

GROWING.

Unto him that hath, Thou givest
Ever "more abundantly."
Lord, I live because Thou livest;
Therefore give more life to me;
Therefore speed me in the race;
Therefore let me grow in grace.

D open all Thy work, O Master:
Strengthen every downward root,
Only do Thou ripen faster,
More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
Only let me grow in grace.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings.
By the brightness of Thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me;
Make me really hour by hour
More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace
Day by day my growth in grace.

Let me, then, be always growing,
Never, never standing still;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessed will.
Till I reach Thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

BURDENS THAT BEAR US UP.

Today I visited in a hospital a young girl who had just submitted to the amputation of a limb. She told me that when she first learned she must lose her limb, it almost killed her. But she spent a little time in prayer, and, knowing now that it was God's will, because in no other way was there any hope that her life could be spared, she accepted the decision of the surgeon quietly. From that moment there was no further struggle. The secret of her wonderful change was her acquiescence in what she believed to be the will of God. The moment we accept a cross it is no longer a cross.

This is a secret well worth learning, for it changes all trial, pain and sorrow for him who has it. There are in every one's lot many experiences which are not easy, many which try the spirit. It is not possible to eliminate these from our life. No alchemy of grace will change bitter to sweet, pain to pleasure, grief to joy. No strength of faith will make duty always easy or battles with temptation mere play. Every life has its discomforts, its losses, its disappointments its adversities, its keen pangs of anguish. The love of Christ neither saves the life from trouble, nor deadens the sensibilities so there is no pain.

But when the hard and trying experience is accepted, the bitterness is taken out of it. It was this that sweetened the cup of Gethsemane for the Master. A study of his prayers that night shows the movement of his heart towards peace. "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done."

The secret of His victory over the sorrow is given in His words a little later. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? The bitterness was gone. Yet nothing had been taken from the terrible experience that lay before him. Not a drop had been emptied out of the cup. The difference was that the mind of the holy Sufferer had been brought into perfect acquiescence.

So it will be in every phase of life which has in it uncongeniality, hardship, repulsiveness, pain or cost for us; we can get the victory over it by coming to it with an acquiescent mind.

There are people we do not like—they repel us. We try to think of them as Christ does, and our hearts begin to yearn to help them. Then the repulsiveness is gone.

A duty is distasteful. We think we can not do it, it is so ungenial. We remember that the Master has set the task for us, and at once it is transformed.

We face self-denials and sacrifices which it seems to us we can never make. As we think of them, however, we realize that Christ is calling us to enter a little way with him into his own experiences of suffering. Our shrinking is immediately changed to glad acceptance.

We come up to the edge of a great

sorrow. It seems our heart will break. As we pray, however, our will sinks into God's will, and we have peace. The sorrow is not alleviated, but we have acquiesced in it, and the bitterness is past.

The old legend says that when their wings were brought and laid on them, the birds complained at being compelled to carry the burden. But when they had accepted them, lo, their burdens, which they so dreaded, lifted them. So it is with every burden which our Father lays upon us—when we accept it, it becomes wings.—J. R. Miller.

HOW A PEASANT GIRL BLESSED THE WORLD.

Of the many philanthropic movements set in operation during the nineteenth century few can compare, as regards the amount of good accomplished and the extent of its influence, with the British and Foreign Bible Society, the pioneer in the great work of scattering Bibles broadcast. In the year 1904 a century will have elapsed since the mighty power for good came into existence. And during this single century, through this organization, and the other Bible societies of which it is the parent, the Holy Scriptures have attained the enormous circulation of over 350 millions of copies, embracing editions in whole or part, in something like 400 languages and dialects. These figures are much better appreciated when one learns that from the closing of the canon to the beginning of the nineteenth century not more than nine million copies of the Bible had been published.

Like so many of the world's great agencies for good the British and Foreign Bible Society was the result of an incident apparently trivial. In the year 1800 Mary Jones, a Welsh girl, sixteen years of age, walked from her home in Abergynolwyn to Bala, a distance of twenty-five miles, in order to buy a copy of the word of God. In those days the bible was too expensive a book for many poor people to buy, and the money paid by this Welsh girl represented the savings of years. The person from whom she procured the volume was the Rev. Thomas Carlyle, who was so impressed by the story of a girl who had found so many difficulties in the way of securing a copy of the Book of books, that he determined to do his utmost to influence the rich and philanthropic to contribute towards the work of issuing large editions of the bible for distribution among the masses, so that no one need be deprived of a book to which so much in our civilization is due. The story of Mary Jones was published far and wide, and as a result Christian England was so aroused that within a few months the success of Mr. Charles' plan was assured. In March, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was established and at once entered upon the great work which it has continued until the present day without interruption.

