

The Christian Life.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Rest him, O Father! Thou did'st send
him forth
With great and gracious messages of
love;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high em-
bassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared
for us
In sending him, and cause him to lie
down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams
of peace.
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his
head,
And Thine upholding right encircle
him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him
rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one
care,
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-
night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured
for us
The wine of joy, and we have been re-
freshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet
new draughts
Of life and love with Thine own hand;
be Thou
His ministrant tonight; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy pow-
er.
O speak to him! Thou knowest how to
speak
A word in season to Thy weary one,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest
him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast
And, leaning, gain new strength to rise
and shine.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

MORAL DROOP.

A man not quite threescore years and ten, but old enough to be called an old man by the younger generation, dreamed a dream, and in the visions of the night his imagination originated a phrase quite striking in its significance. It was the term which stands at the head of this article.

In his dream he thought he was standing among his brethren of the church, who were conversing upon the interests of the church and its work. Suddenly one asked, "What is the matter with Brother Edwards? Have you not noticed a change coming over him?" "Yes," all replied, "we have noticed he does not appear to take the interest in church affairs he once did!" Another said, "He is not the same man he was ten months ago!" Another said, "He does not look cheerful and happy. I wonder if he is in any trouble in business affairs, or in the home!" No one of these near friends had heard of any trouble; his home life seemed to be all that could be desired; his business was apparently better than ever before. Said one, "Certainly something is the matter. He used to be as regular and punctual at all the services of the church, Sunday and weekday evenings, as the best of us; but now he is irregular, and appears to absent himself more and more." "That is the most alarming aspect of the whole!" said another. One man more capable of spiritual insight said, "No! Brother Edwards is not sick, in the ordinary sense of the term. He

has no trouble with business above the ordinary; his home life is happy; there is no unhappiness except that which affects his mind; he has the 'Moral Droop'!"

And so it was. Like a plant deprived of moisture, or light, or heat, or proper nutriment, whose flowers droop, and whose leaves begin to hang down in a limp, drooping way, causing a sickly appearance to overspread the whole plant, so there had come the deadly moral droop into Brother Edwards's life, so noticeable as to cause concern in the minds of his brethren. He was not feeding upon spiritual food as formerly. He neglected the house of God and the fellowship of the saints. It is probable that the family altar was also broken down. His vows to God and the Church were neglected and forgotten. Spiritual starvation had set in, and showed its effects in his countenance, in his words, and in all his conduct. He had begun to walk out into the darkness, where the bright sunlight of God's love does not shine. He had turned away from the living fountains, and found himself wandering away into the desert and the wilderness. No wonder the deadly forces of neglect and sin were visible in the drooping condition into which he had fallen. And nothing but the power of God can now save him! He must repent; he must renew his covenant; he must return from all his wanderings, or there will be no salvation for him in the great day, when every man shall be judged according to that which he has done.

Reader, has this dream any lesson for you? Think it over and see.—Chris. Advocate.

A NEW CREATURE.

The Christian is a new creature. His body is the same as it was before his conversion, yet even the body is sometimes wonderfully changed by religion. If his former life has been one which marred and degraded the body his new life will change all that. Place side by side the photograph of a dissolute prodigal and the photograph of that same young man two years after his salvation through Jesus Christ, and one would not suppose they were pictures of the same man.

The chief change wrought by the new birth is inward and spiritual. One who has been born again has new thoughts. Religion does not cause him to cease thinking, but his thoughts are altogether new. His thoughts of himself, of the world, of God, and of life are all new. His joys are new. He does not cease to rejoice, and rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory. His affections are new. He loves his kindred and friends with a new and sweeter affection, because he loves God with all his heart, and his enemies have a warm place in his heart also. This is all new.

He has a new vision. He can see things which he never could see before. He may be a learned man. But all his learning could not sharpen his vision so as to enable him to see God before his conversion. All the science in the world could not give him a vision of God. But "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The Christian looks not on the things which are seen, but on things which are not seen.

