

"At Even, or at the Cock-Crowing, or in the Morning."

If the Lord should come in the morning
As I went about my work—
The little things and the quiet things
That a servant cannot shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,
And only the dear Lord cares
That they always are done in the light of the sun—
Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday,
The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white and the air is still,
And the hoof-beats sound in the street;
If my dear Lord came at noonday,
And smiled in my tired eyes
Would it not be sweet his look to meet?
Would he take me by surprise?

If the Lord came hither at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a husk,
And flowers in wonderful beauty,
And we fold our hands and rest,
Would his touch of my hand, his low command,
Bring me unhoping for zest?

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me
Morning and noon and evening,
If I have but eyes to see
And the daily load grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet;
The Master is near, the Master is here,
I have only to sit at his feet
—The British We Kly.

The Great Battle.

These are times of war. Not the Cuban War; not the Spanish War; not the war in the Philippines; not the South African War. All these are only incidental.

The great battle between righteousness and iniquity is on now as never before. The powers of truth and right, under the leadership of King Emanuel, are assailing oppression and wrong. On the other hand, organized iniquity is making war upon all the strongholds of law, order, and personal piety with a seductiveness, persistency, and audacity that in many places bids fair to sweep everything before it. The home is invaded, the Sabbath is desecrated, the church is prostituted, laws enacted for the defense of the home and the protection of time-honored Christian institutions are trampled upon, courts are manipulated, witnesses are suborned, officers are bribed or browbeaten, and the souls loyal to truth and right are awed into silence or discouraged into comparative inaction.

Higher Criticism, so-called, has shaken the faith of many in the Bible. Unbelief is foisting its teachings upon a credulous public in the form of Christian Science, spiritualism, and Dowism, thereby obscuring the spiritual vision of many who were once the vigorous defenders of the faith.

Truly "the God of this world hath blinded their eyes." Truly "Satan hath been loosed for a season." Seemingly, the more vigorous and determined the efforts of the Christian hosts to take the world for Christ, the more aggressive becomes the arch enemy who leads the powers of darkness. To-day through partisan strife in politics, through ambition for office, through the conflict between capital and labor, through the organization of trusts, through the monopoly of the necessities of life, through taking advantage of that thirst for wealth and power which leads many otherwise well-meaning, prominent church members into being stockholders in the great corporations which for the sake of "dividends" desecrate God's sacred day, and grind and oppress the laborer in his wages, through the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling den, through the Sunday newspaper, the bucket-shop, the novel, the dance, and the progressive euchre infatuation, through all these and many other devices, the devil seems to occupy every vantage position on the highway to eternal life, and disputes with Satanic tenacity the advance of the army that battles for spiritual emancipation and righteousness.

What is to be done? Ground arms and surrender to the powers of diabolus? Never! The Almighty God is on the throne of universal empire. His all-seeing eye serenely surveys the whole line of battle. His son, Jesus Christ, under the Father's direction, leads the hosts of the kingdom of heaven. The Holy Spirit inspires the individual hearts of the men and women who make up the army on whose blood-stained banner is emblazoned the words, "The world for Jesus." The advance of this army may be slow; at times there may seem to be a halt; but from the day the angels said, "He is not here; he is risen," this army has never sounded a retreat. The darkest day it has ever seen was but a halt necessary to the bringing up of supplies, or the readjusting of the lines. Even to-day, aggressive and powerful as the hosts of darkness may seem, the army of the Lord is moving onward more triumphantly than ever before. Its lines

now span the continents and embrace the islands of the sea. When its division and corps commanders, under the mighty Captain of our salvation, recently met in a great council of war in New York City, they came from all quarters of the earth. And what was their unanimous report? The onward movement of every one of their commands. In spite of all opposition, Christianity is conquering the world. Courage, then, faint-hearted. The battle is on; the gospel's bugle-blast is heard throughout the world; perpetual victory perches upon the banners of the Most High all the time, whether we can see it or not.

For many of us the day of retirement from active service draws nigh. If faithful till then, the order to muster us out and give us an honorable discharge that will admit us into his everlasting kingdom on high will be issued by our great Commander. "And the ransom of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—The Telescope.

The Day of Small Things.

Is the good within thee small? Despise it not. God will not break the bruise I reed nor quench the smoking flax. The flickering jet of light within thee may be the beginning of everlasting life and glory. Is the voice within calling to a better life a still, small voice? Do not despise it. It is the voice of God. Is the inclination within thy heart toward God and holiness a feeble inclination, only a faint desire? Despise it not. It is the work of God.

Dr. Chalmers once invited all those who had no desire to become Christians during a certain revival of religion to come to his house for conversation. Several young men came, indicating by this act that they had no intention and no desire to be converted. But Dr. Chalmers knew that their coming indicated that they were not so utterly destitute of religious impressions and interest as they supposed. After a short conversation and an earnest prayer he dismissed them with words like these: "A slender thread of gold is now let down from heaven before every one of you. It is so small that you cannot see it, and so slender that you may brush it away with your hand if you will. But do not despise it, I bes