

## Doth His Promise Fail.

Then saw I Love with dread dismay  
Spread His plumes and soar away;  
Now I mark His rapid flight;  
Now He leaves my aching sight;  
He is gone whom I adore,  
'Tis in vain to seek Him more.

How I trembled then, and feared,  
When my Love had disappeared!  
"Wilt Thou leave me thus," I cried,  
"Whelmed beneath the rolling tide?"  
Vain attempt to reach His ear!  
Love was gone, and would not hear.

Yes! He leaves me—cruel fate!  
Leaves me in my lost estate.  
Have I sinned? O, say wherein!  
Tell me, and forgive my sin!  
King and Lord whom I adore,  
Shall I see Thy face no more?

Be not angry—I resign  
Henceforth all my will to Thine.  
I consent that Thou depart,  
Though Thine absence breaks my heart.  
Go, then, and forever, too;  
All is right that Thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intended;  
He was now no more offended;  
Soon as I became a child  
Love returned to me and smiled.  
Never more shall strife betide  
Twixt the Bridegroom and his bride."  
—Madame Guyon.

## The World First.

In one of the larger towns in Eastern Ohio there lived Frank F., a young mechanic, a universal favorite with young and old. He was manly, genial, and of excellent moral habits; moreover he had had the advantage of careful training, being the son of honest Christian parents.

Endowed with a strong personality and having qualities which commanded respect, he had a wide influence among his associates. Many were almost unconsciously led by him. He himself was hardly aware of the extent of the influence he exerted and did not weigh his responsibility in the matter. In the main, however, his leading was in the right direction, and his friends were young men above the average. He did not covet many close companions, however, and although generous and kind, he stood somewhat aloof from others, not spending much time in recreation. He was in fact too much occupied with seeking success in his trade to have much time for recreation. He had set before him a certain aim and he was determined to come up to it.

By and-by he married a young woman who was in most respects well fitted to be his life companion. One serious drawback was the fact that she was of a family who were only nominally Christians.

Eight years or more passed away. Young F.—had been promoted from one position to another until he seemed likely before many years to reach his aim—the position of master-mechanic, with an establishment of his own. All thoughts were centred on this. Already, by prudent savings on the part of himself and wife, they owned a comfortable house in the suburbs of the little city where they dwelt. Three sweet children were their pride and joy.

But there are two sides to every well balanced life. The needs of this life are essential—that is one side; what about the other, the spiritual side? The training of this young man had been such that he acknowledged its importance. How did he dispose of the question? Just as hundreds of others are doing—laid it aside for the future to settle. Not that he did not mean to attend to it; oh yes, when "the right time" came.

He could not forget that he had passed through some revival scenes, nor that he had been deeply impressed with the solemn questions brought before him. But he has turned aside from these voices of the Spirit saying to himself, "Not now, not now. Having been trained from childhood in church-going habits, he seldom failed on one service on the Sabbath. Sometimes his wife was with him, but more often not. But Sunday was not what it had been in the old home. Often there was a ride on the street-car a little way out of town. Sometimes there were callers in the evening; and by way of relaxation from the strain of the week, the Sunday newspaper had found a welcome. Alas! even the beautiful morality was drifting downward.

We plan and build, but it has been truly said that God in his mercy sometimes stirs up our nests. A blow from an unlooked for quarter came to this enterprising young man. The savings-bank where he had long deposited his earnings unexpectedly failed, and by his disaster his plans, which had hitherto prospered, were thwarted. He found this hard to bear, but being strong and buoyant in spirit, he resolved to rise above his misfortune and begin again. A few months passed away when sickness of a serious nature invaded the com-

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT  
DYSPEPSIA.

munity. That dreaded scourge of children, scarlet fever, entered this home, and its first victim, the youngest of the flock, was in one short week transferred to the home above. In ten days more the second followed. Truly the hand of affliction seemed heavy to these bereaved parents. The mother, seeking comfort and light, willing to be led and taught, found sympathy and help from Christian hearts, until at length the Good Shepherd himself led her into the light. But the father, wondering why he should be so sorely dealt with, murmuring in his heart, rebelling against all these sad providences, gave himself up to gloom and refused to be comforted.

Soon the eldest and only remaining child was prostrated, a bright boy of eight. For weeks his life hung in the balance. In those days of suspense and nights of watching there was time and opportunity for reflection. At last the proud spirit of the father was subdued. He came to see his attitude before God; first neglect, then self-seeking plans, afterwards rebellion and unbelief.

When the dread crisis was past and his child lived, thankfulness filled his soul; but he rejoiced with humility, remembering how long he had slighted the sweet voice of the Spirit and sought the world only. And when he and his wife consecrated themselves to the service of Him who bids us seek first his kingdom, they were satisfied that all things needful would be theirs.

