

Far and Near.

From every point on earth we are equal
To the heights and the depths of the air.
Out of the depths that are to us so deep,
Up to the heights so hopelessly above,
Past storms that intervene and winds that sweep,
Unto thine ear, O pitying Lord of love,
We send our cry for aid, doubtful and half afraid.
If Thou, so very far, canst hear us or
Canst aid.
Out of the dull play of our common life,
Beset with sordid, interrupting cares,
And petty motives and ignoble strife,
We dimly raise our hesitating prayers,
And question fearfully if such a thing can be
That the great Lord can care for creatures such as we.
Up from the radiant heights of just-won bliss
Achieved through pain and toil and struggle long
We raise our thanks, nor fear that God will miss
One least inflection of the happy song.
Heaven seems so very near, the earth so bright and dear,
The Lord so close at hand, that surely He must hear!
But the great depth that was to us so dark,
And the dull place that was to us so dull,
And the glad height where, singing like a lark,
We stood, and felt the world all beautiful,
Seen by the angels' eyes, bent downward from the skies,
Were just as near to heaven and heaven's infinities.
So out of sunshine as of deepest shade,
Out of the dust of sordid everyday,
We may look up, and glad, and unafraid,
Call on the Lord for help, and give Him praise:
No time nor fate nor space can bar us from His face,
Or stand between one soul and His exhaustless grace.
Susan Coolidge in S. S. Times.

Barabbas or Jesus.

Once to every man and nation comes
The moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
Parting the goats upon the left hand
And the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt
That darkness and that light."

Those words of Lowell have an application to the present crisis in the question of open or shut gates at the World's Fair. The contest has practically passed out of the hands of the people and is with the nation. The Government must now settle the question. It is not, however, a mere question of jurisdiction between the bodies in charge of the Exposition; it has assumed the form of a choice between Truth and Falsehood in the mere matter of the business enterprise. There is not a pretence, of denial even, that the appropriation made by the National Government, was made and accepted on the condition that the Fair would be closed on the Sabbath. The Congress so understood it; the Commissioners so understood it; the Directory so understood it; all the world so understood it. The very technicality, therefore, by which the Directory is seeking to evade the condition is falsehood. If, therefore, the technicality, is permitted to prevail with Court or Government it will be the choosing of falsehood and the rejection of the truth in a business matter that has had the eyes of all the world directed to it for more than a year. It will be, not only a National disgrace, but also, National repudiation of truth in business ventures. And yet such is the infamy that is contemplated without, apparently, a blush or fear by those in authority. If this should be permitted, under any pretence, by the National authority we shall suffer the consequences of the substitution of falsehood for truth in business so certainly as Nemesis is not dead. Again this nation is making an exhibit to the world of its institutions and of the great moulding forces that have entered into its history. The moral forces, as every tyro in history is aware, have been the most potent in producing the character of the institutions we have to exhibit. No one, however, of these forces has surpassed in influence the American Sabbath. But to open the gates of the Fair on the first day of the week will be to, practically, deny this fact and substitute for it the falsehood that infidelity and not Christianity has been our chief inspiration. Besides this, our history is not fully written nor made yet. As the nation is responsible for the conduct of the Fair, open or closed gates will indicate its choice for the future. Here on the one hand is the truth. The Sabbath is God's witness in the world. The rejection of the Sabbath is the rejection of God and of all those moral forces and safeguards by which nations grow strong and are made secure. Opening the gates, therefore, means the turning point in our history. We reject the truth that has made

us great and choose, instead, the falsehood that has doomed other people to perpetual vassalage and social turmoil.

But above all these things, that which must not be overlooked is the fact that the opening of the gates of the Fair on the Lord's day is the rejection of Jesus Christ as the Nation's King. Let it not be lost sight of for one moment that the matter is in the hands of the National Government. The nation cannot escape the responsibility of the final decision. Its attorneys may quibble and its Courts offer this and the other excuse and the final issue may be delayed for weeks or even months, but for every Sabbath the gates are open the National Government is directly and solely responsible. There was the most sufficient reason for the United States authority at once enjoining the Directory from opening on the first day of the week. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the nation has already rejected Jesus and chosen a robber instead. The open gates on the first day of the week is robbery on a nationwide scale. The Christian people of this country have stood for the truth in this contest. The Directory has stood for falsehood. Truth has been chosen, even by the representatives of the Government, so far Truth has been treated to a crown of thorns and may yet be nailed to the cross. We wait with anxious hearts the final choice. We leave the matter with the National authorities with this one solemn word of warning which applies to nations as well as to individuals: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Sow the wind and we shall reap the whirlwind. Reject Jesus for Barabbas, Truth for Falsehood and terrible will be the consequences.

