

THE LOVE OF GOD.

As rising tide, as rushing flood,
So rolls the boundless love of God;
Nor height, nor depth, nor time, nor space,
Can sound or measure saving grace.

As cleansing wave for guilty souls,
A crimson river onward rolls,
Where sin, or woe, or shame abound
The echo of its waves resound.

Through cloud and storm we see afar
The hope of earth—life's Morning Star.
From dungeons dark, from sin's foul tomb,
Dispell the night, disperse the gloom.

O love of God, divinely free;
O blood of Christ, that flows for me;
O Star of Hope, shine from above
That leads us back to truth and God.

THAT MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

What have you done for him? Do you fear the effect of his influence on the class? Do you dread to meet him in the class? Have you discouraged his attendance? You should do neither. He may cause you to sharpen your wits; to pray for more grace. If so, it will do you good. Paul's "thorn" became to him a cause of rejoicing, though at first it was, very annoying. The mischievous boy is a boy. He is soon to become a man and citizen. A little later he will dwell with the angels or wail with the demons. What it shall be will depend largely on what you do for him and with him now. Remember that the average boy is sixty per cent fun. God has made him so; and wants him to be so. To be happy, to be jolly, to laugh, to rejoice, are characteristics of the Christ life. "Rejoice evermore," and, by way of emphasis. "Again, I say, rejoice." Do not fear the mischievous, fun-loving and fun making boy or girl. The following questions are mere hints taken from the Sunday-school Star. I said they were hints. Act upon one or any or all of them, but in your own way. Especially would I recommend the seventh. But in no case ever allow yourself to despair of finally winning him to yourself and to Christ. The mischievous boy has in him the elements that make for leadership and for companionship. See that those elements are properly directed and cultivated:

1. Have you tried to see him during the week and find out his personal interests?
2. Have you tried to get him to put some drawing on the blackboard to illustrate the lesson?
3. Have you tried appointing him to keep a boy smaller than himself quiet?
4. Have you given him any bit of work to do for yourself personally?
5. Have you taken him with you to help cheer some sick or disabled one?
6. Have you invited him to your house and treated him like a gentleman?
7. Have you tried to love him and to have him feel your love?
8. Have you made plain Christ's love for and present interests in him?
9. Have you prayed for him especially, and asked your prayer-meeting committee to do the same?
10. Have you let him know you are praying for him?

DEMOLISHING THE BIBLE.

A correspondent in Philadelphia has saved for twenty years the following, which appeared in Frank Leslie's Magazine. He says "it was timely then," and asks "is it not timely now?" Of course statistics now are even more convincing on the side of the Bible:

"The Bible is a book which has been refuted, demolished, overthrown, and exploded, more times than any other book you ever heard of. Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book, and it is like upsetting a solid cube of solid granite. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you have upset it, it is right side up still. Every little while somebody blows up the Bible; but when it comes down it lights on its feet and runs faster than ever through the world. They overthrew the Bible a century ago in Voltaire's time—entirely demolished the whole thing. 'In less than a hundred years,' said Voltaire, 'Christianity will have been swept from existence and will have passed into history.' Infidelity ran riot through France, red-handed and impious. A century has passed away. Voltaire has passed into

history, and not very respectable history either; but his old printing press, it is said, has been used to print the word of God, and the very house where he lived is packed with Bibles, a depot for the Geneva Bible Society. Thomas Paine demolished the Bible and finished it off finally; but after he had crawled despairingly into a drunkard's grave in 1809 the book took such a leap that since that time more than twenty times as many Bibles have been made and scattered through the world as ever were made before since the creation of man. Up to the year 1800, from four to six million copies of the scriptures, in some thirty different languages, comprised all that had been produced since the world began. Eighty years later, in 1880, the statistics of eighty different Bible societies which are now in existence, with the unnumbered agencies and auxiliaries, reported more than 165,000,000 Bibles, Testaments and portions of scripture, with 206 translations, distributed by Bible societies alone since 1804, to say nothing of the unknown millions of Bibles and Testaments which have been issued and circulated by private publishers throughout the world. For a book that has been exploded so many times it still shows signs of considerable life."

EXPORTING RELIGION.

When the Massachusetts legislature was discussing the propriety of granting an act of incorporation to a missionary society, one of the members remarked that it seemed to be an arrangement for exporting religion, when in fact, we had none to spare. He was answered that religion was a commodity of which the more we exported, the more we had left.

It is sometimes said, when it is proposed to do anything for the heathen world, that we have heathen enough at home. This is true, but if we neglect the heathen abroad on account of the heathen at home, we shall all be heathen in a little while.

