

on the surface, a commendable zeal to bring to judgment wrong doers. As a rule, the mote hunter may be put down as a beam carrier. There is something radically wrong with that one who constantly magnifies the imperfections of others, real or imaginary. A blind man cannot be a good, safe oculist. The more he insists upon his fitness and skill, the more he advertises his fitness and skill, the more he advertises his unfitness, and the danger of his operations. The clear-eyed only can remove the trouble from the eyes of others. Those who submit themselves to the operations of the beam-eyed, not only retain their motes, but have beams added, and their last state is worse than the first.

"First cast out the beam out of thine own eye." That is the prime condition of being helpful to others. Confess your own sins rather than the sins of others, that ye may be healed. He that covereth his sin shall not prosper, no difference what else he may do. He may lead in prayer, superintend Sunday School, sing in the choir, or preach, but the beam must go out before he will do any good for others or himself. He may, nay, will do harm, for the blind go into the ditch together. "Know thyself" is a good motto for the beam-eyed church member, and to act according to that knowledge is the highest wisdom. Until the beam becomes painful, it will not be cast out. This painfulness may arise from a consciousness of two things: (a) that the real character is known by acquaintances; (b) it is known by the great judge of all the earth, who will deal with each according to what he is. The former may result in greater effort to cover up the beam, by increased zeal and religious enthusiasm, but the latter will cast out the beam by confession and repentance of the godly sort. The beam-eyed may know themselves by the revealing light of God's Word and the invited searchings of the Holy Spirit. Those to whom these revealing agencies are intolerable are in a hopeless state of beam-eyes and will make no end of trouble for their homes, churches, communities and denomination, until their graves are being dug.

It is worth emphasizing, the beam-eyed are not "fellow helpers to the truth." The beam prevents them seeing the truth. They have no affinity for the truth. They will not come to the light lest their evil deeds be reproved. They love the darkness of their deeds rather than light. They call light in another darkness, and darkness in themselves, light. They are entirely perverted in feeling, vision, judgment and deed. The way that seemeth right to them takes hold on death. They do not, cannot, until they cast out their beams, help to life, usefulness and happiness. They are not soul winners but mote hunters. They do not co-operate with their pastors but ruin his usefulness, under the pretext of relieving him of hurtful imperfections. They seek in their blindness to pull imaginary motes out of the eyes of mission, educational and all other kinds of denominational enterprises. If they succeed, they have neither sight nor usefulness. Are you a mote hunter?

Dear reader, be not a mote hunter among your brethren, in your community, in your home! Such business belittles one in his own esteem, and destroys his influence for good. Not long since the name of a preacher was presented to the church for consideration in connection with its pastor. At once a very thoughtful brother said: "I shall be compelled to vote against that brother. I do not know him personally, but I have read his newspaper articles and am impressed that he is not what he ought to be, nor what we want in a pastor. He seems anxious to expose and hurt those who do not agree with him. He appears to be a stickler for little things, things not worth considering." The church declined to call him. It does not pay to be a mote hunter, friend. It does pay immensely to get the beam out of one's eye. "Look to thyself!"
Greensboro, Ga.

The Vision of the Bible.

As I lay musing a vision passed before me of a noble ship. She was built in the New Jerusalem, and her builder and maker was God. Her timbers were of the strong oaks of Zion. Her masts of the tree of Calvary, and her riggings of the cords of love. Her sails were the doctrines of salvation. Her cable of three gold cords of Faith, Hope and Charity, which could not easily be broken. Her helm glittered like the star of prophecy. Her anchor was from Emmanuel's laud. Her figure-head was the emblem of righteousness, and her name was the Word of God.

From stem to stern, from deck to keel, she was a good ship. Her deck was a broad platform on which Christians of all denominations might stand. Her guns thundered forth the terrors of the law; but her mission was emphatically peace, for her weapons were not carnal, but spiritual, mighty through God for the pulling down of strongholds. Her painting was beauty; she was streaked with light and sprinkled with blood. Her ship's crew were the Apostles and Prophets; her passengers true believers. Her cargo was truth, and her broad banner bore the inscription, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to man."

She sailed over a tempestuous ocean, the billows of hell drove furiously over her bows, but her bulwarks were impregnable. She carried no boats for safety, because she could never go down. Her progress was onward, wafted by the breath of the Eternal Spirit of God. She sailed from the port of Heaven and her destination was to the habitable parts of the earth, and her mission to the ends of it. The nations hailed her approach with joy. She scattered blessings in her course and returned homeward bound, freighted with living souls and anchored under the Throne of God and of the Lamb. "Where there is no sorrow, but all is love and joy with Christ Jesus."—Amen!

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
To Thee, O Lord, our God, belong,
To thee, our hearts and voices raise
In glad thanksgiving and in song.

Our thanks are due for life and health
And the rich blessings we receive;
For fruit and grain, and all the wealth
That our abundant harvests give.

No dire disease or famine sore,
Or bloody war afflicts our land;
No fire or flood—no cyclone's roar—
These were prevented by His hand.

Praise we the Lord who sent his Son
To ease us from sin's crushing load,
To atone for crimes that man had done
And bring lost sinners back to God.

For peace and plenty we rejoice,
Give thanks and laud His holy name.
Praise Him alike with heart and voice
Who is from age to age the same.

Then let us all with one accord
Give thanks and laud His holy name.
Loud praises sing unto our Lord,
Who is from age to age the same.

—Dr. Edward Young.

Thanksgiving Day, 1897.

Not Lost.

BY PASTOR J. CLARE.

Not lost are the friends we have cherished,
Although they have passed from our view;
The love of their hearts has not perished,
Nor aught that is holy and true.

