

The True Rest.

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
And feel at heart that One above
Is perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms,
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props; and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

Could we but know and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our Lord,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father who is nigh,
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

Lord, make these faithless heart of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease.
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste before Him, lying still,
E'en affliction, peace.

—Joseph Justice.

Christ Leading His Flock.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

He calleth His own sheep by name,
And leadeth them out. And when He
putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth
before them, and the sheep follow Him:
for they know His voice. The pathway
too, is often one of His own appoint-
ing. Our divine Shepherd has never
promised us an easy road or such a
one as our selfishness might select.
He never allows the flock to decide as
to the lot in which they shall past-
ure, or over what cliffs He may con-
duct them, or through what vales of
the death-shadow they shall walk,
listening to His loving voice through
the darkness. More than once weak-
ness stumbles and falls, but He lifts
us up and His grace sets us on our feet
again. Sometimes we cry out in an-
guish over some lost treasure of our
heart or home, but His calm reply is,
"Your treasure I will take care of;
follow Me!"

Strange as it seems to our ideas of
things, chastening is a proof of Christ's
love, and the sharpness of the disci-
pline is often proportioned by the depth
of the love. Pruning knives were made
to cut. The trial that tests graces and
purifies character must be something
more than a pin scratch. It must try
us; it must cut keenly, or it does not
deserve the name of trial. It is hard
to be poor while some others are
pocketing a large income; it is hard to
lie on a sick bed and suffer while god-
less mirth goes laughing past our door
it is hard to lose our one we love
while our neighbor's table is surround-
ed by a group of rosy-cheeked children
it is hard to drink the very cup that
we prayed might pass from us; but
the Good Shepherd comes very near
us at such times and puts His arm
about us, and says: I know My sheep,
and am known of Mine. I am with
you always. Follow Me. If thy feet
are sore, the green pastures will be all
the softer by and by. If thy cross is
heavy, I have borne a heavier one.
Shall the disciple be above his Master,
or the servant greater than his Lord?

Observe, too, that the Shepherd
does not go behind us, driving a re-
luctant herd: He goeth before us, call-
ing and drawing us onward. He offers
to guide us if we will but hear His
voice and follow Him. If He never
promises smooth paths, He always
conducts us into safe ones. When we
obey Him, we may often be called to
stern self-denials and difficult duties,
to encounter bitter opposition, and to
perform services of love to some very
unlovable and ungrateful people; but
we are never called to sacrifice con-
science or to do evil even that good
may possibly come of it. Our holy
Shepherd will never lead us toward
any precipice of error or land us in a
quagmire of self-reproach and disgrace.
He will never conduct us into the
enchanted fields of sensual tempta-
tions or up dizzy heights of vain glory.
If we follow Him, we may find that
the steepest climb shines our graces,
and the lowliest vale of humiliation is
a highway to holiness. Jesus Christ
does not guide us through such a world
as this just to make us comfortable.
As Miss Fletcher, of Glasgow (who
spent her noble life in saving outcasts),
well observed: "It is the devil that
employs his gardeners to keep the re-
ligious pathway smooth. For Chris-
tians the rough path of sorrow is not
an untrodden path."

"Christ leads us through no darker
rooms
Than He went through before;
No one into His kingdom comes
But through His open door."

Fellow Christian, we may have some
hard pulls and tough climbing yet be-
fore we reach yonder streets of shin-
ing gold. Let us keep close to the
Shepherd and take short views. Let
us not be content to walk in a path
only wide enough for one, but try to
take some poor sinners to heaven with

**I. D. C. Restores the Stomach
to Healthy Action.**

us. If we are only sure that our
Shepherd is watching us and interced-
ing for us and listening to every prayer
that we heave upward to him, then the
peace that passeth all understanding
shall fill our souls like a river, until it
is lost in the ocean of Christ's eternal
love.

Hasty Speech.

