

A Prayer.

By MRS. MERRILL E. GATES

"What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee."

Firm in Thy strong control
Oh, Father, hold my soul
Faithful to Thee!
If e'er I fear to fall,
Then let me hear Thee call,
"I am thy all in all,
Trust thou in Me."

A revelation new,
Of what Thy grace can do.
O, God, be mine!
The need is all my own,
The grace is Thine alone:
Grace deep as need made know,
Thy grace divine.

A power within reveal,
Thy power to help and heal,
Strong, changeless free!
O, by temptation sore,
By sorrows that He bore,
Who loves me evermore,
Give victory.

Thy freeman—once a slave—
Freedom to serve I crave,
To serve but Thee.
Blessing and being blest,
Be this my only quest,
How I may serve Thee best,
Till Thee I see.

—The Evangelist.

The Faith That Sustains and Comforts.

So much is being said in books, papers, lectures, sermons, and conversations about the assaults of the critics upon the citadel of faith that many souls seem to be disturbed thereby. While there are some phases of the present trend of criticism much to be deplored as being recklessly destructive in their tendencies, yet it is likely that the degree of serious invasion of well-founded faith will not be as great as many fear. A recent writer on this subject says: "Now that the intellect has completed its analytic work our generation has come to realize that the heart with its hunger is, as before unappeased. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. The creed is the outer, verbal photograph of that inner, vital experience. Man's interest in those verbal pictures named creeds, unfortunately, seems wandering, while his interests in religion is steadily waxing."

If faith in Jesus Christ and its attendant blessings were dependent upon this or that interpretation of certain more or less incidental passages of Scripture, or upon the acceptance of this or that statement of doctrine, there would be more reason for general disquietude. But faith in Jesus Christ is not founded upon biblical interpretation solely, nor does it spring out of any formulation of doctrine. Indeed, it is frequently to be found in full vigor and fruitfulness where there seems to be only a moderate degree of what men are pleased to call intellectualism.

Throughout the world there are many men, women and children who are absolutely unable to read the word of God or to discuss such things as confessions of faith and articles of religion intelligently, because of intellectual incapacity, who are in possession, nevertheless, of saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Once they walked in the dismal darkness of sin, but having come into spiritual contact with Him, their sins were forgiven and washed away in His redeeming blood, and now they walk joyously in the light of His presence. Therefore they have a firm faith in Jesus Christ that has under it the foundation of blessed experience.

The poor woman who, in the desperation of her need, touched the hem of His garment knew nothing of creeds. But she had faith in the Master, for He said to her, "Daughter be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole." As faith in Jesus Christ is a gift of the Holy Spirit, and as this woman secured a great advantage through the exercise of her faith, there is in the incident the suggestion that to be made whole, to become spiritually complete, one must have saving faith in the Redeemer of men. This is in accord with the profound declaration of Paul: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new;" and coincides with the experience and testimony of those who have "passed from death unto life," and have entered into the rich heritage of faith.

The faith that depends wholly upon the authority and sanction of the intellect yields but scant comfort to the soul. This is so far from the very nature of the case. For being inspired by the intellect merely, and dependent upon the declarations of scholarship for its basis and now growing out of spiritual experiences, it lacks the essential element of certainty. As this type of faith is effected by the holdings of the scholars—many of whom are not particularly sympathetic with spiritual religion, and look upon the word of God as

literature only, to be handled in substantially the same way as the literary product of other writers—the foundation upon which it rests is insecure; since what these scholars regard today as worthy of confidence may be looked upon tomorrow as doubtful, and may be discarded as valueless the day after. The faith that satisfies, sustains and comforts the soul, and bears it up in the vicissitudes of life, is not secured through the process of the intellect exclusively, for it does "not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Intellectual assent is essential to perfect faith, but "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness," and the assent of the mind follows naturally.

Men everywhere and in all conditions of life need a strong, sturdy, saving satisfying faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And this is the only sort of faith that honors God and meets the desires of the soul. Such a faith comforts, sustains, and inspires; it cheers the heart, illumines the mind, quickens the spiritual perceptions, deepens the sympathies, lightens the burdens of life, gives reality to the things of God, stamps His promises with validity, enriches and enlarges the whole life of the individual, and makes him a center of beneficent ministries to his fellows.

From generation to generation the creeds of men change. But Jesus Christ is unchangeable. He is "the same yesterday, and today, and forever." Faith that is centered in Him hath foundations that are immovable and eternal, and, therefore, must abide and ever yield its rich blessings to its possessor.

