

To-Day.

BY HOLLES FREEMAN.

All that we dare to hold
Or call our own, to-day,
All that our hearts enfold,
While breath is in the clay,
This moment brief that time as gift shall bring,
Life's debts to pay,
One feather falling from his speeding wing,
To-day, to-day!

Only a fleeting chime
To call us back to God,
A breathing-space of time
Ere life's rough road is trod;
A voice amid the gloom, a star to shine
On lonely way,
A finger-post to paths divine.
To-day, to-day.

Just for this little space,
To pay some olden debt,
Win smiles from one sad face,
Forgive that grudge, forget;
Blot out that foul, dark leper-spot of sin,
Pride's bold array,
Ourb those wild steeds of passion rife within
To-day, to-day.

That good we never did,
That fading, broken dream,
The light we foolish hid,
Or burnt with feeble gleam,
Those fetters that the cold hard world did bind
Round our weak clay,
Let us undo, our hands this work must find
To-day, to-day.

All that we call our own,
Though fading, speeding fast,
A summer breeze soft blown
Ere winter's gloom is cast;
So much to do, undo, repay, retrieve;
Kneel down and pray
That in the future hearts may never grieve
Over to day.

Living for Others.

Every human being born into the world has a chapter of life, a page of history, however brief and fragile, evanescent and transitory the career of that being may be. Every human being dies, the senator and the sage, the sovereign and the savage. Birth is the tender starting point of a journey; death its end. And every man that dies has his monument. With some it is pyramidal and with others monolithic. Some monuments are of marble, some of bronze, and some are built of deeds—deeds that will last after brass and bronze, alabaster, marble and granite have disappeared. Earth hath nothing more solid than good deeds. A monument of works is always more enduring than any other. The tall obelisk on Bunker Hill may crumble to powder, but the battle of Bunker Hill is immortal. Independence Hall will disappear, but the Declaration of Independence will never perish. A principle will always outlast a stone; an idea will always survive a material structure. And so the deeds of a man become his most enduring monument. A marble sarcophagus is often nothing but a sculptured lie; a cenotaph with nothing under it; but a man's deeds are himself and cannot be untruthful. Many a man whose grave is unmarked with even a single stone, has a towering monument of works. We have gone into the cemetery of Geneva and looked upon the grave of Calvin—a square block of unpolished granite that the stranger would hardly notice—with the initials of his great name marked on it; yet Calvin's real monument lifts itself so high that it touches the purposes of God. In Bunhill Fields, where slumbers the old Non-conformist dust waiting for God's trumpet to bid it rise, are two blocks of stone, one lying on the grave of Isaac Watts and the other pressing down on the dust of John Bunyan; but the monument of Watts is his inimitable hymns, and the monument of Bunyan is that famous allegory! In the grand melody of one and the gorgeous drapery of the other, their souls go marching on.

When Christ was crucified the Romans did not erect a monument over him! The Jews gave him no such sepulchre as their kings had in the valley of Jehosaphat. But the great day of Atonement witnessed the completion of the noblest memorial of human virtues that the world ever saw. Christ had a monument; its base was broad as the world he came to save; and its summit was as high as the throne of glory to which he lifted his believing children. Oh, how full was that life of his excellence, of nobility, of grandeur, of holiness! How it shone in comparison with all other characters! What biography is like his biography? What teachings are like his teachings? Thinking as never man thought; speaking as never man spoke; acting as man never acted! This language was not used with reference to Christ, but how applicable to him—"Poor, yet making many rich!" He was so poor that he had not where to lay his head, but he enriched every village he entered; he added to the wealth of every house whose guest he

Ward off Disease by taking
K. D. C.

became. He had something of more value than gold, and that he gave. He gave a brother from the grave to Mary and Martha; he gave a son to the poor weeping widow of Nain; he gave eyes to the blind Bartimeus; he gave a clean heart to wretched, demon-possessed Mary Magdalene; he gave principles and ideas to the nations; he gave blood and agonies for a lost world; he became poor that we through his poverty might become rich, that the whole wealth of his nature might be crowded into his gifts to the poor, sinful children of Adam.