David wrote this: "I said, in my
haste, all men are liars." But when
he said this he was not feeling well.
His mind was agitated. His soul was
under the harrow of deep trouble. He
says: "I was greatly afflicted;" and
then he immediately records what he
said in his haste. Men often say very
hasty things when suffering from cer-
tain forms of affliction. But when a
reaction comes on, as it surely will,
they are further afflicted by the re-
collection of what they said in haste.
Their regrets are often excruciating.
They would give a good deal if that
could do away with the hasty speech.
There is a sting in such speech which
frequently hurts both the one who utters
it and those against whom it is
uttered; and it often hurts the speaker
far worse than others. For one reason
this is so because the speech is not
true to facts. When David said, "All
men are liars," he overstepped the
bounds of truth. He did not mean to
tell a falsehood. We should not say
that when he said, "All men are liars,"
he thus made himself one of them;
yet he, by his hastiness, gave others
occasion to think so. In nothing do
we need to be more guarded than in
our speech.

A Wonderful Shoemaker.

Some years ago there lived in one
of the cities of Scotland a man, whose
name we will not give. The writer
visited him, and the memory of an
evening spent in his home has proved
a lifelong inspiration.

He had three rooms—his shop and
two bed-rooms. On one side of the
shop were a workbench, a stool, a
cask of water in which leather was
softening, and a heap of unmade
shoes—the unmistakable signs of a
hard-working shoemaker; but on the
walls and in the middle of the floor
were cabinets filled with rare fossils.
Corals in different stages of formation
and of great variety were there. The
collector stood with his back to the
bench as he pointed to them with
pride.

His dress was that of an artisan,
poor and illiterate; his face might have
belonged to the most devout saint.
Our astonishment was roused by the
contrast between the evidences of daily
toil and meagre surroundings of the
man and his great scientific attain-
ments. The collection he exhibited
would have conferred lustre upon any
famous cabinet. It has since been
acquired by a university.

But this was not all. In his leisure
moments, in the darkness of night, he
had discovered a new process of photo-
engraving. Some of the best pamph-
lets on corals ever issued had been
published by him, and illustrated to a
microscopic fineness seldom or never
before attained. He showed letters
from Darwin and Huxley, and was an
honorary member of many of the
scientific societies of Europe. His
eyes filled with tears as he showed us
the results of almost superhuman per-
severance.

Nor was this all. For years, with
the help of his only child—a daughter
—he had guarded his wife, who was a
hopeless maniac. It was necessary
that one or the other of them should
watch the poor woman constantly.
She could not be left alone, even for
an instant, for she hated his speci-
mens the only solace of his dark life,
and threw them out of the window
whenever she could lay hands on them.
Only long-suffering gentleness and
the most marvellous tenderness could
control her destructive moods.

"Why have you not sent her to an
asylum?" we asked, involuntarily.
The scientist and shoemaker looked
up with horrified eyes, as if he had
been struck.

Send her? Send my wife to an asy-
lum? Would you?
It was all he said, and it was enough.
As he spoke, the door opened, and the
poor woman, a piteous and repellent
sight, tried to enter the shop. Her
daughter was murmuring soothing
words to her. Not a cloud passed over
the face of the husband. He rushed
toward her, and as if she had been the
sane and sweetest lady in the land,
offered her his arm, and escorted her
to her own room.

Soft words and harsh replies coming
through the closed door told us that
the wife was pacified with difficulty.
We listened with bowed head and
humbled heart.

What a life of sacrifice and unselfish
tenderness! What tragedy within
those four walls! Nobility of nature

**The Worst Disease—Dyspep-
sia, The Best Cure K. D. C.**

and of character such as this is so rare
that one is almost as much perplexed
as awed by it.

What was the secret of this wonder-
ful moral power?

There were few books in the room,
except those on corals; but upon the
work-bench lay a little volume, leather-
covered, evidently re-bound by the
cobbler himself. It was worn by use.
Taking it up, we found that it was the
New Testament.

With a rush of feeling we laid it
down. The spirit he manifested was
exemplified here. Only the Man of
Sorrows could have taught this poor
burden-bearer so to bear, and so to
glorify, the most terrible of domestic
afflictions. The energy by which,
against odds that would have discour-
aged most men, the student had con-
quered an intricate science, was meagre
compared to the resolution displayed
by the husband in the Christian endur-
ance of his exhausting lot.

The door opened. "I am sorry,"
he said, but you will have to excuse
me until another time. I cannot leave
her now."—*Youth's Companion.*

Why Not?

