

The Christian Life.

TRUST.

The clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see;
But thro' the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.

'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his
While all is dim;
To close my weary, aching eyes
And follow him.

Thro' many a thorny path he leads
My tired feet,
Thro' many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet.

To know that he is close to me,
My Guard, my Guide;
He leadeth me; and so I walk
Quite satisfied.

Enlarging the Bounds of the Kingdom.

So much of human life and society as is governed and controlled by love is of the kingdom of God. Not love as a mere fruitless emotion has this honor, but love as a law of action, a controlling principle, which will make a man go without his dinner or his sleep for the sake of those he loves, and think it no hardship, but rather a joy.

To get this area of love enlarged is much of the true economy of human life. Some by their acts and influence tend to narrow it. They are selfish, fault-finding, cynical, or morose. They set people's teeth on edge by the tone in which they speak to them. They are always standing upon their rights and provoking quarrels. Their talk runs ever on "the seamy side" of things. To hear them you would suppose that nothing but the meanest motives govern men of all positions and professions. They leave us nothing in the world to admire, and therefore nothing to love, and their influence is to shut a man up in himself from any real heart-touch with his fellows.

In this pessimistic age this type of mind is far more common than it was half a century ago, and it is one against which a wise man will guard himself and his own as he might against the bubonic plague. It has done more to paralyze the strength of all good causes, to dry up the springs of right feeling and right action, than has any other evil of our time, unless it be the love of money. It is the latest and worst embodiment of that spirit of judgment, of criticism, which our Lord so expressly forbade to his disciples, and which he foresaw would be one of the especial hindrances to the advance of the kingdom of love.

A second class do little or nothing for the extension of the kingdom, although they have no wish nor will to contract its bounds. They take what love they get in life, and they repay it in due measure, but without anything of the divine warmth and generosity which befit the kingdom. They love, in reasonable and respectable fashion, their households, their kindred, and their neighbors, if these are amiable and kindly. They even have a mild sentiment of regard for mankind at large, and under pressure or by force of habit they contribute to the cause of missions. They believe they love God, as they certainly do not hate him, and as they find in themselves sundry agreeable sentiments toward their Creator, and they would

be glad to see every one do as much.

But they leave the boundaries of the kingdom, at the best, no wider than they found them. They conquer no new areas for their Master. They overcome none of his enemies by loving them into love. They add nothing to God's possessions by their lives. They have none of that divine usury of spiritual gain which our Lord so much commends. They are living upon what has been already subdued to God by the lives and the influences of love's heroes, who loved, as God does, with unselfish passion and noble abandon. But their own lives are barren of such good. Against this unprofitable life our Lord warns us. "If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thank have ye? for even sinners do the same."

The third class are God's overcomers, who overcome men's hate by love, their indifference by warmth of heart, their coldness by generosity, and thus extend the bounds of his kingdom. These are co-workers with God, for they are adopting exactly his own methods in dealing with their brethren. His love moves him to giving, to serving, to pouring his life into all the channels of existence, and especially to bestowing his gifts upon the evil and the thankless, as well as upon the good and the thankful. Thus he seeks to win men to himself by the largeness and generosity of his gifts, especially by that supreme gift with which he enriched a thankless world in giving us his Son. "Ye therefore shall be perfect (or thorough, complete), as your Heavenly Father is perfect," is said in connection with this very matter of giving and loving where no return is promised or certain. This is the very completeness of God as the Son of God sets it forth.

To grow into God's likeness, to be indeed the sons of the Highest, is the reward which our Lord sets before his disciples in this matter. But good things come not singly. Those who live this life not only are blessed in themselves, but they are privileged to see greater ends served in the conquest of others to the life of love. The Apostle bids us to do acts of kindness to our unfriends, as in so doing we "shall heap coals of fire upon their heads." A good old preacher used to add, "Not to burn them, but to melt them,"—and that surely is the sense. We are to keep on doing the good the gospels enjoin whether we see fruit or not, but we are not forbidden to look for the fruit of awakening love in others. So our Lord expressly says. He was a true and severe judge of men. Yet he says that, if we act toward others in the spirit of unselfish love, we shall see them respond in the same spirit. "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they pour into your bosom." He who never spake aught but the simple truth, and never flattered with his tongue, tells us to expect this response, and thus tells us that in this way we may enlarge the bounds of his kingdom.—S. S. Times.

