

Walk With God.

And this is mine, the joy of knowing
Jesus,
And walking in the sunlight of His
smile,
Mine is the peace that floweth like a river,
Deeper and broader growing all the
while.

No more a transient guest my Saviour
cometh,
To bless me but awhile and then depart,
But with me now He evermore abideth,
And with His own glad presence fills my
heart.

Sometimes when busy with my daily labor
Yet thinking of the mighty love He
bore,

Some precious promise unto me He giveth,
Oft read perhaps, but never mine before.

Content I walk in paths of His own
choosing,
Since He will hold my hand along the
way.

Content to know that I am journeying
homeward,
And brighter grows the pilgrim's path
each day.

Pastoral Efficiency.

The true test of a pastor's efficiency should, of course, be the spiritual impulse communicated under the divine blessing to the souls under his charge. But this is a highly organized and complex life of ours, and it is impossible for the church to escape the demand for business-like methods. Souls, of course, cannot be saved by organization or energy or that quality which men of business denominate "push," but as society stands and as the church is conducted it is inevitable that business-like capacity shall make itself felt just as truly in the church as in the world. And hereby hangs the delicate question, How far should mere clerical ambition or scholarly taste influence any young man in making his choice in favor of the Christian ministry?

Perhaps the most difficult question for human solution is apparently one of the simplest—whether the love of human souls is a dominant power in the breast. It is entirely safe to say that without such a feeling, intense and constant, the exercise of the ministerial office is a mockery. We cannot believe that such a postulate would be anywhere disputed; yet is it safe to apply that most crucial test to the rank and file of the ministry of to-day? We do not say that the commercial spirit—the desire to do as well as possible for one's self and one's family is paramount with the ministry of this age. The charge of simony is too awful to be lightly bandied. But we do say that this is the greatest single temptation of the average Christian minister, especially as it comes in so innocent a garb—Satan transformed into a veritable angel of light. The minister who would be struggling with Hebrew roots and delving into intricate problems of theology while the ground was slipping under him in his congregation would be justly blamed. But the average worldly judgment goes a step further than this. It has a high estimate of the managerial quality in a minister. It admires a man who has a fair working knowledge of society, has some influence in the world of politics or sociology, knows how to turn a current event into an interesting pulpit or lecture discussion, can talk like a man of business with trustees, elders or vestrymen concerning proposed improvements to the church, figures occasionally, it may be, in some leading magazine on ethical subjects, is invited now and then to deliver a baccalaureate address at some prosperous college, is known as a man of mark at synods, conferences or conventions—is, in short, a wide-awake, up-to-date man.

But there is a danger in this, and the point is, How great is the danger and how must it be met? It would be unsafe and revolutionary to make a minister's business-like qualities a necessary reproach. Some men, fervent in prayer and earnest in doing the Master's work, are yet gifted with the arts of popularity and practical usefulness. The mere anchoretic or ascetic spirit in the ministry cannot be too strongly guarded against. The world needs practical men, and so does the church. But the power of the world over the church is something fearful. The tendency to pull away from the supernatural and be matter-of-fact and ephemeral in aims, is the peculiar peril of our modern civilization. This danger, too, must increase. The centres of churchly influence are in crowded cities where business is conducted necessarily on stringent lines. Finesse, flattery, the constant suppression of one's impulses, the constant wearing of masks, are found essential to those who would conceal their own natural defects and show their best possible side to the world. Vast numbers of people are placed in relations of practical subserviency to the tastes and whims of others, and if they relax at all do so in off hours.

