

Heroes.

Daniel II: 31.

BY THE REV. J. H. CHANT.

Who are the heroes, men of noble deeds?
A child can tell who all the prophets reads,
When Cyrus sat on Medo-Persian throne,
And Daniel lingered by the river, lone,
There came a man, girt round with finest
gold,
His face like lightning, yet of heavenly
mould,
His eyes, in brightness, shone as lamps of
flame,
Like burnished brass his hands—his feet the
same,
As beryl his body—lightnings girt it round,
His voice was like the thunder in its sound.
The prophet heard the sound—the vision
saw—
And then, his mind oppressed with solemn
awe,
He fell upon his face, his strength had fled,
And he like one who is asleep, or dead.
A voice then bade him stand upon his feet,
And, by a touch, his strength was made
complete.
The future, then, was to the seer made
known,
And Rome's great king was placed upon his
throne.
But while he told of empires yet to rise,
He also told how we may reach the skies.

Who are the heroes, then? this the reply:
"People who truly know the Lord Most
High."
This gives supernal strength, by which the
soul
Can all its rebel elements control;
It lifts one out of self, and makes him brave
To endure life's ills, gives strength the weak
to save.
Knowing God's strength, he fears no mortal
foe,
For God is with him wheresoe'er he go.
With Christ-like spirit and a Christ-like
aim
He sacrifices earthly good and fame;
To save another life will give his own,
Lives for his brother and his God alone.
Men of this stamp are heroes in God's sight,
Might is not right, but right is always
might,
And those who know their God shall thus
be strong
To do exploits—and when the world's great
strong
Shall gather round the throne, the Judge
shall say,
"Well done, My son, I give thee now thy
pay."

Who are the heroes? men like *Jesse's* son,
While yet a youth he told what he had
done;
How he had slain a lion, and a bear,
And then, with sling in hand, went forth to
dare
The proud Gathite who had defied his God,
And left him headless on the virgin sod.

A hero he, in spite of stern decree,
Who dared before his God to bow his knee;
Likewise the three who, rather than deny
Their God, leaped in the fire and flames defy.
Like *Paul*, in deaths oft, counting not life
dear
So he might faithful prove, and then appear
Before his Master, by His side sit down
And wear through grace a never-fading
crown.

The Christian Church since the apostle's age
Has had its heroes, though on history's page
Bare mention of their deeds we rarely see.
Their lives were grand—only eternity
Can show their worth, but then their work
complete
Shall be unveiled before the judgment-seat.

There, *Martin Luther*, who has found the
right,
And stands forth bravely to defend the
right,
See him before the princely court at Worms—
They think to bring the heretic to terms,
But hear him speak: "Convinced I shall not
be
Except God's Word makes clear the heresy.
Not Pope, nor council, I believe alone,
For they have often erred, as I have shown.
Tis neither safe, nor honest to recall
What conscience shows is right; so, stand
or fall,
I hold this—God help me," then "Amen."
From this "Amen" no threats could move
him then,
And ever after firm as rock he stood
A man of God and friend of every good.

John Knox, a hero, of the Scottish clan,
Who in his life ne'er feared the face of man,
Stands by the side of those brave men as
peer,
A champion for the truth he holds so dear.
He loves his God, and for his country pleads
And by his teaching scatters golden seeds,
Which grow and take deep root in Scotland's
soil,
So deep that priestly craft cannot despoil.
The queen, through fear, sits trembling in
her place—
Armies less feared than *Knox* at throne of
grace.

Here's *Wesley* standing at his father's tomb,
In Epworth Church for him is found no
room.

Cast out of church he goes to field and lane,
The Oxford scholar dead to worldly fame!
The skilful archers with their shafts of wit
Make him their target, which they often hit,
And madden'd mobs hurl rotten eggs and
stone,
But see! he stands unmoved, and stands
alone,

His meekness soon disarms the savage throng,
They join with him to sing redemption's
song,
The world his parish—holiness his theme—
He travels on like a celestial beam.
Then after lengthen'd years of toil and pain,
And glorious conquests, see, we meet again.
Behold him now, upon his couch of death,
Convinced that he must soon resign his
breath,
He speaks—his words our hearts with com-
fort fill:
"The best of all is, God is with us still."

