## Learned Doubt and the Eternal Word.

This is the subject of a sermon preached by Dr. Howard Osgoode, at the commencement of Richmond College. We give below some extracts from it as published in the *Religious Herald*.

After stating the nature of the rationalistic scepticism of the last generation, its changed form of the 'Higher Criticism' of to-day, he continues:—

"Now I do not propose to argue these points at all. I state them to ask for their influence on the widest plane of humanity. All these eminent writers have denied the Bible as a revelation from God. What have they proposed to give men instead of it? Nothing. What religion do they offer to man? None, beyond the teachings of morality, common to all men. What then have they done for man; man degraded, bestialized, low in intellect, despised and oppressed, to raise him as a brother to the same high privileges they enjoy? If scepticism is on a higher plane than evangelical belief, it should flame the soul with a holy and disinterested ardor to lift the fallen. Where are its churches? its societies of benevolence? Where are its numerous heroes who have proved, by a life of undoubted and transparent disinterestedness among the degraded and lowly, the constraining power of sceptical lore? Where are its missions to the ends of the earth? If with the calmest judicial spirit we apply this test to scepticism in its highest and best forms for a century or for all centuries, we are compelled to decide that scepticism has yet to prove that it has the deepest, holiest interests of humanity at heart, or that it has any power to incite men to self-forgetfulness and disinterested service of their fellows.

"Let us try faith in the Bible as the revealed word of God by the same standard. There is one work above all others, marked by transparent disinterestedness for God and his word, for the most degraded of men and their elevation, the work of foreign missions."

After referring to the missionaries sent forth from the institution founded by Antoine Court, in Lausanne, to labor in France, at the risk of martyrdom, and to the work of the Moravians, he continues:—

"In 1786 Frederic the Great died. Every University in Germany and in England and Scotland, and the larger colleges in America, were, as they claimed, leading the world's thought by learned scepticism or in cold formalism, 'twice dead, plucked up by the roots.' It was in that very year when the infidel conqueror of Europe died, and the most admired learning of the world was wholly on the side of scepticism, that a poor cobbler of middle England, Carey, composed the now immortal 'Enquiry into the obligations of Christians to use means for the conversion of the heathens,' etc. And he proved the courage of his convictions and his transparent disinterestedness by offering to go anywhere to the heathen, when only $65 62 (£13 2 6.) had been subscribed by hesitating friends. And so born in poverty and swaddled with suffering, there came into being in England, what a late writer, trained in the largest science, calls 'the highest type of human excellence' and the noblest profession, the foreign missionary; because, as he says, 'he has the enterprise of the merchant, without the narrow desire of gain; the dauntlessness of the soldier, without the shedding of blood; the zeal of the geographical explorer, but for a higher motive than science.' 'They are the salt of the earth.' This missionary work has been and is pre-eminently the work of young men and women, because none others can go. All its recruits always must be, sought and found among the young.

"The foreign mission work beginning at the bench of a single young cobbler, fought its way by patient well doing against the sceptical learning and laugh of the German and English and American Universities, of parliaments and great companies, of reviews conducted by clergymen of established churches and scholars of high rank; until from a single cobbler, who knew more than most universities, it now has its 100 missionary societies, and its more than 2,000 (2,147) stations all over the world of heathenism, with its more than 5,900 (5,929) European and American missionaries, its 29,000 (28,999) native assistants, its more than 2,000,000 (2,024,701 converts, with its 11,000 (11,880) schools and (£45,886x-210,547) more than 800,000 scholars. The amount given by Christians at home to sustain these hosts, was, in 1884, more than $10,000,000.

"This noblest work of the century was nothing to the universities, for the spirit of the universities has until a few years been wholly against it. Yet even in Germany some of the noblest missions have arisen. The work of Gossner alone in Berlin, the work of Harms of Hermannsburg, stand out in the midst of and against the deadly philosophy of Herder, the cloudy mysticism of Schleiermacher, and the contempt of the learned, as among the miracles of missions.

"If the argument from numbers is valid, where will the German and English and American skeptical professors and classes stand in this comparison? We may be answered, mere numbers should not count, but the numbers that represent the most solid and extensive learning in the Bible should determine the world's choice. Then we reply, we await without the slightest trepidation the production of German or English or American followers of the higher criticism, who could turn the balance against Carey, Martin, Judson, Wilson, Duff, Morrison, Marshman, Wenger, Jaschke and a host besides. These men added to the most profound knowledge of the Bible the knowledge of many oriental tongues, their literatures and their philosophies and histories, besides leaving behind them translations of the Bible that have become classic and in excess of all this many of them spent years in prison or in a deadly climate far away from the rich libraries and ease of the European scholars.

