alone, but so that the meeting may be as little disturbed as possible by those who come late.

Think of the subject,—not so much of the peculiarities, for better or worse, of the leader or speaker, but of the reason why you are there, and of the power that lies behind the feeblest word that is spoken in the name of the Master.

Pray silently,—the more constantly, the better. God only knows what feebleness has been changed into might by the power of secret prayer.

Think of and pray for particular persons,—for those who are asking part, or for those who especially need the particular word that is spoken.

Finally, and most important, take part. It will not be hard if the previous conditions have been fulfilled.

Take part regularly. Sometimes you will feel a stirring of the Spirit within, that the work will be like a fire, and you cannot keep silent. Blessed is the man who often speaks thus. But don't wait for these special and irresistible promptings.

Take part often. Don't be afraid that people will tire of hearing you, if you prepare mind and heart I have suggested. It is the rambling, unprepared talker whose frequent discourtesy is the cause of his attendance. If you are really tire-out, after conscientious effort, do not fear but some friend will tell you so.

As a rule, do the hardest thing you can do. If you have the possibility in you of offering prayer, pray to quiet your conscience and fulfil your duty by giving out a hymn. Of course, there are times when the simplest contribution to the meeting does the most good; but contribute your best, or you have not done your part.

Apply to others, by the help of the Spirit, the messages of warning, encouragement, invitation, which the meeting brings to you.

BY REV. C. H. STURGEON.

Apply for the blessing of the Spirit on the meeting after it is over.

Then they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another; and the Lord heard their remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.—S. S. Times

God-Remembering Faith.

BY REV. C. H. STURGEON.

If you and I are to be saved, we shall be saved by God and by his grace alone. Now if the appointed way of salvation leaves something for us to do in order that we may be saved by God, we shall in all probability attribute our salvation to that something, and forget the Lord.

That little light shone from the window of Philip Lendrum. The girl was crying. Philip Lendrum strode to the door and opened it. But, hark! what sound was that which stopped him even on the threshold?

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Philip Lendrum.

BY L. E. DIKKEGOL.

A dark night and a stormy sea; the wild wind raged shoreward, flying furiously at every object on land or water; the great Atlantic billows sweeping inward like the moving columns of an army and dashing on the treacherous rocks into a mass of angry foam with noise like thunder.

Well did the members of the life-boat service know it—none better than Philip Lendrum, one of the bravest of their number. But now, upon this stormy night, when every sea and every wave seemed like a swollen hand to push the ship on the rocks, and when the tempest seemed to clutch the very masts to drag the vessel to destruction, when every comrade of his dangerous calling was at his post waiting for signals of distress.

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“Excuse my haste. My wife is very sick.”

BY L. E. DIKKEGOL.

“What if your wife sick! Stop a moment, friend. Have you a doctor in this lonely place?”

“Ten miles away—and I must fetch him if he is still alive!”

“Then, my friend, perhaps the doctor will not be so far from you as you think. I have saved my wife many times. May I try to help you?”

Philip Lendrum's heart beat wildly. “Oh, sir!” he said, “if you are a doctor come with me and try to save her. Perhaps we are not yet too late.”

They found her very low indeed. With the readiness of long experience and accurate knowledge the physician prepared the needed medicine and administered it with his own hand. He was so kind and so tender that he was more than professional seal and interest. All day Philip Lendrum was her faithful nurse.

“Margaret!” said Philip, when they were alone. “That man saved your life.”

“Astruly, Philip, as that saved his life!”

“I dread to think what might have happened if he had not come. He told me that your trouble was hard to understand and harder still to cure. It had been his life he saved, and he was able to leave her bed for a few moments and recovery was assured. Then they parted with mutual expressions of regret and gratitude.”

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“No, Jack, I don't for they are not to be paid for. I want to send these to your mother—that's all; and as you said yourself doughnuts is doughnuts and cents is cents.”

BY L. E. DIKKEGOL.

“Be sure,” he answered merrily. “Well, ma'am, I just wish you could see 'em when I tell 'em how good you have been to me. Some folks ain't good, you know,” he added with a sigh.

