

Sunday Reading.

Homely Counsel.

Never you mind the crowd, lad, Hold fast to the good and true; There's an effort to make, and a prize to take...

For a Husband in Africa.

Some years ago, while special services were being held in Manchester, a lady visitor felt one afternoon a strong impression that she ought to leave her own district...

Accompanied by her fellow worker, she reached the place, and knocked at one door after another, only to be met with cold looks and uncivil words.

They were turning sadly away from the last house, feeling that their coming had been a mistake, when the woman who had just shut the door in their faces opened it again to say:

'Aw dunnot want nowt on ye, but ther's a poor critter over their might be glad to see ye,' and she pointed to a door on the opposite side of the narrow, dirty passage.

A few words of kindness and sympathy, however, soon gained their admission. Entering, they found the room quite destitute of furniture, nor were there any signs of food or fire to be seen.

The pitiful tale was soon told. The husband, who once supported his wife and children in comfort, had been long out of work. Hearing that employment could easily be obtained in South Africa, he had scraped together all the money he could...

To relieve the bodily wants of the poor creatures was, of course, the first care of the messengers of mercy God in His great goodness had so opportunely sent to their aid.

True to her word she arrived. But her mind, blunted by want and misery, seemed capable of taking in but little until the requests for prayer were read out.

The words immediately arrested her attention, and even raised a faint hope in her mind, which strengthened as she listened to the earnest, simple petitions which followed.

Who can tell the power of faithful prayer, or how far reaching are its effects? It was too true that the poor creature had been deserted.

one. Basely yielding to the temptation he resolved to begin life anew as an unmarried man. His course was one of varied success. What he gained by skill or 'luck' he as quickly lost by extravagance and dissipation.

Now comes what may, to some, seem the strange part of the story; but to those who truly receive the words of the Lord Jesus—'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven'—only a natural sequence to the appeals for help in the Mission Service at Manchester.

On the very day that special prayers were being made on his behalf, the man was possessed with a strange restlessness. Leaving the boon companions with whom he had promised to spend the evening hours, he mounted a horse and rode alone far into the country.

After travelling some miles he was surprised to hear the sound of singing. He soon found that even in that lonely place a few faithful followers of Jesus had met together in an outbuilding to praise their loving Saviour, and implore His blessing.

Tying up his horse, the wanderer crept softly into the hut. He was kindly welcomed, and besought, then and there, to seek salvation. He did so, nor did he seek in vain. Joy to relate, he returned to his lodgings a new creature in Christ Jesus.

He then determined to make his way to one of the large towns in search of work. Through the kindness of some Christians he soon obtained a good situation.

Ere long the poor wife had the bliss of receiving a letter telling of her husband's change of heart, and enclosing some money for her use.

He had good news for her besides. His master had promised, it he would work well and steadily for a year, to advance what money was needed, beyond what the man could save, to enable his wife and children to come out to him.

With a little extra aid in the way of work given by some of the Christian ladies, the woman was able to support herself and children. She too had entered into the joy of the Lord, through trusting in His cleansing blood. She now trusted day by day in her heavenly Father's care.

The gentleman in South Africa was so pleased with his servant's skill and integrity that he wished his family to join him at once, and the necessary funds were enclosed.

Soon a joyous little party set off from Liverpool. Ere long, tidings of their safe arrival and of the happy union of husband and wife, father and children, brought great gladness to the hearts of those whose prayers and help had been so blessed to these poor wanderers.

COST OF GENUINE CONVERSION.

The First Step is a Sincere Repentance of All Sins. Many persons just now are revolving that most vitally important of all questions—ought I to become a Christian? And it so—how shall I become one? To such a person I would venture to say with loving frankness that to become a genuine, thorough, useful Christian is not as some thoughtless people say, 'just the easiest thing in the world.'

On Jesus Christ's side your salvation cost the bitter agonies of the cross when He died for the sinner's redemption. He desires you to do so, and the Holy Spirit is pressing you now to decide for Christ. But you must count the cost on your part. Cheap things are commonly poor things, and nothing is more worthless than a cheap religion.

Jesus Christ never lowers the terms or the demands of discipleship. He provides neither palanquin or parlor car to transport you to heaven. 'Whosoever will not take up his cross and follow Me cannot be My disciple.' At another time He said, 'Strive to enter into the strait gate.' He knows human nature perfectly: He knows how hard a human heart is, and what an ugly thing sin is, and how busy Satan is with his temptations, and how many bad habits you may have to root up if you become His sincere and happy follower.

Count the cost carefully. The so-called "conversions" that are the outcome of shallow, sensational preaching, commonly end in shallow and short lived religion. There are names on church-registers that are not worth the paper that contains them. Do not add one more.

The first step in a genuine conversion is a thorough repentance of your sins. The rubbish must come out before the foundation-stones of a Christian character can be laid. Christ himself began His ministry with the word "Repent!" and He never ceased to demand that all those who followed Him should quit their besetting sins. The amiable young Ruler would not quit his, and that ended the matter; he went off frowning and disappointed.

