

"Our Dwelling Place in all Generations."

We build our costly mansions—stately, fair,
And beautiful with all that art can give;
"Here," saith the soul, "contented will I live,
And banish every mortal grief and care!"

And while with hallowing touch on walls
And dome,
The years relentless glide on silent wing,
Closer each day the heart's soft tendrils cling
To the soul's dearest earthly refuge—home!

Alas! through bolted door and guarded gate,
On some sad day the dark intruder steals,
With icy touch each fount of sweetness steals,
And leaves each glided chamber desolate!

O, mystic words! whose sacred promise sweet
Breathes of a home above these clouds of time,
On whose high walls and battlements sublime
The storms of mortal sorrow vainly beat!

O thought of awful grace! behind, before,
And all around us, bend those sheltering walls;
While on the waiting silence gently falls
The voice of Love Divine—"I am the door!"

—Irving Allen.

The Anchor of the Soul.

St. Paul was no stranger to the sea. Indeed, he was an experienced sailor—not from choice, but of necessity. There was probably few ports in the Archipelago he did not know well.

Most of us, if we speak of nautical matters, are almost certain to make a blunder. Few landmen are familiar with the phraseology of the sea. They do not know a mizen spanker from a fore-topsail, nor a marlinespike from a luff-tackle. But the great apostle was at home on board ship.

In that dreadful storm on the Gulf of Adria, when the vessel went scudding under bare poles, he was the only self-possessed man on board; and when captain, crew, and passengers, all pale with panic, had given up hope, Paul looked at them with unshaken nerve, and said, "I exhort you to be of good cheer." He knew what he was speaking about then, when he borrowed a figure from maritime life.

It was no light matter to cross the Mediterranean when the fierce *eurquillo* was blowing. For fourteen terrible days and nights were Paul and his companions tossed up and down on the heaving waves, the ship a mere plaything for the gale; when in a momentary lull of the storm the sailors thought they heard the roar of breakers through the midnight gloom. At once they suspected that land was near, and, dropping the lead, found they were in twenty fathoms of water.

Still, on the ship flies before the gale. Lo, now the man on the look-out sees, by a flash of lightning, a long white line of foam. Down with the line again—depth only fifteen fathoms. They are nearing the shore; they may be shattered on the reefs. Not an instant to be lost.

Let St. Paul himself describe what followed. "Then, fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, we cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day."

Only in one other place in Scripture does the word "anchor" occur, and that is the passage in which the same Apostle speaks of "an anchor of the soul."

Well, what can this be?

Every one knows what an ordinary anchor is made of. In very early time there were no such things in use; but hugh stones, with a rope attached, were made to serve the purpose. By-and-by, the Greeks began to make them of iron, and the example has been followed by all maritime nations. Remember, anchor-making is a responsible business, for if the workmen employ bad material, it may prove the loss of a ship and all on board.

What, then, about the *spiritual* anchor? Ah! how important that it be durable, seeing that everlasting interests are at stake. As everyone is aware, the most approved form of anchor has two great blades or "flukes"; so that which ever way it fall it may grasp the ground. Such, too, is the spiritual instrument, as the Apostle reminds us: "That by two immutable things (that is, the promise and the oath) in which it is impossible for God to lie, we may have strong consolation." These two things make the Christian's anchor "both sure and steadfast."

When a man makes a promise, we take him at his word; in ordinary circumstances we do not doubt him. But it is possible for him to forget, it is even possible for him to lie. Not so with God, who can neither be forgetful nor untruthful. He has promised eternal life to all who believe in Christ, who accept Him as their Saviour, and surrender themselves to Him as their Lord. But, He has done more than this. In wonderful condescension He

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

has given His solemn oath. Swearing by His own existence, He says, "As I live, I have no pleasure in your death, but that ye should turn unto Me, and live." Oh, it is indeed strong consolation which the Gospel gives; our two bladed anchor is the promise and the oath of God!

