

think. It will almost kill them; but I shall never let them know it.' 'I shall,' returned the Professor. 'Severe as will be the blow, they had better know the truth about you than remain in ignorance of the career of one for whom they have sacrificed so much.' 'I can never see them again, sir, my conduct has been too bad, too shameful,' and he broke down again. 'Very well, Cyril, I trust this lesson will be a life-long warning to you. Banish the drink and the love of it as you would a serpent, otherwise your destiny can soon be foretold—a drunkard's shameful ending in a drunkard's dishonored death. May God save you from it, however. For the sake of your aged grandparents, I shall not prosecute you, neither shall I expose you to the shame of a public expulsion from the College. But you cannot remain here; I could never recommend you as a suitable person to assume the responsibility of educating the young. Therefore, your path to success to the scholastic profession is for ever barred up. Go at once to your room, pack up your clothes and books, and leave the College before the bell rings for the students to assemble in the hall. I trust you will never again commit yourself thus; a second time you may not receive such leniency.'

Cyril Rivers, now that it was too late, bitterly regretted his sin. He left the College, but knew not where to go, or what to do. As he strolled along over Westminster Bridge, carpet-bag in hand, his thoughts flew to the Horse Guards, and he then remembered seeing only a week before, a placard inviting able-bodied men to offer as recruits. He caught at the idea as a drowning man clutches at a straw, and quickly bent his steps there. He was a likely young fellow, and promised from his appearance to make a smart soldier, consequently he was forthwith accepted. He remained long enough at the depot to become thoroughly acquainted with military drill, and was then drafted off with his regiment to South Africa. After arriving there, his career was very short. He had just been promoted to the rank of corporal, and had written home to his aged grandparents for the first time, informing them of it, when he was seized with fever, and died in a few days.

Cyril Rivers's remains rest beneath a tropical sun, far away from old England; but whenever our thoughts roam there (and they sometimes do), we cannot help remembering that his deep disgrace, his banishment from the land of his birth, and his early death, were all attributable to his baneful habit of drinking.

Our Praise Service

(The 'Christian Guardian'.)

When the praise service evening arrives each hymn with its history, occasion, and anecdotes, is given by the minister, and supplemented with a very short and personal address suggested by the thought of the hymn. It is then sung as the chorister has arranged, either by choir or, as is more usual, by choir and congregation. One illustration will be sufficient to show clearly the method. At one of our services the hymn, 'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,' was proposed. Here is how we treated it:

'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus.'—The hymn was composed by George Duffield, a

Presbyterian clergyman, in Detroit. He was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1818, and graduated at Yale College in 1837. He has written a number of hymns, of which this one is, owing perhaps to its associations, best known. It was composed to be sung after a sermon by the writer on the sudden death of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, whose dying words to his Christian brethren were, 'Stand up for Jesus.'

Dudley Atkins Tyng was the son of Dr. Stephen A. Tyng, rector of St. George's Church, Philadelphia, in which parish he passed his boyhood. He was a very precocious scholar. He was able to read the Latin authors at the age of seven, and he entered the University of Pennsylvania at the age of fourteen. He was converted in 1814. His father relates the following touching incident in connection with his conversion: 'Late one night, when all the family had retired to rest, and left me to my closing hour of solitude in my study, I heard the sound of feet descending the stairs. It was this dear boy, who had arisen from his bed in sleepless sorrow. As he came into my room and pressed his arms around my neck, he said, "My dear father, I cannot sleep, I am so sinful. Father, will you pray for me?"'

In 1854 Mr. Tyng became the rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. He entered with loving zeal into the great revival which soon after his installation spread over the city, and became one of the favorite leaders of the great union prayer-meetings. It is said that he met more inquirers during the revival than any other pastor in the city.

In the spring following the great revival he met with a terrible accident that proved fatal in its results. 'Dr.—,' said the young pastor to his physician, 'all my friends have given me up; they say that I am dying. Is that your opinion?' The doctor replied that it was. 'Then, doctor, I have something to say to you. I have loved you so much as a friend; I long to love you as a brother in Christ. Let me entreat you now to come to Jesus.'

He was asked if he had any message for brethren in the ministry. He said, addressing his father:

'Father, stand up for Jesus. Tell them, let us all stand up for Jesus.' He became partially unconscious. He did not know any of the members of the family.

'Do you know Jesus?' he was asked.

'I know Jesus, I have a steadfast trust in Jesus—a calm and steadfast trust.'

'Are you happy, Dudley?'

'Perfectly, perfectly.'

He was buried amid the tears of more than ten thousand people. Let us, oh, men and women and little children, remember this splendid young minister, let us try to emulate his faith and life. Let us rise and sing with all our souls his dying words. Let us 'stand up for Jesus' through all our life, and then, at the last, when we appear in the great judgment hall of God before angels and countless beings, this same Jesus will 'stand up' for us. For he saith, you remember, 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.'

The hymn was then sung with great power.

Chang, an Earnest Convert.

Mr. J. J. Coulthard, of Wu-hu, Gan-hwuy, writes in 'China's Millions': 'There are a few native Christians at Hwei-chau, and one of them, a very bright and earnest man, returned from his distant home in Kiang-si (Rao-chau Fu) whilst I was there, and it was a privilege to meet him. He went to his home for the New Year's holidays, and whilst there invited Mr. Ernest Taylor and a native helper to go and preach to the other members of his clan. They made his home the centre, and from there visited many villages, preaching and selling books. Chang is not a bit ashamed of the Gospel, and did all in his power to induce his friends and relatives to give up the false for the true. His own home is an example to them: the household gods and ancestral tablets are all put away and in their place the Ten Commandments and Christian scrolls are hung. During their visit to Chang's home his own immediate friends and household were very willing to be taught hymns, texts, a short prayer for daily use, and the Lord's Prayer. A neighbor of his, a woman who had been a vegetarian for many years, broke her vow, and seemed to really trust in Jesus. Two men who visited Rao-chau with Chang were breaking off opium, and the younger said he decided for Christ, and allowed his door gods to be pulled down.'

'When Chang returned to Hwei-chau his employer informed him that he could no longer allow him to rest on Sundays, but he must work as did the other employees. Chang refused to go back upon that condition. A few days later his master invited him to return, and offered to pay him for resting on Sundays. He was loth to lose so good a workman, for Chang is the best tailor in the city. Chang replied that all he wanted was the day's rest to worship God; he did not wish payment for resting, but only for work done. The stand that Chang took helped a weaker companion in the faith who had not the courage of his convictions. We praise God for such a manly type of Christian. At the same time we must not despise the many who are weak in the faith.'

The Lord's Share.

A traveller in Ceylon, accompanying a missionary on his pastoral visits, noticed as they walked through the garden that some of the cocoanut trees were marked 'X.' On inquiring why they were so marked, the native Christian answered: 'Because every "X" tree is devoted to the Lord.' He also noticed that his wife, as she cooked the noonday meal, threw a handful of rice into the pot for each member of the family, and then two handfuls into another pot standing near. The traveller asked why the two handfuls were put into the other pot; the wife replied: 'That is the Lord's rice pot, and I remember him when cooking each meal.'—'Christian Herald.'

Old Country Friends.

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