I Only Know That He is Mine.

You ask me how gave my heart to Christ.
I do not know
There came a yearning for Him in my soul,
So long ago;
I found earth's flowerets would fade and die.
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then—somehow, I seemed to date
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you—how;
I only know
He is my Saviour now!

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ.
I cannot tell
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well
It must have been when I was all alone,
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin.
I think—I think 'twas then I let Him in.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you—when;
I only know
He is so dear since then!

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ.
I cannot say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight
As yesterday:
Perhaps He thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that spot?
I think I could not tear myself, away.
For I should want for ever there to stay.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you—where;
I only know
He came and blessed me there!

You ask me why I gave my hoart to Christ.
I can reply:
It is a wondrous story; listen, while
I tell you why
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek His face,
I was alone, I had no resting place,
I heard of how He loved me, with a love
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken.
I longed such love to share,
And sought it then,
Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ
Would heed my prayer.
I knew He died upon the cross for me.
I nailed Him there!
I heard His dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw Him drink death's cup that I might live,
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame,
He called me—and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer!
I cannot tell you how,
Nor when, nor where;
Why I have told you now.

Christian Liberty.

I don't know anything that retards the cause of Christ in the churches more than the stiffness, the coldness in them. There's no liberty where there's stiffness. If a young convert got up he would be chilled through. When we have the Spirit we are not afraid of the opinion of our neighbor, of the opinion of this man or that man We say, "What can I do for the Son of God?" What do we want more than love, hope, charity? Before the Chicago fire I used to preach in a large hall. If it was pretty nearly full I used to be lifted up at the sight of so many people before me. I remember an old woman coming to me and saying, "I am praying for you; you haven't got liberty yet." I thought I had—thought I was all right; but she knew better. I feel more indebted to that old woman than to almost anything else. So, ministers, if you have got some old saint in your churches, look to her. How often have I thanked God for sending that woman to pray for my liberty. Why, a few years ago, I could not stand before an assemblage of ministers for trembling. I was always afraid I would say something wrong. But I've got liberty now. If a man is bound hand and foot, like Lazarus when he came out of the grave, he cannot have any freedom. He will be spluttering and splashing in his sermon, and the church don't take any interest in it. What we want is liberty. What we want is to know that we are sons and daughters of God. Sons have always liberty. A man once said he could always tell who were the boarders and who were members of the family in a house. A boarder would come in, eat, and then walk out to the theatre; but the son would come in and sit down, and inquire all the news from his mother. My friends, the Church is full of boarders. You see them in the church, but you never see them at any of the meetings. If they do come and you ask them to pray, "Oh, don't call on me; I haven't liberty." They're bound hand and foot. Loosen their bands and let them go; give them freedom and liberty, and see how they will take an interest in everything connected with the Church

Two young men went from Yale College down to Natchez to teach, some years ago, before the slave law was repealed. As they went along a road one day, a venerable colored man was coming toward them. Says one of them, "Let's have some fun with old Sambo." There was a guide post upon the road—one of those old red posts—pointing the way, and on it was the notice, "Forty miles to Liberty." When the old man came up, one of the young fellows said to him, "Well, uncle, how old are you?" "Don't know; guess I'm pretty old; must be 'bout eighty." "Can you read, uncle?" "No; can't read; black men ain't 'lowed to read," replied the darkey. "Well, can you tell us what's on that post?" "Oh, yes; I knows what's on de post; it says, "Forty miles to Liberty.'" "Well," said the young man, "why don't you go and get liberty, it's only forty miles?" "Ah, massa, it points down that road to Liberty, but it's all a sham; but if it pointed up there it would point to Christ, and it would be true." The arrow went down to that young man's soul. The liberty that Christ offers means freedom. Is there any bound here? Oh, may he open your eyes and set you free!

When Miss Smiley went down South to teach she went to a hotel and found everything covered with dirt. The tables were dirty, dishes dirty, and the beds dirty. So she called an old colored woman who was in the house, and said, "Now, you know that the Northern people set you at Liberty; I came from the North, and I don't like dirt, so I want you to clean the house." The old colored woman set to work, and it seemed as if she'd done more work in that half day than she had done in a month before. When the young lady got back, the colored woman came to her and said, "Now, is I free or ben't I not? When I go to my old Massa, he says I ain't free, an' when I go to my own people they say I is, and I don't know whether I'm free or not. Some people told me Abraham Lincoln signed a proclamation, but Massa says he didn't; he hadn't any right to." So Christian people go along, not knowing whether they are free or not. Why, when they have the Spirit they are as free as air. Christ came for that. He didn't come to set us free and then leave us in servitude. He came to give us liberty now and forever.—D. L. Moody,

Hints For Young Preachers.

Pulpit power is unattainable without both self-possession and self-abandonment. They are not incompatible. Combined, they carry all before them. He who does not rule himself will not rule his audience. He who is not absorbed in his theme will not thrust it into the hearts of his hearers.