The gospel thrives by diffusion. The man who strives to shut up fire in order to preserve it, will soon find he has nothing left but ashes. The man who insists that the way to have water is to dam it up and keep it from flowing on, will soon have only a frog pond covered with green slime. We get the best fire by throwing it open, that others may share its warmth. We get the purest water for ourselves by allowing it to flow on and bless others. If we simply live for ourselves, and love ourselves, we have not yet learned the truth, as it is in Christ, not the saving power of the gospel of the Son of God.—H. L. Hastings.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

God bless him! His name may not be as well known as that of his brother pastor in the city, but it is just as familiar to God. He is not able to send a little notice around to the denominational papers every few months announcing the baptism of scores of persons, for there are not that many unconverted souls in his parish. He cannot go to the Anniversaries unless they are held nearby, for his family is large and his salary small. He is not likely to be reckoned among the "leading men" of the denomination, for he has had his hands full trying to lead souls committed to his care. But those who know of his simple faith in God, his love for his fellowmen and his unselfish service, have no question that in the heavenly kingdom he will rank above many who in this life counted themselves much his superior.—Baptist Standard.

Dr. Judson says: "A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination I enquired whether she would give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the Gospel. I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I read to her the apostle's prohibition. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace—she wore but one—and then, with an air of modest decision that would adorn beyond all outward adornment any of my sisters whom I have the honor of addressing, she quietly took it off, saying, 'I love Christ more than this.'"

OTHERS MAY, YOU CANNOT.

If God has called you to be really like Jesus He will draw you into a life of crucifixion and humility, and put upon you such demands of obedience, that you will not be able to follow other people, or measure yourself by other Christians, and in many ways He will seem to let other good people do things which He will not let you do.

Other Christians and ministers who seem very religious and useful, may push themselves, pull wires, and work schemes to carry out their plans, but you cannot do it; and if you attempt it, you will meet with such failure and rebuke from the Lord as to make you sorely penitent.

Others may boast of themselves, of their work, of their success, of their writings, but the Holy Spirit will not allow you to do any such thing, and if you begin it, He will lead you into some deep mortification that will make you despise yourself and all your good works.

Others may be allowed to succeed in making money, or may have a legacy left to them, but it is likely God will keep you poor, because He wants you to have something far better than gold, namely, a helpless dependence on Him, that He may have the privilege of supplying your needs day by day out of an unseen treasury.

The Lord may let others be honored and put forward, and keep you hidden in obscurity, because He wants to produce some choice, fragrant fruit for His coming glory, which can only be produced in the shade. He may let others be great, but keep you small. He may let others do a work for Him and get the credit of it, but He will make you work and toil on without knowing how much you are doing; and then to make your work still more precious, He may let others get the credit for the work which you have done, and thus make your reward ten times greater when Jesus comes.

The Holy Spirit will put a strict watch over you, with a jealous love, and will rebuke you for little words and feelings, or for wasting your time, which other Christians never seem distressed over. So make up your mind that God is an infinite Sovereign, and has a right to do as He pleases with His own. He may not explain to you a thousand things which puzzle your reason in His dealings with you, but if you absolutely sell yourself to be His love slave, He will wrap you up in a jealous love, and bestow upon you many blessings which come only to those who are in the inner circle.

Settle it forever, then, that you are to deal directly with the Holy Spirit, and that He is to have the privilege of tying your tongue, or chaining your hand, or closing your eyes, in ways that He does not seem to use with other. Now when you are so possessed with the living God that you are, in your secret heart, pleased and delighted over this peculiar, personal, private, jealous guardianship and management of the Holy Spirit over your life, you will have found the vestibule of Heaven.—Living Waters.

HOW HE WAS LED.

Never once was He gently led. He was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. He was led by men filled with wrath to the brow of the hill, that they might cast Him down headlong. He was led away to Annas; led away to Caiaphas; led into the council of the elders and chief priests and scribes; led to Pontius Pilate and into the hall of judgement. And then He—our Lord Jesus Christ—was led as a sheep to the slaughter; led away to be crucified. Verily, His way was rougher than mine.—Frances R. Havergal.

UNANSWERED PRAYER.

Our answered prayers are precious to us; I sometimes think our unanswered prayers are more precious still. Those give us God's blessings; these if we will, may lead us to God. Do not let any moment of your life fail of God's light. Be sure that, whether he speaks or is silent, he is always loving you and always trying to make your life more rich and good and happy. Oh be sure that you are always ready.—Phillips Brooks.

ALL THE PREACHERS SANCTIFIED.

Talk about old time religion! Here is a state of things we hope to see often reproduced in these latter days, in public worship. "All the priests that were present were sanctified." (2 Chron. v. 11.) What a lot of discussion would then be gotten rid of! And no holding back because some priests believed in sanctification, and others are not quite sure they believe in exactly the same kind. All the squabbles about "When we are sanctified," "How we are sanctified," and all the other "profundities of minutiae" set at rest; for, oh, they all had the blessing! And all together uniting with expressible joy to bring up the Ark of the Lord to exactly where it ought to have been long ago! The margin reads: "All the priests that were found were sanctified." Oh, think of it! What a glorious state of things! Not a priest could be found among them all that was not sanctified. Is it any wonder that "the glory of the Lord filled the house of God," and that the trumpets and singers, and all sorts of musical instruments praised and thanked the Lord for His ever-enduring mercy?—Guide to Holiness.

