

Cheeriness.

Let us stop the worry, dear,
Things are coming right.
Sing your heart a song of cheer,
Give your eyes the light.

Luck is with the bold of heart,
God with those that smile;
We but need to do our part
Yet a little while.

Fortune, but to hide her frown
When she sees your eye
Dimmed with tears and drooping down,
Lightly passes by.

Meet her look with ne'er a fear,
Soon her eyes will light.
Let us stop the worry, dear,
Things are coming right.

—The Independent.

Pull Your Own Oar—And Trust!

Spurgeon was permitted to preach the precious gospel to more souls than any minister since Christianity was born. His printed discourses have been issued by the million, and he received over ten thousand converts into his "tabernacle" church. Some humbler, hard-tolling pastor reads these wonderful accounts of success achieved by a single man, and throws down the narrative in a sort of envious despair. He feels as if he were less than nobody—a mere cumberer of the ground. When he compares the small results of his laborious ministry with those achieved by a Spurgeon or a Moody, he seems like a boy in a title rowboat alongside of a colossal Canard. These foolish feelings disturb his mind until he hears his blessed Master say to him in a tone of loving rebuke, "What is all that to thee? Follow thou me!" A sense of shame comes over him, and he sits down to his Bible and his sermon preparation, determined to do his little best, even if his name never travels beyond his own parish, or if he never accomplishes a thousandth part of what Spurgeon achieved. He comforts himself with the thought that when Jesus crossed the tempestuous Sea of Galilee on a certain night, "there were also with him other little boats"; and he trusts that the eye of the Master is on his tiny skiff as much as on the lordliest argosy in the squadron. So he cheerily picks up the oar of faith and pulls away again, while the waves thump like hammers against the bow of his little boat.

One of the most charming things about those New Testament Christians is that they understood how to work without worrying. They simply did the duty that came to hand, and did not trouble themselves whether anybody noticed them or praised them, or whether any great result should come of their honest endeavors. Mary breaks her costly perfume on her Master's feet without the least idea that all the world should yet hear of the gracious deed of love. Dorothea plies her needle, and Tertius drives his pen as Paul's stenographer, and Phebe goes off to Rome with the Epistle to the Romans in her satchel, and none of them knows or cares that they will ever be heard of again. The apostles were wonderfully calm men; they faced duty and endured obliquity, and committed all results to God. If Paul ever worried, he never told us of it. He was the one cool man on board the tempest-tossed corn ship in the hurricane. His assurance to his fellow Christians was, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and thoughts in Christ Jesus." This is the deep, inward calm—like the tranquillity which reigns a hundred fathoms down in the Atlantic while the billows are raging and roaring up on the surface.

We are obliged to pull the oars of duty with our backs to the future. We cannot tell what is before us; we cannot foresee the difficulties always ahead; and it is a mercy that we cannot. It is our business to pull at the oars of prayer and labor, and to leave the rudder in the all-wise Helmsman's hands. If we would only mind our work and let Christ's hand hold the tiller, we should be spared many a disgraceful worry and cowardly disarrangement. I have always found that when I kept steadily at the work which my Master assigned to me, and took no anxious thoughts about the results, I could work with the most composure of soul, and to the best advantage. "There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus" is a text that has a wide application. If I am in Christ, so is my poor, imperfect work there also; so is every good undertaking that he sets me at so is my preaching and pastoral labor, and everything that I attempt for the salvation of souls. Spurgeon had no other Master to serve and no other promises to sustain him than the humblest pastor or city missionary has to-day.

Men and movements that have no Christ on board go to the bottom. The rocks are stowed with the wrecks.

human schemes and ambitious enterprises. Pulpit genius has often ended in splendid failure. Every man, every enterprise, every effort that Jesus takes into his own hands is insured. Do your best, brother, and trust! We ministers, and you Sunday-school teachers, and other servants of Christ, worry too much over the coming or the withholding of revival seasons. We can plow and we can sow; but we cannot force a single kernel of gospel seed to come up. Our only duty is to live right on, and toil right on, and pray right on, and leave the early and latter rains to come when God chooses to send them. I never worried about "a revival" yet, and thus hastened its coming by an hour. But often, when I was not even expecting it, the gracious shower came. A true, earnest, Christian life has its disappointments and its chastisements; but it has its blessed surprises also. Heaven will have some glorious surprises for thousands of hard-working, ill-paid Christians who never made any prominent figure in this world. Some of them may sit up alongside of the Wesleys, the Spurgeons, and the Moodys. —Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D. in *Christian Intelligencer*.

