

TELL HIM SO.

If you have a word of cheer
That may light the pathway drear
Of a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.
Show him you appreciate
What he does; and do not wait
Till the heavy hand of Fate
Lays him low.
If your heart contains a thought
That will brighter make his lot,
Tell him so.

Bide not till the end of all
Carries him beyond recall,
When beside his sable pall,
To avow
Your affection and acclaim
To do honor to his name
And to place the wreath of fame
On his brow.
Rather speak to him today;
For the things you have to say
May assist him on his way;
Tell him now.

Life is hard enough at best
But the love that is expressed
Makes it seem a pathway blest
To our feet;
And the troubles that we share
Seem the easier to bear,
Smile upon your neighbor's care
As you greet.
Rough and dreary are our days;
But another's love and praise
Make them sweet.

Wait not till your friend is dead
Ere your compliments are said;
For the spirit which has fled,
If it know,
Does not need to speed it on
Our poor praise; where it has gone
Love's eternal, golden dawn
Is aglow.
But unto our brother here
That poor praise is very dear,
If you've any word of cheer
Tell him so.

—Denver News.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

A small boy sat quietly in one of the seats in the coach on a train running between two of our Western cities. It was a hot, dusky day, very uncomfortable for traveling, and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the field and fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady, leaning forward, asked sympathetically:

"Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?"

The lad looked up brightly, and replied, with a smile: "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

What a beautiful thought it is, that, when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustingly, and, like the lonely little lad, "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.

A GOOD TESTIMONY.

A dying boy said to his weeping father, "When I go to heaven I will go straight to Jesus and tell him that you have been trying all my life to lead me to Him." What a consolation such a testimony from the lips of a dying son must be to a father. Many a dying boy or girl, if he or she were to give a last testimony on their dying bed would be, "Father you never spoke to me about or prayed with me for my salvation." Fathers and mothers, whatever you neglect, do not neglect to lead your children to Christ and to instruct them in the way they should go.

What does it mean to be sanctified wholly?

A pure heart.
An undivided heart.
A fixed heart.
A "filled" heart.
A heart of love.

Such an heart is loyal, consistent, charitable and enthusiastic. God's first business will be your first business, and your first business will be God's first business. Thus, in sweetest harmony, the individual and God go together. Is there anything better than this? No, not this side of heaven, except more of the same kind.

C. E. CORNELL.

DOES TOBACCO KILL THE GENTLEMAN IN MAN.

Our caption is not an assertion, but a question. We do not say that a man cannot be a gentleman and use tobacco. But is there not something in the weed which tends, in its effect upon the brain and nerves of its victim, to obliterate that fineness of soul which distinguish the gentleman from the mere masculine human being? This is a question which we have often put to ourself. It came with great emphasis a few days ago. We were standing on a street corner, with many others, waiting for a trolley car to take us home. The throng was made up chiefly of ladies. Next to the curb-stone stood a man smoking a cigar. The ladies stood thick behind him; they could not do otherwise, unless they ran the risk of missing their cars. The wind was blowing in our faces. The reader knows what happened. That man knew. A cloud of vile, stenchful, sickening smoke was driven by the wind back into the faces and eyes and nostrils of all bystanders. The man wore good clothes and, probably, considered himself a gentleman. But was he? If he was, then the word gentleman means one who is in different to the comfort of other people, one who is supremely selfish, one who treats ladies with disrespect and insult, one who does not care how much others suffer if only his vile appetites are gratified. Is that the definition of a gentleman? It certainly is a just description of that biped, which stood on the street corner that day sucking filth and poison into his system, and letting the wind blow back into the faces of a crowd of ladies a vapor so vile that it would disgust and sicken a hog.

That was not an unusual sight. Hundreds of times we have witnessed similar exhibitions of boorishness and selfishness on the part of worshippers of the vile Indian weed, till we come to suspect that such is the effect, to a greater or less degree, of tobacco upon all who are habituated to its use. Is it not so? If the eyes of a tobacco slave chance to fall upon these lines, we ask him to put this question in his pipe and smoke it. Does not the use of tobacco tend to obscure and

obliterate the finer instincts and feelings of your soul? Does not tobacco make you indifferent to the comfort and convenience of those who are about you? Does not the weed make you selfish? Are you not a poorer specimen of a gentleman than you used to be, when you loved your pipe less than you do now? Be honest with yourself now; is there not something in the habit which you love so well which tends to degrade and uncrown the gentleman? We may be wrong in our suspicions about the idol which you worship. But will you not ponder these questions and see if we are not right?—Christain Uplook.

GETTING THE WORST.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish some berries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?" "I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it." Get the worst of it," said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'ma," said the boy, "I 'shoud' only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think you would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin which is worse than all gain. Let this be borne in mind: the one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.