"Then, too, these hosts of missionaries, differing just as German or other professors do in amount and kind of learning, are all, heart and soul, united on one point that the Bible is God's revealed word to man and in accord with that only can man be saved. Can skepticism show any similar body who will agree as fully on any single point? These missionaries have not only been in sympathy with the Bible, but they have tried to spend their lives in accordance with the Bible, and as the years increase, their faith in the Bible becomes more intense and simple and persuasive. These men have known the Bible, from the inside, mixed with a life-long experience. They, and men like them in this, are the only competent witnesses and their witness is unanimous, that they have not been deceived in trust in the Bible.

"These missionaries, who have proved their disinterestedness and truthfulness, also give unanimous testimony on another point of supremest importance in this discussion; that a belief in, united with an earnest attempt to live by the Bible, will change a man from a cannibal, a murderer, deceitful, and vile and filthy in mind and body, to a man of peace, purity, gentleness and the practice of all the virtues; that whole nations, as the Sandwich Islanders and those of Fiji, have been so changed. And this they know, and the history of skepticism proves, can only be done by a supernatural power, by God."

Dr. Osgood then refers to the wonderful circulation of the Bible as proving that it has not lost its hold on the people, and the Sabbath school work as a result of belief in the Bible, and concludes:

"Let us look back. For 150 years the German and Northern European Universities have lead the ranks of skeptics as to the Bible. They have told and still tell us, in all the pride of 'the letter that kills,' that the most refined learning of the world cannot accept the Bible as the supernatural revelation of God, and that the world of learning has renounced and the world of thought is fast renouncing all trust in the Bible as true to the facts it records.

"But when every University in Germany laughed at the Bible, and polite society had, with the infidel king, or, with the debauched creatures who occupied other thrones, passed it by; when the old hymns of German churches, the fairest flowers of their literature, were shorn of the names of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, of every evidence of spiritual piety, in the interest of the rampant unbelief, then, just then, in other lands and by other hands, the hands of the young believers, began the greatest work of disinterested love for the Bible and love for man that the world has ever seen. During all these more than one hundred years "higher criticism" has proclaimed itself higher than the Bible, ever changing its views, yet ever turning in its small circle, as the kaleidoscope produces in a small circle its myriad views from the same few pieces of glass. All along the course of the century, so belabored with these skeptical pretensions, there have arisen these mighty streams of life from the Bible, devotion to the Bible, and of the more disinterested and persistent service of the man. The simple statement of the case is the most ample refutation of the pretentions of unbelieving decision against the Bible. It is God's flood rising in quiet, resistless majesty and power, careless of the pretensions and noise of a hundred mountain streams.

"Compared by the proofs of a century, which is the withering grass of the housetop? and which is the word that stands? As we hear on one side the supercilious arrogant denial of God's revelation of himself, and on the other we behold these marvellous works of disinterested benevolence, begun and carried on by the young and strong, shall we not take up the prophet's strain, 'Behold, your God! Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with, and his recompense before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead the mothers.'

"There are young men who think it freedom to ask from skepticism the answers which only the personal God, their Creator, can give. But for a century there has been a nobler line of young men who have found the highest freedom by the chart of the Bible in heroic, disinterested service of man for God's sake."

## Putting Heart into Work.

Ruskin has very finely said that men are not sent into the world to do anything into which they cannot put their hearts. Putting heart into work means, of course, to do work earnestly and with a will—heartily. It seems to us that this quality of heartiness is what makes all the difference between poor work and useful work, between what is real and true and what is hollow and superficial in the purposes and deeds of men. To put one's heart into anything means to put one's soul into it, and when was ever anything noble, or great, or useful in the highest or lowest degree, performed in this world, that did not involve of putting in of self? The famous saying of one of the old masters, that he mixed his paint with brains, is but another way of expressing a general truth, applicable to masterwork, whether it be in painting a canvas, or writing a poem, or building a house. It must be done with a mixing of brains, or what is the same thing, a mixing of heart, a mixing of self. The average man, to say the least, is not a very strong or a very wise or great being. Measured by the standard of the infinite, his noblest endeavors seem weak and puny beyond comparison. Measured by the standard of Nature's handiwork, the results of his skill and craftiness are insignificant.

