

Be Not Weary.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Yes he knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame;
Knows that hand and heart are weary;
He "in all points" felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to him who once was willing
All his glory to resign,
That for thee the law fulfilling,
All his merits might be thine;
Strive to follow day by day,
Where his footsteps mark the way.

Look to him, the Lord of glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to him that ever liveth,
Interceding for his own;
Seek, ye claim, the grace he giveth
Freely from his priestly throne.
Will he not thy strength renew
With his Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to him and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar and love shall burn;
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten,
Rise! He calleth thee, return!
Be not weary on the way,
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

The Spiritual Law of Inheritance.

All men, whatever the sphere of their activities, inherit the results of the labors of their predecessors, and transmit the results of their own labors to those who follow them. Society is like a chain, each link being dependent upon others. Each person, therefore, bears a relation to all the other members of society with whom he comes into contact. Every one both gives and receives. No one can live in obedience to the social laws which God has impressed upon human nature without being both dependent and dependent upon. The barbarian alone is independent, for civilization itself is only life under this social law, voluntarily obeyed. "No man liveth to himself." We labor for others, whether for good or for ill. Others have labored for us, and into their labors—either for better or for worse—we must enter.

Men live in influence far beyond the limits of their natural lives. When Jesus, beside Samaria's well, said to his disciples, "Other men have labored, and ye are entered into their labors," he probably referred to persons whose work had been done centuries before; but in the power of their influence, and the results of their labors, they still lived.

So subtle, so penetrating, so persistent a thing is the influence of character, that it passes through the walls of individuality by which we often think ourselves to be surrounded, and flows out to other hearts and other lives. It is at once one of the most alluring and one of the most appalling facts of human life that men, though being dead, may yet speak. In the world of religion do not Paul and Augustine and Bunyan speak to-day? In the world of science do not Aristotle and Newton and Bacon still live? and in the world of philosophy, Plato and Butler and Hamilton?

It is easy to argue: It does not follow because great men still live as potent influences in the world, that we, whose capacity and sphere are small, shall live beyond the limits of present earthly life. Of course it is given to but few to lead the world's progress, but it remains true that both to great lives and to humble lives the same law of spiritual inheritance applies. As the law of gravitation is the same whether we weigh the sun or a grain of mustard seed, so the laws of our social organization are the same in great spheres and in small. In every life are involved not only its own personal interests, but to some extent the interests of others, it may be to distant generations.

This is a truth which is applicable alike to the transmission of impulses and tendencies to holiness and to the forces which perpetuate the power of sin. It was a half-truth which Shakespeare uttered when he said, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The good which men do, as well as the evil, lives after them, and the one as persistently as the other. The laws of influence and of heredity by which evil tendencies are propagated are, at the same time, the most potent forces for the promotion of holy virtue. "Grace travels by the same conveyance as sin," wrote Horace Bushnell, meaning that the sociological transmission of character is a law which "works both ways."

Some of the ways in which we may avail ourselves of the advantages which flow from the operation of this beneficent law of inheritance may be briefly noted. It is not enough to be passive, an idler, to allow the efforts of others to behead to play upon us.

Conscious and determined effort to appropriate the good which others have wrought for us is necessary. Good tendencies and impulses must be cherished; a right start in life must be carried forward into a steady and continued pursuit of life's true goal. An incalculable wealth of example and of experience, a priceless heritage of truth and goodness, has been bequeathed to us. It would be the mistake of life to forfeit that inheritance.

It is equally the duty of every person so to live and labor that others may enter with advantage into the results of his life and work. As science and industry now turn the greatest forces of nature into the service of mankind, so we may turn to good account those great forces by which character tends to propagate itself and may make them minister in manifold ways to the good of our fellow-men. And just as these same forces of nature are merciless when they are not controlled, so the forces which operate in the moral world may prove themselves to be agents of destruction if they are undirected or misdirected. What sort of lives we live is, therefore, a matter of the greatest concern, not only to ourselves but to others.

