

Too Late.

What silences we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other, day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our
reach.
Beneath the commonplace of common
speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close, familiar friends, who loved us so;
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond
word
That once we might have said and they
have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we ex-
pressed
Now seems beside the vast, sweet, unex-
pressed:
And slight the deeds we did, to those un-
done;
And small the service spent, to treasure won;
And undeserved the praise for "word" and
deed
That should have overflowed the simple life.

This is the cruel cross of life—to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the "might have been?"

—Year Book of Poetry.

Standing up for Jesus.

Mary F.—was a fair and gentle girl, and, better than all, she possessed the winning beauty of earnest devotion to God and the great teachings of Christianity. Her station in life was an humble one, being that of a domestic in a wealthy family, in a pleasant country town. Using faithfully all the opportunities of gaining an education that had been hers, and gifted with a sweet and native grace, it was not strange if those who prized her society ranked in a higher station than she herself occupied.

John—, the youngest son of a proud and wealthy family, attracted by her graceful beauty, at last won from her the promise that she would some day become his wife—and proud of her possessions as the family were, not a single word was brought to bear against his choice, so strong was Mary's hold upon their affections. There was but one drawback to their complete satisfaction—the family were worldly, and Mary's devotion to the cause of Christ was a sore trial, to both John and his friends. An unusual degree of religious interest was felt in the church in which Mary was a member, and in the region around, and meeting after meeting was appointed, wherein, nightly, new souls told of their birth into the kingdom of the Crucified. Mary, in common with her fellow Christians, found her zeal quickened, and experienced great joy in attending the various services. John, on the other hand, felt that the attention of his beautiful betrothed was too much given to these matters, that to him were of so little interest, and expressed as much in conversation with one of his sisters.

The sister, gay worldling, that she was, entered fully into his feeling, and arranged a plan that would at least keep her from one meeting, and perhaps so convince her of the foolishness of her views that she would gladly abandon them and join them in their gay life. A large family party should be given on the evening of a meeting, to which Mary should be invited, and every means should be tried to attract her to their way of thinking.

Some of the family lived at quite a distance, and Mary felt that courtesy required her acceptance of the kindly urged invitation; and so, when the evening came, she accompanied her lover to his pleasant home, where a large circle of friends gave her a cordial welcome.

As the evening wore on the gayety increased, and Mary's heart was grieved when some one, having made mention of the meeting then being held, it was proposed that they attempt a burlesque of the various services that marked the meetings.

Passages of Scriptures were read and commented upon in a manner that called forth much merriment, and then parodies on various hymns were sung, and the climax of their profane mirth was reached when one of the party said with a giddy laugh:

"We have had as good a meeting as they are having at the church, I'll be bound, only we haven't had any praying; can't you pray, Mary?"

For an instant Mary's heart sank within her; the very idea of taking words of prayer upon her lips, in the midst of that group of gay worldlings, was a cross that seemed too heavy to be borne, but across her mind like a flash came the words "Stand up for Jesus," and she said, her sweet mouth quivering with emotion, "Yes if you will kneel with me." Consent being given, the merry company dropped on their knees, and then a moment's hush fell around them, broken by the soft tones of Mary's voice, as it

arose in words of earnest petition. There was no mockery now, but a living, childlike spirit holding sweet communion with a kind heavenly Father. Hushed and subdued, the kneelers arose, and John turning with a quick, impulsive movement to the fair girl, exclaimed: "I never heard praying like that before; teach me to believe as you do, my Mary, that I may be happy as you are happy." Other hearts echoed the same wish, and Mary sought her pillow that night with an earnest faith that the beloved of her heart would share her trust and confidence in the tender mercies of the God she worshipped. Nor was her faith displaced. Scarce a week passed ere John—was ready to "stand up for Jesus" himself, and publicly avowed his new-found peace and fervent determination to henceforth live for the service of Jesus Christ.

