

Sleeping at Last.

Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult
over,
Sleeping at last, the trouble and horror
past,
Cold and white, out of the sight of friend
and of lover,
Sleeping at last,
No more a tired heart downcast or over-
cast,
No more pangs that wring or shifting fears
that hover,
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep
locked fast,
Fast asleep, singing birds in their leafy
cover
Cannot wake her, nor shake her the
gusty blast,
Under the purple thyme and the purple
clover
Sleeping at last.
—Christian Rossetti (her last poem)—

Able Sermons and Able Preachers.

Did you ever notice how the judgment of people differs as to able sermons and able preachers? What one man will pronounce a sermon of marked ability, one of the ablest he ever heard, another, just as capable of forming an opinion of such productions as he, calls it a very weak affair. I have myself listened with interest to sermons that others spoke of as very poor things and vice versa. How is this to be accounted for? Partly by the difference in people's capabilities for judging, largely by the difference in their mental tastes.

Brother A is an emotional man, and he estimates a sermon by the amount of feeling it stirs within him. A sermon that will not make him "shout-happy," or wrings tears from his eyes, whatever other good qualities it may have, is graded low with him. It doesn't matter so much what it is that awakens his sensibilities. The preacher may give a harrowing account of some family bereavement or some tragic disaster, over which sinners, as well as saints, shed tears. But it is part of the sermon, and suits the kind of hearer I am speaking of. Neither preacher or hearer has learned to discriminate between the natural and the spiritual. There may be a great deal of feeling without any religion. Even the tragic death of the Lord Jesus Christ may be dwelt upon without any religious results. It is only when the hearer is made to feel that it was for his soul these sufferings were endured that the profiting comes in. I do not discard the emotional in religion. It is a part of man and a part of true religion. But it is liable to be misunderstood and misapplied.

Brother B does not care so much about feeling. He is not put up in that way. He has an opinion or a theory that is very dear to him, and he thinks it should be equally so to everybody else. He has talked about it to his neighbors, but they don't seem to look at it as he does. Some treat it with indifference; others are bold enough to dispute it, and argue the matter. All this with Brother B is very stupid; for the whole thing is to him as plain as that two and two make four. What a send-off it is to him and his theory when the preacher gives it his unqualified in derision, or, if not that, says something that can be construed in that way. That is a settler with Brother B. What will his ignorant, stupid neighbors say now that the preacher indorses him? And from that day this preacher's grade is fixed, and is high up in the nineties. If the preacher don't take advantage of this favorable tide, and try to help him religiously, he has not more than half learned what belongs to skillful fishers of men. I have indeed wondered whether it would not be a good and an allowable thing to find out these notions, and give them at least a seeming indorsement, that he may the more readily reach him with soul-saving truth. It is a great matter to know how to manage men, to get them on our side, that we may then the better get them on the Lord's side. Was it not this that the great apostolic reformer meant when he said, "I please all men in all things"? It is very certain that Paul, so far as mere essentials are concerned, had a very accommodating religion. (See I. Cor. 9:20-22.) You will allow this partial diversion for the sake of the lesson taught. Brother B is well pleased with the sermon, and as will with the preacher. If it has other imperfections he doesn't mind that. It supports him and his notions, and he is set down as a speaker of the first water.

Brother C is altogether a different man from A and B. He prides himself on his intellectual attainments, and preachers and sermons are estimated accordingly. He wants something profound, brought out with ability. It is not soul food he is after, but brain food. And if a great man comes around he is sure to indorse him, however poor the effort may have been (and we know that great men

K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia.

sometimes do preach poor sermons). He wishes to be counted with that class. If there is a redeeming quality in the sermon he is sure to see it. In the sermons of common men he is apt to see the imperfections. But this man of national reputation is the man for him. He commits no grammatical blunders; he quotes from Plato, and Seneca, and the rest of them. He also gives them fragments of Greek, and Brother C goes away saying what a masterly effort that was. He will go miles, even on a stormy night, to hear his favorites, when he would not walk three squares to hear a common man preach a sermon which suited his soul.

