

HELPED FROM ABOVE.

By Mrs. M. D. James.

A burden of care was pressing upon a young and tender heart, unused to bear such burdens. A sickly mother and sister to take care of, and all the work of the family to do—no helping hand to share the toil—no older head to counsel or direct. All the labor, all the care upon that frail young girl.

As she was ministering in loving tenderness to her dear mother, the latter looked into that sweet, meek face, and said, "my dear, you have too much upon you. How is it possible for you to do and to bear all that is pressing upon you?" With a sweet smile she replied, "I'm helped from above." "Ah, dear child, that is the secret—you are helped from above!" said the Christian mother, whose heart was thrilled with joy to find that her darling had learned to "look to the hills whence cometh the help" of those whose trust is in the living God.

That mother had been many years receiving help from above, and had taught her daughter to seek help from the same source. That young Christian had in childhood given herself to God, but for several years had not been spiritually minded; the world had engrossed too much of her thoughts and time; but a cloud had come over her life's early morning—sent in loving mercy by her kind Father, to show her that earth's pleasures are fleeting and uncertain, and that true happiness is found only in entire devotion to him who is

"The spring of all our joys,
The life of our delights."

Then she said "I will be all the Lord's."

"Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole."

She began to live a new life—and the service of God appeared to her all that was worthy of her thought and care, and Jesus as the object of her soul's warmest affections. From that time there was a wonderful change in her spirit and temper. Before, she had been fretful and impatient; now she was meek and gentle as a lamb. Amid complicated cares and trials, she never murmured or looked sad, but a sweet expression of contentment rested upon her face. Her favorite song was

"Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

The precious words

"O 'twere not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me,
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee."

seemed to well up from the depths of her soul as she rang them out with her clear, melodious voice, and a more lovely object who ever looked upon than that beautiful face, as her full, expressive eyes were turned heavenward, looking up to the be-

loved of her soul, and pouring forth that blessed effusion of her devoted heart into His ear.

Was it any wonder then, that she was "helped from above," when a great pressure of care and trouble came upon her, as at the time alluded to? O, no; for our Father loves to "show himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." The arm that upholds the universe encircles the devoted one who has consecrated all to Him, and omnipotence is pledged for the support and defense of such a soul.

Helped from above! Well might that trusting heart say—

"How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God?"

And amid the storms and sorrows, toils and strife of our life journey, "sit calm on tumult's wheel," and feel secure amid the buffeting and surging billows of the tempestuous voyage.

Helped from above! Blessed experience! And this is our privilege all the time, every step of the way through this world of grief and sin to the end of our pilgrimage. But to realize this, there must be perfect trust in God; and to have perfect trust there must be perfect love; and in order to have perfect love and perfect trust, there must be a perfect abandonment of the whole being to God. A letting go of earth, and a taking hold of Christ and clinging to Him alone as the chosen satisfying portion of the soul.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Must be its language; then follows the rich experience,

"More than all in Thee I find."

Yes, more than all that earth could give; fuller, richer, sweeter pleasures that perish not—a wealth of enjoyment that words are powerless to express, and that the unregenerate heart cannot conceive.

NATIVE WORKERS.

(By I. M. Keirstead.)

Many of our people are going to enjoy a greater portion of God's blessing this year, I am sure, as they are undertaking to support Native Evangelists in Africa. Then they are laying up treasures in Heaven at the same time. We shall reap what we sow; as we sow the gospel seed among the heathens we can expect to reap a bountiful harvest, probably an hundred fold—in the last great day.

There are yet other workers needing support—\$90 per year for married men and from \$50 to \$80 for others. Who will be next to choose one this New Year.

PURITY IS POWER.

Men are not really noble or made worthy of the homage of our highest respect and esteem on account of the position they occupy, or the wealth they possess, but from the purity of their lives, the loftiness of their aims and the good the world derives from their virtues and noble examples.—Selected.

SCENE AT A CAMP MEETING.

M. H. Twogood.

"And he took bread, and gave thanks, and break it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you."—Luke xxii:19:20.

More than eighteen hundred years have passed; the camp-fires burn with unusual brilliancy, while the rays of the full-orbed moon fall with wondrous splendor upon leafy temple in which are met a band of earnest worshippers, who, having been savingly acquainted with Christ, are glad to obey the injunction,—"This do in remembrance of me."

"Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which Thou didst bear;
O memory leave no other name
So deeply graven there."

was the spontaneous gushing of those richly baptized hearts; earth seemed receding, heaven approaching, as wave after wave rolled o'er them. Wealth, position, and gaudy show made no distinction; all drank at the same stream, found cleansing at the same fount, and clothed with deep humility, proved that the "flesh of the Son of God was meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed."

The stillness of the night was broken by shouts of victory, songs of triumph, and loud hallelujahs to the Lamb—while the arch-deceiver was, for the time, a vanquished foe. Those richly baptized sons and daughters in triumph sang—

"Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong."

The sufferings of the blessed Saviour had been commemorated, consecrations renewed, vows paid by many, when a mother rich in faith, and full of the Holy Ghost came along with her boy, her darling Willie, and at that sacramental feast, presented him, a living sacrifice, a whole-burnt offering to God, with all the confidence of hope claiming the fulfillment of the Father's promise. Heaven smiled while her Isaac was bound with love's own cord to the altar of sacrifice; and while the elements of the broken body, and shed blood were being administered, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, Sister P. shouted the victory which is by faith. Who shall say that the victories of that hour will not leave their impress upon the heart, and mark the future life of her boy. Although, still exposed to the temptations of youth this mother trusts Him who said "the promise is to you and your children,"—and while looking for richer displays of divine power, believingly prays,

"Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine,
And serve and love Thee all their days,
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect Thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestowed,
Rise every man a child of God."