While the forgoing gives much encouragement, that the present confusion will be clarified, it should never be forgotten that the salvation of the intellectual, like that of the intellectual, of the learned as well as the untaught, depends on belief of certain truths. Jesus Christ is unchangeable; but some think Him a Jew who died for His fanaticism; others a mere man, though a great philosopher; others believe him to be neither man nor angel but still a created being. To save the soul He must be believed to be endowed with divine attributes. The creed in essentials is indeed short, but it cannot be shortened by the omission of one. Thus held, the heart and mind unite, and no longer deaden faith, nor faith perturbs reason.—The Advocate.

Beginning Family Worship.

A young man of fashion, wealth, education, and high social position, at a mid-day prayer meeting felt in himself the hope that maketh not ashamed, and realized a Saviour precious to his soul. He believed that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins, and determined that he would never be ashamed of Christ. He would acknowledge and honor him everywhere.

The opportunity, the time and place, soon came. He was returning to his home in the evening. "Now," said he, "I must honor and obey God in my family, I must set up family worship."

"Oh, no," said the tempter, "not yet! Don't be in a hurry. Take time. Get a little stronger, and then you can go on better."

"I must begin to-night. I do not know what my wife and sister will say; but it is my duty and I am resolved to do it, and trust God for the rest. I must pray in my family."

"Not to-night," said the tempter, "You don't know how to pray. You have never prayed much. You are not acquainted with the language of prayer. Wait and learn how first."

"No, no; I must pray to-night. Get thee behind me Satan!"

He passed into his dwelling, and into his library, and there, before God, his Heavenly Father, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, he poured out his heart, and asked for strength and grace from on high to assist him in his duty.

When he met his wife that evening, she saw at once that a great change had taken place, but said nothing. At length he asked her:—

"Would you have any objections to our having family worship?"

After a moment's surprise and hesitation, she said, with true politeness:—

"Certainly not, if it is your pleasure."

"Bring me a Bible then, please, and draw up under the gaslight, and let us read and pray."

He read a chapter and then knelt down and his wife and sister sat upright in their seats, and he felt that he was alone on his knees. He lifted up his eyes to God, and cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And gathering strength he went on in his prayer, pouring out his most earnest cries and supplications that God would have mercy on his beloved wife and sister. So earnest, so importunate

was that prayer that God would show his converting power and grace on the spot, that the heart of his wife was melted and overcome and she slipped from her seat up on her knees beside him, and putting her arms around his neck ere she was aware she burst out into one agonizing cry to the Lord Jesus for mercy on her soul, and then the sister knelt down by his other side and she too put her arms around him, and burst into a flood of tears.

He continued to pray; he devoted himself and these with him to God. He confessed and bewailed his and their manner of life hitherto; he pleaded the promise of God to all those that seek him, and with unspeakable joy he made mention of the amazing grace of God in the pardon of his sins, and he besought that peace and forgiveness through a crucified Saviour.

The submission was complete; the surrender was fully made; repentance and faith sprang up together in the hearts of all three; and as they rose from their knees, it was to acknowledge each to the other what new determinations and resolutions and consecration they each had made during the progress of that first prayer in the family in that parlor, of all they were and what they would be, to Christ. And since that first prayer in the parlor, God has been daily acknowledged in the same parlor by the same circle.—Presbyterian Advocate.

Unselfish Men.

Selfishness sometimes manifests itself in hoarding and sometimes in spending money. The miser is a miserable man. No one respects him, and he does not respect himself. The spendthrift is no better than the miser. The man who lavishes his money all on his own comfort, his own pleasure and luxury, is neither happy nor useful. He has friends of a certain kind, but so soon as his money is gone his friends will be gone too. The friends of a spendthrift are not genuine friends.

The unselfish and many a man does not waste his money nor his time. He gives his money and himself also to those pursuits which will do most good. When the subway explosion occurred in the city of New York a few months ago, in which much valuable property was destroyed and many lives lost, one young man forgot himself and rushed into the burning power house and tried to extinguish the flames. He might have run the other way and saved his life. No one would have accused him of cowardice or neglect of duty. But forgetting his own interest and thinking only of others, he gave himself for his fellow-men.

All men honor the hero who gives himself for other. We may not know him, but when we hear of his unselfish deed a feeling of respect is kindled within us. When yellow fever broke out among the American soldiers in Cuba an officer in charge of a battalion of colored troops called on them to volunteer to nurse the sick. He told them that it was a dangerous service, not the kind of service they had expected when they enlisted, and that many of them would lose their lives if they should undertake it; that it was not the kind of death a soldier cared to die, and he could not detain them, but asked them to volunteer. Every man in the battalion volunteered. Two weeks afterward the same opportunity was given, and all of those who remained volunteered a second time. They gave their lives for the sick and suffering soldiers in the army. Whatever may be our opinion of the colored race, no man who has a true heart beating in his bosom can help honoring such a spirit of self-sacrifice for others. It is the opposite of that spirit which says, "Get all you can and keep all you get, or spent all on self."