This spirit of self-sacrifice to self-interest the "getting along" faculty—is by very many recognized as a positive virtue, and nothing is more swiftly condemned than the impulsiveness or want of discipline and purpose which keeps some men poor and lightly esteemed throughout their whole career. The consciousness of this thrill in which men's minds and hearts are held in business, will most naturally make itself felt in things spiritual. The same general law of self-restraint, of putting the best foot forward, of striving to please, will mingle with the very closet impulses of the most sincere and earnest Christian minister, especially under the complex surroundings and constant social and business pressure of an incumbency in a great city. The man who wants to preserve his candor and sincerity, his love for the souls of those whom he serves, and not merely for their applause, must dwell close indeed to the oracles. For such the closet life must, indeed be one of great heart-searching. Such a man will realize that no amount of popular idolatry or incense following his footsteps can possibly be an indorsement in the eyes of an all-seeing God. He will realize that a worldly-minded, self-seeking Christian minister is a contradiction in terms. He will pray most earnestly to be delivered from this frightful spiritual peril of which Saint Paul was doubtless thinking when he spoke of the danger of himself becoming a castaway.

The spiritual condition of the Christian minister is about the most serious problem which the church has to meet—not merely his original sincerity in entering the ministry, and certainly not his skill or eloquence as a sermonizer or his ability to raise big amounts by forceful appeals, but his nearness to God. If he should not dwell near the throne of grace, who should? What lay example will be so certainly and closely scrutinized as his? And spirituality in a Christian minister is an essence. It is as different from mere morality as can well be imagined. It is something which will be felt, or else its absence will be felt. People do not ask whether the minister is a strictly moral, upright man or not. They assume all that. It is a dreadful scandal to the church if he is not. They do not ask just how fervent he is, but they watch him. They do it unconsciously, and they form their estimate often unconsciously. No human being can assume a love of souls. A prayer without inspiration has the false ring. It would be better for any man who is conscious of being cold and dead to be honest about it, and not to assume a spiritual fervor which he cannot feel. But how urgent the call from heaven itself that he should wake from such spiritual torpor, that he who was set to guide others in the way of life shall not be found sleeping by the way, successful, popular, an organizer, a "promoter," and yet a spiritual castaway!—N. Y. Observer.

Power of a Little Thing.

Not long ago the engineers in charge of the mechanical department of one of the leading railways of Germany had a peculiar problem presented to them. For a long time this problem baffled their efforts at solution. At one particular point on the line a series of disasters had taken place. For these there seemed to be no apparent cause. In spite of the most careful investigation the engineers were unable to determine why these wrecks should take place, further than that the rails appeared to be affected in some way so that they were easily broken.

At length the matter became so serious that the government, which in Germany controls all railways appointed a commission made up of expert engineers to inquire into the difficulty and find out, if possible, the secret of these repeated disasters. This commission made the most thorough examination it could, and even then seemed on the point of failure, when, after nearly six months of careful investigation, it was discovered all at once that the outside of the rails seemed to be rotting. Breaking one of them, the astonishing fact was found, the astonishing fact was brought to light that the inside had been eaten as if by an acid, so that its strength was almost entirely destroyed. Following up this clue, the engineers found that the cause of this destruction was a tiny worm of a gray color, almost like a thread in appearance. The head of this peculiar insect was furnished with two minute glands, which had the power of secreting a liquid of a wonderfully acid nature. This the worm threw out every few minutes in a tiny spray. So destructive was this acid that after a time it made the hard iron soft and like a sponge, so that it could be easily eaten by the worm. Thus weakened, the rail could not resist the shock brought upon it by the

heavy trains passing over it, and soon crumbled under the weight, sending the engine and its load down to destruction.

Those who have worked in stone quarries or who have made a study of the rocks have often found some which have been destroyed by minute creatures boring through and through them until they were soft and honeycombed, the formation being so weakened that the stone was wholly useless. Such stones are never put into buildings where strength is required.

By the putting on of layer after layer the greatest rock formations are produced. Thus was the rock of Gibraltar made. Grain by grain the sands were deposited one upon another; year after year the heat and cold cemented these particles; century after century the water has worn their sides away, and even yet the work of change goes on. So great is the power of these tiny forces. Little by little they do their work, and at last the great result appears.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear a young person say: "I have no power to do any great work. My life is so small, my influence so simple that it would be useless for me to accomplish anything worth while. I might as well not try." Such a young person may find encouragement to earnestly endeavor to make his life helpful in Carlyle's statement that "the weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything."

