

Seasons of Prayer.

[These beautiful lines from the New York "Observer" of fifty-six years ago were found lately between the leaves of an old Bible.]

To prayer! to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smiles awakes;
His light is all below and above—
The light of gladness and life of love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this earthly air
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

To prayer! for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcomed rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burnt the tomb.

Then summon the Spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours:
Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul, through Him who died.

Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow;
Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now?
And what shall assuage his dark despair
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has hidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sabbler—
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and cheer;
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in a world of bliss?
But gladder, purer, than rose from this,
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing,
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length.
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise—
To him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

The Holy Spirit in Missions.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, in his recent volume on the "Holy Spirit in Missions," says:

The first stage prescribed in the redemption programme is that of elective ingathering. Whenever in the history of missions men have ignored this and undertaken to establish Christianity by universal ingathering, it has proved utterly disastrous to the interests of spiritual religion. Roman Catholic Christianity on the one hand and latitudinarian Christianity on the other have constantly grasped for the ultimate stage of redemption in the time of its preparatory stage; and with what result? Rome has made a drag-net of her sacraments, embracing whole nations at a single swoop and enclosing them in the Church; and the outcome of her missions has been that in Christianizing the pagans she has paganized Christianity.

The Catholic Church writes in the muster-roll of her illustrious missionaries in the name of Uthilas, the apostle to the Goths in the fourth century, and Xavier, the missionary to the East in the sixteenth century. But how great the gulf between these two men! The one was a disciple of the Holy Ghost, who, relying on the spirit in the Word for converting men to Christ, put the Bible into the barbarous tongue of his people, that they be begotten again by the Word of truth; the other was the soldier of a hierarchy, seeking to make conquests by means of carnal ordinances, and never giving the Scriptures to those to whom he went—showing how utterly, at the period of the Reformation, apostolic missions had died out from the orthodox Roman Church.

In 1866 a Protestant preacher was expelled from Italy for attempting to preach the Gospel. Since 1870 such preachers have not only been declaring the Gospel from one end of Italy to the other, but about five years ago the Italian Parliament, by a vote of 245 to 67, passed a Liberty of Conscience Act which might have satisfied Roger Williams in its thoroughness. By this enactment the rights of religious opinion are so thoroughly guaranteed that it is said that even the Pope may be arrested and sent to prison if he attempts to prohibit any man from preaching the Gospel.

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

A few years since, the children of France, attending school under the instruction of the priesthood, were taught that St. Bartholomew's massacre was the result of an attempt to put down a Protestant rebellion; that Admiral Coligny, who was so foully murdered on that occasion, simply suffered a just death as a conspirator against the king. Thus French children were blindly instructed before the days of the present Republic. Now throughout France school pupils are taught the truth on these questions as unequivocally as the pupils in American schools. And as for Coligny, who was flung from a Paris window as a dishonored corpse on that ghastly day, he has a noble statue on one of the public squares of the capital.

No Christian, Catholic or Protestant, can withhold admiration from Francis Xavier for the consuming zeal and marvellous consecration which marked his missionary career in India and China. But because Xavier trusted in sacraments instead of the Scriptures, in ecclesiastical rites instead of spiritual regeneration, he left almost no permanent results from his prodigious sacrifices and toils; so that his own co-laborers have to confess that only a few years were necessary to obliterate, for the most part, the results of his work.

While speaking thus of Xavier's missionary methods, let us accord the utmost reverence to the man himself, and let us remember his passionate cry: "It often comes into my mind to go round all the universities of Europe crying like a madman to all the learned men whose learning is greater than their charity: 'Ah, what a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of heaven!'"

An era of missions were impossible except there were a previous dispensation of Bible translation. Without the Scriptures Christianity may be imposed upon a nation, but it cannot be implanted in a nation. Paul, with his hands fettered, and yet able to say, "But the Word of God is not bound," can do vastly greater missionary work than Xavier with his hands free and the Word of God bound.

As late as 1850 the encyclical of Pius IX spoke of the Bible as "poisonous reading," which the faithful were enjoined to keep from the hands of the people; and within our own generation a pontifical decree has it "contrary to law to publish in the sight of the Roman people any portion of the Word of God."

The Reserve of Christians.

What is there about the spiritual life that should make Christians, as a rule, the most reserved people in the world? The business man is never loth to talk about stocks and trade; the literary man will open to you his heart concerning men and books; the teacher delights to discuss with kindred spirits the problems of education; scientists rejoice in imparting their mutual discoveries. But the average Christian, even among Christians, seems to evade discussion of the great experiences of his soul as if he were ashamed or afraid to utter the deep and tender thoughts which come to him out of the heart of God.

