

THE BURDEN BEARER.

I sat by the wayside, weeping,
When the Burden-bearer came
And lifted the burden from me,
While he gently called my name;
I yielded the burden gladly,
For I could not bear the load,
And saw not a step before me
For the darkness of the road.

He spoke and his voice was tender,
Then he smiled, his smile was love,
While his arms he spread beneath me,
And his wings he spread above.

So, sheltered and safe, I follow
The way he would have me go.
I'll ask him to keep me closest,
O'er the ways I may not know.

I never can lose my bearings
While I follow such a guide,
While walking beneath his banner,
Which is love on every side.

And I'll take my dear ones with me,—
I could never go alone;
I will bear them in my pleadings
While I wait before his throne.

His mercy endureth ever,
And his promise cannot fail
To those who will wait before him
With a faith that must prevail.

Dear Saviour, I'm weak, but waiting,
With my burden cast on thee;
I'm coming, I and the children,—
The dear ones you gave to me.

—LIZZIE H. UNDERWOOD.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE QUINAN.

A few weeks ago a young man told me that he put a nickel in the slot machine and it turned him out five dollars. "O!" he said, "I felt like fainting. I had such a queer sensation of delight go all through me. It was the first time I ever tried it." A young man standing near us and hearing us walked over to the many machines standing in the front of stores on the business streets and lost several dollars. A bill has been passed by the city fathers, and a fine of \$200 imposed on each offense of having one in operation. Bless the Lord for this! "Gaming is a general evil, and leads to vicious inclinations."

tion of morals, abandonment of industry and honest employment, a loss of self-control and self respect, frauds, forgeries, thefts, which go to make up the black catalogue of crime, the closing scene of which generally ends in highway robbery or murder." Lotteries are the most extensive and far reaching of all gambling schemes. All classes, young and old, are drawn into its meshes. Offices are open in all our large cities, and tickets are for sale from a dollar up to draw prizes way up in the thousands of dollars. Women and even children may be seen going to these places, which are frequently filled with fumes of tobacco and whiskey, to buy tickets. Judge Catron says, "It is the worst species of gaming, because it brings adroitness, cunning, experience and skill, to contend against ignorance, folly, distress and desperation."

The result of lotteries is found in dishonest employees, defaulters in banks embezzlers and thieves in public offices of trust. One trusted clerk in New York managed in a few weeks' time to secure over \$10,000 from his employers to gamble with in lotteries. A bank cashier stole over \$35,000 according to his own confession, spending four or five hundred dollars a day in the schemes. The young man I mentioned in the beginning was spoken of in the papers a few days ago as having skipped the country, leaving parents, home and friends. Thousands have gone down into the jaws of death, death of honor, character and position, in the churches and out of them. There are stores in almost every town offering prizes to customers buying a certain amount of goods, and some holiness people, I am sorry to say, as well as many other church people, gamble in these stores. Many of these stores will hold up their hands in horror at the suggestion that they would lie or cheat, and yet they pay an advertising agent liberally to publish the greatest exaggerations as to the character and quality of their goods. The proprietors of these stores will denounce gambling, and yet will adopt the very same spirit. Policy shops are low dens of hell, and are resorted to more especially by the negroes. In New York city more than 600 of these, and other gambling hells are open in full blast. And yet they have over 2500 of

the best police in the world and over three million dollars paid them annually to ferret out these violators of the law.

In Los Angeles it is a common occurrence to hear of the arrest of "poker Davis" and others, who are soon free again to keep the jaws of death open to receive the victims of their traps. California has no Sunday law, and so the state lends its influence in getting the children to violate the fourth commandment, by permitting the prize candy stores to allure and tempt them in on their way to Bible school. The pennies placed in their tiny hands for the missionary or other good cause are thus easily secured, and the child, with its back towards home, says, "Nobody will know," being tempted by the sweets and the prize packages and the envelope games allowed in the stores. Thus children get their first lessons in gambling.

