

My Lord and I.

(Sung in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Huguenots, three hundred years ago.)

I have a friend so precious,
So very dear to me
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully!
I could not live apart from Him—
I love to feel him nigh;
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary;
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek.
He lends me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love Him—
He knows I love Him well;
But with what love He loveth me,
My tongue can never tell.
It is an everlasting love,
In every rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell Him all my sorrows;
I tell Him all my joys;
I tell Him all that pleases me;
I tell Him what annoys.
He tells me what I ought to do—
He tells me what to try;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing,
Some weary soul to win;
And so He bids me go and speak
The loving word for Him.
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

I have His yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear;
In the burdens which He carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
To have Him always nigh—
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

Temptation.

We little know what momentous issues may be involved in the experiences of a single day. When spiritual skies are brightest and the soul's prospects fairest, one may be on the verge of a terrible time of testing by which faith is to be shaken to its foundation. How redolent of heaven itself the atmosphere of the upper room in which the Last Supper was eaten. Yet out from its peace and strength went some of earth's most valiant souls to suffer painful defeat, one particularly—perhaps the most stalwart of all—to meet with humiliating disaster.

In the same circumstances men are not all equally in peril. Of the eleven disciples Peter was most in danger, though he probably apprehended it least. The weakness of many men is in their dream of strength. The overthrow of armies has often resulted from an overweening sense of security on the one hand, and because the enemy's strength was discredited or despised on the other hand. It is too often forgotten that the power of evil is in its ambush. Unceasing vigilance is indispensable to a life of victory. The adversary has the power of disguising himself so that he may seem to the soul whose ruin he seeks as a very angel of light. A temptation that is carelessly regarded as a God-sent test may be in reality a fiery dart of the wicked one. Thus is borne in upon us the conviction of the need of the armour of light on the right hand and on the left, and still more impressively, a conviction of the need of the ever-abiding presence and guidance of the Divine Spirit.

Specially endangered believers have Christ's special sympathy and intercession. Satan 'obtained by asking the whole eleven, but Jesus says to Peter, 'I have prayed for thee.' We are not to suppose that Jesus disregarded the need and danger of the others; but Peter's case was one of peculiar gravity demanding particular consideration. The Master did not pray that God would change His plans and withdraw Peter from Satan's hand; nor that God might place cohorts of angels around the weak disciple to shield him completely from the tempter's approach; nor that he might be altogether exempted from the sifting process. The burden of the Lord's supplication in behalf of his servant was that his faith fail not.

There is something unspeakably comforting in the incident narrated by the evangelists. Standing in the very vestibule of His passion, when the gates of His own suffering and death were opening before His eyes, when he needed the tender sympathy of His friends so much, His great concern was not for Himself but for the safety of the little company of His followers, that they might not be crushed. 'If therefore ye seek Me let these go their way.' For even in that supreme hour, when the 'power of darkness' exerted its terrible pressure upon His pure soul and the relentless adversary was about to put forth his strongest effort against Him—when His nearest earthly

friends were all about to forsake Him and flee—not even then was His loving heart withdrawn from them. 'Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end,' yea to the very uttermost. Here is an open vision of our High Priest's intercessory activity on behalf of His people. Standing as He then stood before the veil, He prays, showing us what He has gone to do for us within the veil. Christ does really interpose to save His disciples in the hour of peril. This belongs to His great office as Saviour. The service rendered in behalf of Peter is a sample of that which is endlessly repeated in behalf of believers in all times.

It cheers us to be assured that the Lord Jesus individualizes His people. He sees the need of each one and the every need of all. His love is no fine sentiment which loses itself in wide universality, taking no hold of individual sufferers. He does not deal in beautiful theoretical platitudes about the brotherhood of man while at the same time indisposed to touch the burden of one of the brotherhood who may be in special need. His prayers are no mere general breathings that fasten on no particular persons. He 'callest His own sheep by name,' even as He telleth the stars. His love grasps each soul in its separate exact need, in every hour of trial, darkness, or danger. But we must not overlook the fact that even Christ's intercessions have effect only through the moral co-operation of the disciple for whom they are offered. 'When once thou art turned again.' Unless the disciple can be aroused and strengthened within, the pleadings of Christ himself prove ineffectual. Safety is not secured by any magical process, nor by any arbitrary operation outside the imperilled believer. Every particle of strength supplied to him must 'work in and along the nerve of his own spiritual life, if he is to stand in the 'evil day,' or any day.

