

The Christian Life.

HIS SECRET PRESENCE.

BY REV. B. A. SHERWOOD.

O'er land and lake and billowing sea
Behold the marks of Deity;
The lightning flash or thunder's peal
Divine Creator doth reveal.

The heavens His glory doth declare,
The day His speech with beauty rare,
At night His wisdom we behold
As twinkling stars the truth unfold.

The planets with unerring flight
Keep step with time and move aright;
The solar world with gorgeous flame
Repeats the grandeur of His name.

The blade of grass, the dewdrop tear,
Proclaim the fact that God is near;
The sunset brush that paints the sky
Reveals the Artist ever nigh.

The song of bird and limpid stream,
The sighing wind and ocean's dream,
The insect's whisper to its mate
Confirm the truth that God is great.

His Word, His truth, His love divine,
In wondrous harmony define
The Father, Son and Friend so dear,
To all His trusting children here.

Thus He who notes the sparrows fall,
Invites the trust of each and all;
And in the gathering time to come,
The faithful soul shall hear, "Well done!"



THE PLACE OF PRAYER IN A REVIVAL.

Not for many years has there been such a general conviction of the need of a revival of religion and such widely cherished desire for it as during the last few months. The natural question at such a time is, What can we do to promote a revival of religion in our community? That is a question that perhaps has been sufficiently answered in articles, books and sermons. Perhaps it has been answered so completely that men have come to entertain the opinion far too generally that something they can do will usher in a spiritual quickening. For while there is a certain preparation and attitude on the part of the churches that may be regarded as the human antecedent of a revival, yet such visitations of divine grace do not come by any machinery of man's device; they come like the flowing of the tides, or like the rain, or the wind, by a power that is above man.

From this point of view we see the worth of prayer in a new light. That is the one thing that the devisers of revival machinery habitually neglect. They make much of singing, and "testimonies" and organized "work," but not so much of prayer. Of course there is a reason for that. Prayer is such an intimate, personal experience that you cannot organize or command it.

Now if we take our direction from the New Testament we shall see that prayer is the supreme agency on the part of man for securing spiritual blessing. Men quote approvingly Tennyson's famous lines on "prayer," but as a rule we Christians do not greatly believe in it. "At their wits' ends all men pray." But, for the most part, we delay until we are at our wits' ends before we pray. And yet, if we trust the New Testament, prayer is the mightiest instrument that God has put into the hands of man.

Perhaps we have made too much of

the saying "to labor is to pray." There is a certain truth in that, but at bottom, though work may be a form of prayer, it is not the only way in which men can pray; and even as an aspect of prayer, it is worthless unless it is prompted by those spiritual qualities that make any prayer acceptable. Perhaps our missionaries could hardly do their congregations a greater service just now than to explain fully the New Testament conception of the place of prayer in the Christian life, and in the advance of the kingdom of God.

We have great hopes that any church which is in the mood of prayer will be spiritually blessed. It may have excellent singing and preaching, and the work may be organized like a department store, and yet a spiritually minded man may not be able to see the tokens of a revival; but when the church is at prayer, waiting upon God, and looking to Him with earnest desire for something that no wit or strength of man can achieve, the reasons multiply that the windows of heaven are about to be opened.—*The Watchman.*



A CALL FOR MEN OF VALOR.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS WOELFKIN.

"And there went with him men of valor whose hearts the Lord had touched."

The characters, who proved influential in modeling the world's history have been relatively few. All great events have turned upon the heroism of a few valorous souls. Every great cause has its crisis periods. They prove to be times of searching and sifting. Character is revealed in the crucial experiences. The insincere, the faint-hearted, and the self-seekers drop out of the ranks; but the few who are left are those in whose soul an unquenchable fire burns. These are the men who make history. They are men of valor whose hearts the Lord hath touched.

If this be true in the history of national and social reform, it is yet more abundantly true in the progress of the kingdom of God. Numbers, if they weigh at all, weigh against rather than for a successful issue. God never did get things with large numbers. When men were true-hearted, earnest and faithful, he did mighty works. "There is no restraint to Jehovah to save by many or by few." When Gideon sounded the trumpet of war, thirty-two thousand men mustered for service. But they were a dress-parade army. They all looked alike and shouted the same. But there were only three hundred whose hearts the Lord had touched. The rest welcomed an excuse to muster out before the first shock of battle. Had they remained, they would have dampened the ardor of the true-hearted and spread the contagion of fear, which is always the presage of defeat.

Every religious awakening and revival centres about a few royal souls. Multitudes come in for the benefit, but the blessings come through a few. They are always men of valor whose hearts the Lord has touched. They do not always look a noble company. Like those who joined David in the cave of Adullam, they look unpromising and are subjected to criticism, jesting and scorn. But the future generations appreciate their prophetic spirit and unflinching heroism. When the crisis is past and the victory won every critic

would like to ride in the victor's chariot. Indeed the crowd joins the procession and shouts as though they had achieved the conquest.