One after another of that household followed John's example and each one traced back his awakening to that evening, and Mary's softly spoken prayer, till at last the whole were gathered into the fold. "It seemed a heavy cross to take up," so said Mary, in her gentle way, "but it has brought the sweetest crown of rejoicing I have ever been blest with."

This story is no story of the imagination; there are those living who from personal knowledge can vouch for it.—Herald and Presbyterian.

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

Light Through Confession.

In a large city I noticed an old man who had remained through the first and second meetings, and was standing as though he was hesitating whether to leave the room or to tarry in order to confer with others. I asked a gentleman who was then my associate to speak to him, and, approaching him, he said:

"My friend, are you a Christian?"

The old man said:

"No sir, I am not a Christian, but I want to be. I have been trying all my life to find out how to be a Christian, but I have not been able to receive any satisfaction in connection with my endeavors in that respect. I have been to church all my life, and read the Bible. I have attended meetings like these, and yet have received no light as to what I need to do in order to be a Christian. When Mr. Moody was here, several years ago, I attended almost all of his meetings, and talked with him and others personally, and when the meeting was done I was as far away as ever. Now, I don't suppose it is of any use, but I would be very glad if you would tell me what I need to do in order that I might become a Christian."

My friend said to him:

"Have you ever confessed Christ with your lips?"

The old man said:

"No; I was waiting to become a Christian before I should do that."

My friend said to him:

"That is just the way to become a Christian, and quoted a passage upon that point from Rom. x, and said: 'I believe you need to commence tonight with an open acknowledgment of Christ as your Master.'

The old man said:

"It is too late to do it tonight, for the service has been dismissed."

My friend looked about the room where there may have been ten persons tarrying, and said:

"Suppose you confess Christ to these people who are now in this room?"

After a moment's hesitation, the old man walked down the room and held out his hand to a gentleman whom he knew, and said: "Mr. W., I want to confess Christ to you; and then went to others and said practically the same thing. I think I was the last one to whom he spoke that night, and I told him not to let the adversary make him think that he had not commenced the Christian life that night, but to count the matter settled, and to think of himself as a follower of Christ."

The next morning, when I came in for the ten o'clock service, the old gentleman was seated in the front seat, and with him was another man about seventy-five years of age. The first man came to me and said:

"I have brought a friend to the meeting this morning. He is a little hard of hearing. Will you please speak out so that he can hear, and be sure to say something about confessing Christ."

I said to him:

"Has the light come to you?"

And he said:

"Yes, and I want my friend here to confess Christ, too."

Before the day was done the second old man had risen in the meeting to express his attention of being a follower of Christ, and after that it was a joy to see the two old men side by side, with their faces beaming with the satisfaction that was brought to them by their new life. I believe that what God put

first we need to put first also, and that there is no greater aid to the faith of one who would be a disciple than open acknowledgment of his intention to be a follower of Christ.—Golden Rule.

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A Sensible View.

A lady in humble circumstances the other day, in conversation with the wife of a minister, expressed herself in a very sensible manner about church-going. She said in substance:

"When I go to church I do not expect other people to speak to me, nor do I wish to be spoken to simply because I attend it; neither do I want my pastor to feel that he must always be speaking to me, lest I become slighted and become offended. I go to church because I like to go, and because of the good I get."

All this was a surprise to the listener, coming as it did from one who moved in circles where a different opinion so generally prevails. But, after all, it was just what might be expected when regard is had to the character of the speaker. She was a woman of strong sense, of fair intelligence, of a practical turn of mind, and of warm, unaffected piety. She was brought up to church-going. She was, in childhood, devoted to the Sabbath-school, and carried off many of the prizes for attendance, behavior and studiousness. She afterwards married under circumstances where she had to practice economy, but she continued genial in spirit, refined in taste, pleasant in manner, and wide awake and responsive to what is going on. Such a woman could appreciate the house of God for what it was in itself, not merely for its social relations—for what it did for mind and heart, not merely for what it conveyed of friendly intercourse and personal recognition.