The godly *Asbury* leading on his host,
So free to labour, and so slow to boast,
The Church his bride, its service his delight,
He feared not winter's cold, nor mountain's
height.

Through swamps and forests, o'er hills,
through glen,
He journeyed on to seek the souls of men.
In garments plain, and with no earthly store,
He found in every place an open door.
Wherever found, a hero true was he;
He feared to sin, but feared no enemy.
With silver locks, pale cheeks, and sunken
eyes,

He tells, once more, of Christ's great sacri-
fice;
Celestial rays illumine his wrinkled face
As he extols the power of God's free grace.
In one short week a voice speaks from the
skies
"It is enough"—a Christian hero dies,
His deed heroic, and his spirit pure,
Embalmed in hearts, shall as the sun endure.

The Church has had a host of men like these
Who sacrificed a life of wealth and ease,
And gave themselves to earnest toil and
pain,
To lift their fellows to a higher plane.
Heroes are found in every walk of life,
In peaceful home, as in the battle's strife,
Each knows his God, and finds his strength
in Him,
And known to God shall have a diadem.

THURSO, QUE.

Doing Himself a Good Turn.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"We are all going to Lake Pleasant,
Sunday, to camp-meeting; will you go
along?" asked Ned Burgess of the
new boarder, whose place was next
him at table.

"Thank you, no—I think not; my
acceptance of your invitation will take
me away from my own church, and
from the Band of Hope in the evening,
and I have lost so much time in my
life that now when it can possibly be
avoided I dislike to drop stitches."

"So you came into the field late in
life?" said their landlady, whose curi-
osity was aroused by the words, "I
have lost so much time."

"I was brought up by Christian
parents, madam, and when I was
twenty believed myself a Christian;
but plenty of money, left me by the
death of a relative, and bad compan-
ions, led me far astray. I would not,
if I could, recount my record at that
time. For years I did not enter a
church, I habitually broke the Sab-
bath, and there is nothing that tran-

spired at that time that I can look
back upon with pleasure.

"At length I lost my home and my
money, and as a matter of course, the
boon companions who had swarmed
about me in my prosperity like bees
about a honey pot, all fell away from
me and left me quite alone.

"I had not a friend left in the
world. My wife had died of a broken
heart long before, and there was no
one to give me a kind word or a good
wish.

"Taking my last remaining horse, I
set out to ride to a fair then in pro-
gress, some miles away, where I might
possibly meet some of my sporting
acquaintances and win a guinea or two
in some way, or at least sell my horse.
Of course, force of habit led me to
stop at every saloon along the way, and
long before I had gone half the dis-
tance, I was wild from the drink I had
taken. As always when in that con-
dition. I was ready for any foolish
venture that might present itself, and
was ready to race my horse along the
pretty country lane with the first fellow
that proposed it, who, as it chanced,
was a wild young scamp called 'Jockey
Jim,' on his white horse 'Venture.'
Away we went, how far or how fast I
do not know, for the first thing I re-
member with distinctness, my horse
was taking a flying leap off the end of
a bridge. The next thing I remember
I was lying with my feet and legs in a
brook; my horse dead, with his neck
broken, lay upon me so I could not
move, and I was in great distress. I
thought at first that I was dead and
had gone to the place of torment; then
I recollected my wild leap, and, glanc-
ing about and recognizing my sur-
roundings, said with an attempt at my
usual good spirits:

"Well, Ned, you did yourself a bad
turn when you jumped that bridge'
And immediately, as if it was a voice
in the wind, I heard:

"You have been doing yourself
nothing else but bad turns for the last
ten years. Look over your life! When
did you ever do yourself a good turn
since your great-uncle's death lifted
you into a fortune?"