Mary Jones died December 28, 1864, and upon the stone that marks her grave at Brynecurg, Wales, is recorded the incident in her early history that led to such wonderful results. It is interesting to note that her now famous Bible is in good condition and the property of the great institution which she was the indirect means of bringing into existence.

I'VE LOST MY CHANCE.

HENRY WILSON, D. D.

A young man, in the very flower of his days, once told the writer the following story, in answer to a question as to why he was not spending his life for God and others.

"I was once," he said, "as you are, a Christian worker, and service for God was a delight. For many years I gave of my best and was happy in giving, until one day God told me to launch out into the deep, to forsake all and follow Him fully. But," he continued slowly, "I thought of my wife and two children, of my comfortable home, of my paying business, of all I valued in the homeland, and I looked up to God and said, 'No.' That's three years ago," he said, "and now—" "Now," I echoed quickly, "what?" "Oh," he replied, with a mirthless laugh, "what's the good of speaking about these things? I don't know why you should have asked me that question; I must go," and he rose and reached out for his hat. "But," I answered breathlessly, laying my hand upon his arm, "you care still, don't you?" For a mo-

ment he lifted his dark eyes to mine, and never shall I forget his look of remorse. "Care," he repeated hoarsely, "what's the good of caring now? I'm so involved in business and with worldly men that I hardly dare call my soul my own. Both my wife and I have backslidden and never even go to Church, and as for helping others—look, I'VE LOST MY CHANCE." Beware, reader, lest you lose yours.

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they then?"

"Why, they are nowhere, they are gone," said Charley.

Just so it is with the believer's sins, they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

People who say little, and do a great deal.

People who talk a great deal and do little.

People who are proud of their humility. Preachers who talk a long time in the pulpit but never say much.

Men who dress in fine clothes but whose hearts are black with sin.

Women who do more mischief with their tongues than good.

People who are so overly conscientious when it comes to giving for God's cause, that they can't give much because they don't see just how the money is used.

Men who say they are sanctified, and don't live as consistent as some men who make no profession.

People who are more anxious to find out other peoples business than to find out their true state before God.

Men who say they are sanctified, and every Christian that knows them believes they are.

Poor men and women who give more to support the work of God than their rich neighbors.

A man who lived on a rented farm and gave as much to the Home Mission as three rich farmers who owned each two large farms.

Men who wore silk hats while their little children had scarcely sufficient clothes to keep themselves warm.

Young dandies who hired a fine livery to drive out with some flirt of a girl, who had to borrow the money to pay for the rig.

Girls who were very polite and lady-like when in society who were coarse and uncivilized enough when at home to allow their mother to do all the hard and dirty work.

Husbands who paid more attention and acted more politely to other women than to their own wives.

Wives who went to an almost endless amount of work to make their visitors comfortable and to entertain them, who would not get up in time to get a decent breakfast for their husbands before they went to work.

Women who make a great fuss when someone illtreats a cat, but slander their neighbors and ruin their good name without feeling badly over it.—Sel.

PEOPLE WHO HELP THE PRAYER-MEETING.

The busy man who regularly attends it; the people, young and old, who sit in the front seats; the gray-headed old saint, who comes with a smiling face and always has something to say of the love of Christ; the timid people, who can only utter a brief testimony, but whose lives, show that they really love Christ; the young people, who testify promptly, utter short prayers, and sing sweetly; the soul who cannot speak, or pray, or sing, without increasing the spiritual sunshine; the social people who welcome strangers, and who do not hurry away when the meeting is closed.—Sel.

No quiet soul without a clear and clean conscience.

GODLINESS PROFITABLE.

A gentleman in Boston made an agreement with God that he would give one-tenth of all God should enable him to make until he reached fifty thousand dollars, and after that give God all. He has long ago reached the fifty thousand mark, and has given over one thousand dollars.

