

## WHEN LOVE IS AT ITS BEST.

As tired children go at candle light,  
The glow in their young eyes quenched with the  
sun,  
Almost too languid now that play is done  
To seek their father's knee, and say, "Good-  
night;"

So to our great Father out of sight,  
When the brief gamut of the day is run,  
Defeats endured, and petty triumphs won,  
We kneel, and listlessly His care invite.

Then, with no sense of gain, no tender thrill,  
As when we leave the presence of a friend,  
No lingering content our souls to steep,  
But reckoning our gains and losses still,  
We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end,  
And, oarless, drift out to the sea of sleep.

Not such is prayer when love is at its best;  
And if our lagging soul do not outsoar  
The words we utter, though our chamber floor  
Be hallowed by our knees, 'twere vainly pressed.  
Nay, be each prayer with our soul's seal im-  
pressed,

And let us send no courier to heaven's door  
To speak our thanks and further gifts implore,  
In any sort of mask or livery dressed.

Rather, as friends sit sometimes hand-in-hand,  
Nor mar with words the sweet speech of their  
eyes;

So in soft silence let us oft'ner bow,  
Nor try with words to make God understand  
Longing is prayer; upon its wings we rise  
To where the breath of heaven beats upon our  
brow!

—The Congregationalist.

## HAL'S CONFESSION.

BY D. DOUGLAS.

It was at the Christian Endeavor meet-  
ing that still Sabbath evening. There had  
been the usual number of hymns sung and  
some earnest speaking from different ones  
among the members, and now there was  
but ten minutes left of the allotted time,  
and there came a pause. It was then that  
Hal Bentley stood up. Hal had just come  
back from college for the long summer vaca-  
tion; and as the university was nearly a  
day's journey from his home, his visits dur-  
ing the winter had been few and far be-  
tween. Some of the keener observers in the  
little society in which Hal had been such  
an earnest worker, had observed with pain  
that when he returned for the Christmas  
and Easter holidays, there was a certain  
change in his manner. Not that he had  
dropped away from the meetings, but  
rather there was a lack of earnestness and  
a failure to take an active part. So to-  
night, when Hal rose, and in an honest,  
straightforward way said a few words touch-  
ing on his Christian life, spoke of his fail-  
ures, and finally asked the prayers of the  
society to aid him in a renewal of his  
former earnestness in the service of the  
Master, his words had the effect that every  
manly confession of weakness has; and  
when he sat down with a moisture in his  
eyes that showed how deeply he was moved,  
many of his listeners felt the force of his  
example, and applied it to themselves.

That evening, as Hal strolled home from  
church in the soft summer moonlight, with  
his twin sister, Kate, there began one of  
those long, confidential conversations,  
which they always held together whenever  
Hal returned.

"Yes, Kittie," he was saying, "I know  
that you were surprised at what I said to-  
night; and I'll tell you how I came to say  
it, for of course you understand how hard  
it is for me to make an open acknowl-  
edgment of my failures like that."

"The first term I was at college I tried  
hard to lead a consistent Christian life, and  
I think I did fairly well; but when I went  
back after Christmas, I got in with a rather  
fast set,—nice fellows, you know, every  
one of them; but still they were just fast  
enough to be attractive, and little by little  
I began to adopt their ways and thoughts.  
Then, after I once started it became very  
easy to go on."

Hal stopped for a moment, and Kate gave  
his arm a sympathetic little squeeze; he  
went on more slowly. "At first, Kittie,  
it didn't seem to me that my life was  
changed at all, but there was so much going  
on that religious matters were sort of  
crowded out; they didn't seem congenial  
with the other things. I got into the habit  
of giving up the prayer-meetings Wednes-  
day evenings, and then after church on  
Sundays it seemed much pleasanter to drop  
around at the fellows' rooms and look over

the papers and smoke and talk until din-  
ner-time than to attend the class prayer-  
meetings. So it went on, until finally I  
had given up the religious meetings en-  
tirely except chapel and church, which were  
compulsory. Then, from going so much  
with that crowd of jolly, easy-going fellows,  
by degrees it began to seem perfectly nat-  
ural to swear occasionally, then to drink  
and to join in when a game of cards was  
proposed. All these things seemed to go  
with that air of polish and experience that  
they all possessed. Then, almost uncon-  
sciously I began to adopt an air of lenient  
superiority towards religion. It was all  
very well in its way, and no doubt was  
good for the masses, and was not a thing to be  
openly scoffed at; but then you could hardly  
expect a man of our set to have much time  
for that sort of thing. That was the gen-  
eral tone of our conversation on that subject.

