

The Christian Life.

AN ENLARGING CHRIST.

When we speak of an enlarging Christ, we do not mean the growing of Christ Himself, although there was a time when Jesus did increase in wisdom and stature. What we wish to emphasize is the need that there is for every Christian to grow in his conception of the work the Person and the Majesty of our Maker.

This is a need that is recognized in the New Testament and recognized by our Master Himself. When Andrew introduced his brother Peter to Jesus, it was as the Messiah, and the fact that Peter joined Himself to Jesus shows that it was as the Messiah that he had received him. Peter turned in after Jesus of Nazareth and became a follower in His train. But great as this step was there were many crude elements in Peter's conception that it became the daily care of Jesus to remove. About 2 years and a half passed away. Jesus was with his disciples at Caesarea, Philippi, and Peter became the spokesman for the others in the assertion of his faith and their faith that Jesus was the Christ. This confession brought joy to the heart of Jesus, and words of praise to His lips. It was an old belief and an old confession, but it was in a real sense new, because the experience of all these months of popularity and opposition and of intimacy with Jesus, had still left the conviction that He was the Christ, and had put a new meaning and a new force into that conviction. Peter had an enlarged view of Jesus, and in this sense he had made a new discovery. He had an enlarged Christ, and his Master was glad. And the same thing was true when he went to the empty tomb and looked into it and believed. The same thing again was true when on the day of Pentecost the Spirit came to bring old things to his remembrance in a new light. And again, when he saw the work of the Lord in the heart of Cornelius, his idea of the Christ grew another stage. And when Peter in his old age was picking up pebbles on the shores of the lake of Galilee, he would become conscious of the unexplored wealth that awaited him in the Person and the Majesty of his Master.

This growth in our idea of Christ is not only normal, it is also necessary. If we are repeating the old things we saw in Christ ten years ago, but with no freshness that comes with the reality of a new experience, we do not even possess what we had at that time. To live on a past Christian experience is as pathetic as to live on the past achievements of our family. The tide of life flows past, and the old pictures look more and more faded as they are brought out into the daylight. If we are not getting a larger Christ we are losing the power that our old view and our old contact brought us. If we have not now a larger Christ than we once had, we have a smaller. Happy is the man who can come back from each excursion into which a new experience brings him, and still say from the depths of a sincere heart, "Thou art the Christ." Is Jesus still our ideal, and our highest hope?

A boy is brought up on the shores of a bay that stretches its arm in from the great sea. He hears the sea-birds call, he sees the tide as it rises and falls twice a day, and he tastes the salt water that is still part of the great

ocean even in this land-locked bay. This is the sea. But the boy grows older. He leaves home, and in time he comes to a high promontory that commands a view of the great deep. From this he sees the white-maned waves as they chase one another into the shore, and dash themselves into ghosts of spray along the rocky cliffs. He feels the freshness of the strong sea breeze, and sees the ocean's broad expanse. This also is the sea, but the sea under a larger view. Again, the boy has become a man, and he goes to sea as a sailor. Soon he is far out of sight of the land, and the sun rises from a horizon of water, and sinks into a grave of water. The waves are like mountains for size, and like giants for force. The dolphins play around the prow of his vessel, or the spray washes his cheek, or the wind blows a hurricane for the sea has many moods. And this also is the sea, but the sea under an aspect that is new to him, and more exhilarating. It is the same sea that he had seen in the land-locked bay of his boyhood, and the same sea that he had seen from that promontory of his youth, but it is a larger thing and nearer to the heart of reality.

In like manner, the Christian is making a poor use of his opportunities unless he is finding his way with each experience of life into a larger and larger view of the Christ whom in all sincerity and all devotion he had accepted as his Master years ago. —*Can. Baptist.*

COME AND SEE.

There are many doubters but they are not all alike. Some are honest, open-minded men, willing to know the truth and come to the light. They are not so much unbelievers as inquirers. Others are not willing to come to the light. Jesus said, "If any man will do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." If any man shall come to Christ he shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Nathaniel was a doubter. He believed in the Messiah who was to come, and was willing to receive Him and follow Him as soon as he should come, but he knew Nazareth to be a city of unenviable reputation, and that Christ should come out of that city seemed to him incredible. But Philip did not argue with him. He simply said, "Come and see." Nathanael came, and saw, and believed. Did anyone every come to Jesus with an open mind and go away to walk in darkness? Everyone who comes shall find the secret of the Lord, the way of life.