There are two ways of lighting a dark room: One is to attack the darkness with candles. The other is to open the shutters and let in the light. When light comes, darkness goes.

NEARING HOME.

When one has been absent from home, and perhaps reaches the home station late at night, and walks through the silent streets, hearing nothing but the echo of his own footsteps, or that of the policeman who eyes him suspiciously as he goes past, it is wonderful how his steps instinctively quicken when they draw near the place where stands the house, one of thousands in the city streets, but one which he calls home. He thinks of the familiar rooms, but more than aught else he thinks of those who dwell there. Though the very furniture has grown to have a welcoming look, were it not for loving hearts who there await it would be a desolate place. Is it any wonder then that the thought of life everlasting which most frequently appeals to us is that of the home into which we shall enter and there abide, and where we hope to see "faces loved long since, and lost awhile." And that is why when the shadows are falling we like to dwell upon the word of the Master, when he said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

It is because he will be there, that we feel it not to be a strange place. If he were absent, then golden pave and flowing stream and fruitful tree would not suffice us. Even here it is when we are conscious that he is near to us that we know the deepest peace. And if we do not often know that peace, it is not that he is slow to make himself known, but because the mists of selfishness have blinded our eyes. "The pure in heart shall know God," and only they. Well may we pray, "Lord, open our eyes that we may see thyself."—Dom. Presby.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Under this caption the *Southern Watchman*, a monthly paper published by our brethren in Tennessee and Georgia, speaks to the point as follows:—

"It is common to blame preachers who disappoint their congregations. As a rule, they are to blame.

"But what of the people who disappoint the preacher? He goes to the meeting-place. All know that is the day of service; all know that he is a man of his word and will be there on time. If it is cold or hot or rainy, the people stay at home, even those living near by. The preacher has driven five, ten, or twenty miles to keep his promise, and only empty seats await his coming. Now who should be blamed?

If there was no importance attached to his business, it would matter little if the preacher did not come. But when one remembers the message of life he brings and the possible consequences that may follow a failure to keep his appointment, then the importance of his actions may be seen.

"If there is importance in the preacher's work, not less is it important for the people to attend the public preaching of the gospel of Christ. To neglect this is to disregard the apostolic direction, 'Forget not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is.' Neglect of public worship is a denial of the importance of Christ's mission in the world. When people are negligent, their example hurts the preacher. It hurts the weak members of the church. It destroys their influence for good, and their conduct is an evidence of a back-slidden state of the heart. The blessing of the Lord is on the faithful doers of his work."

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Salvation is of the Lord. No man can save himself. No man can save his neighbor. Jesus has made a perfect atonement and provision for our salvation. But let no one imagine that he has nothing to do in the case of his own salvation. To sit still and do nothing is to lose one's soul. It is because men do sit still and do nothing that they are not saved. When the people heard Peter preach on the day of Pentecost, and were cut to the heart and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter did not say, "There is nothing for you to do. Everything has been done. Just sit still and do nothing." When the jailer inquired of Paul and Silas, "What must I do to be saved?" they did not say, "There is nothing you can do; everything has been done. You can only sit still and wait for God to save you." When Saul of Tarsus cried unto the Lord on the way to Damascus and said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the Lord did not answer, "There is nothing to be done. Everything has been done. Sit still and wait." Let every unsaved soul know assuredly that there is something for him to do, and that the reason why he is not now saved from sin is because he is unwilling to do what God has commanded. The way is easy, but there is no other way. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A Dead Tired Feeling

And utter weariness are due to the blood being weakened through faulty action of the kidneys and liver. It's a surplus of energy, lots of red vitalizing blood you need and it can be acquired quickly by using Ferrozone, the greatest strength-ening tonic made. "No tonic equals Ferrozone," writes H. E. Jennings, of Westport. "Last spring I was tired and depressed, had backache and lacked strength. Ferrozone soon brought me to good health and made me well." Price 50c. at druggists.

Better a bare board with the blessing of God than his curse on a full one.—*Ram's Horn*.

A Small Pill, But Powerful.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

I have been in all four quarters of the world, and I never saw any man I could not love.—*Father Taylor*.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

One said to a Quaker, "I can't help feeling for the poor heathen." And quoth the Quaker, "Dost thou feel in the right place? Dost thou feel in thy pocket?"

A Word of Good Counsel.—When days are bleak and nights are long and cold, keep Perry Davis' Pain Killer in the house. It is your faithful friend, as it was your parents' friend. External and internal use.