When I Have Time.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded with care;
I'll help to lift them from their despair,
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with sweetest words of praise,
When I have time.

When you have time—the friend you loved so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content.
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

—LONDON CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prompt payments are a great help in this work. Let each subscriber try to be a helper.

My Last Drink.

BY S. H. HADLEY.

Superintendent of the Old Jerry McAuley Mission, 316 Water Street, New York.

One Tuesday evening, on April 18, 1882, I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for days and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirum tremens, or horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for, when the time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river! But the Lord so ordered it that when the time did come, I was not able to walk one-quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by drinking looked on with scornful curosity. I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street; and, reader, I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, If you want to keep that promise, go and have yourself locked up. I went to the nearest station-house, a short distance away, and had myself locked up.

I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came in that place with me. This was not all the company I had either. No, praise the Lord; that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said—Pray! I did pray; and though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released, and found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing Spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sabbath morning, I felt that day would decide my fate. Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected; and toward evening it came into my head to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission. I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and the outcast—that man of God Jerry McAuley. He rose, and amid deep silence, told his experience, that simple story that I heard so many hundred times afterward, but which was ever new; how he had been a thief, an outcast, a drunkard—yes a regular bum! but I gave my heart to God, and he saved me from everything that's wicked and bad. There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, I wonder if God can save me? I listened to the testimony of twenty-five or thirty persons, every one of whom had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation was given I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene! How I wondered if I would be saved! if God would help me! I was a total stranger; but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said: Dear Saviour, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord, they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do, for Jesus' sake—Amen! Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us, and Jerry said: Now, all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves. He spoke to one after another, as he placed his hand on their heads, saying, Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want him to do for you. How I trembled as he approached me! Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side, and whispered in my ear crimes I had forgotten for months: What are you going to do about such matters if you start to be a Christian to night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had not you better think this matter over awhile and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start? Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! A blessed whisper said, Come! The devil said. Be careful? Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, Brother pray. I said, Can't you pray for me? Jerry said, All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself. I halted but a moment, and then with a broken heart, I said: Dear Jesus, can you help me? Dear reader, never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart; I felt I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ with all his brightness and power, had come into my life; that indeed old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

From that moment till now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen money enough to make me take one. I promised God that night that if he would take away the appetite for strong drink I would work for him all my life. He has done his part, and I have been trying to do mine.

Four years after my conversion I was called by the trustees of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, at 316 Water Street, to carry on the work Jerry began in 1872. I have now been here thirteen years and have been permitted to see more ruined drunkards redeemed and made prosperous than probably any other living man. Pray for us.

Considerateness.

BY WAYLAND HOYT D D.

There is a beautiful injunction of consideration in those words of St. Paul to the Galatians: Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Brethren; or, better and more accurately, brothers—since brethren has gotten a purport simply ecclesiastical and far away—is the interpreting word here, the word under the light of which all these clauses get disclosure. One is a brother yet, even though he may have sadly fallen, and is still worthy of all possible attempts at reclamation.

Brothers, if a man be overtaken in a fault, according to the Revised Version, even if a man be overtaken. That word overtaken may mean surprised into, suddenly caught in. Also the word fault is rendered trespass in the Revised Version; the word means literally, a falling away from right, truth, duty. Brothers, even if a man be surprised into some sad lapse—a man surprised into fault, trespass, lapse, is not a sight uncommon.

A man may be thus surprised, because of his heredity. I have a dog Jerry. He is a cocker-spaniel. He is marvellously intelligent. Fetching and carrying are in the strain of the cocker-spaniel blood. I have noticed that while he will learn in other directions, it is far easier to teach him along the line of bringing things and carrying things. Teaching here lays hold of his heredity in men as well as in dogs.

There is frequently a very bad heredity. Some evil tendency or passion is in the strain of the blood, and though a man have fought against it, it not seldom happens that suddenly the bad heredity reasserts itself and the man is surprised into a doing or a yielding, against which, for many a month or year, he has used triumphing will.

Or a man may be thus surprised because some of the noblest virtues, pursued but a little way beyond due bounds, turn so quickly into faults. For example, how easily can economy become covetousness, or benevolence lavishness, or hope carelessness, or leisure laziness, or faithfanaticism, or culture and high social position breed a hard and despising censoriousness.

Or a man may be thus surprised by unexpected circumstances, even as Peter was startled into denial of his Lord by all the strange, new circumstances of that sad night of betrayal and arrest.

