

Able to Succour.

O Son of God, Thy sympathy
Sustains us in the darkest hour,
For whatsoever our sorrows be,
If long they stay, or great their power,
We know Thou hast the same to bear,
And Thou canst understand our care.

We look at life with weary eyes,
And with tired feet its highways press;
We also weep when Lazarus dies,
We hunger in the wilds of stress,
With aching heart, and sense of loss,
We too, sometimes must bear our cross.

But the great burden of our care,
The days with strenuous labour filled,
And all the nights we spend in prayer,
When restless hearts to peace are stilled,
Teach us Thy life on earth to see,
And give us fellowship with Thee.

We thank Thee, O Thou Son of Man,
That Thou wast hungry, poor, and tired,
Passing Thy life on our life's plan,
That we, instructed, and inspired,
Might all our lowly duties raise
Into high themes of trust and praise.

We bless Thee that we cannot be
Earth-bound, alone, and orphaned, now,
Since for our succour we have Thee:
Our Saviour, and our Brother Thou!
To trustful hearts Thou givest calm,
And cries are changed to joyous psalm.

O help us, when the way is rough,
On Thee alone we fix our eyes,
O give us strength and grace enough,
To keep us patient, strong, and wise;
And make us all that they should be
Who rest, O Son of God, in Thee.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Concili.

"Be not wise in your own conceits" (Rom. xii. 16). Translated into very plain language, the text means: Don't think you know everything. The text bids us not to be so foolish as to think we can monopolize wisdom. We make our blunder when we think common sense can be handled like some material commodity.

A "corner" in the wheat market may be possible, but a corner in thoughts and opinions is a very different thing. "We four" may control the cattle market, but common sense does not gather itself up quite so easily into a great scored trust.

Don't act as if you knew it all. You will carry your head too high. You will be too intolerant and overbearing. It will be too hard to affiliate or fellowship with you in anything. Wisdom does not run in ruts, nor does she often travel over the narrow gauge.

Don't get up in a business meeting of the Church fully persuaded that only your favorite measure has merit. If this isn't adopted, perhaps the church will survive. Your measure may be right; it may be wrong. If it is right, the average common sense of the Church will probably recognize the fact. If it is wrong, it would be an unfortunate thing that you should be the only one to perceive this.

Concili often fastens to a single phase of truth. The opinionated champion of reform sees only the need of the hour. The cause, as he sees it, fills all the horizon of his thought. He wonders why others do not fall into line with him.

"Why don't they adopt my methods?" he asks. Their methods to him seem utterly inadequate. He allows himself to antagonize and be antagonized. Ere he knows it he is treating as foes those who in some other way are working toward the same great end with himself.

The world frowns on conceit. The Gospel has no place for it. The man who thinks he knows it all may be called anything but wise. To know what one does not know is just as important as to know what one does know. And ever to bear in mind that another may know what I do not—may be right while I am wrong—is a concession which, if frankly made and humbly acted upon, may be a means of grace to every one of us.—Rev. E. E. Rogers.

Art Thou the Man?

A minister, arranging his toilet for parochial calls, found a button gone from his shirt-collar. The good man's patience left him. He fretted and scolded, and said undignified and unkind things. The tired wife burst into tears and escaped to her room.

The hours of the afternoon wore away, during which the parson called upon old brother Jones, who was all bowed with rheumatism, and found him patient and even cheerful; upon young brother Hall, wasting away with consumption, and found him anxious to go and be at rest; upon good old grandmother Smith, in her poor miserable hovel of a home, and found her singing one of the good old hymns, as happy as a bird; upon young Mrs. Brown, who had a few weeks before buried her only child, and found her trustful and serene in the view of God's love which had come to her through her affliction.

The minister went home filled with what he had seen, and when evening came, and he was seated in his easy-chair, his good wife near

him busy with her needles, he could not help saying, "What a wonderful thing grace is! How much it will do! There is nothing beyond its power! Wonderful! Wonderful! It can do all things!" When the little wife said: "Yes, it is wonderful, indeed; but there is one thing the grace of God does not seem to have power to do." "Ah! what can it be?" said the husband. "Why, it does not seem to have power to control a minister's temper when a shirt button is gone."

This was a new version of the doctrine of grace to the parson, but it was such a version as many another religious man needs to remember. There is many a man who can stand up before a multitude and "confess Christ," who can be most meek when insulted in some public place; who can rub his hands and bless God for the power of religion; but who is too weak to keep his temper at home. The value of art is in the fineness of the work, the perfection of music in the little accents. So the beauty and power of all religion are seen when we manifest grace in little things. As it takes greater skill to engrave the Lord's Prayer upon a five-cent plate than upon a broad steel plate, so it takes more grace to live a good Christian at home than in public.—Golden Rule.