Why not pray to God, even though
you do not receive any special favors,
such as you ask for, in answer to your
prayers? Is your idea of the design
and benefit of prayer narrowed down
to this, that men are to pray only be-
cause they cannot get, or think they
cannot, in any other way? If this be
your idea, it is extremely selfish. Men
are not so narrow and selfish in their
relations to each other. One does not
wish to hold intercourse with another
simply because he wants some favor
of him. We hold converse with our
friends, hundreds of times, without any
thought of securing personal favors
from them. We want to talk with
them because they are our friends.
We delight to be in their company; we
love to listen to their words; we desire
to come in contact with their charac-
ters. Should not this be so, and much
more so, in our relation to God? True,
we do need and want favors from God;
it is our privilege to pray for them;
but, above this, we should esteem it a
rare pleasure to hold intercourse with
God, whether we be conscious of re-
ceiving any special blessings or not.
This is the higher, the noble, the rich-
er view of the design and benefit of
prayer.

Verification of Profession.

In our attempts to attain a better
life, profession of faith, or the open
recognition before the world of our
allegiance to Christ as Saviour and
Lord, is an important act. It marks
the separation between the old life and
the new; it commits the soul to the
higher purpose and hope; it is a pledge
to the world of better living. In some
ages of the church the declaration of
our higher experience have been
strongly emphasized and accepted at
their face value. There was no attempt
to go behind the record. The profes-
sion was the end of all controversy.
At the present time the emphasis is
placed on conduct. The record of
profession requires verification, and is
accepted for no more than comes out
in the life. The inward experience is
valueless unless it crystallizes into
character. You must do as well as
say, or men will not accept you as a
genuine Christian. The sayings of
Christ must be accepted as the rule
of life in the world.

This emphasis on character, as the
authoritative interpretation of a man's
creed, as the true revelation of the
man himself, has placed at a discount
mere profession of faith. Religion
in the creed, once deemed so impor-
tant, is now counted much less es-
sential than that of conduct. Rapture,
enthusiasm, rant, are at a heavy dis-
count; men accept only such profes-
sions of devotion and love as are
verified by constancy in well-doing.

Of course, with this new fashion in
religious thought, good men are more
cautious in giving expression to their
interior convictions and purposes.
They know that narrations of experi-
ence now require verification, that
sensible men will not believe until
they see the Christian moving out in
the actual world. An ounce of good
conduct is accounted of more value
than a pound of mere profession and
rhapsody. In such a state of public
feeling and conviction pretenders and
shams are at a disadvantage. The
world has come to have less faith in
them; and, when measured by the
new standard, they are invariably
found wanting.

This changed sentiment exerts an
important influence in the work of
evangelism. The old demonstrations
of feeling are no more. Men instinc-
tively feel that they are discounted
and out of place. There is no convic-
tion, but men do not show it in the

**K. D. C. Cures Midnight
Dyspepsia.**

old way. There is not less real faith;
there is another way of showing that
faith. The test is more severe than
once, and more sure to distinguish the
false and the true. Men feel that the
old-time religion has departed from
the earth; the exhilaration and sheen
and high profession are less frequent;
but we must not on this account con-
clude there is less religion in the
church. Religion has come to demean
itself differently. Instances of the
best religious life are reticent, or care-
ful in utterance; the reality comes out
in good works, in care for the poor,
in feeding the hungry, in visiting the
sick, and in sympathy with those who
suffer and are tempted. Good men
live not unto themselves. They count
as spurious those joyous emotions
which do not quicken the movements
of the hand and heart in doing the will
of God in our various spheres of activ-
ity. The profession ought not to be
abandoned; the verification of that
profession in the conduct is indispensable
to insure acceptance by this generation.

Tact and Policy.

There is a significant and vital differ-
ence between tact and policy. Every
Christian, and especially every Chris-
tian minister, ought to cultivate tact,
but in this encouragement of a natural
faculty, the bound should never be
transgressed where tact begins to be
policy. Tact is natural; policy is
artificial. Tact is a gift; policy is an
acquisition. We may cultivate a gift,
but we should never over-cultivate
or pervert it, so that it shall be-
come forced and artificial. Policy is
the over-cultivation of tact. It is tact
in an exaggerated and artificial form.
Tact is knowing how to mingle with
men without treading on their toes.
Policy is being able to tread on
people's toes without their knowing it.
Tact is kindly and generous; policy
is selfish and unscrupulous. Policy
is such an expert and insinuating kind
of tact that you can make men thank
you for doing things which really injure
them in order that you may be bene-
fited. In the true spirit of tact a man
always thinks of others before he
thinks of himself. It is their interests
he is concerned to serve; it is to make
life smoother and happier for them
that he cultivates his gift. On the
other hand, policy always thinks of
some end ulterior to the good of the
individual whom one is using. It may
be a merely personal and selfish end,
or it may be some class or community
or institutional project which is to be
furthered. A minister shows tact in
dealing with the misfortunes and
shortcomings and faults of his parish-
ioners. He shows policy when he
tries to cultivate their good opinion
for personal ends or in furtherance
of some executive scheme he may have
in mind.

