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RANDOM REVERIES.

"Miserable Sinners."

There is an immense amount of humbug in the world—especially in the religious world—account for it how we may. One phase of this is the canting talk so often whined off "at meeting" by "bretherings and sisterings" when they vie with each other in parading their sham humility by proclaiming themselves to be "the chief of sinners" though in reality they don't for a moment believe the same, no, not by a long chalk. Well, the fact is, men should never call themselves "sinners"—much less "miserable sinners"—unless they really think themselves to be such. It is no proof of humility for men to tell lies. Men should try to form some correct idea of themselves as well as of others, and "jammer" accordingly. They ought to talk according to the ideas they have honestly framed, and not according to any pretentious or assumed notions, or the opinions of others—whether true or false. There is a great deal of mock humility in the world.

"He saw a cottage with a double coach house
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility."

Professing christians often at meeting speak of themselves in a way they would not like other people to speak of them. They whine and blubber things of themselves, which if you were to say to them, they would swear were false, and probably knock you down—at least if you did not manage to take time by the forelock and knock them down first. And, all the time, throughout the ranting season they are often the last people in the world to put forth any exertion, either in the way of labor or example to countenance or assist any organization, outside of their own "miserable sinner" coterie for the suppression of any prevailing vice. Even yonder very sanctified gentleman of the sorrowful countenance, who is always yelping about being a professor, always vaunting himself a humble and lowly follower etc., etc., cannot be brought to give up his silly crochets and lend the helping hand of his influence to snatch his younger fellow creature from destruction. The turtle dove is too many for us. Fortunately we are not much troubled with that sort of bastard christianity up in our high latitude. We prefer to devote our evenings to a jolly skip on the light fantastic toe, believing such innocent and hilarious amusement to be highly conducive to the interests of the soul and the material improvement of the pulse, by promoting a healthy circulation of the blood.

One striking characteristic of true humility shows itself in a readiness to lift up a falling or fallen brother—to make some sacrifice, at least, for a brother's welfare—to labor and suffer for another's good. Pride on the other hand, consists in a disposition, among others, to make use of others for our own elevation—to sacrifice the rights and comforts of others to our own pleasure or profit; a disposition that trifles with the interests and comforts of others and while humility counts its own interests and comforts as trifles, for the sake of others. Humility does not consist in thinking falsely or speaking falsely of ourselves, but quite the reverse; nor does pride consist in thinking truly or in speaking truly of ourselves—when occasion demands it. Humility does not consist in having an unjustly low opinion of ourselves, much less in professing to have a low opinion of ourselves, when we have not; nor does pride consist in having a justly high opinion of ourselves. The humblest may have in one sense a high opinion of themselves, and the proudest may have in one sense a low opinion of themselves. Jesus was humble yet his opinion of himself was very high. Paul appears to have been tolerably humble, yet he too had undoubtedly a high opinion of himself and his mission. Both Jesus and Paul appreciated justly their own characters and talents. So, I think, did John. John resembled Christ, in point of goodness, yet he appears to have been a very lowly man. That which orthodox "miserable sinners" in general call pride is a very different thing from the pride which scripture condemns; and that which many such "miserable sinners" call humility is a widely different thing from that which scripture commends and enjoins.

But the end is not yet, miserable sinners. In your pious lugubers, you are in the habit of charging all who dare to differ from you—at least—almost all—in your petty conceits, with hardness of heart. Bosh! Please suffer a word of exhortation. A hard heart means a disobedient heart—not simply a heart not easily excited, as some would have it. Some people cantingly call themselves hard-hearted, because they are not moved to tears, on the spur of the moment, under meeting catermaulings; others again think they are tremendously tender-hearted, because they can blubber and lachrymate, up to the very nines, under the caperings and howlings of a preaching mountebank, a pulpit merry-andrew or clerical buffoon. Both parties are wrong. In such interesting circumstances, the accomplished hypocrite or religious imbecile, either of whom can weep, at a moment's notice to order, may all the time be as hard-hearted as adamant; and the man not easily moved to tears, at some of our religious pantomimic exhibitions, may be tender-hearted in the extreme;—the former never labouring to please God, or benefit their fellow men—the latter always studying to please God and promote the welfare of their fellow creatures. True, there are some hard-hearted people, who are never moved to tears at all, under the voice of the preacher, and others always in a lachrymose quandary; but being simply moved to tears by the cheap John moleator's "sweet persuasive tongue" is of itself no proof of tender-heartedness—at least, *per se*. I have known men soon moved to tears, under clap-trap excitement—men who at the time were either "three sheets in the wind," or who were suffering from an attack of "blues," brought on by indigestion or too much "suction." People should not judge of character by the ebullition of temporary feeling, but by their abiding desires, their persistent aims, their constant endeavours, their habitual way of life. He is the hard-hearted man who does not consult God's will, who does not labor to

know what is right, or who, when he knows what is right, is not careful to do it,—who does not in short live to serve God, and to promote the improvement and happiness of his fellow creatures; and he is the truly tender-hearted man, who make it his constant endeavour to do the will of God, and who labours to the utmost extent of his ability to promote the improvement and prosperity and happiness of his fellow men.

