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Rest Me—Feed Me—Fold Me.

BY GEORGE W. GARDNER.

"I will rest you."—Matt. 11:28.

Rest me, O Christ, and keep me so,—
Reposing on Thy breast;
The weary soul that nestles there
Shall want no other rest.
My soul is tired—my heart is faint—
And flutters with alarms;
Oh, rest me, Jesus, clasp me close
Within Thy loving arms.

"I am the bread of life."—John 1:48.

Feed me, O Christ and keep me so,—
Feed with Thy heavenly fare;
Who feeds on Thee hath food indeed;
All others feed on air.
My soul is famished for a taste
Of manna from above;
Oh, feed me, Jesus, with Thyself,
Thou Bread of life and love.

"I am the Good Shepherd."—John 10:11.

Fold me, O Christ, and keep me so,—
Safe folded in Thy sight;
The wayward soul, like straying sheep,
Needs shepherding at night.
My soul is strayed, and worried sore
By hungry beasts of prey;
Oh, fold me, Jesus, every night,
And lead me every day.

—Watchman.

HOW TO ENJOY MONEY.

BY W. M. THAYER.

Few understand it. Strange to say, they who have the most of it appear to know the least about it. They ought to enjoy it; God gives it for that purpose; and perhaps they think they do, though their methods are far from being in accord with the divine method. Money ought to be enjoyed as really as an education, an office, or a home. It always is enjoyed when it is properly used. A thousand dollars rightly used yields more true satisfaction than a fortune improperly used. Money is for use, not to be hoarded. Hoarded riches yield little or no happiness. Money is a circulating medium, and therein lies its power to promote human enjoyment. The man of wealth who thinks that a million dollars locked up in the vault of a bank makes him happier is laboring under a delusion. A million dollars in his hand for use, setting ten thousand spindles in motion to furnish the poor with labor, meeting a necessary demand of society, promoting science and art, supporting institutions of learning and religion, contributes largely to his happiness. But a million dollars which he won't use is no more a source of enjoyment to him than a million which he can't use. That amount to Crusoe on the island of Juan Fernandez would have been worth no more than its weight in dirt. Having no people to trade with and no neighbors to bless, gold coin would have been of no more use to him than so many stones. A hoe or spade would have been vastly more valuable because they might have helped him to bread. He could not have used the million there if he would, nor is it any better with the man who would not use it if he could.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." This divine declaration is confirmed by human experience the world over. There is no exception to the rule. Men enjoy what they give away much more than what they receive. The giving blesses the giver more than receiving blesses the receiver. A sense of obligations or dependence, perhaps both, is experienced by the receiver; and this is not quite congenial to a noble spirit. To be relieved by charity may carry joy to the needy and suffering and awaken a deep sense of gratitude also, in which there is real pleasure; but it is essentially inferior to that blessedness which the "cheerful giver" always experiences. It was this higher and nobler enjoyment which caused Mark Antony to exclaim at last, "I have lost all except what I have given away!" The joy of true benevolence to him was so much higher and purer than anything else that all other uses of money seemed to him joyless. In that sense it was "lost." Somewhat of this feeling must be experienced by every Christian heart in passing from this to the better land.

Wesley put the whole matter about money into a nutshell when he said, "Make all you can, save all you can, and give all you can." Thorough business, thorough economy, and thorough benevolence—money can yield no higher enjoyment than this. It is in complete accord with the divine rule for the use of money, and nothing higher or grander can be said of its use. The late Amos Lawrence, of Boston, had inscribed on his pocket-book, "Charity giveth itself rich; selfishness hoarded itself poor." He did not know who was the author of the sentiment so forcibly expressed, but he knew that it was true and that the most joyless man was he who "hoarded himself

poor." Such poverty is disgraceful; there is no redeeming quality in it. There is a poverty that is honorable; it comes from circumstances beyond one's control. But for a man to hoard himself poor is to shrivel his soul and make himself mean and miserable. There is no satisfaction in the review of such a life. The liver has cheated himself out of what is better than a fortune. He cannot say at the close of life, with Peter C. Brooks, one of Boston's wealthy philanthropists of a former generation, "Of all ways of using money, giving it to assist others is the most satisfactory." He has never tried it and therefore he does not know the wealth of meaning there is in that word "satisfactory." It is full of comfort in the whirl of the busiest life; but at the close of life it must have a hundred times more significance. To look back upon the use of money or anything else, and find it "satisfactory," must span the "dark valley" with a brighter bow of promise than even faith, earth-bound and circumscribed, ever dreamed of.

In itself money is not an evil. In its place it is a blessing as really as bread or clothing. It would be quite impossible to conduct the affairs of civilized and Christian life without it. The same high authority which declares, "The love of money is a root of all evil," also claims that "money answereth all things." It is so essential to human enterprise and performs a part so important in human progress that we can readily understand how it "answereth all things." It is as indispensable in the great Christian enterprise of evangelizing the world as in the great work of railroads over a continent, and converts the ocean into a highway for the nations. Looking only to its place and power in multiplying the sails of commerce, turning the machinery of world-wide traffic, building railroads across the continent, tunnelling and levelling mountains, and annihilating distance by electric power, we are compelled to say that money is one of God's best gifts to man. But vastly grander is it, both as a power and a boon, when, under the control of Christian benevolence, it uses the achievements of labor, science, and art to lift up the fallen, instruct the ignorant, supply the wants of the poor, deliver the oppressed, reform the vicious, plant schools, churches, and asylums, and make this world an arena for practicing the Golden Rule.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE BIBLE.

