

Play Gently on Heartstrings.

Play gently on heartstrings; they will not sustain
Rude pressure and force without exquisite pain;
The shock you give them, on, onward will roll,
And with its deep agony torture the soul.

Play gently with heartstrings; if rude be your touch,
They will quiver and groan; you have strained them too much;
It will grate, like harsh discords, on sensitive ears;
It will wring from your eyes, too, the bitterest tears.

Play gently on heartstrings; they are stretched on a lyre.
More precious than gold, that's been tried in the fire;
And the music drawn from them—the music of love—
Will be sweet as the harmonies warbled above.

Play gently on heartstrings; the touch which you give
O'er these chords sends vibrations which ever shall live;
Touched harshly, they'll bring to thy spirit unrest;
Touched gently, they'll blend with the song of the Blest.

Play gently on heartstrings; 'twill bring thee a joy,
Exalted, ennobling, unmix'd with alloy;
And taught the sweet lesson that "Love is divine;"
Hearts around thee will vibrate responsive to thine."

—Independent.

Prevailing Prayer.

Glencoe is a small college town situated among the Pennsylvania hills, in the midst of a thrifty and intelligent farming community. The town is small, numbering less than a thousand inhabitants, generally well-to-do mechanics and trades people, with a fair sprinkling of professional men, such as are usually found in college towns. The place contains six churches of various denominations, and has always been regarded as a Sabbath-observing, churchgoing community. Yet with all its morality and almost puritanical strictness, until last summer the town had never been blessed with a real, genuine revival of religion. Why it would be impossible to tell, unless the spirit of self-sufficiency which characterized the people made them satisfied with their own attainments, thus preventing the special blessings that were poured out so abundantly upon other churches in neighboring cities. Of course, the pastors of the various churches longed and prayed for a share of the showers that were watering other fields of labor, but as year after year passed away without bringing the refreshing time so much desired, they almost ceased to hope for their prayers to be answered, and would really have been surprised had God taken them at their request, and "poured out blessings upon them until there should not be room enough to receive."

The midweek prayer meetings dwindled away, one after another of them being abandoned, until there was not a meeting for social prayer in the village. But notwithstanding the discouragements that almost overwhelmed the pastors, there was one heart in the place that had not forgotten that God was a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God.

Mrs. Miles was a humble farmer's wife, the mother of a large family of sons and daughters growing into young manhood and young womanhood, sons and daughters for whose salvation she had been praying all their life. One by one as they came into the world she had given them to her Saviour, but they had grown up, and some of them had already gone out into the world and still not one of them had been brought into the kingdom. For years she had borne them constantly on her heart, every day remembering them each one at a throne of grace; but although her prayers were not answered, she did not become entirely discouraged. Instead of ceasing to pray, like some others seemed disposed to do, when the weekly prayer meeting was discontinued, she sat down and faithfully inquired why her petitions had not been granted. Searching out the many promises God has given in His word to those who call upon His name, she studied the conditions of the promises, and then tried, so far as was in her power, to fulfill those conditions. As the days went on her heart was so drawn out in prayer to God that she was scarcely conscious of what transpired around her. And yet there was no neglect of her daily duties; busy every moment of the day with her family cares, all went on as usual, but her spirit was wrapped in devotion, and at night she saw that, while holding high communion with her Saviour on the mountain top, every duty had been performed, though she could not tell how. It seemed to her that the

The clergy have tested K. D. C. and pronounced it the best

Master whom she served had directed the course of the household, and guided her hands in the work she had undertaken.

Every morning she rose an hour before her accustomed time, that she might begin the day alone with Jesus. And at nightfall, after the day's toil was over, another hour was spent in her closet, pleading for the souls of her dear children—but not for their souls alone. Her first cry was for the presence of the Holy Spirit in her own heart, so that she might be enabled to pray aright, then she pleaded most earnestly for her own dear ones, those for whose souls she felt she was personally responsible. After this her petitions were for others—for the church to which she belonged, for the unconverted in other churches, and for the outpouring of the Spirit upon all out of Christ in the community.

Realizing that she could not fully claim that promise made to "two or more who agree as to what they ask" while she prayed alone, she mentioned the matter to a near neighbor, a mother who, like herself, was anxious about the souls of her children. They agreed to observe an early hour in the morning, meeting alternately at each other's houses, to pray together for the outpouring of the Spirit upon their families, their church, and the town that touched the border of their land. They made out a list of all the unconverted they could think of in the community, and by name presented them before the Lord day after day. For several weeks they continued to "prevent the dawning of the morning" with their supplications, and even while they were yet speaking the answer was sent. A religious awakening commenced right in the midst of the wheat harvest, and Mrs. Miles's eldest son, a reckless giddy youth, was the first one brought into the kingdom. This remarkable conversion was followed quickly by her two daughters, next in age, surrendering themselves to Christ. The neighbor's sons were next brought to a sense of their lost condition, and consecrated themselves to the service of Jesus, whom they had heretofore slighted. A powerful outpouring of the Spirit followed, and many souls were gathered into the household of God.

