

within the veil, interceding for men, not only in prayer, but with all kindly offices of love. For there is a sense in which those oft-quoted and misinterpreted words are true:

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small."

This, I say, is the all-pervading spirit of the gospel. The Scriptures inform us that the chiefest glory of a Christian is his servitude. We are servants of every man, most of all Christ's, least of all our own. And for a like reason Christ himself said, "As the Father hath sent me into the world, so have I sent you." What for? To serve and honor and glorify self? To accumulate the good things of this world? To gain for our souls an entrance into the kingdom? To sit and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss? To spend our years, like anchorites, in bowing before shrines, in self-examination and self-accusation, unmindful of the woes of other hearts? Is this the Christian life? Nay, we are sent, as Jesus was, to redeem men; and according to our unfaithfulness shall we be adjudged worthy of eternal life.

They that be wise, in the discharge of this responsibility, shall shine as the sun, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever! Happy are we if the names of any, saved by our faith works, shall be written on our crowns of rejoicing! But if blood be found upon us, testifying that, amid the hurrying cares of a selfish life, we neglected the welfare of others, we shall hear our doom pronounced by the lips of an infinitely merciful and equally just God, "Inasmuch as ye did it not!"—Christian Intelligencer.

### The Lions in the Way.

BY REV. THEODORE I. CUVLER, D. D.

John Bunyan, in his immortal allegory, makes his Pilgrim to encounter, at a very early stage of his pilgrimage, "two lions in the way." He was told afterward that the ferocious-looking beasts were "placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none." The Pilgrim heard the lions roar; but he went on, keeping in the midst of the straight road, and they did him no harm, for the Lord of the road had mercifully muzzled them.

This is a parable for every one who aims to set out on a new and a better life. The road to heaven is not a smooth, macadamized one, like the drives in a city park—well graded and well guarded. There are steep hills of difficulty to be climbed, valleys of sharp trial to be threaded, and lions to be faced. He that cometh after me, says the Divine Saviour, must take up his cross and follow me; and the path of obedience to Jesus Christ often runs uphill. When an awakened soul—convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit—undertakes a Christian life, he not only encounters difficulty in breaking with his old sinful self, but also oppositions from without. This evil world is not a friend to grace, and its currents are not set Godward.

Sneers and scoffs are not the only "lions" to be encountered by the soul that seeks to lead a true life for Jesus. Selfishness and worldly ambition are a pair of very ugly lions that require often the almighty grace of God to conquer. Henry Martyn, after winning the first honors at Cambridge, determined to consecrate himself to the humble toils of a foreign missionary. "Oh," he wrote in his diary, "it is an arduous thing, an awful thing, to rout out every worldly ambition and every earthly affection and to live only for another world!" Jesus Christ gave him the grace "to stop the mouths of the lions," and out of the very crosses that he carried he wrought the ladder which carried him up to a glorious world-wide influence in the kingdom of God. The lions were made to draw his chariot.

Skepticism is a very noisy roaring lion in these days. March right up to it, my friend, and you will find that it begins and ends in mere denial of truth. It is a mere negation. Try the Bible for yourself as a rule of living; the "lion" becomes a phantom of straw. Your simple "I know whom I believe" is the sufficient answer to all the infidelity that was ever spanned by men or devils.

Bunyan was right when he declared that God had so ordered it that hills of difficulty shall be found in every man's road to heaven and that lions shall confront him in the way. They were put there not only to test faith, but to strengthen faith. Our enemies may become our helpers. Every tough climb carries you upward to a purer atmosphere. Every hard fight well fought gives you spiritual sinew. He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

Let me offer two or three practical suggestions to those who are seeking a true Christian life. The first one is: never seek easy paths or places. Peace of conscience, usefulness, spiritual growth and the joy of victory are never found there. Never choose any path in which you cannot discover the footprints of Christ and of all heroic men and women. To such a man as Paul the roar of lions became music to his ear; they proved to him that he was in the King's highway to holiness.

Every victory you win makes you the stronger. The strength of the conquered foe enters into your own soul. The vanquisher of Satan's lions becomes more hearted. Faith as a mere opinion is only a straw; but faith exercised links you to Jesus Christ and becomes invincible.