The word spoken today may live in some heart forever and ever. The prayer full of humble pleading for those we love may reach even to the throne of the Father, and have its influence through all eternity.

In the heart of great stones may sometimes be found the outline of the most beautiful forms, every leaf perfectly stamped upon the rocky structure hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when the stone was nothing but soft sand and the delicate plant fell drooping from its place on the bank close by. Then came a wave carrying a layer of sand, and by and by the fern is buried forever in the rock. So, in the time to come when God opens the story of what we have done, all that our weak hands have done will come to light. It may be possible that our sphere may be a very lowly one. But God counts by deeds honestly done, not by great acts perhaps unwillingly performed. Not many are given power to do things the world calls grand. Most of us are called to live humble lives; but no life is so lowly that there is not room in it for kind words, patient helping, and honest, earnest living for the Master. N. Y. Advocate.

The Key of the Christian Life.

The Gospel is summed up in the Apostolic words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is extremely simple. It is something which everybody can understand, and it is something which everybody can do. Believe and be saved. It requires no learned priest as intercessor; no long schooling in divinity; no skilled lawyer to prepare and present the plea. Just believe. It is so simple and easy that it is not above the budding intelligence of the child; and it is equally possible to the limited powers of the most degraded savage. This is one of the reasons why Christianity is a truly universal religion. It addresses itself to all men, it is accessible to all men, it is perfectly suited to human needs.

But to believe is not a single, separate act once exercised and never renewed. As an initial act it procures admission to the kingdom of Christ; but the necessity of believing is not less after such admission than before. Those who begin to believe must continue to believe. True belief is necessary to that vital union with Christ which begins only to grow stronger and more perfect. Belief is not only continuous but it should be progressive. I believe that there is a great realm of literature, rich in all that can inform the mind, charm the imagination and enrich the whole being. In this belief I begin to study the alphabet of the language in which this body of literature exists. It is easy to learn to distinguish the characters, but hard to ascertain their value in words, and harder still to grasp quickly the meaning of sentences. But I persevere, and every stage of acquisition confirms my belief, steadies my purpose, and adds force to my determination to go on until I know fully what I thirst to know. Every succeeding chapter brings new beauties in language and thought to my enraptured attention, and things are revealed to me of which I had no conception when I began to learn the alphabet.

Faith is the key not only to the Christian life but of the Christian life,

You cannot use it to enter and then throw it away. If you do you will remain always in the vestibule, and never see the beauties of the temple. There is little profit in learning the alphabet if the beginner does not mean to go further and learn to read. The belief which is sufficient to admit to the kingdom of God may not be very large; it cannot be in many cases. In the child it is not of the intellect so much as of the heart. A distinction is to be made between what may be characterized as intellectual belief and belief of the heart. The child's belief in Christ is the sweet and simple trust of the childish heart. It is not full and rich and strong, as the faith which comes of culture in life's school of discipline, and which with clearer and ever broadening vision sees God and the things of God.

A child may know that she is an heiress, and that \$100,000 is on deposit in a bank subject to her order. She believes it; but she knows little about the value and uses of the money, or about the bank where it is deposited, or about the rules of banks, the process of drawing checks, and other facts which all trained financiers have at their fingers' ends. Her faith in the fortune in her name is real, but it is limited. Later on, it will lead to full knowledge of all that the possession and control of a large sum of money involves.

There is before every sincere believer a great realm to be explored and enjoyed. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." This is a prayer we need to offer, not only at the beginning of our Christian life, but daily to the end of our probation. A popular preacher is quoted as saying, "Not 'believe,' but 'be' is the thing." The two are not alternatives. One must believe in order to be; and one must be as the result of believing. Believe and be. The two are joined together. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—The Independent.

Dumb Christians.

