

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES."

I will lift up my eyes,  
The earth shall not enthrall me,  
I will go forth with God  
Wherever He shall call me;  
The muddy ways are low,  
I will attempt the mountains,  
And drink the purer streams  
Of the eternal fountains.

Care drags the spirit down,  
But eyes by faith uplifted  
O'er stony ways can climb,  
And see the hard rocks rifted,  
The higher airs are pure,  
The breezes aid endeavor,  
Give me the upward path  
That ends in joys for ever.

My help comes from the hills,  
The hills of God above me;  
He dwells among the heavens,  
And He will always love me,  
He bids my soul ascend,  
His angels' voices call me;  
I will lift up my eyes,  
The earth shall not enthrall me.

—Marianne Farningham.

POWER OF THE CHURCH.

The farmer does not think of producing a harvest without suitable implements. On the farm we see plows, harrows, reapers, mowers, wagons, carts, and many other farm implements. There are also men who know how to use them. In the factory we find spindles, planes, lathes, saws, and a multitude of tools, all operated by machinery according to the object of the establishment. In the school there are maps, charts, blackboards, books, and all the necessary equipments for the work to be accomplished.

What has the Church? The Bible. This is the principal book. It is in the hands of the minister, in the hands of the teachers, in the hands of the leader of each service. What would a Church do without the Bible? It is doubtful if anyone fully appreciates the value of the Bible. It is sharper than a two-edged sword. It is a hammer breaking in pieces. It is an axe laid at the roots of the trees, ready to hew down every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit. The Church has its hymnal. The Bible is the word of God, but who made the hymnal? Did not men and women write these hymns? They did indeed, and some of these authors were not inspired by any very high spirit, perhaps. But we should remember that our hymns are made up of Bible truths. If there were a hymn in the entire collection which is not the expression of some great Bible truth no true Christian would contend for it. The hymnal is Bible truth turned into poetry so that it can be sung. In the Bible we read about God, and in the hymnal we sing about Him. In the Bible we read about the Son of God, and in the hymnal we sing about Him. We read the Bible while we both read and sing the hymnal, and they are intimately united. We cannot separate them. The one helps the other. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and much of the Gospel is the hymnal.

In the Church we have also the discipline, containing a few simple ceremonies for baptism, the Lord's Supper, marriage, burial of the dead, and a few simple rules by which Christians of one denomination have agreed to govern their conduct and Church life. Besides all these there

are sundry organizations in the Church, such as the Sunday school, the class meeting, the Epworth League, and missionary societies. These are convenient arrangements like those military divisions into which an army is separated for convenience. But all are engaged in one work. There must be no rivalry, no strife. All must have one aim. It is one Church. The spirit of unity must prevail throughout the entire body. Otherwise the result will be disaster. Yet the power of the Church is not in these implements of Church service and work.

In a great factory there is one room which may be called the power room. Quiet prevails in the power room. To the uninstructed observer it would appear that there is nothing being done in the power room. In all other rooms there is noise and clatter and activity. Work is being turned out rapidly in every other room. But in the power room there is no material to work with and no finished work turned out. There is a great wheel, perhaps twelve feet in diameter, weighing, it may be, seventy-five tons, turning with amazing rapidity. Yet it is as still as the earth. The ponderous revolution of that titanic wheel would not disturb an infant's slumbers. But that wheel sends power to every tool and machine in the entire factory. Where does the wheel get its power? From the engine. Where does the engine get its power? From the steam. And what produces the steam? The fire. Let the fire go out under the boiler, and every machine in the building will stand still and every workman will be idle. Let the fire be kindled, and all moves on with amazing force and order. Let it be observed that every tool must be connected with the power wheel. Disturb the connection and that particular tool is idle and useless.

Is there a power room in the Church? The mercy seat is the power room. The place where the members of the Church draw nigh to God in their hearts is the place where they obtain power to do the work of the Church. It is not in the school. It is not in the world. It is only when the heart is brought into actual contact with the Spirit of God that one receives power. It is not physical power, nor intellectual power, but spiritual power. Here is the place where one may get power to preach the Gospel, power to read the Scriptures, power to sing the songs of Zion. It is not at the feet of a great musician, nor in the place where the choir rehearses music for the Sabbath day, but at the mercy seat, at the feet of the Lord of all, that men and women may receive power to sing the songs of Zion. Here we may find power to call sinners to repentance. This power is not mechanical power, but the power of life. Nothing is more sad than a dead Church. The sermons are dead, the prayers are dead, the prayer meeting is dead, all the organizations are dead. It is not necessary to have a dead or dying Church. There is a fountain of life. Let us see to it that the Church to which we belong shall be a living Church. Let us come to the mercy seat and wait till a flame of sacred love shall be kindled in all our hearts. Then shall we teach transgressors the way of the Lord, and sinners shall be converted unto Him.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

