

PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

Charles G. Finney told of a certain town where there had been no revival for years. The young people were unconverted, and spiritual desolation was everywhere. In a quiet part of the town lived an old blacksmith, who stammered so that it was tiring to hear him speak, but he was a godly man. One day, while at work, he became greatly troubled about the condition of the church. His agony increased so that he put down his tools and spent the afternoon in prayer. He prevailed, and, calling on his pastor, finally obtained the promise of a conference meeting. The pastor feared but few would come, but he called the meeting the same evening at a private house. Evening came and more gathered than could get in. There was a silent hush for a time, and then one sinner burst into tears, and begged that if anyone there could pray, he would pray for him. Another and another followed, till it was found that persons from every part of the town were under deep conviction. They all dated their conviction from the hour the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival began, and thus this man whose speech was painful to human ears, found that his pleadings had power with God, and prevailed. "The Searcher of hearts knows what the Spirit's meaning is, because his intercessions for God's people are in harmony with God's will."—Rom. 8:27.—Church Herald.

A GIANT EVIL

One of the greatest modern evils that has already assumed giant proportions in this nation is the cigarette. Last year the United States revenue taxes were paid on 111,763,441,149 cigarettes, this being an increase of about 8,000,000,000 over the year before. When we consider that there is a body-destroying poison in every one of these, and when we consider that there is a character-destroying poison in every one of these, and when we consider that multiplied thousands of young girls are among the chief consumers of this slow-but-sure poisoning drug, and when we recall that thousands of little boys, hardly in their teens, are annually added to the list of smokers, it does seem that men who have become addicted to the habit would turn against it as they would a rattle-snake!—Alabama Christian Advocate.

HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?

Tolstoi tells a legend of Pakhom, a rich peasant who was never satisfied. He always wanted more. He heard of a wonderful chance to get land cheap. For a thousand rubles he could have all the land he could walk around in a day. He arose early at dawn and set out. He walked on, and on, and on, and went so far that he realized he must walk very fast if he was to get back in time to claim the land. He quickened his pace, he ran, and ran, and ran. As he came within sight of the starting place Pakhom exerted his last energies, plunged over the line, fell to the ground, and collapsed. A stream of blood poured out of his mouth and he lay—dead. A native took a hoe, dug a grave, made it just long enough, and wide enough, and buried him. And this was all the man really needed.—Anon.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

"Fortune can take away riches, but not courage.—Selected.

DON'T LET ME GO BACK EMPTY

Robert Moffat, the great missionary to Africa, once told this story:

"Not long ago a woman came to me after having walked fifteen miles, and said that she wished for a New Testament. I said to her:

"My good woman, there is not a copy to be had."

"What! Must I return empty-handed?"

"I fear you must."

"Oh," she said, "I borrowed a copy once, but the owner came and took it away, and now I sit with my family, sorrowful, because we have no Book to talk to us. Now we are far from any one else. We are living at a cattle outpost, and no one to teach us but the Book. Oh, go and try to find a Book! Oh, my elder brother, do go and try to find a Book for me! Surely there is one to be found. Do not let me go back empty."

"I felt deeply for her, for she spoke so earnestly, and I said, 'Wait a little and I will see what I can do.'

"I searched here and there and at last found a copy and brought it to the good woman. Oh, if you could have seen how her eyes brightened, how she clasped my hands and kissed them over and over again. Away she went with the Book, rejoicing, with a heart overflowing with gratitude."—Missionary News.

NOT IN DUMB RESIGNATION

Not in dumb resignation

We lift our hands on high;

Not like the nerveless fatalist,

Content to do and die.

Our faith springs like the eagle,

Who soars to meet the sun,

And cries exulting unto thee,

"O Lord, Thy will be done!"

Thy will,—it strengthens weakness;

It bids the strong be just:

No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,

No brow to seek the dust,

Wherever man oppresses man

Beneath the liberal sun

O Lord, be there, Thine arm made bare;

Thy righteous will be done.

—Selected.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Wilbur Chapman met General Booth and asked him what was the secret of his success. His reply is noteworthy. "I will tell you the secret," said he. "God has had all there was of me." There have been many men with greater brains than I, and men with greater opportunities; but from the day that I got the poor of London on my heart, and a vision of what Christ could do for them, I made up my mind that God should have all there was of William Booth. And if there is anything of power in my work it is because God has all the love of my heart."—Selected.

Being all fashioned of the selfsame dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just.

—Longfellow

Life is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the visible building.—J. R. Miller.

SUPPOSE

"Suppose" says this little verse, "that we had to read at nightfall all we had said during the day, wouldn't we try a little less talking to do?"

If all that we say in a single day,

With never a word left out,

Were printed each night in clear black and white—

'Twould prove queer reading no doubt.

And then just suppose, Ere one's eyes he could close,

He must read the day's record through;

Then wouldn't one sigh, And wouldn't he try

A great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think that many a kink

Would be straightened in life's tangled tread,

If one-half that we say in a single day

Were left forever unsaid.

—War Cry.

THROUGH THE TEMPEST

"God's plan for us is always best

And ever leads to peace and rest.

Though saddest storms may dark the way,

And dim the garishness of day,

Lo, on beyond the storm and stress,

There is a hand held out to bless,

And loving kindness crowns the heart

That will not from his truth depart.

"So let us then be brave and strong

The tempests do not last for long,

And in the struggles we shall find

A stamina for heart and mind

And when at last the crown is won,

The tides of joy will richly run,

And wake in us for nobler powers

For all the future's golden hours."

—The Sky Pilot

THE FEW

"The easy roads are crowded

And the level roads are jammed

The pleasant little rivers

With the drifting folks are crammed,

But off yonder where it's rocky,

Where you get a better view,

You will find the ranks are thinning

And the travelers are few.

"Where the going's south and pleasant

You will always find the throng,

For the many, more's the pity,

Seem to like to drift along.

But the steeps that call for courage,

And the task that's hard to do

In the end results in glory

For the never-wavering few."

—The Sky Pilot

HAPPINESS

"Happiness is not gold piled up,

Nor the fame we drink from out life's cup,

But the good we do from day to day

To others struggling along the way.

"Happiness is love's seed we sow,

As through a dreary world we go

It is the word of strength we speak

To those whose faith is growing weak.

"Happiness comes from the good we do

By brightening the road we travel through,

And when our days are near the end

We'll thankful be for each true friend."

—The Sky Pilot