How then can a man do less than put forth the best there is in him, since even that falls far short of perfection? And this always and everywhere, whether the thing to be done calls for the exercise of brain or hands, whether it is carving a staute or digging a ditch. Heart, heart, heart, is what is needed for the world's work of every kind, for such as is called great, and such as is termed menial. And most of all it is needed for spiritual work, for the saving of sinners, for the regeneration of men. Want of heart here means failure from the beginning, utter failure and disaster. The sermon, the prayer, the exhortation, the spiritual counsel, the teaching that does not have heart in it, the spirit of a sanctified heart, is devoid of the very thing that carries the sermon, the exhortation, the counsel to the consciences and souls of men. Without it they are nothing but husks, empty, dry and worthless. Words of counsel that do not come from the heart, are like arrows made of pith; however finely formed and beautifully finished, they fail to carry to the mark; they have no weight, no momentum. It is impossible to deceive in these things. A man may succeed very well in some kinds of mechanical work, even though it is done in a listless, careless, indifferent manner, but when it comes to working for God, to soul-saving, there can be no success without the merging of the whole being in the work, the putting in of self. He who seeks to reach the hearts of men must use his own heart in the seeking. There is no talisman like it, nothing that so draws, and wins, and overcomes. Eloquence alone cannot do it; pathos and even tears cannot do it; there must be heart power, which here means spiritual power, the power of God.—*Christian at Work.*

## The Desert Mission.

BY E. E. C.

It is an absorbing thought to the Christian, that the power which comes like dew to his spirit when athirst, which calms and hushes him in the night watches, bringing to his soul the blessing of peace, is the same influence which came to the apostles in an upper chamber, laying its invisible hands upon them, so that they spake with tongues of fire, as this power gave utterance. The same hand too, that soothes a trusting child in sickness and trial, smote Saul of Tarsus down by the way, when he went on his errand to destruction against the Church of Christ.

The heart which is intimate with Jesus must have learned that this Voice which speaks so wonderfully, and variously to human hearts, is altogether true and real; that it speaks always with a purpose, which purpose being of God is perfect. This being conceded, it follows, that in whatever way it speaks, obedience to its teachings and obedience alone, insures to the Christian peace, safety and advancement.

The instances recorded in the Holy Book of the workings of this power are many—some powerful in sublimity, some touching in simple beauty. It came to the heart of David, sweeping it like a mighty wind, and it responded in strong prayer. It stole to a band of fishers by the sea, and they left their nets to follow the good Master—it spoke again to this same band of fishermen, after the ascension of their Lord, bidding them go and preach the tidings of his love. And later, when one called Philip was engaged in the ministry, it came to him—as it often comes to the faithful disciple—with a message at once imperative and incomprehensible. "Arise" it said "and go toward the south, unto the way which goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is a desert."

In the crowded cities were those eagerly athirst, and those too who lack sufficient vitality to thirst for the waters of life—and here seemed at that time to be Philip's field of labor. But the command came, "Arise and go," and the disciplined child of God went his way over the desert. But what good work can he find to do in this waste, apart from the homes of men? Apparently none! The narrative which follows is eloquently told in the book of Acts.

A chariot, with regular trappings, flashes over the sand, and within it sits a man in whose face and mein are power. He is a ruler in the service of an Ethiopean queen. He has been to Jerusalem for devout service in its temple. Now returning, he sits and reads aloud a scroll of ancient Scripture. But the exalted beauty of the passage which he reads is to him as a myth, and he would that some one were near who could make its obscurity clear to him. While he reads, a messenger from God draws near his chariot, and with pointed yet kindly meant query, opens the way for further inquiry on the part of the man of rank—and the pilgrim is invited to share the princely seat. The obscure passage is the prophecy of the "Lamb slain." Philip can tell of its fulfillment and now with straightforward earnestness he unfolds it. For the moment touched and glorified with holy fire, he pours that story, now so old and still so new, into a mind eagerly athirst, and his listener sits absorbed intense, with new light flashing into his soul. He has recognized the truth; his position at the outset was that of candid inquiry, and when the light breaks its effect upon him is grand and instantaneous; for while Philip yet speaks he is converted. His first impulse suggests the performance of what seems to him a sacred act of consecration—the rite of baptism.