Tact is sincere; policy is deceitful.
Tact is frank; policy is sly. Tact looks
you in the eye; policy gazes over your
head. It is a commendable thing in a
man to have tact; it is not always
commendable to have policy. Christ
had tact; the Emperor Augustus had
policy. The early Christians had tact;
the Christians of the Romish hierarchy
had policy. As a rule, institutional
success has been won by policy; gen-
uine spiritual success has been won
by tact. Pope Leo is a man of policy;
Mr. Moody is a man of tact. If the
great evangelist should begin to use
his gift of tact for ulterior and
selfish and worldly purposes, he too
would become a man of policy. The
distinction seems clear: Policy is
sophisticated tact. Let us beware of it.

Don't Complain.

What is the use? Nobody thanks
you for burdening them with your load
of troubles, large or small. And they
are pretty sure to seem small in other
people's eyes, however large in your
own. "Go, bury your sorrow, the
world has its share," and does not care
to take any more. Besides, the trouble
gets larger the more you talk about it,
or even think about it in a complain-
ing spirit. It is amazing how a grievance
grows if only it be dwelt on with
sufficient persistence. He who looks
at it long enough will see in it plenty
of things that are not there at all.

It is easy to fall into the habit of
grumbling about every little thing that
does not just suit; but who, on calm
reflection, thinks it really pays? We
doubt if anybody ever did. It has an
ill effect on one's own spirits, sending
them down below zero on the smallest
provocation. It makes those around
us constantly uncomfortable. And,
most of all, it is a sin against God, a
most ungrateful return for His abun-
dant mercies.

How much better to keep in the
sunshine, and to take hold of things
by the smooth handle! One can al-
ways find the bright side if he looks
for it. Things are never as bad as

**K. D. C. Relieves Distress
After Eating.**

they might be. Whatever God sends
is meant for our good, and has some-
thing about it that should call forth
praise.

So we say complaint is always out of
order. Christians should never cease
to keep good-natured. If anything
troubles you, talk it over quietly with
the Lord first of all; after that, if
further counsel be required, an inti-
mate friend may be called in. In
cases that admit of remedy take hold
of them in resolute earnest, with a
cheerful purpose to set things right.
In all other cases patiently endure as
seeing Him who is invisible, looking
for the eternal weight of glory. In any
case, don't complain, don't fret, don't
make yourself a nuisance. "Look up
and not down, look forward and not
back, look out and not in, and lend a
hand" of help to every one in need.

Disappointing Efforts.

Who will not confess that many a
time, when he has set out to accom-
plish a task which should represent his
best thought, his wisest skill, his most
earnest solicitude, he has felt, at its
conclusion, that it was well nigh a
failure? How disappointing the result?
He had intended to render the most
efficient service that it was possible to
perform. But somehow, when he
came to review it, the sight was cheer-
less, unsatisfying—indeed, positively
repulsive and disheartening. This has
been the experience of many an editor.
He has aimed to produce an editorial
of unusual excellence—one which
would be especially effective in awak-
ening Christians to a deeper sense of
their duties and privileges, or one
which would put fresh cheer in the
hearts of the disconsolate; yet, as he
looked over his efforts, he felt humili-
ated, regretful, disappointed. So of
the preacher, after laboriously prepar-
ing a sermon, or perhaps following its
delivery. How poor his effort seemed
What misgivings! Thus, too, it has been
with the brother who offered prayer in
public and the sister who gave her
testimony in the prayer-room. Then
comes the temptation to give up such
efforts. Just then Satan is busy at the
ear. But let us reflect a little. It is
quite possible that what was disap-
pointing to the editor, the preacher,
the brother and sister, was just what
God could best use to bless others.
The things which often disappoint us
are frequently those which please God
most. Our seeming failures may
prove our greatest successes. Better
try hard to do good, even though we
fall below our ideal, than not to try at
all.

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