

No Time to Pray.

No time to pray!
Oh, who so fraught with earthly care
As not to give to humble prayer
Some part of day?

No time to pray!
What heart so pure, so clean within,
That needeth not some check from sin—
Needs not to pray?

No time to pray!
Must care's or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all,
Each passing day?

What thought more drear
Than that our God His face should hide,
And say through all life's swelling tide,
No time to hear!

GOING TO JESUS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

"Will ye also go away?" was the sad question which our Lord addressed to his twelve disciples on a certain day at Capernaum. Many who had gathered around him for instruction or for healing, had turned their backs upon him and walked no more with him. To our Lord's touching appeal, impetuous Peter makes the quick response: "Lord, to whom shall we go?" Let me make this prompt reply of the warm-hearted apostle a text for brief, loving talk with the readers of this article.

All of you are either going toward Jesus Christ, or else are drifting away from him. Many of you, I trust, are drawing into closer fellowship with Jesus every day. The nearer you are to him, the stronger, the wiser, the happier and the holier you will be. Union with Christ is vital Christianity. Blessed be the love that draws, or the storm that drives you closer to the Saviour! But I fear that others who read these lines may be drifting farther from him; and this steady flotation from your only hope of salvation is none the less dangerous because it is imperceptible.

I use the word *drift* because it describes accurately your perilous condition. When a vessel has no propelling sail set upon its spars and no guiding hand at its helm, and is borne on at the mercy of any current that strikes its keel, it is in danger of drifting on the rocks. You have probably never come to the distinct determination to reject the Lord Jesus Christ definitely and forever. Few ever make that horrible decision with calm deliberation; I do not believe that there is one person in a thousand who does not expect, and intend at some future day, to come to Christ and be saved. Such may be your secret intention. Yet you are really farther from Christ than you were a year ago; there are strong currents that are steadily and stealthily carrying you away. That young man who when he left the Sunday-school was almost a Christian, but who now squanders his Sabbaths over his cigar and his secular newspaper, has drifted. Another has been caught in the eddies of skepticism, and is slowly losing all faith in his mother's Bible; his drift toward the rocks of infidelity is unmistakable. When did that man with the bloated face and the brandy breath become the slave of the decanter? Not on any one definite day; he has drifted into drunkenness. In the same way you are gradually being carried by social currents, or by worldly influences, or by the trend of your own sinful heart farther and farther from Christ and from the only life worth living. Your condition is fearfully dangerous. "Weep ye not for the dead," said the olden prophet, "neither bemoan him; but weep for him that goeth away from God." If the angel of death had borne you up into the joys and the glories of the "life everlasting," there would be no occasion for such mourning as there is now; for the currents you are in are carrying you away, every hour, from your one only hope of salvation.

There is only one way for a mariner to stop the perilous drift of his vessel toward rocks or quicksands; he must arouse himself quickly, grasp the helm, put about ship and head her away with all the canvass he can crowd on. So with yourself; you can only check your dangerous drift toward perdition by the prompt and resolute determination to set your helm toward the cross of Christ. What every true Christian now on earth, or in Heaven, has done, you must do. The Christian has never found that the currents of this world would drift him toward holiness, or soul-happiness, or Heaven. He set his face like a flint toward Christ. Repentance is a "tacking ship"; and a turning toward Christ with grief and hatred of sin, and a resolute endeavor after new obedience. He went to the atoning Saviour for the pardon of his sins; so must you. He carried his weakness to Christ's strength, his emptiness to Christ's fulness, his guilt to Christ's righteousness, his penitent heart to the loving heart of Jesus; so must you. Saving faith is just this cleaving unto Christ until

you became one. "To whom shall I go?" Not to your pastor, or any Christian friend, or any inquiry meeting—helpful as they might be—but straight to Jesus. His invitation is not—go to the Bible and read, or go to the church and worship, or go to the altar and pray, or go to the font and be baptized—but *Come unto Me, and ye shall have life!*

And when you have once gone to Jesus, you will wonder that you never came before. The pardon of your sins will give you such a light heart, and the delightful sense of *being right* will give you such solid satisfaction. Christ's guidance will be so sure, so infallible that you can always walk securely. His presence will give life its highest, noblest, richest inspiration. And when sudden temptation assails you, there He is at your side to help you in your hour of need. Dark hours and tempests may befall you, but His voice breaks through the gloom—"Lo! I am with you; be of good cheer, be not afraid!"

