

Wait Patiently for Him.

God doth not bid thee wait
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept-mold is cast
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon-rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,
"Wait patiently for him."

The weary waiting times
Are but the muffled peals
Low pealing celestial chimes,
That hail his chariot-wheels,
Trust him to tune thy voice
To blend with seraphim;
His "Wait" shall issue in "Rejoice!"
"Wait patiently for him."

He doth not bid thee wait,
Like drift-wood on the wave
For fickle chance or fixed fate
To ruin or to save.
Thine eyes shall surely see,
No distant hope or dim,
The Lord thy God arise for thee;
"Wait patiently for him!"
—Frances R. Havergal.

The Peace of God.

The world is wanting in many things, but perhaps in nothing more than peace. War and strife have characterized the history of the race from the beginning. War is an awful thing. The spectacle is too dark for the imagination. Many have tried to represent the horrors of war on canvas, in poetry, and in speech, but no picture was ever dark enough to do justice to the subject.

The inward strife which is waged in the soul is still more dreadful. When the passions wax hot and struggle for the mastery, when conscience and reason are trodden down by hate and lust, when God is dethroned and love cast out, what desolations are wrought, what horror prevails! The outward signs of this inward strife are visible almost everywhere. They are traced in deep lines on the face of men, women, and children. They are heard in the wicked voices of defiance and cruelty, and in the falsehoods which tarnish many a pure name. But these are only outward signs. How dreadful the strife within which ceases not by night nor by day!

But Jesus came to bring peace. The peace which He gives is not like that which the world gives. The peace of the world rests on a rotten foundation and cannot last. It is swept away by every storm that passes over the soul, and must be rebuilt almost every day. The peace which Jesus gives is the peace of God, a peace that cannot be broken by the calamities of earth. Its foundation is so deep that earthly storms cannot shake them. They are the foundations of truth and righteousness. This peace abideth forever.

The peace of God is a great peace. It passeth all understanding. It flows, not like a shallow rill, but "like a river." It is the same peace that dwells in the bosom of God, Himself. He is not agitated by the storms of earth. The heathen may rage and the people imagine a vain thing, but God is not alarmed. He witnesses the efforts of men to overthrow His kingdom, He hears the din of earthly strife against righteousness, but He is not agitated. He knows what will be the outcome of it all. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."

It is a marvelous thing that this peace can be communicated to mortals. There must be an intimate relation between God and man, for He is able to pour into the soul of man the same spirit that dwells in Himself. The love of God, the truth of God, the righteousness of God, the peace of God are given to men. These are fruits of the Spirit. "The love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." The peace of God is given in the same way. It is not a peace which we can manufacture for ourselves by our philosophy. Men have made strenuous efforts to drive away the unrest of the soul and create contentment and tranquility by certain doctrines. But these expedients have not met with encouraging success. The peace produced in this way is not perfect peace. It is not satisfactory peace. It is not sweet peace.

But the peace of God, the peace which God gives, the same peace which dwells in Him, is perfect peace. All professing Christians do not experience it nor manifest it. Many fret and worry night and day. It is often difficult to distinguish between a Christian and one who knows nothing about God by this mark. Too many Church members are discontented and unhappy. Their burden of care and doubt and fear is as heavy as that of other men. But these things ought not so to be. It is because they are Christians in name only, and not in heart. Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled." It is written: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and

nothing shall offend them." "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

The Lukewarm.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT

Of all people that are hard to get along with the lukewarm people are the worst. They are hard to comprehend. You think you have them for some good purpose, but you soon find out that you do not have them. They are either hot or cold, neither particularly bad nor particularly good.

There is a passage in Revelation that bears very hard on the lukewarm. It reads as follows: "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

The lukewarm husband must be a trouble to his wife, and the lukewarm wife must surely be everything but a comfort to her husband. As to lukewarm children, they keep a household cold from morning until night.

The young man who is lukewarm towards his business might as well give it up, first as last, all ideas that he will ever amount to much in the profession or trade that he has chosen.

Whatever you attempt to do, that is, lawful and right, do it with all your might. Do not go to sleep when you should be awake. Do not sit down when you should be travelling as fast as you can.

Lukewarm members of churches would be doing more good if they should turn a new leaf and bestir themselves. It is time enough to be next to nothing after you get so old that you can scarcely walk or talk. When you get to be past being able to be shaken up, that will be time enough for you to begin to study the art of looking and acting in a lukewarm manner.

Lukewarm persons set a very bad example. They not only look miserable, but also help to create a very bad atmosphere in which others dwell who are not afflicted with chronic misery.

