

does not say "That which we have dreamed, or guessed, or imagined, declare we unto you," but "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of God." That was what they declared. They testified that they saw Christ in his life and death; that they saw him after the resurrection, and felt his hands and feet, and saw the nail prints and the spear wounds. They knew these things because they had seen them. That's why.

Jehoikim thought he could destroy God's judgments upon him by destroying the record of them, and wicked men think they can escape the judgment which the book threatens against sin and sinners, by destroying the Bible. If they did destroy the Bible, the judgment for sin would overtake them as surely as before.

Let us take this precious book as God's holy, infallible revelation of himself to us, and our lives will be strong and blessed here, and our joy hereafter be complete and eternal rest.—*The Dispatch*.

UP HILL TO THE BARN.

Farmer Holden, an intelligent citizen, a kind neighbor and loving husband and father, had arrived at middle life before he found God. When his interest grew into a half formulated belief, and his belief into certainty, a new life was opened before him that he wanted all his friends to share. For several years he was very active in church and Sunday-school work, a help to the pastor and zealous in every good work.

It was noticeable, therefore, when he gave up attending the prayer-meeting regularly and was silent when he did come. At length, when he remained away from church two Sundays in succession, the pastor sought him out in the hay field and said, as he picked up a fork and kept pace with him in picking out the fragrant hay:

"I have come to ask what has come over you to lessen your soul's prosperity?"

For a time the former remained silent, and then, pausing to take a breath at the end of the windrow, he said: "It all began by my happening to think that my barn sets up considerably higher than my house."

"What can that possibly have to do with it?"

"Well, you see, pastor, when I was converted, and ever since, in fact, until this summer, I made a point every evening of enjoying a season of prayer at the barn, and had always an uplifting sense of spiritual freedom. One night in the spring, as I started out to go to the barn as usual for my devotions, I was confronted with the thought, and I was prompted to say just as I was speaking to someone else, 'I am tired; you can pray here just as well; it is uphill to the barn,' and, pastor, I was weak enough to kneel there at the turnstile at the foot of the hill. The next night I didn't go quite so far, and it wasn't long before I was making excuses to my sick soul by saying, 'I can have my private devotions just as well when I am comfortable in bed,' and soon after adopting this plan I dropped off to sleep, forgetting all about it, and for some time now I have ceased praying altogether, and have lost any inclination to meet with God's people."

"It is just another instance of lost

communion with God," said the pastor, sadly. "While you daily obeyed the injunction, 'Enter into thy closet,' your spiritual life prospered. As soon as you were tempted to disobey, and to neglect God in that important particular, your whole spiritual life felt the need of that stimulus, as a plant feels the need of the dews of heaven when wilted. Let us kneel right here and ask for showers of refreshing that your growth in grace may not forever die."

Farmer (afterwards Deacon) Holden used to realize this experience as often as the church was gladdened by new converts. "Don't stumble over the stone that I did," he said; "don't make the excuse that it is uphill to the barn, or upstairs to your closet, but every day have your season of communion with God, and he will bless you in proportion as you honor him."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

WAGING THE BATTLE.

A young man, an architect, was greatly tempted in a prize competition to make use of designs drawn by a dying friend, who had offered them to him; and because they were very skilfully made, the young man knew if he employed them he might hope to succeed. His mother, who was aware of his temptation, felt its power, for she was anxious that her boy should succeed, but she finally overcame in her own inner struggle the wrong suggestion.

The son was left—for she hardly dared speak to him—to wage his battle alone; but she thought about him, she prayed for him, and by and by he, too, won his victory and kept his honor. When his mother came to him he said to her that he knew she had been thinking of him—that she was praying for him; that he had felt her power, and that if she had relinquished him for an instant he would have gone down.

So let us believe that there is One who has waged his own battle in the wilderness and conquered, and who in the power of his victory is ever bearing us upon his heart, that he is the advocate who stands, as it were, at the tribunal of the Infinite, pleading our cause.

IS THAT ALL.

The following suggestive parable, in Rev. Charles Sheldon's church paper, is unsigned, but is doubtless from the pen of the gifted author of "In His Steps."

He was weeping bitterly as if he had met with some great calamity, and the angel who was going by stopped and kindly asked:

"What is the matter?"

"I have had a terrible loss," replied the man.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the angel with a tear of sympathy. "Is it very terrible?"

"Very," answered the man, weeping harder than before.

"Would you mind telling me what it is?" asked the angel gently. "What is it you have lost?"

"I have lost my money!" exclaimed the man, weeping as if his heart would break.

"O," said the angel, "is that all? I thought from the way you were weeping that you had lost your soul."

Spend the time you have spent in sighing for fruits in fulfilling the conditions of their growth. The fruit will come, must come.—*Prof. Drummond*.

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God accepts our homeliest, poorest gifts or services if they are indeed our best, and if true love to him consecrates and sanctifies them. We need to care but for two things—that we do always our best, and that we do what we do through love for Christ.—*J. R. Miller*. Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well, when they cannot be discovered from the top of a mountain. So are many things learned in adversity which the prosperous man dreams not of.—*Spurgeon*.

A long record of success in curing all sorts of cuts, burns and bruises, as well as all bowel complaints, is held by Pain Killer—over 60 years. Avoid substitutes. There is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 & 60 cents.

We need not be afraid that we shall go too far in serving others. There is do danger that any of us will ever go too far in the walk of active love.—*J. C. Hare*.

Scald head is a disgusting and obstinate disease, unfortunately frequent in children. The proper treatment includes perfect cleanliness and a generous application of Weaver's Cerate, somewhat softened. Mothers will be glad to learn this.

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