

## Fear Not

MARGARET J. BIDWELL.

All day I had toiled in the household,  
Had grown weary in heart and brain,  
As I heard 'mid the lengthening shadows  
The moaning and dash of the rain.

Then out of the darkness came trooping  
The phantoms of Doubt and Despair,  
Till it seemed, to my thrice-fetted fancy,  
All the goblins of Hades were there.

There was cold Unbelief in the corner,  
With a heart and a face like stone,  
As he whispered, "How strangely you  
cheated,  
To believe that God cares for His own!"

Then came Doubt, with an insolent murmur,  
"Suppose that the promise is true,  
How dare you, the least of God's creatures  
Believe 'twas intended for you?"

Then the Past, "As you've sown so you're  
reaping,  
You have frittered away your best years;  
There is little to show for the 'faster';  
For your harvest there is nothing but  
tears."

Now the Future, with visage appalling,  
Came creeping out to my view,  
And he whispered, "There's sickness, and  
sorrow,  
And poverty waiting for you."

"Oh, where is the God whom you trusted?  
He may give you a home by-and-by,  
But the sorrows and cares of this earth-life,  
You shall bear them alone till you die."

Then I whispered, "Lord, save or I perish!"  
Lo! the goblins shrank back in affright  
While the room that seemed shadowed in  
darkness  
Was aglow with a beautiful light.

And the silence seemed filled with music  
Of a language my soul understands.  
While there came to my fever-tossed spirit  
The soft touch of the Crucified Hands.

Then I felt that in meekness and patience,  
To the will of my God I could bend,  
For the Saviour who loved and redeemed me,  
Would console and protect to the end.  
—Herald.

## Making it Hot.

Benoni Burns is a passionate man. If anybody don't treat him just as he thinks that he ought to be treated, he gets very angry, and his favorite expression at such times is: "I'll make it hot for him." He has had a chronic quarrel with his neighbor—Ichabod Adams. They met one day last summer near the division fence that separates their fields. Each accused the other of failing to keep his part of that fence in order. From angry words they might have come to blows if the fence had not separated them. At length, Benoni, almost beside himself with rage, said: "I won't de mean myself by climbing over to fight you, but I'll give you some thing to fight; I'll make it hot for you." And with that he took a lighted cigar from his mouth and thrust it into the dry stubble in his neighbor's field. The wind was in the right direction to suit his purpose. It caught the flame as soon as it was kindled and bore it rapidly toward Ichabod's grain stacks. He had no time to utter the curses which rose to his lips, but hastened to put out the fire. He called for help, and his family and neighbors ran to his assistance. While they worked, Benoni walked leisurely home and set down on his porch to watch the contest. He had no fear for his own stacks, as they were in a distant field and the wind was blowing away from them. But, after a while, he saw that the flames were driven back by Ichabod and his men they ran along the division fence in the direction of his own stubble-field. And then the wind suddenly changed, as the heat of a great fire will often change it, and lo, the flames were going swift as a race-horse toward his own stacks. Now he ran. He shouted for help. But no one heeded his call and he reached the field only in time to see his crop of grain ablaze. Ichabod saved his crop. And when the fire that threatened it was subdued; he and his friends sat on the fence and watched Benoni in his frantic efforts to stop the flames, which he himself had kindled. Some of them were so unfeeling as to shout: "Ho, Benoni, you made it hot for Ichabod, but how about yourself?"

That happened months ago. But ever since, though Benoni is as passionate as ever, he has not once said "I'll make it hot for you." He knows the retort that would be flung into his face. But does not the incident illustrate a principle? Is it not true that we can not indict suffering upon others in anger and revenge without inflicting suffering also on ourselves? If we made a hot atmosphere we have to live in it. If we quarrel with our neighbor, and thus disturb the peace and quiet of the community, we have to whirl in the social turmoil. This is especially true in the home circle. Let one member of a family try to make it hot for any other member or members, and he changes the home into an infernal caldron in which he must be broiled or roasted with the rest. On the other hand, how true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath. We

reap what we sow. The world is a great echo canyon. What we say comes back to us in echoes. If we sing, we hear songs. If we curse, we get curses in return. If we sigh, the whole atmosphere becomes vocal with sighs. Let us instead of making it hot for those who injure us, do good to all men, and we shall find a reflex influence brightening our own lives. Interest combines with duty in teaching us to be patient, gentle and forgiving.—Select-ed.

## Living and Giving For Christ.

Is Mr. Grant in? said a young German, of about twenty-five years, as he entered my office, the other day.

He is, said the clerk addressed, walk in.

Well, young man, what can I do for you to-day?

I want to give some money for Bishop Taylor's work.

I am always glad to receive money for Bishop Taylor's work; how much do you wish to give?

Seven fifty.

I began writing. Received of—seven dollars and—

Here the young man laid down a hundred dollar bill, and then another, when I asked him: How much did I understand you to say?

