

By And By.

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel high
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad in-
tent;
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain;
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
'All will be otherwise by and by?

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God;
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by and by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all;
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since He will smooth it by and by?

Ah, it will matter, by and by,
Nothing but this—that joy and pain
Lifted me skyward, helped me gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all—by and by!

—Selected.

Push Things.

BY OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL.

I went to a hardware store the other day, to buy a hoe. The merchant tried hard to sell me what he called a "push hoe"—a new invention for cutting the weeds and mellowing the soil. He said "The advantage of this over the old style is that you push instead of pulling. They are all the rage. Everybody is buying them." I examined the push hoe, but concluded not to buy it. I am old fashioned in my tastes and habits, and prefer working in the way that I have been accustomed to for more than half a century to trying to push things. But on my way home I began to think of the many ways in which we push where former generations pulled. I have read somewhere that in our Savior's time carpenters put the board they wanted to plane on the floor, sat down upon it and drew the plane towards them, moving backward as the work progressed. A few years ago boards that were to be dressed were laid upon a bench, and the carpenter pushed the plane over them. But now the board is pushed between revolving bits that go by steam. When my grown up children were babies we drew them in a baby carriage. But to-day such carriages are pushed, the mother or nurse walking behind. Hand-carts used to be drawn, but now they are pushed. I have been told that when wheelbarrows were invented they were drawn by the man walking between the handles. In the days of my boyhood, when I went to a neighbor's front door, I found a knob on the door post, and above it the word "pull". Now instead of a knob I find a button and am told to push.

I have just been looking over some pictures copied from Egyptian monuments and papyri, representing the various handicrafts of that ancient people. In nearly all cases the workman drew his tools to him instead of pushing them from him. A modern boy with a knife and a stick whittles away from himself. The Egyptian seems to have whittled towards himself.

But perhaps the best illustration of the pushing spirit of modern times is in the reaping of grain. The reapers in the days of Boaz, and for many centuries later, went into the field with sickles, and as they cut the grain they gathered the sheaf with the left arm. The invention of the grain cradle was a great improvement. But the man who swung it laid the grain in a bundle at his feet and the binder, following him, gathered it in his arms. The McCormick reaper gave to horses the labor that was before performed by men. But it was drawn and not pushed. The spirit of the age—the spirit that spoke through the pen of Sheridan in 1865, when he wrote to Grant that Lee would surrender "if things were pushed", and Grant in reply told him to "push things"—that spirit was, not satisfied. It must take possession of the great harvest fields of the nation. And now we have the "Centennial Harvester" which is not drawn like the reaper, but pushed by sixteen mules or horses harnessed behind it. Yes, they push that combined reaper and threshing over thirty acres in a day, and the grain that was standing in the morning is in the sacks ready for market in the evening. No hand touches it in the process, but that of the man who sews the sacks. As in agriculture and the arts, so

in business and the profession, the popular idea is to push things. The merchant who advertises most gets the largest trade. The lawyer who crowds to the front on all occasions secures the most clients. And the pushing quack succeeds where the modest doctor of the old school fails. There are now some ministers of the gospel who think that they cannot succeed in their high and holy calling unless they seek notoriety by publishing sensational topics and getting spicy reports of their sermons in the daily papers.

Now the Bible tells about pushing, but it is only in the case of vicious beasts with horns, or of men who are like them. See Exodus xxi: 29, 1 Kings xxii: 11 and Daniel viii: 3. There is no case where it speaks of pushing in any great and good enterprise. It never represents God or his prophets and apostles as pushing. On the contrary, the bride in Canticles cries "Draw me, we will run after thee". And our Savior said "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me", John xii: 32. The prophets were inspired to cry "Come"; Jesus himself said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and on the last page of the Bible we read "The Spirit and the bride say come". When the good Shepherd putteth forth his own sheep he does not drive them, but "goeth before them", and they follow. The whole spirit of the gospel is attraction. Coercion is the distinctive characteristic of false religions, of a corrupt Christianity. The true disciples of Christ never persecute; they are not wont to push with their horns like the ox in Exodus xxi: 29. Like their divine Master they are meek and patient. They do not strive, but are gentle unto all men. See 2 Timothy ii: 24.