FROM "GEMS OF THOUGHT."

There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind and sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as is the gospel. It breathes, throughout, mercy, benevolence, and peace.—*James Beattie.*

God is light. So is the religion of the Bible. It has no fellowship with darkness. Not one of its graces springs from stupidity or ignorance, but all of them from a knowledge of God. False religions are founded in darkness. The religion of the Bible, like its author, dwells in light. God also is love, and so is the religion of the Bible.—*Gardner Spring.*

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—*Flavel.*

It is a book full of light and wisdom, will make you wise to eternal life, and furnish you with directions and principles to guide and order your life safely and prudently. There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom and use.—*Sir M. Hale.*

The Bible is the book, of all others, to be read at all ages in all conditions of human life; not to be read once, or twice, or thrice through, and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.—*J. Quincy Adams.*

The Bible is a precious storehouse, and the Magna Charta of a Christian. There he reads his dying Saviour's legacies. There he sees a map of his travels through the wilderness, and a landscape, too, of Canaan.—*Berridge.*

We count the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more remarks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.—*I. Newton.*

The Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they have been written.—*Sir William Jones.*

The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the rich, and the

support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct us in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of the Bible to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration.—*Robert Hall.*

I have read the Bible through many times. It is a book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—*Daniel Webster.*

It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive of interest.—*Goethe.*

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the Prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—*Milton.*

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

—*Geo. P. Morris.*

So has this book entitled us to heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion given;
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume doth express his mind.

—*E. Waller.*

Within this ample volume lies
The mystery of the mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

—*Walter Scott.*

It is the armory of light;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

—*R. Crashaw.*

Woman and the Saloon.

Though the saloon brutalizes and degrades men, and increases the friction of all progressive effort immensely, the suffering which it entails upon woman is heavier and keener. The material grief involved is but one phase of the subject. If the saloon wrecks thousands of lives and homes, its victims go to ruin with paralyzed sensibilities; and when they are inflicting most pain upon those who love them, they are least capable of realizing the truth. The liquor whose habitual use dulls all the faculties extinguishes conscience, shame, and self-respect; if the course of its destructive work, and the hardened drinker will sacrifice every thing to his master passion without scruple or hesitation.

But the women who are doomed to bear the heavy burden of relationship to drunkards are, indeed, to be pitied. The domesticity from which few of them can escape, forces upon them perpetual experiences so heart-breaking, so revolting, that their existence is a prolonged tragedy. All the caprices, petulance, unreason, tyranny, brutality, engendered by drink is expended upon them. All the social degradation and mortification of the position falls upon their heads. The living man chained to a corpse is not more terribly situated than the wives and daughters of the saloon's victims. Liquor eliminates all the drunkard's good qualities, reinforces all his worst vices, and, having thus transformed him, sends him home to torture and abuse, those whom it is his first duty to cherish and protect.

At the sacrifice of her future happiness, the wife may sometimes obtain divorce; very often, however, her inability to support herself compels her to endure her torment, or the reluctance to expose her children to reproach constrains her to bear every thing. It is seldom that women are so situated as to be able to resume a celibate life without submitting to serious hardships, and perhaps, in a majority of instances, they can secure a separation only by facing destitution.

There is no evil which operates so directly and with such disastrous potency against the family as the saloon, in fact. It is the direst enemy of domestic happiness, purity, and peace. Even in its mildest manifestations it alienates men from their homes; creates in them habits of selfish indulgence; gives them sensual interests apart; brings into competition with the innocent recreations of the home circle coarse, vulgar, and extravagant amusements. In its more pronounced

operations it stops at no such trifles as the production of mere discomfort, but proceeding without disguise, turns men into wild beasts, and then lets them loose upon their families. What makes this especially shocking is that we all are acquainted with its truth, yet that we have hitherto tolerated it passively.

The horrors to which drink exposes women are worse than those of slavery. The sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and constant than most men are probably capable of experiencing. We all know this, yet we go on calmly in the old way, as if we either thought women ought to be thus abused, or believed that, though the matter was pitiful, no help could be found for it.—*George Frederic Parsons in the January Atlantic.*

The Training of Children.

The loving instruction of a mother may seem to have been thrown away, but it will appear after many days. "When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the happy days of my infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that was obeyed: 'O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'"

With children you must mix gentleness with firmness. "A man who is learning to play on a trumpet, and a petted child, are two very disagreeable companions." If a mother never has headaches through rebuking her little children, she shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up.

