

FROM THE PRESS COMMITTEE.

One more general appeal the Press Committee wishes to make to the readers of "Our Column" for help, before it hands its work over to another committee. We want to end the year well, to atone, in part, at least, for errors and shortcomings in the past. Can we not hear from all our societies between this and League (probably the first of August)? If you have written before, write again now. Remember to "say something good," and say it often. If we have never heard from you in this way, there could not be a better time to begin. As has often been said, the Press Committee, no matter how high its aims, or how hard it tries, cannot make this department a success without the cooperation of our interested readers; the committee has tried, is trying, and will try, to make this column "worth while." Can it not have a little help from you? Words of appreciation for what we have been able to do come our way occasionally, but they would mean much more to us if only coupled with a little practical assistance.

To some of our workers will come a special appeal for help, within the near future. We give this word of warning now, hoping our behests will receive careful consideration, not a thoughtless "I can't do anything—I have no talent for writing," as is sometimes the case, sad to say. No higher encomium can be passed on us than that said of one of old, "She hath done what she could."

PRESS COMMITTEE.

GET OFF AND PUSH.

The writer was riding recently on a street car eager to meet an engagement, when the power went off. We had climbed a grade and were near the top. One provoking feature of it was that just ahead of us was a long downgrade. But we lacked a few yards of having reached it, and now not a wheel would turn. The conductor and motorman got off and tried pushing and pulling to get the car over the rise, but all in vain. Then came the suggestion of a passenger that we all get off and push. Most of us accepted the suggestion, and tumbling off pell-mell, went to work. The wheels turned, we struck the grade, all climbed aboard, and away we went. That grade gave us sufficient momentum to carry us nearly to the top of the next hill, when, lo, the power came rushing down the line, and with cheerful hearts we journeyed on.

Have you not seen churches like that car, at a dead standstill, with the preacher and perhaps one or two other salaried employees trying to make it go? The concern is heavily loaded with people who sit with folded arms, some indifferent, some intensely eager, others complaining, men and women by the wayside jeering. But the power is off, and all the growling, complaining, fretting, and jeering on earth, and beneath it, will not turn a solitary wheel in Zion. When that lazy crowd quits waiting for power, and begins to do something, then the chariot will move, and when He who can give or withhold sees that load of passengers beginning to cooperate with him, He will be sure to send the power rushing down the line like a "rushing mighty wind." Some folks have an idea that all they have to do is to get aboard, pay the preacher, and he will carry them straight through to glory. But not infrequently the load is too heavy, the power fails to come, the preacher tries all manner of expedients, yet the chariot won't move. The passengers sit idly by, some complain-

ing, some sleeping, some gossiping, others jangling, but all fairly well agreed to get rid of the preacher, and see whether a new one can't get things a-going. Brethren, get off and push; the night is drawing nigh, and you are very far from the city.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

THE BROKEN TOMB.

It is said that a century ago an infidel German princess, on her death bed, ordered that her grave be covered with a great granite slab, and that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together with clamps of iron; and that on the stone should be cut these words: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she meant publicly to proclaim that her grave would never be opened — never. It happened that a little seed was buried with the princess, a single acorn. It sprouted under the covering. Its tiny shoot, soft and pliable at first, found its way through the crevice between two of the slabs. There it grew slowly but surely, and there it gathered strength, until it burst the iron clamps asunder, and lifted the immense blocks and turned the whole structure into an irregular mass of upheaved rocks. Up and up through this mass of disordered stones grew the giant oak, which had thus broken the bars of a sepulchre. That oak grows there today, a veritable tree of life.

In every grave on earth's green sward is a tiny seed of the resurrection life of Jesus Christ, and that seed can not perish. It will germinate when the warm south wind of Christ's return brings back the spring-tide to this cold-sin-cursed earth of ours; and then they that are in their graves, and we who shall lie down in ours, will feel in our mortal bodies the power of His resurrection and will come forth to immortal life.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

In dark and stormy days, and when other unfavorable conditions affect the attendance and dwarf the congregation to a mere handful of people, the question is very likely to arise in the pastor's mind, What shall I do?

What shall you do? Simply your duty, that is plain. As a servant of your Master, he has sent you to your people with a message. He knows how many people will be present to receive it, and it is your duty to deliver your message.

Deliver it then with as much unction and zeal as though the house were full of waiting people. Having done your duty, leave the result with God.

We recall very distinctly the results of a sermon preached by a pastor in P— on such an occasion.

It had been raining all day on this particular Sunday, and in the evening it poured in torrents, so that only ten persons ventured to struggle through the flooded streets to the house of God. Among these was an earnest young man about seventeen years of age. The sermon was a plea for more devoted consecration. The unction came from above, and that night on bended knees, that talented young man consecrated himself to the ministry. It had been his intention to study law; but with joyous zeal he took up the study of theology instead, and is now a faithful, conscientious pastor in a flourishing congregation.

An incident is related in the life of Bishop Randall, who, at one time, was announced to preach in an Eastern

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church in behalf of his missionary work out West. Only six persons appeared and it is said for a moment the good man hesitated. Finally, he concluded that it was his duty to carry out his appointment. The question of an audience was not for him to decide.

Accordingly the service was held, and he preached his sermon to the six people. In the collection which followed, was one offering of \$200. This amazed him. The next day he received a note from a gentleman, asking him to call at a certain office.

"I am the man," said the gentleman, when the pastor called, "who gave you \$200 last night. After getting home I did not feel quite satisfied. I would like to make the sum \$1,000, and here is my check for the balance."— *The Lutheran.*

Your Nerves are Weak.

You sleep badly, appetite variable. You eat but gain no strength. Morning tiredness makes you wish it were night. When night comes refreshing sleep is hard to obtain. You're run down, your blood is thin and watery, your nerves have grown weak, the thought of effort wearies you. You need Ferruzone; it makes blood-red, strong blood. An appetite? You'll eat everything and digest it, too. Strength? That's what plenty of food gives. Ferruzone gives hope, vigor, vim, endurance. Use Ferruzone and get strong. Sold by all druggists.

Nip Disease in the Bud.—It is difficult to eradicate a disease after it has become seated, therefore it is wise to take any ailment in its initial stage and by such remedies as are sufficient, stop it in its course. Cold is the commonest complaint of man, and when neglected leads to serious results. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil will cure the severest cold or the most violent cough.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes drafts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the Value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

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SPIRITUAL MEDICINE.

A friend was handing to the invalid a glass of medicine. "Must we thank God for this medicine?" Certainly, for it promotes my health." The invalid was right. Many of us are spiritual invalids, and we need spiritual remedies. Sometimes it is only spiritual exercise that we need. If we refuse to take it, then God gives us spiritual remedies that are very unpleasant to the flesh. And then we murmur. But if they are only a means — and the only means — to the restoration of our spiritual health, should we not rather thank God for them?

A carnal Christian cannot bear spiritual words. Paul, though he might speak wisdom among them that were perfect, could not speak unto the Corinthians as unto spiritual.