While I filled his basket he told me their little history, never realising how full it was of the deepest pathos—the struggle of the poor mother to keep her family together after the death of her husband, a good kind man, who had left her one morning full of life and strength, to go to his work in the great iron factory, and was brought back to her a few hours later, having met his death toiling for those he loved. He did not realize either how his own self-sacrificing spirit shone out through his words, proving to me the strength and sweetness of his character. What a hero he was, this little twelve-year-old Jack!

“Mother has worked so hard for Sue and me that she hasn't much strength left. And don't you think,” he added, straightening himself up proudly, “don't you think I'm big enough to take care of us three? Let's wait, I've been lucky this morning, for I've sold my greens and found you.”

“You mean that in his heart was plainly visible in his face as he turned it up to me. I told him that henceforth we would be the very best and warmest friends, and that days were in store for him and for those at home, that I could find work for him and that I would certainly help toward the support of all three.”

“Such a happy Jack as he was when I sent him home that April morning with the heavy basket on one arm and the pail of milk on the other! And I wish I could tell you—for I am sure you would like to hear—what pleasant days followed for Jack and those dear to him; but it would make such a long story we would never come to the end of it.”

Indeed, there is no end to it. It is a story which is being lived through now and it grows more interesting and more beautiful, more tender and true with every chapter.

Jack is proving himself the hero I knew him to be. He works early and late on a small piece of ground, which we allow him to cultivate on our farm, and he carries the produce to town in a basket, strapped on his back, and he is as happy as a king—happier than many kings I am sure.

Little pale Susie is not half so pale as she was before; and she, too, had the chance given her to “help.”

She has been busy with my flower-garden and makes up the daintiest “button-hole bouquets” with which she fills her small basket every morning for Jack to take with him.

He never finds the least difficulty of disposing of them all, and a proud little Susie when he drops the pennies into her hands at night.

The mother, we think, is growing strong and well again—happy in her boy's thoughtful care, obeying, high-spirited way.

He is now thirteen years old, but his mother still has the heart of the honor, and he truly deserves the title.

Brave little man, God bless him!—Golden Days.

Literary Rewards.

The Paper World, a magazine printed in Tokyo, is responsible for the following:

Mr. Gladstone was paid \$1,250 for his article published in the Nineteenth Century. That means about twelve cents a word. For his famous Vicar, Goldsmith was paid \$300; and Charles and Mary Lamb received about the same for the Tales from Shakespeare. Richard H. Dana received \$250 for the manuscript of his famous book, Two Years Before the Mast, according to the testimony of his son, while his publisher made a fortune of \$50,000 by it. Wilkie Collins was paid \$5,250 for Armada by Smith, Eder & Co. before a line of the story was written. That was his greatest pecuniary achievement, and his best book price was \$4,000. Anthony Trollope, who was forty when his first successful work was published, during the next twenty seven years made at least \$70,000 by his pen. The strangest thing in that catalogue as a novelty is now a best-seller for school boys and girls—boys or reads his books. Dumas made more money by his novels and dramas than any other writer in the whole history of literature.

Dickens was paid \$6,000 each for two stars in Boston magazines, while the New York Ledger gave him a life pension of his father's inferior tale of Hunted Doves. In this little story there are one thousand lines, with an average of eight and one-half words, or thirty-eight letters to a line; so that it was paid for at the rate of thirty cents a word, or nearly thirteen cents a letter. The manuscript was literally worth its weight in gold, for Mr. Bauer afterward had it bound, and it was sold to \$500 for the benefit of a fair.

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The First Sign

OF falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the entangled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Falling Health. Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for several years, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it to my children, as well as to my patients, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D., S. M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured. It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. Today my health is completely restored.—Mary Farley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood-purifier ever discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 533 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



LITTLE PALE SUSIE. This medicine is the best for children. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the young.

Not on 7: The sufferer wasted by disease does not know the relief that prompt medicine and proper dieting will bring. The doctor's advice is to take a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the young.

1887 - APRIL - 1887. OUR NEW'S RING G ODS WHO'S ELSE TRADE.

DANIEL & BOYD. SHERIFF'S SALE.

WILLIAM BOYD, Sheriff of the County of Cook, Illinois, do hereby give notice that he will sell at public auction, on Monday, the 22d day of October next, at 12 o'clock, the premises situated in the City of Chicago, Illinois, and bounded as follows: ...

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