But the most cheering part of the narrative does not lie in any part which is told, but in the probable results which grew out of Philip's obedience to the heavenly message. When he had performed his mission, he was borne to new fields of service—but the Ethiopean went his way to a land unlighted by the knowledge of Jesus. He is a man of strong impulses, of outspoken earnestness, and of great influence; all this we learn from the short, yet powerfully written narrative. Can he carry this light hidden in his own bosom which yet thrills with the consciousness of a new and wonderful life? He must in his own land unfold it. What glorious possibilities are here suggested. What quickening thought is here for those who "cast their bread upon the waters"—who "sow in tears," for such are still sent on desert missions. Those who "for Christ's sake" leave fields of labor which promise rare rewards, who sacrifice dear and noble ambitions, for a course which does not promise a shadow of recompense, are sent on desert missions. But "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose." Lives which have opened with promise, have been early brightened, and years of suffering have taken the place of expected service; and it may be the whole of the rich years of maturity have stretched out into a desert waste of hopes laid low. Can this be the will of God? It is his will that Philip should leave the fair city behind in which he could see an opportunity to heal and bless, to go alone over the trackless waste. And when there his mission met him.

Not every disciple, however, who goes out obedient to the heavenly call, is permitted to see the direct results of his faithfulness in a measure so cheering as this. Yet how often an inquiring soul is led to the light, how many stricken or fainting hearts are cheered and strengthened, may be hidden from him who toils over the desert, and the healed, strengthened, or lighted life may go to unlighted kingdoms, to sow anew the precious seed, and thus God's work go on.

His kingdom comes not by observation. The vapor and soft rain, the torent and hail, all fall into the bosom of the ocean; thither too the silver streams are guided through the thousand hills of earth, and the ocean is fed—fed too through influences so various we cannot trace them. But an Infinite Hand guides each minute drop, which contributes to it. He appoints the course of the wild brooks amidst the mountains, and of the stately rivers. Through the least and most quiet influences, he works our great results, and often through powerful enginery brings that to pass which of itself seems small. But there is nothing small to the thought of God. His ways are past finding out. Sometimes he sends a sad disciple over a burning waste, to be met there by a mission, which he can but recognize as a glorious one; but when the mission is not recognized, when no princely ruler with regal chariot comes thirsting for the truth; when the journey is long and very wearisome, a strong and gentle Presence will come to make the desert beautiful, and a firm trust in the wisdom of his guidance will bring a serener peace, than ever the conciousness of a great mission fulfilled.

## Such a Comfort!

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

"All the Richter girls are clever except Kitty,' said Mrs. Simpson, as she stood beside Ella Raeburn, pinching here snipping there, and, with her mouth full of pins, fitting Ella's wedding gown. It was a wonder she could talk, under the circumstances, but as everybody knew, nothing short of lock-jaw could have quite stopped the flow of Mrs. Simpson's conversation.

'Yes, my dear,' she went on' 'they are all real smart, except Kitty. Mame, she's a master-hank at pickles and preserves; Loisy's just splendid at the piano, and Clara took every prize there was when she was at school. But that little brown-eyed Kitty isn't good for a thing in the world, except to help other folks.'

Ella gave Mrs. Simpson's arm a sharp nudge. Her back was to the door, and she did not see, as startled Ella did, a little figure in a blue-checked gingham dress, with a white apron and a broad-brimmed hat, standing on the lilac-shaded porch, a basket of roses in her hands.

Had Kitty heard the criticism of the free-spoken dressmaker? Perhaps; and perhaps not. If her rosy cheeks were a trifle redder than usual, it might have been the walk in the sun made them so. If her eyes were bright and wide open, that was nothing new—Kitty Richter always looked you straight in the face, and she had beautiful eyes.

Mrs. Simpson wished she had not spoken so loudly, and Ella felt embarrassed, but Kitty came in with a very cheerful good morning.

'We have so many roses that I felt as if we ought to share them with our friends,' she said simply. 'So I brought some over for your grandma. May I go to her room?'

'Of course,' said Ella. 'Grandma is rather neglected in those days. She'll be glad of a visitor.'

