

I Know Whom I Have Believed.

"You ask me how I 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 flowers would fade and die;
I wept for something that would satisfy;
And then—and then somehow I seemed to
dare
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 forever 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 heart to Christ?
I can reply.
It is a wonderful story; listen while
I tell you why:
My heart was drawn at length to see 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.
—GUILD LIFE AND WORK.

Real Prayer.

One of the stumbling-blocks which cause many to fall out by the way, is the supposed volume of prayer which ascends to the throne of grace without visible result. Millions pray morning and evening, a large number still observe the forms of family devotion, countless meetings are held where supplications in terms of the most comprehensive character are read from authorized prayers, or uttered by those who make no use of a liturgy. Year after year in many congregations the same petitions for great revivals are offered, the same supplications are made, for purity of heart, divine guidance, blessing upon various enterprises, and the conversion of friends.

To cover their barrenness various theories are invented. Great emphasis is placed upon seed sowing, and we are told that if the vilest sinner returns a few moments before his death, it is to be considered an answer to prayers offered a half a century before. When, perplexed by explanations which do not explain, of the spiritual poverty everywhere apparent, one turns to the Scriptures, he finds none of these explanations there, but the declaration, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Nearly all the prayers in the New Testament were followed by an immediate answer. When the disciples assembled on the Day of Pentecost, they continued in prayer for a period of ten days, when the great miraculous blessing fell upon them.

While the theories so common with regard to the delayed answers to prayer are not found in the Bible, other reasons are there brought forward to account for them. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," says the psalmist. The man who wavereth in his faith or purpose is not entitled to think that "he will receive anything of the Lord. For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." The Scripture connects prayer with works. "Faith without works is dead." It makes watching an essential quality in prayer. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." It offers nothing to those who seek a blessing from God for the promotion of ends which make the kingdom of God subordinate and these ends predominant. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

Real prayer can be made only by a penitent sinner seeking entrance into the kingdom of Christ, or by a backslider yearning to regain his first love, or a Christian working, watching, searching the Scriptures, and daily communing with God. Real prayer is independent of the volume of Peter's words. "Lord, save me," contained as much prayer as the entire dedicatory prayer offered by Solomon in dedication of the temple. Prayer

without feeling in proportion to the value and necessity of that for which prayer is made, is not prayer. Arranging in order petitions for one's friends, and uttering them in a voice as cold and mechanical as that of one reciting a table of weights and measures, is not prayer. Those forms that were taught us by parents, recited in the morning and in the evening, with no change, with nothing upon the mind and heart, are not prayers. Those formal prayers that are offered in the public services, descending upon all themes that are conceivable appropriate, in a didactic manner—unless imbued with genuine devotion, unless he who is the voice of the congregation is more deeply anxious that an answer shall come than he is for any worldly good—are not prayers; therefore the volume of true prayer is small, compared with the endless stream of words which are uttered throughout the world in the attitude of devotion. Real prayer is answered, and that speedily, in the thing for which the person prays, if it be according to the will of God, or in such an uplift of Christian experience as will mark the beginning of a new, a brighter era in the praying soul. Such new eras may be as numerous as the prayers. What is called agonizing before the throne of grace is frequently but the rectifying of the condition of the spirit; the final prayer that brings the answer in the thing desired may be as brief as that of sinking Peter. It was said of Saul of Tarsus, "Behold he prayeth," and the most wonderful spectacle in the world is that of one who really prayeth. Such an one can say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul. I cried unto Him with my mouth, and He was extolled with my tongue. If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me; but verily God hath heard me. He hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me."

"Wait a minute until I say my prayers" is an expression far too common. It reveals the difficulty. The Protestant who "says his prayers" has little pre-eminence over the more careless of the Roman Catholics who, with his mind on something else, counts his beads as he might count grains of corn, or over the pagan who performs them with machinery. Secret prayer, accompanied by meditation, Bible searching, and communion with God, is the spring of all effectual prayer. He who prays in public alone cannot be sure that he is not praying to be heard by man alone, but he who prays in secret, his prayer being kindled "in the recesses of a lowly spirit," may be sure that God will hear and answer, and reward him openly.—Chris. Advocate.

Have We No Pity?

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

About ten years ago or more I first became a total abstainer because I was easily convinced that the use of alcohol was not a necessity, and a great deal turns upon that. I saw, for instance, that whole nations had not only lived without it, but had flourished without it. I saw the remarkable fact that there were some 20,000 persons in England, who, though many of them had made themselves mere funnels for drink; though they had been accustomed to drink from their childhood; though most of them had been brought to prison, either directly or indirectly through drink, yet the very day that they entered the gates of a prison all drink was entirely taken from them, and yet there was not a single instance on record in which any of them had suffered in consequence. On the contrary, men who have entered prison sickly and blighted have been made compulsorily sober by act of Parliament, and after a few months left prison hale and strong and hearty.

