

My Service.

I asked the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for Him;
To fight amidst His battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn.
If I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,
Whose life was calm and still,
And gave me little things to do,
My daily round to fill;
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way,
They seemed of earth alone;
I, who had longed for conquests bright
To lay before his throne.
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,
And asked the Lord once more
That he would give me work for Him
And open wide the door,
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came.
"My child, I hear thy cry;
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring the vict'ry.
The battle has been planned by Me,
Let daily life thy conquests see."

Quit Hour.

Christianized Human Society.

This is the crying need of the world. Society is but an enlarged family. Only when the family is truly Christianized does it truly promote the welfare and properly foster the interest of all its members.

The family which meets the purpose for which it was ordained of God not only perpetuates the race but carefully guards the interests of all its members. The parents provide for, protect, and properly train the helpless children. The children recognize the sovereignty of the parents, render a prompt, filial obedience to their behests, and as soon as they are able, assume their proportion of the care and responsibility of providing for the household. The strong care for and protect the weak, and the weak gratefully recognize their debt of gratitude to the strong. And the government of the household is so administered by the parents as not only to recognize the rights of each child separately, and protect the smaller children against the assumptions and greed of the larger ones, but so as to give the younger a chance and encourage them to compete with the older ones. Under such regulations, and aided and encouraged by such fostering care, the children grow up into a healthy, vigorous, self-sustaining manhood and womanhood.

Now, it seems that, inasmuch as society is only the family on an extended scale, it should do for its individual members what the family does for its individual members. As the rightful rulers in the family care for and protect the helpless children, so should the laws of society, and the officers whose duty it is to enforce them, protect the weak and helpless members of the social compact.

As the head of the family interposes so as to protect the younger children against the strength and selfishness of the older ones, and gives them a chance and encourages them to struggle up into a condition of strength and self-sustenance, so society should be regulated and governed as to protect its individual members against the greed and the monopoly of the millionaire, the trusts and the moral baronies that take advantage of human weakness and prey upon and trample down the millions who, without protection and assistance, will never be able to rise out of a condition of abject serfdom.

What would be thought of that father who would say to his two sons, the one sixteen and the other eight years old, I shall need a cord of wood each month for the next six months, and yonder is the grove and there is the team; I will pay you two dollars a cord for the wood as soon as it is chopped and delivered in the woodshed, and with the money you can buy the clothing you need for the winter; go out each one by himself and chop and deliver wood, and I will pay each one for what he delivers; then, at the end of one month, finding that the older boy has delivered five cords, and the younger, who has worked just as hard, has delivered but one cord, complacently gives the older one ten dollars and the younger one only two, and then close down the wood-chopping business for the winter, because the demand has been supplied? Would any reasonable person say that man was a kind, generous, wise father?

But that is exactly the way society deals with its members. The few mighty ones, because of inherited or accumulated wealth, or because of superior natural business ability, establish their great manufacturing,

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

their cosmopolitan business concerns, and so completely supply the demand for their products that the weaker members are crowded out and compelled to struggle along, "living from hand to mouth," eking out an existence, stripped of any and every prospect of ever being able to rise to a condition of reasonable self-helpfulness and thrift.

Now, would not the reasonable, humanitarian impulses of a fatherly heart prompt that father to step in and protect the younger boy against the strength and greed of the older one? And in like manner does not a common and reasonable philanthropy suggest that society, or rather the ruling and guiding minds in society, devise some way by which to so regulate competition as to give the poor a chance with the rich—at least a chance to earn an honest living by honest toil on a plane above the level of a most abject serfdom?

That father can easily see that unless he gives the younger boy such a chance to compete with his older brother as will not only encourage him to work, but will enable him, too, to earn the money he needs for winter clothing, he (the father) will have to buy it himself. And cannot the leading, thinking members of society see that unless the government is so directed as to encourage the weaker and poorer classes of society not only to toil, but to earn a living for them and theirs, the time must come when society will be burdened by having to maintain many of them or their descendants as paupers and criminals.

But some will say that competition is a law of the universe, and must always obtain. If it is, it must obtain in the family as well as in society, and the problem for reformers and humanitarians to-day is to so regulate competition as to make it work so beneficially in society as it is made to work in the well-regulated Christian home.

How can this be done? By applying the principles set forth in the Sermon on the Mount practically to society. There never can be, and hence never will be, stable, permanent social prosperity till this is done. Till then society must be, and will be, afflicted with periodic strikes, panics, and social upheavals; for till then one portion of society will be permitted to prey upon, tyrannize over, and trample down the other portion. Not until our political and social affairs are so adjusted and administered that advancement in prosperity will not be the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many but the more gradual and the permanent prosperity of all the members of society, will this "free" country be rid of that anomaly in social conditions—the enormously rich living side by side with the abject poor, and the periodic strikes and financial panics.

The sociological problem of to-day is not so much what is, and how came it so? but what ought to be. And to the thoughtful, philosophic mind it must be clear that "what ought to be" is the practical application of the Golden Rule to the social, political, and business affairs of the nation and the whole world. Christ's rules for business are the rules which, when practically and honestly applied, will lift the sin-polluted business and social affairs of this world out of the slough, and they never will be lifted out in any other way.

