

Sweeping Through The Gates.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—Last words of the late Rev. Alfred Cookman. One more has swept through the portals of light. All the crimson-like wool, all the scarlet washed white. Hallelujah! they crown him! Hallelujah! they sing. Grave, where is thy victory! death, where is thy sting! They hail him! they greet him! the glorified throng! As he comes home to meet them, and join in their song.

One more has gone from the reapers below, Bearing rich sheaves from the Master, we know. Who'll stand in his place, his sickle to wield. Who'll bind up the sheaves unbound in the field? An entrance abundant he won while he toiled. For he "swept through the gates" with garments unsold.

Oh glorious hour! the brightest, the last. Sweeping through portals where Jesus had passed. Wash'd in his blood, and lost in his love, Made ready to meet him, and praise him above. Oh, world! what are worth all thy kingdoms and states, To a soul as it sweeps, blood-wash'd through the gates?

The gates of the city are shut night nor day. For the ranks of the blood-washed are sweeping that way; They leave us at daybreak, they leave us at noon, And we, too, shall tread in their footsteps full soon. 'Midst the world's chilling frowns, its false hoods, its hates, Let us keep our skirts clean, and our front to the gates.

Oh, sin-cleaning blood! Oh wondrous cross! Changing to pure gold our natures of dross, Making life's desert to blossom and bloom, Filling with glory the shades of the tomb, Teaching the soul while she patiently waits To spread out her wings and sweep through the gates.

Let the story go round in the track of the sun. What the blood of a crucified Saviour hath done. Shout it north, shout it south, ring it east, ring it west, That Jesus still gives in this life perfect rest, The love which casts out every shadow of fear. A garment pure white, with the saints to appear.

Shall we mourn as for one who shall meet us no more? Nay! he cannot be dead, but has gone on before. Shall we offer but tears as we pass to his tomb? Nay! strew it with flowers, the blossom and bloom. For he dwells where the willow and grave are unknown, And is fed by the Lamb in the midst of the throne.

—Alfred J. Hough.

Deacon Clarke's Donation.

The annual donation to their pastor was an event that the people of Pleasant Hill and St. Luke's Churches would not think of omitting any more than they would the regular Sabbath services. These were both country churches, but the man who so faithfully instructed these congregations from year to year lived in the delightful village of Parton. The parsonage occupied by Mr. Dolman and his family was large, pleasantly situated, and nicely furnished.

The good man, who regularly received an abundant salary, was happy and satisfied; but the people of Pleasant Hill and St. Luke's, with their great farms of grain-fields and meadows, fruits and fat cattle, could not have been comfortable if a small portion of their abundance had not been given annually to their pastor. Besides, a donation was quite a social event. The people of the two churches were brought together, and there was always a kindly strife among the dear women as to who could bring the best butter and bread, the clearest jelly, and the most tempting cake and pie. It was better than a fair, because everybody knew who made every thing.

The donation was to be a surprise this year, so there had been much private planning and secret discussions before all the details had been completed. The day before the event Deacon Clark, of St. Luke's, bustled into the neat, roomy kitchen where his wife was making doughnuts. He silently placed an armful of packages upon the table. The delicious, spicy smell of the cakes filled the room, and the deacon deliberately helped himself to a handful, and then seated himself in a friendly looking rocking-chair.

"Martha," he began, "I ain't goin' to take much to Mr. Dolman this year."

"Why, Deacon Clark!" almost screamed his wife, "what upon earth has come over you? you, the generous-hearted man in St.

Luke's, and talkin' so! What is the matter?"

"Well, you just listen to a little bit of a story I can tell you," he replied, "and if you don't agree with me, then I don't know Martha Clark. You know I was appointed a committee of one to go to Parton this morning to fish around a little and find out Mr. Dolman's plans for tomorrow. He told me he was goin' to put away, for the winter, his little bit of garden sassa. Of course, he didn't say 'little bit,' for he thinks his garden turned out amazing, but it looked mighty small compared with our garden. You know the widow Dunkirk and her two little boys live just across the street from Mr. Dolman's. When I come out to start home them two little boys were standin' by their mother's gate. I tossed each of 'em a big Baldwin apple that I had in my pocket, and you ought to have seen 'em! They took off their hats and thanked me as if I was a king. I asked 'em if they had lots of apples. Jimmy, the oldest one, said, 'Oh, no, sir, in a way that sounded as if such a thing could never be, while little Bob sang out: 'We haven't even got turnips; you know there good for boys to eat.' I heard Jimmy say, 'Hush, Bobby,' and I, then and there, made up my mind that my donation this year will go to Mrs. Dunkirk instead of Mr. Dolman, and I know he would say: 'God bless you; that's right.'"