In the stir of preparation for the first wedding in the family, grandma was indeed a little neglected. She was feeling very lonely as she sat by herself in her chair by the window, her knitting on a stand, her old worn hands folded on her lap. Nobody had come near her since morning, and she was too feeble to go about the house, as she had been used to doing in her active days. It is very hard for an aged person to realize that others can do without her—that in the world where she was once of importance she has no longer any particular work to do.

'I don't feel as if I could stand it much longer,' the poor, tired old lady was saying to herself, when, after a soft little tap at the door, Kitty Richter came in with her roses. She brought a perfect sheaf of sunshine. The roses flooded the room with fragrance.

'Let me have them in my hands, child,' exclaimed the flower-loving woman, touching the beautiful petals tenderly.

'Beck Lee, your grandma, Kitty, that's been dead these twenty years, planted the white rose-bush by your sitting-room window, and I was there the day she did it. My! how time flies! That's right, dearie. Put them in the old china bowl, and I'll have them where I can see them and smell them all day. Roses are company when they bring old times to mind.'

Kitty was stepping lightly about, dusting, arranging, removing the disorderly look which had worried grandma's soul. She brought the old lady a clean cap and kerchief, brushed the thick gray hair, and fastened it in a comfortable knot, finally said good-bye with a promise of looking in to-morrow, after having told all the good news of the village.

'That's a good child,' said Grandma Raeburn, as she began to knit, quite cheered by this whiff from the outside world. 'May God bless her! She's not too busy to look after an old body like me.'

Kitty Richter went her way homeward with a little ache in her heart. So that was what people thought of her. She wasn't particularly a credit to her family. Well, what of it? She fought with the discontented, hurt feeling, which for the moment she could not help, and chided herself for having it. Was she sorry that the others were more gifted than herself?

'Kitty Richter, you ought to be ashamed,' she said. 'Are you envying Clara and Lou, your own sisters? That cannot please the Master.'

In her energy, she had spoken the last words aloud, and they were overheard by Rupert Bacon, a boy who was passing her on his way to the postoffice. Some friends of his had been urging him to join them on an excursion the next day, but his father was shorthanded in the field, and needed him. Still, being a very unselfish father, Mr. Bacon had consented that Rupert should go. Rupert's conscience was not quite easy, however, and Kitty's little sentence was enough to decide him to stay at home and do his duty.

Unconscious of the good she had done, the little maiden tripped along, and entered her own home to find the notable Mary, Mame as Mrs. Simpson called her, laid up with one of her worst sick headaches.

'Mary can never take things moderately,' complained Mrs. Richter. 'She crowds two days' work into one, and then has a spell of illness. Your Uncle Lem's at the barn with father, Kitty, and I must see to getting tea. Louisa wont sit with Mary. She's provoked because she's got to give up practicing on account of this headache. Seems as though everything was contrary some days.'

'Never mind, mother. It will all be right by-and-by,' said Kitty soothingly. 'I'll take care of Mary, and you can have an early tea. There's half of that Jelly-cake in the pantry, and Aunt Susy sent over fresh cottage cheese this morning. I put it in the buttery, and never thought to tell you until this moment.'

'What a comfort you are, darling!' said the mother, sitting down to rest for a moment.

Mrs. Richter was proud of her three elder girls, proud of Mary's housewifery, of Louisa's music, of Clara's education, but her little Kitty had never aroused in her that special feeling. With others, she had taken Kitty's quiet lovingness for granted, and being a little sorry that she could boast neither of her bread, her music, nor her French. As though a talent for ministry were not one of the very best talents after all!

Our little Kitty, meanwhile, followed her rule of doing what would please the Master. She had a little story-book in her room, one of Pansey's latest, and she had left off at a very interesting place. But she said nothing about it, as she darkened Mary's room, kept hot water bandages on her aching head, and watched beside the sufferer until she fell asleep. 'Sleep is the best medicine for poor Mary,' said Kitty, stealing quietly away.

She was on her way to her room, when 'Tea is ready, daughter,' said father's voice; and the brown, sun tanned man, with the grizzly hair and beard, waited to pat her golden head.

'Lem,' he said to his brother, 'this is our baby. The rest, somehow, have grown to big for father's petting, but Kitty stays by me still.' 'Her Aunt Emily was saying the other day that Kitty Richter was such a comfort to her mother,' said grave Uncle Lem, who was a man of few words.

