

# Sunday Reading.

## THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

It Must Always Include the Right Regard for our Neighbor.

"Love worketh no harm to his neighbor," said the great apostle, and this is a true saying worthy of all acceptance. God is love, and the gospel of Jesus Christ is the gospel of love, the gospel of humanity. From Christ's own lips we have it that the greatest commandment in the law is "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." The second great commandment is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A great many good people believe in this first commandment and act on it very faithfully. They are so absorbed in the love of God that they have no time to devote to any of his creatures. They love God with a perfect and unfathomable love, principally because He does not seem to demand anything in return save the formal adoration, the remembrance at prayer and in church and a Sunday glance at the Scriptures.

They love themselves also, and with a fervor almost, if not quite, equal to that which they bestow upon God; and so deep is that love that they see their neighbors only when they look into their own mirrors. They love their bodies so much that, while they clothe them in the richest garments, they cannot see their poor neighbor shivering in his rags and vainly begging for some cast-off clothing.

They love their stomachs so much, and fill them so full of good things, that their eyes become dim and they cannot see Lazarus struggling with the dogs for the few crumbs that may fall from the table.

They love their own virtuous safety so much that they cannot see the pale, repentant Magdalen crouching before the mob ready to stone her to death.

They love their own homes so well that they catch no glimpse of the Son of Man wandering over the earth, homeless, friendless and with nowhere to lay his head.

What a blessed, happy world this would be if good people would observe the second commandment that Christ gave them as closely as they do the first! Then the money-changers would no longer defile the temple and peddlers no longer would cry their wares from the hill of Calvary.

Then the garden of Gethsemane would

be full of roses and those who walked therein would rejoice with a great joy instead of weeping with a great grief.

Then the dead would be nursed to life instead of being buried beyond any possible hope of resurrection.

Then the lame would walk instead of stumbling along rocky ways and falling in despair all the time.

Then the blind would see and the deaf hear; the roses would be no longer hid nor the music fall upon insensate ears.

To love thy neighbor as thyself is indeed to be worthy of the God whom you love but to love only thyself is to pierce anew the wounded side of the dying Christ.

Love of God that does not include love to thy neighbor is not acceptable to God, and no amount of devotion or adoration will avail at the high court of heaven unless it is sanctified and made sweet by the broadest and most unselfish love and charity toward thy neighbor.—N. Y. Advertiser.

## Sorrow is Everywhere.

A minister in a well-to-do London suburb, having obtained the names of some poor folk, set out to visit them. They all lived in one short street of about sixty houses, not a poverty-stricken street as far as appearance goes, but rather the contrary.

Yet in the first house there were two widows living, one eighty-six years of age, the other eighty-two, both of them cheerful and grateful though in utter poverty. In the next house was a widow, who lost her husband two years ago, and has four children, three of whom are dependent on her. God had been good in giving her strength to do work, that is, washing, but it did not always come in sufficient quantity.

In the fourth house was a widow of seventy-four, cheerful and thankful. In the fifth house was a widow of fifty-six, quite unprovided for; husband killed only ten weeks ago; son a cabman, who earned a few shillings a week, and had a family of his own; a young daughter does some dressmaking. In the sixth house a gardener out of work, a son an invalid; a daughter at school. In the seventh house a man with poor health, often unable to work, wife lets lodgings, but no lodger just now, and the last one had board and lodging for a week, and went away without paying five children. The minister went out at the bottom of the street saying to himself, "How much sorrow there is!" Yes, and a good deal nearer to most of us than we suspect; let us look about.—The Christian.

## BEN GREEN'S EXAMPLE.

What He Believed in His Heart Was Shown Forth in His Life.

As John Green often told her, Lucy was her father's one earthly comfort now.

Her brother Ben had chosen a sailor's life, and for some years had come home regularly between his voyages; but one sad day the tidings arrived that he had fallen from the rigging to the deck in a heavy gale, receiving such severe injuries that he did not long survive them.

On hearing the news his mother seemed to grow old at once, and in a short time she, too, went out from their home. So little Lucy and her father were left to comfort each other.

Day by day, when his work was done, John would sit at the door with little Lucy reading aloud from his bible of the glories of the new Jerusalem, where he hoped one day to stand before the throne with his wife and children, holding palms of victory.

One day, as they were reading as usual, Lucy was startled by the sight of a dog which suddenly appeared on the threshold, barking in her face. Running to her father, she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Don't you be frightened, little lass," said John; "I don't know whose dog it is, but I expect its owner isn't far away. Ah, here he is!" he added, as a man dressed as a sailor came in sight, carrying a bundle under his arm.

"Are you John Green?" he asked.

"Yes," replied John.

"Then you're the man I'm looking for," said the sailor; "I've come to let you know that your mother has been found, and I was to tell her that she had forgotten what she'd taught him, but knew that he far better than staying here. Those were his last words. So directly we came home I started to find you out and deliver his message."

"Thank you," said John. "Ben's mother went to join him some time back, and so she knows already. But I'm very grateful to you myself for coming."

"I tell you what, too," said the sailor; "it's a thing I shouldn't care to talk about to every one, but the way your Ben lived, and the sight of him dying so easy as that, set me to thinking, and I made up my mind that I'd find out the reason myself. So I took to reading a bit every day in his bible, which he gave me, and, thanking God, he has taught me through it."

"I'm almost glad to hear that than the other," said John. "For now I know that my boy was the means of turning a fellow in from the error of his ways, and so, as the apostle says, of saving a soul from death. For that reason I thank God that he took him as he did."