"Sakes alive! I do agree with you, most heartily, Thomas Clark." She always called him Thomas when she wished to be especially respectful. "And," continued the good woman, patting the deacon's shoulder with one hand, and wiping her brown eyes with the other, "I'll do all I can to help you think out what to take."

"I thought so, Martha," he replied. "I brought up some flour from the Parton mill this morning, and I'll jest leave one bar'l in the wagon; it'll help make them boys some doughnuts."

"It takes more than flour to make doughnuts, Deacon Clark; but I can fix that. I'll take that four-gallon crock of lard, a part of this sugar, and some spices and eggs. Of course we'll take some things to Mr. Dolman and eat our dinner there with the rest."

"And, Martha, I'll have our man Job take a good big load of hickory wood and pile it in the Dinkirk wood-house," said the deacon, as he arose to leave the room.

These two good people vied with each other in "thinking out" a load, and when they were ready to start next morning, the sight of their load would have delighted any one. The eventful day opened bright and clear, a crisp morning in early November. Quite early in the forenoon the people began to arrive at the parsonage. Load after load, in wagons and carriages and carts, bringing a motley collection of bags and baskets, crocks, cans and jars, every single article standing as an exponent of love and good will toward the pastor.

Mrs. Dunkirk, across the street, was looking at the people as they drove up to the parsonage. "How kind of them," she thought, "and what a great quantity of nice things they have brought! I am glad my church people are generous. If I should become destitute, I should not fear to ask any of them for aid. I dare say many of them would think I am destitute now, if they knew what a small supply of provisions I have for the winter, but if I can"—A knock at the door, which, when opened disclosed the honest face of Job.

"Mr. Clark told me to pile this wood in your wood-house," he said. "Very well," said Mrs. Dunkirk, hesitatingly, "but I am afraid I can not pay for it to-day. Do you know the price?"

"No, ma'am," he answered; "Deacon Clark will settle with you, I reckon," and he chuckled as he walked off to unload the wood.

"I am very glad of the wood," thought Mrs. Dunkirk, "but if it costs more than three dollars, I shall be compelled to ask Deacon Clark to wait, as I really"—Another knock! When she again opened the door, the good deacon and his wife both stood there. After friendly greetings Mr. Clark pointed with his whip to what seemed to her an immense load of things, and said: "If you will tell me where to put this truck, I'll unload."

"Why, Deacon Clark," said Mrs. Dunkirk, "do you not remember that Mr. Dolman lives across the street? The donation is over there; this is my house."—Journal.

A TWISTED CHRISTIAN. — A gentleman in New York recently said to another, "Is Mr. L. a Christian?" He replied, "Well, yes; Godward he is all right, but manward he is just a little twisted."

How many really good people lay themselves open to this description! They do not carry out their Christian principles so as to be void of offence. Their life is not lived up to the faith. In small things they dishonour God.

In some of their common-life dealings they do not carry out their principles among their fellow-men. We are afraid the "little twist" is more or less seen in us all. Alas! twists of temper, twists of inconsistency, society twists, business twists, home twists! May God set us upright, and give us in our daily life a straight backbone, so that we may walk upright among our fellow-men on our way to heaven!—The Quiver.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

The Price of Blood.

Some time ago, I took a trip to Penzance, intending to break my journey at —. A friend of mine, being aware of my intentions, wished me to stay at a certain hotel in —, in order to get her some information about an old servant, who had married the said hotel-keeper.

It was midwinter and very cold weather when I arrived at —. After a rather long search I found the house at which I was to stay for the night. The entrance sickened me; the first floor was covered with several inches of sawdust; a long counter crossed the room, behind which several persons were serving spirits, mostly gin, to a number of the most squalid and destitute people I had ever seen, a large number being women; the amount purchased was mostly in pennyworths.

