

Sunday Reading.

ANOTHER EDITOR'S SERMON.

This Week it is "Resignation," by the New York Herald Man.

O my Father, thy will be done—Matthew xxvi, 42.

The man of faith lives with more satisfaction to himself and with greater benefit to his kind than the man of doubt.

We do not refer to the man whose brain contains a mere muddle of beliefs, who has prejudices and superstitions instead of convictions, but to him that feels sure that there is an eternal right and an eternal wrong, that the right is worthy of his support at all hazards and the wrong will bring him to physical and spiritual bankruptcy in the long run.

We do not need a long creed, but we do need a few verities as a basis for action. The Thirty-nine Articles may seem very prolix, and the Institutes of Calvin may not commend themselves to our best judgment, but our rejection of them does not constitute us heretics in the sight of God, although men may excommunicate us.

If we believe that the universe is ruled by love as well as power; that the outcome of virtue is happiness and the result of evil is misery; if we see a Providence in the events of life and feel that we can communicate with that Providence by means of what is called prayer; if we have faith in another life where the freed soul will have larger opportunities than its environment has permitted here; if we absorb the spirit of brotherly love and helpfulness which was incarnated in the Christ, we need have no fears as to our fate in the future.

Man's creed is apt to be a long one; God's creed is very short. Short as it is, however, you will have no time to spare if you shape your years according to its requirements.

Your life, everybody's life, has its pathetic side, and you must have the sympathy of God if you are to do good work.

There are times when you are appalled by the situation in which you find yourself. There is no light anywhere, but darkness everywhere. A score of friends stand by you and give you what comfort can be contained in words, but they have lives of their own to live, and they cannot help you as you must be helped if you are to recover from the disaster.

Human friendship is precious, but much more is wanted. Human love mingles its sighs and tears with yours, but still there is an empty place in your heart which neither friendship nor love can fill.

We have all had experience, a heaviness which no arm can lighten, a dread which no words can dissipate, a weariness which no one within reach can brighten with hope.

Is there no comfort anywhere, no consolation, no unseen influence that will steal into the soul with transfiguring power?

The agnostic shakes his head in an emergency like that, and does not speak. Because he has nothing to say. He can turn his eyes with additional despair, but with no thought which will afford you resignation.

"What kind of a world is this," you ask yourself, "in which what one craves most is beyond one's length?" Is there no remedy anywhere for your disease of mind? Are you left alone to struggle as you can to find your way out of the grief by the slow process of forgetfulness?

We think not. Else it were a misfortune to be born, and the chief blessing is to get rid of it all in childhood, before you learn that life is nothing better than tragedy.

Your father has fallen asleep, perchance, and when you call him he will not answer. The eyes will never open again, the lips are like lips of marble. There is a frightful stillness in the house, broken only by muffled beating of your own heart and your unexpressed moans.

Is that the end? Has the story been all told? Is the volume of filial affection closed and clasped with an iron clasp? Have you said farewell forever, and has the dear one taken a sudden departure into the region of black nothingness?

Then what is life worth? What is the use of loving if the most sacred ties are snapped when Death taps at the door? He is better off than you who never loved at all, for he will suffer less, and the less love we bestow on any one the larger our chances of happiness. Let us henceforth care for self alone and pay no heed to others.

Or, it may be that a child, the light of your home, your joy and pride, lies in your arms with raging, consuming, relentless fever. Its little eyes look into yours imploringly; its little arms are tightly clasped about your neck. Hope dies out of your heart, and the inevitable, like the shadow of a setting sun, throws its gloom over the scene. The babe is slipping away from you, and carrying with it the best part of your own life, for in all the earth there is nothing so beautiful, so sublime or so impressive as a mother's love.

What say you? What has any one to say? The man of doubt is at your side, a tender hearted man, full of human sympathy, and willing to do what he can to assuage your grief, but what can he honestly say to give you comfort? Has he any balm for your wounds, any solace for your distress? Then he were better absent than present.

But Christ comes, or some kind friend who bears His message, and tells you of the House not built with hands, of the grave as the bronze gate through which we enter heaven, of a time of meeting beyond this time of parting, of that Being who does what is best even when He causes the tears to flow, only asking you to wait patiently in faith that some day you will see that He was right.