Put Yourself in His Place.

The minister who means to do anything for his fellow-men must put himself in their place. He must understand them if he would help them. He cannot save the drowning man by throwing a rope to him. He must jump in after him. He must either have had the same temptations or must have imagination enough to comprehend the temptations. He must not be so saintly as to be unsympathetic, nor so much a student as to be a recluse.

He who would help a man struggling with his appetite must either have had a similar struggle or be able to enter into it without having had it. If it seems to him contemptible to be mastered by the appetite, if self-indulgence is simply despicable, if he has no appreciation of the awful power of a well-nigh irresistible craving for drink, if the victim of the alcoholic habit is an enigmatical monstrosity to him, he lacks the first requisite for rescue work. He is unequipped. Let him not pride himself on his purity; let him rather lament his soul-narrowness. By personal acquaintance with men of animal nature, by open-mindedness, by cultivation of imagination through literature, let him supply his own defect.

If he has no intellectual difficulties with the dogmas of religion, he can do nothing to help those who have. The man who never doubts is powerless to help a doubting age, unless he has an imagination so sympathetic that he can share the doubts of others without himself doubting. This constitutes the fatal defect of the traditionalist. If he has come to traditional theology as Newman did, by treading a pathway of doubt, he may minister to the skeptical. But if he has inherited the traditional faith without questioning, he can be of no help to questioners; unless he learns how to abandon for the moment, as it were, his inheritance, and put himself in the skeptic's place. The unbeliever's difficulties must be difficulties to him, or he can do nothing toward removing them. If he would lead others through the darkness, he must go out into the darkness. He cannot stay in his own well-lighted room and shout condemnation to the wayfarers outside, and expect to do any good by the process.

This is one reason why the Church does not reach the wage-earning class more effectively. It is not the only reason—but it is one reason. There is a great rift in the community, with employers on one side and "hands" on the other. And the ministers almost uniformly come from the first class, and know nothing sympathetically about the second. They do not know the real or fancied grievances, the convictions or the prejudices, the knowledge or the ignorances, the virtues or the vices, of the wage-earning class. And that they do not know is made very apparent when they venture timidly to deal with the labor question. If the minister wishes to reach the workingman, he must put himself in the workingman's place. He must either get acquainted with him by direct personal conference, or he must get his books and papers and read them—not critically, but sympathetically. Even if the workingmen were wholly wrong in their contentions—and they are not—this would still be true. We must diagnose a disease before we can cure it.

What makes Christ a Saviour is that he put himself in our place. For us and our salvation he came down to earth. He was tempted in all points like as we are. He knew the stress and strain of life—its burdens, its sorrows, its poverty, its limi-

tations, its struggles. The minister must follow his Master. The critical spirit is fatal to the pastor. He must, above everything else, be receptive. He must see the good in evil, the truth in error, the better side in all men. He must not be so certain, and with such a kind of certitude, that he cannot entertain other men's difficulties; nor so good, and with such a kind of goodness, that he cannot sympathetically understand other men's temptations and falls. Congregations will not hear a minister who preaches to them across a chasm. He must stand at their side. He must say, not "you," but "we." The true prophet comes from the people, belongs to the people, is one of the people. —The Outlook.

God's Help in Our Need.

The need of help from God is just as apparent all along the heavenly journey as at the beginning. At every stage of the Christian's pilgrimage there are unexpected responsibilities and testings that require a corresponding increase of grace; fresh supplies of heavenly manna for the soul are required from day to day. The witness of the Spirit that we are the children of God is not granted unto us because we have mortified the deeds of the body at some former period, but rather because we are now being led by the Spirit of God. The supplies of the Gospel are intended to be sufficient for every time of need, if we would only seek aright. There is a way of seeking God's help that secures for us everything; there is also that way which gains nothing. It is then of supreme importance that we learn the true way of seeking the divine help; that way is found in our having a spirit of obedience in all things. If this spirit is lost, no matter how much knowledge we may have acquired, the divine help will be denied us. Are we burdened with some weighty care, some unexpected change in earthly affairs? Has bereavement visited our home, or sickness been our allotment? Under these trying circumstances we must have this obedient spirit in order to enjoy God's help in the time of need.

