

If Christ Were Here.

If Christ were here to-night, and saw me tired And half afraid another step to take, I think He'd know the things my heart desired, And ease my heart of all its throbbing ache.

If Christ were here in this dull room of mine, That gathers up so many shadows dim I am quite sure its narrow space would shine, And kindle into glory around Him.

If Christ were here, I might not pray so long; My prayer would have such a little way to go; I would break into a burst of happy song, So would my joy and gladness overflow.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd touch the hem Of His fair, seamless robe, and stand complete In wholeness and in whiteness; I, who stem Such waves of pain, to kneel at His dear feet.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd tell Him all The load I carry for the ones I love,— The blinded ones, who grope and faint and fall Following false guides, nor seeking Christ above.

If Christ were here! Ah! faithless soul and weak, Is not the Master ever close to thee? Deaf is thine ear that can't not hear Him speak; Dim is thine eye, His face that cannot see.

Thy Christ is here and never far away, He entered with thee when thou camest in; His strength was thine through all the busy day, He knew thy need, He kept thee pure from sin.

Thy blessed Christ is in thy little room, Nay more, the Christ Himself is in thy heart; Fear not, the dawn will scatter darkest gloom, And heaven will be of thy rich life a part.

—The Congregationalist.

Burke, the Burglar, and Moody, the Evangelist.

Valentine Burke was his name. He was an old time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar and none of your cheap amateurs. He had a courage born of many desperate jobs. Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at jailers, who were his natural born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, you will say, or this story could hardly have happened. I, for one, have yet to find the man who is wholly gone to the bad, and is beyond the reach of man or God. If you have, skip this story, for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told me in October, up in Brattleboro, Vt. And now that dear Moody is dead, and has spent his first Christmas in heaven, I remember how the big tears fell from his eyes as he told it, and I am thinking how happy he and Burke are, talking it over together up there, where Burke has been waiting for him these long years.

It was twenty-five years or more ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in his ministry. He came down to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the Globe-Democrat announced that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he would weave in a lot of Scripture for the Globe-Democrat to print, and that might count, if his own poor words should fail. He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were sprinkled with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards or cursing the sheriff on his daily round. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a Globe Democrat into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: How the jailer at Philippi got caught. It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

Philippi, he said; that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town. Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. What rot is this? asked Burke. Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the Globe Democrat got to printing such stuff? He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something from whence he did not know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. What does it mean? he began asking. Twenty years and more I've been a burglar and jail bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out if it kills me to do it.

He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guide eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon. Jim, said the sheriff to the guard, you had better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here. In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released.

Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away. But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer, if he wouldn't make him a better-looking man, so that he could get an honest job. You will smile at this I know, but something or somebody really answered the prayer, for Moody said that a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago he was as fine a looking man as he knew. I cannot help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him, in answer to his child-like faith. Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping, far from his old haunts to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart. Some old case they've got against me, he said; but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying. The sheriff greeted him kindly. Where have you been, Burke? In New York. What have you been doing there? Trying to find a decent job. Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about? Yes, answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion. It was then the tide began to turn.

Burke, said the sheriff, I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest, Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once. He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room up-stairs in the court house serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were \$60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack. Moody, he said, see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it. Then he cried like a child as he held up the stones for Moody to see. Years afterwards the churches of St. Louis had made ready for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead a meeting, but something hap-

pened and he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meeting for them. Burke led night after night, and many hard men of the city came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean, Christian living. There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled. And now Moody and Burke are met, no more to be separated. When I was a boy, an old black mammy that I greatly loved used to sing for me a song with words like these:

"Through all depths of sin and loss Sinks the plummet of thy cross."

Hopefulness.

BY KATE S. GATES.

I don't know what we're coming to, I'm sure, old Mr. Kent was saying to Dr. Deane, as they walked up the street together. The world grows wicked every day, I do believe. You can't trust anybody, and its getting so they take a man's life for only a few paltry dollars. It's dreadful, simply dreadful, to contemplate!

Well, said Tom, with a laugh as they passed on, there's a difference of opinion in the world, isn't there? Mrs. Bartlett was telling me last night of something she saw in the city. She was waiting on the corner for a car, and a little ragamuffin went by. Dirt was on his face, and his condition she said, and his clothes were just rags and tatters. He rushed into a baker's shop; when he came out he had a big sugared doughnut in his hand, and if ever a boy looked supremely happy she said he did. But he hadn't one two steps when he met another little street strag, dirtier and more ragged, if possible, than he was, and, oh, so hungry looking! No. 1 had just taken a bite out of his doughnut, and evidently it went, as they say, right to the spot. But he halted when he saw No. 2.