What a change comes over your soul! God's magic has bidden a smile unroll!

your tears, a hope under your despair. In response to your faith you say, "Thy will be done," and standing at the grave of father or of child, you lift your eyes to the blue sky and cry, "For a time, good by; we shall meet again yonder."

The sad side of life has a rainbow, and hope makes sorrow easier to bear.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

It is Their Lives that Compose the Mass of Deed.

"When thou wast little in thine own sight."—1 Samuel xv, 17.

If you happen to be strolling through the fields at this time of the year you are more than likely to run upon a bed of wild violets at the foot of a maple tree in some obscure corner. No other eyes than yours have ever seen them, and no other eyes, perhaps, will ever see them again, for in a few days their little lives will be ended and they will have withered.

They have their mission, nevertheless, and who shall say that it is unimportant? They are fashioned in beauty; their slender stems bend with grace to the passing breeze; the conical leaves are of an exquisite shade of green, and the purple petals are painted with a skill that no artist can borrow. He who was at the pains to create them was not without a purpose in that act. He had a plan in this wild violet, on which He bestowed no perfume, as well as for the honeysuckle, with fills the air with fragrance. And if it blossoms with fidelity and dies with resignation as much credit may be accorded to it as will be given to the imperious oak, or the stately elm, which attracts the attention of every traveller.

If you were learned in the language of flowers you might kneel on the sod and bear the complaint of some discontented violet. "I am of no consequence," it might say in despair, "and wonder why I was made. No one knows or cares that I am here. I live, I die; that is all the story I have to relate. No one is better for my coming and no one will miss me when I go."

And yet it is possible that that bed of violets, blossoming and withering under the maple, and upon which you have chanced in your aimless stroll, has set you upon serious thoughts. It is an epitome of the universe, as far beyond the reach of your power to make as blazing Arcturus in the evening sky. It is a clue to a thousand mysteries, and all unconsciously to itself it may lead you up the spiral staircase of logic until you lie reverent and prostrate in the awful presence of Deity.

The violet is a type of humanity. We, too, wonder why we are here. We are so small, so insignificant; we can do so little; we are so slenderly gifted; we live such narrow lives and have such meagre influence that we are overwhelmed with disappointment. What does it mean and what does it all amount to? A thousand times we ask the question, and get no answer. If we had conspicuous ability, could sing some song that would be remembered, or paint some picture that would be hung in the galleries of the future, or do some deed that would leave our name as a heritage, our lot would be plainly desirable. Or, if, with lower ambition, we could affect the lives of those within the circle of our acquaintance, make them think and see more clearly, temper their souls for nobler tasks, contribute to their comfort and happiness in some essential way, we should feel that there was a purpose in our birth and an object in our lives. But to be simply common-place—an odorless violet under a maple in an obscure corner—it gives us a sinking at the heart and we grow weary and despondent.

How many of us have passed through this experience and reached the conclusion that we are of no value! How many of us have thoughtfully summed up our lives and painfully declared to ourselves that we count for nothing!

But such sighs are based on a mistake. We misinterpret God, and are therefore led astray. We have a plan of our own and wonder why the Almighty does not make His word to conform to it, instead of seeking His plan and persuading our wills to conform to that.

In the universe as constituted by Him the humble positions are vastly in the majority. We are neither expected nor asked to do much, but to do a little and do it well. It is not demanded of us that we shall stamp our characters on a generation, since the ability to do so has not been given, but if we keep our narrow house in order, greet the small outc of each coming day with cheerfulness, throw a kindly word to the passer by, drop a penny into the beggar's hat and maintain the calm serenity of a contented heart, the evening shadows will not fail to bring us our reward.

There is but one Niagara, but on every hillside is a rippling rill. As much credit is given to the rivulet that sings as to the cataract that roars—neither more nor less. Each was made for a specific purpose, and each must accomplish that purpose. The rivulet has no right to complain, the cataract no right to be proud. Not ability but excellence, determines the measure of merit.