There are self-styled reformers in these days of intense aggressiveness, who think that the loving, drawing method of our Lord and his early disciples is obsolete. Christianity must keep up with spirit of the age. We two must push things. The idea is to get up the best machinery that they can, put plenty of power behind it, and then go ahead. They would crush opposition, instead of trying to win and save the opposers. Such efforts may seem to succeed for a time. But true gospel progress means hearts won to Christ, and you cannot win hearts by pushing. The affections must be attracted; they cannot be coerced. Jesus said to the Greeks in the Temple, "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out". But that they might understand how gently and lovingly it was to be done he adds: "And if I be lifted up from the earth (i.e. crucified) will draw all men unto me". The only hope for this sad and guilty world of ours is in the sweet, gentle, attractive power of the cross of Christ.—Interior.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

An Old Maid's Opinion.

"For my part, I'm glad Mrs. Burril is left with daughters and not with sons to depend on," said Miss Nancy Willis, as she tucked a glass of currant jelly into a basket she was filling for one of Mrs. Jeffrey's poor people.

"Why? Because girls are a dependence, and boys are not; leastways, that's my experience. I suspect it's their bringin' up. I think the material's the same to start with, but boys and girls have different creeds instilled into them. Look at those Lennoxes, now."

And she brought her sharp knife through a plump loaf of gingerbread with a whack.

"The boys earn about ten dollars a week, and pay five apiece for board. Their washing, ironing and mending are included. Their sisters do all their ironing, and most of the mending. Those boys think they've done finely when they've given five dollars for their board, and never think of any straits or sacrifices in the family afterwards. But the girls—dear me! Sallie gives every cent to her mother; and Ellen not only paid the rent last year—thirty dollars a month—but bought a carpet for the dining-room and saved enough besides to give her mother three sets of woollens at Christmas. And what does Mrs. Lennox say? 'Oh, Willie and James must have money; they go out among young folks, you know, and a boy looks mean if he has no money.' But the girls? 'Oh, they can't get out much; they must dress well and entertain if they do, and we are forced to economize, you know.' What are those boys in training for, Mrs. Jeffrey? They are learning to consider themselves superior to their sisters, and to feel that sacrifices must be made for them, not by them."

Miss Nancy jerked out a loaf of bread and poked it back viciously. "And the airy way in which these boys shirk responsibilities," she went on, as her visitor said nothing, "I knew a boy, 'State

Jeffrey, who was clever and talented but too poor to go to college. His sister taught school, and she and their widowed mother saved enough to send Frank to Harvard. He made a name there, and had a fine position given to him soon after he graduated. Instead of lifting the burdens from his mother and sister now that he had a chance to show his gratitude, what does my fine lad do but get married! Get married right away!"

Miss Nancy's voice rose to a shriek, and her dark eyes glowed with indignation.

"That young man teaches ethics in a college not far off, but his sister is drudging still."

"Don't you think those were exceptional cases, Miss Nancy? Can't we hope these were unusual selfish boys?" interposed Mrs. Jeffrey's soft voice.

"No, indeed," was the quick reply. "They were trained to it. These boys are manly, generous and honorable enough in other things, but they looked on these sacrifices as their right, and their mothers and sisters were to blame. Why, just listen to this: Near a little Ohio town I once lived in, there was a family named Baxter. The father died when the children were small, and their little farm kept the mother, with four boys and one girl, poorly enough. When the boys grew up, Eliza and her mother. I suppose they meant to do their duty, but Eliza and Mrs. Baxter had no stylish education, and they weren't comfortable when they paid the boys a visit. So they stopped paying visits, which weren't returned anyway. The boys think they are not to blame; they are very sorry. Mrs. Baxter is very proud of her sons, but Eliza feels a little bitter towards them. Mrs. Baxter and Eliza are both old and worn out now, but they are working still, and have few comforts in their home. I tell you, Mrs. Jeffrey, there was something wrong in those boys' education. Before they went to college, and in every letter she wrote while they were there, their mother ought to have driven home the truth that it was their duty to profit all they could by the advantages they had, and then to come home, unburdened by any fresh responsibilities, to cheer and lift the lives which made those advantages possible. But to go on climbing up and up themselves, and then to leave those that helped them to a colorless life like poor Eliza Baxter's. I tell you, Mrs. Jeffrey, there's heartache for somebody in such training."