"I fainted then, I suppose, for the
next I knew I was lying upon a bed,
with people talking in low voices by
the window, and a nurse in a gray
dress by my bedside. The voices all
seemed to combine into a troubled
murmur that repeated over and over,
'You did yourself a bad turn.' That
thought was uppermost in my mind
through the long illness that followed.
The physician said I must lose my foot,
but I begged so hard for it that they
let me keep it—poor and withered as
it is, you see, and requiring a shoe
three sizes smaller than the other. I
sold my watch and my last piece of
jewelry, and it gave me money enough
to pay my bills, and left me a small
sum in my pocket.

"As soon as ever I could walk, I
was glad to get away from my dismal
room with two feet and a whole head.

"I thought of God, and had a sort
of feeling of thankfulness to Him for
sparing my unprofitable life; but I
was ashamed to ask Him to help me.
So I walked out alone into the world,
weak, lame, discouraged, with no idea
of what was to become of me. I
walked on as far as I could, sitting
down at last under a hedge beside the
green, English lane to rest. Presently
a scrap of paper that had been dropped
by some one was blown toward me

by the gentle wind, and I aimlessly
reached for it, picked it up, and read:

"Never neglect daily private pray-
er, and when you pray remember that
God is present, and that He hears
your prayer."

"The days of my youth came over
me in a great, rushing tide of memory,
and at the thought my tears came like
a flood. It was as though I had been
dead all the years since I came into
my fortune, or as though the power of
thought had been dormant all those
years. I crawled through a gap in the
hedge and followed a little thread of a
footpath into the thick covert of a
wood, and there I had it out. I wish
I had words to express the horrible
remorse I felt for my sins as they came
along in line and presented themselves
before me. I writhed on the ground
in agony. My humiliation at return-
ing to the Lord empty-handed was
almost as bad as my remorse. Not
one farthing of my handsome fortune
had gone for the Lord, and I could not
remember one kindly, unselfish deed to
comfort myself with. I had not only
been doing myself ill-turns, but the
Lord as well.

"My early religious instructions
came back to me with the memory of
my sainted mother's prayers and hymns
of praise. I believed as sincerely as
ever I did, or as I do now, but I was
ashamed to beg for mercy.

"The sun went down and the stars
came out, then the sky was overcast
and great drops of rain fell, and still I
suffered the agonies of the damned.
There was no place for me in heaven
or on earth, and as I thought over my
past life I seemed to hear that accusing
voice crying out, 'You did yourself a
bad turn when you went here or there,
or rushed into such and such excesses
and extravagances.' Yes, it was *me*;
I had no one to blame, I sought no
one's advice, I never knelt and asked
God's blessing upon any of my plans;
had I thought of such a thing I should
have known they were nothing that
God could bless. The night wore on.
I did not sleep, and in my despair I
doubted that it would ever again be
day. At last, as the dawn began to
make gray the eastern sky, I said,
'After the night God always brings
forward a new day,' and again I seemed
to hear that haunting voice; but now
it said, 'Begin a new life with the new
day, resolving to do yourself a good
turn.'

"How, Lord! how!" I called
aloud; and having unwittingly called
upon the Most High in my extremity,
there was nothing for me to do but to
pray, and I did pray until the sun was
up and the birds filled the air with
their melody. At last I was able to
say, 'I promise, Lord, that with Thy
help all my life henceforth shall be
passed in doing myself, and so Thee,
good turns.'

"I got up from the ground, washed
my face in the brook, straightened my
damp and crumpled garments, and
followed the thread of a path till it
led me to a little cottage on the out-
skirts of a small village. The elderly
woman who met me at the open door
looked at me with suspicion in her face
at first, but when I said grace over the
bread she gave me, her attitude changed
and she became friendly and communi-
cative. I soon learned that she and
her husband were to start in a day's
time for America, and they were sore
perplexed because a son, whose passage