In Christian work every generation offers such a crisis and opportunity. We are in the midst of one now. Men have felt the dearth of spiritual power and paucity of conversions despite all our religious machinery. The atmosphere of scepticism and disbelief has deadened our pulses. There has been a mighty crying unto God for a visitation and the hour is on the stroke for men to rally—men of valor whose hearts the Lord hath touched. Men who will put their hand to the plough and not look back till the end of the furrow is reached. Men who will cease parading and join issue in battle. Men who will cease all talk about soul winning and go in for the doing. Men who will humble themselves with confession and consecration. Men who will make God's work first things first. They need not be many, but they must be true. The call of the hour is for men of sincerity, purpose, courage and tenacity; men of valor whose hearts the Lord hath touched.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*



SO MUCH TO DO—SO LITTLE DONE.

Life is so short—so much to do. Such was the moan of the dying adventurer, hero and empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes. The man that had quickly heaped up a fortune of millions of pounds, that with strong hand had changed the map of Africa, that had planned grand schemes of promoting intelligent intercourse and good-will between the scholars and educationists of Great Britain, the United States, the British Colonies and Germany. Even those who toil most diligently during a long life can after all do but little towards accomplishing the task that spreads before them the moment they open their eyes and see the burden-bearing and the labor to which they are called. Three score and ten years—four score—or even five score years—how fleeting and how brief!

So little done—so much to do—and life is so brief! The more one accomplishes, as was the case with the adventurous Livingstone and James Chalmers, the more resolutely is the heart set on winning added victories. James Chalmers evangelized and civilized many a cannibal on island after island, but he heard of fiercer cannibals and he ventured among them, and won the martyr's crown. Livingstone opened up the dark heart of darkest Africa and crossed the unexplored continent from east to west, and from west to east. Still he could not rest, for deep darkness still remained to be dispelled; and he gave his latest breath a pilgrim. So with multitudes of the best and noblest of men and women. How Gladstone toiled with a giant's strength to remedy the ills of the state; but long as was his life, and strenuous as were his efforts, the work seemed only to widen out before him. Much he achieved; but how little compared with what still remains to test the strength and faith of coming statesmen.

This dissatisfaction with our attainments and achievements leads to a noble unrest which incites to diligence while life lasts. The night cometh when we cannot work; but the day is happier the more faithfully we devote it to doing our Lord's will.

Life is short, but it is not vain if spent in doing the will of God. When your day's toil "in the vineyard" is completed you will get your wages, and the task which was well done by you

will help your successor to do still better.

Our merciful Master is not hard-hearted and exacting. He is generous and considerate. The man that makes good use of his "talents" is sure of his reward. Our Lord, when selecting his apostles, laid his command mainly on toilers by the sea, and unpretending peasants. The Christian who labors in the field, in the forest, in the mine, on the stormy deep, or in any honest calling, is helping to build up the kingdom of God as truly as the man who crosses the ocean to evangelize cannibals.

The work to be accomplished in our own country for God is immense. Our civilization is not yet interpenetrated by the principles of Christianity. Be our lives short or long, we are bound to devote them with alacrity to the service of God and man. Our education is still far from being what it ought to be. There are still in our country men who know not God and who give no heed to his law. What are we doing to strengthen and beautify the church of God? In the ideal city there will be no lawless aliens; no men of violence, or sin; no need of prisons or poor houses; no drunkard staggering home to heart broken families; no pinching poverty, and no heartless wealth. Politics will be as pure as the administration of the church.

We are moving—slowly, but still moving upward. Our churches are doing better work and more of it. Our opportunities have multiplied, and we have not altogether neglected them. Our generation will do its own work, but it will leave tasks enough to its successors for all generations to win the goal of a pure and perfect "city of God."

It appears to us that the Lord our Master expects more from his Presbyterian churches, than from any others—because he has done so much for them. He expects from them a firmer grasp of truth, greater zeal in proclaiming the gospel throughout the world, a larger liberality in the support of every good undertaking, a closer approach to the zeal of Christ in doing the will of our Father in heaven. Christ will be with us as the Captain and Leader, and we have good ground to hope that while generations come and go, though men and their work pass away, that the kingdom of God shall remain firm and sure forever.—*Presbyterian Witness.*



Is Your Breath Bad?

Bad breath is one of the early symptoms of catarrh which should be checked at once and not allowed to run into consumption. The surest cure is fragrant healing Catarrhazone which cures catarrh by removing its cause. No case is too chronic—even the most stubborn yield in a short time to the balsamic vapor of Catarrhazone. It makes cures that last, for once cured by Catarrhazone you stay cured. Catarrhazone is pleasant, convenient and safe to use, relieves almost instantly and is guaranteed to cure every type of catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Use only Catarrhazone, complete outfit \$1.00; sample size 25c.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Alexander Pope.*

Something That Should Be Rubbed In.—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand and apply it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.