Up here, in this out-of-the-way Ultima Thule of civilization, as in other regions of the "delectable mountains," we have not a few "christian professors," as they pompously call themselves—at least, one or two noted Pharisaical trumpeters,—always "jamming" about what merciful Providence has done for their souls, but too supremely indifferent, too confoundedly lazy, too hoggishly selfish to put themselves the least about to aid in saving the souls of their fellow men. No, rather than exert themselves to aid in enjoining new life into a declining temperance or other philanthropic association, they will quietly sit at home, folding their hands, and laying the flattering unction to their pitiful souls that they are "chosen vessels," and "the salt of the earth," and let our young men go wholesale to the devil. Come out of your hard shells, you insensate fossils. Do more work and less talking for the sake of humanity, you miserable sinner paralytics. Don't be always yelping about some poor devils breaking their pledge of abstinence, and assigning that as a reason for keeping aloof from a society whose mission is to seek and to save. Forgive your brother seventy and seven times. Would you throw church membership to the winds, because every professing member was not an A 1 saint—because a professing member sometimes fell from grace? Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel. Must we still be compelled to confess that the turtle dove is too many for us? Beaufort. PAUL PRY.

The sense of security against sudden emergencies from croup and bronchitis, felt by these who provided with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, would be cheaply purchased at ten times the cost of the remedy. In all lung complaints, it is prompt to act and sure to cure.

Long Felt Wants.

Although triumphs of the ingenuity of inventors are multifarious and beyond all count, there yet remains a long list of everyday "long felt wants" that are clamoring for some ingenious inventor to fill them and thereby enrich himself. A recent article by Rene Bache enumerates a few of these long-awaited-for inventions.

Among them are a bottle that cannot be refilled,—though, it is said, a Kingston man has invented that,—a pipe that will not foul, a cheap envelope that cannot be opened without detection, an automatic mystic leaf turner, a small machine for opening oysters, a typewriter for \$25 (that does good work) a magnetic latch key, a cure for sea sickness, a knife sharper that anybody can use, a fish hook that will catch nibblers, a self-locking hat pin, a cheap and convenient letter file, a powdered sugar shaker that will flow freely, a cheap substitute for carpet, an available equivalent for leather, a bicycle that may be operated by both hands and feet, a machine for putting a mourning border on stationary, a means for securing window paning without putty, an improvement that will deaden the sound of typewriters, and an envelope for mailing small articles or samples. It would be easy to extend the list.—Brockville Times.

The Weather for Colds.

This is the time when colds are in the fashion—every body who is any body has one, if not himself there's one in the family. For no complaint under the sun are there more remedies than for a cold in the head, but of the thousands Chase's Catarrh Cure is the best. "In twelve hours I was cured of a bad cold in the head by Chase's Cure," writes Miss Dwyer, Alliston, Ont. 25c. of all druggists, with blower free.

English Market For Eggs.

Canadian eggs are doing well in Great Britain, recent shipments having shown good profits, and we learn that sales have been made during the past few days at 6s. 10d. to 7s. c. i. f. Liverpool per 10 dozen, and at 7s. to 7s. 6d. c. i. f. Glasgow from 16c. to 17c. per doz.) which figures will net our shippers very good profits. For week ending Monday, Aug. 31st, over 6,000 cases were sent forward from this port, making the total exports for the season up to the close of last month 25,084 cases as compared with 8,364 cases for the same period last year, showing an increase of 16,720 cases or 200 per cent; and from present appearances the shipments will be good up to the close of navigation.—Co-operative Farmer.

Eliza and Jane were old maid friends, and Jane broke the bond by marrying. Her husband was conspicuously homely, and the first time Eliza met Jane she said, scornfully: "Good gracious, Jane, why didn't you marry a monkey and be done with it?" "Oh," smiled Jane, sweetly, "I thought you might like to marry some time, and I didn't want to take your last chance."

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THAT ACHING HEAD.

What Causes It and How Overcome.

How often the remark, "Oh, my head aches," and there are so many varieties of aches and pains the head is subject to all along the line from the dull and heavy and oppressed feeling over the eyes to the persistent, racking and torturing misery of Sick Headache. The cause is in most cases the same, the overflow of poisonous uric acid is not extracted from the blood by the Kidneys, and accumulating in the blood, causes high and irregular pulse, headaches, mental depression and nausea. Chase's K. & L. Pills tone and restore the Kidneys, excrete poisonous matter from the blood, sending it on its way pure and health-giving, curing Headache, and removing all the attending symptoms from its wake. Mrs. G. Bird, Harrison, Ont., while attending the 1894 Fall Exhibition at Toronto, was taken very ill with Sick Headache and dizziness. She was subject to these attacks for years, compelling her to take to her bed. In this case by using Chase's Pills relief was immediately obtained, and the usual days of misery and prostration avoided. Thousands of such cases can be referred to where Chase's Pills have cured Sick Headache and its attendant symptoms. 25 cents a box, of all dealers, or by addressing Edmansson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard St., Toronto.



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