

A Prayer.

Search thou my heart! if in its secret place, Unholy aims or thoughts are thy discovery, Go pluck them by the roots; leave them no trace, "Help me to tread" them down beyond recovery.

If, with my zealous deeds in some good cause, Too much self-love is mixed for my security, Then let me see it so; reveal the flaws Before they mar my thoughtless soul's futurity.

When'er I cry out, o'er some sweet hope wrecked, When I complain of life that pain should sadden it, Teach me to study causes and effect, And all the part my own weak conduct had in it.

Behind my motives, let Thine eyes explore; Lay bare my heart's waste place and sterility; "O thou great Spirit Guide, whom I adore, Show me myself, and thus teach me humility."

Worship in Russia.

Throughout Russia the devotion of the men is noticeable. Everywhere else in Europe, in Papal and Protestant churches alike, the women are in a large majority, but in Russia this is not so.

On coming to the door of a Russian church one is confronted with a line of greasy and dirty old men and women in dingy black, with brass money-boxes in their hands, which they jingle at the visitor, at the same time court-sying and bowing like jumping-jacks.

Irreverent foreigners who attend the services of the Greek Church in Russia are likely to be taught good manners. If they do not remove their hats promptly on entering the churches, it will be done for them without ceremony.

The regular service begins with a call to worship, then hymns and psalms are sung, then prayers are intoned for the Church and its priests, for peace and union of Christian Churches, and for every member of the Imperial family separately.

The Gospel is explained by a priest, there are more prayers, the communion is celebrated, after which come thanksgivings and a benediction. At the evening service the Old Testament is read, and this service is generally regarded as a preparation for the more important and principal service of the day.

While it is true that individuals of a congregation sometimes join in the choral parts, they are not expected to make any responses, and the usual custom is for the priest, a deacon, a reader and a double choir to perform the whole service—Augustus, in N. Y. Observer.

Before You Are Fifteen.

I am nearly fifty, and if I could live backward and get back to the years before I was fifteen, oh how many things I would do! There is one thing I would do: I would make the best of things.

Now, how can you make a good thing better or best? If I should ask twenty-five of you what your good thing is, would I not have twenty-five good things in reply?

Would any one of you tell me that serving was among your good things? It was among Christ's good things. When He came down to earth would not God give Him good things—the best He had?

Now, to be like Him, make the best of your obedience and your serving—prompt, cheerful obedience, prompt, cheerful serving. Would twenty-five of you give twenty-five different answers to the question: "What is your hard thing?"

Did Christ have to endure any hard thing before He was fifteen? No doubt He had to work hard and live simply. These two hardships are very hard for boys and girls now-a-days—perhaps, you think, harder than in the days in which He lived.

you have to do is to take it and have a good time with it. But that is not making the best of it; it is only taking the good of it.

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Would you not love to see a piece of the work He did? Do you not believe it was perfectly done—that He made the very best thing He could of the work that was put into His hands?

And He had to learn; He had to learn obedience by the things that He suffered, by the things that happened to Him. If you make the best of your hard-hips before you are fifteen, you will have something to work with all your life—not only finished work, but you will become a finished workman.

About things indifferent—things not worth while. Ah, now you have something to make the best of! It is not worth while to notice when somebody snubs you, or speaks unkindly. You can make the best of it by being as sweet as though it had not happened.

Believe and love, and then you will make the best of everything you do. Make the best of the day that comes to you after you read this. You do not know what is the best. Keep on doing and you will know; that is Christ's rule, and He learned it up in heaven with His Father.

A Gilded Tomb.

Mr. S., a wealthy gentleman of the old school, lived near Boston forty years since, and was widely known and respected as a public-spirited, benevolent man. He was of commanding presence, and his dignified but genial appearance upon our streets always attracted attention and respect.

The people did not intend to be cold and distant toward the young stranger. But they were. He came to church several times firmly resolved that he would make himself at home. Then he concluded it was no use, and came not again.

He is now an active member of a sister church a few blocks away. A dozen people shook his hand the first time he strayed into that church, and something in their warm grip said: "Glad to see you, young fellow; don't know just who you are, but come again, come again!"

He went again. And the next time the pastor, and two or three dignified "elders," and a lot of young folks, and the big rich man who sits down near the front had swarmed about him, and found out all about who he was, where he had come from, what he was going to do, and assured him that they had a place in their church that he would exactly fit. That is the kind of a church our young man was longing for, and he "joined," of course. That is a piece of history.

It occurred not a thousand—not a hundred miles away. The people in the first church mentioned were kind-hearted people. They would have been pleased had the young man concluded to eat in his kitchen with them. But how did he know that?—Epworth Herald.

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said Mr. S., and at once he commenced to turn the tables. "Mr. Emmons, this is your wife sitting by your side?"

"Why, yes, sir," said the man, with surprise. "Well, my wife has been in an insane asylum for more than twenty years."

The faces of the two parents turned instantly a deep red, but they could not reply. "This is your son sitting by your bedside, is it?"

"Yes, sir, it is." "My son, my first-born son was killed in battle. This is your daughter, I believe; mine died of lingering disease; and I closed her eyes feeling that I was a man deeply and sorrowfully afflicted; my wife and children are gone, and I am a sorrow-stricken old man, living, Mr. Emmons, in what you call an elegant home, but it is only a gilded tomb, and so—you think I cannot sympathize with you."