The busy season of the year did not prevent the church from being crowded every night. Men would work hard in the harvest field all day, but when the church bell rang at nightfall, forgetting their weariness, forgetting the work waiting for the dawn of a new day, forgetting everything but that they were sinners, far from their heavenly Father's house, they hastened to the house of God, where the pastor, awed by the wonderful manifestation of the presence and power of the Spirit of God, pointed them to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. He knew that some one more faithful than himself had been praying—praying while he had been on the brink of despair; praying and wrestling like Jacob of old, refusing to let the Saviour go without a blessing. All the explanation he could give of the wonderful revival that had burst upon them, out of season, and without any seeming cause, was: "Somebody has been praying." Such a marvelous outpouring of the Spirit does not come unasked. It is the result of importunate, persistent prayer.

All the children of the two women who had been preparing the way of the Lord were brought to Jesus, and every one whose name was on the list for whom special prayer had been offered was hopefully converted. Over a hundred new names were added to the church roll, and many professors who had heretofore been only machines in the work of the Lord were roused to earnest, active lives in the service of the King, whom they now delighted to honor. The good work did not terminate in the church in which it began, but extended to the other churches in the village, and outside of all churches into homes where Christ had never before been invited to enter.

Hundreds of precious souls were gathered into Christ's fold before the special services closed, and the influence of these blessed meetings was carried beyond the borders into other homes and churches, where the good work is still going on.

God is still a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, and he is able to-day to pour out upon us a similar "spirit of grace and supplication" to revive our hearts, to refresh the waste places, and to hasten His own glorious appearing.—Ch. Advocate.

Great Men and Their Faith in God.

An implicit faith in God and the wisdom and goodness of His providence is a mark of greatness. Doubt and infidelity are evidences of weakness. Sometimes the opposite is alleged. But the facts do not warrant such allegations.

K. D. C. tones and regulates the liver.

At the recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science at Minneapolis, a prayer meeting was held on Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the members of the association. At that meeting the leader was the newly elected president of the association, and the first volunteer to take part was the retiring officer of the previous year. The foremost astronomer in the State led in prayer. There are no more distinguished geologists, botanists, or biologists in America than those gathered thus to commune in the name of Christ. There are no names in the schools of America more honored than those to be found upon the roll of the Christian churches.

Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who has been so long in public life in England, and who is justly distinguished as the foremost statesman of modern times, says that of sixty of the leading public men in Great Britain whom he has known all but five were ardent believers in the Bible and the God of the Bible. Mr. Gladstone has himself written extensively and with scholarly ability on Christian evidences. Not long ago he was written to by a young man troubled with doubts for a personal testimony respecting Christianity, to whom he replied, "All I write and all I think, and all I hope is based upon the divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race."

In 1851, Abraham Lincoln sent a message to his dying step father: "I sincerely hope father may recover his health, but at all events tell him to call upon our great, and good, and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity nor forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. If it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope and long to be."

Such devout expressions from such leaders in the world's best civilization should awaken serious reflections in minds less acute and commanding. In many places the skeptics and quibblers about God and the Bible are men of small mental caliber, and their avowed infidelity but gives prominence to their littleness and imbecility.

There is such a thing as "honest doubt." But honest men, earnestly inquiring for the light of truth, do not long remain in doubt. Candor and sincerity in the realm of morality and religion are a sure cure for unbelief, and these are dominant characteristics in great men.—Rel. Telescope.

Let Your Light So Shine Before Men.

Let your light shine—not you. It is this which has often given the gravest handle to the world—men have too frequently made use of God's light to show up their own gifts or graces. There are lamps so loaded with painted figures and ornamentation that the light does little more than display these, and there are people who are forever talking about God, but it is not difficult to see that their God is made strictly in their own image, and so they darken with self the light that should speak for the Light of Lights. Michael Angelo was accustomed to stick a candle on his paste board cap, so that he might not fling the shadow of himself on the work he was doing. This is a great, a covetable grace in things spiritual, which we all need to seek after. "Let your light shine before men"—not upon them, like a policeman's lantern flashed suddenly before a detected and frightened criminal—but before them with steady winsomeness that cannot fail in the end to attract their thoughts and hearts.

I knew a rich and godly merchant who was solicited for a subscription for a philanthropic object. He was busy, but at once said he would give \$5. On the sheet being presented to him on which to sign his name and gift, he saw that a neighboring merchant had subscribed \$50. "What's this? what's this?" he asked; "this matter must be more important than I thought. Tell me more about it," and in the end he subscribed \$50 also.

By the first merchant letting his light shine, the second one saw his good works, and so he also glorified his Father whose Spirit was in them both, "but," as he said, "if I had not seen that man's light I would not have known the importance of the work."

How many good works languish alone for want of a little light cast upon them!—not that we, but that our Father may be glorified. How differently things look when light is cast upon them! How the darkest country lane becomes as a bit of Paradise in the bright sunshine! Even so may the self-evident light of love for God shed such a beauty on the com-

K. D. C. Pills act in conjunction with K. D. C. where a laxative is required.

monest deed done for His sake as to lift men's thoughts unconsciously to the great Fount of all goodness and gladness. So let your light shine.—C. in the London Presbyterian.

