

WRITING ON SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand—
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I past
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth for me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place.
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, there will remain no more
Of me; my name—the name I bore,
Will leave no track—no trace.

And yet, with him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in his hands,
I know the lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal past has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
Of all the fleeting moments brought
For glory or for shame.

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THE WORLD.

There is a sense in which the Christian is forbidden to love the world or seek after it. But we are not required to despise and discard the material world. The earth with its beauty, splendor, and blessings is the work of God's hand and one of his chief witnesses. The world is a vast volume written all over within and without with messages of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. It is a vast treasure-house filled with boundless stores of comforts and helps for body and soul. The world is not man's enemy, but his minister and servant. "All things are yours," says the apostle, "whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, are all yours." The world is included in this inventory. The world belongs to the saints and not to Satan. It is one of the things which God has given them to enjoy.

Nature is beautiful. John Ruskin says that from early childhood his soul was thrilled with rapture whenever he went out into the open country and looked up into the sky and around upon the things which God has made. The hills and valleys, the flowers and trees, the drifting clouds and twinkling stars seemed to speak to him, and sometimes his whole frame quivered under the strange sensation which contact with the living, throbbing universe produced. Perhaps Ruskin was not different from other men, except that his spirit was more sensitive to the impressions of the visible and invisible universe. Nature is man's companion. No man can be alone in the presence of the growing corn and waving forests, the singing and fragrant flowers.

Nature is man's partner. Nature works, but completes nothing without the aid of man. The fruits of nature are wild, sour, and unfit to eat; the flowers of nature are not perfect until man takes them in hand. By grafting and long processes of cultivation nature's products are made complete. Without man nature can produce no harvest, no steamship, no printing press, no railroad, no telegraph, no city. Nature is man's teacher. She teaches obedience, patience and the goodness of God. There is a business world, a commercial world, an industrial world, an educational world, The Christian is not prohibited from engaging in business. He is not forbidden

to plunge into the stirring industrial life of the world. He is not required to stand aloof from literature and art. The poets are his; the artists are his; the libraries and art galleries are his. He is rich in the inheritance of thought and beauty which the world contains. Christianity is not narrow and impracticable. The world is ours, ours to possess, ours to enjoy, ours to use, ours to improve.

But we shall never be able to enjoy the world until we understand our relation to it and maintain that relation. The world is not our master, but our servant. The apostle says, "Love not the world," and gives a good reason for this precept. "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." God is love and every heart should be given to him. Every knee should bow before him. Every neck should bow to his yoke. Men who give their hearts to the world and serve the world have a hard master. The only true Master is excluded. "Use the world as not abusing it." Use it for your own good, for the good of mankind, for the glory of God. Man was not made for the world, but the world for man. Man is the lord and not the slave. When we shall turn the world with all its treasures of beauty, learning, art, and science into channels of usefulness, then we shall be able to say truly, "The world is ours."—*Chris. Advocate.*

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A DIFFERENCE.

Some men tell us that one religion is as good as another. It is a way they have of excusing themselves from acknowledging their obligations. They say, "The Greeks had their religion, and it suited them. The Romans had their religion, and it answered their need. The Hindus have their religion, and it comforts them. The Egyptians had their religion, and it supported them. The Christians have their religion, and it is the light of their life. There is no difference. Each religion suits the people who accept it." No doubt there is truth and good in all religions. Perhaps none is altogether false and bad. But is there really no difference? In the matter of furnishing support under trial is there no difference? Let those who follow other leaders be witnesses, and according to their own testimony have they found such comfort and strength as the disciples of our Lord have found?

Take two illustrious examples: Marcus Tullius Cicero and St. Paul were both brilliant men, educated men, men prominent in the counsels of their respective nations, and afterward both were persecuted by their own people. They have both written extensively their doctrines and experiences, and both wrote letters in time of tribulation, which have been preserved. How did they behave under trial? When Cicero lost his power and influence in Rome and fell under the displeasure of the government and was banished he broke down completely. His spirit was crushed. His letters, written during the period of his exile, betray a spirit of weakness and despondency of which his friends were heartily ashamed. But the letters of Paul, written in prison, betray no weakness, no despondency, no cowardice. They are the most joyous and triumphant of all his communications. He is the same brave, strong, hopeful, happy man in persecution and in affliction. He sings and shouts while his flesh is torn with the scourge and his feet made fast in the stocks.

Is there no difference? Does not the

religion of Christ serve the purpose of man better than any other? Adversity is the best test. Clouds may completely blot out artificial lights, but they cannot quench the sun. The sun shines in spite of the darkest clouds. It shines through the clouds. Its light may be subdued, but it is still sufficient to make the day. So the light of Christ cannot be quenched by adversity. God is light, and in him there is no darkness.

"E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness seemeth,
God is wisdom, God is love."