It would be well if this sensible view of church-going prevailed more extensively. Too many expect special attention from the pastor, from the elders and from the influential members. If they do not get it they are greatly offended, and regard the church as unsocial, stiff and cold. Some come to look upon it largely as a place for friendly conversations, where they can make acquaintances and exchange the courtesies of life. Great stress is laid upon hand-shaking, the recognition of strangers and Christian greetings. It the salutations are not up to the individual standard, numbers take umbrage and withdraw their connection, and go to a more social congregation, or give up going to church altogether. As a rule, we believe in Christian sociability. There is a certain amount of it to be shown on all proper occasions. Friendly interchanges, as opportunity offers on the Sabbath, are all right and becoming, and often helpful. The pastor should speak to all as often as he can. Elders should know the people. Strangers should be recognized and made to feel at home. Much good can be done in this way. While conceding all this, the other side should not be overlooked. The church is not a social club, not a mere collection of friends. It is pre-eminently a place of religious instruction and divine worship. One and all are bound to attend it irrespective of its social attraction. No one should come to it simply to meet friends or to be socially recognized, or to extend their acquaintanceship, but to receive spiritual benefit, to hear the Gospel lovingly and faithfully presented, to participate in refreshing and saving ordinances, to discharge their duty to God and man, and to be honored and blessed of heaven. Where this is the case, there will be less complaint and lament over personal slights, and fancied grievances, and alleged coldness in the church. All will be drawn to each other by the higher ties of Christian worship and the stronger bonds of spiritual affinity. Richer benefits will be received, and all will go away better fitted for life's duties and responsibilities.—Presbyterian.

A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening, and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered around him.

"These people are starving!" exclaimed the banker, as soon as he caught sight of their pinched, wan faces; and while the doctor was busy sewing up the cobbler's wounds he hurried away to procure fuel and food.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It's not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. To day he went, for the last time, to collect a debt due to him from a rich family; but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way"—turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All the large debts were promptly met; but he was apt to be careless about the accounts for milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, ten dollars. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation; while at the very same time the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives; nor will a small, unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

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Tell Your Mother.

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything. Not those 'young ladies,' who going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame, if they heard it. All this, most credulous young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young face admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what 'other girls do,' don't you do it. School-girls flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love, is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidante, all you think and feel. 'It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother," that which is most important that she should know. It is said that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughters than she does herself.

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This is What He Does.

An Indian was asked by a neighbor what the Lord Jesus had done for him, to make him praise him every day. Taking a handful of leaves, he placed a little worm in the centre and set fire to them. When the flames had almost reached the worm, he reached out his hand, picked the worm up, and laid it on a rock. Then he said, "This is what Jesus has done for me." Dear friends, this is what Jesus wants to do for you. Will you let him?

He only is worthy of reverence who has been ennobled by suffering. God cannot show his own children a higher honor than by allowing them to suffer.—N.Y. Observer.

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A LETTER FROM EMERSON.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children."

Yours truly

Mrs. Wm. Whitely,

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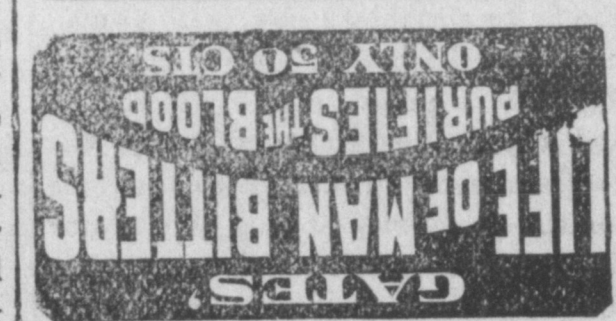
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FRIENDS THOUGHT I COULD NOT LIVE.

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CHAS. E. EATON, J. P.

Middleton, Feb. 15, 1893.

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CAPT. J. R. HALL.

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