Or a man may be thus surprised into a trespass by a sudden onset of temptation, upon his weakest side, as Satan made attack upon our Lord in the wilderness on His then weakest side—His hunger after the long fasting. And the man may forget, what our Lord did not, that the only safety is in a resistance instant and hard as adamant.

Yes, it is by no means an uncommon sight—a man overtaken in a fault, trespass, lapse.

Well, what is the too usual but wrong way of treatment of such a one? It is the way the reverse from brotherly. Brothers, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass.

Sometimes, the one overtaken in some trespass is treated in the unbrotherly, and so wrong way, of carelessness. Never mind; it doesn't especially concern me; I am not going to trouble myself about it, is the thing often said.

Sometimes the one overtaken in any trespass is treated in the unbrotherly, and so wrong way, of withdrawal of intercourse. We say we will have nothing more to do with him. And we cut acquaintance, and pass him without greeting on the street, and never put foot again over his threshold, though the way to his house had been a way to our feet wonted and socially delightful. It were well for us, in such case, to read heedfully our Lord's distinct directions. (Matt. xviii. 10 17.)

Sometimes, one overtaken in some trespass is treated in the unbrotherly, and so wrong way, of telling it widely and in a sort of tattle. One suggests, and wisely, that before repeating a bit of gossip it is well to ask ourselves three questions; Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?

Philip de Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. The saint bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and that she then walk a certain distance plucking the fowl as she went, and scattering the feathers. The command obeyed, the woman again visited the saint, that she might learn its meaning. Replied the saint, Retrace your steps and gather, one by one, the feathers you have flung abroad. Said she, I cast the feathers carelessly away, and the wind carried them in all directions.

Well, my child, said Philip de Neri, so it is with slanders. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can.

But under the light of this interpreting word Brothers behold the true treatment, even if one be overtaken in any trespass. Ye which are spiritual restore such an one—the true treatment is to restore. The word means, literally, to repair, to mend, to reset the broken order, and make that which is fragmentary complete. To do that is the primary purpose, the innermost meaning of Christianity.

And the apostle goes on to tell us the three ways in which we are to attempt such restoration.

We are to restore by being ourselves spiritual. Ye which are spiritual restore. I was reading how, in the fashioning of fine vases nothing can take the place of the human hand. The vase must receive the delicate, soft, skilful touch of the human hand to get its final shape of beauty; no machinery, no hard mechanicalness can do. It needs the brotherly hand, sympathic and tender a hand to thrill, and some word gracious with the yearning of the Divine Spirit, to repair and reset a brother's broken life.

We are to restore by being meek, In the spirit of meekness, and a New Testament meekness is a strong, patient, loving self control.

We are to restore by considerateness, in the memory of our own frailty. Lest thou also be tempted.

He was a young man who had fallen into sad lapse of faithlessness, despair, refusal of duty. The skies seemed black to him, the way rough. But the blackness and the roughness were really the issues of his own soul—surprised as it had been into a kind of reaction and rebellion.

Then one he knew and loved came to sit by the young man. There was reason enough for them but no reproach nor the slightest cadence of scolding fell from this other's lips. He simply told how he, too, in earlier life, had been similarly overtaken, and how he had found rescue and deliverance in submission, in determined hoping, in a faith which would grip the promises, and in a brave attempt at duty, jagged as the look might be which the duty wore.

This gracious considerateness was to the young man as the genial breath of the spring amid the iciness of the declining winter. Somehow amidst it everything best in him sprang up, as spring warmths held the early flowers to set their beauty amid the brownness of the winter leaves. That considerateness restored the young man from his sad lapse.

It is many years ago, but the restoring influence of that considerateness has never ceased. The considerateness meant a brother rewon, saved. Was not that better than to have smitten him with harshness?—The Watchman.

A Tonic For Doubters.

A pastor was staying once in a country village where he was to visit a dying woman. He went to her and found her a Christian, ready and willing to die, but for one thing. She was anxious about her little children, and begged the minister to pray that they might be provided for when she was gone.

Together the mother and minister prayed for that one thing, though they knew not how their prayer could be answered in that little village where none were rich enough to take upon themselves the expense of caring for three orphans. The woman died, and at her funeral the minister spoke of his visit and the dying prayer.

Among those at the funeral were two strangers—a man and his wife—who were passing through the village; and by chance—as they supposed—they happened to enter the church at that hour. They were wealthy and childless, and touched by the sight of the lonely little orphans, they took them to their hearts and home; and so the mother's prayer was answered.

