

DEVIL'S MAXIMS.

"Don't mix politics and religion."
 "The saloons would not be so bad if you would enforce the law."
 "The saloon helps pay our taxes."
 "Temperance is all right, but the saloon is going to stay."
 "Don't worry about the saloon question. Trust God to take care of your boy. Jones' boy only went wrong because he was not brought up right."
 "Don't disturb the church with temperance excitement."—*Prohibition Year-Book.*

SMALL CAUSES OF DEFEAT.

I begin my day's work some mornings perhaps wearied, perhaps annoyed by a multiplicity of trifles which seem too small to bring great principles to bear upon them. But do you not think there would be a strange change wrought in the petty annoyances of every day and in the small trifles that all our lives, of whatever texture they are, must largely be composed of, if we began each day and task with that old prayer: "Rise, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered?" Do you not think there would come a quiet in our hearts and a victorious peace to which we are too much strangers? If we carried the assurance that there is one that fights for us into the trifles as well as into the sore struggles of our lives, we should have peace and victory. Most of us will not have many large occasions of trial and conflict in our career; and if God's fighting for us is not actual regard to the small annoyances of home and daily life, I know not for what it is available. There are more deaths in skirmishes than in the pitched field of a great battle. More Christian people lose their hold of God, their sense of his presence, and are beaten accordingly by reason of the little enemies that come down on them like a cloud of gnats on a summer's evening, than are defeated by a shock of a great assault or a great temptation, which calls out their strength and sends them to their knees to ask for help from God.—*Dr. Alexander McLaren.*

HOW THEY DIFFER.

Did you ever notice the difference in the way a man and a woman will handle money?
 A man carries his money loose in his pocket or in his pocketbook, hidden about his person, while a woman carries hers in a kind of satchel exposed to view.
 A man rarely has anything mixed with his money, while a woman will have everything, from hairpins up, in the same purse with her cash. A man will reach for his money and get it instantly, while it takes a woman some time to get hers.
 As a rule a man cannot tell how much money he has without counting it, while a woman can tell to a cent without counting.
 A man will forget in a week what he paid for a thing, while a woman will remember always what she paid for a given article.—*Sun-Sentinel.*

Oh, the soft dilettantism! It is so awfully cheap to hang a picture of the cross in your room, or to wear the cross round your neck. We do not want mere sentiment. The cross waits for you this summer in the slums of your city, in the homes of the poor and outcast.

A SPRING MESSAGE.

To all who are Weak, Easily Tired and out of Sorts.

Spring should be the most joyous season of the year. It is the harbinger of sunshine, and birds and flowers; it breathes of freedom and out-of-door life. But unfortunately there are thousands who cannot enter into the spirit of the season. Close confinement during the long winter months has left them weak, dispirited and oppressed; the appetite is fickle; the blood is sluggish with impurities, the eyes lack the lustre of health; weariness and lassitude have taken the place of vigorous energy. What is needed at this season by such people is a health-renewing, blood-making tonic—something that will send new, rich red blood coursing through the veins, bring brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a clear skin free from pimples and eruptions.

In all the world there is nothing can do this so effectively and so thoroughly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose creates new blood, strengthens the nerves, and up-builds the whole body. Here is a bit of strong proof, given by Mr. John Burke, of Elmsdale, P. E. I., who says: "I was left an almost hopeless wreck by an attack of pneumonia, my nerves were almost paralyzed and though under the care of an excellent doctor found I was not regaining my health. My wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have reason to be thankful I took her advice, for under this treatment my system has been built up and I am again well and strong."

If you are at all unwell give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and see how speedily they will restore you to health and strength; but you must get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PULL TOGETHER.

Husband and wife should always pull together in the matrimonial harness, for by so doing the welfare of each will be promoted.

Pull together, good husbands and wives, for the sake of your children. If you are determined to have a little circus, let it be after your children have retired to bed and are fast asleep. Children should never be allowed to see a quarrel between their parents. Settle all your difficulties somewhere where even the dog or the cat does not see you. Parents should show only their best manners to their children. The parent who does not feel that his or her child should be protected from an exhibition of folly is not much of a parent.