Let us all strive and pray that, like Ben Green, "what we believe in our hearts we may show forth in our lives to the glory of God's holy name!"—Sunday School Visitor.

## OBEYED HIS PARENTS.

The Lesson of Obedience Which Was Taught the Son of a Miner.

Scattered all over the coal regions are great holes, made by the sinking of the earth after the coal has been taken from the mines. The miners know when there is danger of a cave-in, and it along the public road, some signal is given to travellers.

These cave-ins generally happen at night, when few persons are passing, but there have been cases in which horses and waggon, and even houses and people, have been buried by the sudden sinking down of the road when it was thought safe to travel over.

Let me tell the little folks a true incident of how a boy, not very long ago, escaped going down with one of those cave-ins.

A part of the road between what is called the Logan Colliery, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, and a town two miles distant, had been condemned, and a fence was put up to separate it from a new road which had to be made. This new road ran for some distance close by the old one, and then branched off, making the distance much longer from the town to the colliery. But, as the condemned road was nearest, the miners for some months continued to go over it, to and from their work.

One evening a miner living at Logan's Colliery sent his son Willie to the town on an errand.

"It will be after nightfall, son," said his father, "before you get home; on no condition, then, return on the condemned road."

On his way to the town, it being yet light, Willie ran quickly over the dangerous pathway, and having done his errand he started for home. He was tired, for he had been working all day, and when he reached the fence that separated the safe from the unsafe road he stopped and, as he afterward told it, thus reasoned with himself.

"I am tired, and if I take this short cut I will soon be home. I believe I will risk it. But father said, 'Do not on any consideration return over it.' I can't see any danger; the men go over it every day, and it was safe two hours ago—but father told me not to return over it—and I think I had better mind father."

TRY

# SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

So he jogged along on the side of the fence where the earth was firm. The stars shone brightly, and he could plainly see his way. When he got to the middle of the fence he felt the ground shake, and to his horror saw the condemned road disappearing from his sight.

He stood still for a moment, awestricken at the escape he had made; for had he not obeyed his father he must have gone down with the sinking earth and been buried alive.

When he had got a little over his fright he hastened to the house of the watchman, and, pale and trembling, gave notice of the danger, and also told of his own narrow escape from a frightful death.

To children who obey their parents in the Lord, has been given the promise, "That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." How true Willie found this promise.—Lutheran Observer.

## Power of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Ghost never comes to us apart from Jesus. He is the Way to the Father, and he is the Way from the Father to us; and the blessed Spirit when he comes witnesseth not of himself but of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us be very careful of this. It is possible to become inflated with a spiritual influence, and yet to ignore and even disobey the Lord Jesus Christ, and be led into pride, self-sufficient sentimentalism, and even sin. The object of the Holy Ghost, like a beautiful artist, is to bring Jesus upon the canvas, and make him real to us, while the blessed Actor is, in a measure, out of sight. The more we are filled with the Holy Ghost, the more we recognize Christ, depend upon Christ, live upon Christ alone. Therefore this very word 'filled' is used in connection with him.—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

## Thoughts by the Way.

Selfishness is a hard snake to kill. The cross of Christ is the key to heaven. Whoever tells us of our danger is our friend, no matter whether we believe what he says or not.

If we want to know what God told Daniel, we will have to go into the lions' den. Happiness is never found by those who seek it on the run.

When the prodigal came to himself it didn't take him long to make up his mind to go to his father.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars." There are many who turn none to righteousness who would like to shine as the sun.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed."—Ram's Horn.

## A Cure that Cures.

It is not every cure, so-called, that really cures. But any one who has ever used Hawker's catarrh cure will testify to the fact that it does what its name denotes. It will knock out a cold in the head with amazing quickness. Have you never tried it? Then there is an agreeable surprise in store for you. In cases of catarrh it is equally effective, though necessarily in such cases the effect is not so immediate. Relief is immediate but more or less time, according to the stage of the disease, is necessary to a complete cure. Very severe chronic cases yield in time to its power, just as surely as the milder ones. Hawker's catarrh cure is a cheap and simple remedy. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 25 cts. per box, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N. B.

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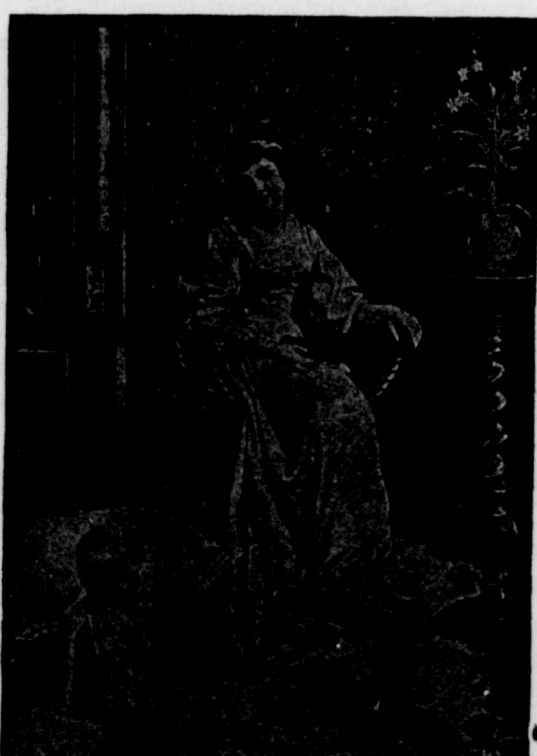
## Have You Been Abroad?

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