Seven fifty, he replied, laying down another hundred-dollar bill.

Do you mean seven dollars and fifty cents?

O, no, he said; seven hundred and fifty dollars.

I was amazed.

Can you afford this?

Yes.

Well, brother, I said. Jesus has done a great deal for you.

Yes, He has.

And his tears began to drop, and mine, too. Silence was the only

outlet to two hearts that had been so mysteriously and unexpectedly brought together. At length, I said in choked utterance:

You love the Lord, brother; but can you afford to do this for Jesus.

Yes I can afford to do anything for Jesus.

By this time the money was counted, and we both felt very tender.

How I was made ashamed of the little I had done for Christ and the outside world, during all these years of my professed Christian life! I gave him a receipt, and was anxious to know more about him.

How long have you been a Christian?

If I mistake not, he answered, four years.

What is your occupation?

I drive truck.

What wages do you receive?

Twelve dollars a week.

And you saved this out of your earnings?

Yes; I have some left.

But how do you do it?

I lay away a little every week.

A gentleman present, said, I guess you do not go to the theater?

Never was in one in my life.

I said, I take it you do not drink beer, or smoke?

Never smoke, and do not know the taste of liquors.

We parted; but I did not get over the effect of that meeting for days; and when I think of it now, I am led to say with the poet:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my love, my life, my all.

He is a practical lesson of living and giving for Christ—or giving our lives to the Lord's work, though, in body, we are not in the foreign field.

This young man is a real missionary, an example of self sacrifice, as bright as though teaching the heathen in their wigwams. While some are called to the front, and heroically give up all, and follow the call, others are needed on this end of the line, both as examples of holy living and holy giving; of earning for Christ, and giving it cheerfully for his service.—Medical Missionary.

## Personal History.

I was in college. I had returned to the University after a six-months campaign of teaching. I was occupying lodgings at some little distance from the college premises. I was as yet unconverted. There was an unusual amount of religious interest in the community generally, but I as yet remained utterly unimpressed. One Saturday afternoon about three weeks after my return to college—this was in the spring of 1855—a very intimate college friend called upon me, and, having engaged me in conversation for a while concerning things more or less in different, he managed deftly to divert the talk to the religious interest which had of late been quite extensively prevailing up at the college. Not unnaturally, whatever appertained to the college boys interested me at once, and accordingly as my friend alluded now to this student, now to that one of our mutual acquaintance, who had recently evinced a marked interest on the subject of religion, my curiosity was piqued, and even my sympathies were enlisted; for, strangely, though

irreligious myself, I was always gratified, not to say delighted, to hear of others, and particularly my young friends, being converted. My visitor, it need hardly be said, was a Christian young man; but his religious life in college had not hitherto been pronounced, and I was deeply moved when he, incidentally, yet very sincerely, admitted in the course of our conversation that his life, his example before me, had not in all respects been what a Christian's ought to have been. He added, with real feeling, that he had lately been reclaimed, and he certainly intended to be more faithful in the future. After something like thirty minutes had been thus occupied, my friend arose and took his hat to withdraw. As yet not a word had been said to me on the subject of personal religion. No suspicion had been awakened in my mind that he was really angling for me. Said he, as he stood, hat in hand, at the door, "I understand that your class has a very interesting prayer-meeting in one of the boys' rooms—Kent's I believe—to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, and," said he, with the blandest and most genial smile possible, "if I were you I would drop in." Said I, instantly replying, "I will." And now comes the strangest feature of the whole transaction. In that self-same moment a flash of spiritual light seemed to pervade my whole being. A wave of spiritual joy rolled over my soul. Hardly had the voice of my visitor died away on my ear, ere a "still small voice"—the voice of conscience as brooded by the Spirit—was already whispering to me of pardon through the blood of Christ. It seemed to me as if a good friend, a kind mentor, who had been following me up, and tenderly admonishing me for years to do better than I was doing, was now laying his hand gently on my shoulder, and, with an ineffable smile, saying, "That is right, right at last." And so had I almost inadvertently found "sweet peace in believing"—Rev. R. H. Howard.

## A Little True story.

Four stalwart men sat around the fire in the old homestead in Connecticut. They had come home for a family reunion, bringing their wives with them. They were all on the bright side of thirty-five, and altogether a "very likely" set—honest, upright, industrious, Christian. Their mother, a vigorous woman for her years, welcomed them, and could not do enough for them to make their home-coming pleasant. Their father had been many years dead.

One of the daughters-in-law, in moving around the room, paused at the window to look out on the landscape. It was snowing heavily, but there was no wind. Across the road that ran past the house she saw a big wood-pile, and at the wood pile was a woman using the axe. She looked more closely; it could not be her husband's mother! She looked again through the blinding flakes. Yes, certainly it was the mother of these four stalwart men.