## The Care of Young Converts.

Some one has asked for light on the matter of what to do after the revival with the young converts. This is a subject of vital importance and, I am glad to observe, of growing interest in the Church. I well remember how lost I felt after I united with the church, and one of my first thoughts about the ministry was that I would give attention to all young converts and help them into their place for usefulness in the church.

The idea seems to have prevailed, popularly, that when one joins the church that is all that is necessary, and that once in, somehow they will get through all right just because they are members of the church. I fear that the church and the ministry are to a great extent responsible for this mistaken notion. Great efforts are made to reach the unconverted, and every attention is paid them until they are in the church as, we hope, truly converted. Then, when they need just as much care and attention and help during the earlier experience of the Christian life, they are too often left to "shift for themselves." Let it be remembered that the young convert is but a babe in Christ. They should receive the tenderest care. What shall we do with them? how be most helpful to them? A few suggestions from practical experience along a line that has met with some good success by the blessing of God might be helpful to answer the important question of how to care for the young converts.

1. Don't forget the young converts. The success of the Church in reaching the unconverted as the years go by depends on the strength and efficiency of its members. You cannot do much toward impressing the unconverted over the heads of a weak and undeveloped church membership. Let us be more anxious about developing a strong Christian life in those already members of the church than we are merely to increase the number of our membership. If those who are already in are living, earnest Christians, those outside will be irresistibly drawn that way.

2. One of the most important things is the proper kind of food. I have had after an ingathering of young converts a "young Christian's training class" meeting once a week. The instruction given in this class is in the form of familiar talks, using the blackboard to some extent, and gathering the members around in a group in such a way as to break up the formality and banish all uneasiness. The subject is given out a week ahead, and the members are requested to think about it and give their idea on it at the next meeting. They are encouraged to ask questions and to bring inquiries with regard to those difficulties that lie most in their way in every day Christian experience. This helps to impress upon them that the Christian life is a matter for every day. In the class-meeting such topics as the following are profitable: 1. What is it to be a Christian? 2. How can I know that I am a Christian, or assurance of faith? 3. The importance of a high ideal as a Christian (Phil. i, 21; Gal. ii, 20). 4. How to read and study the Bible for myself. One meeting on this topic might be given to taking up some passage and studying it right

F. D. C. Relieves Distress  
after Eating

there. 5. Prayer. 6. Christian work. These are some of the main topics, some of which may be divided up so as to run through two or three evenings, and to which may be added such as the duty of church members to the church, and the like. Such instruction may be called normal class training on the principles and service of the Christian life.

3. Then comes in the organization for Christian work, and this training class, if properly conducted, will give a grand impetus for organized work in young people's associations. Right ideas, clearly defined, are necessary to intelligent work for the Master!

It is a very encouraging sign that so much attention is being given at the present time to the organization of young people's Christian societies in connection with each church. We hope that every church will have some such organization. Their usefulness cannot be calculated. But they cannot take the place of pastoral oversight and instruction, and it does seem a serious mistake to overlook the fact that some systematic instruction is needed before we try to develop the active powers of the young convert, or, at least, in connection with efforts in that line.—Rev. John B. Worrall.

## There Must Be Something in Religion.

REV. EDWIN H. BURGESS.

"Give me one proof of the genuineness of Christianity," an infidel asked of a leading New York minister. And the clergyman at once replied, "Jerry McCauley."

About nine years ago, being in New York, I started one Sabbath evening to hear Dr. Wm. M. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle. I found that he was away on his summer vacation, and the church was closed. But near by I saw an illustrated sign: "Jerry McCauley's Cremorne Mission." It stood side by side with what I was told was one of the worst places in the city. I soon found myself inside listening to the testimonies of reclaimed men and women. Among these was a thickly set, able looking man with a bull-dog head and neck. With his teeth firmly closed he said, "My name is Gardiner. I was a knight of the art of self defence. I trained John Morrissey of Boston." Had I then known that this man was "Awful" Gardiner, once, by reputation, the wickedest man in New York, I should now no doubt remember more of his short address.

When he sat down Jerry McCauley himself arose. He spoke with a marked "Irish" brogue, and apparently without any intention on his part, convulsed the audience more than once with laughter. Even the stern business man who regularly presided at these meetings, (one of the Hatches) had to give way. But he did more than make us laugh; he impressed us with great truths. "Some of you namby-pamby Christians," he said, "may think there is nothing in giving one's experience. Well, that may be the case with you who have never done anything very bad in the sight of the world; but when a reprobate like Gardiner here, or a rascal like Jerry McCauley, testifies for Christ, people cock up their ears and say, 'What! Jerry McCauley converted! Gardiner converted! There must be something in religion.' And then he told us how he had been in prison. He was innocent of the charge, but being such a notoriously bad character it did not require much evidence to convict him. "While I was there," he went on to say, "Gardiner came in and spoke about Christ. Now I knew what kind of a man he had been, and I looked up my ears and said, 'What! Gardiner converted! If religion changed him there must be something in it.' And that set me a thinking."