Who knows but their hands may yet guide us
Although we discern not their touch?
Perchance, did we see them beside us
We should hinder their ministry much.

No sorrow, no sin can surprise them;
No earth-mists their visions can dim;
No pleasure our Father denies them,
They live evermore unto Him.

We inwardly treasure their features,
Their virtues we cannot forget;
They still, in degree, are our teachers,
Their blessing abides with us yet.

Bourne onward by forces supernal,
The boundaries of time they have crossed;
But goodness and truth are eternal,
And love such as theirs is not lost.

Bass River, N. S.

Trust.

SUSIE P. ELDER.

It comes to me more and more,
Each day as I pass along,
The love of the Father in heaven
Is over us—tender and strong.

'Tis not alone in the sunlight
Our lives grow pure and true,
There is growth as well in the shadow
And pain has a work to do.

A message comes in the heartache
A whisper of love through the pain,
The pang we have fought and conquered
Tells the sweet story of gain.

The path that is steep and rugged
Leads to rest upon the hill,
The heat of the long dense valley
Is lost by the cooling rill.

From the night of storm and tempest
The glad new day is born,
And the passion-cries of sorrow
Are soothed by a brighter morn.

After the well fought battle
Cometh a day of rest,
And He who commands the army
Awards what seemeth best:

So it comes to me, more and more,
As I enter each new day,
The love of the Father Eternal
Is over us—all the way.

There is never a child too lowly
For His loving care to reach,
There is never a mind so simple
That His wisdom cannot teach.

Then trust Him, child of sorrow,
Who died, who lives for thee;
Rest in that love eternal—
Changeless, tender, free!

Trust in the testing hour
That purges away thy dross;
Trust, through the hot, hard conflict,
Thou shalt glean the "gain of loss."

Trust, when the day is brightest,
Trust, when the shadows fall,
The sun is always shining
And God is over all.

Wolfville, November 29.

It is not the people who are helping the world who are pessimistic over the condition of things; it is the idle on-lookers.—M. J. Savage.

Unbelief.

Christ came into Nazareth, the humble place of his childhood, though he had once been rejected by his countrymen. He, like us, loved his native place, not because it was most beautiful of all, but because it was his own. As he taught in their synagogue they repulsed him because of his obscure ancestry and his lack of rabbinical education. He replied in no abusive epithets. He knew that bitter retorts never win a soul. His simple remark was, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house." Here the record of this visit ends, except that the evangelist says, "He did not many mighty works there, because of there unbelief."

What might he not have done in Nazareth if that great mountain had not stood in his way? What might he not do in our hearts if the same obstacle did not hinder? We fancy what he would love to have done for the people he had known since boyhood. There must have been sick, old, sorrowful ones whom he well knew, toward whom his heart went out in tender sympathy. How he would love to heal them, to comfort them, to bind up the broken hearts, and open the prisons of care and sin and suffering! But he could not because they had no faith in him; of course they would not listen to one they did not believe in.

There must have been young men and women in Nazareth whom he could have helped so much in their starting out in life—those who had grown up with him when he was a carpenter in business with his father—and how interested he was in their welfare! How glad he would have been to show them what it meant to seek the kingdom of God, and how true success would come to them only through the righteous principles of that kingdom! He must have been grieved in heart indeed when he closed the book and sat down in the synagogue that Sabbath morning, knowing that the blessed message he had read to them would be rejected by the very people he was so well acquainted with, and whom he longed so much to help.

And nothing hindered but their unbelief. He had all power to do everything for them. Mighty works in their behalf might have brought gladness, strength, and prosperity to many a heart and home, if they had only believed him. Alas for Nazareth and its lost opportunity! But what of ourselves? Is Jesus doing mighty works for us, or are we losing our opportunity through unbelief? Nothing else hinders. He repeats to us the message of that Sabbath day. He is here to give deliverance to the captive, to open the eyes of the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound, to heal the broken-hearted, to comfort all that mourn. He is fully able to perform all the mighty works of his glorious mission if we will believe and trust him. It is said that Jesus marvelled because of the unbelief of these people. Is it not still more surprising that we who have known so much of his saving power should make it impossible for him to do even mightier works for us because of slowness of heart to believe?—E. x.

A Test of Courage.

One of the finest tests of courage is found in the utterance of our sincere convictions. Probably most of us have had a friend come to us and we have not had the downright courage to tell him our honest thought. He came seeking sympathy in some difficulty, and we did not venture to tell him that, in the matter in hand, he was taking an unworthy course, and that we did not and could not sympathize with the troubles in which he had involved himself. Or he came for advice, and it was so much easier and more pleasant to tell him the thing he wanted to hear rather than the sober truth we thought we saw. The exercise of courage always involves the risk of losing something we would like to keep, and because we do not like to strain pleasant relations, we leave the wise and honest word unspoken. Deliver us from the so-called "candid friend." He is almost always a nuisance, and his friendship is simply a guise under which he can say unpleasant things without incurring the consequences of it. But to almost every one there comes a critical moment when the brave and true word might open the eyes of one we love to things and tendencies to which he is blind. To leave that word unspoken through fear of a misunderstanding is not courageous.—The Watchman.

The Lord has given me the greatest inalienable riches—his image and likeness. He has given me himself. What earthly riches do I want after this? What honor? There is no higher honor than to be a Christian and a member of the body of Christ. There is no one richer than the man who always bears Christ and his grace in his heart. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." And yet we are greedy, covetous, avaricious, proud, envious. Man! be rich through God; everything comes to you from God.—Sergieff.