"I wish there was some way to cure the wrong. I acknowledge that there is wrong," said Mrs. Jeffrey, rising and pulling her pretty cloak about her, as the basket lid was tightly fastened.

"Bring the subject to your 'mothers' meeting,' Mrs. Jeffrey. They will listen to you, though they wouldn't care for my opinion," replied Miss Nancy, her blackeyes twinkling as the proverb about "old maids' children" flashed through her mind. "It's the mothers that must mend matters, or nobody can."

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

Misunderstood.

This little incident, given by Prof. S. S. Packard, in *Childhood*, contains a lesson on which many parents need to ponder.

I absolutely believe the great difficulty with parents is, that they don't know their children; they have to be introduced to them. They don't know where they live; they don't know what they think; they don't know anything about them; they can't see them; they have no perspective; they are too near to them. I have the advantage in that regard. I am not so much hampered by affection, although I have some affection for them all. A great majority of my boys and girls have no parents in this sense. Their fathers and mothers don't understand them.

Why, I once had a boy, the son of a Methodist minister. You would think a minister ought to understand his boy, a man that studies other people's children. This boy came to my school. His father thought he was converted; he belonged to church and attended the Sunday school. His father brought him to me, and said: "I want you to take this boy; he is very bad, but I can do nothing with him. You do a good work here; I should like you to try him." I looked into the boy's face. There was a talismanic (that is not the word but it will do) look passed between him and myself, and I thought I could do something with him. There came a time when it was necessary to decide as to the truthfulness of this boy. The teacher brought certain charges, which the boy denied. The teacher did not understand the character he was dealing with, but I felt a perfect assurance that the boy's story was straight, and when the charges had been made, I said to the boy, "State

your case." When he was through, I said, "I believe you. The boy burst out into tears. He did not know what to say. Why, it was the first time in his life that he had found somebody who absolutely believed him. He turned all kinds of colors. He went to his seat, and I dismissed the teacher. The boy came into my office a few minutes afterward, and took me by the hand still sobbing. He said, "Mr. Packard, I will never do a bad thing again in your school as long as I live." I said, "Why?" "Because you believed I told the truth, and I did tell the truth, and I am going to show you that I deserve the confidence."

In a week his father came to see me. He walked up to me and said, "You have given me a son, and I want to thank you." I said, I don't understand." He answered, "I didn't know my own boy. I thought him converted, but he was not converted before; you converted him; he is the talk of the neighborhood; he can not do anything wrong; he can not do anything wrong."

In spite of all that father's affection for his boy, in spite of the fact that he was his own son, in spite of the fact that he was a minister himself and made it his business to preach these doctrines of care for children and how to influence them, he failed to get inside that boy. There was no confidence between them; he had turned the boy out. He thought he did not amount to anything. He said to me, "If you can make anything out of him, I shall be very glad to have you do so."

Where He Found His Voice.

Into one of our mountain towns there came last summer that blessed thing—a revival of religion. If you have seen sweet showers come after a long drought, and all the sere and withered things lift up their leaves and rejoice, you have a picture in your mind of what this revival did for us.

Among those to whom church membership was not a new thing was a young business man, who had been accustomed to speak of himself lightly as "a silent partner in the concern," that is, he couldn't lead in prayer, he said, nor teach in Sunday-school, and as for addressing a meeting of any kind—Oh, dear, no! During this time of revival our young man was walking down street one afternoon when a sound from the open window of the village tavern made him pause; somebody was singing a hymn in there—somebody, indeed, for there were several men's voices.

