

NATURE.

O Nature, could I only understand
Your varied language, sweet and true,
Your heart to mine should answer through
The reddening leaf
And ripening sheaf;
And from the bloom of purpling grape
Not even its fragrance should escape,
Put something from the hidden soul
Should pour to me from its flowing bowl.

I do not see the fingers touch the strings,
What time the wind among the trees,
Its thousand harps, makes harmonies;
Yet there's a thought,
So deep lawrought,
The very shadows on the grass
Veiled spirits are: I cannot pass
But each from the Eternal brings
Visions of unutterable things.

Faithful the shepherd clouds take up their
watch;
And, when we thirst, they open wide,
And pour from their flagons brimming tide.
Oh, ears to hear
These voices clear!

The sunlight and the breathing sea
Should be God's ministers to me.
And all earth's hidden life should wake,
A message I could not mistake!

O Nature, never let me be so blind
As not to see in sunset calm
The outstretched Everlasting Arm,
Love working through,
Divinely true,
So I might clearer understand,
And feel the clasp of his hand /
Earth should prefigure then the bliss
Of Paradise joys in this.

October, 1892.

Chris. Register.

Receiving and Giving.

"Did you know, dear, that Mrs. Pierson has been sick for three or four days?"

"No I had heard nothing of it."
"I thought you hadn't, or you would have said something about it. I have been told that she has been complaining a good deal because her pastor has not called on her in her illness."

"Why, how could I visit her when no one told me she was sick?" said the Rev. Mr. Florence, with a slight flush. "No doubt she sent word to her physician as soon as she was taken ill, but left her pastor to learn it by accident; and now finds fault with him because he is not omniscient. I fear Mrs. Pierson is given to such inconsistency of conduct."

"Oh, yes, of course," agreed the minister's wife. "She is known as one of the chronic grumblers of the church. Her reputation is well established in that respect. In our Aid Society she is always getting her feelings lacerated, always thinking of herself, and often threatening to drop her name from our roll when things don't go her own way, though she hasn't done so yet."

"Is she willing to work when asked to?"

"No, she is always too busy, or not well enough. Yet when she is not placed on the most important committees, or given the most prominent official position, she complains of being slighted. But never mind, dear," added Mrs. Florence, checking herself, "there are such people everywhere. One must bear with them, I suppose," with a sigh. "All of us have our besetting sins. We must do Mrs. Pierson all the good we can."

"You are a kind hearted, sympathetic little woman," said the clergyman, stooping and printing a warm kiss on his wife's forehead; "always trying to overlook troublesome people's faults. Well, you are actuated by the true principle, the principle of the Gospel. I must go to see Mrs. Pierson at once, although I am far in arrears with my other work. She may be seriously ill," and he went to the ward-robe for his hat, overcoat, and gloves.

When he entered Mrs. Pierson's sick room he found her sitting up in a comfortable chair, convalescent, though looking slightly pale. Her indisposition had evidently not been very serious or of long continuance. She looked at her pastor a little reproachfully, and the words with which she greeted him, as he took her hand, were these:

"Why, Brother Florence, you are almost a stranger! I thought you had forsaken us. I am afraid you are not a very good shepherd; you don't look as carefully as you ought after your sheep."

Mr. Florence was stung by this ungracious salutation, and felt the blood mounting to his temples, but he was a Christian gentleman, and restrained the impulse that prompted him to answer in a tone of rebuke. He merely said:

"Had I known of your illness I should have come at once. If you needed me, you, should have sent for me as you did for your physician. It was only by an accident that I earned a half-hour ago that you were sick."

"Is that possible?" sighed the invalid, drawing her face in such a woe-begone way that she looked the very picture of neglected virtue. "Well, if you didn't hear of it before, I'll have to excuse you. But it just shows how selfish people are that they did not inform you sooner of

my suffering condition. Here I've been sick for nearly a week—and I thought I should die the first few days—and yet no one in the church thought enough of me to send my pastor word. O, dear! how selfish people are!"

"Did you instruct anyone to tell any of my people of your indisposition?" inquired Mr. Florence, looking at her a little keenly.

"No, of course not," the sick woman rejoined. "What's the use of belonging to a church if the members never keep track of one? I never was so neglected in my life. Would you believe me, Mr. Florence? Not one of your members have called on me since I was taken with this sickness—not one!" and her dark eyes flashed angrily. "Can you expect me to remain in a church where I have been treated with such shameful neglect? I think I shall withdraw from Harrison-street Church as soon as I am well—if I ever get well—and go where people are more thoughtful of others."