Sometimes, one in a little group of men and women who are known as Christ's followers, will speak a word straight from the soul. How often, under such circumstances, there will come upon the group a hush, a paralysis of sympathy, as if from some unexpected and unwelcome shock; or perhaps the Christian sentiment is chilled and devitalized by some stereotyped, pious form of assent; or, more pitiful still, is volatilized by some worldly-wise, even flippant, remark, that brings back the whole talk to the surface-level of life. Few Christians are gathered together informally or socially—seem to be able to endure the stress and sweet seriousness of an interchange of spiritual thought. The superficial spirit of our modern life seems to have so affected even Christ's chosen followers that to talk about anything deeper than formalism and institutionalism, methods and superficialities, is extravagant and indeed painful.

This tendency is well illustrated by the change in the form of Christian greeting, the salutations used among modern, as contrasted with primitive, Christians. We no longer exclaim, "God save thee, brother!" or "The Lord be with thee!" but, "Good-morning!" and "How is your health?"—pagan salutations at the best, and with far less spiritual than carnal association.

It seems to be only at stated and formal times, when they are expressly, and sometimes perfunctorily, assembled for that purpose, that Christians care to address each other, with any steadiness or seriousness of discourse, upon

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

spiritual subjects. This being the case, it is strange that the perfunctoriness and formalism of the occasion should pervade much that is said at such times? When a worthy official in the church gets up in prayer meeting and prays in set form, with set determination, and even set face, just as everybody surmised he would pray, and just as he knew he was expected to pray, it is a pretty good indication that the man is a reserved Christian. He finds no freedom, but rather awkwardness, in spiritual communion. Like a barefoot boy, who gets into stiff boots only on Sunday, the way he wears his devotions proves them unfamiliar. How much better, if he goes barefoot all the week, to naturally and sincerely go barefoot then! God would be better pleased with the honest bare feet than the hypocritical boots. How can a man be expected to talk like a saint one evening in the week, when all the other secular evenings, and days too, he has been talking like a mortal with no thought beyond his grocery store or his farm?

It is this deplorable habit of reserve among Christians which makes religious meetings so cold and formal. Men and women go to the prayer-meeting stiff with spiritual frost, and the hour is spent before they have had time to thaw out sufficiently to be limber. If they had kept the life-blood flowing freely all the week, there would have been something besides mechanical exhortation and stiff-prayer at that meeting. If spiritual conversation were always natural now, as it used to be among the early Christians, it would be natural on all distinctively religious occasions.

What is it that Christians are afraid of? Why don't they dare to talk to each other about the deepest and highest and real facts of human experience? Is it because these experiences are not genuine with them? God forbid! Is it because they are too deep and too sacred for utterance? Nothing is too deep and too sacred for utterance since Christ suffered and uttered the innermost experiences of the human soul. What then? Are we reserved from sheer spiritual indolence? More likely this, and the insidious, pervasive spirit of the time, the spirit of universal superficiality. May God help us to strive against this subtle influence and against spiritual indolence, that so we may overcome the ever-increasing fault of Christian reticence.

More Abundantly.

"I am afraid I do not pray aright." How often we have met that foreboding in Christian experience. And there seem to be some grounds for it. We come to the temple of prayer, and over the portal we find inscribed the words: "Ye know not what to pray for as ye ought." It is at first discouraging. Is there, then, a court etiquette to be observed by all petitioners? Must we, like one who tries to get a bill through Congress, "know the way," or expect only failure? Does God keep his grace under lock and key, or rather a combination-lock, and give it only to those who can spell out the key aright? O no; there is another and better way to interpret this declaration. Take your Bible, read all its promises, weave them into one glorious petition, and then before, with hesitating lips, you bear it to the throne of grace, recall the inspired utterances of the apostle, "Now unto him who is able to do abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory." We go to God with reluctant feet and timorous hearts, scourged by his presence by inexorable distress. We bear our burden as long as we can, then go to him for help. Help! He cries to us: "My dear child, you know not what to pray for. Come unto me and rest." We ask for a glimpse of his glory. A glimpse! He echoes; pray that ye may "abide in me and I in you." We ask for the touch of His hand. He bids us pray that we may be filled "with the fulness of God."

Our chief fault in prayer is that we do not ask for enough. We measure God by our little vessels. We are as children that dare not dip water from the sea lest they should exhaust the reservoir. Christ asks us if we will be made whole. We stammeringly reply that if he will give us crutches we should be greatly obliged. We are heirs of God and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ, and we timorously ask to be made as one of his hired servants.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

Nobly Done.

One of the closest friends of the Duke of York—now heir to the English crown—told this anecdote of him the other day:

While Prince George was serving on the West Indian squadron he was put to Try K. D. C. while cholera threatened.

in command of the steamship "Thrush." The following day a sailor vessel to be transported to another part of the station. The prisoner was but a lad of the same age as the young commander, and there was something in his face and bearing, reckless though he was, which showed that he was not wholly bad.