When David's eyes were opened to behold the depravity of his heart and the loathsomeness of his conduct he cried out, 'Create in me a clean heart; wash me thoroughly from my iniquity.' He was willing to be thrown, like a filthy garment into a cleansing vat, and be rubbed and pounded until the foul spots were washed out of the fabric of his heart.

That was thorough repentance and is just what you need. The Holy Spirit will aid you in this vital business. Thorough repentance is proved by change of character and change of conduct; the one is what you are, and the other is what you do. The very first sin that you give up in order to please Jesus Christ is a vital step towards conversion. Pray for, and work for, a thorough conversion; it is deep ploughing that cuts up the weeds of sin by the roots, and yields a good crop of clean, useful and godly living.

Once more let me urge you to count the cost. To be a strong athletic, useful happy Christian will cost you the cutting up of old favorite sins by the roots, and the cutting loose from sinful associations and bad habits; it will cost you some fights with the Tempter, and the submission of your will to the will of Christ. This is the only road to peace of conscience and solid happiness.

A man is always happy when he is right—happy in doing right and in the satisfaction of Christ's approving smile. 'I get more solid satisfaction in teaching my mission-school class,' said a converted man to me, 'than I ever got out of my theatre goings and all the social gayeties of my whole life.' He had got a new idea of life; it was not living to please sinful self, it was living to please Christ and help others.

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weigh them for eternity, Then decide! What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Evangelist. A STREET INCIDENT. Though Born Blind His Contentment Was Good to See.

An English clergyman of eminence was asked by a group of London friends whose sermon was the best he had ever heard.

'If you mean,' he answered, 'the sermon which has influenced me most directly and never been forgotten, I can tell you at once. It was preached in the streets of Boston many years ago by a blind man.'

He had been preaching, he said, in Phillips Brook's church, and had started to walk to the house where he was staying. Being a stranger to Boston, he became confused, and turning to a man who was behind him, asked to be directed to the house.

'Why, it is the preacher!' exclaimed his companion. 'I know you by your voice, for I was in the church and heard you preach. I am blind, but I can show you the way. I can take you to the door.'

The clergyman protested that he would not think of troubling the blind man, and 'Surely,' said his new acquaintance, 'you will not refuse me the pleasure of conducting you. I am not a beggar. Every one is so kind to me, and it is seldom indeed that I can render any one a service.'

So the two men went on arm in arm, and in ten minutes they were at the right door and had parted. During that short walk the best sermon which the clergyman had ever heard was preached.

'It was simply,' he said to his English friends, 'the story of a man blind from his birth, whose face was shining with contentment and peace, and whose heart was thrilled with a sense of his mercies and blessings.'

'His parents had sent him to a school for the blind where he had been taught to read by raised letters, and they had left him a small income which sufficed for his wants. He lived alone, but could go about the streets without a guide. He told me that he considered that he ought to be thankful for being born blind, because he had so much leisure for quiet thought. There would be time enough in another world for him to see everything.'

'I have never forgotten that sermon,' added that clergyman. 'His example of contentment and serenity of mind has never ceased to be helpful to me. I have told the story often to my English congregations, and it has always deeply affected them.'

So true is it that moral influence is never wasted.

'He Loved the Children.' Thackeray's words were satirical, and he himself was called a cynic; but the author of 'Love Affairs of Some Famous Men' shows what sort of a heart beat in the satirist's breast by quoting from the letter of one to whom the following incident happened:

'In the week following his death there appeared some genial memorial lines in the pages of Punch. Walking down the then unsavory thoroughfare known as Bedford-bury, my eye caught the page of the popular periodical, and I stayed to read the graceful tribute to the dead moralist. Turning away at length, a poorly clad man in working garb said to me: 'I knew that man, sir.'

'You knew Thackeray?' I asked. 'Yes, sir. I kept that little baker's shop yonder' (pointing to the opposite side of the street) 'and many's the time Thackeray would come and buy a pound or two of cake of me. I cut it into slices for him, and then, distributing it among a crowd of hungry children, he would walk away and hide in that court over there, that he might have the pleasure of seeing their enjoyment. He didn't know I knew him, but I did. People used to call him a cynic, sir but it wasn't true. He loved the children sir, and no man is a cynic who does that!'

Nursery Song. Where do all the daisies go? I know I know! Underneath the snow they creep, Nod their little heads and sleep; In the Spring-time out they peep: That is where they go.

Where do all the birds go? I know, I know! Far away from Winter snow, To the fair, warm South they go; There they stay till daisies blow: That is where they go.

Where do all the babies go? I know, I know! In the glancing freight wain, Safely sheltered from all harm, Soft they lie on mother's arm; That is where they go.

Dragged from a Condition of Physical Wretchedness and Misery.

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Looking Ahead. The Judge—I believe I shall leave it to you this time. About how many days do you think I ought to give you? Perry Pafetic—Honest, your honor, I don't just know. Do you think it is going to be an early spring or a late one?'

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