She crossed the room to where her husband was sitting, led him to the window, pointed toward the wood-pile, only saying:

"John, look at your mother!"

John quickly got his hat and went to his mother's aid, while his wife pondered on what had made her wonder through many years. John was kind, true, a "good provider," a just man; but he allowed his wife, unless she protested against it, to bring in the wood, to split the kindling, to wade through the snow in hanging out her clothes, to do any kind of hard, rough work she would do, while he sat quietly by the fire and saw her do it.

She had trained him, in a measure, to do his part of the chores and relieve her, and when she saw his old mother splitting wood in the snow-storm, rather than call on her sons to do it, she understood how her troubles had come about. The mother had not brought up her boys to be considerate and helpful, and to do their part in the general work of the household.

## Why They Were Poor.

Two ragged men with faces pinched by hunger, stopped the other evening before a stately dwelling in one of our large cities. As the curtains were not drawn, they could catch glimpses of a bright interior, the walls lined with books and pictures, and prettily dressed children playing. A grave old man, with white hair alighted from his carriage and entered the house.

One of the men muttered a curse on the "b-o-a-ted aristocrats." "Why should they live in idleness on the fat of the land, while you and I toil and starve?"

Now this was a hackneyed, popular bit of pathos, which has been effective since time began. The world invariably bestows its sympathy upon the poor man while in the cold and darkness, while it is apt to suspect the rich man, simply because he is rich, of being a selfish tyrant.

The facts in this case were that the owner of a mansion had earned his fortune, dollar by dollar, by steady hard work. Now that he had earned it, much of his time was given to considering and relieving the wants of his poorer brethren. He was sober, frugal and temperate.

The men outside were lazy mechanics who had chosen drink and gambling in pool rooms instead of work. They had their reward in rags and starvation.

The boys who read these lines will soon take their places as citizens of a nation where the antagonism between the poor and the rich is pushed by foolish and vicious men to the point of actual combat. Let them look at the matter as it is, unmoved by false sentiment on either side. A man who lives in a palace is not necessarily a Dives, forgetful of God; nor is the beggar at his gate sure of heaven merely because he is a beggar. It was not his poverty that carried Lazarus to Abraham's bosom.

In this country there are a great many men like George Peabody, Asa Packer, Stephen Girard, John Hopkins and Isaac Williamson, who have accumulated great wealth by hard, honorable work, and who have devoted it to the help of humanity. And there are countless poor men who owe their poverty to idleness, dishonesty, or love of liquor.

Learn to be just, boys, to the rich as to the poor, and you will be lacking in charity to neither. If you have inherited wealth, remember how hard it is for those who put their "trust in riches to enter the kingdom of God." If you are poor remember that you are no more honest, estimable or devout because you are poor.

The man with five hundred dollars a year may trust in his money and exaggerate its value as truly as the man with millions. If you lie or cheat for a single dollar, it soils your soul the same as if it were all the diamonds of Golconda.

## An Illustration of Faith.

A man whose mind was much perplexed dreamed a dream which seemed to him to explain the meaning of the saving faith. He thus related it to a Christian friend:

"I thought," said he, "that I stood on some desolate spot on the edge of a steep cliff; below, at a great depth, the sea was dashing violently against the bottom of the cliff. I stood with only half a footing on the edge, when, in a moment, something—I know not what—whirled me over the precipice, and I found myself falling downward into the ocean beneath."

"But suddenly—how I cannot tell—I thought I caught hold of a crag in the sides of the cliff as I was falling past it, and there I hung with one hand grasping a small piece of rock. I hung a few seconds, and then it seemed to me that the crag was crumbling in my fingers, or breaking away from the side."

"What was I to do? The next second I must fall, and be dashed to atoms. All at once I turned and looked behind me. There I saw a figure dressed in pure white coming toward me, and walking on the water. He came nearer and nearer, until he stood just underneath where I was hanging; and, although the distance was great, yet I could see the expression of his countenance, and that it was kind and gentle. I could even see that our eyes met, and instantly I heard him whisper softly upward to me, 'Let go, let go.' I let go, and fell into his kind arms, and was saved."

The poor man understood his dream thus: The crag was self-righteousness, and every false refuge that crumbles in the grasp of the sinner. He who came walking on the waters was Jesus Christ, and the words "Let go" were the same as "Give up all else and believe in me."

The man was right. Faith is simply the letting go of all other dependences and falling into the arms of Christ. God help us all now, since no time is to be lost, to let go. The crag crumbles, the billows roar and yawn beneath us; the next moment they may be our grave. Let us say, then, to him who is at our hand and who is ever willing and ready to save us—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On his kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness  
My Saviour and my all."

## Our Young People.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backwards at us from the sepulchre.—H. B. Stowe.

—Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to saintly character, he who has not found out how directly, or indirectly, to make everything converge toward his soul's sanctification, has as yet missed the meaning of this life.

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