"There was one man in our class, Hardy  
by name, who was one of the acknowledged  
leaders of our set. He was a quiet-looking  
fellow, with great deep-set eyes, and at first  
acquaintance one would hardly realize what  
an amount of hidden force he possessed.  
For a long time I wondered at the influ-  
ence he exercised, until one night I saw  
him come out of his shell, and it was a  
puzzle no longer. We were all together after  
supper, in one of the fellows' rooms, when  
he came in, evidently feeling in a gay  
mood; and, Kittie, you have no idea what  
a sparkling, attractive fellow he showed  
himself to be. He carried every thing with  
a rush, and then he seemed to have a cer-  
tain magnetic power, for almost instantly,  
seemingly without an effort, he had mono-  
polized the conversation, and the whole  
crowd were listening and applauding the  
stream of witty stories, bright and caustic  
remarks, with here and there allusions so  
cutting, but at the same time made in such  
a spirit of reckless good-humor that it was  
impossible for any one to take offence. As  
the fun increased, I heard some of the boys  
whisper to each other that Jack was in the  
mood to-night, and would show us some  
great sport before morning. Sure enough,  
when after a time there was a lull in the  
conversation, he came out with a proposal of  
such recklessness, that ordinarily not one  
would have thought of entering into it; but  
he had put us just in the mood, and there was  
hardly a dissenting voice. That night we  
had a wild time, and before we returned in  
the "wee sma' hours," I had yielded, al-  
most without thinking, to temptations that  
at another time I could have withstood.

"That's the way it is at college, Kittie;  
a fellow goes into everything with a rush,—  
dissipation like everything else,—and when  
one commences a fast life, almost instantly,  
as it seems, it is too late to retreat."

Here Hal's voice broke, and it was with  
an effort that he went on.

"I saw one of the fellows the other day  
in the city, one whom I used to know at  
college. He left at Christmas; and, Kittie,  
I never saw a man so changed. I took din-  
ner with him, and we got to talking together,  
and I tried to help him, but it was no use;  
I shall never forget the way in which he  
looked, as he said to me: 'I know, Hal,  
old man, that I am going to the bad; but I  
can't help it, I can't help it, I haven't any  
will left.' I never expect to see him again."

"Well, I was telling you about this Jack  
Hardy. He seemed to take quite a fancy to  
me; and we became quite chummy, and  
used to go out together a good deal.  
After that night I got into the habit of not  
allowing myself to think, but of just going  
ahead and having a good time; and then it  
began to seem a sort of blasphemous thing  
to pray, when I really had no intention of  
changing my life at all, and so I gave up  
praying."

"One night, after things had been going  
on in this way for a long time, I happened  
to drop into Jack's room. We had been  
off together the night before, and I rather  
expected to find him in one of his 'grumpy  
fits,' as we had nicknamed those long spells  
of despondency that seemed to be almost  
constitutional with him. I found him  
alone in the room with his 'wife,' as we  
always call each other's room-mate. I sat  
down and we talked for a minute or so, and  
then he began to walk back and forth un-  
easily."

"Hal, I am going to be a Christian, and  
I wish you would too," he finally broke out,  
with a tremendous effort.

"Well, Kittie, I could not say a word; I  
just sat there in perfect astonishment, and

looked at him. Then I started in to tell  
him that I was a Christian, and had been a  
member of the church for years; but the  
words stuck in my throat. Here was a  
man who had never made any pretensions  
to religion, trying to help me, a professed  
Christian; and had I overshadowed by my life  
or actions that I was any different from him  
or any better than he? I got up, and left  
the room without a word; and, though I  
hadn't cried for years, I am not ashamed to  
say I cried that night. It all came over  
me,—the life I had been leading, how I  
had disgraced my Saviour, and it seemed  
to me that my time at college had been  
utterly wasted. Before the night was over  
I resolved to do all that I could during the  
rest of my years at college towards making  
amends.

"I went back to Hardy's room, and  
owned right up how weak and cowardly I  
had been, and what I intended for the fu-  
ture. Then he told me how he had hap-  
pened to attend a revival meeting, and how  
it came to him that he was throwing away  
the best years of his life; and he, too, had  
resolved to start right in and change his  
whole way of living."

"Then we three, Jack, his chum and  
myself, all knelt down and asked for  
strength. And we received it. It was a  
hard pull at first to take that stand and  
live down our former life; but Jack fairly  
shamed me; he went into everything with  
such a vim, and by the time the term closed  
I think we had accomplished something  
among the fellows."

"So that was the reason, Kittie, that I  
spoke as I did to-night. I didn't feel that  
I could come back to the church here with-  
out some word of that sort."

And as the two turned up the walk to  
the house, the moonlight showed Kittie's  
face all wet with tears, and that night there  
was in her prayers more of thanks than  
supplication.—Golden Rule.

## THE VERY SAME MAN.

A lady writing to the *New York Observer*  
concerning the Northfield conference says:  
One of the most remarkable discourses  
that I ever heard was that on last Sabbath  
morning by Dr. A. J. Gordon. His text  
was "The power of the Holy Spirit," and  
he showed how the apostles had been, and  
how all true Christians should be: first,  
baptized; second, sealed; third, anointed;  
fourth, filled with the Holy Spirit. A  
most striking instance of the "quenching  
of the Spirit" was given by the preacher.  
"I know," said he, "a prominent busi-  
ness man who told me his story. He said  
that he was converted about twenty years  
ago, and that he was then zealous in church  
work. It suddenly came to him that he  
ought to go to a certain colored man, who  
lived near his house, and urge him to be  
a Christian. The colored man was repul-  
sive to him. He did not want to go, but  
still the Spirit urged him to go, and day  
after day he thought he would, but he  
could not make up his mind to do it."