A yet more striking instance of answered prayer was one that came to a poor woman in India. She had become a Christian, accepting God with simple and absolute faith.

Some time after her conversion her child fell sick—so sick that its recovery was very doubtful. Ice was needed for the little sufferer, but none was to be had.

I'm going to ask God to send ice, the mother said to the missionary.

Oh, but you can't expect that he will do that, was the quick reply of the missionary.

Why not? asked the woman He has all power, and he loves us. I shall ask him, and I believe he will send it.

She did ask him, with a faith that never faltered, and God honored her faith. That very day there was a heavy thunder-storm, and the woman, running out, with a glad heart, gathered a great bowlful of hailstones. So was answered the prayer of this mother also.—Christian Endeavor World.

The Rise of a Boy.

Many a boy goes to business, and as his busines begins by simply doing the things he is told to do, and doing them in a common ordinary way, says Dr. Lyman Abbott. If he stops here, he remains all his life long, a drudge. But if he begins to see that business has a significance; that life is not merely sweeping the store, not merely writing letters, not merely selling goods; if he begins to see that business is a greater instrument of beneficence than what we call beneficence; that trade is clothing thousands of men where charity clothes ten; that agricultural and milling industries are feeding thousands of men where charity feeds ten; if he begins to see how the whole industry of the world is linked together, and is God's way of building up humanity,—as he gets this larger view and enters into it, life is enriched and becomes itself the minister whereby love is enlarged and conscience strengthened, the school wherein he is educated, out of the lower into the higher. He has now risen or is rising from that which is mortal into that which is immortal and eternal.—Penman's Roman Art Journal.

Noah Webster, from first to last, spent seventeen years on his dictionary of the English language.

Longfellow turned out about one volume of poems a year for many years.

IMMENSE INCREASE in the sale of D. & L. Menthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains, lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Hall's Hair Renewer cures dandruff and scalp affections; also all cases of baldness where the glands which feed the roots of the hair are not closed up.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

David Livingstone, when but a lad, received advice from his old Sunday-school teacher which he never forgot. Now, lad, were the faithful words, be constant; make religion the everyday business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you are not constant, temptation will get the better of you.

Every Boy Should Learn

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to his mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat his mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in his service.

To be as helpful to his sisters as he expects his sisters to be to him.

To be kind as well as brave, and just as well as generous.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home as well as abroad.—Church Standard.

"What a difference in the suffering at time of childbirth

when Dr. R. V. Pierce's medicines are used," writes Mrs. Edmon Jacobs, of Bargersville, Johnson County, Ind. "I had not heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines three years ago when I was confined, so had to suffer almost death. Before baby was born I could not be on my feet without two persons holding me.

"The advice of a neighbor."

The baby was a boy weighing nine and three-quarter pounds, and for some weeks after his birth I suffered severe pain. Last fall, following the advice of a neighbor, my husband bought me Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription which I took during the winter, and in March, 1898, I gave birth to a baby boy weighing ten and three-quarter pounds. I was only in labor two hours and was on my feet without help until thirty minutes before my baby was born. He is now three months old and weighs nineteen pounds. I know it was Dr. Pierce's medicine that saved me from suffering. I advise all women to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, also his 'Pleasant Pellets' if necessary."

"Following the advice of a neighbor." What a weight of confirmatory evidence there is in those six words. The neighbor had tried the "Favorite Prescription" and recommended it. Mrs. Jacobs has also tried it and proved its wonderful properties and now she recommends it. Beside such testimony as this its maker's words are unimportant. Mrs. Jacobs' experience is a fact. Her neighbor's experience is a fact. The written experiences of 250,000 other women are facts. There is no theory about it. There can be no question about it. In every neighborhood in this broad land there are women who have been cured by the "Favorite Prescription." It has cured more cases of female complaint than all other medicines for women combined. It is the only medicine of its kind invented by a skilled specialist in medicine—a regularly graduated physician of more than thirty years' actual experience.

Dollars For Doctors.

But Mrs. Douglas derived benefit till she used B.B.B.

Proof after proof we have been furnishing how B.B.B. makes bad blood pure blood and cures cases that even the doctors failed to benefit.

Here's the case of Mrs. J. Douglas, Fuller, Ont., an account of which she gives.

"I have used B.B.B. for impure blood, pimples on the face and headache. I tried a great many remedies and spent dollars for doctor medicine but derived little benefit. I then started using B.B.B. and after I took four bottles when my blood became clean and free from all eruptions. My other troubles disappeared also and I am now in perfect health.

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I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most severe attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, for they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

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