But of all the awful forms of gambling the church gambling ways for money making beat others for wickedness and deviltry. Sometime ago a minister in Rochester, N. Y., called at the prison to try in some way to comfort a young man who soon was to be hung for murder committed in a gambling hell. The young man said, "You can do me no good. I learned my first lessons in gambling at your church." Think of that for a blast in the face of one who professes to be a man of God! I once went to the pastor of the church of which I was a member and begged him not to have a guessing cake, that his wife had made and was to charge ten cents a guess at its weight. The one guessing right was to get the cake. He pooh-poohed at me, and laughingly said it was only innocent fun, etc. There are people making money daily on quack medicines who add "reverend" to their filthy advertisement to make them more taking, much after the manner of gamblers wearing white neck-ties to deceive the innocent. It would be a good thing if preachers would strip themselves of all clerical signs about their necks and bodies and have the one sign only of a holy white dove in their hearts. If a man's life and conversation will not prove him to be a minister, a white cloth around his

neck will not do it.

Los Angeles has a plenty of quack trap fiends. A young man in New Jersey went to one of these kind of villains and was blackmailed, under the threat of exposure to his friends, out of over fifty thousand dollars. He was wealthy, and paid rather than have his friends know of his shame. Once let these vampires get their clutches on you and then you are in the jaws of death. Young men and women are dropping into the jaws of death through free love traps. The papers are full of baits on these lines.

All along life's pathway the snares are spread thick to draw our souls into the jaws of death. God help us to expose them, to keep at it all the time and everywhere. Raise up a standard for the people. Cast up the highway; gather out the stones. Salvation is of the Lord. Give Him no rest until He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. Amen.

HOW TO GET SANCTIFIED.

Be sure you are born of the Spirit, for only those who are born of the Spirit are proper candidates for the baptism with the Spirit.

Pray that God will sanctify you wholly. Understand the Scriptures that it is His will that you be fully sanctified. Seek the experience with all your heart. Desire it above all other bestowments. Determine to have it at any cost. Be sure that all you are and all you ever expect to be, all that you possess and all that you ever expect to have, is absolutely abandoned to Him without any mental reservation. Reckon yourself to be dead indeed to self and sin, and reputation and loved ones, and everyone and everything, contrary to the blessed will of God. Then reckon yourself to be alive to the faintest whispers of His voice and to His whole will, whatever it may be. Then confide in His precious blood, which only is able to cleanse from all sin, and claim the promise of the baptism with the Holy Ghost, which will cleanse your heart from all sin, and fill with perfect love. Do these things, and God will not disappoint you, but will give you Pentecost as really as He did to the people in the upper chamber. Have you done this? Will you do it now?

WELL SPOKEN.

We have met with this beautiful incident which teaches important lessons:

A little girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these divine graces, said by our Lord to be blessed, she would most like to have. She paused a little, and then said: "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "If I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

Purity is the basis of all true Christian excellence. Hence it is written, "The wisdom that cometh from above is first pure." In its natural condition the heart is full of all manner of corruption. "Out of it proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries," every manner of uncleanness. A sight of this internal foulness, under the illumination of the Holy Ghost is appalling. No wonder under such discoveries the individual is affrighted, and ready to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" It is like a putrefying corpse chained to a living person—with him when walking, eating, or lying down—a horrid, perpetual presence from which he cannot free himself.

But what we cannot do for ourselves, Christ, the mighty Deliverer, can do for us. The triumphal answer to the agonizing interrogatory, "Who shall deliver?" is, "I thank God through Jesus Christ!"

Beautiful was the answer of the little girl: "I would rather be pure in heart"—and her reason was cogent, all-inclusive. "If I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces." Let us recognize the veritable character of the child-philosopher. Purity will bring all the other graces—so sparkling, so beautiful! They are the bright ornaments of character and the power of human life. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Against these there is no law. Let us make sure of the pure heart, and all these graces will come. The fountain is of a

and we may wash and be clean.—Sel.