"He engaged actively in his business,  
and little by little he gave up his religious  
activity. He had not gone to see the  
colored man, but he kept on going to  
church, served on a standing committee,  
and played the part of a respectable church  
member for fifteen or eighteen years."

"One Sunday in the summer, wander-  
ing past a tent in which a preaching service  
was being held, he strolled in. The speaker  
saw him and came hurrying toward him."

"Are you a Christian?" he asked; "I  
am short of workers to-night and there is  
a crowd of inquirers; can you help me?"  
"Oh, I think not," said our friend, "I  
—I haven't spoke to a sinner about his soul  
for years; I can't!"

"You must," urged the preacher.  
"Come, help me; now is the time for you  
to begin anew."

"In spite of himself he led along the  
unwilling man toward the front of the tent."

"Here is an inquirer, talk to him, he  
said, and he plumped him down on a bench  
beside the identical colored man whom the  
Spirit had so strongly urged him to labor  
with years before, and of whom he had long  
ago lost sight. He entered at once into  
earnest conversation and prayer with him,  
which he had every reason to believe were  
blessed to the black man's soul. After that  
he did, indeed, 'begin anew.' He began  
to labor with the unconverted all round  
him, and his spiritual life blazed up into a  
brighter flame than ever before." This is

certainly one of the strongest illustrations  
of the "quenching of the Spirit" that  
could be presented.

## FAILURE OR SUCCESS.

That was a very striking testimony to  
the reasonableness of all phases of temper-  
ance which was lately given by the Hon.  
Chauncey M. Depew in a talk with some  
railway men. Speaking of the boys in  
every grade of society who started life at  
the same time with himself, he said, "Some  
of them became clerks, merchants, manu-  
facturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remark-  
able that every one of those who drank is  
dead." With the exception of a few who  
were taken off by sickness, he went on to  
say that "every one who proved a wreck  
and wrecked his family did it from rum and  
no other cause."

Mr. Depew is a man of wide acquaint-  
ance and of much observation. That he  
should deliberately give this testimony to  
the fatal effects of the drink habit is  
all the more significant because his obser-  
vation is not confined to men of the lower  
classes, as might perhaps be urged of mis-  
sionaries, reformers, and those who work  
among the victims of intemperance, but  
that it includes men of intelligence, of ro-  
finedness, and of respectability. There is  
undoubtedly a conserving grace in all of  
these. Many a man has been bolstered up  
and kept from falling for a longer or shorter  
time by the knowledge that much is ex-  
pected of him, by the fact that his fall will  
be from a certain eminence, and therefore  
all the more disastrous. But Mr. Depew's  
testimony is that not intelligence nor refine-  
ment nor respectability will suffice to save  
a man who indulges in liquor. "Every  
one who drank is dead." "Not one living  
of my age," he goes on to say; and Mr.  
Depew is very far from being an old man.  
In all human probability he has many years  
of efficient work before him—years which  
those dead and gone companions of his  
threw away for the mere pleasure of mo-  
mentary self-indulgence.

But the picture has its positive as well  
as its negative side. While of all his boy-  
ish acquaintances the wreck of every one  
whose life proved a failure could be traced  
to drink, so, on the other hand, and as a  
most singular testimony to the value of a  
habit of self-denial, he goes on to say that  
"of those who are church-going people,  
who were steady, industrious people, who  
were frugal and thrifty, every single one of  
them, without an exception, owns the  
house in which he lives and has something  
laid by."

Young men, boys, who may read this  
article, among which of these two classes  
do you choose to rank?—*American Mes-  
senger.*

## NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the New CLUB RATES for  
the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced

1 copy	.....	\$ 0 30
10 copies to one address	.....	2 25
20 " " " "	.....	4 40
50 " " " "	.....	10 50
100 " " " "	.....	20 60

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
Publishers Montreal.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat requires  
immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results  
in some incurable Lung Disease. Brown's Bron-  
chial Troches are a simple remedy, containing  
nothing injurious, and will give immediate relief.  
25 cts. a box.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

SEND us your Name and Address  
on a postal for New Sample  
Cards and Agents' Outfit, or a  
3 cents stamp for Agents' Outfit, 120 elegant  
Scrap book Pictures, New Sample Cards and a  
25c present, or 10 cents for the above and you  
name on 20, silk fringed, hidden name, &c. Cards.  
Address EUREKA CARD CO.,  
Bolton Centre, Que.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and pub-  
lished every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James  
st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.  
All business communications should be addressed "John  
Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be  
addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'."