And Paul declared that he and his fellow-laborers had the same spirit. They were amazing contradictions to all the people of their times. Their lives were a paradox that none could explain. They lived, he himself declares, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

"Living for others," was the grand idea of both Christ and Paul. There was not a breath of Christ's life that was drawn for himself, not a drop of his blood that was shed for himself, not an agony of his heart that was endured for himself. Every element of his suffering was for others—for the guilty and unworthy. He could stand before the world and say: "I weep that you may not weep; I bleed that your hearts may never be stung with anguish; I die that you may live forever." He lived for others, not for himself; he died for others, not for himself. He stood in the place of the great guilty world. He bore the brunt of a broken law, for others, not for himself. Thus he is the sublime model of all human virtue that culminates in living for others. It was the one grand purpose, the supreme achievement of his Sonship—to bring lost man to his Father through the breach of his own body. He hung aloft the banner of victory stained with his own blood. He trod the winepress of the wrath of God that he might have the vintage of the earth. In losing his life he saved it, and in saving it saved lost mankind.—*Christian Inquirer.*

Our Children.

BY L. E. THORPE.

In all the ages to come the impress of our faithfulness or neglect in the training of our children will remain. And every thoughtful Christian parent knows that, next to his own soul, must be answer in the Great Day for the souls of these: If God requires a faithful development of the talents given to his servants, how shall it fare with us who neglect the immortal souls whom he has entrusted to our care? Alas, with how many parents the bodies alone are looked after!

During the past twenty years I think I have searched into the hearts and natural inclinations of more than a thousand children. I have studied them and instructed them with that deep love for souls which God has given me, and never have I found one—I think not one—who was not susceptible to the blessed influence of righteousness. Never did I find one who was not a lover of beauty, who was not affected by kindness and sincerity. Never one who was not ready to resolve upon living a clean and honest life. Therefore I am constrained to believe there is a time in every child's life when the little feet may be firmly planted in the path of righteousness. Alas, experience has also taught me that passing that opportunity, there follows a time when these little feet cannot be led, neither driven, by human agencies into the good way—a time when teacher and parents may well lament, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and these souls are unsaved!"

Parents are often thoughtless of the influence their own business habits have on their children. Little memories are tablets for indelible impressions. Our children cannot forget, even if they would, the little cheatings and false representations that are so often accounted as "sharpness" in business. A little daughter of a prominent Christian worker confided to me: "Mamma and I have a good way to manage the street-car lines; so we go to the transfer station on one line and get a transfer to the other, then we hurry around and do our shopping, and go back home on the transfer ticket!" This she seemed to consider a very good joke. The little son of this same lady told me very confidentially: "I played off fine on the clerk in at Rigby's! Mr. Hays sent me with four dollars to get in small change. I put it on the counter with other money and he thought there were five dollars; so I just kept the other dollar myself." A boy—son of a wealthy railroad official, whose parents stand high in the religious circles of their wealthy church—said: "Sister and I always get

Drive out Dyspepsia or it will drive out thee, Use K. D. C.

a ride home from church without costing us a cent. The church is near the transfer station, and we just slip into the crowd and ask for transfers and he gives them to us."

Ah, these little seeds of crime! Surely they are to burst into a fruitage, some day, of disgrace and broken hearts—as well as ruined souls! Parents, take heed! That thou sowest thou shalt also reap.—*Topeka, Kan.*

Sabbath Observance.