Brother D estimates a preacher by the help he gives him in his struggles against the world, the flesh, and the devil. And these are the kind of men above all others that the preacher likes to have before him when he delivers his message. This brother doesn't care so much about getting happy; nor has he a pet theory, which is often but a pet hobby, which he wants the pulpit to indorse. He doesn't enjoy the sayings of the old pagan philosophers, nor does he put too much stress on the man in the pulpit. He goes to the house of God to hear his word. He cares but little about costly dishes. What he wants is soul food, good and warm, and plenty of it. With him the preacher is valued as he meets these ends. "I love the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth," is his language as he feeds upon the heavenly bread. "How beautiful are the feet of them who bring glad tidings of peace. The able preacher with him is the one who builds up believers in the faith, helps them to carry the burdens of life, comforts them in the time of sorrows, tell them how to be happy and how to be useful, and reaches out the helping hand to the wayward sinner to bring him to holiness, to happiness, and to heaven. And I may say he is the only man qualified to judge of the ability of a preacher or the quality of a sermon.

But what, in the estimation of God, is an able sermon? That, doubtless which does the most good—which in the right use of his word emphasized by the Holy Spirit, which is promised to all, comforts and builds up believers, and wins the largest number of sinners to salvation. And in the great day of reckoning it will doubtless be seen that some earnest, the uncultured, men who are here deemed weak have accomplished more than others who have had great titles attached to their names, and who were lauded and sought after by the fastidious crowd. It is the soul winner that God grades high. It is the sermon which helps to save the world that he esteems. And many of these sermons are preached, not in temples of costly splendor, but in schoolhouses, in cabins along mountain slopes, and in obscure valleys, to the poor and ignorant. May God greatly multiply such gospel ambassadors till the race is brought to the feet of Jesus.—Dr. Dickson in Telescope.

Thomas's Excuse.

Thomas was not one of the weakest and worst, but one of the strongest and best among our Lord's disciples. It was he that came to the front in time of danger and said, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." And yet, on the evening of the first Easter Sunday, Thomas was the one disciple who failed to see his beloved Lord. It was not till the Sunday after Easter that this great privilege was granted him.

He was absent on that first Lord's Day from the meeting of the church for the disciples, the congregation of believers, was then all the Church there was, and the meeting of those disciples was the meeting of the church. Why he was absent, we are not told. He hardly had any family ties to detain him, and he does not appear to have been seriously ill. While one cannot know the reason, one may at least conjecture.

The disciples, led by Thomas, had followed Jesus from Perea to Jerusalem to be with him and, if need be, to die with him. On reaching the city they had all declared their readiness to suffer even death with him. But the very next day one of them, the man who had taken on himself the position of leader, the one who had been loudest in his protestations of fidelity, thrice denied that he knew him, and all the rest, infected with the same cowardice, had forsaken him and fled. To none of them did this defection seem more shameful than to Thomas. We can well suppose that he said he would never again have anything to do with Peter. He would not attend a church meeting in which Peter was the leading member. Some thing like this, we may conjecture, was the state of his mind—angry with

K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

Peter, and therefore, angry with the church.

So Thomas stayed away, and lost the first appearance of our Lord to his disciples. More than that, he lost his faith. Their testimony would not convince him. To be sure he was persuaded to meet with them the next Sunday evening; but it was protesting against their credulity, out of sympathy with their trembling joy, declaring that he would not believe unless he might thrust his hand into the wound made by the spear. The merciful Lord convinced him by the sight of his eyes, but added a gentle rebuke. That rebuke would not have been needed if Thomas had not been absent from church that first Sunday night, very likely for the reason that he could not approve of the conduct of a prominent member of the church.

The habit of absenting one's self from the Sunday services of the church is one very easily made. Sometimes it is occasioned by sickness; very often some small excuse, some grudge against a member, some resentment at a fellow-member's fault, is the occasion. Jesus will be there, even if an unworthy member is present. Jesus may be present, especially to meet and forgive that unworthy member; and who are we that we should judge a brother or a sister? We must be careful not to repeat Thomas' error, or we may also—we almost certainly will—repeat his unbelief. If we do not, like Thomas, come back again to the place where Jesus meets his disciples, how can we expect to meet him? At least let no one be so jealous for the honor of Christ and his Church that he shall dishonor both by avoiding both.—The Independent.

Christ's Farewell Words of Comfort.

Very precious are the last words of a departing friend. Very sweet and dear are those thoughts which we confide to our best beloved. The sayings of Jesus in the upper room alone with His disciples, as we read them in the fourteenth to the seventeenth chapter of St. John's gospel, could not have been spoken to the world outside, nor can they be now; they can be given only to His own, for they alone will receive and believe them. They are for us who love Him; for us who seek to understand His heart and to know His will. They are for sincere, yet not perfect, Christians. Not one of those men reclining at supper with Him was perfect. Judas was false, and since there can be no fellowship between the Lord and a false heart, He said none of these most precious things until after Judas had left the little company. The others were sincere, but very far from perfect, as their conduct soon after proved. But ignorance, imperfection, and weakness Jesus patiently bears with and instructs.