Only Richard could wield a sword six feet long, but victory in the battle did not depend so much on Richard's sword as on the arrows of his brave army. He could work miracles of valor in single combat and loud huzzas greeted his deeds of prowess, but after all it was the rank and file of stalwart yeomen twangling the bowstring who drove the enemy from the field and planted the banner of England there. It is always so. The obscure make history when each man does his duty, and human progress is more the result of what takes place in private life than of what our giants do. The world consists of little people, each of whom is doing his little work, but the aggregate influence is an irresistible dynamic force for good. The best men and women are unknown. There is a long list of saints whose names will not be heard until the day of judgment—men who have made a hard fight with fate amid surroundings too lowly for recognition, and

women who have sacrificed more than any one knows except One.

It is not the smallness of your life, but the quality of it that is important. You cannot be an oak or an elm, but if you are a violet under a maple, drinking in the sunshine and dew, you should be content, for in the providence of God humble lives cheerfully lived have infinite value.

GIVING GOD OUR BEST.

"Give God the Cream and Flower of Youth, Strength, Time and Talent."

"Give God the cream and flower of youth, strength, time and talent," was a sentence written by a friend on the flyleaf of a book she gave me. Without doubt these few words more strongly influenced me than did the contents of the whole book.

We are to give God the best of our life. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of the youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." Give God the years when life is bright, when hopes and aspirations are high, when faith in friends and love is strong, when enthusiasm and zeal is burning, when mind and body are vigorous, when the heart is not yet weighted with the cares, the worries, the disappointments and sorrows of the world.

Give Him the best of your time. How often we say "we have no time," time for prayer, time for thought or reading, time for doing God's work. The time is all God's. He only lends it to us. Suppose God, for one short hour, should turn from us and say, "I have no time," what would our efforts to employ time avail us?

Give God the best of your talents. To some God has given many talents—yes, to all, could the receivers but see with their eyes. In God's sight the talents are all of the same value, but in men's not so. To one God has given a marvellous gift of song, to another a power of speech or pen to stir men's hearts, to another a personal magnetism to draw all men to him, to another to carve or paint beautiful images, and we say he or she is very talented, but God gives to one a sweet, gentle voice, with a shy, quiet demeanor, to another a kind, strong touch, to others a steady, plodding disposition, a desire to do everything faithfully, abilities to fit them for places in sick rooms and kitchens, at sewing machines, behind counters and desks, and in God's sight this second class is as talented as the first. As influence is as measureless and incomprehensible to man as space, we know not but that one of the latter lives accomplishes as much as the most distinguished of the former, when both are devoted to God's service.

All these talents are to be used for God, and there is no way in which a talent can be so improved as in using it in the Master's work. And God has given to all, countenances which He meant should reflect the soul within. Let us keep these reflectors burnished and bright with kindly thoughts and loving deeds.

He has given to every one an opportunity to feed the hungry, to minister to those in sickness, in need, or in prison, and has He not said that if we do any of these things the deed is done unto Him. No talent has He given greater than this one of helping others.

THE SOCIAL BORE.

To Cultivate Bored is to Feel Out of Charity With the World.

Ours is an age of universal toleration; the vicious and the saint, the agnostic and the fanatic, have all a social welcome extended to them, and an itching ear is always at their service, so long as they are amusing, but no longer. Society has but one terror, but it is one which dogs its steps through the day and far into the night; it is a fear before which the stoutest heart fails, and the man who has fled from any company, if questioned as to the reason for his flight, has on only one defence, and has his offence at once condoned. He has but to say that he was bored, or he feared that he might be bored, or that he knew an army of bores awaited him in those regions to which his steps were for the moment ordered, and only the eccentric or the imbecile question the propriety or the necessity for his precipitate retreat.

If we are asked as to whether this state of things is a wholesome one, showing that society is in a healthy and regenerate state, we can confidently affirm that the attitude is one of grace, and is not necessarily contrary to Christian doctrine and practice. If there is an injunction to turn the other cheek to the smiter, there is no command to present either ear for the use of that enemy of mankind, the social bore. But there is a command that a check should be kept on the unruly member, and it is certainly a Christian act to assist the unhappy owner to control this member by giving him nothing to exercise it upon. Further we are told to live at peace with all men, and to cultivate bores is to feel out of charity with the whole world. Sometimes one bore will frequent the society of another, whose tiresomeness, differing from his own, he is quite able to perceive, but whose intimacy he cultivates because he finds that by listening to his diffuse discourses he receives a similar kindness for himself. These natural selections should not be interfered with; bores should by a gentle process of weeding out be placed together, and should be encouraged to bore each other, for that is usually not their ideal of amusement.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment." Eccl. 8: 2.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19: 10.

