

Contributions.

The Champions of Truth.

Respectfully dedicated to Peter Anderson, Esq., author of "The Two Moods," by the undersigned.

Thus saith the Lord God :
The refuge of lies shall the hail sweep away,
The waters your hiding-places overflow ;
Disannulled shall be your covenant with death,
Nor with hell shall your agreement stand. —ISA. xxviii.

Thus sang the bard, whose prophet ken
Had swept adown time's vista far,
And so believe God's stalwart men,
Who champion truth—on wrong make war.

Oracular, in glowing verse,
They chant e'en now the lofty song,
That shall truth's triumph grand rehearse,
While years eternal roll along.

There is a voice that speaks in them,
A language to the false unknown :
"Be brave for God, his truth defend,"
Heard in the soul of faith alone.

Go, hush the voiceful winds to sleep,
Niagara's thundering floods enchain ;
Arrest the lightning's downward leap,
Control the waves that roll amain ;

But think not silence to impose
On men that heavenly truth inspires.
Within whose fearless bosom glows
The God-sent pentecostal fires.

No falsehood in such hearts can live—
Not theirs the sin-concealing chain—
Not words of whispering fear they give,
But, trumpet-voiced, the truth proclaim.

Though men be leagued with devils damned,
Hidden by hell's profoundest shade ;
In fortified falsehood armored stand—
They dare the infernal gates invade.

Though curses hot as damn the dead
From wrathful foes on them be hurled,
Hope's crested helmet guards their head,
Truth's banner high they wave unfurled.

"When war is fiercely waging, then
They feel the grandeur of the fight,
These brave, these earnest, manly men,
Who work for God, who plead the right."

Jehovah is their sun and shield,
Their God and their defender He
To Him both hell and earth must yield,
In time or in the world to be.

For aye their flag shall skyward float,
Each fold with radiance by-and-by,
Above the rolling battle smoke
Shall final victory glorify.

EDWARD BRAKEMAN.

Geneva, Ohio.

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It is highly recommended.

In All Points Like as We Are.

BY ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Last Sunday our pastor prayed—as he never forgets to do—for the dear ones of the various homes who were absent. Something in my pastor's voice, something of added earnestness and longing, something that seemed to say, "Dear Father, hear this petition, and richly grant it, for we want it so"—something, or all of this, attracted my closer attention, and the thought came to me, "He prays so fervently ; just as though his own dear ones were absent ; but yet they are all about him. He feels thus for us who are separated from those whom we love. I wonder how he knows !"

I would never have thought of the subject again, but next day some one said to me : "Bro. Davis's family have gone north." Then I thought of the added fervency of his prayer. "No wonder," I thought, "that he could plead so earnestly. No wonder he could enter so thoroughly into our feelings. He was himself lonely. He had learned what it meant to sit alone with all of his dear ones far away. He could pray more earnestly for protection upon other divided circles, because he feels more keenly than he is wont to do his own longing desire that guarding angels be close about those he loves." He stood upon common grounds of need with many about him, and his sympathy not only made him more fervent, but drew him nearer to us all.

In a moment the words, "In all points like as we are," came to my mind, and I think I saw my Saviour a little more clearly than I had ever seen him before. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." And when I pictured Him as interceding with the righteous Judge for me, then did I feel so glad that He had been tempted just as I had been ; that He longed for human sympathy just as I have often longed ; that He had been grieved and disappointed just as I have been ; that He sorrowed at the grave of the friend He loved just as I have sorrowed over the loss of friends so dear to me ; that nothing could come to me which had not first come to Him who, because He knew the full power of sorrow and temptation, now only liveth to make intercession for me.

He was pleading for me, not as one might plead who had looked on from afar, and whose kindly, sympathetic nature was touched by a fancied realization of my temptation, my loneliness or my grief. Not that ; no, no ! not that. But His great and divinely human

heart knew by sharp experience what the longing of my poor heart might mean ; and the memory of his own unutterable sorrows caused him to plead with added fervency for me and mine. I can fancy I hear Him saying, as at the bar of Justice He makes intercession for me, "I know her life is poor and of but little worth : but then she is my sister, bound to me by the sacred ties of blood. I plead thus earnestly and continually for her because she is my own. I love her and I want to save her."

It is the sacred memory of our own sorrow that makes us more willing to listen to the cry of distress as it bursts from other hearts bowed down. When I earnestly desire a certain blessing, I can better comprehend how much this same need may mean to my brother. And should it fall to me the privilege to plead for him, I can do so with more zeal and fervor since I better understand how great is the boon for which I ask.

Nothing makes Jesus so real a personality to me as the thought that He understands and sympathizes with me in my humblest need.

Oh, blessed ministry of tears ! Who can compute thy power to comfort ?

"I know just how bad you feel." lisped one dear little tot of a girl to another, who was in distress. "My kitten died too," she added in trembling tones, "and it just broke my heart all to pieces." And so, because the babies understood each other, they wept in unison and each was a comfort to the other.

I recall again my pastor's earnest, pleading tones, as he prayed—"Dear Father, bless our absent loved ones." Full well I know his gracious, sympathetic heart went far beyond his own domestic circle—went out and embraced in his petition, every home of his flock who had dear ones far away. Still the consciousness of his own loved ones, whom he could not see, must have caused him to feel more keenly than he could otherwise have done how much we all need the watching eye of love, that never sleeps nor turns away.

I would that I could make my pastor feel how much the little incident has meant to me ; how much nearer it draws me to my Saviour ; how much more like me, only without sin, He has seemed to become ; and how I can realize, more keenly than I ever did before, how it was needful for Him to suffer that He might the better comprehend poor, earthly, tempted lives like mine, and feel a greater longing to lift us unto higher grounds.

I cannot tell him all I mean, for words are clumsy tools with which to

The Only

Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Bood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story:—

Hood's Cures

Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"The face of my little girl from the time she was three months old, broke out and was covered with scabs. We gave her two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it completely cured her. We are glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOS. M. CARLING, Clinton, Ontario. Be sure to

Get Hood's

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

paint the finer feelings of the soul. But I think he will understand ; and I believe I know him well enough to know that he will be glad to remember that the needs of his own heart, so earnestly expressed, could be the means of drawing even one of the humblest of his flock into closer communion with her Saviour, who gave Himself up to the powers of temptation, to suffering and to death, that He might be, in all points, like as we are, and thus make stronger intercession for us all.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

1. The Christian View of God and the World, by James Orr, D. D. \$3 00
2. The Holiest of All, an Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews, by the Rev. Andrew Murray 2 00
3. Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides, by Rev. John G. Paton 1 75
4. Modern Missions in the East, their Methods, etc., by E. A. Lawrence, D. D. 1 75
5. Christ for the World ; Sermons by J. Guinness Rogers, B. A. 1 25
6. Life Here and Hereafter, Sermons by Canon MacColl, of Ripon 2 25
7. Clerical Life and Work ; Sermons by the late Cannon Liddon 2 00
8. Studies in the Christian Character, Sermons by Dean Paget 1 75
9. The Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions, by George Matheson, D. D. 1 75

BY MAIL, POST PAID.

JOHN YOUNG,
Upper Canada Tract Society,
102 YONGE ST., TORONTO.