Christianity is a practical thing to be tested by experience; and a single personal testimony is worth a ton of abstract arguments. This week I received from an entire stranger in a distant state, so pathetic and remarkable a letter that I take the liberty to introduce a few sentences. The writer, when under the shadow of a deep affliction, had met with a small volume of mine entitled "God's Light on Dark Clouds." I sent her some other little books which I had published. She writes: "I am a Southern girl, raised in wealth, with every advantage of society; in all the country-side I was the merriest, happiest girl, and never knew a sad hour. I danced away the springtime of my life; I never thought that I was wicked—in fact I didn't think anything. But it is the same old story. I ran away and married, and am now suffering the just penalty of my disobedience. Neglected and ill-treated, broken-hearted, away from home and mother, poor and alone, I came to the Cross, and poured out my sorrow to Him. I told it all to Jesus, and to him only; for no one living can comfort a child, crushed heart like mine. But oh! Doctor, why did I not give my springtime to Christ? Why did I wait until my spirit was crushed before I came unto him and offered to his pure hands this wretched soul that the Devil was tired of?"

"The reason of my writing you is that one of your dear books was loaned to me, and it was such a bright 'light on the dark cloud' hanging over my young life. I am very poor; but I need such help as your books can give me. When I get a little older I can have the Bible alone, but I want now the plain writings of one who knows the weakness of human hearts. And when you say such sweet things I can almost see my baby in the arms of Jesus."

To this touching and eloquent leaf of heart history, which suggests more than it says, and which reads like a sequel to the parable of the Prodigal Son, I need not add one syllable. Unto whom shall we go in the soul's dark distresses but to him who is lifting this poor girl out of the billows? But why wait to be driven to Jesus by hail-storm and tempest? Listen, Oh ye who have drifted the farthest from him; listen to the voice you may not hear much longer—"Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Set your face instantly toward Jesus.

WINSOME PEOPLE.

They are the people who love to diffuse happiness. They are happy themselves because they have made others so. They are thoughtful, considerate and courteous, ever seeking to provide joy and peace for others—ever striving to avoid and remove anything and everything that wounds unnecessarily. It is unspeakable delight to be near such people.

We sometimes hear the remark, "I would be willing to do so and so if she or he or somebody else were so and so," or something to that effect, as an excuse for their own shortcomings. But I beg of you do not believe a word of it; agree rather with Josh Billings, who says: "I hev often noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things of he had bin thare, never gits thare." "Why are you always thinking of others?" asked a friend of a winsome lady beloved by everybody. "I wouldn't wear my life out bearing other people's burdens."

"Wouldn't you?" came the questioning answer, with a sweet but reproving smile. "I could not wear it out doing better work than helping the weary and heavy laden."

"To do God's will—that's all That need concern us; not to carp or ask."

The meaning of it, but to ply our task Whatever may befall; Accepting good or ill as he shall send, And wait until the end."

It is a great mistake to think any

kindly act too insignificant to be noticed by our Father in Heaven. Faber says: "Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning; and these three never converted anyone unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries."—*Christian at Work.*

FINDING ONE'S MISSION.

A thing to be remembered in asking after one's mission is, that God does not usually map it all out at the beginning for any one. When the newly converted Saul accepted Christ as his life's Master, and asked what he should do, he got for answer only that moment's duty. He was to arise and go into the city, and there he would learn what to do next. That is the way the Lord generally shows men what their mission is—just one step at a time, just one day's or one hour's work now, and then another and another as they go on. A young man at school grows anxious about what he shall be when he is through his course, what professions he shall choose, and frets and worries because he can get no light. He wonders why God does not make his duty plain to him; but what has the young man to do now with his profession or life calling, when it must be years yet before he can enter upon it? His present duty is all he has to think of now, and that is simply to attend diligently and faithfully to his studies, to make the best possible use of his time and opportunities. One step at a time is the way God leads. One day's duty well done fits for the next.

