



QUESTIONS FOR GIRLS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



DO YOU CARE FOR YOUR SOUL ?



IT is impossible for any one of us to remember just the exact moment when we first became conscious of the divinity within us. We may have been thoughtless followers of worldly things, intent only on selfish pleasures, and indifferent to every thing appertaining to spiritual culture; until, "as a thief in the night," there came

a sudden awakening, the inner door of the sanctuary stood open, and its emptiness and desolation were made apparent to us. You may build fences to keep away the Holy Spirit, you may raise stone walls and lay stumbling-blocks in the way of his approach, but "in such an hour as ye think not" he will come. Defy him, and deny him, if you will; it is your own loss; and when, at the last hour, you need his comforting presence, he may not return. You cannot play hide and seek with any of God's messengers. A message came to me from a dear friend, saying: "Come and talk to John about the Saviour; he is dying, I know, but will hear no allusion to his condition. He may listen to you. Do come." I went, and was startled at the change in his appearance. Consumption had marked him for its victim; and yet he talked of being well and strong, and planned what he would do in future years.

until we were obliged to leave the room in order to shed our tears in private. He would listen to no conversation in regard to his soul. "Time enough for that," he would say; "I must take care of my body now!"

Every day he was slipping nearer to the dark valley; every day, every hour, he was loosing his hold on temporal things, and yet he had no concern as to the future of his soul. It was painful, it was heart-rending, for those who loved him to note his indifference. Hotter and hotter grew the furnace, and the greater was his physical agony, until, suddenly and without apparent premeditation, he shrieked, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Then the flood-gates were opened, and the waters of salvation rolled over the arid waste. He heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness "Repent ye!" and his former indifference gave way to anxious inquiry. His bodily condition seemed the

least of his concerns, the medicines of no account whatever, and all his interest centered in his long-neglected soul.

“Get the Bible!” he would cry when overtaken by paroxysms of pain; and no opiate could have been more soothing in its effects than those passages of Scripture which gave comfort and rest to the perturbed spirit. It was wonderful and beautiful to watch the soul throw off its earthly garments, ascend the heights, and clothe itself in pure white raiment that dazzled us with its brilliancy.

“Get thee behind me Satan!” he would whisper whenever the “old Adam” would venture to assert itself; and between him and his past life God let down a curtain, so that the glory of the present hour should be undimmed and undisturbed by the deeds of yesterday.

The body grew weaker every day, but the soul took on new strength, and became

impatient to soar away on unhindered wings. The "fruits of the Spirit" were his as soon as he began to care for his soul, and he who had been peevish, fretful, and irritable under any slight ailment, found his whole nature changed. Patient and uncomplaining, he suffered untold agony, and became as a ministering angel while still in this world. Ah! it was the best business he ever engaged in when he began to care for his soul! He was naturally timid and retiring, with but little decision of character and little confidence in himself; but spiritual culture made a new man of him; he was literally "born again."

Now if an earthly king had given into your possession a valuable jewel—a pearl of great price—asking you to take care of it for a certain number of years, at which time he would call for it and repay you with untold treasures, you would feel in duty

bound to pay strict attention to his requirements.

How many times a day would you seek its hiding-place to ascertain if it was still there, uninjured and unsullied! How anxious you would be lest some thief discovered its whereabouts and robbed you in your sleep! How many times your thoughts would revert to the king's promise, dwelling on the richness of his court and the abundance of his treasures, and wondering if it were not possible for you to gain his personal regard so that he might offer you a place in his kingdom!

A greater than any earthly king gives a priceless jewel into your custody, with certain directions as to the care of it, and you are quite indifferent to his request. He offers you eternal happiness as a recompense! You attach no value to it whatever. You seldom, if ever, go into the hiding-place where your soul is shrined, and

moth, and dust, and rust are continually defiling it. You do not care for your soul; you think heaven is sure. Your morality is unquestioned; your daily life such as brings no reproach to good breeding; you call yourself a Christian, because you live in a Protestant country and are not a Pagan.

Some are given to idle worship, and others to idol-worship, and sometimes the latter has more of God in it than the former.

My dear girl, the soul is not cared for unless it walks with God. Morality may do for the outside of the platter, but godliness is what you need to scour the inside.

Begin to care for your soul now; talk with it; get acquainted with it—for some people do not know their own souls!—and according to the word of God, as well as the word of those who have endeavoured to live righteously, you will never regret the hour you first sought communion with

your own spirit and found Christ awaiting your coming.

There is double enjoyment for those who care for their souls, for they live in two worlds. As you desire a contented life, and as you hope for a happy death, fix your affections on things above. Desire spiritual culture rather than mental culture, and *keep yourself "unspotted from the world."*

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

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