Every-day Work.

One of the most singular legends in China is that of Nang Tso, a boy who was the son of a poor rice farmer under the Ming dynasty. At twelve years of age Tso said, "Father, let me learn to be a soldier, and do great deeds." But his father answered, "Who, then, will till the rice? For I am a cripple, and thou hast six brothers and sisters younger than you." The boy remained and till'd the fields, and fed his brothers and sisters until the famine came and swept them away.

When he was a man of twenty-four, he said again to his father, "There is yet time for me to serve the emperor and to do mighty deeds." But his father said, "Thy mother is bed-ridden: Who, then, will cook her rice, or watch by her at night?" Then Tso, without a fretful word, remained, and tended his mother for ten years. When she was dead, he spoke no more of his heart's wish, but until he was a man of sixty he till'd the farm, carrying his father on his back to the fields in the morning, and back to the house at night, that they might not be separated a moment.

When he was a gray-haired man, the emperor sent him the medal of merit which is given to those officers who have been bravest in war, and caused proclamation to be made. "No soldier has served me more faithfully than he who has taught filial piety to my people." Confucius taught that the highest heroism may be shown through the most commonplace actions. "The divine Gautama," says the proverb, "once, in the shape of a donkey, drew a cart."

There is hardly a reader who does not need to learn this lesson. Every young man or woman of high nature longs like the Chinese Tso for a chance to show the noble impulses which fire the soul, in some great action. But, for one hero whom the world recognizes, there are thousands of obscure men plodding through their whole lives in workshops, farms or offices, and women busy from childhood to old age, in sewing, nursing or washing dishes. They think their lives are lost, for their labor is only to earn the means of life. They should remember that Christ was about His Father's business when He was subject to His mother and the carpenter Joseph as much as when He stood upon the Mount of Transfiguration. His whole teaching was to show us how to illumine poor, bare, commonplace lives with a divine meaning.

"We need no great opportunities to live nobly," says a German writer. "As the tiniest dew-drop reflects the splendour of the whole heavens, so the most trifling word or action may be filled with the truth and love of God." "Even in short measure," says Ben Jonson, "life may perfect be."

It is true that no emperor now sends a golden medal to the gray-haired drudge in the workshop, or to a woman bending over a sewing-machine, who are giving their lives to some unselfish, pure purpose. Nor are they held up like Tso to the admiration of the nation. "But God," says a homely German proverb, "does not pay all His wages on Saturday night."

Be Kind.

From mere thoughtlessness the finer graces often vanish from our homes. It is not enough that we may be truthful, honest and industrious. If we would deliver ourselves with best effect upon those with whom we come in daily contact, we must also be gentle, kind, and courteous. In the family circle, above all places on earth, the spirit of pure, thoughtful, unselfish love must display itself.

How Great Men Worked.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness. Turgot never worked but when he had dined heartily. Bossuet worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped. It is said that Schiller, before composing, put his feet in cold water. Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexander Dumas in his shirt sleeves. Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks, at which he pursued different tasks. Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" on a large mohair, with his head thrown back. Gretry, to animate himself when composing, breakfasted and took coffee, and then applied himself day and night to his piano. Dr. Shapman relates that a celebrated advocate of London always applied a blister to his arm whenever he had an important case to plead. Girodet never loved to work during the day. At night, when inspiration came to him, he arose lighted candles, and half muffled up, painted. Guido Reno painted with much pomp. He dressed himself magnificently, and had his pupils attend him in silence ranged around him. When Fox had eaten heartily he would retire to his study, envelop his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water, and work sometimes ten hours in succession. Pitt never ate at his own table, which was frugal; only when he had some important affair to discuss he took a little port wine with a spoonful of Peruvian bark. The historian, Mezeray, would work only with a candle, even at midday and midsummer. He never failed to wait on his visitors, even to the street, with a candle in his hand. Jeremy Bentham jotted his ideas on little squares of paper, which he piled on each other, and this pile of little papers stitched together was the first form of his manuscripts. Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian Rubens, passed from the chisel to the pen and the brush. The change rested them from the preceding work; and thus, during long life, they accomplished marvellous works. Addison speaks of an advocate who would never plead a case without having his hand to the end of a thread drawn tightly round one of his thumbs all the time his speech lasted. The wags said it was the thread of his discourse. Napoleon had his particular mode of meditation and work. When he was not in council he stayed in his study, talked to himself and sang, or, like a child, cut the arms of his chair; then suddenly rousing up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected, or of one of the great military movements which astonished the world.