But, why do we need an anchor? Why does a ship need it? To keep it steady, and save it from being carried away by wind and tide. If the sea were always calm, if there were no strong gales nor currents, if there were no such things as rocks and quicksands—well, perhaps such an article would be dispensed with. But such conditions are hardly known in this world; certainly they are not known in spiritual experience.

How many influences there are all around us that put us in danger—temptations sharp and strong, currents of false teaching and soul-destroying error, squalls of severe and sudden trial; and woe be to us if we are not held fast by the anchor of Christian hope!

Sometimes a stiff gale at sea has only the effect of making the anchor hold more tightly than before. When it is first cast overboard it may not catch hold or "bite the ground," as the sailors say; but let the blast come, down goes the fluke, and the more the ship tugs, the faster its hold becomes. So it is sometimes with young Christians, when they are made of the right stuff.

Perhaps they have had to face an amount of ridicule and banter which at first was very hard to endure; yet they not only stood the trial, but became more decided and earnest than before, and more robust in the faith than they would have been if they had had no such discipline to pass through.

But now comes the question: Where are we to cast this anchor? The strongest anchor that was ever forged is of no use to a ship unless there is some solid ground on which it can grip. That basis must be something out of and beyond ourselves: the anchor must be thrown forth and hooked to that which is exterior to us—sure though hidden. In accordance with this the Apostle says: "We are saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for what we see not, then we do with patience wait for it."

And a stout anchor is not more indispensable than firm anchorage ground. It won't do to throw out our soul's anchor upon the mere clemency or indulgence of an amiable Deity: won't do to fasten the grapnel of our eternal hope to our own goodness, for such a hold is sure to fail. It must be fixed on the ground God has provided, and nowhere else. It must lay hold on the mercy of the everlasting covenant, on nothing less than the mediatorial work of the Son of God. The words of the Apostle, "within the veil," may at first seem puzzling. They make us think of heaven. But there appears to be a strange mingling of metaphors. It is not usual to cast anchors within curtains or veils. On closer inspection, however, the meaning is beautiful. The word "veil" takes us back to the worship of the ancient Jewish sanctuary. The most Holy Place, typical of heaven, was curtained off by an exquisite piece of pendant drapery, which bore this name. No one dared enter it but the High Priest, and even he only once a year.

Although the pious Hebrew never entered within that curtain, never saw behind it, he knew perfectly what was there; and all his hopes of salvation were linked with the mercy-seat, and the precious truth it expressed. His soul's anchor "entered into that within the veil," and took hold of the throne of infinite grace. St. Paul speaks of "the hope which is laid up for us in heaven."

A little lad sat at a cottage door-step one day, holding in his hand one end of a string whose other end was up in the sky, but quite invisible through the thick fog that prevailed. He was flying his kite.

"How do you know it is there?" said a gentleman who observed him. "I know it is there," replied the little man, "for I feel it pull. So it is with Christian hope, pulling him up daily to the eternal throne.—Dr. Davidson in P. Witness.

God's Call to the Church.

The Bible is very explicit as to the call of the church. The frequent repetition of the call is a matter of no small moment. The emphasis and urgency of the call ought to arouse every believer. The divine calls come to us from the cloud-capped, fire-enveloped, thunder-shaken Sinai, all radiant with the presence and authority of Jehovah. They come sweeping down upon us from the heavens above;

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they crowd upon us from the voices of the prophets, who spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—for God *did* speak at sundry times and in divers manners in times past by the prophets. Equally certain is it that he now speaks to us by His Son, from the holy life that Jesus lived, a life of devotion to the welfare of sinners, from Mount Hermon's transfiguration glory; from the Mount of Beatitudes, where Jesus sat and thrilled the astounded multitudes with the mightiest thoughts that ever fell on mortal ears—thoughts clad in words that have burned their way through the steel-hardened casement of depraved hearts, and are uplifting the nations. In spite of the confederated legions of earth and hell, the Sermon on the Mount cuts its way through the ranks of Satan and conquers the world. Yea, the calls come from the manger and the cross, streaming down in holy accents sweeter than the symphonies of creation, shouts of the sons of God. From Mount Olivet's glory crest, emphasized by the shining presence of the white-robed throng of the redeemed, blood-washed saints, the call comes to us in strangely charming appeals. Go ye into my vineyard and work; go rescue the perishing; go to all the ends of the earth; go everywhere; go at once; go cheerfully; go shouting exultantly.

