

WHERE JESUS REIGNS.

Where Jesus reigns there is no fear
No restless doubt, no hopeless tear;
No base deceit nor faithless prayer,
No angry strife nor weak despair;
No greed for gain nor selfish pride,
No bitterness for ought denied;
No evil tongue, no cruel arm,
No envy, hate, nor wish to harm;
No wicked lust nor trace of stains,
But all is pure where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there is no night,
For He is wisdom, love, and light;
No raging sea nor tempest dread,
But quietness and calm instead.
No anxious care, no blind unrest,
No heavy heart by guilt oppressed;
No discontent, no gloomy days,
But highest hope and sweetest praise;
No stumbling oft nor galling chains,
No shame, no sin where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there's joy untold;
There's wealth that's richer far than gold;
There's service glad and courage true;
There's power to be and strength to do;
There's sacrifice and sweet content;
There's grace Divine, in mercy sent;
There's triumph over self and sin,
And blessed peace abides within;
There is a faith that never wanes,
There's love supreme where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns all these are found;
All these shine forth where He is crown-
ed;
Where Jesus reigns all things are true;
Are these all found, dear heart, in you?
—Sel.

MADAME GUYON'S TESTIMONY.

Oh, my God, if the value of prayer were but known, the great advantage to the soul from conversing with Thee, everyone would be assiduous in it. It is a stronghold into which the enemy can not enter. He may attack it, besiege it, make a noise about its walls; but while we are faithful, he can not hurt us.

Let the poor come, let the ignorant and carnal come, let the children without reason or knowledge come, let the dull or hard heart which can retain nothing come to the practice of prayer, and they shall become wise. Come to this Fountain of

LURETTA HARRIS.

HOW COULD I DARE!

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfort-
less

When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk along that
day—

How could I dare,
When, in the evening watch, I knelt to
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show

A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well
spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet con-
tent.—Sel.

God knows us through and through
Not the most secret thought, which
we most hide from ourselves, is hid-
den from Him. As then we come to
know ourselves through and through,
we come to see ourselves more as God
sees us, and then we catch some little
glimpses of His designs with us, how
each ordering of His Providence, each
check to our desires, each failure of
our hopes, is just fitted for us, and for
something in our own spiritual state,
which others know not of, and which,
till then, we knew not. Until we
come to this knowledge, we must take
all in faith, believing the goodness of
God toward us.—Sel.

Visiting one day an aged and poor
old woman, I found her very happy
notwithstanding her many infirmities
I asked her: "Are you always happy?"
She replied: "Yes, always
happy." "But are you never unhappy?"
She replied with great earnest-
ness: "No; I won't be unhappy!"

I suppose I have thought of this
visit a thousand times. I am per-
suaded the will has much to do with
our happiness. We may be deter-
mined to rejoice in the Lord always,
and by grace be able to keep the
purpose of our heart, our peace being
as a river and our righteousness abun-
dant as the waves of the sea.
—Bishop James, in *Keystone Endeav-*
or.

It means everything to retain the
experience of entire sanctification.
Those who are entirely sanctified
measure up to all the truth. They
are beyond reproach. They are ex-
amples of all that is good and true,
plain and holy. They are delighted
with the simple, plain, holy road that
leads to the city of God. They have
laid aside every weight, and the sin
that did so easily beset them. They
are delighted with the cross and all
duty has become to them a perfect
delight. They are walking with Jesus
in white.—Sel.

When you are doubtful as to your
course, submit your judgment absolutely
to the Spirit of God, and ask Him to shut
against you every door but the right one.

In the meanwhile, continue along the
path which you have been already tread-
ing. It lies in front of you; pursue it.
Abide in the calling in which you were
called. Keep on as you are, unless you
are clearly told to do something else.
Expect to have as clear a door out as you
had in; and if there is no indication to
the contrary, consider the absence of in-
dication as the indication of God's will
that you are on His track.—F. B. Meyer.

The headlight on an engine is a small
lamp, backed and set forth by a burnished
reflector. Then it casts forth its bright-
ness, pointing out and illuminating the
way for the speeding travellers. Your
lamp may not be large, but if you will
put behind and about it the burnished
reflector of a consistent, consecrated life,
it may shine forth into the darkness,
guiding hurrying pilgrims safely through
the night.—Bishop Fowler.

A cold professor of religion, says,
one, is the deadliest enemy of the
cross. His theology is formally right;
in the letter he is orthodox enough,
even to satisfy geometry; but he is
heterodox in soul, he is a heretic in
feeling; the temperature of his heart
shows he may have the form of godli-
ness but not the power. . . . Better
have two men in your congregation
who are in burning earnest than a
household of men who souls are
destitute of enthusiasm. You gain in
weight what you lose in number; you
gain in force what you lose in show.
—Vanguard.

Cigarette smoking is one of the vilest
and most destructive evils that ever befell
the youth of any country; its direct ten-
dency is to a deterioration of the race.—
Many leading physicians of Philadelphia.

MISSIONARY.

TWENTY-FOLD RETURN FOR GIFTS TO MISSIONS.