We must seek God's strength at every step of life's journey, with perfect confidence in His ability to minister. His power is infinite; His pledges to those who are in trouble and who will yield themselves fully to His control have never been known to be denied. In these respects there is warrant for entire confidence in Him; just as we cast ourselves on Him in the time of conversion, with saving trust, assured that our burdens are arranged for through repentance and faith, so in every hour of need must we repose calmly in Him.

How many fall short all through their lives just here; trials come, and their faith is inadequate to meet the storm at the time. The necessity of perfect trust in God for salvation may have been realized in the earlier periods of their Christian experience, but for some reason that grace has not ripened into maturity so as to embrace whatever test may afterward try them. It is difficult to account for such weakness on the part of those who have had long years of experience in divine things. Possibly the explanation may be found in the fact that they are trusting in their own fancied strength, and are not fully persuaded that God's strength is just as necessary at every step of the way until life's close as when they were yet babes in Christ. —The Advocate.

Be Kindly.

If only men would give to the living some of that which they bestow so lavishly upon them when they are dead, what a different world this would be! Even a little of that which is sculptured on the cold marble would, if breathed from the warm lips, have made many a one happy for life. One of the superstitions of the Seneca Indians is that they can send their loves by a bird to their dead ones. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to sing. They then load it with kisses and caresses, and set it at liberty over the grave of the maiden who had died, believing that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost; and it is not uncommon for twenty or thirty birds to be loosed over the same grave. Many a man and woman, many a brother and sister, would give all they have if only they could send to their dead ones an expression of love which might have been so easily made in life. And how many sons and daughters would now send messages unsaying many things which should never have been said, and saying many things which were, alas! left unsaid. Let the song-birds of soft looks, of soft words, fly now. Now we know that they can reach, and we

shall have this great advantage,—the song-birds will fly back to us again. —Churchman.

The Great Man's Humility.

I believe that the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation of speaking his opinions, but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; they are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Amalfi knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Durer writes calmly to one who has found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled any body else; only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them. They have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them—that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and God made in every man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful. —Ruskin.

Self-Examination.

Self-examination, says Mr. D. L. Moody, is profitable. It is easy to examine others. I, myself, am good to see the faults of others, but every little while I have to stop and examine myself and say: Moody, what are your faults? It is self, but it is hard to give yourself a thorough examination. But I tell you to examine yourselves: You will find the best way to do it mapped out in the Bible. I would not give a snap of my finger for you, even if you lead in your examinations, if you are not truthful and cannot be trusted.

I once had a terrible hard thing to do in Chicago. I found myself jealous of a certain minister, and I determined to cure myself. I invited him to preach, and then I advertised him and filled the church. I took a back seat and made my human nature squirm. Pretty soon I began to like the man, and have liked him ever since. No man can ever get a grip on the conscience if he is possessed with jealousy.

Honor and Honors.

Honor and honors are two very different things. A man who is loaded with honors may be destitute of honor, and a man who is the soul of honor may be lacking in honors. Honor is an element of character. Honors are dependent on reputation. Character is what a man is. Reputation is what others think of a man. A man of honor will be right and do right whether he gains or loses by it. A man cannot have honors unless others think he is entitled to them. More than once a young student has won class honors in a college contest for a prize in composition and rhetoric, by having an essay written for him, and has not had honor enough to confess that he was not entitled to the honors. It is always well to have honor. It is not always well to have honors. Honors should never be counted the first object in life. Honor should always be given the first place in personal conduct. —S. S. Times.

Preached at Himself.

The following story is told of a Hartford (Conn.) preacher: He once wrote a powerful sermon against the besetting sin of a violent temper. It was so pungent so real, that he was congratulated by several of his hearers, who expressed a kind of admiring surprise at such a searching and effective discourse on that subject. Why, he replied: I did that out of my own personal experience. It was because I knew just where I was daily sinning myself, and in the worst way too, in that very direction, that I was able to make such a feeling sermon on that particular failing. If you will believe me, I was not preaching at any of you, but at myself. That was actually what I wrote and preached that sermon for! I was trying to reform myself.

The higher a man gets in spiritual life, the lower he is willing to go to please Christ.

To suffer and be silent, that is a divine art. There is weakness in the excessive craving for sympathy. You think that you are having a harder time than your neighbor, from whose lips no complaint ever escapes; but, if you knew what his lot is, you might deem yourself fortunate in comparison with him. —Mid-Continent.