We may not be called to give our lives for others in a fire or hospital. Ours is an easier task. We are called to remember our fellow men who are not so highly favored as we are, and do what we can to give them the light which shines on us. We cannot do much. We have little money to give. We have little skill to serve. We may be tempted to think that what we can do is so little that it makes no difference whether we do it or not. This is an evil thought. The poor widow who gave an insignificant offering gave more than the rich men who cast in of their abundance. Her little offering has done more to bless the world than the offerings of all the rich men who that day cast into the treasury of the Lord. It may be but a penny, it may be only a moment of your valuable time, it may be a word fitly spoken, it may be a kindly deed or only a grasp of the hand; the great God is able to make it count for infinite results. He who multiplied the loaves and fishes can multiply the force of the effort which you put forth until it shall be felt to the ends of the earth.—Chris Advocate.

The Gospel of the Dollar.

The youths of Sparta were taught to steal, but warned of the penalty and disgrace of being discovered. We are strengthening to-day a teaching which, in its final harvest, must be as disastrous to our moral welfare as that other pernicious teaching of olden time. There is scarcely a young man among us who is not constantly admonished to get rich. Who knows to-day of a young woman given in marriage of some one does not inquire if she has done well or not. It is a common thought among us that money and love are the true yoke-fellows and that without it living is much like keeping comfortable in the Arctic Zone.

Such thinking and such teaching are laden with evil. In this age, when everything is kept at a white heat intensity, there is no need to goad men on to seek wealth. Every pile of brick and stone has a thousand tongues which from their throats of stone sing forth the gospel of the dollar. Every band of steel, every iron horse running toward the ocean, every ship sailing over the leagues of the shining sea is giving this gospel not only a voice, but a powerful exposition. Humanity to-day is living at such a pace, putting every ounce of vitality into the task of life, as must drive a constantly increasing number of individuals to suicide or into insanity. And the increasing demand for more energy and push in all the tasks of to-day in its last analysis is a cry for more gleaming gold, more palaces and more aching hearts.

It is a great mistake to measure everything to-day by commercial or material standards alone. We hear everywhere the cry: "Will it pay?" The spiritual or aesthetic possibilities of any matter are the last to receive attention. Do we denounce wealth and canonize poverty? Far be it from us. God does not curse men for being rich, but for being mean. He does not bless men for being ragged, but for being righteous. In each case God knows the treasures of spirit and character rather than the treasures of gold and the penury of poverty.—Rev. Clyde Clay Cissel.

Evidence of Conversion.

You will ask, "When and where was your conversion?" I do not know. I have never been able to date it. I cannot tell you where it was. I am perfectly sure that at some time in those years to what my parents told me of my relation to God I said, "Amen"; that at some moment my heart and will responded, without knowing it, to the claim set upon me by my loved ones, and I know at that moment the will of the child said "Yes" to the will of the King, and the King took the child into his kingdom and the child was born again. I say that without hesitation. I say it for the encouragement of others who may not be able to find a date when they were converted; but I say this to you also, "Be very, very careful that you are converted." If you put the question back on me to-night, "How do you know you are born again?" I do not know how I am born again by any experience of thirty years ago, but by the present throbbing of God in my life and soul, his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit here and now. I am his, and none can deny me the witness of his Spirit. And I think there is nothing more dangerous than that people should build upon an experience thirty years old, and think they are Christians now because something happened to them then.—G. Campbell Morgan.

WHY CROUP IS FATAL.

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

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Mighty Truths

The Herald and Presbyter see's forth a few most solemn, mighty truths in the following: "A cloud in the sky will oftentimes keep one from the prayer-meeting when the breaking storm will not keep him from the place of gay entertainment. It depends on the disposition of the heart. Some little thing has kept many a soul from going to Christ and being saved. A laugh may send one to hell, but all the laughter of a lost universe can never get him out and into heaven. It is a good deed more manly and sensible to determine, as the eunuch, that nothing shall deter us from the infinite privilege of being saved than it is to scour the horizon like abject slaves to find some possible deterring influence to which we may yield and remain unsaved. It is the part of spiritual beings to determine that, by the grace of God, however others choose, we ourselves, with all our might, will choose and serve the Lord."

BLACK KID GLOVES, if worn every day, soon become shabby, even although an actual hole has not made an appearance. As soon as the fingers or other parts of the kid show signs of becoming white, put the glove on the hand, and rub it gently with a flannel dipped in olive oil and soot. This will restore both the color and gloss of the kid.

There is no human life so poor and small as not to hold many a divine possibility.—James Martineau.

God is the spring of our best activity and energy; God is the haven of deep and untroubled rest.—McLaren.

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