Among the clearest, strongest presentations of the divine call to the church is one from the mouth of Isaiah. He calls the church out on three distinct lines: vigilance, or watchfulness; exertion of her forces, or putting on her strength; and to attractiveness, or beautiful garments. "Awake! awake! put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem." The church, each individual, must be vigilant, wide-awake to see danger, personal and public; the dangers to which such one is exposed; also the dangers that threaten the church. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." "I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel." Are there not traps and snares, pitfalls and besetments, on every hand, rendering every one liable to be ruined and lost to himself and lost to the church? How many are falling all around us because they do not see the dangers until it is too late! Is there no danger lurking in the pathway of the church? Pride, schism, worldliness, evil men, and the devil are still the relentless enemies of the church.

The church must not only be wide-awake to see danger, but to see opportunity to do good. The divine injunction is imperative, "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works." The meaning of this is plain. We are to study, look ahead, that we may lead out in usefulness and helpfulness to others. Not only vigilance, but we are called upon to exert our forces, to put on our strength. Think for a moment of the vast, unmeasured power of the church; and that power is latent, unused. The church possesses intellectual power which, if rendered active, could solve every problem, loosen every knot that disturbs the nations and that hinders the speedy conquest of the world by the gospel. And it is a sad thought that so few of the church do any thinking on lines of Christian work, or even recognize that they can think or ought to think to help on the salvation of the world. And only a very small per cent of those who think do as much thinking as they might. Let every reader stop and ask, in the full sight of the judgment day: "Of what use is my thinking-power to the church? What am I doing with the mental talent which God has given me? Are there no lines of Christian work in which I can employ my mind? Who does the studying for the Sunday school, the prayer-meeting, the preacher's salary, the connectional interests, missionary society, church-erection, educational? Who plans to disseminate information and to lead the people into the light, that they may know and do their duty? Again, we ask, Who does all thinking? Could you not come in and join with the few and aid this mighty work?"

Then there is the social power of the church. Think of the thousands of lonesome aching hearts that pine and die for want of social recognition any sympathy that you might give! What do you know of your neighbor's religious experience, peculiar trials, sorrows, and longings? What do you know of the ways of influencing him? Who can tell what power might exert for good by social contact with those around and in easy reach of you?

Then there is the financial power of the church. It would require a respectable-sized book, instead of an editorial, to present this thought as it ought, and to press it upon the hearts and consciences of the church. It means that you ought to earn all you

K. D. C. is marked prompt and lasting in its effects.

can, save all you can, and give all you can. It does not mean that you are to give what you have left, if anything, after you have paid for or provided every indulgence. It means self-denial, personal sacrifice. It means that you are to give a definite share of your income to God's cause, whether you have enough left to gratify your cravings or not. Many Christian people spend many times more money to gratify hurtful lusts, than they do to save the world from perdition. Think of a man spending five dollars a year for tobacco, and giving one dollar to the missionary cause! Think of a Christian spending five dollars for ornaments for herself, and giving fifty cents to pay the man who preaches the gospel to her and her family! Think of standing up in the day of judgment and facing the millions that are condemned and lost, all for the want of effort you might have exerted, or sacrifice you might have made! lost for the want of the help your wasted money would have brought to them! On the other hand, think of a soul saved, blood-washed, glory-crowned—yea, a score, a hundred, white-robed, before the throne, brought there by your sacrifices! Will you regret?

