

Old Hymns.

BY EMILY S. STRYKER. Sing o'er again the good old hymns We sang in years gone by...

How often in the dear old church, While in the high-backed pew, We heard the choir sing the tunes Which in those days were new...

"See Israel's Gentle Shepherd stands With all engaging charms; Hark how He calls the tender lambs, And folds them in His arms..."

"Oh Thou whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh," "When I can read my title clear To mansions in the sky..."

"O Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "I'll hide within Thy shade; Dear Jesus, Lover of my soul, Till I ever seek Thy aid..."

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night," "We sang at evening praise. 'Time like an ever flowing stream,' Was one of the old lays..."

"Tis but a little while His saints Will sing His praises here; But if in faith we upward look Our hearts need have no fear..."

And while "on Jordan's banks I stand, And cast a wistful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie..."

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," "We sang with holy joy; 'Praise Him all creatures here below,' This is our best employ..."

Prayer.

BY REV. O. P. GIFFORD. [An address delivered before the Faculty and Students of the University of Chicago in Cobb's Hall Jan. 26, the Day of Prayer for Colleges.]

The college calendar has brought to us the most important day of the year. A day may be set apart as a substitute, or an inspiration. We may use its hours for doing some dreaded duty...

If we pervert the day by [attending to prayer for the year it will be a curse, and wither the sinews of our strength. If we use it to emphasize prayer it will be a blessing, broadening and deepening the life.

Austin Phelps, in "The Still Hour," tells us that on Christmas eve once in twenty-five years the Pope, in princely state, followed by cardinals, strikes a walled-up door in the vestibule of St. Peter's with a silver hammer; the passage is opened, and the procession passes to the altar of prayer by an unused way.

Plato tells us that once in ten thousand years the gods step into their chariots, ride up the blue concave, through the opening, and resting on the convex outer surface of the heavens behold pure truth, temperance, justice, and returning to earth try to apply these to the affairs of men.

Straightway we begin to think of prayer, objections arise in the mind: these objections find curious illustration in a recent incident. A steamer in mid-Atlantic, a broken shaft, a floating Bethel, scores led in prayer by a great general, and a successful evangelist, help asked for, an ap-

Ward off Spleen Disease by taking K. D. C.

proaching steamer, safety. What was the relation between the prayer and the coming of the steamer? We do not know. No one on board thought of asking God to weld the broken shaft together by the pressure of his palms, to recrystallize the fractured steel; and yet it is as easy for him to do that, as to turn a steamer from its path across the trackless waste of waters to a new path.

"At their wits' ends all men pray," says Shakespeare. That, too, may be doubted when we come to know what prayer is. That men try to use God when their wits end, as they use their wits before they end is true, but whether the attempt to use God is prayer, is another question.

In the early hours of Christian life we are apt to tabulate answers to prayer, to measure our faith in God, and God's fidelity to us by the number of answers we can claim; but with a deeper knowledge of God a change comes over us. The boy measures his father's love by the number of things he can get, but with the passing years he cares more for communion and less for things, learns that the best gift the father can make is himself: so we pass from pleading for favors, to communion with God.

Christ summed up in a sentence God's relation to man, and man's relation to God, when he said: The Father worketh hitherto, and I work. If we would work with God we must find what and how he works, and become workers together with him. Prayer then seeks wisdom in knowing, and strength for doing the will of God.

God operates, man co-operates. God's operation finds its limit with man where man's co-operation stops. The farmer has a bit of ground, and a handful of seed; he does not think of substituting words for deeds in his search for a harvest, does not fancy that his doing will interfere with God's plans, knows that the harvest he seeks is conditioned upon the right relation of seed to soil; only thus can he make the calling and election of the harvest sure.

Two things follow to the man who thus labors with God; he "gains the wrestling thews that throw the world;" he has an appetite for the harvest when it comes; he is a larger man at every point. But nature has made him wiser in her ways; she has taught him many secrets of her strength, in himself he is a better man, and she can do more for him than she could if he had refused to work with her.

Men have been thinking for many thousands of years. Libraries are reservoirs of thought. Colleges are gymnasiums where men are taught to think. The father wishes to relate his boy to the world of thought, he teaches him to read and study. To the trained thinker two things come; power to think by the use of his faculties, enrichment of life by taking in the thought of the centuries. The mind, like a mountain lake, is fed by springs within, and streams from without. Each time the thinker bends above the embodied thought of other men, or holds communion with living thinkers, he prays mentally, something of the mind or its fruits become his possession. Thus to the thinker two things come. He gains in power, and is enriched by other minds. The world of thought can do for the man who cannot think.

