

HOW TO ENJOY THE WORSHIP.

1. Enter the Church with reverence—it is the "house of God" (Psa. 55:14). Do not stand in the aisles to joke or visit.
2. Enter the church praying, for the "house of God" is a "place of prayer." Let us make it so. There are always souls who are oppressed by the enemy and who need our prayers. Pray that the services may be a blessing to some one.
3. Take part in the service of giving "as the Lord hath prospered," for giving is a part of Divine worship. "If the Church is worth a dollar to you, do not express it with a nickel in the basket." Give liberally.
4. Take part in the singing. Give your voice to God—sing out of your heart. "And do not look as if you had lost your best friend when you say 'Amen.'"
5. Do not talk or whisper during service, for you are in the "house of God." Remember others.
6. Pray for immediate results, that the service "today may be the salvation of sinners."
7. "Make it a joyful service." We are not holding a funeral.
8. Help the pastor. If he says anything worth while say "Amen."
9. "Carry the spirit of the service home with you." Do not perform a surgical operation and dissect the whole message. But in the spirit of a Christian "discuss the good of it" across the table or about the family fireside.
10. Do not allow children to romp over the church during the hour of worship. Let there be perfect "order" in the "house of God" during service.—Rev. C. H. Lancaster, in Herald and Holiness.

A RIGHTEOUS RULER.

When Princess Victoria, though quite a little girl, learned that she would probably some day be the Queen of England, she did not feel proud, or think how nice it would be to rule over people; but she said: "Lord, help me to be good." This simple, humble prayer was answered, and for seventy years she ruled in righteousness, and the people called her "Our Good Queen."

"The greatest menace to America today is lawlessness on the part of her own citizens. The remedy—voluntary upholding of law, because everything else is law-breaking; voluntary doing right because everything else is wrong; voluntary being wise, because everything else is foolish." Obedience is the royal road to happiness. Jesus the children's example, was subject unto His parents, and "became obedient unto death." "Remember now thy "Creator in the days of thy youth."

While sinfulness is in the heart there is a wrong condition, upon which God cannot look with approval. The repression theory of sin recognizes sin as existing in the heart, as a state, of which God cannot approve: hence how can he provide merely for the suppression of sin? He does not do so; and those who profess to believe in repression only, have not read the Bible aright; for it declares that Jeus came to destroy the works of the devil.

THE WALDENSIANS COMING INTO THEIR OWN.

The Waldensians, living in certain parts of Europe, have been a greatly persecuted people for perhaps a thousand years. They had their origin in the person of Peter Waldus, a rich citizen of Lyons, who from reading the Bible and certain passages from the Fathers of the Church, which so much impressed him that he was induced to have these passages translated into the native tongue. Then he determined to imitate the manner of life, as indicated in these passages, that the Apostles and primitive Christians used. Then he gave his goods to the poor and then began to preach the doctrines which he understood from the Bible was the common way in the days of early Christianity. He soon gathered about him certain followers in large numbers. They were sometimes called "the poor men of Lyons" on account of their voluntary poverty. They were called also Sabotati because they choose to wear wooden shoes or sandals. They were called Humiliatists because of their humility. As early as 1184 A. D. they had spread over Southern France and Northern Italy. This was too much for the Pope to endure and so they were excommunicated by the Pope, and from that day till this they have been a much persecuted people, suffering terribly at the hands of those who ought to have been their defenders. Now it seems after about a thousand years of hardship and suffering, through which they have been true to their faith, they are coming into their own, as the papers announce that the Mayor of Venice and the Vice-Mayor of Florence, Italy, are both Waldensians so it seems that after long waiting they have been recognized as men of sterling character and of real worth to the State and the world. Peter Waldus must have had much truth in his teaching, or they would never have lived through the persecutions which has been theirs for nearly a thousand years. It takes character to endure what they have endured, and all the while they have stood as stalwarts for the Christian Faith.—Christian Sun.

DOES JESUS ABIDE AT YOUR HOUSE?

Some one tells a story of a somewhat eccentric preacher who was driving along a country road when he was attracted by the appearance of a farmhouse. Its whole air was so peaceful that it looked like an ideal abode. It occurred to him that, fair as it seemed, it might still be lacking in that which is most essential, so leaving his carriage he went to the door. A middle-aged woman answered the summons, and he asked:

"Madam, does Christ live here?"

The woman stared, but though he repeated his inquiry he received no answer, and when he had gone she ran out to where her husband was chopping wood and told of her caller.

"Didn't you tell him we belonged to the church?" demanded the old man. The wife shook her head.

"Didn't you tell him we gave money every Sunday?" Again the gray head made its negative reply.

"'Twasn't anything like that he wanted

to know, John. He wanted to know if Jesus Christ lives here—that's different.

Ah! is it not different? Truly it is one thing to have our names on the church book, and to give money every Sunday, but quite another thing to be God-filled, and have Christ in our hearts the hope of glory.—Sel.

Thou sweet, beloved will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In Thee I hide me, and am still.

O Will, that willest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon Thy breast.

Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
Holds fast in its sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

Within this place of certain good
Love evermore expands her wings,
Or nestling in Thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
It giveth wings to this poor heart;
My freedom is Thy grand control.

Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast;
Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
Could ever give me such deep rest.

No silken couch, nor softest bed,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous "Yes!"
To every dear command of Thine.

—Madame Guyon.

SECRET PRAYER.

The hum and rush of modern life are all against this kind of moral refreshment, the tone, the electricity that comes from secret thought, solitary pondering, and private talk with God. He that permits himself to be defrauded of them by the claims of business or calls of pleasure, exchanges corn for chaff, pearls for pebbles, gold for gilding, bread for stones."

A great preacher has said that "Christ is able to save unto the uttermost ends of the earth, to the uttermost limits of time, to the uttermost period of life, to the uttermost length of depravity, to the uttermost depths of misery, and to the uttermost measure of perfection."

"Through all the depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of the Cross;
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than the Cross could sound."

"The supreme condition of a revival is that the Church shall receive the Holy Spirit as the means of her life and power. "If I depart," said Jesus, "I will send him unto you, and when he is come—unto you—he will convict the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. Of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged."