

A DREAM OF A WEDNESDAY NIGHT  
PRAYER MEETING.

One night as a slept, came a dream, of so rare  
A Wednesday night meeting I longed to be there.  
In fancy I dressed and joined with the throng  
That to the old Church went hastening along.  
They crowded the doors and crowded the aisles,  
And filled up the Church in a very short while.  
The members were out and the Sunday School teachers  
And lots of the children and all of the preachers.  
I do not know what had brought it to pass  
But each of the teachers had gathered their class,  
And had them around them by ones and by twos,  
And some classes occupied several pews.  
The parents came too, and one old backslider  
Was there with his wife and sat down beside her.  
While some of the traders shut up shop and books  
And brought in their clerks with satisfied looks.  
The people who lived on the fine country roads  
Came merrily in by double horse loads.  
At last but not least, to cap the whole caper,  
Ye editor closed both his shop and his paper,  
Saying, "Reader, this once you are left in the lurch,  
For tonight George and I are both going to church."  
And the janitor stayed and I heard him repeat  
As he watched them fill up the last vacant seat,  
"They may never know but I'm sure on the whole  
When they turn out like this it saves half of the coal."

The leader that night was one of the men  
And he said, "I will do the best that I can.  
"To open the meeting, who will volunteer  
To saw up some wood for old lady Spear?"  
And the young man who sat just over the way  
Shouted, "Boys, that's our job, now do you say?"  
And those hustling boys said, "Amen, we are it,  
We will cut it and split it, the very last bit."  
"That's fine," said the leader, while it isn't the law,  
Yet no one should work with a dull pointed saw,  
So I'll ask Brother Sawdust to sharpen up yours,  
And you better help him a mite with his chores."  
"How about that wood, men? There is none at the house,  
There aren't enough chips left to warm up a mouse.  
I know it will come, but we ought to know when."  
And a brother replied, "It will be there by ten."

Then the leader continued, "You know Sister Cree  
Has fallen down stairs and injured her knee.  
Some sister should follow the old Golden Rule,  
And each morning feed the children and fix them for school."  
Then up arose Jennie and Mabel and Fanny,  
Kathleen, Barbara, Bernice and Annie.  
And the leader rejoiced that they numbered just seven  
For he said that the count would now come out even.  
"If you each serve a day it won't be much trouble  
And the blessing you share is always worth double."  
Their teacher then arose and I heard her remark  
That she would go on from school until dark.  
Said the leader, "One item will now start us right."  
And he told of a home without flour that night.  
But the trader said, "Brother, as sure as you're alive  
We beat you that time for along about five,  
We sent up a load having potatoes and flour,  
And visited with them for nearly an hour."  
Let us kneel then and pray," said the leader, and my!  
The prayers went straight to the bright vaulted sky.  
For you find it is true, others do as they may,  
The more humbly you kneel the better you'll pray.

The Church members prayed and most of the teachers  
And some of the children and all of the preachers.  
And the prayers that went up from the young ladies' seat  
These hustling boys found it quite hard to beat.  
And the stewards all prayed and shouted, "Amen."  
I heard them repeat it again and again,  
Until the gates opened. The blessing was there  
And the woodman and grocer man each got his share.  
They arose from their knees and burst into song,  
The organist skilled helped the music along.  
And everyone there the music did raise  
For it's easy to sing if your heart's full of praise.

The leader now cheerfully read from the Word—  
The sweetest story that ever was heard.  
In the speaking that followed, almost all had a part  
And the people who spoke did it right from the heart.  
The Deacons all shouted and vied with the choir  
In making Hallelujahs mount higher and higher.  
And the old grey backslider arose from his seat

For the first time in years he got ready to speak—  
When the clock I had timed to go off at four,  
Rang out it's alarm and my dreaming was o'er.  
But the dream seemed so real, it stayed in my heart,  
Of the meeting in which I so nearly took part,  
That the very next morning I went to the Kirk  
And met with the janitor doing his work.  
Though we searched the church over again and again  
We could not catch the echo of one lone Amen.  
But down in the parlor we proved beyond doubt  
Instead of a church-full eleven were out.  
S. C. P.

BELIEVING GOD.

Just in the proportion in which we believe that God will do just what he has said, is our faith strong or weak. Faith has nothing to do with feelings, or with impressions, with improbabilities, or with outward appearances. If we desire to couple them with faith, then we are no longer resting in the Word of God, because faith needs nothing of the kind. Faith rests on the naked word of God. When we take him at his word the heart is at peace.

God delights to exercise our faith, first for blessing in our own souls, then for blessing in the church at large, and also for those without. But this exercise we shrink from instead of welcoming.

When trials come we should say, "My heavenly Father puts this cup of trial into my hands, that I may have something afterwards." Trial is the food of faith. Oh, let us leave ourselves in the hands of our heavenly Father! It is the joy of his heart to do good to all his children.

But trials and difficulties are not the only means by which faith is exercised, and thereby increased. There is the reading of the Scriptures, that we may by them acquaint ourselves with God as he has revealed himself in his Word. And what shall we find? That he not only is God Almighty, and a righteous God, but we shall find how gracious he is, how kind, how beautiful he is—in a Word, what a lovely being God is.

Are you able to say from the acquaintance you have made with God that he is a lovely being? If not, let me affectionately entreat you to ask God to bring you to this, that you may admire his gentleness and his kindness, that you may be able to say how good he is, and what a delight it is to the heart of God to do good to his children.

Now the nearer we come to this in our inmost souls, the more ready are we to leave ourselves in his hands, satisfied with all his dealings with us. And when trial comes we shall say, "I will wait and see what good God will do to me by it, assured he will do it." Thus we shall bear an honorable testimony before the world, and thus shall we strengthen the hands of others.—George Muller.

A saved man need not sin, but any man may sin.