"Do forgive us, Mr. S., said both parents with tears. "We are sorry that we were so blind and so inconsiderate," said the mother. "Yes, indeed we are," said the father.

How true the words of Holy Writ, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Behind a pleasant and serene exterior many a man bears heavy trials and sorrows unsuspected by the thoughtless world, but blessed indeed are those who, when all His waves and billows are gone over them, can look up with loving trust and confidence through the clouds, and rest in Him who doeth all things well, and who in love and kindness has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Do You Think It's Any Harm? "Do you think it's any harm to play cards?" Such was the question that was earnestly propounded to me by a young wife and mother one day. "Most certainly I do," was the reply. "But why do you ask me such a question?"

"Well, my husband wants me to play cards with him in the evening after my little boy has gone to bed, and I don't see any harm in it." "Do you play alone?"

"No, my husband's brother and another young man come in sometimes, and we have a four-handed game." "Are you very fond of it?" I asked.

"No, we don't care much about it, but the young men do." "Well now, Mrs. E., suppose the young man who is learning to play cards in your home becomes fascinated with the game, and wants to play oftener than he can in your home? Just across the street is a saloon, and young men are found in there every night playing cards and drinking. This young fellow goes in to play, drinks a little, becomes passionately fond of playing, then begins to bet money on his game. He goes on little by little, till he finally becomes a professional gambler, and fills a drunkard's grave, as many of our young men do. Would there be any responsibility resting upon you, Mrs. E., for that young man's career?"

But I had scarcely finished the last sentence when she raised her hand and exclaimed: "Stop! you need say no more. I see it! I will never play cards again; never! that settles it!"

I earnestly wish that all people who play cards were as easily convinced of its harmful tendency, and would as readily make the sensible resolve that Mrs. E. did. Could we but realize that God holds us accountable for the influences we set in motion, we would not dare to start any young person on such a downward career.—Epworth Herald.

The Young Stranger. The people did not intend to be cold and distant toward the young stranger. But they were. He came to church several times firmly resolved that he would make himself at home. Then he concluded it was no use, and came not again.

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A Light-House Without a Lamp or Keeper. The New Haven Morning News tells of a wonderful beacon which is on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay, in Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no attendant ever goes to it, for he simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim, and no oil well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar light-house is illuminated is this: On the island of Lewis, 500 feet or so away, is a light-house, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected on an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction.

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a light-house exists which has neither lamp nor light-house keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly light-house, with lamp, service-room, bedroom, living-room, storeroom, oil-room, and water-tanks were erected on the summit of the rock.

A Convert's Courage. At a gospel meeting Mr. James B. Forbes observed: "When Mr. Moody was here last, at one of his meetings in the circus, after a most affecting address, I spoke to a man in the audience about his soul. He confessed that he saw his need of a Saviour, and that he was ready to cast his all upon Christ, and left the hall rejoicing. A day or two afterward, at a similar meeting in the same place, I came across him again and about the first thing he told me when I asked after his spiritual welfare was that he had been obliged to leave his employment. He collected the tickets at the door of a theater at a salary of eighteen shillings a week, but he felt that he could not have any connection with a theater and be a Christian. 'But,' I said, 'what are you going to do? You have a wife and family, and they must be fed.' His answer was, 'Can I not trust the Lord to pay eighteen shillings a week?' That very day he got a situation at a better salary, where he could serve God and his employer at the same time. Depend upon it, the kind God who feeds his birds will not allow his children to starve.—God in Business.

Wendell Phillips. A personal friend asked him, not long before his death: "Mr. Phillips, did you ever consecrate yourself to God?" "Yes," he answered, "when I was a boy fourteen years of age, in the old church at the North End, I heard Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, 'You belong to God'; and I went home after that service, threw myself on the floor in my room, with locked doors, and prayed, 'O God! I belong to thee; take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me; whenever a thing be right, it may take no courage to do it.' From that day to this it has been so. Whenever I have known a thing to be right, it has taken no courage to do it." The event here referred to occurred in 1826, a year previous to his matriculation. With this seriousness upon him, like the halo around a saint's head on the canvas of the old painters, he went to college.

Minard's Liniment is the best. Shakespeare will please excuse us if we modify him thus: Thrice he is dead who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor or with disease corrupted. An incomparable medicine!

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

SEVERE COLD CURED. DEAR SIRS.—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold till at last she got very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried.

MRS. KENNEDY, 50 Smith Ave., Hamilton, Ont. THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES.—"Lotus of the Nile."

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CUTLERY. JUST received for my Christmas trade 48 sets of Rogers & Sons' Carving Knives and Forks.

AXES. AXES. 10 DOZEN Blenkhorn's Axes. 50 dozen Black Prince Axes.

SHOVELS. SHOVELS. 25 DOZEN D & Z H Steel Shovels. For sale low at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

BELLS. BELLS. JUST received—a lot of Sleigh Bells—various kinds and styles.

YANKEE BLADE AXES. JUST received—50 DOZEN Yankee Blade Wedge Pattern Axes, made from North & Sons celebrated axe steel—the best in the market. For sale wholesale and retail at NEILL'S Hardware Store.