Ordinary Sabbath Talk.

How far has the ordinary run of professedly Sabbath sanctifiers and sanctuary frequenters drifted since the answer to the question, "How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?" was first written and solemnly endorsed. It is to be feared a very considerable way. Out of the abundance of the heart, we are told, the mouth speaketh. Throw two or more people together, who are supremely interested in one particular matter, and it may be taken as a dead certainty that in a short time that matter will be discussed in eager accents and with never flagging interest. Even the dulllest becomes animated when that which lies nearest his heart and touches his interest most closely, comes up for discussion. Let us apply the same law to religion and Sabbath conversation, and how does it stand? Rather curiously, we fear, in the experience of very many, if not of most. Time was, away back toward the beginning of this century, and still more toward the end of the last, that in not a few quarters, the Sabbath morning salutation, whether in the home or on the way to church, was—"I have news to tell you, brother; the Lord is risen indeed." It came as natural to them as to breathe, and till it became a mere lifeless tradition, the repetition, however often made, did not weaken the interest or dull the joy. Round that fact, Resurrection, the whole talk revolved. As Bunyan has it, "All the talk was of the Lord of the hill, of what He was, and what He did, and why He did what He did, and why He built this house." Every one knows the rest.

How is it now? Let our readers speak for themselves and give their experience of what is usual in their particular circles. We rather think that both in going to and returning from church, as well as in much of the home Sabbath life and conversation secular topics put sacred greatly into the shade, if they do not eclipse them altogether. The sermon and its subject are speedily dismissed and something auspiciously like idle gossip seems to receive readier and more sustained attention and to awaken an amount of interest which presumably weightier and more important matters, almost, if not altogether, fail to evoke.

We bring no railing accusation; but, gentle reader, how do you think of this? or what may be your own experience and practice?—Can. Presbyterian.

Personal Experience.

Here is Christ, a force if he is anything; not a spectacle, not a miracle, not a marvel, not wonderful to look at, but a force to feel. How do you get within the power of any force? You look out of your window, and men say the frost is freezing, and you see your neighbors wrapping their cloaks about them and going down the street as if they were cold. Men say that a storm is blowing, and you see them shelter themselves against the storm that blows. How will you make that storm a true thing for yourself? Go out into it. Let the frost emit your cheek, let the wind beat into your face, let the wind blow upon your back, and then you know by personal experience what you had known by your observation before. And so I say that only when a man puts himself where he can feel the power of the Christ, where it is possible for him, if there be a Christ, if Christ be all that the Christian religion claims that he is, only when a man puts himself where he needs and must have and must certainly feel that Christ, if there be a Christ, only then has he a right to disbelieve if the Christ be not there, only then has he a right to believe if the Christ find him there.—Phillips Brooks.

Comfort.

"Blessed be the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in trouble." Try to recall the joy, and peace, and thankfulness that have ever filled your heart when you became sure that God had relieved you from some great danger, or shed upon you some great blessing. Think how you thanked Him! Think how your happiness filled you with kindness to other people. But ask yourself at the same time, Did any such thing as this come up foremost to my mind and seem to me the most precious part of all my blessings that God had done this me, to make me a fitter and more transparent medium through which he might send his comfort to other men? I think no man can really mount up to the idea that God personally cares

Sour tempers sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

for him enough to reach down and turn the bitterness of his cup to sweetness without being, as it were, compelled to look beyond himself; and the only way to make it our joy and mission to help mankind is to feel all through us the certainty that the help which has come to us has come from God.—Phillips Brooks.

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Are we Epistles?

The epistles of Christians is not enough thought of. Paul calls the Corinthians—and, by implication, all true believers—epistles of Christ. Does it not mean that, as an ordinary letter is an index of its writer's character, a miniature of his mind, disclosing his sentiments and portraying his feelings, so are we to be copies of Christ, with His mind in us, manifesting itself to the world by means of us? It would mean so. But how far do we carry out this idea? How correct an image of Christ, or of Christ's conception as to what a man ought to be, do the people who see us from day to day get? He sends us out to represent Him, and to convey His messages to men. Of what immense importance is it that we should not misrepresent, should not so blot the message as to disfigure it and make it unrecognizable. While we cannot be exactly apostles of Christ, we certainly should be His epistles.—Z. Herald.

The way of duty is the way of safety. If it leads through the sea we are safer there than on the firmest land. The faithful have an invincible bodyguard, and no weapon can harm them.

Luke v. 5: "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net."—The force of the divine command in the presence of discouragement—obedience must be prompt and unquestioning.

He who builds on the Rock of Ages need not be disturbed by infidelity. That Rock can never be moved. He who builds upon it shall abide forever.

Philosophy hath given us several plausible rules for attaining peace and tranquility of mind, but they fall very much short of bringing men to it.—Tillotson.

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THE HAIR

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USE

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