Very impressively in this incident is Faith shown to be the special element of the tempted believer's safety, security, and triumph. Christ cannot save from Satan's power unless He can save from failure of faith. This is the point around which everything turns. The Christian's new life is lived 'by faith in the Son of God.' He is 'kept by the power of God through faith. Losing this, all is lost; holding this, all is held. As some one has quaintly put it: Faith, in the case of a tested and sifted soul, is like the cork on the fishing line. Though the lead at the end sinks the line, the cork on the upper side keeps it up in the water. Trial, affliction, grievous temptation, sinful allurements, Satan's fiery darts, may draw the soul down; but faith, if living and active in the soul, will keep it afloat.

Satan has a sieve for every individual believer and God permits him to use it. But the arch-adversary is often disappointed. Not every one whom he attacks is overthrown and despoiled. He is often ever-confident of success. He confidently predicted that if allowed to toss Job in the sieve of sore mental and physical affliction, he would assuredly winnow away all his fear of God and 'aversion to evil, and leave the servant of the Lord a ghastly wreck on the shores of time. But Satan failed, though he succeeded to a certain extent. The winnowing process in the case of Job effected a fuller enlightenment and developed a nobler and more symmetrical character. So also in the case of Peter.

Through and beyond each believer's salvation Christ bestows long ranges of good and of blessing to others. Herein is exhibited both His love and power. Not only does He prevail over Satan and rescue the individual believer from his grasp, He makes the rescue tend to the profit of others. 'When thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren.' When the Lord prevailed to save Peter's faith from total eclipse He saved all Peter's apostolic labours; and the Church of God to the last day of its history will continue to feel the strengthening that has resulted from the effectual intercession of the Lord Jesus on behalf of the sifted Peter.

We have, then, a Great High Priest, a mighty Intercessor before the throne. It may not help the tempted soul very much in the hour of testing to say, 'Get thee behind me Satan'; but it will help immensely to say, in clear, thoughtful, faith-inspired apprehension of all that the words imply, 'Get thee behind my Lord, Satan.' Self-distrustful, with Christ between us and the adversary—to our thought and faith a real fact—we need not, and we shall not, fear or suffer loss.—The India Witness.

Presence of Unseen Light.

Man can see only what he has eyes for seeing, and his eyes can see only what falls within the range of his vision. As you ride over the water on a moonlit night, you observe a long line

of light upon the water, in the direction of the moon. It seems as though the moonlight fell upon just that narrow strip of rippling water, leaving all the rest in complete or comparative darkness. The fact is, of course, that not a ray more falls on that strip than all the rest. Indeed, as the vessel moves onward, your eye passes from one strip to another, finding each in turn lit up by the moon, while what lies next is in the darkness. Just so it is in the spiritual world.

We are constantly deceived as to the extent of the shining of the light, because we see only what comes at the angle of our personal vision. This is due in part to our necessary limitation as beings of finite perceptions. We have not the divine range of vision with which God gazes into every heart, watching the struggle of essential light with its moral darkness. The highest and the holiest creature in the blessed life cannot measure the searching and shining of the divine love in its quest for the answering love of the spirits He has made. It can but guess it from the flash of joy that lights up the heaven of heavens when the love finds its response, and 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over a sinner that has repented, and come at once to itself and to its Maker.'

But we also fall short of seeing the shining of the divine light in the spirits of our fellow-men to the extent that we might if we made the best use of our opportunities. If we were more in sympathy with God, and less self-centered, we should see far more of it. If we could put ourselves where the sun or moon is, and look over the waters, we should see the light shining upon every wave on the ocean, not merely on the narrow strip of our ordinary vision. And if we were more able, by sympathy with God and by a profound sharing of his desires and purposes, to put ourselves in so far into his place, we should have a like vision of the outgoing of his light and love to men.