Years ago, a boy left his home with all his earthly possessions tied up in a handkerchief. He reached the towpath, an old canalboat captain said to him, "William, where are you going?" "To New York," replied the boy, "to seek work. Mother and father are too poor to have me at home any longer." "What can you do?" asked the captain. "My father makes soap and candles," said the boy, "and I have learned something in it." "Come, then, I will give some advice, Will," said the old captain. "Some one will be the leading soap maker in New York twenty years from now, and it might be you as well as anyone. Come let us kneel down." There in the dust of the towpath, kneeled the old captain with William beside him, asking God to convert the boy's soul, and direct him. Arising from his knees he told William to give his heart to Christ, and the first money he made not to forget God's tenth. William went to New York City, and walked several days without finding work.

He wandered into a prayer meeting and gave his heart to God. He secured work in a soap manufactory. He gave God His part. William soon became a partner; soon afterwards bought out his partner, and became the head of the house. He ordered his book-keeper to carry one-tenth of the profits to the Lord's account; then one-fifth, then one-half; then having settled all plans for life with his family, he ordered all to be given to God.

Such is the history of William Colgate, the soap manufacturer of New York City, who gave away millions of dollars to the support of the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.—Selected.

CAPITAL ADVICE.

The other day as I was clinging to the strap of a Lexington Avenue car, says a writer in the "Christian Advocate," two ladies sat near me, and as one opened her pocketbook to pay her fare a scrap of paper pasted to the leather was disclosed.

"Is that your shopping list?" asked the other; "it doesn't look like a long one."

"No," was the reply; "it is not the list, but it is what keeps the list from being a long one." And she read,—

"He who buys what he does not need will soon need what he cannot buy."

"What a capital guardian of your capital! You must let me copy that for my leaky purse. Who wrote it?"

"I don't know, but I wish I did, for he has saved many a dollar from lightly rolling from my hands since I put it here."

I was intensely interested in the conversation, for at that very moment there lay in my pocket-book a scrap which I would have brought forth but for the fact that my own corner was reached.

I publish it, for, if the truth, which it contains were assimilated, many a pocket-book would remain a pocket book.

"We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy."

We have no call to whitewash every one who is bad nor blackwash every one who is good. Too many are around now with their buckets and brushes, who have no better business.

The fact is that sin is the most unmanly thing in God's world. You never were made for sin and selfishness. You were made for love and obedience.—J. G. Holland.

Prayer is the key of the day and lock of the night. We should every day begin and end; bid ourselves good-morrow and good-night, with prayer. This will make our labor prosperous and our rest sweet.—Berkeley.

Crossing the sea does not revolutionize characters. Crossing the narrow stream of death makes no more revolution. Men are fitting themselves up to be what they will be, whether in New York or in the new heavens and earth.—Burdett Hart, D. D.

"In dying what a wonderful difference it makes whether or not one has seen God's salvation."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

WHAT SHE WOULD BE.

"When I am a woman,"
Said dear little Nan,
"I'll be the best woman
Than ever I can.

"I'll always be gentle
And kind and polite,
And try to do things
That I know to be right.

"My house and my clothing
Will be clean and neat,
And then I'll have gardens
That smell—oh! so sweet!

"I'll help all the poor folks,
And sick people, too,
And try to cheer up
All the ones that are blue.

"Yes, indeed, when a woman,"
Said dear little Nan,
"I'll be the best woman
That ever I can."

Said grandma, "My deary,
Do you know the plan
To make the best woman
That ever you can.

"Be now the best girlie
For that if you try,
You'll be the best woman
You can by and by."

—[S JENNIE SMITH.

HOW TO AVOID A BAD HUSBAND.

A young lady should remember that to be the wife of a bad husband is worse than being an old maid. She should be careful from the outset whose attention she receives. Here are some commendable hints:

1 Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts along dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers. Beware! there's a trap.

3 Never marry a niggard, a closefisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.

5. Never marry a mope or drone, one who draws or draggles through life, one foot after another and lets things take their own course.

6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.

7. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or of his dress and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

9. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend up it, you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.—Christian Standard.

We need to watch against a "grudging service." The enemy is always trying to get in the word "duty," instead of the word "delight," de says a stern "you must," instead of a loving "you may." There is no slavery like the slavery of love, but its chains are sweet. It knows nothing of "sacrifice," no matter what may be given up. It delights to do the will of the beloved one.—Smith.

A clergyman walking on the public highway observed a poor man breaking stones, and kneeling the while so that he might do it more effectually. Pausing and saluting him he remarked, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." John's answer was a memorable homethrust: "Perhaps master," he said, "you do not work on your knees." Praying brings down the power that can break the flintiest heart.—Sel.