Down on your luck, Bea? he asked. Yup, was the glum reply. No. 1 looked at his treasure, and then at the hungry face of his comrade. Mrs. Bartlett said she couldn't believe he would give it up, but he did. Take this, then, he said, thrusting it into his hand. My appetite isn't as good as I thought it was, and off he went like a flash. Mrs. Bartlett said it did her heart good to see self-denial like that in a little street boy. Somehow I got the impression from her that the world was in rather a hopeful state after all. Do you agree with her, or should you say with Mr. Kent, that we're all going wrong?

Yes, and most decidedly no, I answered. There is sin in the world. We know it only too well; we see it all about us, and we find it in our own hearts. But if we look we shall also find goodness, truth, honor and self-sacrifice.

John Burroughs says if we are looking for birds, we shall find birds, and that holds true in other things. You know the story of the man who had moved into town, and said to some one there that he felt sorry to leave his old home; he had such good neighbors, so kind, accommodating and helpful. You'll find just the same here, was the comforting reply. Another new family moved in. We were so glad to make a change, they said. We had no good neighbors; they were fault-finding, and cared only for their own concerns. You'll find the same sort here was the unexpected response.

You know the old proverb: If you would make a thief honest, trust him. If you would find the world unselfish, brave and true, meet it in that spirit. Some one says: There are two things for live men and women to do. To receive from God, and to give out to their fellows. One cannot receive, without giving out—if one's heart is full of God's grace and truth, one will go one's way hopefully, trustfully—and helpfully. Chris. Observer.

ACHEAP MEDICINE CHEST. Mrs. D. Williams, Gooderham P. O., Ont., writes: "I have used Hayward's Yellow Oil for Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat and for Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, and it has always given relief. My mother says it is a regular medicine chest in itself."

The Duty of Self-Dependence.

Some people never learn to walk alone. They always lean on some other one. They will never come to a decision until they have asked the advice of a friend. They do not trust their own judgment. Then they depend upon others to do things for them. They lack self-confidence, and the courage to meet life's responsibilities for themselves.

Such persons never reach their best possibilities of character or achievement. The only way to grow strong is in the use of one's powers. An arm kept always in a sling would soon shrivel and wither. The blacksmith's arm has strong muscles, because he uses it. In mental and moral development the same law prevails; only by use can strength be obtained. The way to learn self-confidence is by habitually trusting one's self.

A wise teacher says, addressing young people, Insist upon yourself. The counsel is golden. No matter how much help a young man may receive, he should insist upon himself. He should learn to think for himself. He should not reject wise counsel nor refuse to profit by the experience of others—he is a fool who turns his back upon lessons which have been learned in long years of good life—yet he should train himself to bear the burden of his own responsibility. No one can impart mental power to him. Whatever intellectual gifts he has are folded up in his brain, and no mere processes of education and nothing any other can do for him, will bring them out. This is something he must do for himself.

In all the departments of life this lesson of self-dependence should be learned and practiced. We must always receive help from others. We cannot live independently. Thousands of people are continually doing things for us, and we cannot get away from the necessity of brotherly help. But there are burdens which we should be ashamed to have others carry for us. We should train ourselves to self-reliance.

God has ordained that all true development, whether of body, mind or spirit, must come through exertion. Only by work can we grow. Everyone should do something for the world, to make it happier and more beautiful, should add in some way to the forces of good and blessing in it.—The Young Woman.

Family Jars.

A family jar of any kind is a mortifying occurrence and a token that the family itself is only partly civilized, not to mention its lack of a Christian spirit. Really civilized people have good manners, and good manners imply self-restraint, and an ability to refrain from unkind speech, as well as a habit of being obliging. If, for example, in the ordinary intercourse of the family life, everybody were as polite as he or she is in company, how seldom would there be friction. And, advancing a step farther, if we were always as considerate and loving as those should be who have learned the ways of the Master, in gentleness, in charity, and in self-effacement, what a heaven on earth every home would be.

A family feud is sometimes the outgrowth of a family quarrel, and is of all difficulties the hardest to settle. I heard of a sister the other day who said, If my brother Dan were lying in the road beside my door, helpless and ill, I would not lift a finger to assist him. I would lock my door and leave him there. Dan had offended his sister by a marriage of which she disapproved, and the current of her love had turned to implacable hatred in consequence. Can anything be more dreadful in the sight of God and man than a temper of this variety, so bitter, so unkind, so monstrous? Yet it is indulged in by those who have bent the knee to God from their cradles, read their Bibles, and heard the gospel every Sabbath through many years.—Christian Herald.

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years; meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherbulitz.

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- For doing your best. For your faith in humanity. For being kind to the poor. For hearing before judging. For being candid and frank. For thinking before speaking. For discounting the tale bearer. For being loyal to the preacher. For standing by your principles. For stopping your ears to gossip. For asking pardon when in error. For the influence of high motives. For broiling a slanderous tongue. For being generous with a enemy. For being square in business deals. For sympathizing with the oppressed.

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.—Voltaire.

Those who never retreat their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.—Joubert.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Jeremy Taylor.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain our—Pope.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor.—Johnson.

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