An English society were endeavoring
to bring their gifts up to their usual
standard. One of the leaders said, "Let
us make another collection. I will give
another shilling."

George Leal, a farm laborer, responded,
"And so would I, if I had one with me."
"I'll lend you a shilling, George," said
the leader, as he handed him one to drop
into the plate.

"Well done, George Leal!" exclaimed
the minister, "the Lord will reward you
tenfold."

This stimulated others; the plate went
round a second time, and the deficiency
was more than made up. When the meet-
ing was over, the minister greeted George
Leal with unusual warmth, remarking,
"Remember what I said, George; the Lord
will reward you tenfold."

The next day when Leal went into the
field to his ploughing, he had not gone
many yards when the ploughshare turned
up a sovereign. George called to his
master, and asked if he knew who had
lost a sovereign, quite willing to give it
up. "Nay, George," said the farmer, "it
must have been in the ground many years.
It is thy own good luck, keep it." Thus
quickly and twenty-fold did the Lord re-
ward his gift.—Sel.

GOLD FOR MISSIONS.

John Sunday, the converted Indian
chief of Upper Canada, addressing a mis-
sionary meeting in England, in his appeal
to the benevolence of the people, precious
to collection, said, "There is a gentleman
I suppose, now in this house; he is a very
fine gentleman, but he is very modest.
He does not like to show himself. I do
not know how long it is since I saw him,
he comes out so little. I am very much
afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time,
when he ought to be going about doing
good. His name is Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold,
are you here to-night? or are you sleeping
in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold;
come out, and help us to do this great
work, to send the Gospel to every crea-
ture. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be
ashamed of yourself, to sleep so much in
your iron chest! Look at your white
brother, Mr. Silver, he does a great deal
of good in the world, while you are sleep-
ing. Come out, Mr. Gold! Look, too, at
your brown brother, Mr. Copper, he is
everywhere! See him running about
doing all the good he can. Why don't
you come out Mr. Gold? Well, if you
won't come yourself, send us your shirt,
that is a bank note, and we will excuse
you this time."—Sel.

RESULT OF LOVE FOR MISSIONS.

A poor Christian mechanic was much
chagrined that he could give so little for
missions when the subscription was pass-
ed among the workmen in the factory.
He told his wife of it, and she was inspir-
ed to try to earn something for the cause
of missions. She secured some silktwist
and a few button-moulds, and began the
manufacture of silk buttons. She sent a
sample to a New York merchant, saying
that, if they would sell, the money was to
be her husband's contribution for missions.
She received answer, "Make as many as
you choose; I can sell a hundred dozen."
The wife made her venture unknown to
her husband; but now he was let into the
secret. Success crowned her efforts.
Machinery supplanted hand labor. A
large manufactory, extensive business,
and ample fortune grew up from and re-
warded their love and labor for missions.
—Sel.

SOWING AND REAPING.

A young man once stood upon the trap
door of the gallows, and, pointing to the
noose that soon must encircle his neck—
after an eloquent appeal to those of his
companions who were standing around to
flee from wine and liquor as they would
from a serpent—said, "No harm in it!
No harm in wine? There is a noose in
every glass! Lost reputation, prison
doors, cruelty, brutality, murder and death
are in it! I sowed my wild oat, but now
I must reap the ripened grain. You see
what it is (still pointing at the noose),
wine did it. It broke my mother's heart,
disgraced my sisters, robbed my father of
all he possessed, and leaves me a grey
headed, broken down pauper."—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE CLOSED DOORS.

"Mamma's gone away," said a childish
voice. It was a dirty door, tight shut, in
a dirty, dark hall, fifth floor of a big
tenement house. The deaconess had
gained easy admittance at the other
doors in the hall, but at this one it was
only after repeated knockings that this
response came.

"Well open the door and let me come
in and see you," said the deaconess.

"I can't. It's locked."

"And are you all alone in there?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you lonely?"

No reply, but listening carefully the
deaconess heard the sound of crying.

"When will your mamma come home?"

"I don't know," in a pitiful voice.

"Where has she gone?"

"I don't know."

"Well, good-bye, little one. I'll come
again and see you some time."

This conversation, at least in substance,
was repeated several times as on different
days the deaconess tried to get in that
room. Finally the neighbors gave her light.
"Yes, miss," they said, "it's a shame how
that youngun is shut up day after day.
His mother is no good. Off on a bum.
Oftentimes she don't come all night long.
The little one'll starve to death some day.
We can't do nuthin' for him, you see, for
the door is always locked. And he don't
never cry so loud as our younguns."

"What shall I do?" said the deaconess
finally to the superintendent. "I really
believe that child is being slowly starved
to death."

"Go to the Humane Society," was the
answer. And so promptly was the reply
acted upon that the very next day the
locked door was forced open by an officer
whom the deaconess had guided to the
spot.

"The room was frightful," said the
deaconess in telling the story. "Worse
than a wild beast's den. Rags, dishes,
broken furniture, some old straw from a
broken mattress—and in the midst of all
that little pale-faced, wild-eyed, haggard
child. He stared at us like a hunted
animal through his straggling hair. His
poor little body was covered with sore
brought on by filth and starvation.

