

Acknowledge Him.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."—Prov. iii. 6.

If you should ask me how to live
And not grow dim,
This is the answer I would give:
"Acknowledge him,"
And then your light would brighter grow
Beneath his care;
I lift up thy voice and thou shalt know
He answers prayer.
O soul, just show the world his praise,
Acknowledge him in all thy ways.

Perhaps to thee thy burden seems
A heavy load;
Perhaps no sunshine ever gleams
Upon thy road;
Perhaps—perhaps then choosest, when
Thy choice was made,
The path that ever since has been
Within the shade.
O soul, let not thy light be dim:
In all thy ways acknowledge him;

Come, cast thy burden on the Lord—
He cares for thee;
Thy path he'll brighten thro' his Word,
Till thou canst see.
A creature he hath made of you—
Let him direct,
And though wilt find thy pathway true
In each respect.
O soul, to him all praises be,
For Christ, the Lord, hath died for thee.

When social life or business care
Thy mind would fill,
Just take it to the Lord in prayer,
And ask his will.

Then, though the world may laugh and say:
"Thy sight is dim,"
Take courage, and from day to day
Acknowledge him.
O soul, let angels now record:
"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."

—Harold McGill Davis.

"O King, Live Forever."

The reason why Daniel and the courtiers of the Oriental king addressed the monarch in these words was because the king would have been very glad if he could have escaped death. He would have liked to live forever. It is not natural that we should want to stop living. If an old man, beset by weakness and pain, is willing to die it is because he believes that death is not the end of life, but rather its beginning. He will, he believes, keep on living after he is dead.

This longing for continued life fights against the certainty of death. It makes men ready and glad to believe in a future life. So all nations, whatever their religion, have admitted that there is another world after this present world. The reasons might be unsatisfactory, for they may never have heard of a Jesus who came back from beyond the grave, but, with reason or without reason, they were determined to believe in the immortality of the soul. The very necessity of their nature seemed to require the belief and to make the belief reasonable. How can it be, they said, that the mind, in the midst of its powers, can cease to be? Is it possible that this uncomposed soul is dissolved and ceases to exist as does the body? We cannot have it so; we will not have it so; there must be a future, for we want it. We must see again the dear ones that have gone before. It pleases us to imagine it so, to believe it so, to be assured it is so; and so it is, it shall be, for us. So they cry to God, or to the gods, Give us back again our life, our friends taken from us, our children, our parents, our great heroes and statesmen and teachers; give them back to our sight; let us go to them, if they cannot come to us; give us the sight of the good, the merciful, the just Judge who rules the Elysium of good spirits!

That, we say, is the natural cry of the soul in all ages. But if so, why suicides? Those who are tired of living are not all maniacs. Some have been tired and disgusted with life, and have wished to end it. True and there are many more who loudly declare that there is no future life, no eternal world beyond the present, no realm of spirits, and no God. With some it is, no doubt, a philosophic agnosticism. They are not satisfied with the evidence of a future life, and, with a mind as well balanced as they can level it, they conclude that perhaps there is no future life, they would gladly believe. But this is not the attitude of the larger part of those who deny God and deny the immortality of the soul. A man can believe because he wants to; and he can disbelieve because he wants to. Here is a man whose life has been a warfare against the laws of his moral nature. He has been self-indulgent, self-loving; he has been hard-hearted, cruel perhaps, at any rate, he has not lived such a life as he believes a good God would approve, and he does not propose to change that life. He is wilful in his selfishness. What can such a man expect in a future life? If there is a holy God, such as Christians tell of, this God will not be his friend in that other life, and he does not want to see that life, nor to see that God. He will, if he can, persuade himself that there is no God, no future life; for we can persuade ourselves to believe

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what we want to believe, if we look only on one side of a question. Soon he says in his heart, and at last he says with his lips, "There is no God." When he has said that, because he did not dare to meet God, because he did not want, in his rebellion against moral law, to be under a holy God in another life, when he has persuaded himself that death ends all, then, if trouble or pain comes, if life ceases to be pleasant here, and there is no hope hereafter, if in the sleep of death there are no unpleasant dreams, why not commit suicide?

