

Swift Travellers.

Our dead—they travel fast!
Who sees them hurry past?
Scarce is the farewell said,
Than—where are they, our dead?

Out of our touch and reach,
Out of our sight and speech.
As swift as thought they go,
Past weariness and woe

Yet, are they far away?
We meet, at break of day.
Not far from love and prayer,
But into higher care;

Far from earth's pain and strife
Into abundant life;
Far from the land of tears,
To where their Lord appears.

He bids all discords cease,
And takes them into peace.
Our dead—they travel fast,
And rest with God at last.

MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

"Be Comforted."

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

Paul showed that he was human when he wanted to "be comforted," and that he was good, when he expressed a desire to be comforted to others.

To be a comfort to others is to be Christ-like; for what most people stand chiefly in need of is comfort.

I met a minister who was going into a house on the door of which were hung the emblems of mourning. He told me that he was going inside of that dwelling to do "some comforting." The man who has the gift to comfort the living as they stand in the presence of the dead is a great blessing to others, and has not missed his calling if he is a minister.

More than one out of ten of the people who pass you on the streets are looking for comfort. You can easily see—without close inspection—that they are worried. And it is well, perhaps, that you cannot read their thoughts; for if you could you might be then made to carry a burden that you will find hard to bear.

It is easy to say to others, "Be comforted," but it is often hard to know how to comfort; especially when the one you desire to comfort has lost some one whom they loved. A mother, whose boy had been suddenly taken from her, came to me for comfort. I stood and looked at her, keenly feeling that I was inadequate to the task of doing for her what she so much needed. That mother's heart was all broken up; her eyes were red with weeping. About all she seemed to comprehend was, that her boy had been snatched away from her by the monster Death.

We both stood motionless and speechless for several minutes. At last from my mouth came the simple words, "You will meet your boy again in Heaven." That was enough; for she immediately realized as never before that as her boy had been a good boy, and as she was striving her best to live a Christian life, the only thing that could happen would be a re-union in Heaven.

As a smile came over her face it could easily be seen that she was comforted.

A boy asked for a job in a grocery store on Saturday evenings in order to earn a few pennies for his mother. The grocer afterwards told me that the boy's proper name was John, but he called him "Comfort," because the boy was such a comfort to his father and mother. To be a comfort that boy had to work very hard; but he is now in the only City of Comfort, as a reward for what he was when on earth. I once heard John declare at a little prayer meeting that he had sought and found the Comforter.

Paul needed to be comforted often for he had to undergo so many discomforts. It was Paul who could have had almost anything he wanted of this world's comforts; but was willing to do without them, even if he had to dwell "two whole years in his own hired house" as a prisoner in Rome. What a comfort Paul has been to others. If it were not for Paul I would know so little about certain matters that my folk would be ashamed of me. Thank you, Paul, for being a blessing and a comfort to me. Some day I hope to do better than to merely thank you through this page of Sabbath Reading.

If there is any honor I crave, more than another, it is to become acquainted with Paul in the "land that is fairer than day." But Paul must speak first.

Wearily ones, do you want to be comforted? If so, bathe in the sunlight of God's blessed Son. Sinner, do you want to feel young again? If so, be born again; yes, be a babe in Christ. Do you want wings to fly away from the discomforts of life? If so, have your heart filled with the joy that comes from being a simple child of Christ. Do you want to be rich, to possess a perfect title to a mansion in

the skies? If so have your name registered in the Lamb's Book of Life. Do you want to feel ready to go when Death comes to take you away? If so, be ready when the call comes.

"Be comforted" while on earth you stay by the assurance that Jesus will never leave you nor forsake you if you be a comfort to others and to Him. Comfort one another. How? Find out by doing good as you have the opportunity.

We all admit that it is easy to do wrong; and I honestly believe that it is still easier to do right, if we get into the habit of so doing.

To-day I feel so thankful to those who have been a comfort to me! And to those who have not, all I feel like saying is, You have missed a chance to acquire some cheap happiness.—Sabbath Reading.

Praying in Everything

Some Christians seem to think that God is so great that nothing less than earthquakes, pestilences, wars, and famines can arrest His attention and awaken His interest. They do not pray for little things, nor do they believe that God hears prayer except in great emergencies. But we are taught in the Bible that God is a Father, and we know that a father is interested in everything that gives his children trouble. When a child comes to the father sobbing as though its heart would break over a little thing which the father knows is a mere whim or fancy, he does not scorn the child's appeal and turn away from its tears. He takes his child in his arms and comforts the throbbing heart by pressing it close to his great, loving heart. He is interested in the case because the child is in trouble. And will not our heavenly Father hear us when we bring to Him our troubles, even though He may know that they are nothing?

