

To Britain.

O Britain, famed among the nations long
As arbiter of her too weak to stand
Against the fierce oppressor, now thy hand
To help Armenia 'gainst the awful wrong
That she has long been suffering from the
strong
And cruel grasp of hellish Osmanli,
Put forth without delay. Armenia's cry
Has risen unto Heaven. Her martyrs
throng
Impatient at the foot of God's white throne
And call for vengeance on the murderer.
Say, where's the boasted courage thou hast
shown
When oft thou hast o'erthrown the con-
queror?
Awake! For freedom strike another blow!
That Christ has warriors yet to slay
Who know.

HENRY FARVEY STUART.
McAdam Jct., N. B., Feb., 1896.

A Successful Failure.

About twenty years ago a young
licentiate from a Theological Seminary
received a call from, and was soon
afterwards ordained and installed over,
a certain suburban parish. The con-
tingency of the place to the city, com-
bined with its natural and local at-
tractions, made it a desirable residence
and brought a goodly number of the
better class of people to make their
homes there, of whom this church
received a large proportion. In the
summer season the congregation was
very considerably augmented by city
boarders and visitors, and by several
prominent families who had cottages
and passed their summer there; yet its
advantages made it at the same time
a laborious held and imposed a heavy
tax on the resources of one who had
just commenced his ministry and had
accumulated no stock of sermons or
experience.

Some two years after his entrance
upon his work there, and in the very
height of the summer season, when
the strain upon his intellectual and
spiritual energies was at its utmost
tension, the minister received one day
early in the week a letter from a
clerical friend in a distant town,
stating that the writer proposed
making him a visit and would pass the
following Sabbath with him, and, if
desired, would relieve him from his
pulpit ministrations for that day. To
be freed even for one week from the
necessity of sermon preparation was a
very grateful relief to the young
minister, and so, disencumbered from
that care, he determined to utilize his
rest by devoting the week to pastoral
work. He could thus redeem the time
to the best advantage, and even
accumulate a little reserve fund in that
department of duty which would en-
able him to return to his duty with a
clear conscience and better zest.

So he spent the week in such service
going from house to house in friendly
social interchange with his people,
speaking words of sympathy and cheer,
strengthening the bond which united
them; and when the busy week came
to its close he had the pleasant con-
sciousness that it had not been spent
in vain.

On Saturday evening he went to the
station to meet and welcome his ex-
pected guest. In due time the train
arrived and poured out a throng of
passengers, among whom he elbowed
his way, eagerly scanning the faces for
the object of his quest. But he was
not to be seen, and when the crowd
had melted away the young pastor
stood alone. Slowly and dejectedly he
made his way to the post-office, where
by the evening mail was a letter from
his friend stating that he had been
detained, and would not be able to
fulfill his engagement. Bitterly dis-
appointed he turned his way home-
ward. All other sense of regret was
swallowed up in the thought of his un-
prepared state for Sabbath services.
There was no possible way of relief
from the burden which pressed upon
him so heavily. He had exhausted all
the written material in his own pos-
sion. He had availed himself of all
opportunities of exchange with neigh-
boring ministers. There was no one
to whom he could apply for help.

After supper, which had been de-
layed in consequence of the expected
visitor, he went into his study. The
evening was short and his time for
preparation very limited. He had no
subject in his mind. But he forced
himself to a selection and, though
hopeless of success, in a spirit of
dogged resolution he entered upon his
preparation, and applied himself to
his work until long after the midnight
hour, and until his tired brain refused
to be spurred to further effort. He
retired to his bed; but sleep was long
in coming, and when it came was fitful
and disturbed. When the morning
came he woke unrefreshed and heavy-
hearted, and when the hour for service
arrived he went to his church with
that same prejudged sense of failure,
and, as it seemed to him, discharged
his duties in a most unsatisfactory
manner, and when the service was
over went back to his home, his cheeks
La Grippe & catarrhs diges-
tion use K. D. C.

almost tingling with shame at the con-
sciousness of his sermon and its
utter inadequacy to the requisitions of
his audience.

Time, of course, wore away the
sharpness of the sting, and abundant
subsequent opportunities were given
him for retrieving the reputation
which in his judgment that service had
damaged, though his own opinion of
the service remained unchanged. In
his estimation it was an abject failure.