A young school girl is sorely perplexed over the problem of her life duty: Ought she go to a foreign mission field, or devote herself to work at home? It will take her at least five years to complete the course of education on which she has entered. Very clearly she has nothing to do, as yet, with the question which is causing her such perplexity. Her present duty is all that concerns her at the present time; and that is, to lay broad and strong foundations for a thorough education. What her ultimate mission in this world may be, God will show her in due time; about her mission just now there need not be a moment's perplexity, for it is very plain. She has just to do well each day's routine of work, spending her time in diligent study. Common duties are the steps that lead upward and heavenward. God lights only one step of the path at a time; but, as we take that step, the light falls on another, and so on and on, thus lighting the whole path for our feet, until we are led at last to the gate that opens into Heaven.

So live, so act, that every hour May die as dies the natural flower; That every word and every deed May bear within itself the seed Of future good in future need.

The way, therefore, to find out what God's plan is for our life, is to surrender ourselves to Him in simple consecration, and then take up, hour by hour, the plain duties He brings to our hand. No matter about our mission as a whole; our only concern is with the moment we are now living, and the thing God wants us now to do. If each hour's work is faithfully done, we shall leave at the last a whole lifework faithfully done. If we neglect the duties of the commonplace days while waiting for our mission, we shall simply throw our lives away and utterly fail to fulfil the purpose of our creation.

No man is born into the world whose work Is not born with him; there is always work And tools to work withal, for those who will; And blessed are the horny hands of toil. The busy world shoves angrily aside The man who stands with arms akimbo set. Until occasion tells him what to do; And he who waits to have his task marked out Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

WINNING SOULS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS CARTER, D. D.

A young man, who had been lately drawing nearer to God, and was seeking a higher spiritual life, but yet not much accustomed to active religious duty, was asked to visit a sick lady. He went, and after speaking to her a few words the thought crossed his mind that he ought to offer prayer. There was a well-dressed gentleman present, a stranger to him, and the cross was so great that for a moment he hesitated. But he had consecrated every thought and feeling to God, and

dared not refuse to obey what seemed to him the voice of conscience. Turning to the gentleman he asked him if he would join with him in prayer. The other made no answer, and instead of bowing before God, continued seated, apparently paying no attention to the young man's supplications.

But there was an earnestness—an unction in the petitions, which forcibly struck the seemingly indifferent stranger. To the young Christian himself his utterances were broken, and his language tame and faltering; but to the other there was something which became so fixed in his memory that he could not forget it. "He prayed for me," he said to himself, and I refused even to kneel with him while he was praying for me.

Days passed, and weeks, and instead of wearing off, the impression made by that prayer became more vivid, until at last Mr. P——, the stranger, could find no rest without praying for himself. He sent for the young Christian who, joyful that he had been made instrumental in the awakening of a precious soul, endeavored to point him to the Saviour.

But it was not easy for Mr. P—— to trust in Christ. The years in which he had hardened his heart had become like a wall of iron between his soul and Heaven. Again and again the young man called to see him, prayed, and read the Bible with him. The blessing came at last, as it will to all who earnestly persevere. It fell upon him in the silent watches of the night.

He described it in glowing words the following morning:

"I was lying," said he, "in my bed awake, and engaged in prayer. It was about three o'clock in the morning."

Suddenly the room seemed to be filled with a warm and beautiful light.

I could see no form—I could hear no sound; but my sins appeared to be gone, as if they were cast into the sea, forever out of sight. Heaven was so near that I thought if I should get up I could see from the window the Saviour and the angels."

Thus God gives His children an opportunity to labour for him. We should not regard it as a cross, but rather as a blessed favor bestowed upon us, that we may be co-laborers with the great Captain of our salvation. When General Grant gave his orders to different members of his staff to be conveyed to other parts of the field, in the midst of a great engagement, what a joy it must have been to the latter, the reflection, after the banner of the Union floated over a victorious battlefield that, though they had oft periled life in their dangerous errands, they had in some measure contributed to the grand result! And every single veteran knows the exultation which victory brings to those who have fearlessly obeyed the orders of their chief. So shall the faithful Christian soldier exult and rejoice when the victory is won, when earth's scenes have vanished, and heaven is his home, to know that he has, in some degree, contributed toward the grand victory of Christ over his enemies.—*Advocate.*

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

A short time ago a young Jew, having found employment with a farmer in Kent, attended very regularly the ministry at the neighboring Baptist church. At the close of one of the services, this son of Abraham requested an interview with the pastor, and informed him of his conversion to Christianity, his sincere belief in Jesus as the true Messiah, and also his love for him as his Saviour. "And now, Mr. Reverend," he said, "will you please baptize me." The pastor having but little knowledge of his inquirer, thought nothing would be lost by a few questions, and so said to him, "Are you sure you've found the Saviour?" He looked surprised, but smiled, and replied, "Ah, Mr. Reverend, me sure, right sure."