Had she been in a debilitated condition, Mr. Florence would have borne all the abuse of his faithful people meekly and uncomplainingly; but her vehement speech proved that she had a good deal of vital energy, and would be in no danger of sustaining injury by listening to a little plain speaking.

The time had come to do that. He would strike while the iron was hot. Abuse of himself he would not have resented, but he could not silently give ear to such a tirade against his true and loyal people. For their sake, and the sake of the poor morbid woman before him, he resolved to tell the unvarnished truth, even at the risk of displeasing her.

"Mrs. Pierson," he said, in the clear, firm tone of which he was master, "you are doing injustice to your fellow members, who, I feel persuaded, had not learned of your illness. All of them are busy people, and cannot spare the time to run into your house every day or two merely to inquire after your health, and you ought not to expect it of them. If you wanted them to come you should have conveyed the intelligence to them in some way. Besides, within the last few months there have been at least a dozen of my people on the sick list, some of them quite dangerously ill. Let me ask, Mrs. Pierson, how many of these have you called on?"

"Why—ahem!—ahem!" coughed the woman. "I haven't called on any of them. The fact is, I've been too busy, I couldn't; and then I didn't know they were sick."

"Did you make any effort to find out?" catechised the clergyman.

"Well, no; I didn't."

"Then why do you complain of neglect when you have yourself been so neglectful of others? There is Mrs. Batinger, for example, who has been a confirmed invalid for two years, and is now at the point of death. She only lives four blocks from here. Have you ever called on her?"

"I—I—believe not—"

"Besides," pursued Mr. Florence, having gotten started, "two months ago my own children were dangerously ill with the scarlet fever. Many of my parishioners came to the gate—we would not permit them to enter the house lest the disease should be spread—and made kindly inquiries and offered their help. Did you come near us during that trying period?"

"Oh, no! I was afraid that I and my children might take the disease."

"Yes; all along you have been thinking of yourself, and not of others; you have been expecting to receive sympathy and help, but have withheld your own. If you neglect others they will forget you. That is human nature. Be kind and thoughtful of others, and, as a rule, they will pay you back in kind. I fear you have forgotten the precept of our Saviour, when He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'; or, perhaps, you have reversed it."

The poor woman burst into tears, but I fear they were globules of self-pity rather than of repentance; for she murmured and sniffled: "It is very unkind of my pastor to lecture me in this way, and that when I am sick, too! O dear! O dear!"

"I did not mean to be unkind," responded Mr. Florence, soothingly; "I spoke for your own good, as you will see by and if you will remember my words."

With a brief prayer he quitted the house. His plain speaking was not without effect. Sooner than he had hoped it bore excellent fruitage. Six months later Mrs. Pierson was heard to say: "I never had so many kind friends as I have now, and it all comes because I have moved out of the land of 'Receive' into the paradise of 'Give'."—N. Y. Advocate.

IN ONE of Dr. Burton's lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: When trouble is brewing, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still; till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different

through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.

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

What a Simoon is.

"Perhaps the Asiatic type of cyclone, known as the simoon, is the most remarkable phenomenon of the earth," began Col. Samuel Knapp, who is at the Laclede. "In my travels about the world I have never as yet observed any such appalling scene as that of a simoon sweeping its course in the distance. Cyclones in the Western Hemisphere are usually accompanied by great masses of clouds and drenching rainstorms. The simoon of Asia is quite different. I have stood on the Arabian desert where my eyes could sweep the distance horizon in every direction without encountering one object to vary the monotony of the scene. Over this vast sea of glowing sand it seemed as though not so much as a breath of air was straying. In such dull, oppressive moments, the natives perceive the first premonition of the awful simoon. Such knowledge was of little avail, however, for on that wide, limitless stretch of inland sea, like the great bosom of the ocean, one place was as safe as another."

"The great sand storm would come and sweep its way without any definite path and with no prospect of any sudden variation from its course. Here we have a storm heralded by fierce winds, clouds, lightning and thunder. On the great desert of Arabia, the simoon is heralded by nothing more than a small, dark speck in the distant sky. As this approaches the atmosphere becomes stifling and oppressive to an unbearable degree. The speck in question does not develop into a sky mantle of clouds, but its destructive force is none the less diminished. It sweeps a path equal to its width, and carries with it numberless pillars of sand that are constantly rising and falling, like a forest of swaying topless trees. I never was in one, but I have stood on the desert when one was passing in the distance, and it reminded me of the shadow of a cloud passing over a sunlit plain."

