

My Dead.

I cannot think of them as dead,
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread—
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair,
Beyond my vision dim—
All souls are His, and here or there
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
And when on earth they walked with me,
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free—
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

—Anonymous.

The Victory of Faith.

By what weapons shall Christians overcome the world? How shall the feverish thirst after worldly pleasures, worldly glory and worldly riches be quenched? How shall the individual, the family, the Church, the nation, be saved from the prevailing secularism of the age? The answer of the apostle is, By faith. But does not faith seem to be a puny force to match against so powerful a foe? If we were told that science is the victory that overcometh the world, many would have more hope. It is to be feared that some Christians put more confidence in science than in faith.

Science is a wonderful agent. She is the servant of truth. She seeks truth as hid treasures. She will delve into the heart of the earth, ascend to the skies, and explore the trailing wonders of the heavens in search of truth. No region on the face of the earth is too cold or too hot or too deadly for science to venture if there be any hope of finding truth. Science has annihilated distance, modified the sufferings of the afflicted, and increased the average duration of human life. She has multiplied the comforts and the strength of men, given unity to the world, multiplied the wealth of the human race a thousandfold. Without the discoveries which science has made the civilization of modern times would have been impossible. She has emancipated the human intellect from the fetters of superstition and the tyranny of kingcraft and priestcraft. It is the opinion of some intelligent persons that we are indebted to science for all the progress we have made from barbarism to our present exalted condition, and that we are entirely dependent on science for future victories and future advancement.

But there is one thing mightier than science, and that is faith. Science has her limitations. She sees the universe with the natural eye only. She turns her back upon the spiritual side of nature that she may gaze with greater intensity on the material side. She never touches the spiritual realities of life. There is a spiritual department of life. We have much important knowledge for which we are not at all indebted to science. One knows the mind of his brother and understands his heart and loves him. Science cannot explain the mystery of this knowledge nor contribute anything to the process. It is altogether spiritual. This man knows his brother, not by the processes of reason or scientific demonstration, but by personal contact of spirit with spirit. So also men know God and the realities of the kingdom of God. The knowledge is real, but the process is spiritual. This is the most important of all knowledge. We can better dispense with the treasures which science has gathered than with those faith has gathered.

What is faith? It is not, as some suppose, a mere belief of certain doctrines, or a theory concerning certain unknown things. This would be a cold and feeble thing. One may believe every doctrine of the Bible, and still his strength may be small. Faith is the soul laying hold on God with confidence and assurance. Faith is entering into the spiritual realm and abiding there. Most men live altogether in the material realm. Faith takes the soul into a higher realm of life. God is as real to him as the world. He is conscious of the presence of Christ living in him. Faith chooses God above all other goods, takes Him into the heart and life so fully and affectionately that the two are inseparably bound up together. "Christ liveth in me." Wherever the Christian goes he carries Christ with him. To give place to an impure or deceitful thought would be a personal insult to the living Christ within.

At a college prayer meeting one evening a young man said to his fellow-students, "Brothers, I have had a more real sense of the presence of Christ with me in this room this evening than I have of the presence of any

of you." A real sense of the presence of Christ! We touch material things with our bodily senses, but we come into contact with spiritual things through consciousness. The contact is real, the assurance is satisfactory. We know. This is the victory which overcometh the world. By this force we rise. By this we lift others higher. It is not a tower of Babel built up from beneath, but Jacob's ladder let down from above. Men of faith live "as seeing Him who is invisible." By this faith Abraham went out from the land of his fathers and became the founder of a new nation. By it Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt. By it the disciples of our Lord conquered the world. They did not fix their gaze on thrones and scepters and wealth and worldly gain, but on God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise see,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

Appreciation.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

Of all pursuits that of running after appreciation is, perhaps, the most fruitless. But human nature is ever on the quest for it, it is so hard to be unappreciated.

How often do we hear such complaints as this: "We have done much for such a friend, but they did not appreciate it, they scarcely recognized it." Or, "We have put ourselves out of the way for B—, or A—, but they never thanked us." "We are always doing kindnesses, but they are generally so unappreciated that we are almost discouraged, ready to give up being kind to others."

We know one good woman, who makes herself a covering of excuses for not doing for others, as follows: "I have been such a fool, have robbed myself for my friends, fondly hoping they would appreciate what I did; but no, they never have done so: they care more for those who have taken from them; and now I will look out for myself and only give where it happens to please me. No more robbing self for others."

