

head, his feet blistered by scorching sand; eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, the thirst so tormenting that he had opened his own veins and sucked his own blood. Do you ask how he outlived such horrors? He declared that it was because he had never drunk a drop of intoxicating liquor in his life!

The causes at work to produce intemperance are mainly heredity, the child inheriting the madness of the parent in an inborn love for stimulants; the social instinct, which has so large a place in some natures, and the desire to drown trouble.

Its cure lies in the Gospel of Christ. The pledge may, however, often serve the place of John the Baptist, and prepare the way for the Christ. But the pledge should be in the form of a religious obligation, with the thought prominent that we can only stand through Christ's grace. The Hon. Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, once made a fiery temperance speech, in which, with the glowing eloquence of Southern oratory, he said: "Were this great globe one chrysolite, and I offered the possession if I would drink one glass of brandy, I would refuse it with scorn, and *I want no religion*, I want the temperance pledge." With increasing fervor he cried: "We want no religion in this movement; let it be purely secular, and keep religion where it belongs." But, as Gough sadly confesses, Marshall, with all his confidence, fell, and died in clothes given him by Christian charity. The pledge is helpful in its place, and to many total abstinence is the only way of safety, but the cure of intemperance lies in the Word of the Holy Spirit in the heart, in the glad recognition of the truth: "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . temperance."

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SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

"We are too prominent, too self-important, too conscious of ourselves. Our shadows fall too much in front of us, and we see them on the sand, clear cut and defined. We need to keep our faces ever sunward, that our shadow may be well out of sight. And thus it is that God must sometimes hide us in the sick chamber, the valley of shadow, the cleft of the rock. He calls us to Zarephath or Carmel, the privacy of obscurity or of solitude. It is only when self is hidden in the darkness of the grave that the true light shines upon our hearts, or the power of the true life emanates from our acts."—*Rev. F. R. Meyer.*

WHAT PRAYER DOES.

PRAYER does not directly take away a trial of its pain any more than a sense of duty directly takes away the danger of infection; but it preserves the strength of the whole spiritual fibre, so that the trial does not pass into temptation to sin. A sorrow comes upon you. Omit prayer, and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim Him as your father, though He seems cruel—and the paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life. The answer to prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has brought understood.—*Stoford Brooke.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

ONCE a little boy came to a city missionary, and, holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted me to get a clean one to put in a frame 'o hang it up. Won't you give me a clean one, sir?"

The little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission school, probably, the poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterwards to find it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation.

THE POWER OF A PRAYER BOOK.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1810, while travelling through bad roads and new settlements, in one of the northern counties of the Union, the carriage broke down, and the travellers took refuge in a small but neat neighboring farmhouse. On quitting their temporary shelter the author presented to the son of their hostess, a pleasing boy of some ten or twelve years of age, a Prayer Book he chanced to have with him, as some acknowledgment of the kindness with which they had been received. Years rolled on, and the trifling circumstance had long been forgotten by the giver, when he was one day courteously addressed, while travelling on the Hudson, by a young student of divinity from the seminary. Upon the author's evincing that his new acquaintance was unknown to him, "Sir," said the young man, "you ought to know me, for it was you that made me a churchman. The Prayer Book you gave me" (he here recollected the circumstances) "made me what I am. My mother was brought up in the church, but our removal to the new settlements had long separated us from it; that Prayer Book renewed her love for it, and awakened mine." Little more need be told. The course begun under such happy auspices, with God's blessing, went on and prospered; and that youth became one of the firmest pillars of the American Church, the Right Reverend Bishop Ives, of North Carolina.

PERSONAL MISSIONARY WORK.

PASTOR BROCHER, of Brussels, in his address at the missionary meeting of the Wycliffe College Alumni, attributes the marked success of missionary efforts there to one feature which is worthy of the imitation of our churches in this land. He said that every convert seemed to realize so deeply the blessings of the light and liberty which he found in Christ that he made it his special business to tell the story to some friend and to try to bring him to that same light. Each church member was an aggressive missionary. If all the attendants at our churches exhibited half this enthusiasm, we should have no half-empty churches or lifeless services. No one who calls himself a Christian ought to sit by idly and supinely while his fellow-men are drifting away. Go after men and compel them to come in. In Bible-class work, in like manner, the active, aggressive personal effort of the members is the great means of advancing. The words Christian and missionary are really synonymous.—*Evangelical Churchman.*