How tender, how full of pitying, sympathizing love are these last words! He began to tell them that He was going away, and that they could not go with Him. They had followed Him many a weary day over Galilee and Judea, and through hostile Samaria; but the day of separation had come, the earthly tie was to be broken; yet a little while, and they would see him no more in the flesh. Judas had confirmed the perfidy which perhaps they had already suspected; Peter's faithlessness had been foretold; the deep and heavy mystery of His approaching suffering and death oppressed them with a dumb, half understood sense of fear. In such an hour as this it was that Jesus spoke these words of comfort. Blessed words! they have calmed the fears and soothed the grief of thousands of bruised and troubled hearts; they have lost through the ages not one whit of inspiration and hope for us. They show us the unfailing source of peace in every emergency, hope in every hour of darkness, comfort in every time of sorrow. They speak of the Comforter who is to abide with us forever; of the manifestation of the Father and the Son as a consoling presence; of an inward peace such as the world giveth not. They assure us that we shall not be left orphans. They bid us be of good cheer, because Jesus has overcome the world.

A Missionary Martyr.

A very pathetic coincidence is related in the biography of Rev. J. D. Gordon, of the New Hebrides. In March, 1872, he was making a translation of the New Testament in his little home in Erromanga. He had reached the Acts, and was writing the story of the death of Stephen, and had just written in the native language the dying words of the first martyr, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," when he was informed that some men were waiting to see him. He went out and saw a number of men with menacing aspect standing around the house. They belonged to a village

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

where a loathsome disease was raging. The first sufferer had been to the missionary for advice. He, supposing that the disease was a simple eruption common in the island, had given the man a lotion for it. But the disease was a horrible one, contracted from some vicious men belonging to the crew of a European trading steamer, which had been a few weeks at the island. The missionary did not recognize it when he treated the sufferer. His lotion did him no harm, but it was powerless to arrest the disease, and it spread in virulent form, and many others caught it. They had come to the conclusion that it was Mr. Gordon's lotion that had made them so ill. He tried to explain to them that it was due to their own wickedness, but they would not listen to him. In a few minutes they had beaten him to death with their clubs. His mangled body was carried into the room where he had been writing a short time before. There on his desk lay the manuscript ending with the words, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

The Christ Spirit.

The most beautiful thing that could be said of the Lord Jesus was said by those who were His enemies and understood Him least; "This man receiveth sinners." They said it with scorn for the man who would condescend to sit with people whom they disdainfully called "sinners," but there is a world of comfort in it for us who know it is true. He did not choose their company because He was interested in their sin and wished to become familiar with it. No, no! He knew them through and through, and His holy nature revolted from their wrongdoing; yet with only compassion in His heart, without upbraiding allusion even to their sin, He sat down and talked with them that He might do them good. The proud Pharisees and conceited scribes murmured, but the angels in heaven rejoiced. Those pure beings have a very different attitude toward the sinful ones of earth from that of the self-righteous human heart. How harsh are our judgments of those who have gone astray; what little pity and tenderness we feel toward them! We count it an effort to be with them and to help them. Not so it is with the angels in heaven. They know the heart of God; how full of pity, love, and tenderness toward His erring children it is, and they rejoice to see Jesus and sinners meet. It is an evidence of a growing Christ-likeness in ourselves when we find a great pity and love in our hearts toward the fallen and lost rather than the aversion we once felt. There is joy among the angels when just one soul repents and is saved. They know the value of every soul and its immortal possibilities. O to have more of the spirit of Jesus in loving sinners, while we hate the sin!

Churches Which Need A Revival.

Churches centered in self.
Churches for years in a rut.
Churches burdened with debt.
Churches with half-filled pews.
Churches that cannot get bold.
Churches controlled by a boss.
Churches with worldly officials.
Churches lacking fire and force.
Churches whose standard is low.
Churches that are formal and cold.
Churches where caste has crept in.
Churches where backsliders thrive.
Churches lacking sunshine and joy.
Churches where faultfinders reign.
Churches divided and quarrelsome.
Churches where fashion holds sway.
Churches which think much of show.
Churches that are rich and penurious.
Churches whose pastor lacks courage.
Churches which are boastful and proud.
Churches from which love has departed.
Churches which never welcome the poor.
Churches whose gifts to missions are small.
Churches whose members are living for self.
Churches whose pulpit is aimless and feeble.
Churches whose workers are fickle and fitful.

"It Just Happened."