One thing is certain, people are apt to over-appreciate what they do in the way of kindness. They are like the boy who, when asked how much he earned a week, promptly answered, "Fifteen dollars!" When confronted by his employer with the falsehood, he said: "I told Mr. B.— that I earned fifteen dollars but you only gave me three."

In as large a rate as this do people overestimate their own good deeds. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, for rule it may be called.

If we do kind deeds to gain appreciation from our fellows, we will probably be disappointed. What we need to learn is this, to do constantly the right, the kindly way, leaving the matter of appreciation to the Lord; He knows the cost to oneself, and the reward will come from Him. It may not be in the shape of appreciation from our friends or fellows but it will be just such a reward as is the wisest and best for us.

Many a time our good and kind words and deeds are appreciated, though we know it not. We are not quick enough to note the appreciative smile, the shy word of thanks, the little pressure of the hand, the trembling lip or the moistened eye. Once upon a time, to a lady in bereavement, we sent a letter full of heartfelt sympathy, couched words in rhyme to meet the case. It was what we could do by the way of comfort. No answer came, and we felt that our effort had been not only useless, but despised.

Ah, we judged too soon. Sickness came upon us, and then when we needed comfort, this dear lady came to our bedside with some little love offering, and then she told how much she valued the lines we had sent, "but," she said, "I am a poor penman, and I wanted to thank you in person."

It is not every one who knows how to express what they feel; let us take this into account. And, again, in doing kindness we need great judgment. The poor colored woman said, "They all gave me bread, when I need candles; at times I want candles and not bread!"

There was philosophy in this; we need to know what to say and what to do by the way of kindness. Sometimes from friends we receive gifts for which we can scarcely be thankful; they are gifts of articles that we neither need nor want. While we feel that they were given in love, for which we are thankful, it is an awkward thing to express appreciation and gratitude for that which does not meet any wish or requirement of our own heart or being.

To gain appreciation is not the motive for which we should do good and kind deeds. "Because it is right,"

should be our motive, our great incentive in all our words and deeds. To receive appreciation and gratitude is sweet; but to do good and forget not is demanded of us, and we are ever told to "Bless them that curse us, to bless and curse not."

"To scatter seeds of kindness, for our reaping by and by," is what we should do, but to leave the reaping to God, is equally important.

To make ourselves unhappy over unappreciated kind words or deeds of our own is foolish, yes, positively wrong. The Lord has it in hand and will bless every effort we make to benefit our fellows.—Chris. Intelligence.

The Christian's Death.

Death is a mystery. All we know about death is forbidding. We know that death is the king of terrors. All men tremble and turn pale in the presence of this foe. No one is ready to be borne away to the cemetery, a lifeless corpse, with no knowledge of what has taken place, and no feeling concerning the grief of surviving kindred, to be left by all who loved him never more to return. Death extinguishes the spark which animates the body and locks up forever the senses through which the soul was wont to communicate with the outer world. Death puts a period to all our earthly enterprises and our active connection with this world. The ties that bind kindred souls together are rudely sundered by the icy fingers of the cruel monster, and surviving friends are left broken-hearted to weep alone and "sigh for the touch of a vanished hand."

Death dissolves the body. At his touch this tabernacle of clay falls to pieces and returns to the dust as it was. Further than this we cannot go. We may speculate upon the consequences of death. We may suspect, fear, hope, guess, and wonder. But we know absolutely nothing. Philosophy cannot help us. Science can throw no light on the dark subject. So far as human reason is concerned we are brought face to face with impenetrable mystery, and death refuses to yield up its secret.

But Jesus Christ came to our aid. He taught men more concerning death than all other teachers who ever lived. He went down into the grave to show us his power over our last enemy. He led the monster death in chains. He takes the disciples into a union with himself so close that what ever happens to him happens also to them. They are in him. The union between soul and body is not so intimate as that between Christ and his followers. They are incorporated in him. Their life is hid with Christ in God. Death is no longer an enemy, but a servant. As the bee gathers honey from the poisonous flower, so the Christian, by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, gathers joy from death itself.

Death ends the Christian's sorrows. Death releases the imprisoned spirit from its cage. When the chrysalis is broken it perishes, but the living creature which inhabited it is released, and, rising on wings of gold, it soars away in the sunlight, a picture of beauty and gladness. So when this house of clay is broken it perishes, but the immortal spirit is released from its narrow prison, and soars away on wings of light to the hills of God. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—Selected.

Revival Facts.

The revival at Iaconium. (Acts 14). This revival immediately followed the great conference at Antioch. It was conducted by Paul and Barnabas. From it we learn:

That Spirit-filled men may so speak that multitudes will be saved. (v. 1.) That unconverted church members are among the greatest revival obstructions. (v. 2.)