He has new power. Men glory in their power. Whether it be physical,

intellectual, financial, political, or social power they take pride in it, and are slow to acknowledge that they are losing it. An old man is slow to confess that he is no longer able to bear the burdens of business. But the time comes when he must confess it. There is a new kind of power which never fails. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." This power does not wane with the lapse of years. It is everlasting.

His life is new. The life of the worldly man is narrow. It is bounded by the world. But Jesus gives life more abundantly. It is a larger, richer, fuller, life. It is an everlasting life. "Behold, all things are become new." The new spirit in the Christian gives color to everything without as well as within. The Bible is a new book. The Church is a new institution. The world is new. Death is new. It no longer wears the grim aspect it once wore. The light of heaven shines in the valley of the shadow of death and the flowers of eternal spring grow and bloom where darkness once shut out all beauty.

A MESSAGE FOR TO-DAY.

How many men and women grow weary with the stress of life. The mystery of it baffles them; the purpose of it is obscure; the obligations of it are met grudgingly; the joys of it are mixed with its sorrows; its problems remain unsolved, and its questions are not answered, but plunge the mind into the quagmire of misgiving and uncertainty. So they find themselves confronted with the natural interrogations: "Is it worth while? What does it all amount to? Are we getting enough out of it to compensate for toil, anxiety, sorrow, trouble, pain, disappointment, failure?" Life seems unsatisfactory only when it has become so overshadowed with the human element that the divine has become obscured. It is the hum and tumult of the secular life that have dulled the ears to the music of the heavenly chorus. It is the sweat of the world's toil, and the dust from the arena of its struggle that have blinded the eyes to the heavenly vision. It is the selfishness and sin of the world-life that have sapped the heart of its vital sympathies and destroyed its harmonious throb with the heart of the eternal. Life takes on dignity, beauty, sanctity, when it is so related to the author of life as to manifest itself in ways that make for the glory of God through service to mankind.

THE BIBLE.

While men are testing the Bible, the Bible tests them. While they are criticising the Book, the Book is condemning them. While they search for its flaws, the Book discovers their sins. The man who claims that the Bible is a fraud, is more likely to be a fraud himself. The man who thinks the Bible was concocted by deceivers and imposters, may be judging its authors out of his own heart. Ungodly men hate God's Word. Men whose "deeds are evil love darkness rather than light." Men who love lies and spend their days and nights in reading them, have in themselves some subtle affinity for falsehood, which naturally breeds hatred for the truth.

Ordinary Corn Salves Contain Acids.

But the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor is entirely vegetable in composition, and does not eat or burn the flesh. It gradually lifts the corn, causes no pain, and cures permanently. Price 25 cents at all druggists. Use only "Putnam's."

ON GROWING OLD.

Is it not sad to grow old? Say rather that it is a very difficult art, and one which few men have ever acquired. But where is he who understands his trade? Do the young know how to be young? The rich to be rich? Graciously to bear health is perhaps as rare as it is so to bear illness. Each one dabbles in the business of others and gives them advice. To grow old is sad indeed, if what you want is to hold back the receding years, to keep your hair from growing white, your eyes from becoming dim, and the wrinkles from chiseling their way across your brow. But if from all these vicissitudes to which life subjects you, you draw a bit of wisdom, of profit, of goodness, to grow old is to become free and large. One of the most beautiful things in the world is an old person who, made better by experience, more indulgent, more charitable, loves mankind in spite of its wretchedness and adores youth without the slightest tendency to mimic it. Such a person is like an old Stradivarius whose tone has become so sweet that its value is increased a hundred-fold, and it seems almost to have a soul.—Charles Wagner, in *The Better Way*.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissues as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

The sermon sleeper is by no means the worst of sinners. Better sleep through a sermon twice every Sunday than remain awake to criticise and forget.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all diseases.

If we would get the very best out of life, let us learn to inventory our blessings each night before we sleep.—D. S. Mackey, D.-D.

Something that Should be Rubbed in.—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

A free Bible in the hands of a free people is the corner-stone of a free church in a free state forever.

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'.