

"PAY JOHN WILLIAMS."

At a prayer meeting "down east" a man noted for his intentional failures to meet business obligations, arose to speak. The subject was: "What shall I do to be saved?"

He commenced slowly to quote the words, "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused, looked around, and said again, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Again, with more solemn tone, he repeated the question of questions, when a voice from the assembly in clear and distant tones, replied:

"Go pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen."

The incident stirs up solemn thought. A great many people before they can be saved, or guide others to the Saviour, will have to "go and pay John Williams" the money they honestly owe him.

Shrewd tricksters in the marts of the world are not shrewd enough to be dishonest at heart and retain the favor of God, who "loves purity in the inward parts." Neither can a hope of the world to come be like a sheet-anchor in the soul of any one who robs God by being dishonest to his fellowman.

Thousands read no other Bible than the lives of those who profess to be following its precepts in daily lives.

The greatest need of the church is true, pure, upright living—"living epistles, known and read of all men." The square man is the best shape. The tree is known by its fruit.

"Go and pay John Williams."—*Mid-Continent.*

THE SAFE BRIDGE.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration on the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that they "are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side." "They know when they have had enough, no danger of their becoming drunkards," and the like.

Dr. Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged; but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may skip over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friend, you say, 'I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber.' True, true, you are not obliged, but as for us, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!"

Walking a foot-bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink. The surer the man is of his own safety, the less other people are assured of it. When a man is just about falling into the abyss he is sure he is the only sober man around. The total abstinence bridge is strong and safe, and there is room for the whole world to pass over.—*Safeguard.*

T. Milburn & Co.:—Your Rheumatic Pills did me more good than any other remedy and I consider them a perfect cure for rheumatism. — Mrs. Joseph Pearce, Collingwood, Ont.

THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE MUST GIVE

What would you think of a rose that would say to itself: "I cannot afford to give away to strangers all my beauty and sweetness; I must keep it for myself. I will roll up my petals of beauty; I will withhold this fragrance for myself. It is wasteful extravagance to give these things away." But behold, the moment it tries to store up, to withhold them from others, they vanish. The fragrance, the beauty, do not exist in the unopened bud. It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to exhibit its petals, to give its secret, its life, to others, that its beauty and fragrance are developed.

So selfishness defeats its own ends. He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his helpfulness, and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very thing he hoped to gain. The very springs of his manhood dry up. His finer nature becomes petrified. He grows deaf to the cry of help from his fellow-men. His tears are dried up, and he stares at misfortunes without wincing.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to love, and you soon lose the power to love. Your affections are paralyzed, your sympathy atrophied from disuse, and you become a moral cripple.

But the moment you open wider the door of your narrow life, and, like the rose, send out, without stint, your fragrance, and beauty upon every passerby, whether peasant or millionaire, you begin to develop a marvellous power. —*Success.*

A REMEDY FOR SICK HEADACHE.

A simple diet on grains and ripe fruit, counsels *The Household*, with sufficient exercise in the open air to keep up a gentle perspiration, would speedily effect a cure. With some persons this headache comes on at regular intervals, and is the stomach's signal of distress at having been imposed upon. To take two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in a glass half full of water will sometimes give relief, or a tablespoonful of lemon juice fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same at bed-time. Many an attack has been warded off by freely drinking hot water. But better than all these is the "ounce of prevention" found in abstaining from tea and coffee, rich gravies, pastry, and cakes—in short, in living as every rational being ought to live.

CARE OF SHOES. — Many a morning during the wet months the children's shoes present a sorry appearance. They may have been wet through the night before, and dried into stiff, paper-like affairs, almost impossible to put onto the little feet. Pour some kerosene oil into a saucer, and with a sponge put as much of it into the shoes as they will absorb. They will become as soft and black as new inside of five minutes. The oil soaks in immediately, so it is well to go over them several times. —*Vera Vickery.*

Not in husbanding our strength, but in yielding it in service; not in burying our talents, but in administering them; not in hoarding our seed in the barn, but in scattering it; not in following an earthly human policy, but in surrendering ourselves to the will of God, do we find the safe and blessed path.—*F. B. Meyer.*

SHE WAS CONTENTED.