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

A Suffering Saviour.—Isaiah LIII.

Each issue of the *Expository Times*, published by T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, contains valuable contributions from eminent Biblical scholars.

When the Ethiopian eunuch was returning from Jerusalem reading the prophet Isaiah, the place of the Scripture which he read was this, "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." It was this fifty-third chapter. And the question which he put to Philip about it is just the question we must ask first of all: "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" Philip's answer was the one word "Jesus." And it is sufficient, but its very sufficiency for us, the very fact that we are not likely to challenge it, is the reason why we ought to go back and see how Philip knew the answer.

We go back to the prophet's words. And the first thing we find is the speaking of a person. That has been often denied, for there is no doubt that, up till now, he has had the nation of Israel very much in view as he here speaks of this "Servant of the Lord." But here the words used cannot be applied to the nation; they fit an individual person alone.

The next thing we see is that this person goes through intense and prolonged suffering, and that He comes out of it made more glorious by means of it. "Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross." (Heb. xii. 12). That was said of Jesus.

We notice, thirdly, that it is for us he suffered. That is what we mean when we say his sufferings were vicarious; they were, "instead of;" they were endured by Him that they might not be endured by us. (These are the two grand words of the chapter.) It has been pointed out that there are no fewer than eleven expressions in this chapter which clearly describe the vicarious character of the sufferings endured by this Servant of the Lord. It were an excellent task to gather them out. Well, "The Son of Man

came . . . to give his life a ransom for many" (Matt. xx. 28). That was said by Jesus of himself.

But in the fourth place, his sufferings are described in the chapter as expiatory. That is to say, they are intended to satisfy divine justice, and they do make the satisfaction. His death has full atoning power, so that, when he passes through it, "He sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied." He restores the disturbed relation between us and God and thereby he is able to "justify" many, and this, of course, involves his own sinlessness. He who needs himself to be reconciled to God cannot reconcile others. But it is plainly stated that no atonement needed to be made for his sins—"He made his grave with the wicked, although he had done no violence, neither was deceit in his mouth." Says the apostle—"He made him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 21), and it is of Jesus he says it.

Last of all. He went through it willingly. "He was afflicted" (ver. 7)—the more literal translation is, "He let himself be afflicted," he voluntarily accepted of the suffering. Again, "He poured out his soul unto death, and he let himself be numbered with the transgressors" (ver. 12). "Then Jesus said unto Peter, Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Is there any answer but Philip's—Jesus?

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

Misunderstandings.

I received a letter, no matter when, from one with whom I had been on intimate terms years ago. He had removed to a distance, and I had not seen him for a long while, but he had now returned to a nearer locality. The letter pained me beyond description. He thought that my regard for him had ceased. He had just been to the grave of one very dear to each of us, and the visit had led him to make an attempt at discovering what had estranged us. Something which I had done had forced him to believe that if there ever had been friendship between us, it had ended on my part. Years ago I had attended the funeral of one dear child and baptized another, and his heart had now conquered some pride, and so he wrote the letter. "I cannot but think," wrote he, "that there must be some mistake somewhere, which, if it exists, better be corrected before we are called to meet up yonder." It seemed probable, from the drift of his letter, that I had somewhere met him since his return, and had ignored his presence. I was more than grieved, especially grieved if any act of mine had hurt the feelings of one whose friendship had always been dear to me. I honor him the more because after painful delay he did not stand upon injured dignity. Why should I not prize the friendship of this man whose real worth and noble heart I knew so well? One thing he did not know, except by my answer. That one thing explained the whole. My heart had never failed. I had met him, and did not know it. All was explained, and affection ran in the old channels.

It is easy to see how a misunderstanding may arise between warm friends. A sensitive nature sometimes feels hurt when there is no real occasion for it. It may be that a little pride will stand in the way of a better understanding. The person who is supposed to have done something unkind may have done nothing of the sort. Sometimes talkative friends or meddling some gossips may have misrepresented the one to the other, and an entirely innocent person is an apparent offender. A grieved person should not allow friendship to be broken by such means. Let him go to his friend and frankly tell him his trouble. If affection is worth prizeing it is certainly entitled to this effort.—Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., in *Congregationalist*.