"But," continued the minister, "suppose your fathers are right, and you are wrong. Suppose Jesus of Nazareth is not the true Messiah, that the real Messiah has not yet come; don't you think you had better wait a little longer to see who is right?" "Ah, no, Mr. Reverend, me not suppose dat, me not wait longer, if you please; you may wait, but me got him."

"But how do you know he is the true, promised Messiah?" "Oh," he quickly responded, "dat's vary, vary plain; me read my Scripture, me know all the prophets, and ah, ven me read de life of Jesus, he just go and fill every one like dat" (here he placed the fingers of one hand between those of the other). "He just fit dem all and he just fit my heart, and fill dat up; so is he our Messiah, and he save me."

Having received this testimony as to the Saviour, the pastor then sought some proof of the reality of heart and life. This was given; not however as proof of change of life, but in his attempt to show what advantage Christianity had been to him in his wander-

ings. He said, "Ven me did only just begin to know de Saviour, my people did fight me, and I did fight back, but ah, me read de Noo Testament, and Jesus, he say to me, 'You must turn de face for de adder side,' and I do dat, lift my hat, and say, 'Thank you,' and they fight me not again."

THE WHOLE CHURCH.

In a missionary address at Belfast, Dr. Stevenson thrilled the entire audience by his glowing appeal for the thorough consecration of the whole Church to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. He said:

"The Church has been consecrated to this work by its Master; and when the consecration is accepted, penetrating not only into assemblies and councils, but into every little group of Christian people—penetrating like a fire that burns into men's souls, and then leaps out in flames of impulse and passionate surrender—we shall see the mission as Christ would have it be. The story of it will be poured from every pulpit; it will be the burden of the daily prayer in every Christian home; every one will study for himself, as Canon Westcott recommended, the annals of the present conquest of the Cross; the children will grow up believing that this is the aim for which they are to live, and churches will meet to plan their great campaigns, and send out the best and ablest men they have to take part in this work of love. It will be the cause of the hour into which men will pour all that they would spend on the greatest struggle they have ever known."

It is time for the Church to ask this consecrated spirit, to ask for the entire congregation the consecration that is asked and expected of the single man or woman whom it sends out to the field."

Christ at the Starting Point.

We are not afraid to go alone on a journey to a strange place where we are sure that a friend will meet us at the end of the journey. The husband in a distant city telegraphs to his wife to come to him, and he will be at the station to receive her. She had faith in him. She sits amid strangers in the cars all day. She enters the depot filled with strangers at night. But there is the one familiar face, there are the outstretched arms of love, and the loneliness that faith cheered during the journey, now ends in joyous fruition. But our blessed Saviour does not ask us to go far away into the spirit world with the assurance that he will meet us by and by. He comes down to the starting point of the strange journey. He takes us to himself the moment we enter the chariot of death. That terror of the unbelieving soul is the character of Jesus for those who trust in him. So there is no loneliness in this trying hour. It is as when a bridegroom comes for his bride, takes her in his arms as she leaves the threshold of her old home, and bears her to the new home that he has prepared for her. There is nothing sweeter in all the revelation of God's love than that promise of his presence which removes the loneliness of death.—*The Interior.*

RELIGION is not a candle, to be lighted and blown out at pleasure. It is not a garment, to be put on and off to suit the company we are in. It is not a flaming torch on the Sabbath and a dark lantern during the week. It is a shining light that giveth light to all that are in a dark place.

Holiness is the best thing that God himself can bestow upon us. True evangelical holiness—that is, Christ formed in the hearts of believers—is the very cream and quintessence of the gospel.

Let not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.—*Leighton.*

Daily ought we to renew our purposes, and to stir up ourselves to greater fervor, and to say, "Help me, my God! in this my good purpose and in thy holy service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly."—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

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