

THE WILL OF GOD.

Thou sweet, beloved Will of God,  
My anchor ground, my future hill.  
My spirit's silent, fair abode  
In Thee I hide me and am still.  
O Will, that wildest good alone,  
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best;  
As little child I follow on,  
And trusting lean upon thy breast.  
Thy Beautiful, sweet Will, my God,  
Hold fast in its sublime embrace  
My captive will, a glad some bird  
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.  
Within this place of certain good,  
Love evermore expands her wings;  
Or, nestling in Thy perfect choice,  
Abides content with what it brings.  
Oh sweetest burden, lightest yoke,  
It lifts, it bears my happy soul;  
It giveth wings to this poor heart;  
My freedom is Thy grand control.  
Upon God's will I lay me down,  
As child upon its mother's breast;  
No silken couch, nor softest bed,  
Could ever give one such sweet rest.  
Thy wonderful, grand will my God,  
With triumph now, I make it mine,  
And love shall cry a jealous yes,  
To every dear command of Thine.  
—MADAM GUYON.

THE NORTHFIELD SCHOOLS.

Robert Ingersoll and Dwight L. Moody were contemporaries. Both died within a short time of each other. Both were largely eulogized by the press, though each stood for radically different principles. The memory of the former, however, has nearly passed away, while that of the latter is renewed afresh with each summer migration to his home, and with each session of his schools. Why this is so, is because Mr. Moody, casting self aside, strove to provide for the needs of others. Passing a hut, one time on the mountain-side, he saw some girls about the school-girl age, braiding palm leaf hats. There was no school near them and they could not afford to go to one. After a few questioning remarks Mr. Moody determined to found a school for just such girls. That was in 1879. The school was Northfield Seminary. Two years later he established a similar school for boys and called it Mount Hermon.

In the twenty years since then, these schools have developed so that last year the total enrollment was about 1200, representing not only nearly every state in the union but also many foreign countries. That these students are the ones for whom the school was founded is shown in the report of the Principal of Northfield Seminary, who says: "Two-fifths of our girls have no high school within reach, one-third are from towns of 5000 inhabitants or less, and nearly one-fifth are farmers' daughters. Two-fifths have lost either father or mother, or both. One-third are girls who have done some thing toward self support. Twenty-seven are paying their own way and ten others are meeting their expenses in part, while fifty-seven more are being assisted by the Students' Aid Society and Scholarships. Our plan is not to accept girls whose parents could afford to send them to more costly schools, nor to accept those who would be likely to prove poor investments." The annual report of the principal of Mount Hermon School has a similar import. Of the 725 boys registered there, one-third are working their own way. This is possible from the fact that the average age of the school is higher than it is at the ordinary College Preparatory school, and because the method by which the school is run is, to provide board, room and tuition for the students, at just half the actual cost. This opens a way for sturdy industrious fellows to prepare for college and smile at their empty pockets. The idea is not a free education, but an education possible through work. That young men and women are anxious to avail themselves of such a place is shown when it is known that at Mount Hermon the ratio of applicants to vacancies is four to one; and this year at Northfield Seminary, for every vacancy there were seven applications. This means that hundreds of deserving men and women have to be turned away because of lack of accommodations. As might be expected from a place connected with D. L. Moody, a strong religious sentiment permeates both schools. Daily chapel exercises are held, a well established

church is maintained, and in addition, students are required to pursue courses in Bible the same as in Latin or Greek. Character, rather than brightness, is the standard by which each student is judged and not infrequently assistance is given to the more vigorous Christian when the merely clever student is turned aside. Hence a preparation for college there, means more than the regulation amount of mathematics and languages. The goal, however, for which most students strive is the university or college and such is the standard set by former students that there are few colleges in the East but are glad to welcome into their halls, a boy from Mount Hermon, or a girl from Northfield Seminary. Nor is their confidence misplaced, four years of high intellectual training coupled with the physical effort of self support and influenced by the healthy spiritual life of Northfield, combine to give a preparation not only for a college but for the best and noblest kind of life. And that is the purpose and first object of the Moody Schools.

INSIGNIFICANT WORK.

Big men do big things, but how many big things are big failures. The biggest ship that ever was built was no profit to anybody until it was sold and broken up for old junk. Many a little ship during the same time had many good voyages, and brought profit to its owner. A man writes a big book he is a great man, but few people ever read his book, yet it is learned and bulky and perpetuates the man's fame through generations. Another man writes a little letter a pamphlet, an epistle, which can be read in an hour, carried in the pocket, copied in a little while sent through the mails, or printed on a few pages, and that little pamphlet is translated into hundreds of languages, scattered by millions in every quarter of the globe.

Paul, chained to a soldier in his hired house at Rome, wrote no big books. A dozen pages would contain the largest treatise he ever wrote, and yet the thoughts there embodied, and the truths there declared, live through all ages, and go to the ends of the earth. A seed is a little thing, but in it there is the promise of waving harvest through all the years to come. A granite monument is a great thing, but it has no advancement, no promise, no growth.

