

The Master and the Chisel.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that He is carving;
Nor will He let
One delicate stroke too many
Or few be set
On forehead, or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—and where the hardest
The blow should fall
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder His hand from making
The work divine.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master,
We pray Thee, then,
Strike just as Thou wilt; as often,
And where, and when,
The vehement stroke is needed,
I will not mind,
If only Thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of Thy wondrous working
And loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, stature,
And face, as will,
When discipline's ends are over,
Have all sufficed
To mold me into the likeness
And form of Christ.

The Advance.

A Mind to Work.

The Churches are now ready for their winter's work. The harvest of the field have been gathered, and for their abundance we have offered our thanks to the Giver of all. The pastors and the people have been back long enough from their summer dispersals to have got their plans well laid, their meetings well in hand. They are ready, if they ever will be, to renew the old warfare which the Church has been waging for more than eighteen centuries, and which will not be accomplished till the Sun of Righteousness shall revive righteousness over all the earth.

If Churches and Christians wish to be revived themselves, and if they wish the unconverted whether thoughtless or thoughtful, brought to Christ, the time is fully come for them to prepare for the work. We do not now wish to tell them how to prepare or what to do; we merely ask them to decide the question, and to decide it early, whether or not they want God's blessing. Is it worth while for them this coming season to expect and pray for a revival of religion? Is the end worth the labor? Is the prospect of success sufficient to warrant the outlay?

It ought to be a needless repetition of accepted truisms to argue out the answers to these questions. And yet so faithless are Christians to their faith that no preacher or teacher of religion can do less. We need to impress upon ourselves by frequent iteration the worth of the human soul, its infinite destiny, and the transcendent importance of preparation for the eternal life. Though we may believe ourselves to be heirs of the eternal life, and already saved, we need to remind ourselves of the mighty value of that salvation to other souls, and of the terrible nature of eternal death to them and to ourselves if we should at last be castaways. Old thoughts these are, solemn thoughts, living and dying thoughts, not often to be obtruded, but which should ever guide our secular and our religious life.

But the main difficulty with Christians is not so much their failure to apprehend the mighty verities of existence, as a lack of assurance that their efforts will be successful. We apprehend that too many Church members feel somewhat in this way. God will answer prayer if it comes from a very holy man. If we only had in our Church a pair of Pauls, or half a dozen Apolloses, or if Edward Payson could come and preach to the unconverted, or if the good Mr. Moody and the devout Mr. Sankey could only talk and sing to us, we might expect that God could bless such labors; but not ours. We are too cold, too sinful, and it is of no use for us to work or pray.

But who loves lost souls most, God or Paul? Has any evangelist suffered for the sinful as did he that hung upon the tree? Is not God waiting to answer your prayer, dear reader, weak as it may be? Can you not take his promises that his Spirit is at your service, however unworthy you are? Do you know that incomparably the most glorious promise in God's holy Word was offered to the most worthless Christians described in it—to the lukewarm Laodiceans? If they, by repentance, could inherit such a transcendent glory, may not the common believers of any common Church look for ordinary and extraordinary blessings of God's grace.

Jesus of Nazareth will be passing by. He will be asking his Churches if they are ready to receive him. It is for us to answer.—*The Independent.*

K. D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

Loyalty.

Loyalty is one of the most considerable elements in a true man's life. He stands for something; he swears by something, he stands to it to the bitter end. He has the stuff martyrs are made of; he is positive with a large infusion of iron in his constitution. He not only has preferences; he has principles as well to be avowed and defended. The cause of right, the cause of God, is his cause. To many persons the cause is nothing; the men standing about it are the only attractive points. To such people one church, one party, one organization, is as good as another; they care nothing for particular churches or parties. They are in search of the right men. When they get to it, they generally find men to represent them pretty much like themselves. Without concern for the great issues involved, such people generally turn out to be mere camp-followers rather than brave soldiers; interested in the plunder rather than the triumph of the cause. At the bottom their devotion is to themselves. The query is, not what they can do for the cause, but rather what the cause can do for them. They are in for what they can make out of it. If they fight, they are careful to stand on the winning side. They believe in the majority, and are without the stamina to stand with a minority. If the world were made up of such poltroons, every good cause, every true interest of the kingdom of Christ, would be driven to the wall. There would be no room for it in such a world; shame would rule in the temple as in the market-place. Every good cause in this world gets loaded with such barnacles after a while, and then comes the reformer to scrape the bottom.

True loyalty is something more. It owes allegiance to a righteous cause. It sees truth. It has pluck and avows a purpose. It wears by its own family, its own church, its own town, its own nation, while at the same time generous in its sympathies toward all other good institutions. But true loyalty is never indifferent to its place and relations. One thing is not as good as another. To the loyal man, his own church, nation, family, are more than any other. There he has pledged faith; there he owes duty; and as a true man he stands up in his lot and place to discharge the obligation he has incurred. Of course it costs him something. It costs something, in this world, to be a man and a Christian any way; and you may as well make up your mind to pay the price or throw up all claims to be of any account. If you propose to be anybody, you will find obstacles in your way. It lies with you to say whether or not they shall be removed.—*Z. Herald.*

Christ in the Home.