It is said that once when Ingersoll was visiting Beecher, the former admired a fine globe—the gift of the manufacturer—which he found in the library of the great preacher. Who made it? Ingersoll asked. Oh, replied Beecher, carelessly, it wasn't made—it just happened! A little dash of cold common sense is, after all, the best argument with which to meet the assumptions of infidelity.

K. D. C. The Mighty Curer for Indigestion.

Interests In Heaven.

A minister who lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came, and told how he lived on one side of a river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other, until his daughter was married and went over there to live; and then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river, and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there. "Now," said he, "I think that as this child has crossed the river, heaven will be much dearer than ever it has been before."

Shall we not just let our hearts and affections be set on the other side of the river? It is but a step; it is but a veil; we shall soon be in the other world.—Mealy.

There was a time during my ministry, writes Rev. Andrew Fuller, when I tried to comfort my serious congregation, but they still complained of doubt and darkness, and I knew not what to do, for I had tried my best to bring peace to the mourners in Zion. Just at this time it pleased God to direct my mind in a very special manner to the perishing heathen in India. I felt that we had been living too much for ourselves. I spoke as I felt. My people wondered and wept. They began to talk about supporting a mission. We met and prayed specially for it; met and considered what could be done for it; met and did what we could. And while all this was going on, the lamentations ceased. The sad became cheerful; the despairing calm; no one complained of a want of comfort. And I, instead of having to study how to comfort my flock, was comforted by them.

Random Readings.

The man who goes to God every day for his daily bread will always have some to give away.

Some people will never listen to the voice of God unless it speaks to them from a coffin.

The man who is always suspicious of other men will bear watching.

The weakest man on earth is the man who trusts wholly in his own strength.

A wise man can learn even when he has a fool for his teacher, but a fool cannot learn anything even from Solomon, for the very reason that he thinks he knows it all now.

Results Tell The Story.

A vast mass of direct, unimpeachable testimony proves beyond any possibility of doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does perfectly and permanently cure diseases caused by impure blood. Its record of cures is unequalled and these cures have often been accomplished after all other preparations had failed.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every home.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow and Co. Syracuse, N. Y. writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Omas A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

NORWAY PINE SYRUP is a combination of healing throat and lung remedies which cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup and Sore Throat, even in the most obstinate cases.

Aticura WORKS Wonders

In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. Newell & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London. Fortham & Co., 10, St. Paul's, Boston, U. S. A.

trust him

You want Scott's Emulsion. If you ask your druggist for it and get it—you can trust that man. But he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect—play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. You can trust that man. Get what you ask for, and pay for whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else.

Scott & Bown, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and 75c.



Three Things Necessary

In any preparation for the cure of disease viz.—Purity of Material used—Adaptation to relief of disease—Value for the money invested.

Wiley's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

Answers all these requirements

1st. Nothing but the purest and finest Norway Cod Liver Oil used.
2nd. Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in a palatable and readily digested form has always been recognized as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds and disease of the Lungs.
3rd. Wiley's Emulsion is without any question the best value in the market. Full dose of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Large bottle for the money, equal to many preparations of twice the cost.

PRICE, 50 CTS.
Six Bottles \$2.50.

POCKET MONEY

Is a luxury within your reach! People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make the profit. We want to tell you about it; you will be interested.

WALTON & Co.
Sherbrook, P. Q.
and Derby Co.
Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada.

THE TEMPERANCE

—AND—

GENERAL LIFE ASS CO.

Head Office, - - Toronto

HON. G. W. ROSS, - - PRESIDENT
H. SUTHERLAND, - - MANAGER.

Full Government Deposit.

The only old line Canadian Company giving special advantages to Total Abstinents.

Policies issued on all popular plans.

AGENTS WANTED

E. R. MACHUM, St. John N. F.
Manager for Maritime Province

Window Glass

Direct Importation
glass, 2 boxes window glass, muscinease
coloured cases ground glass, Fancy cases
glass.
JAMES S. NEILL

WANTED.

Do you want a good paying business Clean, respectable and honorable. We know from experience that there is no part of a canvasser's life more agreeable and profitable than that of soliciting orders for choice nursery stock, from the Fonthill Nurseries of Canada. No capital required except your own brains and ambition. For particulars, address STONE & WELLINGTON, Temple Building, Montreal.

J. W. BEALL, Manager

Farmers Plaster.

Just received, one car Farmers Land Plaster, for sale low,
JAMES S. NEILL

Fire Brick and Clay.

Just received, per steamer "Concordia" from Glasgow.
10,000 Fire Brick, 5 tons Clay, 40 three leg Scotch Pots.
JAMES S. NEILL