Besides, we know not what is important. Perhaps nothing is unimportant. When Joseph left his father's tent one morning he was not aware that the journey would be unusually important. Had he known that he would never return, that he was setting out on a journey of such great significance in the history of the Hebrew nation and of the world, what strange feelings would have flooded his soul! A young man left his office one evening in perfect health. The next morning he was dead. Had he known that he should never enter his office again, had he known when he went home that it was the last time, had he known when he lay down to sleep at night that he would never leave the room alive, how important every moment, every word, every thought would have appeared! Those things which seem unimportant to us at the time may be the pivots on which eternal interests turn. Nothing is unimportant. Everything is worthy of being made a subject of prayer; and Paul says, "In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God."

The issue of things is greatly affected by prayer. Many a perplexed soul has come safely through his difficulties by prayer. A widow who was left with the care of five children, and little to rely on for support, was confronted with a bill for a considerable sum. She was not able to pay the bill, and was sure it had been paid by her husband before his death, but did not know where to look for the evidence. She went to her room, not to look for the receipt, but to pray, and while praying for divine direction a firefly came in at the open window and was pursued by one of the children to the spot where the missing receipt was found. Some will say this was a coincidence. We cannot prove that it was a direct answer to prayer, nor can anyone prove that it was not. A book-keeper who could not make his account balance prayed earnestly that God would guide him in his search for the error, which might bring a stain on his good name. He knew he was honest and God knew he was honest, and he believed God would help him in his perplexity and peril. He rose from his knees, opened the safe, took out a blotter, and immediately found an entry which had not been transferred, and everything was fully explained.

A business man in a large city tells of his perplexity when a young man. His partner, who had been connected with the firm for many years, was taken ill and compelled to take a sea voyage. The entire responsibility of the business was suddenly thrown on the young man, whose experience was limited. He trembled when he thought of the disaster which might come to the business in the absence of his senior partner. When they separated the young man went to a vacant room in the building, locked the door, and prayed fervently for divine guidance and help. This he did every morning, and when his partner returned it was

found that the business had prospered more in his absence than in his presence. All this might have happened if no prayer had been offered, and it might not. The morning prayer, his confidence in the help of God all tended to encourage his heart, to strengthen him for the burden. And who shall say that his success was not a direct answer to prayer?

Let no one imagine that things will always turn out according to our desire when we pray. It may be otherwise. Our desire may not be right. The issue may be contrary to our wish. Money, health, and temporal prosperity are not always bestowed on those who pray. But whatever happens the best result will be the issue, for "all things work together for good to them that love God." Still, it is right to pray "in everything." Everything is sanctified by prayer. Secular things become sacred when they are accompanied by prayer. Temporal things may be taken to God in prayer as well as spiritual things. Temporal things have a place in the economy of God's kingdom and in the development of character.

What a Friend we have in Jesus!
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
—Chris. Advocate.

The Price of Eternal Life.

There was a preacher of the Gospel who had gone down in a coal mine during the noon hour to tell the miners about Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners, the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation.

"Oh, it is too cheap; I can not believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher said:

"How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh no; only a few seconds!"

"Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you not need help to raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not!" replied the miner.

"As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But what about the people who sank the shaft and perfected all this arrangement; was there much labor about it?"

"Indeed, yes; there was laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietor."

"Just so; and when God's word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap! Too cheap! forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of his only Son. Men talk about the 'help of Jesus' in their salvation—that if they do their part, Christ will do his, forgetting or not seeing that the Lord Jesus Christ by himself purged our sins, and that their part is but to accept what has been done, and thank God for it.'—The Classmate.

Giving and Getting.

God not only loves a cheerful giver, but the cheerful giver always gets his reward. That reward is generally in the richer return of spiritual good, but sometimes also the reward is in larger material good. Of this latter class an interesting instance is narrated which occurred years ago when they were raising subscriptions to the Plymouth Church, in Cleveland, O. Many were the struggles and sacrifices which its walls represented as they went up. One evening a lad said to his mother:

"I mean to put down twenty-five dollars to the church. I have nineteen dollars saved toward a watch, and I guess I can work out the other six dollars somehow."