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

My Check Book and what Came of it.

I began my married life on the old-fashioned financial basis—what was mine was my husband's, what was his was his own. When I needed money I had to ask for it. I hated to, kind and generous though my husband was, and the result was that I preferred running up bills to telling my husband my purse was empty. He paid the bills without a demur, but with a sigh, for his salary was not large, and I grew into the habit of expressing surprise to him that he did not make our income go farther. Yet I knew he was careful and that he would scorn to spend on his own self-indulgence what he denied me. Still I was clear on one point—if I could have more ready money I could spend to greater advantage.

After a time, seeing him burdened with care, and longing to help him, I proposed that he should give me a certain amount weekly for the household expenses. The plan was tried and worked well. Every Saturday night he sat down at my desk with me, teaching me how to keep my accounts, of which I knew less than of Greek or Latin—more shame to me. How to balance them was the rub. The book generally represented me with more money in my purse than cash in hand. John laughed at me, saying: "Here is a woman scrupulous to pay the washerwoman the thirteenth cent, if she has to go up three pairs of stairs after it, who loses her train rather than get off the horse cars without paying her fare, and yet her account books are the books of an embezzler!"

However, by persevering I became more accurate, and at the end of a month actually came out to a cent, but so "primmed up with majestic pride," as dear Marjorie Flemming has it, that John declared me unbearable.

Last year he went abroad on business. He placed in the bank a sum sufficient for the household expenditures while he was gone, and gave me a check book indulging of course in the old joke about the wife who, when her husband complained that she had overdrawn his account, exclaimed that it could not be, as she had not used up half the checks in his book! The man who thinks that a woman entrusted with a check book will plunge into extravagance, either has never tried it or has married a fool. When you see in black and white just what is left every time you draw a check, you become, like Sam Weller with his new suit, "werry careful, sir." A woman in such a case is much more danger of being parsimonious than extravagant. Of course, at first I made the usual feminine mistakes. I endorsed checks when there was no need of it, and did not endorse them when I should. Nevertheless, my check book was a constant joy, with the stubs to refer to as vouchers, in case of a disputed bill or an omission in my expense book.

When my husband came home it was a proud and happy woman who gave him her neat pile of receipted bills, her vouchers and the check-book, showing a balance of a hundred dollars. Was I not a thousand times repaid when he folded me in his arms in loving surprise and pleasure? The next day, without a word from me, he brought home a new check book and laid it in my lap to use at my own discretion. My lips trembled as he whispered, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

Henceforth we are partners, and he no longer carries his anxieties alone. All bills, including taxes and insurance, he brings to me. I pay some and he settles the others. We keep each other informed as to what checks are out and what we have drawn. A little memorandum book kept with a tiny pencil between its leaves and always in my purse, I have found a help.—*Congregationalist.*

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What One Girl Did.

Some girls exert an uplifting influence upon all who know them. Peace and purity, charity and cheerfulness, seem to abide with them, like angels protecting them from harm, causing their companions to love them, and to love their virtues for their sake. Where they go quarrels cease. Where they are no one would dare to be rude. Their parents find comfort in them. Brothers are fond of them. Sisters cling to them. Friends admire them. Gracious influence radiates from them and blesses all whom it touches.

Once it happened that a young man, who was "sowing his wild oats," became acquainted with one of those young girls to whom innocence is as vital as pure air. The magnetism of her goodness made him a changed man. He forsook his evil companions, and when chaffed about the influence of Miss M—, he said:

"When I am with her I want to be good, and I hate myself for being bad. I dare not call on her after visiting my old haunts. I had to choose between them, and she drew me upward more strongly than they were pulling me down."

Another one was at a party. Wine was served with refreshments. She refused repeated invitations to take a glass of it. A young man told another, as the two were talking of the entertainment the next day:

"I came very near breaking my pledge. The smell of the wine was so tempting it sent a cold shiver down me. But just as I was going to yield I heard Miss Blank refuse wine. That gave me courage to hold out. I watched her all evening, and I made a bargain with myself. I said: 'If she drinks I will.' I was hoping and fearing that she would, but as often as she was asked she declined; and every time she answered with more vim, I thought, and she gained the day. If it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't have pulled through, and to-day I'd have had a swelled head and a big load of remorse, for I'd have gone on a drunk."