It is not in the times of coldness and indifference to the well-being of our fellow-men that we get the largest and truest vision of what God purposes for them, and is doing for them. It is not when we are nearest to God that we are most hopeless about man. If we can look back to the days of our first love, we shall find that not only were all men closer and dearer to us in those joyful days, but we had an especial sense of God's nearness to them and his helpfulness toward them. We were quick to see and warm to welcome every sign of good in them as an evidence of God's grace in them. We now look back, possibly, to that state of feeling, as the warmth of delusion and of over-confidence. May it not, rather, have been the hour of vision, when we caught a glimpse of God's actual presence and working in men's hearts, and saw the light where we have ceased to see it, but where it still shines?

Another cause of the narrowing of our vision of the light is found in our egotistic attitude toward our brethren. We fall into the habit of seeing them, not as they are, but as they affect us, suit our plans, or get in our way. We do not even try to see all round people, but are content to catch a glimpse of the angle which lies nearest us, and to form our judgment from that. So we fail entirely of that sympathetic insight that Shakespeare was sent to impart to us. Our neighbors are not rounded human beings to us, with the same inner life, the same round of joys and sorrows, as we ourselves experience. They are like the Norse Huldres, solid seeming on the side turned to us, but hollow on the other side. And because we care to know so little of them, and are content with but a fragment of vision, we miss the sight of much goodness that God is working in the earth and in the hearts of men. We come to the dark fancy that there is no light of love in hearts where we have taken no pains to seek any, and that the world is cold and dreary for want of a divine presence to warm and light it up. It is the illusion of the inward vision which corresponds to the optical illusion that seems to show the moon shining on but a narrow strip of a darkened sea.

The more intense a man's love of his fellow-men, and the keener his sympathies with God's great purposes of love, the more the light and joy in the spirits of men will be disclosed to him. It is the man who has the true vision of these who is able to 'rejoice always,' as the Apostle bids the Thessalonians do. The Spirit which inspired that command has a larger acquaintance with the world's evil than we can have. He is grieved by evil and sin even in the saints whom he loves and is training. Yet he bids us rejoice on solid and lasting grounds, in view of the war the light is waging with the darkness, and of its continual, solid, and lasting victories. Nature shrinks from the demand; grace en-

joins it, because the Spirit sees farther and truer than man can.

To nature it often seems as if the spiritual light at most balanced the darkness, as day and night balance each other through the round year. But night, after all, is but the tiny shadow of our petty planet, which contracts in its outward sweep from the sun until it becomes a mere point, and then vanishes. Day is our share of the great sea of light which floods the solar system, and sweeps on to meet the answering floods from still other systems and suns.—S. S. Times.

The Appeal of the Gospel to Common Sense.

All who pride themselves on being governed by good sense rather than by sentiment, influence, or even example ought especially to be Christians. If ever any appeal was made directly and forcibly to common sense, it is that of Christianity. Leaving out of account at present all considerations of gratitude or affection, and taking merely the lower ground of expediency, has not the Gospel a right to everyone's serious attention, and to his acceptance?

It appeals to every man in his own behalf. It tells him that, whatever others may do, he has himself to look after and provide for. This is as true in religion as in business, and more true. Others indeed may concern themselves and may be helpful. But if he does not make effort for himself to take advantage of the divine offers, no other person's zeal can do the work in his behalf. The Gospel reminds him of this, and points out to him the risk of not looking personally after his own interests.

It deals with simple, plain, undeniable facts, from which there is no escape. He is here to day. He may be gone next year, next month, perhaps even to-morrow. Whether he does or does not believe all which he hears about a future life, his good sense tells him to live so that, if there be one, he may be prepared for it in the best manner. The same sound sense insists that whoever lives the most pure, noble, unselfish, useful life here of course is best fitted for whatever may be coming hereafter. And it declares that this is just the life that Jesus Christ did live and which His Gospel insists upon.

The Gospel does not try to deceive anyone or to beguile him. It does not pretend that to be a Christian always is easy, and his observation teaches him better than to believe that. Nor does it hold out to him the prospect of immediate perfect happiness, or of any other kind of reward, as a bait, although it does assure him that in the end he will rejoice in being a Christian. It treats him fairly and frankly, as a man deserves to be treated. It tells him that he ought to be a Christian. Let him do his duty, and let happiness take care of itself. It tells him that he will have a hard fight against evil as long as he lives, but that it is more sensible to accept this fact and to make his fight manfully, with the heavenly aid which he will have, than to shrink from it or refuse to consider it.