Church consistency in the person of each member would be protection to all. It is manifest that we Christians must make the most of the Sabbath in our homes and in our churches, if at least we mean to conserve it in our cities and in our States. So soon as we become careless and indifferent about it, the one reason for the selection of the first day of the week, rather than any other, for the day of periodic rest, will disappear. If there had been no Ark of the Covenant in the inner sanctuary of the tabernacle, there would have been no outer covering of curtains round the tabernacle court. And so soon as, in the holy of holies of the church, the Sabbath is disregarded, the curtain of legislation that encloses its outer court of rest will be removed. The responsibility rests on us, therefore. We are in the Thermopylae of this conflict to stem the incursions of the enemy that would take it from us; and we are to do so, not so much by weapons of legislation as by our own earnest and holy Sabbath-keeping. Our conduct here will do more even than our own words. Let us make the day the happiest of the week in all our homes. Let us prize it for its intellectual and spiritual stimulus in the house of God, as well as for its physical rest. Let us avoid all traveling for business or driving for amusement in its sacred hours. Let us regard it not as a restraint to be chafed under, but as a precious gift to be religiously guarded from all sacrilegious hands, and then we shall have nothing to fear from any influences in the land.

The foregoing ought to be carefully noted by our religious teachers and people. It is evident, however, that the proper regard for Sunday can never be gained without an entire change in public opinion among church members. Religious teachers in the pulpit; and out, have so long taught no-Sabbathism that even a portion of the church has accepted the theory that there is no sacred Sabbath under the Gospel. The average church member does not seem to believe in a sacred Sunday, nor in Divine obligation to treat it as a Sabbath. Hence the wholesale desecration of it increases.—*W. M. Taylor, D. D., L. L. D.*

We Will Endeavor.

We will endeavor to attend the church services regularly and punctually: "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."

We will endeavor to come with Christ in our hearts: "Christ in you."

We will endeavor to draw others to our meetings who do not worship elsewhere: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

We will endeavor to watch against a fault-finding or criticizing spirit: "Be kindly affectioned one to another."

We will endeavor to assist in the social meetings by testifying to the love of Christ: "Ye are My witnesses."

We will endeavor to cultivate in all our exercises brevity and directness: "Ask, and ye shall receive."

We will endeavor not to needlessly expose our lack of faith or other discouragements: "Who is faithful and faint hearted, let him return."

We will endeavor to maintain a devout frame of mind, and to use all means suited to spiritual advancement: "Faith without works is dead."

We will endeavor to lead the young to Christ, to encourage the tempted, the burdened, and the inexperienced Christian: "We then that are strong to bear the infirmities of the weak."

We will endeavor to encourage our pastor by our prayers and active cooperation: "Brethren, pray for us."

We will endeavor to walk in the Spirit and to seek His fullness: "Be filled with the Spirit."

CONVERSION.—A writer warns evangelists against numbering "conversions," and adds:

The great majority of Christians cannot date the time of their change, and there is no necessity that they should. Often conversion comes insensibly with the growth of a godly child. As in the case of Timothy, many a good grandmother Lois and mother Eunice have been the means of bringing their children gradually and unconsciously to God. What else do the words of Scripture mean which encourage us to come to the Lord, bringing with us the children which He has given us? God sets the soli-

Try K. D. C. while cracho threatens.

tary in families in order that righteous parents may, by a consistent life, bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Many Christians foolishly torture themselves because they cannot date the hour of their conversion. Mr. So-and-so can do it, and so ought I, they say. Very likely, but then perchance your previous career was not like So-and-so's. A coach and four coming down some steep grade at the foot of which there is a precipice may need the strongest pull that the wrist of the driver is capable of, the most abrupt turn, in order to escape from the danger. The great Atlantic liner running on the rocks will need her engines reversed at full speed, even if the sudden turn racks every bearing of the engines. You may have turned into your Christian life by a quiet and wide curve. The great question for you is, "Are you in the Christian life?" How am I to know? If you can answer these three questions in the affirmative there is no fear of your Christianity: "Do you believe that Jesus Christ died to save you from your sins? Do you love Him? Do you desire to serve Him?" You will find that these were the tests which our Lord applied to Peter.

Reverence.

