

## THE LORD'S FISH.

The recent death of Dr. A. R. Simpson, of the "Christian Alliance," well known to many of our readers, recalls an incident in his life of faith which was told us at the Catharine mission in New York a dozen years ago. Although it has already been mentioned in the Christian, it is worth retelling at this time.

On one occasion Dr. Simpson had received a ten dollar gold piece, and as he had not often had a gold piece in his pocket it felt good there. He started for home with the money, and on reaching the corner of the street where he lived, put his hand in his pocket to get his keys, and went to his house, passed inside and turned on a light.

The thought occurred to him to look at the gold piece again; but on putting his hand inside his pocket he found it gone. He immediately returned to the corner where he had taken out his keys and searched for several minutes for the piece that was lost, but in vain, although it was an unfrequented locality, and there was no one in sight who might have picked it up.

"I thought," said the clergyman, "of the fish that the Master had told the disciple to catch in order that he might take from his mouth the tax money 'for thee and me,' and I said to the Lord, 'Lord, if Thou has a fish that neds that money more than I do, grant that he may get it.'"

Some months later a poor woman who had been attending the clergyman's preaching desired to unite with the church, and in telling her pastor some of her experiences, she said:

"God has revealed Himself to me in such a marvelous way in the last few months that I feel I must tell you about it. We were strangers in the city; my husband had been sick and out of work for several weeks, although a good mechanic and sober and industrious. At last he became so discouraged that he left the house one morning resolving not to return until he had found something. He went away without breakfast in order that the children might have what little there was, and he did not return to dinner or supper.

"I was much alarmed, and finally near ten o'clock at night I started out, with the few cents I had left, to go to a near-by grocery store, to see if I could not get something suitable for a supper for my husband in case he should come home weary and hungry as I felt sure he would be.

"Just as I reached the corner of the street I looked down, and there in the glare of the street light I saw a ten-dollar gold piece and it looked as large as the moon! I picked it up, and as there was no one in sight to whom it might belong, I took it with me to the grocery and gave it to the grocer for some things for supper, and when he gave me the change I knew it was good."

Returning home, the woman prepared supper and had it on the table for her husband when he returned at about eleven o'clock with twenty-five cents as the price off his day's effort at finding work. She

told him what she had found, and they both got down on their knees and gave thanks to God for what seemed to them the miraculous provision He had thus made for them and their little ones.

"We had never given much attention to matters of religion up to that time," said the woman, "although brought up to believe in God; but from that day my husband began to attend church."

A little enquiry as to the time of finding and the location where the money was found, convinced the clergyman that it was his own lost gold piece that had been the source of so much happiness to this poor family.

"I did not tell the woman that it was my gold piece," said Dr. Simpson, "but I thanked God for sending along the right fish."—H. B. Hastings.

## THE JOYOUS LIFE.

Happiness and thanksgiving surely belong together. It is strange that we forget that almost the chief note of the Christian religion is joy. It is true that many things are said about duty and service. But these also have a prominent place in other religions as well as ours. But the joy note, that is what our Christianity means. Almost the foundation word of our Christian theology is "grace."

Even in the Old Testament there were many glimpses of this life of gladness into which God wishes to lead all His people. "Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things" (Joel 2:21). "Be glad, then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God." Many of the Old Testament promises of joy were accompanied with promises of temporal prosperity. "The floors shall be full of wheat, and the vats shall overflow with wine and oil. Ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God."

God's grace is not dependent upon temporal things to make us glad. Paul and Silas, singing praise in the Philippian jail; Peter, John and the other disciples "rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame in His name," the long line of Christian witnesses and martyrs show that no matter what outward circumstances may be, the Spirit of God can come into the trustful and obedient soul, filling it with gladness.

A joyous life? It lies there: First, to receive gladly and freely God's abounding grace to make glad our souls. And then to pass on to our fellows the gifts of grace which we have found, sharing our possessions with them and finding a way by which all may have access not only in matters of the soul, but in matters of food and drink and home and culture to "the joyous life."—Sel.

## NOT PREACHING FOR MONEY.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate recently contained the following note: "We know a pastor of a small church with a salary in the neighborhood of \$2,000 who has a standing offer from a prominent layman of his city of \$5,000 to become associated with him in business. "How does it

strike you?" we asked. "Not in the least," he replied smilingly. "I am called to preach. I like it, and the money makes no appeal." Mr. Layman, give this preacher-man a white mark. Bear down heavy with the chalk; he deserves it. The average preacher does not hanker after gold or silver. What he wants to get is a good, fair chance at your heart with a gospel he believes God has placed like a coal of fire on his tongue. And if his message reaches the spot, he is happy, money or no money."

That sounds good. Satan is continually trying to get preachers entangled in business of one kind or another, and he has a special jubilee when he succeeds in getting one of them to forsake the work of the ministry for the sake of making more money.

There is scarcely a preacher in the itineracy of the Free Methodist Church, a teacher in any of our schools, or a person engaged in any department of our church work who could not receive a greater remuneration for his services by going into business; but all these are sacrificing and toiling for the good of the work of God as represented by our church and we honor them for their consecration. A preacher is in a dangerous place when he entertains the thought or suggestion of the enemy that it would be well for him to turn from his God-called duty to perform secular work. All along the pathway of the Free Methodist Church lie wrecks of this character. A preacher may be justified in temporarily leaving the ministry because of the ill-health of himself or of some member of his family or because of having to care for some aged relative, but to turn aside simply to make money is never justifiable and always dangerous.—Free Methodist.

## A FATHER'S ADVICE.

A young girl came home in anger one day and told her parents that a young man on the street had spoken to her in a disrespectful way. Her mother was as much angered as the girl when she heard the story, and both thought that the father should take up the matter.

But the father said, "Daughter, you are not an immoral girl, but let me tell you a few things that will help you to look differently at this matter. You are young and attractive, and your dress is such that it displays all your charms of face and figure. Your arms are bare almost to the shoulder, your waist is cut so low that a good portion of your shoulders and chest are exposed to view; your skirt is scant and narrow, and the slit in the front, with your bright, short petticoat and your gauze stockings display your limbs almost to the knees; your dress is so cut that every line of figure is seen in bold relief. You went out on the street with your companions and saw this man and knew that he was a stranger; but you laughed and tossed your head as you passed him, and perhaps made light remarks that he overheard.

He is a stranger here and did not know that you are a moral girl, for he could not think so by your appearance. I am sorry that it has occurred, but, daughter, you are as much to blame as he."—Sel.