Christianity is for this life as well as for the life which is to come. But this life is as truly a social and political life as it is a moral and spiritual life. Hence, one of the great missions of the gospel is to purify and ennoble human society, so that men may dwell together as one great family in one common brotherhood. But this cannot be so long as the strong trample upon the weak, and an unjust because an unequal competition is permitted to crowd the less fortunate down into the slough of an abject serfdom. —Rel. Telescope.

Vows.

Around the bed of a dying man, up in Massachusetts, I remember we sat. The old man opened his eyes about one o'clock in the morning and asked for some water, and then said to the children, "Come sit on my bed here. Now," he said, "won't some of you pray?" They could not then find any person in the room who would pray, or felt that he knew enough about it to pray. They went down to the kitchen and brought a woman who was working there—a good old Christian. She came up and prayed in a broken manner. And then the father called to his children tenderly and said, "Now, won't you, each of you, promise me, one after another, that you will meet me in heaven?" So one after another, from the eldest son to the youngest daughter, promised their father they would meet him there. How many have made that solemn pledge and have broken it! How can

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

he bring peace to a soul who promises a dying father, or mother, or wife, or husband, "I will meet you in heaven," and then breaks it? It seems to be a most hideous sin. But they promised, and a few minutes afterward he sank into unconsciousness and died. When the morning came to earth it was morning for him in heaven.

Those children scattered and scattered, until at last one of them wandered far away into South America, and there upon his dying bed he summoned a priest (he could find no other official servant of Christ anywhere) and said to him "Won't you write to my brother or my sister and tell them that at this last hour I made up my mind that I would try to meet my father in heaven? Oh, that I had made sure of this before! Do you believe that I will meet him in heaven? Do you believe there is sufficient grace to forgive me for my sin? The priest wrote to his sister, and she showed the letter to her brothers. He said that the brother had died, trembling and fearful, calling out, "Can I meet my father in heaven now?" When I heard of that letter, my heart was pierced through and through with fear lest his soul was lost, lest he did not meet his father, lest his death-bed repentance was altogether too late. But oh, that sister—how precious her life! She, the mother of a large family, teaches the gospel every Sunday, is interested in missionary work, loved by all people; for the very next day after her father's death she went to a friend, and asked for direction, and knelt before God, and gave her heart to her Saviour. How different the two—the daughter sure to go to heaven and the other breaking the pledge, until at last a grave question arises as to what became of his soul! —Dr. Conwell.

Pictures or Banknotes?

An old woman in Scotland was living in the most abject poverty. Her neighbors thought it strange, knowing that she had a son in America reputed to be in comfortable circumstances. One day one of them ventured to ask her about the matter.

"Does your son never send you money?"

"No," reluctantly answered the mother; but, eager to defend him against the implied charge of forgetfulness and ingratitude, she quickly added, "but he writes me nice long letters, and sends me a pretty picture in almost every one of them."

"Where are the pictures?" queried the visitor; "may I see them?"

"Why, certainly," was the answer. And the old woman went to a shelf, and took down the old Bible; and there between the leaves lay the "pictures" that her son had been sending her from America through all the years.

What were they? Nothing more or less than bank notes, each for a considerable amount. During all this time of need the woman had had under her hand a sum of money sufficient to satisfy her every want; and she did not know it. She had looked at the pictures; they had been to her reminder of her far-off son, and evidence that he had not forgotten her; and that was all.

Of what does the little story remind you? Are we not often like this woman, finding "pictures" in the Book where we should find wealth for the supply of all our needs? God's promises are bank bills; they are checks and drafts upon the bank on high. We look at them, read them, admire them; we think of the love that prompted God to make them and give them to us; we imagine circumstances in which they would be peculiarly and exceedingly precious and helpful. Then we shut the Bible, and leave them there, and go out to face the poverty and destitution of life. We do not use them, spend them, buy with them, live upon them as we might and ought. Yet the mistake is ours, not God's. He has given them to us. He means that they should be used at the "coin of the realm." He is not to blame if we persist in seeing only the pictures in them and upon them. What are the promises to you, "pictures" or bank notes? —Golden Rule.

A New Cure For Drunkenness.

A unique method of dealing with drunkards has been developed by Justice Smith, of Burlington, N. J. The New York Herald gives one of his recent sentences inflicted upon a confirmed toper. The case of a man named Burr had puzzled the magistrate for several weeks. The workhouse and jail did not do the poor fellow any good. In the meanwhile, an evangelist had come to town and was holding three temperance meetings a week. This was the justice's cue. The drunkard reeled up to the bar of justice for sentence.

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

Charles Burr, said the modern Daniel, I herewith deliver you into the custody of Evangelist Dennis, under whose direction I command you to repair thirty times in succession to certain temperance meetings held in the city and county of Burlington. Should you fail to attend such meetings, you will serve one day in jail for each failure so to do, and I hereby command all constables to arrest you and bring your body to this court in the event of your failure to attend the meetings aforesaid.