There is no virtue, no grace, in postures and attitudes. This truth we do not question. But if we refuse to express reverence, we shall soon cease to feel reverence. This also is a truth. It is not enough to be interested, in a general sense, in the services of the sanctuary. "God is greatly to be feared [reverenced] in the assembly of the saints and in the congregation." True reverence, real worship, will express itself somehow, as long as we are compounded of body and spirit. Starve expression, and how long will the feeling endure? We are persuaded that it has declined in many, if not most, of our congregations. It is greatly to be wished that it might be revived. But in order that it may become a fixed habit of our souls we need to adopt suitable methods of expression. We should feel more like praying if we adopted some proper attitude of prayer. By kneeling, bowing the head, covering the eyes—by some bodily action or attitude of reverent adoration—we shall be far more likely to cultivate the true spirit of devotion.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

Striving Towards the Light.

Floating on the glassy surface of that beautiful sheet of water in New Hampshire, Lake Winnepesaukee, I noticed a certain growth down on the bed of the lake. Below were little stars of green foliage. From these shot long, slender stalks that reached the surface of the water, and there opened in little white stars. Green below, pure crowns of white above! I noticed one stalk that had struggled only half-way up. Its summit was a dark, folded bud. I knew it was striving toward the light, and some time would reach the surface and open to the kiss of the sunshine in its tiny crown of snow.

Striving toward the light, striving through shadow and cold, how many souls there are! In sickness, sorrow, trials of various kinds, they are looking upward, reaching upward, taking hold of God in prayer and consecration. And some day what is only an aspiration shall become a success. After any needed struggle shall come completeness. The light [of God's countenance] shall rest upon them, and faith shall open its stars of hope and peace, a present fruition here, a prophecy of crowning hereafter.—*Edgard A. Rand.*

The Forgiveness of Injuries

If a man commits an offence against us, misrepresents us, insults us, injures us in any way, what are we to do? Brood over it? That is what some Christian people nearly always do. It is wonderful what care they take to get all pain and suffering out of an offence they can. They might have brushed it away at once and have done with it; but no, the hasty, bitter word, the selfish art, they lay upon their memory; and they will not forget it, whatever else they forget. If a man injures you, do not brood over it. Nor must you talk about it to everybody you meet. What is your motive for speaking about the injury? Do you want to get your friends to take sides with you against the offender? You ought to want to make the offender himself to take sides with you against the offence. The more people know of the wrong, the more feeling you can create against the wrongdoer, the harder you make it for him to acknowledge his fault.—*Good Words.*

K. D. C. Cures Dyspeptics and makes them cholera proof

Deborah Nott.

Years ago a father, mother and two sons dwelt in a small house in Ashland, Conn. A few acres of stony ground, a cow, and a dozen sheep supported them. The father being ill, the burden of support rested on the mother. She did her work in the house and helped the boys with the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes, but there was neither money nor wool. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from a sheep, and in a week the suit was on the boy. The sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw. Every Lord's Day mother and sons walked four miles to church. That heroic woman was Deborah Nott. One of the sons, Samuel Nott, D. D., was the pastor of a church in Franklin, Conn., for sixty-one years. The other son, Eliphalet Nott, D. D., became one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men went from Union College moulded by him.—*Selected.*

Because She Was Blind.

At a missionary meeting in Paris, a poor blind woman put twenty-seven francs into the plate. "You cannot afford so much," said the man who was holding the plate. "Yes, sir, I can," she answered. On being pressed to tell why she could give so much she said, "I am blind; and I said to my fellow straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in the year for oil for your lamps, when it is too dark to work nights?' They added it up in their minds, and found it was twenty-seven francs. So," said the poor woman, "I found that I save twenty-seven francs in the year because I am blind; and do not need a lamp; and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."

Pearls.

It is the good hearer that makes the good sermon.

God gives poor souls time to recover their breath ere he strikes again.

There are truths which are to be proved only by truth and feeling.

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.

God went up from Eden leaving a curse on the earth; Christ went up from the Mount of Olives with outstretched arms, leaving a blessing upon man.

Because Christ loves us he claims us and desires to have us wholly yield to his will, so that the operations of love in and for us may find no hindrance.

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