

The Ark and Obed-Edom.

The fields of Obed-Edom,
No foeman trod them down,
The towers of Obed-Edom
Were like a fortress town;
And only grace and gladness
Came speeding on the road
To the house of Obed-Edom,
Wherein the ark abode.

And far and near they told it,
The men who passed that way,
How fell Jehovah's blessing
On that home by night and day;
How the smallest to the greatest
Had joy and hope and love,
While the roof of Obed-Edom
Was watched by God above.

The line of Obed-Edom
Is on the earth to-day;
In the house of Obed-Edom
Still he may safely stay
Who, dearer than all treasure
For which men toil and plod,
Shall prize the covenant blessing,
The hallowed ark of God.

And never strife nor clamor
Shall break the tranquil spell
In which our Lord's beloved
Forever safely dwell,
In the house of Obed-Edom.
In sunlight or in dark,
Abides the ceaseless blessing
That rests within the ark.

—MRS. SANGSTER.

A Queen's Prescription.

What is the matter, Alice? asked Mrs. Temple. Your face is flushed, and you seem to have no appetite. There is nothing the matter with me, mother, replied Alice somewhat petulantly. I don't feel well, that's all.

If you don't feel well, you must feel ill, persisted the mother, and I must insist on your seeing Dr. Campus.

I think Alice ought to see the queen of Sweden's doctor, remarked Aunt Ellen, who was making a tidy in her big arm chair.

Who is the queen of Sweden's doctor? asked Alice, in surprise. Does he live here?

He lives in Sweden, I believe, answered Aunt Ellen, with one of her queer smiles; and his name is Metzger.

Alice looked at her aunt in a puzzled way for a moment, and then broke into a laugh.

Is it a story you want to tell? she asked, interested at once.

Aunt Ellen, sixty years old, but with figure and face of forty, was the life of the Temple household, and always had some quaint and interesting anecdote to relate.

It is a story, she replied, but it is true. The Queen of Sweden, she went on, is, as you must know, a very rich woman. If any woman could be healthy she could. She had the finest rooms in the fine palace, the very best of food and drink and the best of medical attendance when she was ill—and, strange to say, she was frequently ill, and the court physician tried in vain to cure her. He tried all his old medicines, and many new ones, tempted her appetite with new dishes, and bade her take daily rides; but the queen of Sweden kept getting worse. She was so nervous. Her rest was broken at night by horrid dreams, her temper became irritable, and life became a burden.

I don't know whether Alice is that kind, said Mrs. Temple with a sigh, but she isn't far from it.

Alice looked irritated at this remark, but said nothing.

Well, continued Aunt Ellen, with another smile, the king of Sweden became very much alarmed, and sent for Doctor Metzger, who had been doctoring the Empress of Austria. He came, and had a long talk with the queen, and then gave her a prescription. It was not in Latin, but in plain Swedish; and it read: No more carriage driving and horseback-riding except on state occasions. If you want to go anywhere, you must walk.

Oh, dear! exclaimed Alice. I always thought carriage-driving and horseback-riding were very healthful. I would hate to give them up.

So did the queen of Sweden; but, having placed herself in the doctor's hands, she took the prescription like a sensible woman. But that was only a beginning; the next prescription was much more trying. The doctor laid out space in the royal garden, and ordered the queen to prepare it for planting vegetables.

Dig it up with a spade! cried Alice, in amazement. How could she do that?

She thought she couldn't, answered Aunt Ellen quietly; but Doctor Metzger was firm and the queen set to work in short skirts, bare arms and thick-soled shoes. The first day's diggings, she said, nearly killed her; the second, not much better; the third she finished the job, and ate a large beefsteak with a wonderful appetite. The next day the doctor told her that she must dust and put in order her suite of rooms—five or six every morning; and when that was done, he would find some other household work for her to do.

A queen doing household work? said Mrs. Temple, incredulously. Every body would laugh at her.

Nobody laughs at queens in Europe—at least not openly, replied Aunt Ellen, smilingly; and I presume very few people saw her engage in these unusual occupations. The queen did not laugh at first—in fact, she cried many times—but she soon began to smile. Day by day her back and limbs grew stronger. She could walk miles without fatigue, she slept well, and had a healthy appetite for healthful food.

And is she cured? asked Alice. Not entirely. At any rate, she is still taking Doctor Metzger's prescriptions; but she is getting better every day.