HE WILL ABUNDANTLY PARDON.

It would seem that the sacred writers struggle with language to find words sufficiently comprehensive to express the magnitude of God's compassion. This word "abundantly" sounds like the waves of the sea, which come rolling in upon the beach, day and night, year after year, for countless centuries, never ceasing, never exhausted.

So is the compassion of God. He is a bountiful God. He does not give sparingly. When parents give money to their children even, they give sparingly, partly because they are not able to give in any other way. But God gives bountifully. Bountiful rains, bountiful sunshine, bountiful harvests, a bountiful sea, are the gifts of his hand. When he would fully express the bounty of his compassion he gives his only begotten Son.

When men spread the mantle of charity over the faults of their neighbors, it is a narrow mantle, leaving the faults exposed to the gaze of all; but when God spreads the mantle of charity over our sins, it is as broad as the universe and as long as eternity.

When he pardons our sins, he "blots them out" he "casts them behind his back," he casts them into the depths of the sea," he separates them from us "as far as the east is from the west;" he "remembers them no more." "He will abundantly pardon."—Nashville Advocate.

LISTING.

A freight steamer from the South, loaded with tar for New York, recently foundered off New Jersey coast. The tar had been loaded in the hold of the ship in bulk, and in the lurching of the ship had lodged on one side. This caused the ship to list. Everything possible was done to save the ship and cargo, but she finally foundered.

Many lives are lost like this ship. Some black sin is the cargo carried. In a smooth sea the life moves on with ease. In the accumulation of the years this sin causes a sag in the life. An heroic effort is made to save it from collapse, but the life founders, and great is the loss thereof. In the instance of the ship it was but a cargo of tar, in the instance of the life it is an immortal soul. All the hope, all the aspirations, all the possibilities of what might have been a noble life, went down in the crash. Sin caused the danger. Every life is in danger that carries a cargo of sin. Sooner or later it will cause the life to list, then it is too late to save it. Every wave of worldliness that beats against that frail barque only causes it to list more and more.

You may set the prow of your ship for the nearest port, but you will never reach it. You may seek refuge within the tabernacles of the righteous, but there is no anchorage. The life that carries such a cargo of sin, that it has begun to list under it, is beyond any earthly power to save. Only the hand of him that rescued

the sinking Peter on the waves of Galilee can save the listing life. Young man, you will find that sin is an unstable cargo. It will deceive you in a rough sea. The truth of Christ is the best ballast you can take. No life ever listed that had truth for its ballast. No life ever foundered that had Christ for its Captain.—New York Observer.

GLEANINGS.

Dry preaching never produces fat experiences.

It is heart and not art that makes the preacher.

If we want pentecostal power we must pay pentecostal prices.

Scripture puts actual sin in the plural number, and inbred sin in the singular number.

"They who live on a level with heaven's door step will have no climbing to do when they die."

When Satan whispers that you are God's pet, and more favored than other saints, then beware; for that is the birthplace of fanatics, false prophets and false christs.

Mark the perfect man! Would the Psalmist point us to a style of man that did not exist? Mark him, not captiously, but to share his perfect love, his good society, his gracious helpfulness.—Ch. Standard.

Do not use abundance of words—without any meaning. Say not the same thing over and over again; think not that the fruit of your prayers depends on the length of them.—John Wesley.

The seraphic Summerfield just before his death, speaking of his recovery, said, "Oh if I might be raised again! How I could preach! I could preach as I never preached before. I have taken a look into eternity."—Sel.

You can tell the character of a shepherd by the fatness or leanness of his flock.—Selected.

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH.

If anyone thinks he can turn tares into wheat, let him rent a farm and try it. If he thinks he can make a ruined tree yield good fruit, let him buy up the orchards through which the forest fires have swept or exchanged his home for blighted orange groves which the frosts have left dead to the roots, and put his conviction to a practical test. Nature would laugh in his face and write him down a fool. But there are young men by the score who are engaged in that very business; who by folly and extravagance, revelry and sin, are daily blighting every prospect of usefulness, yet imagining all the while that they are cultivating manliness and fraternity. There is no greater folly than to thus barter away one's birthright. The earth is man's constant friend. It yields him a hundred-fold for all his labor; but it takes for granted that he wants a harvest in line with his sowing, and it gives back just what receives—if figs, figs; if thistles, thistles. The whole world says to the spendthrift and the libertine: "I took you at your word. I put your seed in good soil and have given you an abundant harvest. I have put your coin out at interest and it has gained ten pounds. You gave me thorns and I have returned them plentifully. If your feet bleed if your hands are pierced, blame me not. I took you at your word." The consequences of what we do will meet us at every crossroad. Tares will not produce wheat, and the evils that sting our feet are largely of our own planting.—United Presbyterian.

The fortune of character was never made in a day. We must earn and save it, year by year. A noble character means hours of sacrifice, hours of struggle, hours of hard obedience, hours of unselfish thought, hours of drudgery, hours of prayer. The treasure that we lay up in heaven is earned coin by coin.