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

The Turn of the Season.

After the long, cold winter, there is a stir of glad anticipation in the hearts of all when the first spring days bring back the feeling of renewed life to the world. Down in the Florida woods and orchards spring sunshine and spring bloom are already revealing what Nature is in her lavish and bounteous moods. More gradual in its approaches, more coy, less ready with song and blossom, spring does yet bring to us of the North land airs, golden lights, the bluebird's wing, the thrill of the arbutus, and the note of the robin.

That there is much sickness at the turn of the season is not a phenomenal occurrence. It is always so. With the leniency of the first mild days there is a letting down of the system, and, in many cases, a failure to take proper precautions against cold. Indeed, in our hurry to put on thin dresses and light wraps we often actually invite cold. There is no period in the whole twelve months round when we ought to be less anxious to lay off flannels, for example, than in early or mid-March.

I asked my good doctor once when he considered it safe to exchange thick undergarments for thin. "Madam," said he, "in the neighborhood of New York it is wise to wait until the Fourth of July before you make any very pronounced change."

A word to the wise is sufficient. I pass this along.—*Aunt Marjorie, in Christian Intelligencer.*

Don't Be Too Sensitive.

There are people—yes, many people—always looking for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers.

If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his distraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly.

They lay on others the fruit of their own irritability. Indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one with whom they come in contact. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some impertinent word, or momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult.

To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose that a slight was intended, unless the neglect was open and direct.

After all, too, life takes its hue, in a great degree, from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world will treat us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men will learn to be cold and cautious to us.

Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is under restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.—*Chris. Observer.*

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Jottings.

He is a wise man who knows when he has said enough.

Some men sweat because they work, others sweat because they see the work to be done.

That education which develops a young preacher into merely an endless talker is a failure.

God does all he can for man, and in return man should manifest his appreciation by doing all he can for God.

Fools backslide in time of prosperity and repent and do again their first works in times of adversity. Alas, how many fools there are in the world!

Feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace are never seen "tripping the fantastic toe" at a dance, nor heard stamping wild applause in a theater.

God's way of rewarding in that the man who does nothing gets nothing.—*Ram's Horn.* He fares even worse than that; for even what he has is taken from him. "Take from him the talent."

Some men have far more religion in the church than in their business—for instance, in measuring potatoes, selling goods, trading horses, etc.—and that is what makes it hard to persuade others to join the church.

A lady in Dublin who was very fond of reading her Bible was one day set to wondering how precious metals were purified, as she read the second and third verses of the third chapter of Malachi. She therefore went to a goldsmith, and asked him. He carefully explained the whole process to her, when she asked, "But do you sit when you are engaged in this work?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I must keep my eye constantly fixed on the crucible, for, were it subjected to the fire too long, the silver would be injured." The beauty and application of the words of Scripture became at once apparent.—"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."—*From the German.*

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MRS. ALVA YOUNG,

Of Waterford, Ont., writes, "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used."

A lady in Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance, or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time, without feeling exhausted; but now, I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience. For female complaints it has no equal."

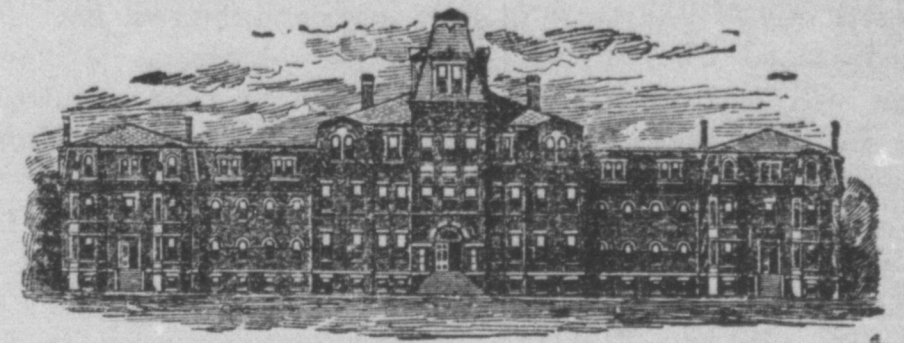
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FRIENDS THOUGHT I COULD NOT LIVE.

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CHAS. E. EATON, J. P.

Middleton, Feb. 15, 1893

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