If eloquence is properly defined as "truth clearly perceived, deeply felt and distinctly expressed," then every preacher may and should be eloquent. Certainly these are three essentials to effective discourse.

Every sermon should be either a lamp, shedding light upon obscure truth, illuminating darkened minds; or a trumpet, calling up the soul from its slumbers, arousing the conscience, or a pitcher, refreshing the spirit and comforting the heart. All these qualities may be in a single sermon, but usually one or the other predominates.

A sermon should not resemble the one defined by Herder as "An animal with an emaciated body, stretching out two heads one after the other, displaying two or three teeth, and dragging after it a four, three, or two-fold tail, which freely wags." There should above all things be a robust body of solid thought, and the tail, single, should be instinct with the most vigorous life imaginable.

It is the business of the preacher "to find out acceptable words," for "the words of the wise are as goads and as nails," yes, as rifle bullets and double edged swords. Some words are magnetic, some are pictorial; some soothe, some slay; some carry great ideas, others grand emotions. Oratory consists very largely in the right choice of words. They must be studied, taken to pieces, picked out with care, put each in its place. God has done wonderful things through words.

Emotion must be proportioned to occasion. Tears should not be drawn upon to supply the lack of ideas. "What is he crying for?" asked the intelligent hearer. Answer: "Don't you see? I guess you'd cry too if you were up there before all these people with nothing to say."

The colloquial style, rather than the rhetorical or oratorical, should by all means be the basis on which the discourse is built. It is the most useful and the most natural, easiest for the voice and for the ear. Departures from it for a season when the subject warrants are always in order, but the return to it relieves and rests both speaker and hearer. Earnest, incisive, straightforward talk rarely wearies or offends.

Preachers have been divided into three classes—those one cannot listen to, those one can listen to, those one cannot help listening to. To make a thing so interesting and so plain that the hearer must pay attention and must understand whether he will or no, is triumph indeed. But he who has no particular subject that presses upon heart or mind for utterance, and only speaks because the time is come and he must somehow fill the hour—how can he be other than a failure?

There is an unwise conciseness as well as a tedious diffuseness. Precision in style is good, but concision is another thing. The gold nugget must be beaten out into gold leaf. Few will be at the trouble to do it for themselves: that is what they go to church for, to have it done for them. Food too concentrated is not best suited for digestion.

To preach well one must have a pair of good eyes no less than a disciplined throat. Through the eyes used on men and things come the best sort of illustrations. Through the eyes come also the lore of books. It is a good thing occasionally to take a book and preach it. First make it your own by honest thought, then turn its truths into a sermon, popularize it, apply it, revivify it. Both you and your hearers will be the richer.—*Z. Herald.*

Effective Witness Bearing.

In order that one may be an effective witness we must have some definite knowledge or experience to communicate, and then must make that knowledge public for the purpose of convincing others. If God's people are his witnesses, as is clearly taught in His word, then it follows that they must thoroughly acquaint themselves with the Scriptures, which are their infallible guide in the testimony they bear. The Scriptures themselves are delivered in the form of a testimony. The truth they contain is not truth reasoned out from premises to conclusion and consequently subject to all the errors of doubtful inference, but it is truth revealed in the form of a testimony, and therefore clothed with dogmatic authority.

The Scriptures contain the testimony which God's people are to receive, and then reflect it upon the world around them. His charge to everyone, as He takes His place upon the witness stand is: "Only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak." "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Christians, then, must be familiar with the teachings of the divine word, in order that they may bear a faithful testimony. The word of God is the only rule of faith and practice, and the conduct of professed believers is regarded by the world as the exponent and exposition of the teachings of Scripture. The world will not search the written word when it has the living witness before it. The believer is the world's Bible. While to it the written book is a sealed volume, yet it closely reads and studies the heart epistles, the life letters, which Christ has written in the renewed character of His regenerate children.

The conduct of church members is regarded as the standard of morality taught in the Scriptures. Have not professed believers taken the word of God as their rule of duty, and do they not virtually tell others to judge of the requirements of Christ by the way they live? And has not the world a perfect right to examine the daily testimony of the witnesses and to infer that whatever they do is consistent with the morality of the Bible?

The world reasons thus: "If God's people can travel for business or pleasure upon the Sabbath, or can engage in promiscuous dancing or card-playing or can resort to the gamester's arts to make money, to speculation in cotton or grain futures, can deal in lottery tickets or take part in shooting matches, or in a hundred other practices of doubtful propriety or dangerous tendency, surely such practices cannot be wrong for others." This is the way the world reasons, and its logic is good. Hence the importance of Christians conforming their lives to the one infallible standard of conduct. To be competent and effective witness-bearers, they must know what the standard is which they are to illustrate and exemplify in their daily lives.—*Presbyterian.*

Religion in Business.