Finally, when your Divine Leader commands a duty he gives you grace for that duty. For every fight he furnishes the weapons; his mastery of you will give you mastery of self and sin. Faith will fire the last shot, and when the life battle ends you will stand among the crowned conquerors in heaven.—Independent.

### Temperance Science for Young Total-ers.

THE THINKING BOX.

These are days of wonderful inventions, carriages, running without horses, messages speeding through the air without any connecting telegraph wires, spoken words being heard hundreds of miles away, rays of light penetrating through solid substances and many other marvels. But no invention that has ever been made is one-half so wonderful as the Thinking Box. There are hundreds of millions of these boxes in use, and they are found all the world over, both amongst civilized and savage nations. Indeed, there are just as many of them as there are men and women and boys and girls, for every human being is possessed of one. Where are these wonderful boxes? They are on the necks and shoulders of all human beings.

What is there so very wonderful about this box? It is not so much the box, although there is indeed much to wonder at in that, but it is what the box contains that is most wonderful.

Look at that little girl running, playing, laughing. She could do none of these things unless the thinking box was at work. That boy learning his lessons, and becoming so quick and bright, can only do so by the aid of the thinking box. All the books, all the business, and the speaking, all the enjoyment, all the love, and all the pleasure that we experience come out of this wonderful box, which holds the brain.

Our heavenly Father has provided that the greatest possible care should be taken of the brain. He has given the hard, round, bony box which we call the skull. We must not think that the brain is simply held in this box. It has also three wonderful packings or coverings. One is a very delicate membrane, or skin, that lies close to it, and follows all its shape at every point; another membrane, much thicker and tougher, is on the outside of the brain, and next to the inside of the skull; and between these two membranes is a limpid material known as the arachnoid. The hard skull and these three coverings protect the brain so that the body may do its work, and that we may enjoy life, and be of some use in the world as well.

We may easily injure the brain. Sometimes this may be done by a fall or by a blow, but there is one thing in the world that is especially known as the brain poison. When people drink this, it soon gets into the blood, and the blood carries it to the brain, and there it does its work of harm. The name of this brain poison is alcohol, and if we are wise, and desire to have the best use of our brains, we must make up our minds to be abstainers from alcoholic drinks all the days of our life.—Walter N. Edwards, F. C. S., in the Band of Hope Review.

### Unbelief.

R. F. HORTON.

I believe the most seductive depth of Satan in our day is that of unbelief. In the early age of the world Satan said to man, "God doth know, and you shall be as God." But in the latter age of the world the enemy uses the accumulations of knowledge in order that by the knowledge of the seen he may divert men from the unseen, from the knowledge of God, which is their life. And great is the glamor of unbelief. It flatters itself with superiority of knowledge and of intelligence; it laughs at the dream of the world's raw youth. And yet it is all illusion. God is not less necessary or less certain; Christ is not less plainly the Way, the Truth, and the Life, because Mephistopheles, the spirit that denies, has led away many deluded minds into this denial.

I received a letter from a friend the other day who had been involved in the depth of unbelief and had then been delivered. In his recovered light and joy he found that one of his children had gone wrong, and bitterly reproached himself for the folly of what he called his agnostic period, in which he had neglected to train his children in the truth and to forewarn them against error. Such an awakening comes to every one, here or by-and-by. When a man denies God all the time he is quite conscious of the authority and claim of God on his own conscience; when he rejects Christ he knows that it is love and holiness and self-sacrifice that he is rejecting. That early testimony of the Fourth Gospel does not lose its force with time. "The Light has come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light because their works are evil."

### A Hammer or a Hand.

Which should it be? God does sometimes use a hammer to break in pieces the hard rock, but it is seldom that he gives it to a minister with a commission to strike right and left. Denunciatory preaching is easy, and it is rather popular, for it savors of special virtue, but at best it is destructive—unhappily often, destructive of more than the preacher means. His commission is rather to teach and help to reveal God and his love and lift men up to him. He must preach of sin, but as the Saviour did when he called men to him, and when he wept over Jerusalem. He touched the sick and suffering. Peter took the lame man by the hand and lifted him up. Paul pleaded with men. He felt himself commissioned as the ambassador of Christ to persuade men to be reconciled to God. The people soon weary of denunciation; they are not attracted by a minister with a hammer; they long for help, and they respond to the hand extended to them in the name of Christ, to the cross on which the atonement is made.—United Presbyterian.