JONAH AS A TYPE.

REV. E. S. DUNHAM.

God had a hard time with him. He resisted God and ran away from duty until he had the inevitable experience of trouble, that comes sooner or later to every disobedient soul. Fortunately for him, as happens in some cases, it was not too late to repent and take up his mission. The writer has met bright people who had

a hard time to recover long lost experience, owing to refusal of duty as ministers and missionaries; though too late to literally fill the original call, God has very graciously restored "the joys of salvation," but, who can express the life long regret, that is ever to be like a nightmare?

Jonah was whipped into line by the rebellion, he could not distinguish God's answer to his prophesy and prayer, but fell into "a huff," both ungodly and unmanly. A sorry spectacle, a prophet with so little heart and conscience, that his little reputation was of greater value than a whole city of souls.

It is easy for even a sanctified saint to become so absorbed in self, or fears "for the cause," as to lose capacity to know the Holy Spirit when he breaks out in answer to prayer, as our local preacher once said of one local church, "They don't know when the Holy Ghost is around."

Destructive criticism has gained a hold upon some of our leaders who pose as teachers: true it is sad and an occasion of sorrow to simple hearts, but may we not err Jonah because such are not speedily destroyed? Do we not strengthen error by talking or preaching against it?

When we assert that there is a reaction from it and a trend toward the faith and experience of our fathers, with a much clearer conception of the real presence of Jesus than our fathers had, it is not the Jonah spirit that cries for destruction upon those who dare differ from us! The writer remembers that thirty to fifty years ago, the testimonies and hymns were all about heaven, and "loved ones gone before." We do not deny the comfort of the thought, but that was the burden of song. Today the authors and songs are holiness ones, of the blood, of the Spirit; salvation in the present tense. "Walking and talking with Jesus."

Be hopeful. Don't cultivate a Jonah spirit.

God is still alive: the Holy Spirit still strives with men; the old book will stand forever: Jesus is much in evidence in the many conflicts between right and wrong: the masses never heard, and never will hear the criticisms that frightened some of us: God will take care of his own.

Rest little soul and don't get disgruntled for that is fatal. There is yet, though beyond thy ken seven thousand who have never bowed the knee to Baal. The heavens are full of chariots and horses though you have not seen them. There is a sound of abundance of rain, though things are parched. Go on digging ditches; make ready now. You cannot when the floods come.

Beware of Jonah's spirit.

FACTS AND FIRE.

We hear a plea for preaching with more solid facts in it, and we approve; but facts themselves never saved a soul nor nourished one. Orthodoxy is safe, and we stand with those who defend it; but, like the law which is "holy and just and good" its righteousness cannot be fulfilled except by those who walk after the Spirit. In the wilderness of Horeb once stood a bush. How many times Moses and his flock passed that bush we do not know; perhaps the sheep path curved around it. It was a stubborn fact to be taken into consideration, but it left no lasting impression on the shepherd's mind, until one day it burst into flame and the living God spoke from it. As a result Moses left the sheep and went to deliver Israel, leaving his name high among those who knew and walked with God. So we may show a congregation under a mountain of facts—Lord help us to do it—but unless we touch to the mass the tongue of fire from Pentecost, we will have our people very much where we found them, a very stiff and frozen mast. We are not looking for the man who can build the biggest brush heap, but the man who can set his brush heap—be it great or small—on fire and make it a standing beacon in the darkness of these degenerate days. We do not care who can build the fanciest altar, but we want the man who can pray fire down upon it. We are not pleading for less solid argument, but for more flaming fire.—Sel.

WHAT HE OWED TO THE BIBLE.

Sir Edwin Arnold was recently asked what he owed to the bible. He replied, "Everything." I owe my education as a writer more to the Bible than to any hundred other books that could be named.

It is, together with our book of common prayer, the grandest possible school of style, letting alone all that it must be on the moral and spiritual side. In spite of the truth of this, which all broadly educated men admit, it is surprising to discover the ignorance of the Bible among many men and women who are supposed to be familiar with the world's best things.—Youths Companion.

THREE STATES.

Three states in which men run the risk of living without God, and losing their souls.

1. That of a soft, idle, voluptuous life, wherein a man thinks of nothing but quietly to enjoy life, convenience, riches, private pleasures, and public diversions. They made light of it.

2. That of a man wholly taken up with agricultural or commercial employments, in which the love of riches, and application to the means of acquiring them, generally stifle all thoughts of salvation. One went to his field another to his trade.

3. That of a man who is openly unjust, violent, and outrageously wicked, who is a sinner by profession, and not only neglects his salvation, but imperiously treats all those who bring him the gospel of reconciliation.—Clarke's Commentary.