Several weeks afterwards there came
to him one day a letter bearing the
postmark of a town in the western
part of the State. The superscription
was in an unfamiliar handwriting, and
when he had opened the letter to
ascertain the name of the writer he
saw that it was from some one entirely
unknown to him. But it bore a very
direct message. It opened with the
statement that the writer had passed
that Sabbath, which had been a day of
such trial to the young minister, in
his village. He was an avowed un-
believer and had not attended any
church service before in many years.
But some impulse he could not define
led him to that church that day. From
the very opening of the services to
their close he had been deeply impres-
sioned. Their invocation and Scripture
lesson and hymns came to him with
special direction and power. When
the text was announced, "What is
truth?" he felt it to be just what he
needed to hear, and gave close atten-
tion to every word, and left the church
under such a sense of the reality and
power of spiritual things as he had
never had before. Nor did the impres-
sion prove transient. That service
and sermon remained in heart and
conscience until a solemn resolution to
become a Christian had been taken.

And now, at the dictation of his own
changed heart, he wrote to acknow-
ledge the instrumentality by which
that change had been effected.
For a few moments that pastor sat,
after reading the letter, in mute
surprise. But soon tears of joy and
gratitude filled his eyes, and dropping
upon his knees he sent up a song of
praise to Him who had seen fit thus to
charge his extremest weakness with
the glory of His divine power. And
his eyes were opened to his own error.
He saw how much of pride and self
confidence had entered into his esti-
mate of his service; he accepted the
tender discipline and laid the sweet
lesson to heart.

As Samson found honey in the car-
cass of the lion, so out of our humili-
ations and disappointments the Lord
can bring assurances of comfort and
acceptance. We have no right to
expect a blessing upon indolence or
negligence; but under pressure of
peculiar difficulties and circumstances
apparently adverse God often com-
mands light out of our darkness, and
causes those who have sown in tears to
reap in joy. Doubtless many ministers
as well as other laborers in the vine-
yard of the Lord have had experiences
somewhat similar to that we have
narrated. Many such glad surprises
await the final revelation. In the
world to come "unexpected treasures"
will be constantly discovered, and
harvest sheaves will amply com-
pensate those who have gone forth
weeping, bearing precious seeds.—
Pres. Witness.

"Twas But a Dream."

I thought I stood upon the shore of
an inland sea. Rising from the very
edge of the water, crag after crag,
towering to mountain heights, cast
continual shadows across the lake. In
the valley all seemed darkness and
gloom; looking up I saw the mountain
tops bathed in glorious sunshine.

Turning to my brother, who was
standing near, I said:

"It is dark and cold and cheerless
here let us climb to the warmth and
sunshine, yonder."

"But, sister," he answered, "the
way is rough and dangerous, and our
feet may slip; still, I am weary of it
here, and if you are willing to attempt
it, I too will go."

So we started. It was, as he had
said, a rough and dangerous path, and
oft times we felt weary and discour-
aged. Deep chasms yawned between the
rocks and looking down we could see
snakes and wild beasts in the depths
below, and shuddered to think of the
result of one false step. And then I
thought I had found an easier path,
but my brother had the way marked
out in a book he had with him, and we
studied it well, and found we were
travelling according to directions. We
grew very weary of the toilsome
journey, and my brother's hand was
ever-ready to help me over the rough
places and sometimes mine was the
helping hand when his feet had well
nigh slipped. At last he grew dis-
couraged, and felt like giving up.
"We are climbing all the time," he
said, "yet see how little we have ac-
complished."

K. D. C. Pills tone and regu-
late the liver.

"Oh, dear brother," I cried, "do
not give up, see how much of the rug-
ged path we have already passed in
safety."

As we turned a bend in the path we
saw gleams of sunshine illuminating it,
and the way looked broader and easier
in the brightness. And so we journey-
ed on, each encouraging and helping
the other, until we stood at last upon
the mountain top—all mist and cloud
below us—every rock and thorn a
thing of the past; bathed in the full
glory of the sunshine.

For a time we revelled in its warmth
and light, but after a while we seemed
to realize that, although we had
climbed as high as lay in our power,
we were not at our journey's end. As
we stood half expecting we knew not
what, we heard a rush of wings, and
felt ourselves being borne aloft and as
I awoke angel voices seemed echoing
from my dream:

They that wait upon the Lord shall
renew their strength; they shall mount
up with wings as eagles; they shall
run and not be weary; they shall
walk, and not faint.—Can. Baptist.

Bodily Attitude in Prayer.

There is an ancient tradition that
the apostle James spent so much time
on his knees that the skin became cal-
loused almost like bone.