There are some men who ought never to open their lips in a prayer-meeting. They do not speak to edification. Long-winded, shallow, prosy, they take up the time without filling it. Volubility is their one gift, and they work it, in the vernacular slang, for all it is worth. When such an one rises to speak there is a general sigh, for every one knows that he can be depended upon to "kill time" and the prayer-meeting with one fell blow—the endless blow of his juiceless lips. But there is no stopping him when once he gets the floor. His tongue is wound up, and it will run till it runs down. Such men are a terror to pastor and flock. Oh, if they were but dumb!

But there are others who as surely ought not to keep silence. Like David on a certain occasion, they are dumb, they open not their mouths; but it is not because they have no reason to speak. They are silent simply through timidity, or inertia, or long habit, or a deep sense of unworthiness. But the Lord has done great things for them. He has spoken to their inmost souls by his Word and Spirit. He has led them out of darkness into his marvelous light. He has put a new song into their hearts—alas! their lips have not caught the strain! He has given them the assurance of forgiven sin, the blissful hope of immortal life. Are not these reasons enough why their lips should show forth his praise? Is it right, is it grateful, to hide all this within the heart?

We are persuaded that there is a great and precious store of Christian experience locked up in the hearts of multitudes of dumb Christians which if it could be poured out, like Mary's precious ointment, would fill with its fragrance all the house of God, to the comfort and blessing of the saints. It is a treasure of which the churches have sore need. The testimony of a true Christian experience, simply and modestly told, is of the highest value in promoting the spiritual life in others. It transcends even the exposition of the Word in convincing power, because it is itself an exposition, the most affecting and pointed that can be offered—the testimony of a living faith.

But, to have such power, it must be true testimony. We once heard a good woman say: "When I heard this one and that speak in prayer-meeting, I cannot help thinking how little their lives bear out their words, and what they say does me little good; but when John M.—speaks, I listen with all my soul, because I know he lives as he speaks." The critic may have been unduly severe; but do we not all realize the peculiar value of the testimony of one whose life as well as his lips expresses the truth he utters?

It is a blessed privilege to declare, out of a full heart, the rich experience

of God's love and grace. The silent Christian misses this source of spiritual joy, thus wronging his own soul, and at the same time deprives his brethren, by his reticence, of the help and uplifting he might afford them. The mouth of the over-fluent, prolix, dry-souled talker should be stopped, because, having nothing to say, he says it, wasting precious time, with such tiresome, long drawn volubility. But, oh, that we might have more, a thousand times more, of the heart-experience of true disciples, who have been with Jesus and have learned of him.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart;
I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation;
I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

So wrote the royal Psalmist. And such should be the language and the practice of every loyal Christian heart.—The Examiner.

The Jewish Mother.

As an instance of heroic faith and resignation, nothing could be more beautiful than the story of the heroic, wise-hearted Jewish mother who lost her two sons during the absence of her husband. Rabbi returned to his home, ignorant of the calamity which had befallen him, he was met on the threshold by his wife. "My husband," she said, gravely and calmly, "a great Lord once lent me two precious jewels begging me to keep them for Him until He should reclaim them. In your absence He has sent for them; so I gave them up fearlessly. Will you not say that I did well?" "Well, in truth," answered the Rabbi quickly, but with out guessing what she meant, "what would you do otherwise?" Then the mother, full of faith, led her wondering husband into an inner chamber, where her sons lay in the sleep of death, and said, "See our reclaimed jewels! The great Lord has taken them. We cannot murmur for they were his own."

Do You Pray for the Minister?

An old Scotchman once said humbly to his pastor: "I'm none of the speaking sort, but, brother, I'll tell ye this, there's never a Saturday night but my gude wife an' me has oor bit o' prayer together that the dear Lord will bless the preacher an' take him safely through the morrow!" No wonder that pastor said that when he felt weary on Saturday, and shrank from the responsibilities of the morrow, the thought of the "bit of prayer" took him back to his work with new zeal and hope.

If we prayed for our pastors we should criticize them less. When we come into sympathy with them in their burden-bearing, to find fault will be unnatural—all but impossible. The Moses and the Aaron who wait upon the heights of communion with God have little tendency to complain of the way Joshua is carrying forward the battle.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

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