Grown-Up Children.

Nothing appears to us so beautiful in human experience as the reciprocal affection of parents and children, especially after the latter have attained to maturity, and it may be, formed new relations in life. We have seen the loving and lovely daughter after she has become a wife and mother, seize every opportunity of visiting the parental home, to lavish her affectionate attentions upon her parents, and, by a thousand graceful and tender kindnesses, assure them that though she is an idolized wife and a happy mother, her heart still clings with ever-strengthening fervor to father and mother, who watched over her infancy and guided her youth. It has been our privilege to know such; and we have witnessed the outpouring of love and happiness between these devoted and glowing hearts, we have felt that surely much of heaven might be enjoyed here if all families were equally attached. And would that every daughter knew what pure joy she might create in the parental bosom by a constant keeping alive of the spirit of filial devotion, and seizing frequent opportunities to make it manifest in little acts of gentleness and love, notwithstanding the child may have become a parent. The child never grows old to a fond parent. It is always the dear child, and never so dear as when it keeps up the childish confidence and love of its earliest years.

Some Secrets of Success.

Dishonesty, duplicity and falsity of character are business mistakes. A merchant should familiarize himself with every line of goods which he handles. Seasons of depression in trade are generally followed by years of success and prosperity. Eagerness for enormous gains too often defeats itself. Immense profits involve immense risks. Merchandising represents the cold logic of facts and figures, as shown in purchases and sales. Nothing is as common or more fatal than the grasping of an advantage at the cost of ten times its value. A merchant, wholesale or retail, who has a reputation for integrity attracts considerable custom by that alone. Years of success in business are often followed by years of depression. History repeats itself in trade as well as anything else. Business, in the

strict sense of the term, does not admit of friendship; yet, there are times when there should be friendship in business. Ninety merchants out of one hundred owe their insolvency either to having traded beyond their means or to a careless management of their affairs, or to criminal speculations. A man's business vigor is from twenty-five to fifty-five—if he has properly looked after himself. In those thirty years' patient toil, careful expenditures and judicious investment will secure to everyone enough to rest upon the remainder of his days, should he feel so inclined. There are three channels which carry away most or all of the profits of business unless carefully hemmed in—personal expenses, family expenses, useless business expenses. They must each be determinedly limited, if a secure financial position is hoped for.

A Suggestive Incident.

A little while ago a mother of a family of children was taken sick and died. The eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen years, took her mother's place, so far as she could, comforting her father in his sore bereavement, and caring for her younger brothers and sisters, but the care and labor over-matched her strength, and she, too, was laid on her death-bed.

When her Sabbath school teacher visited her one day, a week or two ago, and shortly before her release from pain and weakness, the teacher talked with the child of her hope for the next life. Her emaciated hands lay on the counterpane, hands misshaped before their time by hard work, scared with scrubbing and cooking, and trying to perform tasks too heavy for her.

"I am afraid to meet Jesus," said the child; "I have done so little good in the world." "Don't be afraid," replied the teacher. "When you meet Jesus, show him your hands. His hands were scarred for others. He will look at your hands and embrace you."

The little girl had not thought that work for her own was work for Jesus, who "came unto His own," and she was comforted. She had not thought that her hands, disfigured and unshapely, would be her highest recommendation to the society of ministering spirits, to the fellowship of Him who gave Himself for others.

There is no Accounting for Tastes.

Dr. Jeter was accustomed to tell the following story against himself:—"Certain it is that many plain people value sermons more on account of the intonations in their delivery than the thoughts they convey. I had a striking instance in my own experience. Many years ago, an ardent stranger, whom I casually met, said to me, 'I hear you preach every Sunday. You are the greatest preacher I ever did hear.' 'Ah,' said I, 'you have not heard Mr. M. preach.' At that time Mr. M. was attracting great attention by his sermons. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have heard Mr. M. several times; but he is not so great a preacher as you are. You have the most mournful voice of any man I ever did hear.' It is evident that he rated me not by my thoughts or style, but by the modulation of my voice." Truly, there is no accounting for tastes when a mournful voice is regarded as the mark of greatness in a preacher.

Learn to entwine with prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants, of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man, you can make to the Lord. Men may be too little for your great matter; God is not too great for your small one. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.

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