But we must come to Jesus, not to his disciples. A father brought his son to the disciples instead of to Jesus, and was grievously disappointed. Many still come to the disciples, expecting to find in them what only can be found in their Lord. We often hear men say, "We have seen those who profess to be Christians, and find them to be much like other men. Their lives are not such as to commend their religion. We are willing to stand comparison with them." This argument is not always always sincere, and the allegations are not always just. Some have been convicted of the reality and divinity of Christianity by beholding the lives of

professing Christians. They have been compelled to confess that these disciples have found something to which the world is a stranger. Those who excuse themselves from coming to Jesus because they have found his disciples inconsistent and unworthy always select the worst examples of professing Christians for study and criticism. They select those who are not really Christians at all, but mere pretenders.

Even if the best were taken they are not worthy to be substituted for the Master. Come to Jesus himself. Stand before Him, look into his face, study his character, catch the hallowed influence of his spirit. Look into this picture as long and carefully as possible. You will find no fault in him. He is altogether lovely. There is none like unto him among the sons of men. He is able to save unto the uttermost. Let anyone who doubts come and see. There is consolation in him sufficient to bring joy to the saddest heart. Come and see. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish. You will find the bitter waters made sweet. You shall receive the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

THE TENDER CHRIST.

When he came into this world on an errand of mercy he found the race like the bruised reed. His spiritual mission the Jews could not understand. The galling yoke of political and spiritual bondage pressed heavily upon them. Yet he was tender towards them from the very beginning. At the first he took a little leaven of truth with which to renew the whole lump. He began by planting a grain of mustard seed in the soil. He was ever considerate of them. All along his ministry he had it in his heart "to say many things unto them," but he knew "they could not bear them," so weak and bruised were they. He began in his teaching to unfold such rudimentary truths as they could apprehend. He would not break "the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax."

Our Lord's intercourse with his disciples furnishes an illustration of his tenderness. They understood but little of his spiritual kingdom. They often exhibited pride and ambition. They fled from him during his trial. They were timid during his abode in the sepulchre. And yet when he arose he did not hesitate to call them brethren. Verily, Jesus did not hen "break the bruised reed," nor "scorn the meanest name."

Nor does he in our day. Where is there sorrow, disappointment, unrest, or guilt? Lo, Jesus is present there. He comes not to chide, but to help; not to condemn, but to save. The centuries have not changed his attitude towards needy souls. Sinful self-depreciation should not keep us from him. Spiritual depression should not overcome us. His heart is tender, with an unspeakable impulse to succor us. Believe him, and salvation is ours.

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Freedom only leaves a man free to climb up.

PALE, WEAK GIRLS.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Miss Jennie Burroughs, Rigault, Que., says, "I write to thank you for the wonderful benefit your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me. I am now 22 years of age, but from the time I was fourteen I did not enjoy good health. A couple of years ago, while attending school, I grew worse, and the Sisters in charge called in a doctor. After treating me for some time, without any improvement, he told me I must discontinue my studies. When I got home I was sent to Caledonia Springs. The first month I was there it seemed to help me, but, like all the medicine I had taken, the help was only temporary, and I relapsed into my former position. I grew so pale and wax-like that strangers called me the wax figure. My heart would beat so violently that I could hear the noise it made. I was so weak I could not walk a block without support, or without resting two or three times. My head would sometimes ache so violently as to almost drive me wild. And at other times I would grow so dizzy that I could not stand. All this time I was taking treatment, but all the time was getting worse, and I hardly hoped ever to be better again. At this time I read in a paper of a somewhat similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to try them. By the time I had used half a dozen boxes I had improved a great deal. From that on, week by week, I gained in health and strength, until by the time I had used eleven boxes I was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am now well and strong, and thank God for the blessing of good health your wonderful Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have conferred upon me. I would strongly advise every weak and ailing girl who reads this to lose no time in taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Miss Burrows because they made the rich red blood necessary to drive disease from the system. These Pills go right down to the root of the matter in the blood and cure that. That is why they cure all troubles due to bad blood. Anæmia, paleness, eruptions of the skin, palpitation, headaches, kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia, and a host of other troubles are all due to bad blood, and are all speedily routed from the system by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take a substitute. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A distinguished London oculist once took a poor blind man, sitting on the curbstone, and restored his sight. Overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, the man exclaimed: "Doctor, I haven't a farthing in the world with which to pay you." Said the doctor: "There is just one thing I want you to do to repay me; it is very simple. Tell it. Tell everybody whom you meet that you were blind; that you see, and who healed you." The restored man willingly made this return, and in a little while the oculist had more patients than he could attend to. Suppose that we all repaid Christ in this way?