He who promptly expresses his opinion at all times and upon all questions, is not necessarily the bravest man. There is a superior courage often in a discreet and modest silence, particularly when [the expression of an opinion would create more heat than light. —Presbyterian.

Duties never conflict. God has but one duty at a time for any child of his to perform. If we are doing the one duty God has for us to do at the present moment, we are doing just right. If we are not doing that one duty we are at fault, no matter how good or how important the work we are doing. —S. S. Times.

The boy or girl that is reared without the thought of the future, usually has a rough road to travel after leaving the parental roof; and like the prodigal son, many bitter remorsees keep them company. If parents would see to the proper training of their children, and impress them with the necessity of self-reliance, the children would be better prepared for the future, and the parents wiser and happier. —India's Jo rail.

SOME CHRISTIANS have an idea that they are on very safe ground if they can only quote plenty of Scripture in support of some favorite doctrine or theory. But they seem to be ignorant of the fact that simply quoting passages of Scripture, having some sort of reference to their subject, is by no means a divine defence of it. Some very absurd uses of Scripture have been made by those who have set out to prove a practice or demonstrate a theory. But, much worse, the true meanings of God's words have often been abused and dissipated by such a course. One can as truly make God a liar by wrongly quoting His word as he can by flatly misrepresenting His promises.

You can only teach what you know or can do. For example, a guinea hen can teach other birds how to cackle; but she cannot teach them how to sing. So the self-righteous professor cannot tell others what true religion is; for he has never experienced it in his own soul. He can only teach them how to strut and brag about how good he is—the same as did the Pharisees, who prayed in company with the publican.

Nothing is false than the doctrine that a man deserves no credit for doing his duty. God himself puts the seal of his commendation on it. To every one of his weary followers, as they close their labors and enter into rest, he says: "Well done, good and faithful servant." If he can afford to bestow such praise, why should our lips be closed and dumb? The man who says, "I never praise anybody," confesses himself to be mean and little of soul. Duty is not always easy. Often it is difficult and dangerous. No commonplace character is equal to it. To meet it in the right spirit, takes heroism of the highest quality. —Gospel Messenger.

Our lives glide on; the river ends we know not where, and the sea begins, and then there is no more jumping ashore.

Are You Tired?

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

Hood's PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, Few Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

Citricura
WORKS
Wonders

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

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. New, 20, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Foreign Depot: J. B. C. & Co., 10, Rue de la Harpe, Paris, France.

unfortunate
Cod-liver oil suggests consumption, which is almost unfortunate.

Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, will bring back plumpness to those who have lost it, and make strength where raw cod-liver oil would be a burden.

A substitute only imitates the original.

Scott & Bown, Belleville, Ont. Soc. and B. Co.

Hurrah For Canada**And The Maple Leaf.**

You can get handsome White Maple Chamber Suits, beautifully finished, native wood, more elegant than white enamel, at prices which will astonish you, \$19.00 to \$25.00; also Suits in Antique Sixteenth Century and Solid Oak, from \$12.50 up. Glossed Oak Parlour Suits, Embossed Plush, \$23.50.

Call and see them at 152 and 154 Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

Our Warerooms Are Full

Of all kinds of up to date Furniture and New Pattern Carpets. Finest designs in Parlor, Banquet and Library Lamps.

Newest Shapes and Pattern in Crockery, Silverware and Fancy Goods.

All goods marked in plain figures. One price to all.

JAS. G. McNALLY.**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 Le

Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada,

DENTISTRY!

OPERATIVE, MECHANICAL, AND SURGICAL.

F. W. Barbour, D. D. S.

OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL
Hale Method for Painless Extraction without Extra Charge.

Crowns and Bridge Work a Specialty

AGENTS wanting profitable employment through the Summer can find it with us as we have newest Russian varieties of Nursery stock, and new Seed Potatoes. Salary or commission. Write us at once for territory.

PELHAM NURSERY CO.

Toronto, Ont.

Window Glass

Direct Importation
glass, 2 boxes win low glass, muslin colored glass, ground glass, fancy case glass.

JAMES S. NEILL

FOR YOUR HEALTH
DRINK**Real Fruit Syrups.**

STRAWBERRY
RASPBERRY
LEMON
LIME FRUIT
GINGERETTE

Made only by
BROWN & WEBB.
HALIFAX, N. S.

The finest quality of fruit syrups for use in homes, schools, etc. For sale by BUCKEYE BELL GUMMERY, THE VAN DUSEN & SUTT CO., CINCINNATI.