It is unutterably pitiful to see a soul that has lost the hope of the world beyond. To such a soul there may be a stoic endurance under the sullen clouds of this life; but there is no hope, no triumph in the looking for a blessed immortality which a Christian anticipates. It is only the man that has Heaven before him who can be really happy. One must live so as not to be afraid to die if he will live in peace of soul. If there is a Heaven beyond where we shall meet our friends, then happy are we. That assurance comes in Him who brought life and immortality to light in his Gospel, who made sure to us the faith in another life which Socrates and Cicero were determined to hold whether they could find reason for it or not.

So, O kings, made kings and priests unto our God, through the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and who shall sit with him on his throne and reign with him, O kings, live forever!

Why Devotion Dies.

A minister much given to rhetoric, and who has (probably not without cause) trouble in his church, recently said, in his report for the year:

"We had shipped the Devil at the very beginning, and the cloven hoof had all the time paced our sacred decks concealed by the patent leathers of our own officials."

We all know that Satan is ubiquitous, and has unequalled powers of deception. He can appear in any guise himself and induce others to steal

"the liver of the court of Heaven To serve the Devil in."

His diplomacy is of the most superior character. He loves indirection. He loves to appear what he is not, and to attack the defenses of the good man, not openly as an enemy, but under cover of some good purpose and as a friend. He seems to prefer the company of those who have formally renounced him and all his works, reasoning, perhaps, that those who are in his service will work his works with comparatively little suggestion from him. The saints are the ones he is troubled about. He would regain control of them, if he could. So it is perfectly natural that he should present himself among them as he used to do among "the sons of God."

It is certain that he gets into churches somehow. He comes in quietly and unobtrusively, yet he does not always take a back seat. He finds a way into some of the most prominent pews, and even into the Amen corner, to trouble the saints and try the pastor. He appears to join heartily in the singing; he is even outwardly reverent during the prayer, and he is not inattentive to the sermon. Indeed, he sometimes sits in the pulpit, with the pretense of helping the minister. The suggestions he insinuates concerning the sermon are marvelous for variety and plausibility. He often succeeds in modifying and mixing the truth, weakening the doctrine, and lowering the spiritual tone; but he is particularly adept in getting the minister to think that he ought quietly to rap some of the brothers and sisters, and at the same time the Old Deceiver puts it into the mind of the saints in the pew to resent the attacks of the saint in the pulpit.

The arch-hypocrite has plenty of work in the church. He is busy as a bee on Sunday. But he seems to find a still larger field in the church conferences and on weekdays. How often does he go to the parsonage to carry gossip about some of the members, and every time he leaves the parsonage he takes a load away to be widely distributed among the members.

When he has succeeded in stirring up feeling at the parsonage and in a dozen families or so, he makes himself active in urging both sides to "have it out" at the church meeting. He never proposes outright an open quarrel or an actual fight. He is careful that the meeting shall be opened with prayer, invoking God's presence and wisdom and closed with the benediction, asking his blessing on all that has been done and on all present. He thinks if the forms of devotion are kept up, those who bicker and quarrel and taunt one another with great bitterness, will not suspect that they are serving Satan's purposes and not God's. The Old Serpent is a capital Deceiver, able to

La Grippe weakens digestion use K. D. C.

deceive the very elect. This is why church quarrels are so divisive and so lasting. Satan persuades the saints that they are not to blame, consulting the particular weakness of each in his masterly campaign.

St. John speaks of the Synagog of Satan. It is easier to deal with the Synagog of Satan than with Satan in the Synagog. He wrecks good churches and spoils good pastors. As a church wrecker he has no equal, and to wreck a church is about the worst thing in the catalog of sin. An awful offense is it when the pastor is the agent of the evil work, and deceives himself with the belief that he is God's ambassador all the time and is consistently doing God's service.

What a wonderful increase in the soul-saving power of the churches there would be if only Satan could be cast out of them and kept out of them; and how much more effective and heavenly would be the influence of all pastors, if they were always able to recognize the source of many suggestions which come to them and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

We are too apt to forget the ubiquity and perseverance of the Father of Lies. We need to be on the watch constantly, lest he deceive us. Let there be a general casting out of this Demon of Unrighteousness, and a determined effort to keep him out.

What Hast Thou Done for Me?