Put on thy strength, O man of God, and do and dare, and die, if need be, to save precious souls that are perishing all around you! We ought to be so imbued, filled, and on fire with the spirit of Christ that it would be a luxury to suffer to save the worst of sinners.

Next, the church is to put on her beautiful garments. This does not mean that Christians must array themselves in costly fabrics, made doubly expensive by the time consumed in the needless, senseless distortions and follies of fashion; nor the questionable practice of putting on gold and other costly ornaments. Garments, in all ages, have represented character. The wedding garment in the parable is elsewhere explained to be the righteousness of the saints. The beautiful garments of Zion's sons and daughters are the blood-washed, stainless characters that the Holy Spirit will impart to all believers. Beloved, will you listen and obey the call of God? He calls to vigilance, exertion, and a holy life, made beautiful because it reflects the life of the Master.—Southern Telescope.

"Because He Believed."

The story of Daniel is one of the many that are "written for our instruction, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Certainly it is very instructive to read of the staunch, unflinching adherence to principle of that moral hero. It is just such enduring fiber of character that is needed now, when faith and practice in the Christian life are put to the same tests under other forms as those which were presented to the young Hebrew, and later to the man of position, in the midst of heathen Babylon. What an admirable young man he was, with "grit" and self-respect sufficient to purpose in his heart that he would not "defile himself" with any Gentile practices which were opposed to his early training in the Church of his fathers, and doubtless in his own mother's household. It is not surprising that such a young man should rise to a position of trust and influence even among the people who could not appreciate his spirit or the motives of his conduct. The world admires and believes in a man wherever it sees him, even though it is unwilling to accept the same standards for its own course of action.

The tests of principle placed before Daniel when he was a man of influence in the kingdom were far greater than those which he met when a youth. How easy it would have been for him to say it would be wiser to compromise a little than to incur the displeasure of the king and lose his position. But there was something within himself which made it impossible for him to compromise with wrong. The barrier within was stronger than the tides without, and in the fear of the king's decree he went right on in his open allegiance to God, "as he did aforetime."

Then came the greatest test of all. After such devotion to principle, such unswerving fidelity to God, might he not expect that God, whom he knew was able, would save him from such a tremendous strain upon his faith as that of being put into the very jaws of ferocious lions? A greater honor than this was to crown the fidelity and trust of this faithful servant of the Lord. He was not to be spared the trial, but he was to be gloriously triumphant in it. His faith was to be proved worthy of the uttermost test. Into the very teeth of the lions he was thrown, and how very expressive and full of suggestion is the declaration—

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tion that "no manner of hurt was found upon him." Absolutely, perfectly, inviolably kept, not from, but in, the experience of strange and threatening dangers. No manner of hurt, the body preserved by the power of God, the soul unshaken in integrity, steady and strong in its sublime, unwavering poise.

What was the secret of this steadfastness to principle and this victorious calmness in the midst of trial? It is given in this brief, comprehensive sentence. "Because he believed in his God." He believed in the eternal righteousness of the divine law, the unchanging purpose of the divine will, the unerring wisdom of the divine plan, the incorruptible faithfulness of the divine love. This piece of his defense was as "a munition of rocks," no manner of hurt could be found upon him there. His belief in God went deeper than the superficial faith we too often are satisfied with. It was not only a faith in the providential care of Him whom he served, but Daniel truly honored God by believing in God Himself. It was the spirit which says, "Right is right because God is God;" to doubt or falter in doing right at all hazards is disloyalty and sin. The outcome of doing right must be good, no matter how it looks to the "blindfold eye" of sense. It was the spirit of David when in deep sorrow he said; "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! Hope thou in God."

We cannot disregard any part of God's law, we cannot be unfaithful to our trust as stewards of His manifold grace, we cannot be swept away by temptation or overcome by trial, if we truly believe in God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Let us read the words not with the emphasis upon the staying possibilities of our own mind, but upon the character and personality of that one upon whom we are stayed. "No manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

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