

Remember the Lord.

"Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord."—Nehemiah.
 Courage! Have courage in danger, my brother!
 Stand in the van with thy face to the fight!
 Cowardly soul-claimers stifle and smother!
 Trust in thyself and the Lord, and do right.
 These are but phantoms that baffle and beat thee;
 Doubt hath but chains—the hath never a sword;
 Thou shalt win power from the perils that meet thee,
 Then front them unflinching.—"Remember the Lord."

Courage! Have courage in trials, my brother!
 Burdens are blessings let down from the skies;
 Losses are gains when we lose for another;
 Crosses win crowns for the brave and the wise;
 Debt is a due-bill to God, for his keeping,
 Paying doth life's purest pleasure afford;
 Sorrow transmutes the hot tears of our weeping
 To jewels of glory; "Remember the Lord."

Courage! Have courage for duty, my brother!
 Take up the task which this moment is thine;
 Falter not, fear not, but act, and no other
 But thou shalt be heir to its promise divine!
 Answer by service thine own supplication,
 Labor is prayer's truest test and reward;
 Doing is faith's most reliant obligation;
 All deeds are eternal. "Remember the Lord."

Courage! Have courage in loving, my brother!
 Loving the good and the pure and the true,
 Loving as loveth the tenderest mother!
 Love leaveth lives into realms that are new.
 Love as thy Lord did, as freely and kindly,
 Many a poor lost one by love is restored!
 And sometimes 'tis better to love, even bled,
 And better for loved ones. "Remember the Lord."

Courage! Have courage for living, my brother!
 Life may seem futile and frail as a breath,
 But the heart-beats of time thrill the pulse of another,
 Whose realms overshadow the portals of death;
 There, being shall tremble in vibrant expansion
 And Eons eternal scarce measure the Word.
 And the Christ deeds of time fit each spirit a mansion.
 We sing for his glory, "Remember the Lord."

—Llewellyn A. Morrison.

The Mid-Week Service.

What we need in this stirring age is a religion of every hour and of every minute; a religion that does not require in order to its maintenance the arrest or suspension of a secular transaction; a religion that is a breath, a life; a religion that provides a perpetual test by interior and ever-present moral and spiritual standards of all thought and conduct; a religion that spreads a vast horizon about the most prosaic domestic and business life—a horizon full of health, fragrance and perspective, so that all conduct is religious, prayer involuntary and "without ceasing," and the ringing of a bell at a stated time rather an interruption and a hindrance than a help to the highest life.

Here is the difference between ritualism and evangelical spiritualism: The former is a matter of times and seasons, sacraments and "things," offices and officers, "this mountain" and "at Jerusalem." The latter is a force, a life, a spirit, a perpetual fountain filling and strengthening the inner life from invisible and inexhaustible sources. The one requires no new thoughts, no quickening ideas fresh from divine or human sources. The "grace" is in the sacred hand that touches the head, the sacred bread that melts on the tongue, the sacred pictures that bring the body into outward conformity to the sacred ordinances of the church. The other must live by thoughts, by mystic energies of grace that come through truth, through truth seen in new angles of vision, through truth from God's Word newly read or newly interpreted, coming not so much through the eye or the ear, but to the heart stimulating and transforming the whole interior life.

Here is a glimpse of "the kingdom of God," a kingdom "within," a kingdom "not of meat and drink," not of sensual, esthetic, sentimental effects, but "of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost"—righteousness wrought by the Holy Ghost through the study of the "law" of God, and the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ;" the righteousness which becomes in us godlikeness; and the "peace and joy" which comes

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

from the teaching of the Comforter, and all through "the exceeding great and precious promises" by which men may become "partakers of the divine nature."

God's own great and vivifying thoughts put into the very heart of us by God's own gracious Holy Spirit, studied diligently, appropriated personally, pondered devoutly, tested in daily life, old truths revived, old promises recalled, new things discovered out of the old treasury—these are the rational and divine processes of grace as set forth in the Word of God.

Now is there not here a thought for the Church? Is there not in this a suggestion for the times? The "ball" we do not need; nor the mechanical reiteration of the familiar *Pater Noster* and the idolatrous *Ave Marie*. But we do not need more reverent, eager, believing, Bible-searching in the true spirit of the kingdom and in order to the true growth of the soul.

The "higher criticisms" as a process is a good process which may be abused. On the whole it has done more good than harm, and will one day do immense good and no harm; but there is something higher and richer than the "higher criticism." Who will find this better process and plant it in the midst of that fair garden of the Lord—the prayer-meeting, the mid-week service of the Church?

The prayer-meeting may be in the popular thought too much a time, a place and a thing to which we are summoned by the regular ringing of bells and in which we are in peril of monotony and mechanics. We may depend too much on the "singing," the "people," the "interest" and the set "prayers," so often liturgical altho unwritten. We may go simply because we ought. We may take credit to ourselves for going—almost as the knowledge of penance done works peace within. We may force ourselves to go even though it be a rainy night and we not well and a homeful of friends left behind. And a sense of fidelity comforts us and our spiritual hands are half held out for a penny of praise from the Lord whose work we are "encouraging."