I sat down for a short time as if I was about to take my turn at the bar as soon as the throng was reduced, my feet embedded in the sawdust. I am sure the lady who wishes me to stay here would have been ashamed to see me, as I felt ashamed of myself, and would be more so if any of my friends from my own neighbourhood had seen me. Sitting rather long, and not offering to call for anything, one of the waiters came to ask what I wanted, to whom I told my tale—how I came to be there, who it was that had sent me, and for what purpose. This person happened to be the owner, and he immediately called me into a sitting-room upstairs, and sent me a most sumptuous tea.

While partaking of this meal—set out in a style fit for a prince—I closely looked at my surroundings. Over my head was a magnificent glass gas-chandelier with a dozen jets; on my right hand and left were some splendid mirrors, so that which way I turned I could see my full length self; the carpet, hearth rugs, couches, cheffonier, and the paper on the wall, were of the same costly character—all purchased from the profits made from the almost destitute people down below.

I made inquiry about the family, which soon brought out a flood of eloquence from the mother about the attainments of her daughter at the boarding school, etc.

Being tired with my two hundred miles journey, I quickly sought an early rest. I was ushered into my apartment for the night. I have done a pretty large amount of travelling, but never before or since have I ever been such a bedroom; my surroundings took away my sleep. The room below covered with sawdust! The wretched people bringing their last penny; as it seemed to me! The thought that some one might see me, who knew me, coming out of this wretched place in the morning; but, most of all, I thought—how many little children are lying on straw, or sitting up on some doorstep, this cold winter's night, whose parents have contributed to this superb bed and its surroundings! I could see hundreds of little starving children in the mirror before me; and when I had put down my brilliant gas lights they were there still! The price of blood was in the gorgeoustrimmings of the bed! the wardrobe! the marble! etc! I could not help saying, what I thought hundreds of young persons with ruined healths were saying: "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell upon the earth?"

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Ways of Injuring the Health.

Contriving to keep up a continual worry about something or nothing; giving away to fits of anger.

Being irregular in sleeping and eating, partaking of too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

Wearing thin shoes and stockings on damp nights and in cool, rainy weather; wearing insufficient clothing, especially upon the limbs and extremities.

Sleeping on feather-beds in seven by nine bedrooms without ventilation at the top of the window; and especially with two or more persons in the same small bedroom.

Allowing the power of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health; following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with bitter and niceties when the stomach says "No," and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it; gormandizing between meals.

Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction; cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and always being in a mental ferment.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears, but by taking quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

Beginning in childhood on strong tea and coffee and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors; and mental and physical excesses of other kinds.

Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to the theaters, parties, and balls, in all sorts of weather, in thin dresses; dancing until in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient overgarments through the cool damp night air.—Jenness Miller Magazine.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

About Royal People.

In the Young Man of a recent date, there is a good story of Prince George, the eldest surviving son of the Prince of Wales, told by one of the young man's most intimate friends. While commanding the Thrush, the Prince observed a young bluejacket who was being conveyed to undergo sentence for the last of many offences on another ship. Prince George, seeing seeds of good in him, took the young man on the fulfilment of his punishment, on to his own ship, put him in the first class for leave, and gave him a clean sheet as regards his past offences. He exacted no promises as to future behaviour, but cautioned the young man, as to the consequence of further offending. Then giving him a sovereign, because his pay had been stopped, he concluded his speech with "God help you to do the right and keep you from the wrong." The young bluejacket changed his ways and became a good and honest man. Prince George as commander of the Thrush, was in the habit of conducting prayers and Sunday services. His favourite hymns were those he had been accustomed to sing at home with his brothers and sisters, to his mother's accompaniment on the piano.

The London Daily Telegraph tells a story, the leading personage in which is supposed to be the Duchess of Teck. As a costermonger was beating his donkey near Barnes, so the story runs, a smart equipage, containing two ladies, drove up from an opposite direction. One of the ladies instructed the coachman to pull up, and after vainly expostulating with the costermonger commanded her footman to descend and take the stick from him. The footman obeyed and the lady then lectured the brutal donkey driver. The man became abusive, declaring that he would summon the coachman for assault, and also the lady for aiding and abetting. In an insolent tone he demanded the name of the woman, and on learning that she was the Princess he fell on his knees and implored forgiveness, declaring "so help his taters" that he would never ill-use his donkey again.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A CANADIAN FAVORITE.

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A COMPLICATED CASE.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children.

MRS. WALTER BURNE Maitland, N. S.

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