Kitty sat in her little room that night, after reading her New Testament and saying her prayers, and looked out over the farmstead. The full moon silvered the brook, and made a track of light in the lane. The lilac fragrance drifted up from the dewy plumes beneath her window. Now and then a bird, dreaming of daydawn, stirred in its nest that was hidden somewhere, and uttered a sleepy note. It came very sweetly into Kitty's heart that God was keeping His great word in safety—flowers, birds, people. Herself, small as she was, had a share in the loving care of the great God. There wasn't so very much for her to do that she knew of; but she resolved every day to do the little she could with all might.

Ella Raeburn on the eve of her marriage, a few days after was talking to her old grandmother.

'I tell you, Ella,' said the latter, 'if it hadn't 'a' been for Kitty Richter, these days latterly, I would have felt like giving up. She's been *such* a comfort!'—*The Congregationalist.*

## Give While You Can.

A minister of the gospel once called upon a merchant, Mr. Thornton, afterwards the first treasurer of the Church Missionary Society, and solicited his aid for some benevolent object.

The merchant in response to his application gave him a check for fifty dollars. Before the clergyman left there came a letter with the news that one of the merchant's large vessels had gone to the bottom of the sea. The merchant read the letter and told the minister of his loss, and then said: "I must ask you for that check back." The minister returned the check with a sad countenance, and then the merchant wrote another check for two hundred and fifty dollars and handed it to him, saying: "I must give while I can, for the Lord is warning me that sometime I may not have anything to give."

There are multitudes of Christian men who might profitably come to the same conclusion. They have been warned in various ways by numerous losses and misfortunes that this world is no safe place in which to lay up treasures, and that riches perish with the using, and take to themselves wings and fly away; but they too often neglect the warning; they seem to think that a steward's duty is to *keep* and to take care of his master's money, rather than to *use* it as he directs and for his glory.

The natural tendency is for persons to grow covetous as they increase in wealth. The daily economy involved in the acquisition of wealth becomes a settled habit, increasing with years. That which was at first a necessity becomes a matter of choice and habit in latter years; and sometimes nothing but the sharp stroke of misfortune and calamity will loosen the covetous grasp of a heart which has its portion in this world.

In connection with every loss and every misfortune, Christians should consider what is the lesson which God would teach me by his providence. If we are ready to learn the lesson, God is ready to teach us. If we refuse to heed his voice, then we may expect that calamities will increase, and that strokes of the chastening hand will come yet more heavily.

It is quite usual for persons when they have met with losses and misfortunes to immediately begin to circumscribe their charities and to hold on to what they have. This is not the part of wisdom or of righteousness.

The lessons of loss and misfortune simply emphasize the words of him who said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor theives break through and steal."

## The Dance.

It has been regarded as rather a mark of narrow-minded Puritanism to object to the dance; but this is what Bishop Coxe of the P. E. Diocese of Western New York says about it.

You are welcome to quote me anywhere and everywhere as regarding the modern dance—waltz, German or whatever else they call it—as immoral. My standpoint is the Scriptures as understood in the primitive Christian age, when "renouncing the world" meant anything but conformity to the licentious and heathenish indecorums of that "excess of riot" which disgraces the Laodicean religion of these times. These shameless dances, with play going and social parties, are all denounced by the spirit of the New Testament, discouraged by the example of saints and martyrs, everywhere discountanced by moralists. Not to the Puritans belongs the exclusive honor of setting their faces against such things. No where has play going been so written down as by the pen of Jeremy Collier, the stout old High-churchman. I am glad to add that among some of the most high-toned society people of my acquaintance, nothing but quadrilles are tolerable for their daughters. One lady of my acquaintance declined to waltz with the Prince of Wales. I have strong convictions on the subject.

—Little boats always totter about on the surface of the water, going all ways, as it happens, overturning in a breath, while the great ship sinks deeply and more deeply in and goes steadily on. The cause of its steadiness is its depth. So abiding in the great truths of God gives steadfastness of motion to the soul. Under all the pressure of error and unbelief and false doctrines, it is unmovable, abounding in the work of the Lord. It is not "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lay in wait to deceive."—Eph. iv. 14. It is a great thing to take the truth and hold to it. It is a great thing to know error and let it alone. Holding on to the fundamentals of truth and seeking God's help, the soul is sure to come into the light. Everything by turns and nothing long, what growth—what progress can be hoped for?—*Dr. Goodell.*

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three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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Yours truly,
VINCENT NICKERSON, J. P.

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