THE MISSIONARY TREE.

There is an apple-tree in the garden of a vicarage in Surrey, England, which was dedicated in 1870 to the church Missionary Society, and which has since, by the sale of the fruit, realized more than one hundred and twenty-five dollars for that excellent purpose. The statement may convey a hint to persons interested in some good cause for which they find it hard to save money. Let such set aside a tree, a fowl, a patch of garden or a cow, devote the product to the special fund, and then double it for good measure.—Youths Companion.

WHAT TEETOTALISM MEAN.

Paying a visit of inspection one day to a large English school, an inspector found a teacher exercising a class in the subject of definitions. One interrogation put to them seemed for a moment a rare puzzle. The question: "What is teetotalism?"

At last one tiny girl, whose pinched face and shabby clothing bespoke of hard times at home, put up her hand and cried out: "I know teacher."

Both teacher and visitor felt a lump rise in their throats as the answer came, in the thin, piping treble: "Teetotalism means bread and butter." With tears welling in her eyes, the teacher said: "You must explain that."

And the small damsel promptly replied: "Because when father is teetotal we get bread and butter, and when he is not we have to go without."—Crusader.

George Muller, in 1895, said: "Prayer and faith, the universal remedies against every want and every difficulty; and the nourishment of prayer and faith, God's holy word, helped me over all the difficulties. I never remember, in all my Christian course, that I ever sincerely and patiently sought to know the will of God by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, through the instrumentality of the Word of God but I have been always directed rightly. But if honesty of heart and uprightness before God were lacking, or if I did not patiently wait upon God for instruction, or if I preferred the counsels of fellow-men to the declaration of the Word of the living God, I made great mistakes."—Ex.

Amanda Smith once drew a picture of a lot of people, seeing her with some great person in a carriage, commencing to cry out, "We knew Mandy Smith when she was nothing but a washer-woman!" She asked her audience if they thought she would stop to answer their yells? "No," said she, "I'd drive on!" Let "the opposition" yell! Let us drive on! Sel.

A good many Christians pray that the world may be converted, and then sit down to wait for God to answer their prayers. But if they are farmers, they never pray that God would plow their fields, and then get up on the fence and wait to see the dirt fly.—Pres. Journal.

It is my heaven on earth to spend my days in gathering in some souls to Christ.—Samuel Rutherford.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

SURE AND FAITHFUL.

"Charlie! Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother!" cried one of the boys and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" "Finish the game!" "Try it again!" cried the players in noisy chorus.

"I must go, right off this minute. I told her I would come when ever she called."

"Make believe that you didn't hear!" they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know that you did."

"But I know and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him; he is tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charlie, "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and in a hard knot, too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother. I call it manly, and the boy who don't keep it to her will never keep it to anyone else—you see if he does, and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years has passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him, that his "word is a bond."

We asked how he acquired such a reputation. His reply was: "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."—Selected.

When Bed Time Comes.

On the Santa Fe train coming out of Kansas City last Thursday was a mother and her brood of five—four girls and one boy. They had left Illinois the day before, and were on their way to the "new country," where the husband and father had a claim which was to be the new home. The eldest girl appeared to be about fifteen, and from that age they ranged down to the only boy, a chubby little fellow about four.

Their dress and manners showed that they had not been reared in the midst of luxury and opulence, but for all they were model children and scrupulously clean. The mother was thin and bony, her face slick and shiny from much washing, and haggard from the worry of the long trip and care of her little flock, for there were twenty-four long hours set before the journey's end. It was after bed time when the train left Kansas City, and the younger were soon yawning and scarcely able to stay awake. In fact the boy, the pet of the family, had closed his eyes and was fast approaching "shut eye town," while the next older tugged at him as she looked appealingly to her mother with an expression that was pitiful.

"He mustn't go to sleep yet." The others began whispering among themselves and then to the mother, as if something exciting had happened or would happen soon, all of which attracted the attention of the other passengers who sat in wonderment as they tried to divine the cause of so much whispering and such strenuous efforts to keep the least one awake. They occupied seats in the front end of the car, holding a long seat which runs along the smoking partition.

Presently the cause of all this excitement was made plain—it was bed time and they had not said their prayers. Quietly, modestly, without ostentation or display—yes even timidly—the mother and her children knelt together at the long seat—the baby bowing his head with the rest and rubbing with chubby hands eyes that would hardly stay open, while the evening prayers were said. Just for a moment and then they arose, the children were made as comfortable as possible for the night, and soon all but the mother were asleep, while the moistened eyes and the quivering lips of the other passengers—the traveling men with their grips, the politician with his schemes, the business man with his worries,—paid a silent but mighty tribute to the greatest civilizing agent of all ages, the Christian religion.—Sel.