So the savings of some years went into those walls, but the boy did not regret the sacrifice, and the remaining six dollars were also promptly paid in.

The pastor was on at the East soliciting help for his church and mentioned, incidentally, the boy and his watch. After service a gentleman remarked to him, "I don't like the idea of that boy losing his watch."

"Nor I," said one and another. So a few gentlemen added to the money until seventy-four dollars were contributed to buy him an excellent gold watch, which would last him all his life.

The watch was presented at a Sabbath school celebration, the day after the church was dedicated, the pastor relating the circumstances and calling out the lad, whose head was down on

the seat before him, weeping from excessive emotion. He was a boy of fifteen, modest, but manly, and he could only trust himself to bow his thanks. But words were not needed, and there were many moist eyes in the assembly. I am sure that boy felt that the Lord was a good paymaster. And he is not the only one who has proved the Lord's faithfulness to His promises.—Lutheran Observer.

Begin To-Day.

Is there nothing which Christ, as your friend, your Lord, your Saviour, wants you to do that you are leaving undone to-day?

Do you doubt one instant, with His high and deep love for your soul, that He wants you to pray? Do you doubt one instant that it is His will that you should honor and help and bless all men about you who are His brethren? Are you doing anything like that? Do you doubt one instant that His will is that you should make life serious and lofty? Do you one instant doubt that He wants you to be pure in deed and word and thought? And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that His command is for you openly to own Him and declare that you are His servants before all the world? And have you done it? These are the questions which make the whole matter clear.

No, not in quiet lanes nor in the bright temple courts, as once He spoke, and not from blazing heavens as men sometimes seem to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet He speaks! I knew what He—there in all His glory—He, here in my heart—wants me to do to-day, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is His voice that tells me.—Phillips Brooks.

Patience.

Be patient toward all men. The cold hammer fashions the hot iron. He who would govern others must first learn to govern himself. Passion is blind. Cool, deliberate, and at the same time energetic, action makes itself felt in every department of life.

Be patient toward your brethren. Some men are slow to see into good things. They want to do right, but it takes them a good while to determine what is required of them. Every member of the body of Christ is not an eye. To get out of patience with these dull ones will not help either them or you. Give them time and they will do their duty. We all have our infirmities. Let us bear with each other.

To be patient you must have patience. The stream cannot flow if the fountain is dry. The fruit will not grow without the tree. Resolutions alone against impatience will not answer. You must pray as well as resolve. Ask God not merely to help you in your outward conduct, but to give you the inward grace. Unless you get that you will fail as you have failed before. Be determined on victory in this.—World's Crisis.

His Life Closed His Lips.

A youth at one of the large iron works in Sheffield, England, was some time ago accidentally thrown on a red-hot armor plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow workmen, it was doubtful if he could live, as nearly all one side of him was burning to the bone. His workmates cried out, "Send for the doctor!" but the poor, suffering youth cried:

"Never mind sending for the doctor; is there any one here who can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected, and I'm dying without God. Who can help me?"

Although there were three hundred men around him, there was no one who could tell him the way of salvation. After twenty minutes of untold agony, he died as he had lived. The man who saw the accident and heard the cries of the dying youth was a wretched backslider, and when asked about the matter, he said:

"I have heard the cries ever since, and wished I could have stooped down and pointed him to Jesus, but my life closed my lips."

Does your life tell sinners you are saved, or does it close your lips when those around hear you talk and witness your actions?—Selected.

A Parable.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair. "Where are you going?" said the taper. "Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for light even now."

"As! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

You think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—The Wellspring.

Serve God By Being Holy.

The following words from Mark Hopkins, one of the wisest and best men of the century, should be written in letters of light on all missionary movements.

What should hinder our going forward with increased momentum to the conquest of the world? The obstacles appear to be many. There is but one: The reluctance of men to serve the holy God by being holy. The holy God can be served only by being holy.

Now Christianity is itself holiness, providing a method for sinners to be holy. But the aversion to this is so great that men either deny the necessity of it, or they substitute for it something which they call religion; something which, substituted for holiness, has been and is one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of Christianity.

So it was at its beginning. The Pharisees were religious—especially so—but they crucified Christ when He was on earth, and have been doing it ever since. Instead of seeking to be what they ought to be inwardly, they sought—and the Pharisees of all times have been doing it—to appear well outwardly, thus substituting formality for holiness.—Missionary Review of the World.

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