### Cigarettes in Chicago.

Some Chicago boys of the street engaged after 10 o'clock at night in "shooting craps" and smoking cigarettes were recently asked where they attended school. "We don't go." "Why don't you go?" was asked. "It don't do us any good to go to school, we just bum when we do go." "What do you mean by bum?" "We play hookey because we have to smoke all de time." "Why, how often do you smoke?" "About every five minutes," was the reply. "But where do you get the money to smoke so much?" was the next question. "We smokes de butts all around the streets. But lady, we wants ter stop if we only could do it. Give us some medicine so we can stop," was the pitiful appeal. A few moments talk with these boys showed all three to be in a very serious condition and suffering intensely with heart and lung trouble. One of the three drops down on the street or anywhere; another "gets crazy," while the third told of the dazed condition which cigarette smoking induces. Special attention has been given these boys but little can be done for them with the temptation on every hand.

Tens of thousands of boys in Chicago are becoming hopelessly addicted to the habit. Many of them are doomed, but others can be rescued if help comes soon. A boy with the cigarette habit is in a more desperate condition than a boy who is drowning or one with the smallpox.—Christian Outlook.

### Why art thou so far from helping me?

PSALM 22: 1.

A hundred times have I sent up aspirations whose only answer has seemed to be the echo of my own voice, and I have cried out in the night of my despair, "Why art thou so far from helping me?" But I never thought that the seeming farness was itself the nearness of God—that the very silence was an answer. It was a very grand answer to the household of Bethany. They had asked not too much, but too little. They had asked only the life of Lazarus; they were to get the life of Lazarus and a revelation of eternal life as well. There are some prayers which are followed by a Divine silence because we are not yet ripe for all we have asked; there are others which are so followed because we are ripe for more. We do not always know the full strength of our capacity; we have to be prepared for receiving greater blessings than we have ever dreamed of. We come to the door of the sepulchre and beg with tears the dead body of Jesus; we are answered by silence because we are to get something better—a living Lord.—George Matheson.

### The Superficial Judgment.

If one were to trust the rumors and expressed opinions about religion in the church, in society and in the press, one might decide that religion pure and undefiled no longer attracted the attention of the people. The religious editorial, we are told, is gone. The day of the religious newspaper is passed. Preaching no longer holds the interest of the people. If the church is to have any future, it must do something. In short, works, and not faith, are now in demand. So runs the superficial judgment of many. But, judging by the many periods of ebb and flow in the tides of social sentiment, one who looks both backward and forward may see that society is preparing itself for a rising tide of religious feeling. Religion, defined as faith, trust, dependence upon a power which holds all our fortunes in its keeping, is the deepest need of human society. It would be an act of supreme folly to make any plans for the twentieth century which should not include religion as the one subject which will engage most attention when we get a little further on.—Christian Register.

If we follow the English word to its root we discover that "friend" and "free" come from the same root. Slaves cannot in the highest sense be friends. Christ set us free to become his friends. But if we study the word actually used by Christ we find it to be *Philos*, the word for "lover." "I have called you lovers." Friend is a richer word than brother, for it means more. There may be blood brotherhood and no love. David had seven brothers, but Jonathan was more to him than all of them. A brother may hate and harm and still be a brother, but when one ceases to love his friendship ceases. Out of friendship, not out of kinship, the closest relation of life grows, the relation on account of which a man is to forsake father and mother. First, friend, then lover, then husband. All this Christ is to be the believer, for he is the bridegroom and his beloved his bride. One says, "I am a philosopher," a lover of wisdom. Another says, "I am a philanthropist," a lover of men; may I be able to say, "I am a *philo christos*," a lover of Christ.—Alexander Blackburn.

The offices in the kingdom of God are to be filled in the spirit of stewardship. They are given by the Master. Fidelity is the mark of honor which he notes in his stewards. The switchman may be a humble man, but he is a steward over life and property. Lowly men may hold high positions in the kingdom of God. His stewards do angels' work on life's dusty highways. That is a precious word of Paul's in Corinthians: "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." Not brilliant, not learned, but faithful gets the crown in the kingdom of God. Whatever your work may be, if it is only that of a doorkeeper in the house of God, you are a steward, and the Master will not forget you when he comes. Work and wait for his "Well Done."—Ex.