

who said that I should never know a sorrow that he could ward off; that no sacrifice he could make would be too great to secure my happiness. I believed him and I left my home to become his wife. Oh, what have I not suffered in these three terrible years! I have shielded him; never let even my mother know of my misery and despair. I have tried to appear gay that the world might not guess at the heaviness of my heart. And I have prayed with him, entreated him by the love he once bore me, by the memory of other days, to give up this demon which is destroying him body and soul. It has been in vain—all in vain. He cannot give it up, he says. And my life is blasted. My every illusion dispelled. The peace of the grave would be sweet to me! And yet I am so young, so very young! what have I ever done, what sin committed that I must suffer such punishment as this!"

"But have you no influence? is there no way—" began Mildred; but Ada interrupted her.

"Influence!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Show me the wife who can influence a husband who drinks! Marry a man who is fond of his glass, and see for yourself."

Mildred did not appear when the supper bell rang, and her aunt went to her room to inquire if she was ill, for she had been heard to enter the house some time before. Mildred was lying on the bed with her face buried in her hands. As her aunt entered she sprang up and tried to smile. But instead, she burst into tears.

"Aunt Lydia, I am so wretched, so much in need of comfort," she said "I believe I really love Mr. Hilton, but—I dare not marry him," and then she told of her visit to Ada.

Miss Lydia thought the time had come to repeat the conversation she had heard in the cars nearly two months before. And she did so, watching Mildred earnestly to see the effect the story would have upon her. The girl was very pale as her aunt concluded.

"Won't you leave me now, aunty?" she said. "I want to be alone and think it all out."

Miss Lydia kissed her niece tenderly and went away, feeling sure that the marriage of which she so much disapproved would now never take place.

She was right. On coming down to breakfast the next morning, Mildred handed her two letters, asking if the servant would post them at once.

"One is to Mr. Hilton," she said, "and the other to mother. I have broken off my engagement, Aunt Lydia, and I want you to let me stay here a week or two longer until every one at home has gotten over the first surprise."

Several years later Mildred married one whom she loved as she had never dreamed of loving Howard Hilton and this time Miss Lydia was well satisfied with the match.—*The Standard.*

"WHAT DID THE ANGELS WIPE IT OUT WITH?"

[An authentic letter from a lawyer in New Orleans to his brother in Pittsburgh, Pa.]

Dear brother: You know that for many years I had been an unbeliever and a follower of strange gods—a lover of this world and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was a self-righteous one, who thought I had a religion of my own, better than the Bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell, except allegorically. I believed that God was bound, as he had created man, to save him. I knew I did not serve Him; knew Him not personally; had no communion with Him; obeyed His laws only just so far as it pleased myself and my own understanding of them. I did not believe in the entire divinity of Christ, and thought all such believers were idolaters; and I would not believe in the triune God, unless I could understand how He was such.

You know what my early teachings were, instilled into me by my own dear pious old mother. God had put these truths, received through her instructions, deep in my heart, though they were then buried deep from sight or thought by the filth of pride, sin and the world; prayer was forgotten, church was neglected, and worldly morality was the corrupt tree that, springing up, brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

So I lived, and so I would have died, had not God remembered His promise to His loving children, showing mercy unto thousands (of the generation) of them that love Him and keep His commandments.

Now and then better thoughts, holier desires, and sometimes doubts and fears of a judgment to come, would spring up within my heart, which, however, were soon stifled.

As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As the boy Theodore, with God's finger marked out on from him his birth, grew up, our natural love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him; his mind turned over what little he had learned of God through his nightly prayers, taught him by us from habit and superstition more than any conscientious feeling.

His questions often puzzled me, and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor sinful father, to know more about his Heavenly Parent, and that "happy land, far, far away," of which his nurse had sung to him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him.

A feeble accent of gratitude would steal up in my heart and fill me with something like regret, and bring back the time when I loved that blessed Saviour, and believed more of that "happy land."

A greater distrust of myself, and a greater sense of my inability to assure my boy of the faith contained in the simple little prayer I learned from mother, with you and our other brothers and sisters, gradually began to grow on me, and made me think oftener. Still I never went to church—had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach him—Christ and Him crucified, or Universalism; or let him learn what he could from the Jesuits, in whose church he had been baptized? Blessed be God! He, in his sovereign will chose for me. One of his little friends had died, then another, then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it—wanted to know "why God had done it; it was very hard that God should just go and take his friends; he wished He wouldn't do it." I, of course, tried to say and explain the best I could.

One evening he was lying on the bed, partly undressed. My wife and I were seated by the fire. She had been telling me that Theodore had not been a good boy that day, and what he had been doing, and I reproved him for it. All was quiet, when suddenly he broke out into a loud crying and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him and asked him what was the matter. "I don't want it there, father—I don't want it there!" "What, my child—what is it?" "Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad I've done to-day. I don't want it there: I wish He would wipe it out;" and his distress was greatly increased.

What could I do? I did not believe, yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said: "Well, you need not cry, you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want." "How, father, how?" "Why, get down on your knees and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it out, and He will do it."

I did not have to speak twice; he jumped off his bed, saying, "Father, won't you come and help me?" Now came the trial, the boy's distress was so great, and he pleaded so earnestly, that the big man, who had never bowed down to God in spirit and in truth, got down on his knees alongside that dear boy, and asked God to wipe out his sins and, perhaps, although my lips did not speak it, I included my own sins too. We then got up, and he lay down on the bed again; and in a few moments he said: "Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?" Oh, how the acknowledgment grated through my unbelieving heart, as the words came from my lips. "Why, yes, my dear son, the Bible says so; if you asked God from your heart for Christ's sake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done." A smile of pleasure passed over his face, as he quietly asked: "What did the angels wipe it out with, with a sponge?" Again was my soul stirred within me, as I answered: "No, with the precious blood of Christ!"