That which most spoils domestic life—when love is there—is petty quarrels. I do not speak of differences of opinion upon subjects worthy of discussion. Plenty of those intellectual minds within the household keep its atmosphere fresh and enliven and stimulate the intellect, heart, and conscience of the family. But I speak of quarrels. Familiarity of life with one another gives room for unchecked development of temperament, and when opposed temperaments do not care to play gently in and out among one another, ungracious disturbance ruffles the surface of our happy lake of life. Let them go on day by day, and these tempers, once so unfrequent, never let the waters rest. Love remains, but life is spoiled. Therefore, let the music of these words enter into your spirit, and keep them with you till you learn how to make their meaning into daily facts: "Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Take one or two examples, out of many, of how this may be done. If you have been in the wrong from impetuosity or heat of temper, and for the moment have been betrayed into sharp words or rude manners, follow without false shame the guidance of your heart; say that you are sorry, not with the haughtiness which contradicts your words, but with the courtesy of love. To apologize for ill-doing or harsh speech is not ignoble. It is the offended isolation, it is the selfish sulkingness, which is unworthy of man or woman. The apology may be difficult at first, but difficulties of this kind we are bound to overcome if we seek to rise with Christ. At each successive time it becomes easier, and the doing of it prevents the recurrence of the temper which rendered the apology necessary.

Again, if blame has to be given, wait till your personal irritation is over. It often comes in just as well, and more forcibly, a week or a month after, and when all your own anger has fled. But blame must sometimes be given directly. There are sometimes when

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

principle is involved, when one must speak at once to wife or husband or child or friend. But be natural in it; let your heart speak, and not your intellect alone; and moreover, let all blame be rapid, and never repeat it.

And when you have considered all, remember that in these things love is not, when unguarded, all in all. It must be accompanied by the right reason of justice; for justice is the only element in which love can act without the danger of falling into weakness, favoritism, even folly. Indeed, justice is the other side of the shield of love.—*Stingford Brooke.*

Christian Contentment.

Many a man will tell us that he has accepted his lot of hardship, while beneath the surface there is the unexpressed protest that only waits for the opportunity to break forth in rebellious word. It is said that Byron carried ordinarily an exterior of quiet repose, while the deepest currents of his soul were in wildest turbulence of passion. To the observer he might have seemed content with his bitter loneliness, the fruit of a debased life. But in reality there could not be rest of soul. Inward revolt against circumstances was his uniform habit.

Many a one has resolved that the storms of life shall not becloud the face and reveal the tale of inward sorrow; has studiously purposed that smiles, not tears, shall be the uniform habit; that by self-discipline, by all the arts of worldly concealment, by dress, by song, and by glittering exterior there shall be a semblance of rest. But the effort is impossible. Far down beneath the surface the soul, "like the troubled sea," will sooner or later "cast up mire and filth."

No, all this is not contentment. Where this is found it is sure to be in harmony with God and His providences in the deepest sense. And all this is the result of continual "looking unto Jesus," of a holy trust day by day, of a personal intercourse with God in prayer, of a lively sense of His favor through the merit of His Son. It may not be always an overflowing emotion; rather it is that contentment which, joined to godliness, is "great gain." For such "godliness," having contentment as its chief characteristic "is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Religion in the Family.

It is a remarkable thing in regard to little people that it is almost never too early to approach them with religious suggestion, writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in *The Ladies Home Journal*. It is not what we say to them that makes them religious; it is the religious instinct already in them that makes intelligible to them whatever of a religious kind we say to them. The best that a child can become in this, as in every other respect, accrues from wisely handling and fostering some impulse already contained in the child's original dowry.

If the beginnings of individual religion were not an implant no method of treatment, no ingenuity of culture could suffice to establish such a beginning. Religion can be immanent in the child, and even be a part of his experience, without his being able yet to know it as religion, or being able to comprehend the allusions made to it by his elders. . . . It holds in the twilight of life what is true in each dawn; that it begins to be morning a good while before there is sunshine enough in the air for the sun dial to be able to tell us what o'clock it is. . . . The infant's eyes are full of light, waiting to be greeted by the light of the sun so soon as its lids are lifted. The heart of the child is tuned to the things of God, and its strings are ready to become musical so soon as they are touched by a hand that knows how to stir them into resonance. It is a good while before the child and the earth come very close to one another, but on the contrary, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Arise, therefore, and be doing.

The world—that is, those who "have not God in all their thoughts"—is accustomed to speak sneeringly of Christians as "weak" and "fanatical." But weakness is no characteristic of a true Christian. To be a Christian requires the most invincible firmness, with the noblest qualities of the mind and spirit called to their best activity. Weakness and cowardice belong to the drifters who make no resistance to the evil within themselves or in the society around them. The brave arm and the courageous heart see the conflict, accept the responsibility, and go in for victory—victory which is assured, complete, everlasting. What a glorious thing it is to be in the ranks of the

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

King! How unworthy of our high calling to say we are enrolled and let others do the fighting. Perhaps he will let us march in with the victors at the last; but surely, if so, some of us will be ashamed of the little spoil we have taken from the enemy to enrich the treasures of our King.