So Burr was put in the evangelist's hands. His hands and face were washed, he was shaved, and made his first appearance that night at the temperance gathering in clean linen.

What coercion had failed to do, the kindly attention of sympathetic religious people accomplished. The hopeless drunkard not only promised to reform, but has made a determined and successful effort to reform.

I am proud to say, said Burr, with tears in his eyes, some time after his unique sentence, that my thirst for liquor has left me. I thank Magistrate Smith from the bottom of my heart for the sentence he imposed.

This is only another illustration of the same old truism which lawmakers are beginning to take account of—that kindness is better than harshness and severe discipline, and love is the surest reformer.

Rapid Development.

The official report for 1895 of the British Commissioner in Burmah shows that the development of the country is proceeding peacefully and rapidly. The area of reserved forest was increased by more than 1,100 square miles. The British have a vast forest properly in Upper and Lower Burmah, exceeding 11,000 square miles and yielding a gross revenue of 5,500,000 rupees. More than 100,000,000 gallons of petroleum were secured and the local supply of coal exceeded 12,000 tons. Tin mining was pushed forward, and yielded 108,700 rupees. The Wontho gold field was prospected, and three mining leases were granted. The seaborne trade suffered from the depression caused by the rice millers' league of the previous year, but showed an increase of nearly 7,000,000 rupees. Imports rose by nearly 15 per cent. during the year, and exports by more than 40 per cent. On the whole the year was one of steady progress. In every branch of internal development, in public works, railways, telegraphs, the post-office, and education, a moderate advance was made. Ten years have sufficed to convert the old haunts of Dacoits into peaceful districts, in which the villager cultivates his land and the trader goes about his business with complete security.

Saved by a Prayer.

A lifeboat went on a dangerous coast to the relief of a shipwrecked vessel. The waves ran high and threatened to swamp the boat. At last the coxswain said, "Mates, shall we turn back? We are going to certain death. The ship has sunk, and doubtless all hands have gone down with her. There was a moment's pause, and then one man cried out, "No; let us go on. As I ran down the beach I passed two ladies on their knees, praying for the lives of the men in yonder wreck. I believe God will hear them. I believe we may yet find some alive." His words had such effect upon the crew that they plucked up courage and rowed on amidst the breakers. They picked up five poor fellows, one by one, clinging to the wreckage or otherwise supporting themselves. The prayers of those two ladies had saved those lives.

After Many Days.

Rev. J. G. Paton tells a touching story of a visit to one of the Pacific islands, where there was no missionary, but where he found two old men keeping the Sabbath. Every seventh day they laid aside their ordinary work, put on a clean shirt kept for the occasion, gathered about them all who would come, and, in a simple way, gave the outlines of a wonderful story they had once heard about one Jesus. In answer to Mr. Paton's inquiries, they told him that long before a missionary had visited the island, given them their shirts, and told them this story of Jesus. He asked if they could remember his name, and they answered, "Yes; it was Paton." Thirty-three years before, Mr. Paton, with an evangelist, had stopped at this island for a short time and here, after many days, was the fruit.

Jesus Human.

One reason for the manhood of Christ is the ground afforded for the affectionate confidence of His people in troubles and temptations. He is man, therefore He can feel with us.

Take K. D. C. for sour stomach and sick headache.

Who has not admitted it a hundred times? Sweet is His human name. Jesus! There are moments when it is the sweetest of His names, and when among His "many crowns" the loveliest is His human crown of thorns. As God he could, indeed, approach us, but how could we approach Him? This is the very door to the inner sanctuary. "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He was weary, was wasted, was in tears and blood, was in temptation and death. In our hour of anguish it is of infinite consolation to resort to Christ's wounded humanity, and to bear our sufferings under the recollection that He has borne the same.

One Hundred Years of Wedlock.

Last year Jean Szathmary and his wife, at the town of Zsombolyi, in Hungary, celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their wedding. The venerable couple were on that occasion aged one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifteen respectively, and had for many years been in receipt of a pension, granted to them in recognition of their great age and their fidelity to each other. The fact of a hundred years of married life spent together seems hardly credible, but the marriage of this then very young and now extremely aged couple was verified beyond question as having been duly and officially recorded to have taken place in May, 1794, both according to the record, having then attained marriageable age.

Random Readings.

The attempt to serve God without love is like rowing against the tide. Love makes duty sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's services because they love him. Love is never weary. —Watson.

Don't wait until some other time to say a kind word of praise and encouragement to any one. To-morrow may be too late and you will always reproach yourself. And don't be chary of smiles. You don't know to whom they may seem like little rifts of sunshine in clouds of darkness.

There is a peculiar and appropriate reward for every act; only remember that the reward is not given for the merit of the act, but follows on it as inevitably in the spiritual kingdom as wheat springs from the grain, and barley from its grain in the natural world. —F. W. Robertson.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. They give light without meaning to shine. Their bright hearts have a great work to do for God. —F. W. Faber.

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