Oh, when shall the church-bell call us to a higher order of spiritual service?

The prayer-meeting is an opportunity spiritual. It is for spiritual edification and for spiritual worship. The place is nothing; the mere act of going is of very little moment; there is no especial sanctity in the office of the leader, be he layman or clergyman; the magnetic fervor of a prayer which elicits response or easily flames into what we call "heart singing" may be wholly human and have no especial spiritual power. These things—place, punctuality, leadership, spontaneity in prayer and song—may, however, be made true aids to true worship. But beyond these is the spiritual stimulus that comes with the truth of God. What the prayer-meeting needs is, faith in the realities; keen, penetrating ethical conviction; religious desire with conscience in it; a sense of sin and a burning desire to get rid of it; a sight of holiness and an overwhelming, insatiable longing to possess it. This faith, this conviction, this desire and longing, must be the fruits of the truths of Holy Scripture apprehended, pondered, accepted, appropriated. Then prayer is born—true prayer, fervent prayer.—*Independent.*

"Wherefore, Comfort one Another."

"I have come for a sermon from you this morning, Mrs. Ray," said Mrs. Wisner, as she came up the veranda steps. "I saw you sitting here, and you are always so peaceful, I thought you would be willing to share your comfort with me."

The lady addressed was reclining in an invalid chair; it had been a long time since she had gone at her own sweet will whether she would. Like a free bird, in other days she had been accustomed to fly on errands of love and duty with tireless activity; now for months that stretched into years, she had halted on broken wing; but happily for friends and neighbors, she had not forgotten how to sing. There were reasons besides the pain and inability of body which might have made her, like many another person in similar circumstance, a shadow upon the path of her acquaintances, instead of the ray of sunshine that she is. But the "well of water springing up into everlasting life" pours forth from her inmost being in such a strong and steady flow, that she has, in spite of her own causes for heartache, comfort to spare for others.

"How do you suppose a poor lame body like me can preach to such as you?" was her laughing response to the request for "a sermon." Mrs. Wisner sat down by her side, and told

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

her about the hopeless watching of disease steadily breaking down the body and mind of one in her household; the diminishing financial resources; the deepening problems of daily living. It was not an unusual story. It resembles many, written and rewritten, in lives all around us. How strangely similar we find our experiences when we venture to disclose them to each other!

Presently Mrs. Wisner said: "Good-bye; you have helped me very much. Now I must go."

"Helped you? I haven't said a word of comfort. I wish I could," said Mrs. Ray, in a tone of earnest sympathy.

"O yes, you have," said Mrs. Wisner; "and if you had not spoken a word, 'virtue has gone out of you,' and I feel better."

A few hours later Mrs. Ray, looking for strength for her own need, found it in the precious word, where happily, all who search prayerfully may always find it. So helpfully the message came to her own heart that she hastened to share it with her friend, sending her this note:

"Dear Mrs. Wisner: In my daily reading in my Bible and hymn book (which I find it very profitable to read in course) I have found a sermon for myself. I think it is just what you were looking for, so I pass it on. 'Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine.' When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

"A way, my unbelieving fear! Fear shall in me no more have place; My Saviour doth not yet appear. He hides the brightness of His face; But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield? No, in the strength of Jesus, no, I never will give up my shield."

"Although the vine its fruit deny, Although the olive yield no oil, The withering fig tree droop and die, The fields elude the tiller's toil, The empty stall no herd afford, And perish all the bleating race, Yet will I triumph in the Lord,— The God of my salvation praise."

How blessed, how greatly to be coveted, is the power thus to comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God? It is a costly talent, however; we pay its price in suffering. Only hearts that have quivered beneath pain's furnace heat under the watchful eye of the Refiner and Purifier know how to speak a word in season to the weary.

The disciple is not above his Master; but everyone that is perfect shall be perfected as his Master. "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."—*Chris. Advocate.*

Religious Dumps Cured.

"To-day they sing like larks, to-morrow the barometer goes down and they are in the dumps again." These words regarding the Christian experience met my eye to-day and touched my heart. While I acknowledge them true of the first stage of the Christian life, I praise God that there is an experience for every Christian far beyond this. By saying so, I do not wish to be understood as depreciating this first experience. Far from it. It is altogether necessary to a higher one, and were a person to die before reaching any other, I verily believe he would be saved, providing he had followed all the light he had. Besides, were there no other experience, this would be infinitely better than living the life of a sinner.