One essential condition of true discipleship to Christ is that the disciple shall do something for the Master; not incidentally, but as his habit of life he must offer service in sacrifice to his Lord, and to the glory of his name. "Son, go work in my vineyard to-day." "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and the love which ye showed toward his name, in that ye ministered unto the saints and still do minister." St. Paul, acknowledging a contribution from his brethren at Philippi, employs these grateful words: "I have received the things that came from you, an odor of sweetness, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away." If a branch abide not in the vine, and bear no fruit, it is cut off as a dead branch, such as are gathered for fuel and are burned. Not to work for the Master involves spiritual death, decay and death. And this applies not only to the Church collectively, but to every individual member of the body.

A share of social, moral and spiritual influence is given to every believer, as also some amount of material resources, little or much. These are distributions of the Lord's money to be profitably employed. "And he called ten servants of his, and gave them ten pounds, and said, Trade ye herewith till I come." (Luke xix. 13) A day to settle accounts is fixed for the future, and he that shall have hidden away his Lord's money in a napkin is doomed. What hast thou done with my money? How didst thou employ the means I gave thee for doing good? Didst thou help me in my work of redeeming souls?

There was one thought of boundless burning love that inspires the great heart of Christ—the redemption of the whole race: Jew and Gentile, Barbarian, Grecian, bond and free, and to make of them one flock under one Shepherd. Closing his ministry on earth, our Lord issued his kingly order: "Go, teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and lo! I am with you to the end of the world."

Thus commissioned, the Apostle to the Gentiles, all aflame with love for Christ and human souls, cries out: Yes, yes, this great salvation is offered to all the world; but faith in the crucified One is the indispensable condition, and "how shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" To meet these conditions the Spirit and the Bride must combine to accomplish the work of redeeming the world. The Holy Ghost must call the heralds, and the Bride (the Church) must furnish these messengers of peace to their great work.

The Church is made up of individual members, who have taken upon them the vows of discipleship. Now, what have you and I done, dear reader, to support the columns of Immanuel's army pressing on for the conquest of the world?

Well, I can't go to the mission fields. No, I can't teach the language of heathen nations. No, I have tasks of duty that bind me to home. Yes, I have out little indeed that I can do or give to strengthen the Gospel forces. Yes, but little. And the Master makes

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

allowance for our limited means of doing work, and only requires faithfulness in doing that little; and then he graciously promises a kindly reward for that little service. "Because thou wast found faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." Have we done that little for his name? The contributions to foreign missions in our Southern Methodist Church do not amount to two cents a month per member!

It is a serious matter we are considering! The battle for the kingdom of Christ is a sore conflict, and our brethren, bearing the blood-stained banner, call for reinforcements. Our Board of Missions returns the mournful answer: "We can't help you: no money." If, as a Church, we get ten cents a month each, we would send out one thousand new helpers to the mission fields. Every child of the Church, great and small, can steadily do a little to help on the conquests of the glorious Gospel of our Lord. In the still hour of the evening, when we go to commit our safety into the hands of our Father above, let us talk to our Saviour about this view of Christian duty; and let us answer to him his own inquiry, "What hast thou done for me?"—J. Wofford Tucker, in Florida Christian Advocate.

The Sin of Idleness.

Idleness has been called "one of the seven deadly sins." It contaminates the soul as water standing still becomes foul and impure. By it the intellect becomes dull, time is wasted, and the spirit rendered gloomy, fretful, and depressed. No work is far worse than overwork. Work is useful as a discipline, as an educator, as a source of blessing. The busy man lives more in a day than the idle man in three, score years. Coleridge says: "If the idle are described as killing time the methodical man may be said to call it into life and being. He organizes the hours and gives them a soul." We are impelled to work by the rewards which are promised, but the effect of work on ourselves is its richest reward. Mrs. Browning wrote nothing more beautiful and true than this:

"Get leave to work

In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
For God in cursing gives us better gifts
Than man in benediction. God says,
"Sweat
For foreheads; men say 'crowns'; and
so we are crowned,
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle
of steel
Which snips with a secret spring. Get
work; get work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work
to get."

Work drives away depression, whets the appetite for food, invites sleep, promotes digestion, strengthens the muscles and sinews, gives free circulation to the blood, stimulates the intellectual faculties, provides the comforts of life, develops all the powers which it brings into exercise, transforms stupid ignorance into brilliant genius, fills the world with works of art and literature, and develops the resources of nature. Nothing can stand before work.—Christian Advocate.

A Sick Room in China.

