

Sunday Reading

The Logos.
Eternal Soul of truth and grace,
Incarnate Word and Ser divine,
The matchless love in words of thine
Hath roused to hope our hapless race.
Earth's ambient haze of beamless night
Thy voice hath pierced with clarion note;
Thy Spirit winged from worlds remote
Hath flashed our darkened orb with light.
Truth's scattered gleams by prophets shed
Along the verge of vanished days,
Thy soul hath fired to deathless rays,
Which o'er the Planet's face are sped.
So hast Thou come, a Speech unwrought,
As Wisdom wrapped in precious Word,
With music as of human chord,—
As God and Man, hath failed in naught.
Forth from Thy lips the sum of truth
Hath conquered Chaos in one breath,
And lifted man from dreared Death,
And left him heir of endless Youth.

Presumptuous Sins.

In that wonderful XIXth Psalm in which David appropriates lessons of confidence in God from observing his handiwork in the heavens and the earth, he leads up naturally to the prayer for deliverance from presumptuous sins;—let them not have dominion over me. This thirteenth verse has led commentators to believe that the quotation was written immediately after his rebuke at the hands of Nathan for his great sin, and there is strong probability in favor of this view. But be this as it may, this little prayer of David's is full of encouragement and hope for us all.

Sin is such a dreadful thing that no colors are too dark for its portrayal; it alienates the soul from God, destroys faith, and, unrepented of and persisted in, makes a wreck of life. But awful in character and the cause of the world's mystery as it is, there is yet a bright and shining lining to the dark cloud; God's merciful compassion and forgiveness are to be had for the asking by the truly repentant sinner, and when bestowed his sin is put away, and he is restored to his Father's favor and to happiness.

But dreadful as sin is, it is presumptuous sin that is the blackest of all. That is the sin into which the sinner falls not by yielding to a sudden temptation, not by being overcome by the force of besetting circumstances. But the presumptuous sinner is one who leisurely, purposely, premeditatedly, we may say, indulges in sin for the supposed pleasure it may afford. And while we might think that only the young convert would be guilty of such supreme folly, it is no less true that those who have long professed faith in Christ and have essayed to follow the Master and to be known as his disciples,—these have rushed precipitately into sin: they have fallen into presumptuous sin. Here we have illustration of the mark that the trail of the serpent has left; but we are made to realize the truth of the scripture declaration that the tendency of sparks to fly upward is not greater than the tendency of man to rush into presumptuous sin.

But there is mercy even for the 'presumptuous' sinner; the mercy of God is greater than the greatest presumptuous sin ever committed by the subsequently repentant sinner. The dreadful character of such sin is that it enteebles the will power and drives the soul to despair, until finally it is led to believe forgiveness is impossible, and so it turns again to its sin and goes down to death.

But let no repentant soul sincerely desiring forgiveness and heartily resolving to forsake his sin, ever despair;—There is forgiveness with Thee that thou mayest be feared. Where there is a genuine sorrow for sin, however great, however presumptuous, with an earnest purpose to forsake it and a new turning of the soul to God,—there the divine compassion will meet the sinner even as the grieving parent's heart went out to the prodigal, who will be welcomed back again in the father's house and the companionship of the loved ones, in place of an existence only supported by robbing the swine of their food. God is all-powerful; and that all-powerfulness is manifested as much in restoring a poor lost sinner as in creating a world.

How to Enjoy our Religion.

"I cannot but think," says an eminent writer, "that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell upon the duty of happiness as well as upon the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as

"Probably no single drug is employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of cod-liver oil."

These are the words of an eminent medical teacher.

Another says: "The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable nerve tonics."

Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, sciatica, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

cheerful as we can if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. How one can find comfort and enjoyment in religion and not show it in a happy spirit and a sunny countenance is beyond comprehension, and the Christian who does not inspire one with the wish to seek religion and follow Jesus, is a very poor representative of the joy set before him.

Two faces come before me as an illustration of the enjoyment of religion. When I saw them last I was little more than a child, but their spiritual radiance has encircled me ever since, though the persons themselves have long ago passed on to their reward. I well recollect wondering to myself what could be the cause of the beautified light upon these countenances. It was the happiness achieved by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit which influenced the life and shone through the features in reflection of the peace and joy within. One of these faces I have seen when the waves of trouble and sorrow seemed overwhelming, yet through the clouds and darkness, and mist of tears the faith and trust within the soul shone forth like a rainbow. What personal obligations I am under to these unspoken agencies I cannot well express, but certainly they revealed a Christian's life as it should be, and opened a new door whereby I might enter the service and glory of God.

