

The Fireside.

Dealing With Those Who Complain of Christians.

In dealing with those who complain of the hypocrites in the church it is well to open your Bible to read Matthew 7:1, and ask them to read it. "Judged." Also show them Romans 14:12. "So then everyone of us shall give account of himself to God." Then ask the objector, "Who has appointed you judge over your fellowmen? Has the Lord appointed you?"

"No."

"Have your fellowmen selected you to this important position?"

"Of course not."

"You don't mean to say that you have appointed yourself judge, do you? A self-appointed judge! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Then ask him to read Romans 2:1. "Wherefore thou art without excuse, O man, whoever thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest dost practise the same things."

Ask him if it ever occurred to himself, and when he answers in the negative, say to him:

"Well, let us see. You condemn the hypocrites because they pretend to be what they are not?"

"I do."

"But when you claim that the reason why you are not a Christian is because of the hypocrites in the church, you are pretending what is not true. The real reason why you do not become a Christian is because you want your own way, and are not willing to obey God. And when you say it is because of the hypocrites you the saying what is not true, and you know it."

Show him John 21:21,22. "Peter saith to Jesus, Lord what shall this man do? Jesus saith to him, If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee, follow thou me." Say to him:

"Admitting that there are hypocrites in the church, what is that to you? If every man in the church was a hypocrite, that would not excuse you from the duty of repentance."

"If there was a call for volunteers to defend this country, would you stay out of the army because some bad men would probably enlist?"

"I suppose not."

"Possibly you are a Mason or an Odd Fellow. Are there any black sheep in your lodge?"

"I must confess that there are a few."

"And yet you joined the lodge, knowing this fact, and you urge others to do the same?"

"That is true."

"Why, then, do you offer such a silly excuse when the subject of religion arises? If you do not wish to be a Christian, say so in a manly way, but do not try to hide yourself behind the faults of others. The only safe hiding place for a sinner is the cross of Christ, and you will realize it some day."

A man once said to his pastor that the reason why he did not accept Christ was because he once had a partner who was a professing Christian who wronged him in business.

"That is your real reason, is it?" asked the minister.

"It is," replied the man.

"Suppose we put it down in writing," said the minister; and drawing out his note-book he wrote, "The reason why I am not a Christian is that my partner who claimed to be a Christian wronged me in a business deal."

Tearing out the leaf he folded it and handed it to the man, saying, "When you come before the Great White Throne, and God asks you why you have rejected his Son, just hand him that paper," and turning away he left him. Hardly had he reached home when his door-bell rang and there stood the man, with the paper in his hand.

"Well," said the minister, "what can I do for you?"

"I have brought this paper back. I am afraid it would not answer as an excuse to give God."

"You think God will not accept it, then?"

"I am afraid not."

"We may as well tear it up, then," and suiting the action to the word, the minister tore it into fragments and threw them away.

"Now have you any other excuse which is better?"

"I do not think of any."

"If you haven't any good reason for not becoming a Christian, had you not better give your heart to God now?"

"Yes, sir, and I will."

Among the "Little Preachers" which I have referred to is a capital one for the people who are always complaining about the hypocrites in the church. On one side is the question, "Do those hypocrites hinder you?" On the other side is the following:

"Remember—When the church goes through the Pearly Gates, those hypocrites will be left on the outside of the gate, on your side, unless you repent, and you will have to spend all eternity with them elsewhere. You must spend some time with those hypocrites somewhere. Where shall it be?"

If one will scatter these freely all the excuse-makers in town will close their mouths forever on the subject of hypocrites.—*Union Gospel News.*

A MODERN HEROINE.

A young French Canadian girl was placed in a convent by her parents at the age of nine. When in her third year there, on the eve of taking her first communion, she had to enter the confessional, as all must do to be properly prepared. This young girl was met with questions from the priest of such a nature as to arouse feelings of indignation and fear, so that after a few moments she took refuge in flight.

Weeping bitterly she ran to her room and prayed that if there was a spiritual God he should make himself known to her. This, of course, led to very trying discussions with the nuns, but with no satisfactory results on either side.

About this time another girl entered the convent. She was a Protestant and a Christian. She was placed there that she might be influenced back into Romanism. But she spoke of Christ and his love to the other girls, and the one of whom we write recognized in her words the story of the God she had prayed for. She urged her new-found

Protestant friend to teach her the hymn "Jesus, lover of my soul," which she did.

The nuns became aware of the influence this girl was exercising among the others, and as a result they one day spirited her away, no one knew where. It was six months after, that one day, as the girls were playing in the convent yard, they saw a door burst open, and out of it came their lost friend, dressed all in white and weeping bitterly as she repeated these words, "O God, deliver me from such a terrible crime. Let me die! Let me die!" What propositions had been urged upon her in her prison one can only guess. But so wicked did they seem to her that she sought death in preference by going to the river near by and throwing herself into the water. She would have drowned had not the police found her.

This event so impressed our little heroine that her discussions with the nuns now turned to wilful rebellion, her hope being that in this way she would be sent home. Finally, after many struggles, the nuns allowed her to go. For three years she lived at home, and would go out sewing in Protestant families. These people had family worship, and what the girl heard so interested her that she took a New Testament on the sly and fed her hungry soul upon the words of life. Before long her conduct and sayings revealed to her family that she was a Protestant in spirit, and would soon become one in deed if they did not prevent it. It was then open warfare on the part of parents, brothers and sisters. Kidnapping, threats, with the axe held over her head, warrants for her arrest, imprecations of priests called in for the purpose, ridicule of her way of praying and of her hopes in Christ. Nothing would move her.

She then left home by artful manoeuvring, and finally engaged herself to work for a family in the United States. This family became so interested in her that for three years they kept her in one of our French Protestant institutions getting an education.

After this, longing to see once more her loved ones at home, she braved everything and returned to them. She first met her father on the street. He greeted her cordially, took her home, where all allowed, in spite of themselves, their animosity to drop, even the brother, who had vowed to kill her at sight, and the reunion was most happy.

Since then this girl has been for years a devoted Christian, active in every good work. She has braved mobs, both in Montreal and Quebec, in order to stand by the missionaries who were battling to preach Christ in halls. Today she is one of the most enthusiastic members of the French Baptist church in Montreal—a Dorcas and Priscilla in one person.

We see by this how God in his own power is reaching out for the souls of French Canadians, and he calls upon us to help him in this work.—*Can. Baptist.*

Death Comes to All.—But indeed not prematurely if proper precautions are taken. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to have prevention at hand and allow disease to work its will is wickedness. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil not only allays pains, when applied externally, but will prevent lung troubles resulting from colds, and coughs. Try it and be convinced.

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On a Japanese Railway Train.

The railway traveller in Japan buys a first, second, or third class ticket; or, if he wishes to go cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him simply to stand on the platform. Many of the cars can be entered either from the side or end. The principal differences between the first and second class coaches is the color of the upholstery. None of the cars are very clean. Many of the third class coaches would serve, without much alteration, as ordinary pigsties. This is all the more remarkable when the incomparable cleanliness of the Japanese home life, even of the humblest, is taken into consideration. An explanation of this may be that the Japanese have little regard for the cleanliness of any place where they keep their shoes or clogs on. The European room, for example, which has been established in a few Japanese homes, is the only apartment in the house that is

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