While kneeling is undoubtedly one
of the best positions for devotion,
whether it be a minister or St. James
who stays on his knees until physical
changes inimical to health are pro-
duced, he performs a work of superer-
ogation. While few spend enough
time on their knees in prayer, kneeling
has no preeminence over any other
attitude. When Solomon dedicated
the temple he "stood before the altar
of the Lord in the presence of all the
congregation," spread forth his hands,
and prayed. When Moses heard the
call of God, and made haste, he bowed
his head, and worshipped. When
David called on the congregation, they
bowed down their heads, and worshipped
the Lord, and the king." On another
occasion David came and stood before
the Lord and said: "Who am I, O
Lord God, and what is mine house?"
Buc David also said: "Come, let us
worship and bow down: let us kneel
before the Lord our Maker." Also
when Jehoshaphat bowed his head
with his face to the ground, then all
Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusa-
lem fell before the Lord and worshipped
Him.

Thus a man who wishes to pray may
take his choice of every possible atti-
tude. He may stand, sit, bow, kneel,
or prostrate himself at full length upon
his bed, the ground, or the floor. But
whichever attitude he chooses, it must
be to him the best expression at the
time of his actual state of feeling. If
he selects one method to the destruc-
tion of his health and the diminution
of his capacity to labor, it is an act
"not in any honor to the satisfying of
the flesh," but a species of "will wor-
ship" or "voluntary humility," and
he must take the consequences.—N. Y.
Advocate.

A Remarkable Confession.

Mr. Muller, a great German his-
torian, made the following remarkable
confession to a friend: "How shall I
describe to you what I found in the
New Testament? I had not read it
for many years, and was prejudiced
against it before I took it in hand.
The light which struck Paul with
blindness on his way to Damascus was
not more strange, more surprising to
him than it was to me when I sudden-
ly discovered the fulfillment of all
hopes, the highest perfection of phil-
osophy, the explanation of all revela-
tions, the key to all the seeming con-
tradictions of the physical and moral
world. I saw religion appear at the
moment most favorable to its appear-
ance, and in manner most adapted to
its acceptance. The whole world
seemed to be ordered for the sole pur-
pose of furthering the religion of the
Redeemer, and if this religion is not
divine I understand nothing at all. I
have read no books on the subject,
but in all my studies of the ancient
times I have always felt the want of
something, and it was not till I knew
our Lord that all was clear to me.
With him there is nothing I am not
able to solve." These thoughtful words
are commended to those who make
light of the Bible, and who despise
Christianity. There is no greater fool
than he who regards the Bible as a
fable and Christ's religion as a delu-
sion. God's Word is the greatest deliverance
the world ever saw, and the light
which broke upon the mind of Mr.
Muller when he "took it in hand"
after a neglect of it extending over
"many years," will assuredly illumi-
nate the understanding of every one
who takes the Book up in a candid and
sincere spirit of inquiry.

K. D. C. Pills imparts strength to
the whole system.

False Shame.

Boys, rid yourself of that false shame
that makes you shrink away when
there is a book to be picked up, a
door to be opened, some one to be
assisted.

I recently saw a young woman re-
turning from a shopping expedition
laden with a number of packages.
Suddenly she tripped and one of her
purchases fell to the ground. Behold
her in a most awkward predicament
when a bell rang, and on the instant
a bevy of boys rushed from a school-
house near by.

Their bright eyes grasped the situ-
ation at a glance—the young woman
standing helplessly, arms and hands
encumbered, the little brown parcel
lying at her feet. Their kind hearts
told them what to do, but shame, fear,
a sort of cowardly timidity held them
back. With one accord they stopped,
looked at one another, then passed
glancingly on. There was not a lad in
that crowd whose fingers did not
actually itch to pick up that bundle,
yet not one dared to do it.

Boys I beg of you, let your hands,
your feet, your voice, be the willing
agents of that great master of polite-
ness, the heart.

You see an aged person trying to
mount the steps of a car your heart
whispers, "Help." Obey its impulse;
go offer your strong young arm. Your
teacher drops a pencil; quick as a flash
return it to her. Your very willing-
ness will make her feel stronger and
better.

The truly polite boy is a good son,
or politeness teaches him the duty
and respect he owes to his parents.
He is a grateful brother to his sisters
always returning a pleasant "Thank
you" for any kindness received at
their hands.

This world would be better and
brighter if our boys would obey as
readily as they feel the charitable
impulse that rises in their hearts to
assist the helpless and lend their
strength to the weak. It is this
prompt courtesy that will transform
the awkward, boorish lad into the
polished, ever graceful gentleman.—
New York Observer.

The Secret of Power.

Waiting one night in the darkness
on the railway platform at Framingham
campground, I heard two ministers
discussing the secret of a certain noted
evangelist's power. After listening
while I ventured to intrude the sug-
gestion that if they could get a look at
that evangelist's old Bible, they might
learn the secret of his power; for it
contained more marks of use than
fifty ordinary well-kept ministers'
Bibles. It reminded me of the old
Scotch warrior's claymore. He had
been in twenty-four battles, and there
were twenty-four hacks in the edge of
his well-tempered blade. He had
struck fire every time. A well studied
Bible, believed and preached and
practised, is a source of power which
will ever remain a mystery to those
who neglect the word of the living
God. How many are longing, seeking,
and praying for power, while a whole
magazine of divine power lies unopen-
ed in their neglected Bibles.