The fountain had at last burst forth—it could not be checked—and my cold heart was melted within me, and I felt like a poor, guilty, ignorant sinner; and, turning away, said: "My dear wife, we must first find God, if we want to show Him to our

children; we can not show them the way unless we know it ourselves."

After a little time the boy, with Heaven (almost) looking out of his eyes, came from the bed, and, leaning on my knee, turned up his face to me and said: "Father, are you and mother sinners?" "Yes, my son, we are." "Why," said he, "have you not a Saviour: don't you love God; why are you sinners?" I answered as best I could, and in the silent hour of the night I bent in prayer over the dear boy, and prayed: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

My wife, being a Roman Catholic, would not pray with me over the boy, until, blessed again be God, the Lord's Prayer was put into my heart, and we said it together, and prayed jointly for ourselves and our child; and God heard our prayer, and received us, as He always does those who seek Him with the whole heart, for he has said unto such, they "shall surely find Me."—*The Word of Life.*

ENLIGHTENED BY THE SPIRIT.

BY REV. D. B. MERRILL.

Before the Bible had been translated into Hindostance, an English chaplain in India was accustomed to translate short, striking passages of Scripture upon little slips of paper, and to distribute them at his door. Twenty years after, a dying man sent for a missionary, and it was found that he had been one who had collected and treasured some of these slips. For all these years he had studied them, and, with no other teacher, he had attained a faith in the Saviour so intelligent as to astonish his visitor.

A missionary of the American Board, on visiting for the first time a village in China, found several families who listened gladly to his teaching, and at his next visit one of these families had made such progress as to be judged worthy of baptism. In gospel lands those who were almost as ignorant as the heathen of Christian truth have sometimes been brought suddenly to Christ without waiting to be carefully instructed. An English boy, so rude that his presence could not be endured in a Sunday-school, testified that he only learned one verse of the Bible, and the memory of that single verse in after years in a distant land led to his conversion.

It seems plain that the Spirit of God adapts his work to the circumstances of the soul, and that very little intellectual light is needed where the soul is sincere. An illustration of this truth once came to my notice in a New England home. It was in a town where no religious services were held. In that home the Bible was a sealed book, and the name of God was familiar only in profane use. There a young girl of sixteen was stricken down with consumption. She was very ignorant on all subjects, but especially so of everything of a religious nature. Scarcely ever had she been inside of a church, and she had never in her life attended a Sunday-school. During her wasting sickness, prompted by no human suggestion, she sought out a neglected copy of the Bible, and through weary weeks it was her constant companion.

The Word of God taught her of Christ. The Spirit opened the truth to her understanding; and when a Christian man visited her in her last hours, she gave him a satisfactory and interesting account of her experience.

"At first," she said, "it seemed as if no one heard me when I prayed; but, as I continued to read the Bible, and do as it told me, a wonderful peace came into my heart, I could not tell how it was, but I felt sure that my sins were forgiven and that I should be saved." Before she passed away she told her astonished parents of her experience, and preached them such a sermon as they had never before heard and could never forget.

The one thing without which a Christian worker cannot succeed, and with which he cannot fail, is the illuminating influence of the Holy Spirit. The most learned scholars often have less success in leading men to Christ than those of humbler attainments, not because the human gifts are unimportant, except as compared with the supreme necessity of God's Spirit. If using the best human means we also co-operate with that Spirit, how strong may be the assurance of success!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

MARRY A GENTLEMAN.

It was excellent advice. I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen, or not to marry at all. The word is used in its broadest, truest sense. It did not have reference to those who have fine raiment and white hands and the veneration of society polish, merely to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true, manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sun-browned their faces.

A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no.

A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls, there are such men still in the world. You need not die old maids. But wait until the princes pass by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from the liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "Champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in the world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father and mother, and age and experience have given them an insight into character which is much beyond your own. It is very unsafe to marry a man against whom so wise a friend has warned you.

I never yet knew of a runaway match that was not followed by deep trouble in one way or another, and matches made "in spite" are pretty sure to end in life-long repentance.—*Woman at Work.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. From what place did David bring the ark to Jerusalem?
2. How did it come to be in that place?
3. What man in the New Testament had his ear cut off and by whom was he healed?
4. By whom, and on what occasion was it said, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"?

SCRIPTURE PROVERB.

Take a word from each of these passages and form a quotation from Proverbs.

In God we boast all the day long; and praise Thy name for ever. (Psa. xlv. 8.)

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God. (Isa. xli. 10.)

Let Thy hand be upon the man of Thy right hand; the Son of man whom Thou madest strong for Thyself. (Psalm lxxx. 17.)

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge. (Prov. i. 7.)

Say not unto thy neighbor, Go, and come again, to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee. (Prov. iii. 28.)

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—David bringing the Ark of the Covenant to Jerusalem. 2 Sam. 6. 1, 10.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

GOD BE MERCIFUL.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. G-ourd | Jonah iv. 6-9. |
| 2. O-badiah | Obad. i. 1. |
| 3. D-euteronomy | |
| 4. B-alaam | Num. xxii. 28-30. |
| 5. E-gg | Luke xi. 12. |
| 6. Mary-Magdalene | Luke viii. 2. |
| 7. E-hud | Judges iii. 28-30. |
| 8. R-est | Psa. xxxvii. 7. |
| 9. C-ome | Rev. xxii. 17. |
| 10. I-srael | Gen. xxxii. 28. |
| 11. F-ire | Dan. iii. 25. |
| 12. U-riah | 2 Sam. xi. 27. |
| 13. Lion | 1 Kings xiii. 24. |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Maggie Maud Miller.