Religion is the art of being and doing, and the school for the learning of the art is not in the closet, but in the world; not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and where proficients, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world; but the world itself, the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions; its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character. This is an art which all can practice, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, affords scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that, whatever he writes, he learns to write it well. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be, the work he does is but the copy lines set for him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution everything. It is true, indeed, that prayer, reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the Church are necessary to religion, and that these can be practised only apart from secular life. But it is to be remembered that such exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are but means to an end, and that end can be best obtained by him whose life is a busy one, whose vocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world.

No one can be a thorough proficient at navigation who has never been at sea. No man has become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet; he must in actual service acquire these habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, and rapid combination without which the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a schoolboy soldier after all. In the same way, the man of solitary study may become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid, effeminate piety of what is technically called the "religious life." But never, in the highest, holiest sense, can he become a religious man untill he has acquired these habits of daily self-denial, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in daily contact with mankind. Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books, is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion, no man can be religious without them; but I repeat, religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the duties and trials of the world, the guiding oar amid the adverse winds and currents of temptations, by the starlight of duty, and the compass of divine truth, bearing us wisely, manfully, courageously for the honor of Christ, our leader, in the great conflict of life.—Rev. John Caird.

Young Converts.

First of all, the young converts deserve the Church's care and attention. They have heard the divine offer of forgiveness, and they have accepted it. They have heard the divine command to love and obey, and they are striving by the divine aid to do so. Too much care cannot be taken to prevent confusing this simple and fundamental fact by demands for any kind of emotional experience. "Hereby we know that we know Him," says John, "if we keep his commandments." Deep conviction of sin, or ecstatic delight in religion, or a profound sense of innate depravity—none of these things are demanded of the Christian. We accept the divine offer of pardon, and we look to God for strength to be true and faithful. That is all.

Is, there, then, no emotion and no joy in religion? Yes, there is. Nothing can be gloomier than a religious life which resolves itself into mere legality without being touched and transfigured by emotion. It is a digging by night in a desert under a starless heaven—darkness above and dearth and drought below. But such emotion must never be forced, and must never be made a measure of religious attainment. It is too sadly evident that the emotional element in religion is no trustworthy guide. With the great majority of cultivated and reflecting people, too, emotion must be cultivated. It is no gift but something for which we must labor. We must make our thoughts and imaginations familiar with the great facts of the Gospel—the Father in Heaven, the loving Savior, the great salvation, the life to come. It is only as we dwell upon and fill our minds with these things that anything like a spontaneity of religious feeling can be attained by most people. Let our young converts know this, and let them set to work to conquer their feelings and thoughts and imaginations for God, as they have already conquered their wills.

Neither let sentiments of "other-worldliness" be required of young Christians. If love and imagination cling to this world, and the other seems dark and cold compared with it' it is only natural, and it is well. Indeed, there is little need of loading with reproaches any place which is under the divine care, and which is the scene of the divine conflict against evil. Our earth has glorious memories, and, relying on the divine promise, has still sublimer hopes. The desire to leave it, when natural and not sentimental comes only with years. Young people should not sing hymns that express a false longing to leave this world and go to Heaven. When sorrows and disappointments and bereavements have come, and when one hope after another lies dead, and the twilight is gathering and leading on the night, then we may long to go; but there is nothing especially religious in the longing. Not a willingness to die, but a willingness to obey, is the test of our loyalty.

The same is to be said of the deep sense of the human depravity. This, too, comes only with life, and to the faithful soul. It ought not to be expected and must not be demanded of the young convert that he appreciate at once those deep truths of human weakness and sinfulness which are born only of the deeper and intenser conflicts of faith. In short, the young convert must be dealt with in a natural way. He must be regarded as a beginner, to be carefully taught and developed. All artificiality of language and experience must be laid aside. His attention must be drawn to his obligation to obey his Lord, and to the promise of divine help and comfort. All the rest will come of itself. And now the care of these converts is laid upon the churches. There must be careful watching and interest and sympathy. If these are given, as they should be, they will in no wise fail of blessed results.—*Independent.*

Random Readings.

True life is the incarnation of God.

Do something worth while. Do it soon.

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.

In this world a man must be either a hammer or an anvil.

A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.—*Emerson.*

Nervous People.

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

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When my little girl was one month old, she had a scab form on her face. It kept spreading until she was completely covered from head to foot. Then she had boils. She had forty on her head at one time, and more on her body. When six months old she did not weigh seven pounds, a pound and a half less than at birth. Then her skin started to dry up and got so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep, but laid with them half open. About this time, at the earnest request of friends, I started using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and *in one month she was completely cured.* The doctor and drug bills were over *one hundred dollars*, the Cuticura bill was not more than *five dollars.* My child is now two years old, strong, healthy and large as any child of her age (see photo.) and it is all owing to CUTICURA. Yours with a Mother's Blessing,
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