The enjoyment of religion does not imply the non-enjoyment of temporal things. The earth is the Lord's handiwork, he made the mountains and the hills and created the valleys; he planted the fertile plains and filled the glorious firmament with countless stars; he made the lily and the rose, and bedecked the earth with flowers. Evidently he intended these things for the enjoyment of man, and if so it can be no sin for a Christian to enjoy them. He who fitted the throat of the nightingale to pour forth its sweet melody also formed the ear for music and inculcated in man a love of the beautiful and the harmonious. But there is a higher enjoyment than all this which is appreciated by the spiritual nature, and which has its source far above material things. It consists in and results from a perfect trust in God as our Father, and is the result of implicit obedience to his commands. He who paces his trust thus above earthly things, and receives his chief enjoyment from above, is always a cheerful, happy Christian.

"Went and Told Jesus."

An enemy had beheaded John, and his disciples hearing the sad news, went and buried his body. Nothing more could they do for the dead, and so "they went and told Jesus," it is written.

The enemy—"the last enemy"—death, enters your home and mine, and we, too, are bereft. Friends gather around, and tenderly shield, and think for us, when the half crazed brain seems too dazed to assert itself.

We do not realize that the loved form, lying, so still, is never again to cross the threshold, with gladness bound; for we start at every turn, half expecting to hear the voice which is hushed, and the musical laugh which but yesterday bade gloom depart.

We have him, too, in a sense, for as we gaze at the still sunny face, he seems on the point of opening the closed eyelids and responding to loving tones, as was his wont; and so we do not realize, we cannot! that the never failing love-light in those laughing eyes will never more make labor light.

Oh, no! for the form we loved so well is still within our reach. And you know, and I know, fellow sufferer, that the saddest hours which follow in the wake of the 'enemy,' are not when we are alone with our dead, but when we are alone without the pulseless form.

But after the 'casket within a casket' is hidden from our sight; after we, too, have

'buried it,' what remains? Friends who until then lingered close, and perchance by loving sympathy kept the heart from breaking, leave us, one by one, until in the now desolate home we are left alone with our grief.

Alone, with the awful hush; the stillness that can be felt; the heart-bunger; the awakening senses, which clutch at the throat, as begins the never-ending realization that the loved one is gone from the place still resounding with his footsteps, and gone forever!

What now? There is but one source of comfort left us. The disciples, after they buried John, 'went and told Jesus.' And this, fellow sufferer, is our privilege, as well as theirs.

Tell Jesus, the Comforter! and lend a listening ear to 'I am I. Be not afraid.' And then the stricken heart will join the refrain:

'He doeth all things well.'
We say it now with tears
But we shall sing with those we love
Through bright eternal years.'

How the Organist Spoiled the Sermon.

Rev. Simon J. McPherson preached on 'Hell' in a Presbyterian church in New York recently. He pictured in burning words the terrors awaiting the unrepentant wicked in the next world. His sermon made a deep impression on the congregation. The sermon over he selected the response, and thought no more about it.

The organist began to play the air pianissimo, and a broad grin spread over every face. Doctor McPherson looked appealingly upward to the organist, and turned over the leaves of a hymn-book with desperate eagerness. The organist left his pipes, and hurried down to the pastor.

'We must change that response,' whispered the pastor.

'Why?' asked the organist innocently. 'I have been preaching on 'Hell,' said the Doctor 'and the response you have chosen is What Must it Be to be There?'

The organist grinned as he climbed to the organ and started up Art Thou Weary?

Remember His Promises.

Does your spirit faint? The Divine promises are a dropping honeycomb, better than Janathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing stream of the water of life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road and to bear you on with gladness of heart. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision, and the thirteenth wilderness will become an Eden, with palm trees and wells of water.

Why Doctor Temple had a Restless Night.

Archbishop Temple was once taken home by a clergyman in the absence of the latter's wife. Next morning the host politely expressed the hope that when His Lordship again honored the house Mrs. Temple would accompany him.

'No, thanks,' the Archbishop laconically replied: 'Mrs. Temple doesn't at all like roughing it.'

The clergyman's feelings were deeply hurt, for the visit had meant some expense and soul anxiety to him. He unburdened his soul to his wife on her return.

'Why, my dear,' she exclaimed, 'you didn't surely put the Archbishop in the pink bedroom, did you?'

'I certainly did.'

'Oh, then, that's it. I put all the plate in the bed for safety while I was away!'

When the Wrong Hymn Was Chosen.

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date, says the Syracuse Standard. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous.

'My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Now sing two verses of Hymn No. 489, That Awful Day Will Surely Come.'

And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

Not so Foolish.

He was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of fashion.

The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out—

'Young man, you look like an idiot.'