The lukewarm miss much as they go through the world that would help to make them happy if they only knew enough to be less lukewarm and more positive.

The well-known lukewarm are not much wanted at religious gatherings, social gatherings, or even gatherings of a purely worldly nature. The truth is such folk are at a discount wherever they go.

As a rule men dislike the lukewarm of their own sex, no matter where such unreliable people turn up.

The Sunday-school teacher who is all aglow with fervor to get his boys on the Sabbath Day, will be successful in getting a hold on their attention. If, on the contrary, a Sunday-school teacher exhibits very little interest in his scholars, they will do him the favor of being lukewarm to him and to the lessons he teaches.

A lukewarm fire does not make the kettle boil; but a hot fire soon makes the steam come out of the spout of the kettle.

If you want to get the steam up among those with whom you are acquainted be hot enough to make things boil.

These are the days when lukewarm people are a "black number"—no good for the present generation and not of any use in making matters better for the future.

Have you ever been present at a prayer meeting where nearly all those present were so lukewarm that you felt as if you were in a religious refrigerator? If so, you have some idea of how hard it is to put up with those who are not hot or cold.

It has often seemed to me that a galvanic battery should be attached to some people who appear to delight in being lukewarm. They are so aggravating; for they will neither warm up nor freeze up.

Lukewarm people are a nuisance. They will not help to make a town better or worse; but stand in the way of the good when the good want to beat the bad.

It is not right to laugh at people, but I could not help laughing at a lukewarm man going to church. He evidently did not want to go and he did not want to stay away. So he was crawling there. He did not look like a saint and he did not look like a sinner. He did not have the appearance of an intellectual man or even an ignorant man. But he did look like what he was—a lukewarm.

As I passed him he nodded to me, for he had not enough steam up to make a noise with his mouth. He did try to smile; but if his smile could be had for one cent a ton all I would ask for would be an ounce.

The lukewarm may have their mission on earth; but what it is I do not know. Perhaps they may be needed as awful examples of what people may come to who never have fire enough in their hearts to warm the hearts of others.

Start the new century with some life in you. Be wide awake and keep awake long enough to make your influence felt.

If you are lukewarm from morning until night the world will hardly know you are in it. As far as others are concerned—if such is your condition—you might as well be asleep as awake.—Sabbath Reading.

The Beam and the Mole.

It is difficult to see others as they really are. Yet by taking thought enough we can form a fairly accurate conception of their characters and their abilities. It is still more difficult to see ourselves as we are. Probably if anyone among us could realize, if only for a moment, exactly how he appears to others, he would be greatly surprised. The character which we think we possess, the character which others think we possess, and the character which we really possess may be three very different things. It should be the aim of life to harmonize them with each other and with a fourth, the character which we ought to possess. The lesson, of the fact that it is almost impossible to understand each other perfectly, even in the case of intimate friends, should promote profound humility. How often it is that we are credited with being far better than we are, with having a quality and a degree of power, wisdom, and, especially, nobility of character, which in our own hearts we know that we have not attained.

It is something to be grateful for when we know that we seem to others to illustrate high excellence, because it encourages and helps them to believe that we are what we seem, and if we honestly try to realize, as fully as they think we realize our ideals, no hypocrisy is involved. But we know, even if they do not, how pitifully we often fail of being what we are supposed to be. No one can realize this without being humbled, and with this lesson of humility must be joined a lesson of charity. What is true of us is true of others. If we need some allowance for our shortcomings, if we are as truly better, very often, than we seem to be as we also sometimes are worse than we seem to be, so are our friends. The knowledge of our own weaknesses and faults should make us very gentle in judging them, and, if we suspect sometimes that they may not be as wholly admirable as they seem, we know of a surety that they often are far more deserving of love, trust, and even admiration than they appear.

Even if it were not, so to speak, a matter of prudence to be charitable to others, because of our own great need of similar allowance, the spirit of charity is to be cultivated assiduously because of its blessed reflex influence on our own hearts. No bitter criticism, intolerant spirit ever can be happy or useful in the best sense, but he who tries to see good in others, to believe in them and to be hopeful for them, is both an inspiration to them and the possessor within himself of one of the most trust-worthy sources of happiness and peace.—The Congregationalist.

I See It Clearly.

A gentleman of wealth and high social position was taken ill. Being much troubled about the little love he found in his heart for God, he complained bitterly to his pastor. This is how the pastor answered him:

"When I leave you I shall go to my residence, and the first thing I expect to do is to call my baby. I expect to place her on my knee and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle, and tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is she loves me little. If my heart was breaking it would not disturb her sleep. If my body was racked with excruciating pain it would not interrupt her play. If I were dead she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If any friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clasp her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this she has never brought me a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet though I am not rich there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about. And I do love Him now as I never loved Him before."