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

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe.

It may be a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Has come not a little knowledge as to cooking—what to do, as well as what not to do. Thus we have learned to use

COTTOLENE, the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

PROGRESSIVE COOKING is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us not to use lard, but rather the new shortening,

COTTOLENE, which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be.

The success of Cottolene has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Sts.,
MONTREAL.

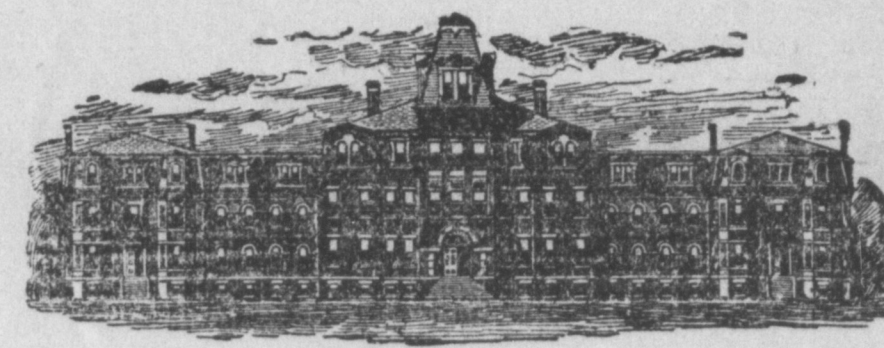
IN SEASON.

LADIES FUR CAPES,
LADIES FUR COLLARS,
LADIES FUR MUFFS.

Fur Lined Cloaks, Astracan Jackets, Fur Trimmings, Etc.
Head Quarters for Fur Goods.

FRED B. EDGECOMBE
192 and 194 Queen Street.

St. Martins Seminary.



The FALL TERM opens on the 15th of SEPTEMBER.

IN its healthful situation, its invigorating atmosphere, and its beautiful surroundings, this school cannot be surpassed. All the courses of instruction are BROAD AND LIBERAL.

The Methods are Thorough and Far-Reaching.

And are in touch with the movement of the times. The teaching is sound, fresh and vigorous. The staff of teachers for the coming year is exceptionally strong. All departments are under the care of specialists.

Calendars and all desired information may be had by applying to

AUSTIN K. DE BLOIS, Principal.

ROTTER'S
IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.
EMULSION

Kidney Complaints Yield

To the Power of

GATES' LIFE OF MAN BITTERS
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
ONLY 50 CTS.

Acadie Mines, N. S., May 6, 1893.

Messrs C. Gates & Son

GENTLEMEN:—For a number of years I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. Medical doctors treated me with no success whatever. In fact I grew worse. Various remedies were tried, among them the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, of which I drank the contents of sixty bottles. I seemed to be getting better while I kept taking it, but as soon as I gave up taking it I was as bad as ever. For eight months I was confined to the house. Hearing your remedies highly recommended I procured a few bottles from your agent. I took the Bitters and Syrup as directed and after a few bottles had been taken I began to feel like another person. Now I can attend to my work every day without annoyance from my old disease. I have also used your Liniment and Ointment with the greatest satisfaction and cannot speak too highly of them. Neuralgia looses its pain under the use of your valuable remedies, and as a family medicine it cannot be too highly recommended.

Believe me, sirs, yours very sincerely
GEORGE FARNAN.

The Great Church LIGHT.
The Patent Electric Light gives the most powerful, the most brilliant and the most light known for Churches, Schools, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room, for circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.
L. F. FINE, 551 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Imitation is the Since est
Form of Flattey."

THE best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that it is so extensively imitated. These imitations resemble the genuine MINARD'S LINIMENT in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of the genuine.

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations, liable to produce Chronic Inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT because they pay a larger profit. Insist upon having

MINARD'S LINIMENT

remembering that any substitution by the seller of an article SAID TO BE THE SAME is in his interests.

1000 PACKAGES TEAS.
FINE VALUES

CHEESE, CODFISH, HAMS, AND BACON. SAL. SODA, BISCUIT SODA!

A.F. Randolph & Sons

The Great Church LIGHT. The Patent Electric Light gives the most powerful, the most brilliant and the most light known for Churches, Schools, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room, for circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.
L. F. FINE, 551 Pearl Street, N. Y.