Prince George watched him keenly during the short voyage, and after he had delivered him up for punishment, made a note of the time when his imprisonment would be over. When the day came he applied to the admiral to have the man transferred to the "Thrush."

The admiral remonstrated, urging that it was not the prisoner's first offence; that he had been drunken and disorderly for two years.

"Let me try what I can do," said the Prince. The admiral reluctantly assented, and when the prisoner came on board the "Thrush," he was brought before the young captain.

When they were alone together, the boy whom fortune had made a prince, said to the boy whom she had made an outcast:

"You have been transferred to my ship. I believe there is some good in you, and I wish to give you a chance for your life. You are given a clean sheet for your record. The first-class men go ashore to-day on special leave. Go with them. You have had no leave for a year. I exact no promise of good behavior from you, and trust wholly to your honor. I hope you will not disappoint me. Here is a sovereign. You know what you ought to do and ought not to do as well as I know, and if you offend again, you must go back to the class from which I now remove you. Your future is in your own hands."

The man proved worthy of the trust. He has been so honest and efficient a sailor that he is now promoted into the rank of petty officer. Should Prince George ever become George V., he will probably have no more faithful subject than the man whom he saved from moral ruin.

The little incident gives the hope that he may become the father as well as the ruler of his people.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Don't Destroy the Papers."

An article in an exchange with the above heading told how one dull November day an invalid girl longed so much for something to read that her mother smoothed out the crumpled newspaper which had come that morning around the sewing and handed it to her. Agnes read several items of interest, and then came to a little poem, entitled "Trust," which she read aloud:

"Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day.
Fill the space with loving works,
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow.
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow."
"Read it again, dear," the tired, overworked mother said, and as the lips which were so soon to be pale and lifeless read the tender lines once again, there came into the careworn face of the mother a look of peace. As she knelt that night by the sick bed she said to her daughter:

"Agnes, pray that your mother may learn to trust."

Rising, she said, softly: "I think He has granted it, even to unworthy me, Agnes;" and as she moved about to set things in order for the night, she added; "I think we shall never forget that scrap of paper, child. I think the Lord sent it just on purpose."

Don't destroy your papers. A barefooted Colorado lad said to me a day or so ago, with shining face: "I have read enough to last me for a whole year. A lady subscribed for several papers for her little boy, she gave them to a poor boy, and he read them and then loaned them to me."

Don't destroy the papers. The children's magazine may gladden the heart of the little ones whose homes are bare as was that of the little Western boy. Every good religious paper is capable of being just such a messenger of peace as that scrap which comforted the overworked widow. So do not destroy them, but send them to the penitentiary, the hospital, or to the poor and sick in your vicinity.

The Two Elements in Prayer.

Every true prayer has its background and its foreground. The foreground of prayer is the intense, immediate desire for a certain blessing which seems to be absolutely necessary for the soul to have; the background to prayer is the quiet, earnest desire that the will of God, whatever it may be, should be done. What a picture is the perfect prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane! In front burns the strong desire to escape death and to live; but

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

behind there stands, calm and strong, the craving of the whole life for the doing of the will of God. In front, the man's eagerness for life; behind, "He that formeth the mountains and createth the winds and declareth unto man his thought that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth." In front, the teeming plain; behind, the solemn hills. I can see the picture of the prayer with absolute clearness.

Leave out the foreground—let there be no expression of the wish of him who prays—and there is left a pure submission which is almost fatalism. Leave out the background—let there be no acceptance of the will of God—and the prayer is only an expression of self-will, a petulant claiming of the uncorrected choice of him who prays. Only when the two, foreground and background, are there together—the special desire resting on the universal submission—the universal submission opening into the special desire—only then is the picture perfect and the prayer complete!—*Philips Brooks.*

For Tired Little Folks.

"Auntie, please tell me something nice to do. I'm tired of Sunday. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything."
"Well, let me see," said Auntie.
"Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?"
"Yes; Adam."
"I'll tell you a B," said Auntie;
"Benjamin, Now a C."
"Cain."
"Right," said Aunt Sarah.
"Let me tell D," said Joe, hearing our talk; "Daniel."
And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.—*Mayflower.*

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

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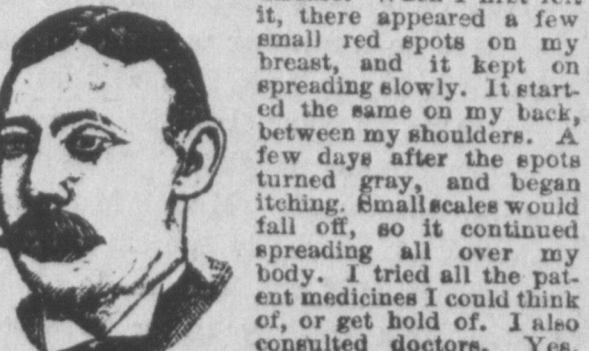
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