NO LOST EFFORT.

A young Sunday-school teacher in Boston had in her class a boy who seemed fairly incorrigible; still she clung to him. She prayed for him every night, and often a dozen times a day. She had moments of discouragement, when she heard how he was going from bad to worse in his daily life. Finally, he was arrested as an accomplice in a burglary, and sent to prison for two years. She did not give up then, but visited him often in prison, always finding him hard, sullen, and defiant. After his release from prison, he disappeared, and no one knew where he went, but every one was confident that he had gone to destruction.

Years passed, and the teacher married, and went far from her native town to live. She had grown children of her own when she and her husband went to the Pacific slope to visit relatives and friends. They found the town, or city, in which one of their friends lived greatly agitated over the liquor question.

"We are trying to elect a 'no license' mayor," said the gentleman they were visiting. "He is coming to dinner this evening, and I'll be glad to have you meet him."

When he came, she saw a tall, fine-looking man, whom she would have said at once she had never met before.

"Why," he said, as he grasped her hand, "are you not Miss M——?"

"I was Miss M——," she replied.

"And you lived in Boston?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you taught a class in a Sunday-school called the West End Mission?"

"Yes."

"And there was a bad boy in that class named Roger Martin?"

"There was a boy of that name in the class. I have never forgotten him."

"And yet you don't know him when he stands before you, for I am that same Roger Martin."

Miss M——'s unceasing prayers had been heard and answered.

"I tried to forget you, and all your teachings," said Mr. Martin. "I tried to forget God. I lived a wicked life for fifteen years after I left my home, but in

all those years of sinfulness I could not forget your loving patience, nor some of the things you had said to me. I feel that I owe my final conversion and acceptance of God to you. I wrote and told you so when I was converted, but the letter came back to me through the dead letter office. I wanted you to know that, after many days and years, God had answered your prayers for me, and that none of your efforts in my behalf were lost."

"I never felt that they were lost," said Mrs. H——, "and I have been praying for you all these years."—Selected.

WILLIE'S DECISION.

Such a little fellow he was, with bright blue eyes, and golden hair that rippled back from a fair, white forehead—just the kind of a face that you turn to look at when it passes you, and bend to kiss when it greets you.

Willie's mamma and he were the very best of friends, as you will see from the story. They had their "bestest times," as Willie called them, at night, when the long bed time talks came. And Willie learned about a great many things while nestled in his mother's arms. And after his talk with her came another talk—with God. Do you wonder that Willie was a very happy little fellow? But this day of which I want to tell you was a very special day. Next door—with a walk all hedged with flowers between the two houses—lived Clarence Gray. And Willie's birthday and Clarence's came the same day. Wasn't that queer! They were dear friends, too, and one year Willie had a birthday party, and the next year the party was given at Clarence's home—so there was a party, anyway.

This year the table was set under the great horse chestnut that shaded the back yard of Clarence's home, and a merry company of boys and girls sat down for the birthday supper. All at once Willie said, "Please excuse me a minute," and ran home.

"Mamma," he cried, hurrying into the house, "mamma, there's some wine jelly on the table! I tasted it before I knew

what it was, and it's very nice. What shall I do about it?"

Willie's mamma remembered the bed time talks, and she knew that Willie must learn to say "No," for himself, so she only answered;

"You know what you and I think about these things, Willie? You must decide for yourself."

"But only tell me, mamma," pleaded the dear little voice. But mamma would not settle the question, and the little fellow ran back to the party.

That night, when he knelt by his mother's knee for the evening prayer, she said:

"What did you do about the wine jelly, Willie?"

"I didn't touch it, mamma," was his quick reply.