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THE HABIT OF HOLINESS.

In the region of common morality, where religion meets the daily problems of an honest life, we all assign habit a large place and recognize its necessity and power. But the same principles reach up into what men call the higher religious life as well. The habit of veracity toward men is not more a habit than the habit of tenderness toward God. And if in the realm of righteousness, which Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "but a heightened conduct," habit thus plays its part as truly as in simple conduct, so also in holiness, which Mr. Arnold calls "but a heightened righteousness," may we expect to find it at work too.

Indeed, holiness is not holiness at all, but only a sporadic effort thereafter, until it has become a habit; that is, "a mode of action so established by us as to be entirely natural, involuntary, instinctive, unconscious and uncontrollable." Holiness is not an occasional triumph over all struggle and the extirpation of all that is imperfect and weak. It is the love of righteousness grown into a passion, refusing to accept defeat of effort toward ideals, and touched with piercing love of the God of holiness and right, plus, among us, the tender apprehension and inward vital acceptance of Jesus. Holiness is more than the mere purpose of right behaviour. It is this kindled into light and heat by living contact with God in Christ.

Such holiness must itself become the habit of our life. Not a few are willing to rise at intervals into the consciousness of Christ, and to behold as in his presence, and to be for the moment interpenetrated with his power. But their holiness is occasional, not habitual; and is therefore not holiness at all, but only impulse. When St. Paul, however, declares: "To me to live is Christ," or, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," he is describing an ideal of experience, whether he had himself yet realized it or not, which is holiness grained into habits, and thus become effective and real.—*Robert E. Speer.*

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A Lake Captain's Experience.

Capt. McDonald, one of Kingston's most prominent mariners, writes: "For years I have battled with the agonies of Bronchitic Asthma. Oftentimes so bad that I could not sleep for nights at a time. I spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and quacks without getting relief, but one dollar's worth of Catarrhzone perfectly cured me." The above testimonial was given two years ago, and as the Captain lately stated he was still quite free from Bronchitis. It proves Catarrhzone a veritable specific. Catarrhzone two months' treatment guaranteed to cure bronchitis, price \$1.00, small size 25 cts. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston.

In Ireland there are 211,000 widows, as compared with only 88,000 widowers.

Every Housekeeper must often act as a family physician. Painkiller for all the little ills, cuts and sprains, as well as for all bowel complaints is indispensable. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis.

HOW TO BE LONELY.

This lesson is taught by Dr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, and we give it for the benefit of the women who, living in out-of-the-way places are wont to complain of being lonely. He says:

"With my family I was spending a summer vacation in the country. In a row-boat, far from a railroad station, I was tracing the bendings and windings of a little river. Suddenly, at a turn of the stream, we came to a small house nestling under the protecting branches of the tall trees. I found there a woman living practically alone. She had no children. All day long her husband was off to work. I said to her, "This is an awful place to live! You must be lonely and heartsick, with no companionship." "Oh, no," she answered, "I am never alone. I have hundreds of friends who call and talk to me every day. Do you see the little nest just at the end of my porch? Well, last spring the mother bird came here as a bride, and asked me if she could build her home there, and I said yes. Then she talked and chattered on all the time she was building it. She brought me her husband and introduced me to him. She told me when the eggs were laid, and when the eggs were hatched. She is one of my friends. Then, just over there, under the bank, a muskrat has his home, and is raising his family. He comes out every little while and blinks at me, and talks in the sign language. Then there are my friends, the wild flowers, and my friends the chickens, and my friends the fish, which I feed at the dock. Then the river itself is a friend of mine. It has a language of murmurs and gurgles, to which I listen, and when I get tired and weary I am soothed by its sympathy. Oh, no, do not pity me for being alone. My enjoyments are perhaps not your enjoyments, but they are many, very many. I would not exchange my life for that of any one I know." Happy woman, that. Happy, because she was in the place where she could use the qualities with which God had endowed her. Happy, because, like a bee, she was able to find every flower filled with nectar for her lips. Happy, because every tree-branch was to her a choir-loft, in which a master soloist was singing the sweetest song in all his repertoire.

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The True Tragedy of Life

is ill-health, disappointed ambitions, usefulness destroyed. Pathetic! nay, tragic. Poor blood, weak nerves, a tired brain. Is there hope? Yes! Because there is a cure. Ferrozone Tablets make blood; not blue blood, but the fluid that strengthens the whole body. Ferrozone does this quickly by improving digestion, stimulating assimilation and by imparting health and tone to the whole system. Your druggist will tell you a great deal more about Ferrozone. Ask him to tell you of the wonderful curative properties of Ferrozone Tablets.

Jesus was a man of few words and spoke nothing but what was for the furtherance of His Father's kingdom.

No Alcohol in It.—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation, does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the higher latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements.

Spirituality is from the heart, and "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psa. 141: 3.