Alice was silent for a moment, and then she said thoughtfully: I suppose this story is aimed at me?

At you, and girls like you, answered Aunt Ellen, frankly. My dear, I have never taken five cents' worth of medicine since I was five years old; your doctor's bill is always a hundred dollars a year. I always walk in preference to riding. I insist upon keeping my own room in order; and when I am in the country, I work in the garden every day. I think I saw you yesterday looking on while John set out the geraniums and verbenas in the yard.

I'll do it myself next time, said Alice, remorsefully; and I'll begin Doctor Metzger's prescription this very day by walking to and from the normal school.

If you do, said Aunt Ellen, you need not see Doctor Campus; it will be quite unnecessary. Earn a right to be healthy with hard work, and happiness will come in its train.—Selected.

Habits Which Grow by Indulgence.

Apart from the grosser habits which grow by indulgence, and against which few Christian women need to be guarded, there are small 'ways' which are not the less exasperating, that they are common. Take, for example, the way of family martinet, precise in her recollection of every event, no matter how trifling. It is her custom to set other people right if they make a mistake, and conversation in her presence reduces itself to a series of errata, fatal to any consecutive talking or listening. How can one speak or listen agreeably when liable at any moment to an 'I beg pardon. It was Wednesday morning, not Wednesday afternoon, when that happened?' or, 'It was Cousin Jane, not Cousin Ann, who called last week?' or, 'It rained on Friday, not on Saturday.' Who cares for these details, and why must a self-constituted corrector of the household always interfere to keep them straight?

The habit of setting people right in trifles of no consequence grows by indulgence, and should be repressed in the interest of domestic peace.

Another habit, both stupid and irritating, is that of stopping a sister or brother, husband or wife, in midcareer in the recital of incident, or anecdote, or story, with a provoking nudge, or a warning look, or a 'Sh—hh!' as if the person speaking were indiscreet or unduly garrulous. Men, bless their hearts, generally respond to sisterly or wifely admonitions of this description with an open and surprised exclamation of 'Jane, why did you stop me?' or, 'Is there anything wrong, Melissa?' so that the hint goes by the board, and an explanation has to be given. But women, more diplomatic by nature, are hurt and wounded, but make no sign. In family intercourse these touches of a foot or an elbow, these half-uttered 'D.n.t.' and these monitory looks across the coffee-pot and soup-tureen, should be abandoned; they belong to the sort of disagreeable habit which grows and waxes more and more annoying by indulgence.

Another reprehensible foible is that of wasting too much sentiment and emotion over a matter of slight importance. The fate of a nation is less a topic of interest to some people than the cut of a gown, or the color of a pair of gloves. If one suffers herself to look upon affairs of no consequence as vital and essential matters, this habit will become fixed, and will inevitably tend to narrowness and the arrest of development in the larger nature and in the realm of the spiritual.

There are certain small sins of selfishness which obtain in otherwise pleasant households and interfere with tranquillity. In one house there is disregard of the family, or another the little children are constantly snubbed. Here there is a neglect of small courtesies; people begin reading a book, for example, which some one else is reading, or usurp another's chair, or interrupt the busy member of the family, or borrow small sums from a brother or sister and forget to pay until reminded, or look hopelessly over the breakfast table, as who should say 'There is nothing here that I can eat.' It is needless to increase the list. These and sundry other things of a similar kind are sins which have their root in selfishness,

and should be avoided by the loving and lovable, as inimical to the happy home, and infractions of the Golden Rule.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Infidel Banker.

With all their scoffs and sneers at Christianity and the Bible, infidels nevertheless pay homage in their hearts to the excellence of the Saviour's teachings. They feel safer in a community where men pray than where they blaspheme; they know that a true Christian makes a good neighbor; and that a Bible read in a home affords better evidence of the honesty and goodness of those comprising that home than could be afforded by all that the infidel publications ever issued.

In an anecdote entitled 'The Infidel Banker,' contained in 'Fire-side Readings for Happy Homes,' H. L. Hastings, of Boston, well illustrates our contention, and shows that true Christianity wins respect even from unbelievers:

'A Virginia banker, who was the chairman of a noted infidel club, was once travelling through Kentucky, having with him bank-bills to the amount of \$25,000. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was soon lost, through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger he knew not.