"Don't you think his mamma was glad that Willie could say 'No'? And don't you think it was the best way for her to teach him so carefully and wisely that he could decide for himself? I think it was a great deal better than if she had said, 'You mustn't eat the jelly,' and I am very sure she was never sorry that she had taken the time for the bed time talks."—Peninsula Methodist.

NO CHOICE.

Some children were telling their father what they wanted him to bring them on his return from the city. Each chose some toy, etc., but one little maid said, "You choose for me, father." And do you think that father took special pains to choose the best gift for that trustful child?

Our Father in heaven leaves us the freedom of choice in many things in this life. He is infinitely better able to choose for us than we are for ourselves, yet how few have confidence enough in him to say, "Choose for us, Lord." Those who do, are the ones who receive God's best both on earth and in the eternity to come.

Our Saviour chose not for himself: "Not my will, but thine," was his prayer, and the Father's will, though it meant the cross, brought joy unspeakable. "When place we seek or place we shun, the soul finds happiness in none," but when we take his choice and delight to do his will—we prove how perfect, how wonderfully satisfactory is the will of God.—The Fire-brand.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Some Christian young men make a frightful mistake in marrying a giddy, frivolous girl simply because she is pretty, vivacious, and perhaps a ready conversationalist. When home duties are thrust upon such a creature her butterfly training is utterly incapable of meeting the exigency. Domestic duties are irksome, and as to assuming the duties of a wife and mother she is clearly incompetent. She has no taste for religious devotion, and that which would be a pleasure to her husband is foreign to her nature. There is nothing solid about her. Yet young men with sound judgment in business affairs and with a religious disposition, plight their faith and future happiness to this doll dressed up in a woman's clothes. Young man, if you should be tempted to make such a life choice, your doom is sealed. The chances are that your gay companion will lead you away from the Christ you now love, cause you to lose faith in Christianity that has been such a source of comfort in the dark hours of trial, and thrust upon you domestic infelicity that will bring many a heartache. Choose your life companion with thought and prayer. Demand sense, judgment, health, piety, and you can have a home that will be like a little corner of heaven.—Christian Standard.

ARE YOU READY?

"Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment all thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell."

Sabbath, at 3 o'clock in the morning, fire was discovered in a hotel only a few blocks distant from the Training Home. The eager flames leaped up the stairway from the first story to the third, cutting off all avenue of escape that way. Some of the inmates jumped from windows, but the flames claimed eleven of the sleepers as victims before they were aware of their danger.

Were they prepared to meet God? is the question which naturally presents itself. We fear most of them were not. Did they have time to repent on a death-bed? No! not one moment in which to

breathe a prayer to the God they must meet face to face! Had they heard the gospel truth in their life time? Had they received it? or had they scorned it? God who keepeth the records, knoweth. But these sad disasters come as a solemn warning to the living. The Almighty is speaking through them, "Prepare to meet thy God." There is no defence when death comes. Man is unable to withstand it. Before it wealth and position are as nothing. People may go through life with high heads and proud, rebellious hearts, denying the truth of God's Word and their duty to their Maker, but when death lays hold upon them they are powerless to resist. Life is a dressing room for eternity. It is in mercy that these warnings are given. Let none shut their ears to the voice of God. It may be the last call, the last opportunity to turn to the stronghold. "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

ANNA SHERMAN.

SWEARING.

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" Eli Perkins once asked a commercial traveller. "No, I do it for nothing." "Well," said the lecturer, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain upon your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and for nothing! You do certainly work cheap—very cheap!"—American Friend.

"Christ came all the way from heaven to help us, and every Christian ought to be willing to go to the ends of the earth to help Him."

A genuine Christian is one who is always on the alert after spiritual things; He seeks the spiritual as zealously as men of the world seek the fleshly and temporal.

Christ loves us, but cannot listen to the dictates of our flesh nature. Only Heaven-born aspirations receive the approbation of Jesus.

It is one thing to have a theory of salvation; it is another thing to have salvation itself. Many have the former, but few, comparatively enjoy the latter.—Sel.