At the same time a mother should not hamper her child by unnecessary, foolish restrictions. It is a great mistake to fancy that your poor boy is made of glass, and to be always telling him not to do this, and not to do that, for fear of him breaking himself. On the principle never to give pain unless it is to prevent a greater pain, you should grant every request which is at all reasonable, and let him see that your denial of a thing is for his own good, and not simply to save trouble; but once having duly settled a thing, hold to it. Unless a child learns from the first that his mother's yes is yes, and her nay is nay, it will get into the habit of winning and endeavoring to coax her out of her refusal, and her authority will soon be gone.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child; and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing it is for self-entertainment—with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these, physical freedom, and a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupations is as great a necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.

"I try so hard to make my children happy!" said a mother with a sigh, one day, in despair at her efforts. "Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does. 'And how is that?' she asked, dolefully. 'She simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them as far as practical, on their own resources, taught them to wait on themselves, no matter how many servants she had, and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence, they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a perfectly wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that good health, good teeth, and good temper comes from plain food, plenty of sleep, and being good.'—*The Quiver.*

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

Every-day religion is the foundation of thoroughness, which is another word for truthfulness or honesty. Workmen that slight their work, whether they make shirts for a living or sermons, build houses or ships, raise flocks or raise families, will be some day or other found out. We want clothes that will not rip, vessels that will not leak, and bridges that will not break down. So we want characters that will stand temptation, and not snap asunder under the sudden pressures of life.

DON'T WAIT TILL TO-MORROW.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—*Cor. vi. 2.*

"To-morrow" is the devil's watch word. It is his cleverest device. There probably never was a soul lost who had not at some time or other of his life "good intentions." They thought to-day's opportunity might pass unheeded, but they were resolved to consider their salvation "to-morrow." How many have thus resolved, who have been lost for ever!

Jesus calls you to come to Him for salvation to-day. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Oh! as you value that never-dying soul of yours, answer Him not "I will come to-morrow!"

To-morrow's sun may never shine for you. Before another morning the solemn knell may have sounded, "To-night thy soul shall be required of thee."

To-day seek Jesus and you shall find him; but there is no promise for to-morrow.

A lady, much taken up with the pleasures and vanities of earth, was roused one day, by an earnest sermon, to consider her ways. God called her to give up the world and follow Jesus. She listened for a moment to the appeal—she paused—she stood still—she hesitated. God called her to come to His Son in the "accepted time;" but she said, "Not yet—not yet." God said, "Today!"—she answered, "To-morrow;" but the morrow was for her too late! That very night her soul was required of her by the everlasting God!

Beware then, dear friend how you say, "To-morrow," when God calls "To-day—to-day."

"He Brought Him to Jesus."

That is the end and aim of all Christian efforts—to bring men to Jesus; not simply to this or that particular church, to this or that denomination or party; but to Jesus.

Bring them to Jesus, that they may be saved. For apart from him they are lost, and are perishing in sin; mortal beings soon to die, yet having immortal souls, alienated from God, going into an eternity on which neither you nor they can see any light.

Bring them to Jesus that they may be saved from the impending woe; but not only for this, but also that they may be introduced into a new life of love, and peace, and righteousness, may become sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ to the heavenly inheritance.

Bring them to Jesus that his name may be glorified in their salvation.

Bring them to Jesus that they in turn may bring others to him, may become apostles and evangelists, witnessing for Jesus and spreading his kingdom.

Bring them to Jesus that they may be stars in your crown of rejoicing which you will gladly and gratefully cast at his feet.

Bring them to Jesus that thus you may strengthen and extend his kingdom of righteousness, and do what you can to hasten the time when everywhere shall be the beauty and the gladness of "the sweet reign of light and love."

Bring them to Jesus, but not only them, but him. Bring the many by bringing the individuals. Remember how the Good Shepherd went after the one sheep, how there is joy in heaven over one sinner saved, how precious is one soul, how Jesus died for each, as well as for all.—*Rev. Dr. J. F. Smith.*

To the Doubting Ones.

Ask thy soul these questions: 1. Whether there be any gain by doubting? Faith purifies the heart. 2. Whether there is any thing more pleasing to God than to trust him in and by Jesus Christ; when all comforts are out of view, and when you see nothing but what is contrary to the promise? 3. Whether you must not venture upon Christ at the last, why not now? When a man has to go over a river, though he ride once and again into the water and comes out saying, "I fear it is too deep for me," yet, considering that there is no other way for him but to resolve "to venture." "For," saith he, "the longer I stay the higher the water will rise, and there is no other way for me. I must go through at the last, why not at the first?" and so you. You say, "O, but my heart is not humble!" "O, but I am a great sinner, and how can I venture upon Christ?" Will thy heart be more humbled by keeping from Jesus Christ? and wilt thou be less a sinner by keeping from him? No, certainly; for the longer you stay from Christ the harder will it be to venture on him at last. Wherefore, if there be even a poor, drooping, doubting, fearing, trembling heart reading these words, knowing that I do here in the name of the Lord, call out to you and say, "O soul—man or woman—venture, venture, venture upon Christ now! for you must come to trusting in him at last; why not now?"—*Sword and Trowel.*

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