

A TO Z
Jessie Iden

Are we living each day for Jesus
 Busy in deeds of love,
 Choosing to please Him ever
 Doing His will above.
 Ever His pleasure seeking,
 Faithful as we can be.
 Gently persuading others
 Helping them Christ to see.
 Instant in prayer and always
 Joyously serving the Lord.
 Keeping in close communion,
 Loving more daily His Word.
 Meekly instructing others,
 Never in power our own,
 Only His glory desiring,
 Patiently making Him known.
 Questioning never His power,
 Ruined lost sinners to win
 Snatching them out of the fire
 Turning away from their sin.
 Utterly wholly yielded
 Visioning glory ahead,
 Waiting for His appearing
 Expecting it as He said.
 Yearning for when we'll be like Him
 Zealously living the way.
 We'll truly wish that we had so lived
 in that rewarding day!

—The S. S. Visitor

SUGGESTIONS FOR A PREACHER

Dr. H. C. Morrison

Keep constantly in mind the fact that you are a preacher of the gospel; that you are called of God to this high and holy office; that your opportunities are infinite and your responsibility is nothing less than awful. Your life work, in a very peculiar way, stretches out into eternity. The results of your earnest devotion to the work committed to you means heaven to a multitude of souls. There is no seed that multiplies itself like gospel seed. The effects of truth spread, grow, and reproduce themselves for good through all time and out into eternity.

Think of the young men who may be converted under your preaching who themselves may become heralds of the gospel, and under their ministry will arise other ministers proclaiming the truth; and so the work will spread until your spiritual children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren may be preaching the gospel over every sea and in every clime.

We had in the State of Kentucky a faithful, old-time preacher of the gospel by the name of B. A. Cundiff. He was a man of genuine spiritual power. He enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification for many years. He had remarkable knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. He could quote many hundreds, perhaps, thousands, of texts giving chapter and verse. He died a few years ago and left in the ministry a hundred men converted under his preaching. What a harvest awaits that dear soul in the great day when the Lord shall make up his jewels. I judge but few bishops have ever lived who might not desire the crown of that faithful old preacher when sparkling with its countless gems, the Master places it upon his brow.

On the other hand, if you should become mentally indolent, spiritually dry, and permit yourself to drag along in the even tenor of a very ordinary ministry; if you preach

with tameness and hesitation; if the fire of your love should burn low; if you should not be faithful to your high calling, think of the awful loss of souls, of the doomed spirits of men weeping and wailing in hell, who otherwise would have been circling the throne singing eternal praises to the blessed Christ if only you had been faithful to your calling. The thought is stupendous! May God impress it upon your heart so that you shall fairly tremble under its burden and fan with prayer and earnest effort the fires of holy zeal within your breast.

I can scarcely think of anything more fearful than the coming of a derelict preacher to the judgment bar, or of that awful hour to a minister who has spent his time seeking place and power, influence and pelf, rather than the lost sheep that have strayed from the Master's fold.

What must be the humiliation, the shame, and eternal torment of a selfish minister of the gospel, who has lost all conception of his high and holy calling and given his poor, lean life over to selfishness and lust after the things of the world instead of a sacrifice of love and earnest effort to save the souls of men. It is appalling when we see the apparent indolence of many ministers who seem to have no conception of the fearful, sinful conditions with which we are surrounded, of the deep depravity and wickedness of the race, of the repeated teachings of the Master with reference to the fearful state of the lost, and who go jogging along the even tenor of their way with apparent unconcern and ease, without any fruits of salvation or evidence that either God or man pays any special attention to their efforts. May the Lord greatly stir your soul and keep you on the holy stretch for the salvation of men.—Pentecostal Herald.

THE WORLD'S BIBLE

Annie Johnson Flint

Christ has no hands but our hands
 To do His work today;
 He has no feet but our feet
 To lead men in His way;
 He has no tongues but our tongues
 To tell men how He died;
 He has no help but our help
 To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible
 The careless world will read;
 We are the sinner's gospel,
 We are the scoffer's creed;
 We are the Lord's last message,
 Given in deed and word;
 What if the type is crooked?
 What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy
 With other work than His?
 What if our feet are walking
 Where sin's allurements is?

What if our tongues are speaking
 Of things His lips would spurn,
 How can we hope to help Him
 And hasten His return? —Selected

"A dear old Quaker lady who was asked what gave her such a lovely complexion, and what cosmetic she used, replied, sweetly: 'I use for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; and for the heart, love.'—Sel.

HOMEWARD BOUND

By Franklin Peirce Reno

The day will come when I shall walk no more
 In mortal guise beneath yon sea of sky;
 Nor longer view, with shackled sense, the shore

On whose dim cliffs Time's unveiling secrets lie.

Dear friends, with faces voicing their unrest,
 Sad, love-born tears for me some day may shed;

Warm hands will fold my cold hands on my breast,

And tender words, mayhap, for me be said.

These window-orbs will lose their transient light,

Thin-figured Death will drop their curtains down;

These blood-flushed cheeks will strangely fade to white,

And amaranth the marble brow will crown.

This throbbing heart some day will cease to beat,

Its crimson tides their banks no more will course;

The vital part, on viewless pinions fleet,
 Will speed its flight toward its eternal source.

They who for loss of me might grieve that day,
 I would their hearts could find a healing balm;

And may some loving, kindred spirit say—
 "He braved life's storms and found eternal calm."

MY EXPERIENCE

My barque is on the ocean of God's boundless love.

Beneath the waves are gliding,

The clouds drift by above.

My Saviour is the Pilot—He is at the wheel,
 While I fully trust Him, not a care I feel.

Sometimes the clouds are heavy, wild the breakers roar.

The mists are settling round me. I cannot see the shore.

But then I see the promise; it glows with hope and cheer.

"Let not your heart be troubled—I am ever near."

So I know my Pilot will guide my little barque.

To Him belongs the compass—He understands the chart.

I know He'll never leave me, I'll trust Him o'er and o'er,

And sing His praise forever on that happy, golden shore.

MRS. WILLIAM STANLEY,
 St. John

ANSWERED PRAYER

The firmament of the Bible blazes with answers to prayer, from the days when Elijah unlocked the heavens on to the days when the petitions in the house of John Mark unlocked the dungeon, and brought liberated Peter into their presence. The whole field of providential history is covered with answered prayers, as thickly as bright-eyed daisies cover our western prairies. Find thy happiness in pleasing God, and sooner or later He will surely grant thee the desire of thy heart.—Theodore Cuyler.