All these proofs and many others convinced me very speedily that it was not necessary for me to continue to touch any form of alcohol. 'Twas the great philanthropist and politically wise Benjamin Franklin who used the words, "Temperance puts wood on the fire, money in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, contentment in the house, and clothes on the bairns." Well, then, coming to these conclusions, believing that total abstinence would tend to simplicity of life, to health, to strength of body, to clearness of mind, to length of days, I then saw that for me, at any rate, it became a desirable thing to give up alcohol altogether; and I did so, for these reasons, with perfect gladness, and without ever having suffered in consequence of the fact so much as even a single day. We have looked into the field of history, and from the day when that disgraceful scene took place in the tent of the patriarch down to the records of yesterday, we see that drink has been to the world a curse intolerable in its extent and interminable in its malignity. We see that even

ancient writers like Lucretius have dwelt upon the dreadful degradation of drunkenness. We see that the ancient nations like the Spartans have done their very utmost to save their sons from this terrible seduction. Turning from travels back to Sir Henry Havelock, see how he pictures the difference between a siege where soldiers had no access to drink and the siege of Lucknow, where they had. Turn, again, to Sir John Kaye's his cry of the Indian Mutiny and see how, on the very day after our troops had effected a lodgment at Delhi England, in consequence of the universal drunkenness of the victorious army, was with an ace of absolutely losing her Indian Empire. Turn, again, to Kinglake's "History of the Crimea," and see how he pauses in the history to point out the fact that British troops were brave as lions and gentle as Christians until, and only until, they became once more liable to the degradation that drink wrought among them. Shall I go back three hundred and fifty years and quote once more what Shakespeare said, "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if we have no other name by which to call thee, let us call thee Devil!" Or need I give the testimony of one of the wisest judges, Sir Matthew Hale, who said that four crimes out of five even in his day were committed by men who had been drinking in taverns or in ale-houses? I might quote from the able prelates, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, both total abstainers, and almost every single judge who sits upon the bench, who have again and again borne witness that if we could get rid of drink we should almost totally get rid of crime, for drink is the same thing as crime.

But here is a vice perfectly preventable stalking among us, which produces evils more deadly because more continuous than war, famine and pestilence combined; and yet we are so cold, so neutral; selfish, immoral, and unquiet as to make no serious or united effort to grapple with that intolerable curse.

I appeal to every sensible and sensitive heart, to this divine feeling of pity. Do we not, must we not feel pity when we think of the hundreds and thousands of men who become the victims of a dead product which is yet potent enough to destroy souls for whom Christ died? Must we not feel pity for the ravages which are caused by this deadliest of all human curses? Do we not feel pity for the men whom we have probably seen and known, who because of drink are living in pollution and going to deaths of blasphemy, and are giving back to the God who made them nothing but the dust of their mortal bodies and the shipwreck of their immortal souls? Have we no pity for the thousands who are pouring poison into the ranks of youth until its root becomes as bitterness and its blasphemy comes up as fruit? Have we no pity for the families, the husbands and wives on whose hearth-stones are burning, because of drink, the very fires of hell? Have we no pity for the mothers whose hearts are rent with anguish at the fate of these their offspring?

Don't Make Too Much of Them.

It is, perhaps, natural, and almost inevitable, that the piety of great men, and the testimony which they bear to the truth and value of the Christian religion, should be made a good deal of. The prominence of their position in human society, and the large space which they fill in the public eye, invests what they are, and what they say and do with peculiar importance. And yet, is it not possible for the church, and those who speak for the church, to make too much of them? Care should be taken lest the impression should be made that Christianity is in some sense dependent upon the patronage of men in high places; and that the testimony of these is of more value than that of their brethren in humbler stations. It is, indeed, gratifying to know that so many of the greatest men who have appeared during the course of the Christian centuries have been Christians, and not a few of them men of eminent devotion. And it is more gratifying still to know—as we have good reason to know—that there is a greater number of these to-day than there ever was before. This shows that our holy religion is as well adapted to the highest as to the lowest, and is as much at home in the mansions of the rich as in the cottages of the poor; and that it is the power of God unto salvation alike unto the learned and the illiterate. But it is as an illustration of what the critics call the universalism of Christianity—its adaptation to all ranks and conditions of men—that this is chiefly important.

It is true, indeed, that men of wealth, men of culture, men of eminent social position, and who are rich in mental endowments, by the possession of these gifts, are naturally more influential than ordinary men, and when all

these things are laid at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, and devoted to his service, they ought to greatly increase the ability of their possessors for usefulness, and make them more potent instruments in doing good. Besides, we naturally feel safer when Christians are found filling influential positions, because we feel that great power, all other things being equal, can be more safely put into the hands of such than into the hands of men who are not Christians. It is impossible to be indifferent to the character of the men who are in positions of great power and influence in the nations, particularly at a time like the present. We naturally feel safer while we are constantly hearing of wars and rumors of war, because the Queen of Great Britain is a Christian woman, and the most eminent of her advisers are Christian men. And the same remark applies to the Chief Magistrate of the United States. If the world is not drenched in blood in the near future, it will in all probability be owing to the influence exerted by this illustrious woman and eminent man, and the Christian men that they have gathered and may gather round them.