The old Christian battle song goes: "I've listed in this army For to fight, for to fight."

The refrain that many are singing seems to be:

"I've come into the Church For to rest, for to rest."

The burdens are heavy upon a few willing workers. Where are the unused talents that might, if "put to usury," so enrich their owners? What a lot of wasted treasure is hid in napkins so dainty they cannot be unfolded for every-day service! What a pity, my friend, for you to lose the present happiness of having a part in the great Christian activities of the day, and to lose the final reward when the King shall give to everyone "according to his works."

Go help some overworked visitor among the poor; offer to do writing for some one whose correspondence in voluntary benevolent work is nearly overwhelming; ask your pastor if you can assist him in visiting the sick; help in the finances; and remember that St. Paul says: "Ye also helping together by prayer for us." Let no man take thy crown.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

Confession.

It avails nothing to confess our wrongdoing only that we may escape present trouble. This was precisely Pharaoh's case. When sorely afflicted throughout his realm he acknowledged his sin against God in order that the dreadful scourge might be taken away. There is no genuine confession at all when it is thus extorted from us. More than this, that would not be a merciful provision which would sanction it, because the guilty one would thus misapprehend both the divine clemency and its own depraved nature.

Human society accepts this as true and acts accordingly. There would be no protection in society if the culprit were released from prison on the ground of his confession. To enjoy his guilty freedom once more he would hasten to pay the price so insignificant. He would have no just sense of the motives that prompted forgiveness, and his release on such grounds would not do anything toward his heart reformation. The whole process would be hardening, and would prove most disastrous both to himself and the commonwealth.

Are not the same principles to be observed in the higher realm? Rightly viewed, the sinner himself could not ask forgiveness on his mere confession. He would see how such a deliverance would leave him in bondage still to evil propensities which would soon lift again their voice of command; moral disease would still enervate and destroy.

Take Time for the Bible.

As we drift along the swift, relentless current of time toward the end of life; as days, and weeks, and months, and years follow each other in breathless haste, and we reflect now and then for a moment that at any rate for us much of this earthly career has passed irrevocably, what are the interests, thoughts—aye, the books—which really command our attention? What do we read, and leave unread? No other book, let us be sure of it, can equally avail to prepare us for that which lies before us; for the unknown anxieties and sorrows which are sooner or later the portion of most men and women; for the gradual approach of death; for the period, be it long or short, of waiting and preparation for the throne and face of the eternal Judge. Looking back from the world, how shall we desire to have made the most of our best guide to it! How shall we grudge the hours we have wasted on any—be they thoughts, or books, or teachers—which only belong to the things of time!—*Canon Liddon.*

Working for Self.

The nearer one comes to an utter sinking of self in Christian service, yielding all to Christ and for His glory without reserve, the more acceptable will be that service to Him. There is room for the closest self-examination at this point on the part of everyone. Am I jealous of my own rather than of God's glory in what I undertake? Do I really suffer pain when the discovery is made to me that a form of selfishness still remains? Do I resist God's methods of showing this weakness to me? Am I more anxious to have the hidden evil entirely removed than to make a "fair show in the flesh" before men?

Take K. D. C. for sour stomach and sickheadache.

It is pitiful to mark how the choicest talents are sometimes lost to the world by a reluctance to yield all to God and for His glory. Could we measure the true standard as God wishes it to be realized in our Christian activities, we would see occasion, doubtless, for deepest contrition on account of our self-exaltation for what we say and do in His name.

The Power of a Broken Heart.

Edward Payson used to say, "I never feel like speaking to sinners unless I have a broken heart myself." It was only in that condition that he could truly sympathize with them and show them that he really desired their salvation. A story is told of a wicked blacksmith, who took occasion to urge his infidel principles upon his patrons. A Christian neighbor became greatly concerned about his soul, and determined to visit and speak with him upon the matter. He did so; but all he could say was, "I am come to tell you I am greatly concerned about your salvation." He turned away with deep feeling, thinking his labor lost. But the man, who would have delighted to argue the case with him, could not get rid of his heartfelt sympathy, and soon followed him to his home to say, "I am greatly concerned about my own soul, and I want you to pray for me."—*Christian Press.*

Random Readings.

It is good for us to think that no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—*Christian Leader.*

The Judge of all the earth will do right. No human being will suffer more than he deserves, or more than his own conscience will recognize as just.—*Charles Hodge.*

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*Bayardman.*

To walk and live unseparated within arm's length of what is not your own, with nothing between your desire and its gratification but the invisible law of rectitude—this is to be a man.—*Horace Mann.*

Keep up hope in bad times. We have the same sun and sky and stars; the same God and heaven and truth; the same duties and the same helpers. Hope thou in God.—*Dr. Goodell.*

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