Yes, Jerry McCauley himself was a strong proof of the genuineness of Christianity. Metaphysical objections may present themselves which in our ignorance we cannot answer. We may be perplexed how certain things can be. But explain if you will how the gospel of Jesus Christ can take the most depraved that will submit themselves to it and place them among the noble ones of humanity. Held fast by demons, such as appetite, passion and greed, they could not be reclaimed by their own efforts, by their friends, by society, or by the law of the land. But having come under the power of the gospel they are to be found "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind." You cannot explain this or any other theory than that Christianity is divine. No wonder then that Paul was able to stand up amidst the learning of the heathen world, and as a thinking man, as a man of culture, as a philosopher, to exclaim, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." Brother, sister, this gospel is for you. Submit your-

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach  
To Healthy Action.

self to it, and whatever your circumstances you will find that Christ's grace "is sufficient for you."—Wittness.

## The Mother.

As we go on in life, we find more and more that there is no love so perfect, so unchanging, as a mother's—that love that abides fast where all else wavers. But often we see sons and daughters who seem to be careless of this treasure. They fail to realize how precious it is. They mean to "do right"—to be kind, but they omit many offices of love which would brighten the sunset hours of the dear mother.

They love her—of course they do; but the outward tokens are withheld. Often she sits lonely, missing her early friends, perhaps her husband, gone to the heavenly home; and her children, immersed in care or pleasure, are apparently oblivious of the fact that the one to whom they owe most, whom they love most, is left to desolation of spirit, yearning for a word of tenderness from her own children.

Show your mother that you love her. Let your affection wrap her around like a garment. Speak the kind, reverent, cheerful word now; see that she has every comfort now; soon it will be too late.

In the evening twilight sit beside her. Clasp the pale hands. Touch the white hair gently. Remember that soon the white locks will be brushed smooth for the last sleep; the brow will be cold; the tender mother-eyes will be closed; the dear lips speechless. Then the words and acts of affection, which are now possible, cannot reach her. Never more can you speak one syllable of love to her, or perform one act of kindness for your mother. How you will then need such blessed memories! They will be as a benison of peace. And however affectionate you have been; however complete your unity of spirit with the dear mother, still you will then wish that you had been yet more outspoken, yet more demonstrative in your tenderness.

"Act, act in the living present," and do all you can do this day, this hour, and every day, every hour, to make the evening time of your mother's life tranquil and blessed.—Eliza Woodworth.

## A Collier's Heroism.

I remember a little incident that happened many years ago. Two men were sinking a shaft. It was dangerous business, for it was necessary for them to blast the rock. It was the custom to cut the fuse with a sharp knife. One man then entered the bucket and made signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended, the other man entered it, and, with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fire, he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place. One day they left the knife above, and, rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire!" Both men leaped into the bucket and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one could escape. One of the men instantly leaped out, and said to the other, "Up wi' ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up, and the one man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the blast had loosened a mass of rock, and it lay diagonally across him; and, with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching he was unhurt. When asked why he urged his comrade to escape, he gave an answer that sceptics would laugh at. What did this hero say when asked, "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his quaint dialect he replied, "Because I knowed my soul was safe. But t'other wicked chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance."

All the infidelity in the world could not produce such a signal act of heroism as that.—Selected.

## To Parents.

Fathers and mothers both, remember that no one can take your place in your children's lives. It is your mission to explain the object of living to your child. You should be able to detect the slightest danger of a deviation from the right path. This does not mean that all your hours are to be given to them. Children are to learn that neither the home nor the parents are exclusively theirs; otherwise selfishness would be fostered. No home should be so given up to the younger members of the household that the father is driven away for the sake of peace, and the mother becomes a perpetual slave to noise and her children's

The worst disease—Dyspepsia.  
The Best Cure—K. D. C.

wants. The home is a community where equal rights should be enjoyed. Father and mother should have some undisturbed moments, and children must learn to respect these rights; but that does not imply that every time father comes into the house there must be an instant cessation of all the hubbub that mother has unconsciously endured all day. The father has no right to impress upon the children's consciousness that he is the extinguisher of all their joys, making them glad to see him go as he is to get away. Let him exercise his own rights in a spirit that will win and hold his children's love and respect. The children's rights, having been respected, they will learn to care for the rights of others, and a tendency to tyranny will not be cultivated in them to imitate the lives of those who come after them.—Free Church.

Ice breaks many a branch, and so I see a great many persons bowed down and crushed by their afflictions. But now and then I meet one that sings in affliction, and then I thank God for my own sake as well as his. There is no such sweet singing as a song in the night. You recollect the story of the woman who, when her only child died, in rapture looked up, as with the face of an angel, and said, "I give you joy, my darling." That single sentence has gone with me years and years down through my life, quickening and comforting me.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God in them.—Flavel.

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