In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and, urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched-looking cabin. He knocked; the door was opened by a woman who said that her husband was out hunting, but would soon return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can better be imagined than described. Here he was with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of the robber whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer-skin shirt, a bear-skin cap, and seemed much fatigued, and in no talking mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that it was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman arose, and reaching to a wooden shelf, took down an old book and said:

'Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is always my custom to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed.'

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. And, though an avowed infidel, he had now more confidence in the Bible. He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, and at once dismissed his fears, and laid down and slept as calmly in that cabin as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian and often related the story of his eventful journey to provide the folly of infidelity.—*T. D. Allen.*

A Separated Life.

I believe that a Christian man should lead a separated life. The line between the Church and the world is almost obliterated to-day. I have no sympathy with the idea that you must hunt up an old musty church record in order to find out whether a man is a member of the church or not. A man ought to live so that everybody will know he is a Christian. If there are certain things in your university which are detrimental to your Christian profession, you say, 'No, sir.'

In London they used to have a good deal of drinking among church members. Some time ago when I was there I was invited to a late supper at the house of a Christian man prominent in the Sabbath school. I was going to meet some Sabbath school friends, and I expected a real religious time. To my amazement they had seven kinds of liquor, and they drank until I should call them drunk, but they would have considered it a great insult if I had said so. There was a lady sitting next to me who kept refusing, and the deacon kept urging it upon her until her cheeks became quite red.

I finally said that they would have to excuse me. I left the

table, and the host followed me up stairs. He wanted to know the trouble. I said:

'There is too much drinking; I can't stand it.'

He said, 'You are not a gentleman.' I went out of the house, and the next time I went to London I heard it whispered around what an ungentlemanly thing I had done. But I tell you, when I had an opportunity of speaking in London I thundered against that thing until they put it away—when I was about, at least.

The Bible tells us to lead a separate life. You may lose influence, but you will gain it at the same time. I suppose Daniel was the most unpopular man in Babylon at a certain time, but, thank God, he has outlived all the other men of his time. Who were the chief men of Babylon? When God wanted any work done in Babylon He knew where to find some one to do it.

You can be in the world, but not of it. Christ didn't take His disciples out of the world, but He prayed that they might be kept from evil. A ship in the water is all right, but when the water gets into the ship, then look out. The world in a Christian is just like a wrecked vessel at sea.—*D. L. Moody.*

How He Became a Missionary.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin has told in a five-minute speech how it was he came to be a missionary. He said:

'In the vast majority of cases, missionaries are made by the influence of the family. My widowed mother made me a missionary. She had me read every Sunday out of the *Panoptist* and then later out of the *Missionary Herald*. We had in those days in our town a missionary contribution box—a cent box—and we were encouraged to earn some special cents for that box. I remember well one occasion which was, I think, a turning point in my experience. When the fall muster came, every boy had a pocket full of cents to spend. My mother gave me seven cents, saying, as she gave them, 'Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution box in Mrs. Farrar's porch on the common.' 'Shall I put in one, or shall it be two?' Then I thought two cents was pretty small, and I came up to three—three cents for the heathen and four cents for gingerbread; but that did not sound right, did not satisfy me, so I turned it the other way, and said four cents shall go for the heathen. Then I thought, 'The boys will ask me how much I have to spend, and three cents is rather too small a sum to talk about. Hang it all!' I said, 'I'll put the whole in.' So in it all went. When I told my mother some years afterward that I was going to be a missionary, she broke down and said, 'I have always expected it.'—*Exchange.*

DON'T CHOOSE A HUSBAND because he is the handsomest man you know, and all the other girls are wild about him. God looks are not, by any means, always the sign of a good heart. Don't choose him because he dresses well. That is his tailor's work, not his. Don't choose him because he dances well. You won't spend the rest of your life in a ballroom. Don't choose him just because he is rich. Riches have a trick of suddenly taking to them selves wings sometimes, and where will you be then if money was the only ground on which you married him? Don't choose him because he's the first man who ever asked you. You don't know that some other man may not appear later on who will suit you better in every respect, and make you happier. Don't choose him because all your other friends are getting married, and people begin to ask you whether you mean to be an old maid. Better a happy old maid than a miserable wife, and that's what you will probably be if you choose your husband for reasons such as these. Choose him because he has a good temper and a kind heart. These outlast all the good looks in the world, and are worth a thousand times more.

Be not simply good—be good for something.

I find the great thing in this world is not much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. Unbelief puts circumstances between the soul and God; faith puts God between the soul and circumstances.

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