He offered him a bun, and—"the deaconess
chocked: "I am such a baby!" she said,
apologetically. "I can see starving men
and women and remain quite calm, but
the starving children break me all up."

"But let me tell you the rest. We took
the little fellow to the orphanage and in
a few weeks you positively wouldn't have
known the laughing, hearty boy for the
same child. And that's not the best of it.
We watched the room for the mother that
night, and when she came home we dealt
with her pretty severely about her child.

But, poor thing. She wasn't to blame—
not then. She was just as much a maniac
as if she were Kankakee. But there was
a little spark of mother love left, and we
worked on that. And to day—well you've
noticed our washerwoman, Tillie? She's
the very woman. Perfectly sober ever
since she was converted, three years ago.
Yes, Robbie is with her again—just pro-
moted to the fourth grade in school."

Deaconess work doesn't pay. Think
what that one saved home—those two
saved souls, are worth!—Way of Faith.

QUEEN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

I knew a beautiful and wealthy woman
who, as a girl, had been a reigning belle.
Her old friends crowded about her, but
she had no time for worldly amusements.
She literally never lost sight of her child-
ren. She nursed the baby and bathed it
herself. She inspected every meal the
older children ate and talked and played
with them constantly. Her friends pro-
tested.

"You are degenerating into a mere
nursemaid! You give yourself no chance
to grow!" they said.

"God just now has given me nursing to
do," she said quietly, "and I can grow in
that line."

I lost sight of her for three years. Then
her husband moved to the country, where
I lived. Her children were at school, but
she still kept close to them. She took
drawing lessons with Mary, studied
mathematics with Joe and taught Jim
history, coloring the dull dates with vivid
stories of battles and heroes. Her
mother-eye was on each child, and when

the teacher drove one of them too hard
the child was promptly brought home and
turned loose on the farm for a few
months.

Her friends protested that she took no
part in the modern affairs of women.
She belonged to no clubs.

"I must be about my own business,"
she said.

Her husband was a large cattle-grower.
She knew his affairs to the least detail.

When Joe was ordained a minister she
threw herself into his parish work. When
Jim became a magazine editor she plung-
ed into the works of modern writers and
poetry and read scores of manuscripts for
him.

She is still living, still keeping step
with her boys and husband. They carry
all their worries to her; they consult her
in all their plans.

Her life was broadened in their lives.
Her friends still complain that she does
no public work.

But, "her children rise up and call her
blessed,"—Andora—Sel.

TEMPERANCE.

"PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT."

That celebrated preacher and mirth-
provoking lecturer, Robert J. Burdett,
replies to the above objection raised
against prohibition, and in favor licensing
the saloon, with the following biting sar-
casm:

"The laws of the state against murder
do not entirely prevent murder; but
nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing
one murderer to every so many thousand
persons, even on petition of a majority of
the property owners in the block, that we
may have all murder that is desirable in
the community under wise regulations,
with a little income for the municipality.
I believe in the absolute prohibition of
murder.

"The laws of the country to prohibit
stealing do not entirely prevent stealing.
Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high
license system of stealing, providing that
all theft shall be restricted to certain au-
thorized thieves, who shall steal only be-

forbid theft at any hour, on any day of
the week.

"And on the same ground and just as
positively, do I believe in the prohibition
of the liquor traffic. And I did say that
I did. And I DO.

"I do say that the best way to make a
man a temperate man is to teach him not
drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten
of sobriety."—Selected.

THE VOICE OF REFORMERS.

It is a most significant fact that both
in this country and in Europe all reform-
ers worthy of the name have been the
enemy of the intoxicating cup. Luther
said the man who first brewed beer was
the curse of Germany; Gladstone pro-
nounced it worse than war, pestilence and
famine put together; John Bright opposed
it, and Richard Cobden, the prince of
them all, said: "The Temperance question
lies at the bottom of all social and politi-
cal reforms."

In our own land the men who led the
crusade against the curse of slavery were
almost without exception the enemy of
the saloon. Lovejoy, the first Abolition
martyr, divided the columns of his paper
to what he called "These Siamese twins
of barbarism—the auction block and the
saloon." Garrison, Giddings, Chase,
Phillips and Greeley all opposed it.
Horace Greeley wrote in the columns of
the New York Tribune as early as 1854:
"Now it is mad, it is drivelling to talk
about regulating the traffic in intoxicating
beverages. Raise the price to ten thou-
sand dollars, and enact a law that only a
doctor of divinity shall be allowed to sell,
and you will have the same old devil.—
Christian Messenger.

If a man buys \$100 worth of boots and
shoes he pays \$20.71 of that amount for
labor; if he buys \$100 worth of furniture
he pays \$23.77 for labor; if he buys \$100
worth of woolen good he pays \$12.86 for
labor; if he buys \$100 worth of liquors he
pays only \$1.23 for labor. Therefore,
concludes the Year Book, liquor is labor's
worst enemy.