Let the man who does little things wait on God, who can make little things great, and accomplish His own purpose of grace and goodness, working wonders by means of the feeblest instruments through His matchless wisdom and His powerful love.—Christain.

TWO MEN WENT UP INTO THE STUDY TO MAKE A SERMON.

One of them turned over the leaves of the Bible until he found a text that had a good ring about it, and decided that was to be the "basis of his remarks." He then began to "study up a sermon out of his head." He walked the floor, muttered to himself, tried to think of something to say, fixed up some beautiful sentences, remembered two illustrative anecdotes arranged four "I thinks," and selected a few verses of a new poem to close with. The inspiration of the occasion must furnish all else.

The other one knelt in prayer and asked the Lord to impress upon his mind that portion of his word that he would have him present to his people. He selected his text in this spirit, and then began to prepare his sermon. He took a pad of papers and a lead pencil, and lifting his heart again in prayer that God would reveal to him just what the Holy Spirit meant when he inspired that passage, he began his work. He said to himself: "Who spoke these words?" "To whom were they addressed?" "Why were they spoken?" "What else was spoken in connection with them?" "What effect did they have upon those who heard them?" "What do they really mean?" "What lesson did the speaker and the Spirit of God intend to teach?" "What doctrine do they contain?" "How does this doctrine or these facts touch my own heart and life?" "How can I apply them to the hearts and lives of my congregation?"

He wrote out full answers to each one of these questions, but to do this he had to read the paragraph in which the text was found two or three times, and carefully note all the circumstances. He then took his Bible and looked up all the

references, and finally turned to some good commentaries and read all the authors had to say on the subject. He found in it he had six pages full of notes and a general view of his subject, and then he began to think. And as he thought the subject grew broader, and deeper, and richer, for he had gotten his sermon out of the Bible, and not out of his head, and his people went down to their homes edified rather than the others.—Methodist Protestant.

HIS SINS GONE.

A Methodist minister was much annoyed by one of his hearers frequently shouting out during the preaching, "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like. Though often reproved, the happy member persisted in expressing himself. One day the minister invited him to tea, and, to take his mind from thoughts of praise, handed him a scientific book, full of dry facts and figures, to pass the time before tea. Presently the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory!" and "Allelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!" "What is the matter, man?" asked the minister. "Why this book says the sea is five miles deep!" "Well, what of that?" "Why, the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep, I need not be afraid of their coming up again. "Glory!" The minister gave up hope of reforming him.—Christian Commonwealth.

PROHIBITION COMMENTS.

Is it right to license a man to make paupers, and tax sober men to take care of them?

Remove the curse of drink and you remove the chief cause and auxiliary of social vice.

The production of all the gold and silver in the United States would pay the drink bill of America only one month.

Alcohol vitiates the blood, inflames the stomach, weakens the heart, destroys the kidneys, hardens the liver and softens the brain.—See

GIVING AND GETTING.

ONE of life's paradoxes is that he who gives gets. The way to success is by surrender. They who are most lavish of their own life are the ones into whose lap the world pours the richest treasures.

Thousands of hearts are starving to-day simply because they are stingy. They have withheld themselves and in the withholding have grown lean and poor. The fat and prosperous soul is the one which is liberal with itself; which offers itself as food and strength to every needy man and cause. There is no secret for greatness like the secret of giving—constant and unsparring giving of self's best.—The King's Messenger.

GOD'S WILL FOR YOU AND ME.

"Just to be tender, just to be true,  
Just to be glad the whole day through;  
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,  
Just to be trustful as a child;  
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;  
Just to be helpful, with willing feet;  
Just to be chery when things go wrong;  
Just to drive sadness away with a song;  
Whether the hour is dark or bright,  
Just to be loyal to God and right;  
Just to believe that God knows best,  
Just in his promise ever to rest;  
Just to let love be our daily key—  
This is God's will for you and me," Sel

Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.—Carey.

Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up.—Fox

A true disciple inquires not whether a fact is agreeable to his own reason, but whether it is in the Book.—Judson

For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change.—Abraham Lincoln.

Every step in the progress of missions is directly traceable to prayer. It has been the preparation for every new triumph, and the secret of every success.—Pierson.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

NEW LITTLE GIRL IN HEAVEN.