In a word, in spirit, in fact, and in method the Gospel appeals to common sense upon its own ground.—The Congregationalist.

The Blessedness of Mourning.

The house of sorrow is a strange place to look for joy. Mourners are the last people the world would call blessed or happy. Men in their quest for happiness would not think of looking for it in the shadows of grief. Yet Jesus said, 'Blessed are they that mourn.'

There are many who mourn. Few are the homes in which there is not some grief. Not all sorrows hang craped on the door or wear a badge of grief. There are secret troubles, and tears are shed where no eyes see them fall.

Does Jesus mean that all who mourn are blessed? No; there are sorrows which yield no peaceable fruits of righteousness. There are those who suffer and are not blessed. He means that the state of mourning is one in which divine blessing may be received rather than in a state of tearfulness.

The deepest happiness is not that which has never suffered, but that which has passed through the experience of sorrow and has been comforted. There is a story of a German baron who made a great Aeolian harp by stretching wires from tower to tower of his castle. When the harp was ready he listened for the music. But it was in the calm of summer, and in the still air the wires hung silent. Autumn came with its gentle breezes, and there were faint whispers of song. At length the winter winds swept over the castle, and now the harp answered in majestic style.

Such a harp is the human heart. It does not yield its noblest music in the

summer days of joy, but in the winter of trial. The sweetest songs on earth have been sung in sorrow. The richest things in character have been reached through pain. Even of Jesus we read that he was made perfect through suffering. This does not mean that there were evils in his nature which had to be expelled by the heat of trial—that there was dross in the gold of his being which only the fire could remove.

The meaning is that there were elements, even in his sinless humanity, which could be brought to full ripeness only through pain.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

His Work.

One time a man came to one of the men who worked for him, and gave him a big stone, and said:

'Now, you cut in this stone the leaves just like the ones in this picture.' The stone did not look very pretty, and the man said:

'I will do just the very best I can, but I wish I could cut in this beautiful marble here.'

So he toiled away with his sharp tools, and after much work he finished the leaves according to the pattern. When he finished this the master brought him another just like it; and told him to cut a branch in it. And so for weeks he worked on these big rough stones; and he did not know what they were for.

One day when he was walking down town in the large city, he saw a beautiful building. He went over to look at it, and there, in the front of that large building, were all those big rough stones upon which he had been working for so long. But they were all put together now to form a most beautiful picture. The man looked at it a long time, and then said:

'Oh, how glad I am that I did it well! Now I see what the master meant.'

So it should be with us. No matter what work is given you to do, be sure you do it well.—Olive Plants.

Beware of growing covetousness, for of all sins this is one of the most insidious. It is like the silting up of a river. As the stream comes down from the land it brings with it sand and earth, and deposits these at its mouth; so that by degrees, unless it be carefully watched, it will block itself up, and leave no channel for ships of great burden. By daily deposit, it imperceptibly creates a bar which is dangerous to navigation. Many a man, when he begins to accumulate wealth, commences at the same moment to ruin his soul; and the more he acquires, the more closely he blocks up his liberality. Instead of doing more for God he does less, and the more he wants of this world, the less he cares for the world to come.—C. H. Spurgeon.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent read the 27th Psalm. If you are lonesome and unprotected, read the 91st Psalm. If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians. If people pelt you with hard words, read the 15th chapter of St. John and the 51st Psalm. If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the 3rd chapter of Revelations. If you are all out of sorts read the 12th chapter of Hebrews.

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Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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FATHER & SONS CURED OF ITCHING RASH

'I had an itching rash under my chin, which kept spreading until it was all over my body. I could not sleep but was compelled to lie awake and scratch all the time. My father and two brothers were afflicted with the same thing, at the same time. We all suffered terribly for a year and a half, trying in the meantime all the remedies we could find, but received no benefit. I bought three cakes of CUTICURA SOAP and three boxes of CUTICURA (ointment) and they cured the four of us completely. RICH'D ANDERSON, Geneva, Utah.

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