"Nerves" appear to be very much a matter of custom as well as race. Where the Eastern invalid seeks quiet the Chinaman piles up occasion for noise and movement. Mr. F. Smith, in his recent amusing book, "Sketches of Doings Chinese," speaks thus of contrast of the sick room management in China and in Europe: "It is not alone when he sleeps that an accidental requires quiet, but most of all when he is sick. Then, if never before he demands freedom from the annoyance of needless noises. Friends, nurses, physicians, all conspire to insure this most necessary condition for recovery. And if recovery is beyond hope, then more than ever is the sufferer allowed to be in as great peace as circumstances admit. Nothing in the habits of Chinese presents a greater contrast to those of Westerners than the behavior of the Chinese to one another in cases of sickness. The notification of the event is a signal for all varieties of raids upon the patient from every quarter, in number proportioned to the gravity of the disease. Quiet is not for a moment to be thought of, and, strange to say, no one appears to desire it. The bustle attendant upon the arrival and departure of so many guests, the work of entertaining them, the wailings of those who fear that a death is soon to take place, and especially the pandemonium made by priest, priestesses, and others to drive away the malignant spirits, constitute an environment from which death would be to most Europeans a happy escape."

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

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Entering into the closet.

There is no possible way of finding comfort amid the providences that come to us in life but in an intimate and habitual communion with God. Much as we may desire to avoid providences, so often of an afflictive and disciplinary character, our heavenly Father sees it wise to administer His government over us in a manner that often hides His love to our human thought. Doubtless in this way He would keep us from pride and vanity, impress upon us our absolute dependence upon His guidance, instill a deeper religious conviction in our minds, perfect more fully our ideals of a true life, and clarify our vision of spiritual things. But, theorizing thus, as we often do, how few accept His way with unflinching composure, rejoicing that we are in His hands! Such blessed rest in God comes to us only through our well trodden path—the path of holy prayer. We do not mean an approach to the mercy seat merely at stated times and in formal utterances, but a constant drawing near to Him in the silent depths of devotion, in the hourly spiritual contact of the human with the divine heart.

But this power to pause amid conflicting uncertainties, and let God give light upon the path in His own good time, is not the product of human philosophy. This ability to wait until He shall solve the problem belongs only to souls that are constantly closeted in His presence. Helping Him to decide difficult questions is one of His ways of "rewarding them openly."

And who will say that this is not a rich reward for obeying our Lord's command: "Enter into thy closet?" Can anything surpass such comfort as is found here? Toiling, weary pilgrim, at the shore of the sounding sea, amid mountain steep, beneath the broad canopy of the heavens, at midnight, wherever thou art found, enter the inclosure of prayer, and abide very near to Him who "seeth in secret." O what safety is here!

The Secret of Her Power.

Dr. F. W. Robertson, in speaking of a Christian woman who was much beloved, when asked what he thought was the secret of her divine power in the home, said:

What was the secret of her heavenly power in the home? Nothing but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating the quarrel which lowered brows and raised tones already showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another, by soothing a sobbing child; at a father, by humoring and softening a father who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritating cares of business. None but she saw those things; none but a loving heart could see them. That was the secret of her power. The only charm she employed was the talisman of a heavenly spirit and abiding good humor.

A man cannot be at peace with himself while he lives in disobedience to known truth.—Whichoute.

Nervous People

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

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Cannot Be Beat.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

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When my little girl was one month old, she had a scab form on her face. It kept spreading until she was completely covered from head to foot. Then she had boils. She had forty on her head at one time, and more on her body. When six months old she did not weigh seven pounds, a pound and a half less than at birth. Then her skin started to dry up and get so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep, but laid with them half open. About this time, at the earnest request of friends, I started using the CUTICURA REMEDY, and in one month the sores completely cured. The doctor and drug bills were over one hundred dollars, the CUTICURA bill was not more than five dollars. My child is now two years old, strong, healthy and large as any child of her age (see photo.) and it is all owing to CUTICURA. Yours with a Mother's Blessing, MRS. GEO. H. TUCKER, JR., 335 Greenfield Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Sold throughout the world. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., sole proprietors, Boston. Mailed free, "All about the Blood, Skin, Scalp, and Hair." Baby Blemishes, falling hair, and red, rough hands prevented and cured by CUTICURA Soap.

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