We may say as often as we please, and the minister may confidently assert it in his turn, that the congregation has no claim upon the minister's wife. She is helpmeet to her husband, not servant to the church. She receives no salary, and nobody has a right to call upon her for service not exacted from nor expected of any other woman who belongs to the particular church in which her husband officiates. She is not at the beck of any one. No one has the least occasion to comment or criticize if she take an obscure place and devote herself wholly to her family and not at all to the parish. When she is the mother of little children, it is absurd as well as unreasonable to so much as think of her bearing in any way a relation to the church societies or affairs, or doing anything beyond the precincts of the parsonage.

Yet people do unconsciously look to her for certain phases of example and certain acts of leadership, and where she can and does graciously and tactfully adorn her necessarily conspicuous position, she is a great help to her husband. That this sort of help is a gratuity on her part, that it cannot be demanded, and that she is within her rights in declining to give it, adds only to its worth when freely given.

A winning personality in the pastor's wife is like sunlight on the congregation. Her gentle word, her womanly discretion, her notice of the shy and the lonely, her freedom from censoriousness, her kind hospitality, and the popularity which is her province, strengthen the minister in his church, straighten out some of the tangles which twist around him through no fault of his, and are elements in whatever success he gains. Whether she desires it or not, the pastor's wife is first lady in the congregation, just as the President's wife is the first lady in the land, and she cannot slip away from the loving watchfulness that in the younger women is an engaging flattery, and in the older ones, a benignant approval. As a rule, the wife of the minister deserves everybody's regard, and is justly held in honor for her unselfish and sensible devotion to the parish as well as to the pastor.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NEED OF MORE SIGHT.

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayers, very often it is not more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight.

"What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get a strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessings there were in it, if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it like a plume!"

"What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"

"Do it, and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes; if I could only see that it would make me grow."

In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight? You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task. Faith says not, "I see that it is

good for me, and so God must have sent it," but, "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith walking in the dark with God only says him to clasp its hand more closely; does not even ask him for the lifting of the darkness so that the man may find the way himself.

Mary is all faith when she says: "Do what he tells you, and all must come right, simply because He is He."

Blessed the heart that has learned such faith, and can stand among men in all their doubts and darknesses, and just point to Jesus Christ, and say: "Do his will, and everything must come right with you. I do not know how, but I know him. God forbid that I should try to lead you, but I can put your hand in his hand, and bid you go where he shall carry you!"—*Phillips Brooks.*

SPEAK TO THEM.

Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost says he once ventured to speak to a very great man on religious matters, and asked him if he was a Christian; but he did so with some trepidation, not knowing how the man would receive it.

At the close of the talk that ensued, the doctor expressed the hope that the man had not considered him impertinent. The answer was a warm grasp of the hand and the following impressive words:

"Don't ever hesitate to speak to any man about his soul. I have been longing for twenty years to have some Christian speak to me. I believe there are thousands of men in this city who are in the same condition that I am, carrying an uneasy conscience and a great burden on their souls; not courageous enough to seek instruction, yet willing to receive it."

Catarrh is a Germ Disease.

Science, armed with the microscope, has established it a fact, and this conclusion renders obsolete the practice of treating Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis by stomach drugging, sprays, snuffs, etc. Such treatments are an utter failure because they cannot penetrate the delicate air passages of the nose and bronchial tubes where the germs of Catarrh have their stronghold. Catarrhoxone is the only certain remedy. It is inhaled by the mouth and after spreading through all the respiratory organs is exhaled through the nostrils. Catarrhoxone kills the germs, heals the inflamed tissues, clears the head and throat in two minutes, and cures in a few hours. Nothing is so effective, pleasant and simple as Catarrhoxone. Two months' treatment \$1.00. Small size 50c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

All which happens through the whole world happens through hope. No husbandman would sow a grain of corn if he did not hope it would spring up and bring forth the ear! How much more we are helped on by hope in the way of eternal life.—*Martin Luther.*

*A Benefaction to All.*—The soldier, the sailor, the fisherman, the miner, the farmer, the mechanic, and all who live lives of toil and spend their existence in the dull routine of tedious tasks and who are exposed to injuries and ailments that those who toil not do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you will never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—*Lydia M. Child.*