Home is no place for a prize-fight or anything like it. "Home, sweet home" is not the kind of a home in which father and mother act like those who fight in a ring to show how brutal they are.

Some parents have a habit of pulling together during sickness or in times of great trouble; but the proper thing to do is not only to pull together some of the time, but all the time.

How careful husband and wife should be not to offend each other or do those things that bring about partial separation; for after such acts pulling together is almost out of the question.

The noted John Wesley could have preached a strange sermon on the ill-effects of husband and wife not pulling together. How strange it was that the otherwise wise John Wesley did not have the good judgment to select some other woman for his wife than the one he did. Let us hope that they have made up and are living more happily in the world in which they now reside. Both made a sad mistake. Perhaps it was a case of too much brains and too little common sense.—*Geo. R. Scott, in Weekly Witness.*

ALL THEY COULD AFFORD.

As an illustration of the nature of Southern negroes, the Rev. D. J. Sanders, the negro president of Biddle University of Charlotte, North Carolina, related the following incident to some members of the Presbyterian General Assembly at a recent meeting. The story is reported by the *New York Times*.

Negroes are great lovers of pomp and ceremony, of titles and decorations, and the members of a large but ignorant negro congregation in North Carolina conceived the notion that it would add very much to their influence as a church if their pastor could append the initials D. D. to his name.

One of the brethren learned that a certain institution in the North would confer such a degree for a price. He wrote, and got a letter from this institution, stating that fifty dollars would secure the desired honor.

Meantime the members of the congregation went to work to raise this fifty dollars, but their utmost efforts failed to secure more than twenty-five dollars.

The committeemen put their heads together and it was finally decided to send the money, with this message, to the Northern institution:

"Please send our pastor one 'D,' as we are not able to pay for the other at this time."

"LIVE WIRES."

"Don't touch that wire!" was a warning given a young man who was standing on a ladder, forty feet from the ground, painting a house. The caution was given in the best of faith, and his friend standing on the ground called out as earnestly as though his own life depended upon it. Again he said: "Rob, don't touch that wire, it's—"

He doubtless meant to say the wire was "live," for it was an electric wire, but before the words were out of his mouth, the young man, attempting to reach over the wire to paint a spot beyond, let his wrist come in contact with it. He uttered a faint ejaculation, as though about to cry from pain or to call for help; then he reeled, evidently in an attempt to free himself, when he lost his balance and fell heavily, head foremost to the ground. His friend rushed to his side, as did a policeman and others but too late—the young fellow was dead.

Young men and women are constantly being warned by parents, pastors, and friends not to touch the many "live" wires of sin, which are everywhere to be seen. Be on the lookout, and keep always far away from temptation.

"Any service that has no suffering in it is barren."

God can only work with courageous and consecrated persons.

It is a sin to shut a church in the summer.

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A CHANCE FOR THE BETTER.

The following story is told of a zealous parson and a shepherd who was not a regular churchgoer:

"Well, John, I have missed your face in church."

"I dinna doot that."

"And have you not been to church all this time?" was the parson's next question.

"O't aye have I. I've been many times in the kirk ower the hill."

"Well," said the parson, "I'm a shepherd myself, and do not like to see my sheep wandering into other folds and among other pasturage."

"Well," said John, "that's a difference, ye ken; I never mind where they gang if they get better grass."

BETTER THAN ARGUMENT.

A minister had delivered a course of addresses on infidelity, and as time went on he was delighted to find that an infidel was anxious to unite himself with the congregation.

"Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?" asked the minister.

"No argument moved me," was the reply; "but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along, and, putting out her hand to me and asked, 'Do you love my blessed Saviour?'"

"The look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realize as never before that He who could suffice to make one so helpless, bright and glad, must be a 'blessed Saviour' indeed."

If the church will suffer with the Son, you can shake the city to its foundations in one year—but never till you are ready to suffer.

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