Neither the vices nor the virtues of men are simply their own. Every day we are sowing seed of which others shall reap the harvest. Character bears fruit "after its kind." Men do not "gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles."

The law of the spiritual harvest suggests the division of labor. Some are best fitted to sow; others, to reap. It was David's work to prepare the materials for a temple which he was never permitted to rear. It is the calling of some men to quarry out marble which will fall to other men to work up. We must plant many trees of which only those who come after us will eat the fruit. Indeed, it may not be ours to labor at all in the great fields of the world's spiritual husbandry, but there is no one who cannot scatter along the humble walks of life a few precious seeds. It may not be ours to reap the harvests of earth's great spiritual sowers; but, if not, we may perhaps follow, like Ruth, in the wake of the reapers, and gather here and there a few scattered ears into the garner.

Little may seem to come of all our efforts. Our lives may sometimes appear to be fruitless. We have to sow many seeds which never come up. But if, like the sower in the parable, we sow broadcast, we shall surely find that though some seed fall on hard and rocky soil, and some among thorns, other seed will fall into good ground and will bring forth thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. God's law of the spiritual harvest stands fast. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—S. S. Times.

Experimental Religion.

There is no other religion. You are not a Christian because your parents were Christians. If you are a Christian it is because the Holy Spirit has changed your attitude toward Christ. Christ has personal relations with each member of his kingdom. Many think birth, training, culture, baptism or confirmation makes one a Christian. A young woman, after attending an evangelistic service, said to the writer, "I shall be glad when I am confirmed, so I can rise as a Christian." How false was her idea of religion!

The "ology" of the hour is sociology. Its aim is the betterment of society as a society. Its great word is "reformation"; its method, change of environment. It washes the outside, hoping thus to cleanse the vile interior. Its message is to masses. The great word of religion is "regeneration." Its method is change of the individual heart. It cleanses the inside, thus insuring the washing of the outside. Its message is to men.

Thus, the fundamental fact of experimental religion is change of heart. This religion implies loving loyalty to Christ as Lord and Master. No natural heart can give such loyalty. It is enmity against God. Christ's demand is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." What a radical change this implies! No wonder, then, that Christ said, "Ye must be born again." A change so radical is a new birth, and its subject is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

How beautifully David tells this experience of his life:

He brought me up also out of my horrible pit, out of the miry clay;
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.

And he adds, as if to say religion is its own argument:

Many shall see it, and fear,
And trust in the Lord.

This change of the heart is but the beginning of experimental religion. Each day brings experiences no less wonderful than the first, for Christ has relation to our every-day life. David says, "He hath attended unto the voice of my prayer."

Lord Melbourne came one day from church in a mighty fume. Finding a friend he exclaimed, "It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the Church and the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon such as we had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted on applying religion to a man's private life!"

That is just where Christ applies religion. He makes the unclean clean. He makes the crooked straight. In a word, he turns a man right about face. He first changes the heart, and that brings the whole life, for as "a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Christ is with the Christian in every experience. How many have said with the Psalmist, "I was brought low, and he helped me." You have stood beside the cold form of a father, a mother, a husband, a wife, a child, and when the thought of death fell with its chilling thud on your heart, the words came, "As thy day so shall thy strength be," and you have said, "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." You have been in the furnace, sevenfold heated, and when it seemed you must fail, One has appeared and walked at your side whose appearance was as the Son of God, and you have come out of that trial with faith clearer and character refined.

But not only in dark days has Christ stood by you. In the days of your fullest joy you have sought Christ to share your joy, and he has sanctified that joy. He has appeared and to your enraptured gaze he has been transfigured and his glory has filled your soul. He has thus kept you humble.

Follow Christ, when such experimental religion comes into your life, you have a Christian experience to relate.—The Examiner.

Life Lost and Found.