A camp-meeting was in progress in wire-grass region of Georgia. The afternoon service was conducted by Uncle Mose Bradford, an exhorter of deep piety, but entirely innocent of book-learning. He took for his text on this occasion the words of St. Paul, "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

After talking about fifteen minutes on the beauty of contentment from a Christian's point of view, he suddenly announced that he was going to "throw the meeting open." His invitation was, "If you've got anything to be thankful for, git up and say so."

One after another arose and spoke of peace and contentment under circumstances that seemed impossible, judged from a worldly standpoint. Some said that they were thankful for things they had missed, and at last an old lady arose, pushed back her sunbonnet, and with a beaming countenance triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, Brother Mose, I hain't got but two teeth, but, thank God, they hit."

PASSED 15 WORMS.—I gave Dr. Law's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and a half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days. Mrs. B. Roy, Kilmanagh, Ont.

As well let the little grass blade say it will live, without rooting itself in the earth or warming itself at the sun, as for us to say we will live, in any profound or immortal sense, without dependence upon the mercy and redeeming help and grace of God.

DANGEROUS DYSENTERY.—"I suffered with dysentery for four weeks and could get nothing to cure me. I then tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured me when everything else failed.—John L. Carter, Bridgetown, N. S.

A German lady of recent widowhood encountered much difficulty in framing an inscription for her dead husband's tombstone. After endless consultations with her friends and neighbors that was the one she selected: REST IN PEACE—UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.—*November Lippincott's.*

WANTED A CHANCE. — A Scotch preacher who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, stopped suddenly and exclaimed: "Brethren, it's na' fair. Wait till I gang along, and then, if I'm na' worth listening to gang to sleep; but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance."

TRUE TO THE LAST.—It is related that a prisoner, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury with \$100 to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed to the Irish juror and said: "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irishman, "an awful time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yer." —*Nebraska State Journal.*

Pains in the Joints. May be muscular or rheumatic. The joints are hard to get at, and require a powerful and penetrating remedy to reach the diseased surfaces. Nerviline very exactly meets the requirements, for it is both powerful and penetrating. The pain is expelled almost as if by magic. One drop equal in strength to five drops of other remedies.—*Nerviline—nerve pain cure. Druggists sell it.*

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!
Pond's Extract
Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with a copper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.
CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

BLACK AND WHITE.
Every crow is said to think its own nestling the whitest. But a white cat that had four kittens, of which three were white and the fourth was black, gave the first place in her affection to Sooty. Once they were all brought into the drawing-room to be "shown-off." Besides the humans, the room contained a great Newfoundland dog. Hither to the cat and dog had been on friendly terms, but now Pussy showed much anxiety lest the dog might harm her black pet especially. At last she seized it by the neck, and bore it beneath the lowest piece of furniture, where the dog could not possibly crawl; but she merely mewed to the others to follow her as best they could. The black kitten owed in this respect than the black sheep which is said to be in every flock. — which is said to be in every flock. —*Our Four-footed Friends.*

WEAK LUNGS.—Mr. Frank Jennings, Coldwater, Ont., says: "I was troubled for some time with sore throat and weak lungs, but Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cured me when other remedies failed. Price 25c."

"What do you go to Sunday-school for, little girl."
"Because my mamma makes me."
"What do you do when you get there?"
"I wait till it's out."

ACCIDENTS will happen in the best regulated homes. Scalds, burns and cuts are of frequent occurrence. There is nothing for cases of this kind equal to Haygard's Yellow Oil. It takes out pain and promotes rapid healing.

Poison—
In the Blood brings Humors and Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula,
WEAVER'S SYRUP
Will cure them permanently by purifying the Blood.
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