It is a blessed thing to feel our sins forgiven, to realize our adoption into the divine family, and to know by the witness of the Spirit that we have been born again. Yes, 'tis a grand, a glorious thing, and brings such blessed seasons with God. But alas! they are not constant. Our ardor cools, and the enemy whom we thought forever banished steals back into our hearts. His power is broken but not completely overthrown. An angry word, a wicked thought, or a sinful act at an unexpected moment reveals his presence. We feel condemnation, become discouraged and despondent, and God's face seems hidden. We committed no willful sin; had we, our pardon would have been forfeited. Only one of the "didn't-mean-to's," but it brought condemnation. Perhaps God reveals the evil thing, we repent, seek forgiveness, and are received back into favor. But invariably we trip again, and we find that it is only by a hard fight that we are saved from utter defeat. In bitterness of spirit we cry, "Must this be always so? Must this terrible warfare within and without continue to the end?" I have heard Christians say, "If we could but live in a prayer-

meeting all the time it would be easy to do right." True enough, and that is where you may be. Invariably such feelings are accompanied by the conviction that these wanderings are unnecessary; that there ought to be a better way; that there is a better way; and this conviction is deepened when such passages as these confront us: "I am come a light unto the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness. 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' 'Darkness is caused by not being fully in God. Jesus promised to make his abode with us, and we know how easy it is to serve God when enjoying one of the seasons of his presence; then what must it be to have him always at home in one's heart? 'These things write we unto you that your joy may be full.' Not spasmodic nor faint, but full and constant. Jesus said, 'Straight and narrow is the way,' yet yet how many crooked paths we make. Surely it ought not so to be. Where is the trouble? Why are these soul-hungerings for more of God, for liberty, given us if they cannot be realized? Praise God, they can be, until all unrest ceases and our souls are satisfied. Col. i. 19 says: 'For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.'"

Now, dear reader, if I have voiced your experience let me assure you there is a more excellent way, and urge you now while the Spirit pleads, to consecrate yourself fully to God for all time. Lay all on the altar, and then be definite with God. Ask for the thing you want, a clear heart. Do not let Satan side-track you by persuading you to ask for "a better experience," for that does not express all nor what you mean. Oh, be definite, I beg of you, and be desperately in earnest, as was Jacob when obtaining a like blessing. Ask in faith, nothing wavering, and then "reckon ye also yourselves to be dead, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord," and you will surely receive the witness to the cleansing. It may come suddenly, for it does to some but providing you have met the condition—complete consecration, definite petition, and the exercise of claiming faith—the witness will not be long withheld. Only long enough for God to test your determination. Afterward will follow the filling, the joy such as was scarcely dreamed of. When I had consecrated myself, asked definitely, and in faith accepted, I arose from my knees perfectly at rest. The hush of heaven in my soul, all struggles over, all that peace, but before night I knew it was done by the witness and the joy. Such peace, such joy! A peace that never fluctuates, but deepens and widens. A joy that never departs, but at times becomes so full I am led to exclaim: "Lord, enlarge the vessel or withhold thine hand." The witness of the spirit is ever constant. Praise God! Temptations? Oh, yes, plenty of them, but not so violent now, for Christ is within to resist. Such victory over sin; such light in reading God's word, now my meat and drink; such blessed seasons of prayer; such ease in testimony, no man-fearing spirit, and an experience to tell; such reliance on God, such strength in weakness, such endurance in suffering, and such success in leading souls to Christ. Dear reader, not alone because you want an easier time, or more power, or greater peace, seek this blessing; but because it is the will and commandment of God.—*Exchange.*

The Hunger of Man's Heart.

Yes! There is only one being in this world that does not fit the world that he is in, and that is man, chief and foremost of all. Other beings perfectly correspond to what we now call their environment." Just as the soft mollusk fits every convulsion of its shell, and the hard shell fits every curve of the soft mollusk, so every living thing corresponds to its place and its place to it, and with them all things go smoothly. But man, the crown of creation, is an exception to this else universal complete adaptation. "The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy," but the only creature who sees and says that is the only one who has further to say, "I am a stranger on the earth." He, and he alone, is stung with restlessness and conscious of longings and needs which find no satisfaction here. That sense of homelessness may be an agony or a joy, a curse or a blessing, according to our interpretation of its meaning, and our way of stilling it. It is not a sign of inferiority, but of a higher destiny, that we alone should bear in our spirits the "blank misgivings" of those who, amid unsatisfying surroundings, have blind feelings after "worlds not realized," which elude our grasp. It is no advantage over us that every fly, dancing in the treacher-

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ous gleams of an April sun, and every other creature on the earth except ourselves, on whom the crown is set, is perfectly proportioned to its place, and has desire and possessions absolutely continuous. — *Alexander MacLaren.*

Don'ts for Christians

Don't speak impatiently to children. Don't go where you cannot ask Jesus to go with you.

Don't get so far away from home that you have to leave your religion behind you.

Don't forget that no matter where you are somebody is looking at you. Don't go where you would not be willing to die.

Don't give advice to others that you are not willing to follow.

Don't look where you know it isn't safe to walk.

Don't go where you would not have your children to follow you.

Don't go to sleep until you can forgive everybody.

Random Readings.

Nature is God at work.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Remember, the world has no use for gloomy people.

The devil fights not against the dead but the living.—*Farndon.*

God's time I have always found to be the best time in the end.—*Whitefield.*

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.—*Horace.*

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

You may cultivate your field by proxy, but you can only cultivate your soul yourself.—*Dr. Thomas.*

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it alone.—*Gilpin.*

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