Leaning over a ship's side a man by us dropped a valuable ring. The jewel twinkled in the light as it touched the water, as if tossing back a smiling farewell, and went down into the irrecoverable deep. Such a loss is a sudden, stinging blow, with no redress. On another day in midocean a woman by a playful gesture flung over the rail from her arm a bracelet priceless for a miniature that formed its central link. We learned her loss from her face. One never forgets such disclosures of grief. You run to the rescue, but it is very sad and very useless to look for a treasure that falls into the sea and sinks a hundred fathoms down as you speed on before you fully comprehend what has happened to one of your company. There was a fire at Irvington-on-the-Hudson one winter night that consumed a collection of paintings in less time than we need to write of it, one Murillo being burned by a flash of flame that bit through the canvas as it was being cut from the frame. So a treasure is devoured right before our yearning eyes. And in such irrecoverable losses we begin to find the meaning of these words, "That which was lost." Who is He who comes into our human life to reclaim irrecoverable losses?

There is wonderful significance in the cry of the ancient litany to be delivered from sudden death. It is the cringing of the soul under the agony of the culminating loss. We are not afraid to die—perhaps we prefer that manner of departure—but the shock to the living is so sharp, the bitterness of such bereavement so enhanced, that the long protest of ages goes up to heaven against it. Yet to bury our dead out of our sight is a loss which makes treasure sunk in the sea a very trifle. And here we touch the hidings of our Redeemer's power to recover the irrecoverable. We shall find our buried jewels. The Voice that spoke light into the empty dark of chaos commands us at such a crisis in our lives, "Fear not, only believe." His all-embracing love has this power. He is the first, and also the last. Even the unsounded depth is in His hand. It was such as He that came to seek and to save the lost.

But the real tragedy of loss is yet to be considered, for a man can lose his life and yet live. Men are living lost lives at our side. Some losses end; some endure. Some losses show at once; some are long in the disclosure. A man can die without and we know it; he may perish within and we be ignorant of it. A man's life is as large as the universe; his soul is a star in the infinite spaces. If you cut off the light of a star at this end, it goes instantly out; but you may quench the star at the other end and it will shine on for years. Sirius might die tonight and still we should see his lamp alight

for many winters, and a man may die at the center and seem to us unchanged for the dead star shines yet awhile, the lamp of life burns bright till the wasting oil fails. Yet if the heavens were as full of dying stars as the world is of expiring lives, science would tell us the difference between the dead and living stars long before men discovered the difference in their own moral estates. The lost life that a man lives among us is a secret thing, whose disclosure marks a crisis as great as the "end of the world" or as the final judgment. It is this tremendous mystery of character which gives all meaning to our life and makes contemptible the teaching of the shallow school of triflers whose whole burden is not to worry, whose boast is that they have no care for things that are now unseen, whose motto is, "Get the most out of life by thinking mostly of yourself." So the reckless in all ages shout on the edge of the abysses into which they plunge, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."—The Evangelist.

The Thing Which God Hates.

With the importunate cry of a father over a straying and imperiled child God implores His children, "O, do not this abominable thing which I hate!" The thing which He hates, and we excuse! How different our view of sin from that of the pure and holy God! Could we but see as He sees, we would hate it too. Only the Holy Spirit can anoint our eyes that we may thus see. Why does God hate sin with all the intensity of an infinitely holy nature? Because He knows what ruin it works for human souls, upon whom He has set His love. Strange that we cannot see its enormity, its hatefulness, its cruelty, its inevitable pain, and long above all things to be delivered from it. It is a blessed day for any soul when it wakes to the consciousness of sin—its meaning, its secret power, its hidden depth in the inmost being. That is the work of the Holy Spirit, the faithful Reprover. It is good to be pricked in the conscience with such pain that we cry out with David, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me;" for pain like that sends us to the Healer with the prayer, "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

The secret depths of the soul are known only to the all-seeing One. It is fitting for each one to say, "Who can understand his errors? cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me."