A man in a meeting prayed loud and
long for power. We want power!

We want power! After he was done, a
plain spoken brother said to him:
You don't seem to need power so much
as you seem to need ideas!

Christ's gospel furnishes divine
ideas; and, preached with the Holy
Ghost sent down from heaven, it is
still the power of God unto salvation
to every one that believeth. And he
who faithfully preaches that gospel
will find that it is living and powerful,
and sharper than any two-edged sword;
and that it is still like a fire, and
like a hammer that breaketh the rock
in pieces.—Phil. Standard.

What Brings Peace?

A doctor who was visiting a Chris-
tian patient had himself long been
anxious to feel that he was at peace
with God. The Spirit had convinced
him of his sin and need, and he longed
to possess that peace which the world
cannot give. On this occasion, ad-
dressing himself to the sick one, he
said:

"I want you to tell me just what
it is—this believing and getting happi-
ness, faith in Jesus and all that sort
of thing which brings peace."

His patient replied:
"Doctor, I have felt that I could do
nothing, and I have put my case in
your hands; I am trusting to you.
That is exactly what every poor sinner
must do in the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the
doctor's surprise, and a new light
broke into his soul.
"Is that all?" he exclaimed;
"simply trusting in the Lord Jesus!"

K. D. C. Pills tone and regu-
late the bowels.

I see it, as I never did before. He
has done the work. Yes, Jesus said
on the cross, 'It is finished,' and
'whoever believeth in him shall not
perish, but have everlasting life.'

From that sick bed the doctor went
a happy man, rejoicing that his sins
were washed away in the blood of the
Lamb.—Christian Worker.

It Makes A Difference.

The popular adage is: "O, it makes
no difference what a man believes, if
he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned
in Montgomery County recently by
eating toadstools, which they sincerely
believed to be mushrooms. Three of
them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend
whom he sincerely believed to be an
honest man. He was a scoundrel, and
left him to pay the debt. Did it make
no difference?

A traveler takes the wrong train
going North, sincerely believing it is
the Southern train. Will it make no
difference? Will he bring up at the
South all the same?

If a man sincerely believes a certain
thing, while the truth about it is
entirely different, will this sincere
belief make it all right?

The truth is, the popular adage is a
lie, and a very transparent one at
that! If a man is sincere, he will take
pains to know the truth. For where
facts are concerned, all the thinking
in the world will not change them. A
toadstool remains a toadstool what-
ever we may think about it.—The
Covenant.

Ye Say And Do Not.

In the ancient cathedral of Lubek,
in Germany, there is an old slab with
the following inscription:
"Thus speaketh Christ, our Lord, to
us:

Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and see me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me
not;

Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me
not;

Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not;

At a fashionable boarding-house a
coterie of young women spent a great
deal of their time around the card
table. When remonstrated with by a
friend, they made merry over her
straight-laced ideas, and declared that
there was no harm in what they were
doing. One day, while they played,
one of the ladies was attacked with
acute heart disease, and fell over in a
seeming death struggle, the cards still
grasped in her hand. Immediately
one of her companions cried out:
"Some one take the cards! Don't
let her die with them in her hand!"
It was well enough to live at the car-
table, but it wasn't just the place
where they wanted to die.

The load becomes light when it is
borne with cheerfulness.

Erysipelas, Sores.

Burden N. B. Jan. 26, 1896. A year
ago this winter I had scarlet fever
which left me with a running sore on
my nose. I tried many remedies
without benefit, and then procured a
bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it
cured me. My brother was relieved
of erysipelas in his face by Hood's
Sarsaparilla. Ella Sourser.

Hood's PILLS cure biliousness, in-
digestion.

Unequalled. — Mr. Thos. Brunt,
Tyndinago, Ont., writes:—"I have to
thank you for recommending Dr.
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piles. I was troubled with them for
nearly fifteen years, and tried almost
everything I could hear or think of.
Some of these would give me temporary
relief, but none would effect a cure.
I have now been free from the dis-
tressing complaint for nearly eighteen
months. I hope you will continue to
recommend it."

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cannot have praise enough. I have watched
its effects in chronic cases, where other
treatment was of no avail, and have been
astonished at the results. No other blood
medicine that I have ever used, and I have
tried them all, is so thorough in its action,
and effects so many permanent cures as
Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. H. F. MERRILL,
Augusta, Me.

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3rd. Wiley's Emulsion is without any
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