"Oh! what do you think the angels say?"  
Said the children up in heaven;  
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day;  
She's almost ready to fly away  
From the earth we used to live in;  
Let's go open the gates of pearl,  
Open them wide for the new little girl,"  
Said the children up in heaven.  
"God wanted her here where His little ones meet,"  
Said the children up in heaven;  
"She will play with us in the golden street!"  
She has grown too fair, she has grown too sweet  
For the earth we used to live in.  
She needs the sunshine, this dear girl,  
That gilds this side of the gates of pearl,"  
Said the children up in heaven.  
"So the king called down from the angel's dome,"  
Said the children up in heaven;  
"My little darling, arise and come  
To the place prepared in thy Father's home,  
To the home My children live in;"  
"Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl,  
Ready to welcome the new little girl,"  
Said the children up in heaven.  
"Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?"  
Said the children up in heaven,  
"For the dear little one has gone to sleep;  
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep  
O'er earth we used to live in;  
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl;  
Oh! why do they weep for their dear little girl?"  
Said the children up in heaven.  
"Fly with her quick! O angels dear,"  
Said the children up in heaven;  
"See—she is coming! Look there! Look there!  
At the Jasper light on her sunny hair,  
Where the veiling clouds are riven!  
Ah—hush hush—hush all the swift wings  
Furl!  
For the King Himself at the gates of pearl  
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,  
And leading her into heaven." Sel.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Years ago little boys were employed the chimney-sweeps of London to go up and down the tall chimneys where could not go. They were often seen the streets of London with their s rig, their kit of brushes, and their "Sweep-o—sweep," ringing through air.

One morning a gentleman met one of them. "Show me the way to Hyde Park, and I'll give you a penny," he said.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the boy, "and tell you the way to another place for other penny."

"Where is that?"  
"The way to heaven, sir!"  
The gentleman, surprised, said, "me, I'll give you the penny."  
"Jesus Christ is the way, sir, know it is true, because he says so self."

The gentleman was so pleased he gave the child a sixpence. Now, a sixpence was a good deal of money for a little boy, and as he held the bright little piece on his smutty palm he began to think what he would do with it.

"I'll buy a pork pie," he said, "twill be good."

But he had no sooner bought it than he thought, "If I eat this pie it will be gone, and no good to anybody." He went right back to the shop and asked the woman to take the pie and give him his money again. She smiled but did not object.

Out he started again, and now to a store in Paternoster Row, where books and tracts were sold, and holding up the money, asked the bookseller to give him a sixpence worth of little books, "Pretty ones," he said, "with pictures on them."

It was strange to see a little sweep buying tracts, so the man hesitated.

"Where did you get your sixpence?" he asked.

"A gentleman gave it to me,"  
"Did he give it to you sure?" asked the

man, looking at him very sharply.

"Yes, sir, he gave it to me for telling him the way to heaven, and I'll tell you if you'll give me a sixpence."

"I will, tell me."

"Jesus Christ is the way, sir, and I'm sure it's true, because he says so."

The man was delighted with the answer and paid the sixpence, and a more delighted boy never trod the streets of London than was our sweep with his shilling's worth of pretty booklets.

The first person he met he spoke to.

"Will you have one of my books, sir?"

The gentleman spoken to was so surprised to see a little sweep giving away tracts that he had to stop and inquire into the matter; "Where did you get them?" he asked.

"I bought them, sir."

"Where did you get your money?"

"I told two men the way to heaven."

The answer surprised this man as much as it had the others.

"Will you tell me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, Jesus Christ says, 'I am the way,' and it must be so, because he said so."

The gentleman was so pleased that he replied, "Come and see me tomorrow," and taking a card out of his pocket he wrote something on it for the boy.

The next day the little sweep, with his brushes, went to the gentleman's home and said, "I have come to sweep your chimney."

"No, you don't," said the servant, crossly; go away."

"But the master told me to come," and, feeling in his pocket, he pulled out the card and gave it to the man.

The servant went to his master to see what it meant, and the next thing our little boy was admitted, not to go up the chimney, but into the library to see the gentleman of the house.

The result was that his clothes were changed, and he was sent to school. Now he is engaged in telling to all who will hear the way to heaven.—Morning Light.

THE DRINK BILL OF ENGLAND.

The Review of Reviews recently had a valuable article on the condition of the English workmen by Frank Favant, in the course of which occurs the following important paragraph:

"The American workingman in Eng-

he did not find Sunday more desecrated in Paris than Old Orchard, the Coney Island of Maine, where dancing, shooting and gambling are public and unrestricted on Sunday. Even those who are indifferent to religion should assist in guarding this day from those unnecessary intrusions of business and pleasure, which tend to secularize Sunday and change it from a period of rest to one of toil. The railroad, trolley lines, electric light plants, creameries, etc., deprive laborers of their weekly rest or family reunion, but the social intrusions are more dangerous to the day than those of the business world.—Christain Civic League Record.

It is reported that the hotel-keepers in Maine, who have been forced to obey the liquor law, are going to combine and close their houses. This will afford a good opportunity for temperance people to go into the hotel business. For years hotel-keepers have claimed that the bar was run for the accommodation of guests, but not for profit. Now they claim that bankruptcy confronts them if the bar is closed. Which time did they speak the truth?