God is at the heart of things; human life is but the pulse-beat of the Infinite Heart; human thought is the outline tracery of God's thinking falling upon the mind of man. The highest form of life is conscious communion with God; the highest thought is consciously thinking God's thoughts after him, nay, thinking them with him. Prayer is the highest form of work, the most real co-operation. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind," said the Master.

Prayer is not trying to use God, but search for God's will if haply we may find and do it. Prayer is not drifting on a current of sentiment, but the most strenuous use of the powers we have. We cannot dream our way through higher mathematics, nor pray properly, while droning and drowsing with our face toward the earth, and our thought, like Noah's dove seeking for a resting-place. He who would commune with the noblest minds of earth must gird the loins of the mind; he who would come into God's presence must come into God's presence.

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

sence must come, not in the easy-flowing robes of eventide rest, but in the full armor of faith.

The two great prayers of the Bible are by the Jabbok brook, and in Gethsemane. By the one a man wrestled all night, and limped away in the gray of the early morning, crippled physically, but a prince spiritually, knighted on the field of struggle. In the other the Son of Man sweat as it were great drops of blood. The bloody sweat was followed speedily by a breaking heart, but he had won the peace and power of God. A little later and he bore away the Gaza-gates of death. Jacob must needs meet Esau. Jesus must meet death; in both cases the enemies proved to be friends. It follows in prayer as in farming, and in mental work, that two things come to the man who prays. First he grows personally, gains strength in the sinew of his soul, skill in the use of his powers, and God can give himself to him in a way impossible to the man who fails to pray.

This gift of God to the praying man strengthens the body, clears the mind, enlarges the soul. The only limit of what God may do for man is found in man himself; this limit is broken down by prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. For what are men better than sheep or goats? That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer? Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

A Christian Hero.

Such a hero was Michael Verran, a splendid specimen and true type of a Christian Cornish miner. From a boy he had lived and worked in the dark mines, but he had learned to lip the name of Jesus at his mother's knee, and the dark galleries and levels of the mine did not hinder his having an abiding sense of the Saviour's presence.

One day in his full manhood he was engaged with two others sinking a shaft. They had bored a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to a rule, one of the three had ascended the shaft leaving the others to finish the preparation for firing the charge.

The hole was filled with powder and securely tamped, and all that was left to do was to cut the fuse and then for one man to ascend the shaft and let down the bucket for the last, so that he who fired the fuse might have time to be drawn up to the surface before the charge should explode.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were careless; and while the fuse was attached to the charge, they set to work to cut it through with a stone and an iron drill. In doing it the iron gave out a spark, and in a second the hissing of the fuse told them that in a few moments the charge would explode.

Both dashed to the shaft, and holding on to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up; but alas! the strength of the man at the windlass was not equal to lifting two; he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and it was Michael Verran's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from the bucket, and quietly said: "Escape, lad, for thy life; I shall be in heaven in a minute."

Swiftly the bucket ascended, and the man saved leaned over the pit's mouth and listened—listened for what? For the great roar and boom that told of the sudden destruction of the brave comrade who had given up his life to save him.

Up came the smoke and rubbish, blinding and sickening. There could be no doubt of the miner's fate, close shut against that fearful hole. Yet down they hurried, and among the scattered blocks of rock at the bottom of the shaft they shouted in faltering tones his name, "Michael! Michael! Where are you?"

And the strong answer came, "Thank God, I am here." Eager hands dragged away the rubbish and rock, and there, underneath a huge slab of stone that had blown across him, and lodging against the end of the shaft protected him from all the rest, they found him safe; not a scratch upon him nor his clothes torn. He had set himself down in the corner of his rocky prison, placed a shield of rock before his eyes, and commended his soul in prayer to God, and the God who cared for Daniel in his rocky dungeon had delivered him and saved him from death.

For years he had lived to tell of God's goodness to him, and to lead others by his example to the Saviour, Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

and then they laid him in the quiet country churchyard, where the long grass now waves over his sleeping place. But his name still lives in the hearts of the simple Cornish miners; his heroism is still remembered by maiden and stripling, who have learned his story from the aged folk who lived in the time when the brave, good fellow gave himself up to die for his friend and comrade in the bottom of the pit shaft.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."—Christian at Work.