We think of our littleness when we should remember our father's almightiness. We bewail our weak love when we should be grateful for our father's great love. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us." (1 John 4: 10)—Selected.

True Standard of Human Friendship.

In a true friendship there is no thought of service as service, or of duty as duty. That pure and unselfish love which is the soul of all real friendship makes service of any form or in any direction an unalloyed pleasure. The question never is, What does my friend require of me? but it always is, what can I do for my friend? Not, How much must I give to my friend? but rather, How much will my friend consent to receive from me? Nor is there any thought of laying a friend under obligation by any service performed for him. We only love him the more, for the enjoyment of doing for him. Moreover, there is no special fear on our part that we shall fail in proving our friendship for a real friend; or that we shall offend him by any inevitable lack of faithful service toward him. We do not, in fact, worry over the details of duty toward a friend; for we know that we love him, and we are sure that that carries everything with it since "love is the fulfilling of the law." Nor do we worry over our friend's possible understanding and judgment of us: for "there is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath punishment; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love." And this standard of human friendship is pointed out to us of God as a pattern of the relation which he desires to have between us and himself.

Be Your Best at Home.

Are you seeking to be your best to those nearest to you? If not, you may be quite sure you are missing some of life's purest joy and highest service. How often the teaching of the Christian home is discounted by the want of earnest effort to please and gladden and serve in the family circle. To those nearest to us God has given a stronger claim upon us than to any others in the world. We would have children taught to be their best in speech and manner to those at home; to dress at home more carefully than for going into company, etc. The conscience of a child generally responds at once, and heartily to such regulations; and the benefits secured in the home are immense. If all Christian parents were as careful to be considerate and gracious in speech and deed toward the members of their own household as they are toward some of their acquaintance, who have not a hundredth part of the same claim upon them, many grave evils and disasters would be averted.—Life of Faith.

A Queer African Bird.

David Livingstone, the great African explorer, tells us of a bird which he saw, known as the prison bird, so named because from the time the nest is made until the little birds are old enough to fly the mother bird is kept a prisoner.

The nest is made by the old birds pecking at the bark of a hollow tree until a hole is made in it, and it is there they build their nest; when that is completed the bird settles herself in it and her mate walls up the entrance only leaving space enough for air and food to pass through.

Should the father bird forget his wife and little ones, they would die, but he is very faithful, and keeps them well supplied with food, and as soon as the baby birds are able to fly he destroys the barrier with his beak and sets them all free.

Small Things in a Watch.

A watch is composed of about ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is two one-hundredths of an inch wide.—The Classmate.

BAD FOR A COUGH. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is very bad for a cough. In fact it kills a cough almost instantly and restores good normal health thoroughly and in a very agreeable manner. No cough can withstand it, 25c at all Druggists.

On going to one of my charges, I was told that a certain farmer belonging to the church was greatly addicted to fault-finding, and that when I visited him he would be sure to serve me up the foibles of all his brethren. I had not been there long until he invited me to come out to his farm and take dinner with him. As I had been foretold, he then brought out with great apparent relish the faults of all the membership. "So and so was all right, but unfortunately, he was so and so;" and thus he gave a stab in the back to each of the members as they passed in review before him.

I heard him without comment, or attempting any defense, or bringing any railing accusation against him as an "accuser of the brethren;" but I watched my time, before leaving him, to lodge my impression with him in an inoffensive way, which might yet do its work.

He had a large apple orchard, loaded with choice, ripe fruit. Just before starting for home he gave me a basket and said: "Brother Fee go into the orchard and fill you a basket of apples to take home with you."

Accepting the basket, I went to the orchard and filled it with speckled and half-rotten apples. When I returned he said: "Why, man alive! what did you fill your basket with that worthless lot for, when the ground is covered with fine, large, sound ones?" And he threw them away with disgust, and brought me the basket filled with the best.

Then was my opportunity, and I said to him as gently as I could: "Brother, all the afternoon you have been filling me up with the speckled members of the church, when I am sure there are multitudes of good ones." He took my rebuke with the best of good nature, and said: "Brother Fee, you are right, and I have been wrong; and I'll never do it again"—and he never did.—Dr. W. I. Fee.

Ahab's effort to get possession of Naboth's vineyard was honorable in comparison with the attempts of landgrabbers of the present time.

The voluminous writings of Calvin, Howe, Baxter, etc. amaze us. We wonder how they were able to accomplish so much. Calvin died at the age of fifty-five. Howe lived to be seventy-five, and Baxter attained the same age.

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