"There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him." Mark 7: 15 and Jeremiah 17: 9.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." Isaiah 1: 18.

"Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now; for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh." Luke 6: 20, 21.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Luke 5: 32.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Colossians 3: 16.

A LESSON WHICH TEACHES

That We Should Be Careful About Calling People Liars.

In 1860 Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson was engaged to write the biography of Robert Stephenson, the famous engineer, then recently deceased. He began at once to put himself in connection with the friends and familiar acquaintances of Mr. Stephenson in search of documents and information. Among these friends one of the most important was George Parkes Bidder. In his youth Mr. Bidder had been famous as "the calculating boy." For Mr. Jeaffreson's entertainment he multiplied four figures by four figures in his head.

Then he gave Mr. Jeaffreson with confidential freedom a full account of his long and close acquaintance with Mr. Stephenson, narrating at the same time many dull and interesting anecdotes. Of all these Mr. Jeaffreson made notes upon the spot.

Some time afterward he called upon Mr. Bidder again and drew his attention to important discrepancies between his statements and certain documentary evidence.

Mr. Bidder after examining the documents said: "This is a very interesting and instructive demonstration of the fallaciousness of memory. Those writings put it beyond question that while I was instructing you so confidentially I was strangely misremembering the very incidents of my story on which I have reflected most often and thoughtfully. In writing your book use nothing I have told you from mere memory, unless you can corroborate it by documentary evidence."

The lesson, although not new, is striking. Mr. Bidder was peculiarly a man to be trusted. How full of errors, then, must history and biography be! And how easy it is for men to tell different stories and yet be honest!

The Psalms.

Marson, a recent writer on the Psalms, notes that "hardly any holy men died on a death-bed, or at a scaffold, or at a stake without breathing out the unworded passion of the great prayer, the 51st Psalm. In the Middle Ages, the favorite inscription on sword-blades was the first verse of Psalm 144.—"Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." The title of "Vindictive" Psalms was at first used in the sense of Psalms of Vindication. "Vindictive" had not then any malice in the meaning of it. "Touch not mine anointed" was the watch-word of the Royalists during the civil wars of the Commonwealth. The concluding Psalm has been to a large extent the reason for the continued use of instruments of music in the Christian Church.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

"In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.



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IT MAKES OLD MEN YOUNG.

Indisputable Testimony that South American Nervine Tends to Longevity—Many Years Added to the Lives of Those Who Use This Great Discovery—An Age of Great Old Men—What a Windsor Resident of Seventy Years of Age Says.



MR. JAMES SHERWOOD, Windsor, Ont.

What with Gladstone 84 years of age. Pope Leo XIII 84. Bismarck 79, Franco Crispi 75, Oliver Wendell Holmes 85 and Ontario's G. O. M., Sir Oliver Mowat, 75, this is indeed an age of grand old men. They are holding their places with the young men nobly.

A study of the men who, at these advanced years, perform so much intense labor all show that care of health has been one of the essentials of their remarkable longevity. It may be that all the old men of the age have not a personal acquaintance with the invigorating and health-enlarging effects of South American Nervine, but with much in the way of testimony before us we do know that this great medicine is toning up the systems of men and women to such an extent that their years are being lengthened beyond the allotted three score and ten. There is something in this medicine that is peculiarly efficacious as a health-builder. It operates with sure success on those who are weak and per-

haps, suffering from indigestion, nervous prostration and debility in one shape and another. Mr. James Sherwood, of Windsor, Ont., has attained the ripe old age of 70 years. A few years back he suffered from an attack of paralysis, and a second attack came on him 12 months ago. The result of this trouble was to seriously derange his digestive organs and complicated nervous troubles followed. He obtained from LaBelle & Co., of Windsor, a bottle of South American Nervine. It had an immediate effect on the stomach trouble and on the nerves, besides strengthening the heart action which had become weak. He says: "I consider it a splendid medicine. It has relieved me of very much pain, built up my health, and has given me a much better appetite than I had before using it. I have so far used four bottles and will always keep it in my house." Would you be healthy and live long? Then become acquainted with South American Nervine. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St. A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.