Enameline

is the Modern Stove Polish, because it has all the latest improvements. A brilliant polish is produced without labor, dust or odor. There are three styles of package—paste, cake or liquid. Get the genuine.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

'Why, bullo, Billy! have you returned?' he asked. 'Dear me, how much you resemble your father!'

'So he has been telling me,' replied Billy.

And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Oddities of Poisoning.

The constitutional differences and peculiarities which exist among individuals should always be carefully watched and considered. One person can handle poison ivy with impunity, while another is poisoned if only in the vicinity of the vine and without contact. Some members of a family residing in a malarial district will suffer regularly with chills and fever, while other members will not be at all affected.

Food that is actually poisonous to some persons will not act so on others. One person may eat all kinds of green fruit and vegetables with impunity, while another person could do so only at the risk of life. Certain kinds of fish are actually poisonous to some people and perfectly wholesome to others.

It is this peculiar condition of the system which constitutes the danger point in the individual case and should be prudently observed by each one for himself. Intestinal derangements frequently arise from and are aggravated by certain kinds of food. Thus a person affected with kidney or liver trouble should not eat very white bread, since the extreme whiteness is often produced by the use of alum with an inferior article of flour, and as alum is known to be poisonous in its effects on a sound constitution, this is why alum baking powder is never used by people of judgment and discretion.

More of earthly happiness depends upon what we eat than many people realize and it is for this reason that the different states are one by one passing pure-food laws.

Something For Nothing.

A trial bottle of Catarrhzone and inhaler, prepaid, sent free to anyone who sends his address within one week. Catarrhzone is a sure cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, fetid breath, and kindred diseases. How can we afford to do this? Because we know a trial of this pleasant and efficacious remedy never fails. Washes, snuffs and ointments have proved unavailing, but Catarrhzone will cure you.

Write
N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A Rural Sherlock Holmes.

'Gentlemen,' began the proprietor of the only hotel at Baswood corners, 'I've run this here institution for over thirty years. It's given me a first rate chance to study human nature.' An' now, in some respects, I think I'm a sort of Sherlock Holmes. I've had married couples come here in all stages of their matrimonial careers, from the bluish, cooing things that hain't got the rice off of 'em yet to the couples where the man lets the woman carry most of the baggage, an I tell ye, gentlemen, I can tell purty straight how long a couple has been

married by watchin' the husband get his wife a drink of water.'

'Go ahead,' we said. 'What's your discovery?'

'Well, when the tender young honey-mooners come here, an' the feller gets the bride a drink of water, if there's any left in the glass after she gets through, why, he drinks it. If the couple has been married a year or so the feller will throw out the water that his wife leaves in the glass and get himself some fresh. Ain't that purty straight?—Judge.

Offended Dignity.

A number of ladies had received an invitation to pay an ironclad lying in the Solent, and as they proceeded on their tour of inspection, paused, as might be expected, to examine the magnificent guns. Their admiration was excited by the shining surface of the great monsters, and one of the younger members of the company standing near placed her delicately-gloved hand on the brilliant mountings, at the same time making some appreciative remark about the beautiful polish.

The gunner, who was always expected to keep the cannon bright, did not seem to be greatly pleased with the feminine compliments which were being lavishly bestowed, and the ladies had no sooner moved away than he seized a cloth, sprang to the cannon which the young lady had touched, and commenced rubbing it with renewed energy, all the while casting malevolent glances after the retreating party.

The officer of the deck noticed his action, and, coming forward, remarked— 'Well, Brown, you don't seem to be pleased, as I should think a man would be with all that flattery.'

'Flattery!' said Brown, with a contemptuous snort. 'Taint enough for them to come and look at it' rub rub rub—but they've got to go and put their dirty paws all over it, sir!'

And he kept on rubbing with his fiercest strength.

MISERY IN A HOSPITAL.

Rheumatism Made Life a Burden—South American Rheumatic Cure Lifted It—A Permanent Cure.

The life of John E. Smith, of Amasa Wood Hospital, St. Thomas, was one long round of misery, he was so afflicted with rheumatism. He tried all manner of cures with much benefit. After taking half a bottle of South American Cure he found great relief, and four bottles cured permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

Dogskin Dresses in China.

In Northern China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin. There are many establishments where dogs of a peculiar breed are raised in large numbers for their shaggy pelts. They are killed when eight months old.

Take B.B.B. This Spring.

'Twill purify the system—Give you strength and energy.

Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather.

There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all 'Spring Medicines,' Burdock Blood Bitters is the best.

It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Boils. Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont.: 'I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood.'

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

Vigor FOR The Weak and Nervous
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.