A Day at a Time.

The beginning of a new year brings to a great many people an almost overwhelming sense of work to be done. There is somehow concentrated into the first week of the year a realization of the work of the year, and one has to struggle to throw off the depression of so heavy a burden. All the uncertainties, labors, and possible perplexities and disasters of the coming twelve months crowd on the imagination, and change the outlook from one of hope and inspiration to one of discouragement and almost of despair. It is one of the laws of life, however, that we live only an hour at a time; that work and loss are distributed over a long period, and are not crowded into a brief day. If men were called to face the work of a whole life at any moment, the strongest man would fail; but because that work is divided into fragments, the weakest man, if he have courage, is able to carry the load. A good heart, in the old sense of the words, is one of the best gifts the temper which disposes one to be cheerful, hopeful and buoyant, which refuses to see the dark side of things, to feel the oppression of work, or to sit down under the shadow of possible calamities. A good heart is much more than a cheerful disposition. It is a temper born of faith that there is a God, and that he is taking care of his own. This does not mean that he shields them from great sorrows, protects them from great adversities, or relieves them of great labors. It does mean that he is able to turn all these great and arduous experiences into sources of strength; it does mean that the toil-some road ends in a glorious outlook; that the darkest night has its dawn, and the hardest life its beautiful and eternal consummation. Trials and labors, however overshadowing and severe, can come to us only a day at a time. We are never called to meet them all at once. As the manna was renewed every morning for the need of those that were an hungered, so is the divine strength renewed every day in those who look to that strength for their support and guidance.—Christian at Work.

Principles.

"It is not strength of brain that saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed, or connection with a church. All these have often proved to be but ropes of sand. They are not proof against the tides of temptation. There must be firm, heaven-implanted principle; for no one is safe in business, or in politics, or in social life, or anywhere when conscience is unloosed from God. The parting of the cable may be unseen for a while, it may even be unperceived; but it is a mere question of time how soon the backslider may strike the rocks. Jesus Christ never insures anyone who unites with his church and yet has no anchor sure and steadfast which entereth into that within the veil, and 'binds fast to Christ himself.' And if you ever reach heaven, my brother, you will come in, as I have often seen vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tide anchor swinging proudly at the prow.

"There are ships," said the eloquent Melville, 'that never go down in life's tempests. They shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky; and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows.' These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit; these are faithful ones whose inner soul was anchored to Jesus Christ."—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Wasted Lives.

Travelling over the vast plains of the South and West, one is profoundly impressed with the enormous quantity of valuable land of the most fertile and productive kind, and able to sustain tens of millions of human beings, and yet utterly barren and waste—simply from the want of water. The rain rarely falls on these desert wastes and no springs flow through the arid plains; but here and there we come

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

to a little oasis in the desert, where the fields are green, and the fruit trees of every kind hang heavily laden with the rich clusters of the orchard and the vine.

What is it causes the difference? The soil is just the same. Experts tell us that this desert land is the richest in the world. The secret is simply this: the oasis is watered, the desert is dry; and yet there are streams within immediate reach of all these wastes. The only thing that is necessary is to bring the water from the neighboring mountains and irrigate the plains, and then the desert will blossom as the rose.

How like all this are many human lives! They have all the possibilities of highest usefulness and blessing, and yet they are empty and vain, bearing only the thorns and weeds, and sometimes the wild flowers and the fruits of the wilderness.

All that they need to develop the hidden possibilities is the water of life, the floods and fountains of the Holy Ghost to pour into their emptiness and quicken into life all the capacities of their being, and they, too, will become gardens of spiritual freshness and fruitfulness. And for them also the fountains are near at hand. The hills of God lie hard by, and they are full of living fountains, [which the hand of faith may bring in irrigating streams through every part of their lives.

Every human being is simply a great possibility, worthless without God, and incomplete without the Holy Spirit, but filled with Him, the commonest, the meanest, and most wrecked and wasted existence may be reclaimed, like the oasis from the burning desert, and like it may be transformed into a paradise of beauty and blessing.—The Christian Alliance.

When we seem to be sacrificing things most precious to us we are often receiving them back in some imperishable form. When we seem to be working solely for others we are often serving ourselves in the highest and noblest way.

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