He had heard many curious sounds from that place, but none like this; and as the sweet influence breathing through the old town had quickened his spiritual pulses, too, the solemn words and tender tune drew him right in through the door.

"Ah," said one of the singers, as the hymn closed, "now we can have a prayer. We were wishing for a church member, sir, to pray for our souls. All we knew how to do was to sing a little." To pray for their souls! It was a bar-keeper and two of his companions, whose hearts had been touched by the Holy Spirit to seek salvation. They never doubted but that this church member would pray for them.

And he did pray with and for them. Whether he halted and stammered and mixed his metaphors he does not know, nor do they; but day after day he met with them; he read the Bible and prayed and they sang hymns. Some day—that long, bright, eternal day—they will worship together where all service is praise, for, seeking, they found the Saviour; asking, to them salvation was given; knocking, the door of the kingdom was opened to take them all in.—*Congregationalist*.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

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. WHITELEY,
Emerson, Man.

* Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Skepticism—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough remove pain; heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Mr. H. B. McKinnion, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25 cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one-half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen, and I never felt better in my life."

SEPTEMBER 5TH.
NEW DRESS GOODS—AT—
EDGEcombe's

Also New Fall Jackets opening to-day, direct from BERLIN, splendid stock to select from.

FRED B. EDGEcombe

St. Martins Seminary.



The FALL TERM opens on the 15th of SEPTEMBER.

IN its healthful situation, its invigorating atmosphere, and its beautiful surrounding, 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.

PUTNERS
IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER
EMULSION

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

Was Sick Over 2 Years
FRIENDS THOUGHT I COULD NOT LIVE.
GAINED 30 LBS. IN FLESH.

Canada Creek, Dec. 14 1892.
Messrs C. Gates & Son
GENTLEMEN,—This is to certify that I was sick for over two years and was unable to work, having a fearful cough and no appetite, and friends thought I could not live long. In April last I took about six bottles of your Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup. My appetite soon returned, system worked well, and I am now over thirty pounds heavier than when I commenced taking the medicine. I am also able to do my work and feel altogether like another man. I intend taking some more of it now, and believe there is none as good in the market to-day.

CHAS. E. EATON, J. P.
Middleton, Feb. 15, 1893.
C. GATES, SON & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your valuable Life of Man Bitters & No. 1 Invigorating Syrup for Indigestion, etc., since 1885, and have found no other medicine equal to it, and think it my duty to inform you of this fact. I never allow my house to be without it. Wishing you increased success. Yours truly,

CAPT. J. R. HALL.

SPLENDID ENGLISH BICYCLES
Warranted.
Cheapest in the Dominion.



Full stock of Bedroom Sets Parlor Suits, Centre Tables, Woven Wire Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, Crockery and Glassware, Lamps, Silverware (warranted), Knives and Forks, Window Blinds, Hair Mattresses, Patent Churns and Pinware. Cheap for Cash. Sold on Monthly Payments.

Lemont & Sons
The Great Church LIGHT.

FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Shop Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.

L. F. FRANK, 661 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Imitation is the Since est
Form of Flattery."

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 in various 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.

HOW have we acquired our present standing and prosperity? (1) By giving the most complete Business Course, the most thorough Short-hand and Typewriting training, and the best Penmanship instruction obtainable in Canada. (2) By devoting our entire time, energies and skill to the interests of our students. (3) By making no promises we have not kept. Graduate, Specimen of Penmanship, and Circular giving full information respecting terms, course of study, etc., mailed free to any address.

KEER & PRINGLE,
St. John, N. B.

BLACKSMITHS COAL.
JUST RECEIVED Fifty Chaldron Grand Lake Blacksmith's Coal.

For sale by
JAMES S. NEILL

1893.

New Styles

ROOM PAPER

At Prices that will suit

Every body

Hall's Book Store

1000 PACKAGES TEAS.

FINE VALUES

CHEESE, CODFISH, HAMS,

AND BACON.

SAL. SODA, BISCUIT SODA.

A.F. Randolph & Sons

The Great Church LIGHT.