It is not from any want of appreciation of these great and good people, or of the part which they are called to play in the world, that this warning voice is humbly raised against making too much of them and of their testimony in favor of Christianity; but because Christianity is not dependent upon the patronage of the great, and it ought not to be made to appear so, because people in high stations are no more in the sight of God than those in the low places, and they ought not to be in the eye of the church; because the testimony of the humblest individual in the community, whose heart has been touched and renewed by the grace of God, and who is living a pure and upright life, to the reality and value of the Christian religion is worth just as much as if he wielded a sceptre and wore a crown; and, finally, because anything which has even the appearance of toadyism toward the great on the part of the church, or those who speak for the church in the interest of Christianity, is not only unseemly, but profane. Christianity is a divine religion, and the church is a divine institution, and the power by which they are sustained and promoted is divine. And though when God has a great work to do, he generally raises up a great man to do it, this is by no means invariably the case; on the contrary, he ever and anon accomplishes great things by very weak instruments, and by, apparently, very inadequate means. "For ye know your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble (are called); but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, (yea) and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."—Chris. Guardian.

Didn't Pay.

"Rollo! Rollo! Rollo! Come here, sir!"

Neil waited while the big dog came bounding to him. Then they ran off the terrace together and leaped in and out of the watering-trough. You see, there was no water in it, of course. Papa kept the plug in to keep back the water while the big trough "sweetened" in the sun.

What fun it was, though, who would have thought so but a small boy and a big dog? In and out they hopped till they had to stop for breath. Then it was that the mischief crept into Neil's brain. "I'll play a joke on Rollo," he thought. "He's dreadful afraid of water."

He stole down the bank and pulled out the plug. When the trough was partly full he called to Rollo again. But this time he took care to run down sideways, just so the lilac bush hid the trough most of the way. And Neil didn't jump in this time—O no, indeed! Poor, unsuspecting Rollo did though, and splashed out again, disgusted and dripping. He looked reproachfully at Neil and walked away. And not once again that day could Neil coax him to race and play.

"I can't trust you any more," Rollo's big, grieved eyes said, "and his big tail spelt out the words, one by one on the floor in slow, solemn thumps. 'I can't—trust—you.'—Youth's Companion.

"They That Weep as Though They Wept Not."

(1 Cor. 7, 29, 30)

It does not say they are not to weep, but they are to act, to labor, to live, as though they had no cause for weeping; go on steadily denying self and pleasing Christ, just as though their hearts were not broken; not fixing

their eyes on the wound, but covering it, if needs be, to all but Jesus, and walking on, on.

Not that they are not to weep, but there is for us in Jesus a power to live above the weeping; while the heart bleeds, to live as though it bled not; while the whole soul is shaken as with an earthquake, by some trial from which there is no escape, for which there is no mitigation, still to be a comfort and steadfast help to those around. If God has denied the luxury, or taken it away, of a human sympathizing heart to weep upon, there is still the secret chamber, where we may occasionally find, though alone, the relief of tears; and tears wept on Jesus' bosom ought to be as great a relief as those shed in the arms of an earthly beloved; and surely they give more power to go out and stand before others, "as though we wept not."—Emily Blatchley.

If You Love Me, Tell Me So.

There is a story told concerning the late Dr. Dale. He was travelling. I think, in the colonies. Speaking on one occasion of the relation of a pastor to his congregation, and pleading for a freer reciprocity of feeling between them, he said that he often felt inclined to say to his own people, "If you love me, tell me so." The speech reached England sooner than did the speaker and when, some months later, the Doctor entered the hall in Birmingham, in which a "welcome home" had been arranged for him, almost the first object that met his eyes was a large scroll across one end of the building, "We love you, and we tell you so."—George Jackson.

Random Readings.

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie

The height of some men's ambition is to pull some other man down.

Some men are so miserably that they won't even pay another a compliment. What are Christians put into the world for, except to do the impossible in the strength of God?—General Armstrong.

"The missionary knows he will find victory where he finds God, and he will find God in the place God wants him to go."

"To live for others is greater than to live for self; a benefactor is greater than a depot; integrity is better than gold or genius."

It is neither manly nor wise to flatter another, but that is no reason why we should dole out our sincere compliments as if they were poison.

"Men are often like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water."

Health is Better.

"I had no appetite and could not sleep at night, and I was so tired that I could hardly walk. I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised and procured four bottles. My health is now better than it has ever been since I was a child, and I have not been sick for a long time." Miss JESSIE TURNBULL, Cranbrook, Ont.

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STRENGTH CAME BACK.

The Anvil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. "For the past four years my



nerve have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrefreshed. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and I had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this condition I was easily worried and fatigued and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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