That revival opposition should lead to bold, persevering revival effort. (v. 3.)

That Holy-Ghost revivals make divisions, the sheep following one Master and the goats the other. (v. 4.) That Jews and Gentiles,—that is, unconverted people in the churches and out,—sometimes unite to stop a genuine Holy Ghost revival. (v. 5.) That God grants marvelous displays of his power to confirm the work of his true ministers. (v. 6.)

That opposition sometimes succeeds temporarily, so that workers wisely withdraw to other fields. (v. 6.) That if powerful Paul and eloquent Barnabas, full of the Holy Ghost, working with "signs and wonders," were apparently defeated and driven from the field, and led to take a circuit appointment (v. 6, 7), similar treatment should not discourage workers to-day.

That removal from one field should stimulate to greater zeal in the new one (vs. 6, 7).—Ex.

Difference Between Teaching and Preaching.

Preaching may, or may not, be a means of communicating the truth, or of calling attention to it. Much depends on whether the preacher conforms to the capacity and special needs of his hearers, and whether he adapts himself to the understanding of those whom he addresses. A preacher may speak in an unknown tongue, and in consequence give no real help to those who sit before him, ready to receive help if he has help to give. We often see patient listeners, in a congregation, ready to profit by preaching, who get no help from the preacher because he fails to adapt himself to those who have needs beyond his capacity. Preaching depends, for its value, not so much on the truth preached as on the skill of the preacher. Even in the case of the most important truth, the preacher must employ language intelligible by his hearers, as often he does not. Teaching is very different, in this matter, from preaching. A preacher may preach without being heard and understood, but a teacher cannot teach in such a case. No person teaches unless another person learns. As Professor John G. Hart says, "The essence of teaching is causing another to know." Teaching must amount to something. Preaching may, or may not, amount to something. Whether we teach or preach a heavy responsibility is on us. God help us in our effort!—S. S. Times.

The Sabbath for Man.

A distinguished merchant, who for twenty years did a vast amount of business, remarked to Dr. Edwards, "Had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This was mentioned in a company of merchants, when one remarked, "That is the case exactly with Mr.—. He was one of the greatest importers. He used to say that the Sabbath was the best day in the week to plan successful voyages; showing that his mind had no Sabbath. He has been in the insane hospital for years and will probably die there." Many men are there, or in the maniac's grave, because they had no Sabbath. They broke the law of nature, and of nature's God, and found the way of the transgressors to be hard." Such cases are so numerous, that a writer remarks: "We never knew a man work seven days in a week who did not kill himself or kill his mind."

Sabbath desecration is increasing at so fearful a rate that we need to be ever emphasizing the fact that God ordained a day of rest because man needs it, and that to disobey the fourth commandment is to imperil all the interests of humanity.—Herald and Presbyter.

When the old city of Pompeii was dug out, after having been for eighteen centuries buried, a sentinel was found still standing at his post, his skeleton fingers grasping his sword and his bony feet firmly planted on the pavement. He had time to run before the black smoke had choked him or the black ashes had buried him; but, having done all, he stood. Faithful unto death, and faithful in death. And that is a sermon in effigy for us all. We are to endure hardness, to stand, though blackened with the smoke of detraction and riddled through and through with ridicule—and having done all to stand.—Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.

Hard, Hacking Coughs.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing for the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard, racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of herbs and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any druggist's. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Hidden Power.

There is such a thing as hidden power. It is a quiet yet moving force. It is the result of communion with God. It lies back of speech and actions. It has a calming and sustaining virtue. It is the grace of God in the soul, which overpowers and vitalizes the entire being. It has an eloquence more potent than words. It makes itself felt. Men who come in contact with those in whom it resides, more or less recognize it. There is something about them which says they have been with Jesus and "have learned of Him." The possessors of it may not be conscious of its effect, as they go to and fro through life and mingle among their acquaintances, but is none the less influential on this account.—Presbyterian.

When Blucher, with his gallant Prussians, whose timely arrival at Waterloo prevented Napoleon from employing his reserves against Wellington's troops, had been, for hours toiling across the wet and spongy valleys toward the scene of action, the patient and weary troops became nearly exhausted. "We can go no farther," they frequently exclaimed. "We must," was Blucher's reply. "I have given Wellington my word, and you won't make me break it!"—The Quiver.

The shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most active, always thinging, feeling, working, caring for people and for things, that life seems short. Strip a life empty, and it will seem long enough.—Phillips Brooks.

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