Too often we forget that sin is something against God. Our misdeeds may result in discomfort to others; they may bring bitter penalties upon ourselves in the loss of self-respect or in forfeiting the confidence of our friends. But sorrow from such considerations is not sufficient. It is only when we see how we have slighted and grieved our best Friend, our loving heavenly Father, that we come to any just measurement of the turpitude of our transgressions. The soul that has had through the light of the Holy Spirit a true view of the exceeding sinfulness of sin is the soul which knows the exceeding sweetness of the word, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Through Tickets.

A man starting on a journey buys a through ticket, takes the car, and considers his part toward the accomplishment of the journey fully performed. In consideration of the money he has paid for the passage he is to be carried to his destination with due speed and safety. On his part there is to be no labor, no care, no looking out for danger; for all this is done for him by the employees of the railroad, and he is to pass the time as best he may, even to the extent of finding fault with the management of the train.

Men sometimes join the Church as though it were a special train for heaven. They pay their pew-rent as they pay their railroad fare, regarding it as equivalent for passage. They seem to have no thought that more than this is required of them. They take no part in advancing the spiritual interests of the Church, or doing Church work, or laboring for the conversion of souls, or in regarding the peace and the unity of the brethren; but they do claim and exercise the right to find fault if the affairs of the Church are not managed according to their ideas of propriety, or if the pastor does not preach to suit their taste, or if they are not promoted to positions of prominence. They pay their annual pew-rent, observe somewhat of the outward forms of Church membership,

and think this will secure them a through passage to heaven.

Such persons delude themselves. The Church is no railroad train for heaven. No through tickets can be purchased by the pew-rents. There is no such thing as being "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," nor as being carried in any other way except by the forgiving mercy of God in Christ; and the sooner all men learn this fact, the better for them, for the Church, and for the world. Even God's mercy in Christ will not save a man without his own co-operative action. Christian life is an intensely active life. It is full of duties to be done. It is made up of Christlike spirit wrought into deeds. There is no place for idlers in the Church. He that doeth the will of God alone shall be saved.—M. E. Dunham.

Influence of the Holy Spirit.

All service is both easy and delightful, because Christ dwelleth in me by the Holy Spirit, and thus service is simply the outpouring of himself. Dr. Gordon says, in that most helpful book, "The ministry of the Spirit": "Imagine one without genius, and devoid the artist's training, sitting down before Raphael's famous picture of the transfiguration, and attempting to reproduce it. How crude and mechanical and lifeless his work would be! But if such a thing were possible that the spirit of Raphael should enter into the man, and obtain the mastery of his mind, and eye and hand, it would be entirely possible that he should reproduce this masterpiece. For it would simply be Raphael reproducing Raphael." For this purpose we have been filled with the Spirit of God, that we might do the very things which he would do if he were here. "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father."

Your power will be according to your experience, but your experience must be your experience and not somebody's else. Faith in your father's faith is not faith in God. Intimacy with your mother is not knowing your mother's Saviour. Reading the Bible is not necessarily walking with Christ. Knowing a good deal about Him is not the same thing as knowing Him.—Dr. Parkhurst.

REGENERATION AND CONVERSION, as those terms are used in the Bible, are two entirely different words: yet they are often confounded with each other. Regeneration is God's work. We have no responsibility for it. Conversion is our work. We are responsible for it. Regeneration is the new birth of our spiritual nature. Conversion is our turning about at God's call.—S. S. Times.

When a laboring man undertakes to support a family and a saloon at the same time, the saloon will grow rich and the family grow poor.

FOR NINE YEARS.—Mr Samuel Bryan, Bedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

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was in its infancy half a century ago. To-day it doth "bestride the narrow world like a colossus." What is the secret of its power? Its cures! The number of them! The wonder of them! Imitators have followed it from the beginning of its success. They are still behind it. Wearing the only medal granted to sarsaparilla in the World's Fair of 1893, it points proudly to its record. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record.

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