

My Wish.

Some afternoon, with all my duties done
And everything in order set for one more
day,
Then with the slow declining of the sun
I would lie down for aye,
Leave all my work for other hands
To take up and complete,
While to the happy "morning-lands"
I speed my tired feet.

The path will not be long that I shall go
Nor shall I linger long upon the upward
way;
For warmest welcome waits for me I know,
And joyful, endless day.
So wait I for some summer day—
Some sunny afternoon—
When I shall lay my cares away,
My earthly journey done.

Whatever may befall before that hour—
Solemn, supreme, the end of earthly
strife,
Oh, Christ! Thou Friend of boundless love
and power
Grant then eternal life.
And in the last extremity to help, when
I low I lie,
Be angel guards my company,—Christ near
—so let me die.

T. C. F.

The Gospel of Jonah.

One lesson is plainly and vividly
taught in the Book of Jonah that is
taught nowhere else with any dis-
tinctness in the whole Old Testament;
it is that of the brotherhood of man,
all loved and cared for, whatever their
nature, by the same Heavenly Father.
This is a distinctively New Testament
doctrine, and is the key to the whole
system of evangelism; but in the Old
Testament it is the special and sole
teaching of the beautiful, exquisite
and tender story which we may properly
call the Gospel of Jonah.

We get glimpses or hints of it in
other parts of the Old Testament. In
the latter part of the Book of Isaiah
there are outlooks on the world; but
it is not so much a vision of sister
nations as it is of the nations following
Israel and magnifying the glory of the
Jewish Church. If Moab and Edom
are singled out in the Books of Moses
as nations, connected by affinity and
not to be hated, this only emphasizes
the hostility against Canaan. Only
that wonderful tenth chapter of Genesis
the most remarkable list and geneal-
ogy of nations that has come down to
us from all the writings of antiquity,
proclaims the unity of the human race;
and it gave Paul his backing when he
drew from it the teaching that God has
made of one blood all nations that
dwell on the face of the whole earth.
The seed of all modern philanthropy
which looks beyond one's immediate
family and nation, was sown in the
fertile record of Adam and Noah, the
fathers of all living. The spiritual
truth imbedded in the tenth chapter
of Genesis, recognized as binding on
Christian consciences, explains why
Olney and Pauncotote drew up the
Arbitration Treaty.

In the New Testament the doctrine
of the universal fatherhood of God and
the consequent brotherhood of all men
is put in the foreground. Jesus is the
Savior not of the Jews but of all men.
Paul understood the breadth of Chris-
tianity as contrasted with the exclusiv-
ism of Judaism, and it was his mission
to make Christianity a universal re-
ligion. So he preached it definitely
on Mars' Hill; and so he gave this
Gospel to the idolatrous Gentiles of
the barbarous tongue of Lycaonia; and
so he contended for it at the Council of
Jerusalem, and in behalf of it ventured
to rebuke even Peter, and with it he
filled his letters in which he declared
that faith was broad enough to include
not only the uncircumcised Abraham,
but every other man of the uncircum-
cision, and that in Christ Jesus there
is neither Jew nor Greek, but all are
one in him.

There is an earth-wide and a heaven
wide difference between the narrow-
ness of the old Hebrew idea and that
of Christianity. One makes a foreign-
er an enemy, while the other makes
him a friend. One slays, while the
other saves. One magnifies a local
sense of justice, while the other rests
in the universal law of love. One
says: "Thou shalt love thy friend
and hate thine enemy," while the
other allows no enemy of any nation.
One gives the divine favor to a par-
ticular nation, while the other puts
the superscription over the cross in
Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

And yet the germ of all the Chris-
tian doctrine of human brotherhood is
in the Old Testament. It is involved
in monotheism. If there be one God
only, that excludes all the gods of the
nations. Jehovah is God not of the
Jews only, but of all other peoples.
"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy-
self," then, means the heathen neigh-
bor. And in the unique Book of Jon-
ah we find the doctrine of universal
brotherhood illustrated in antithesis
to Jewish exclusiveness, and a prophet
of Jehovah rebuked for not caring for
the men and women, the little child-
ren and the cattle of the cruellest pagan

city whose kings ever devastated
Palestine. The story is sublimely
great. It is the morning star of the
sun of Christianity.—The Independ-
ent.

A Suggestive Incident.

A somewhat striking incident took
place in one of our little rural congre-
gations lately in connection with an
appeal for the Indian Famine Fund.
The appeal was based upon the story
of the rich young ruler who sorrowfully
went away from Christ, because, much
as he desired eternal life, he was un-
willing to pay the price. The preacher
emphasized the thought that although
the rich young ruler's admirable earn-
estness and concern about heavenly
treasure brought him to the very
threshold of the Kingdom of Heaven,
yet his love of his riches raised an im-
passable barrier to his entrance. This
young man, it was shown, recognized
in Christ's demand, not the extrava-
gant request of a theorist unacquainted
with life, but the revelation of an es-
sential condition of that perfection
which he sought—hence his sorrow.
This sorrow was the result of a conflict
between two sets of his interests—his
heavenly interests, and his selfish in-
terests. Had he believed, as is too
often to-day believed, that the use of
his money was a matter of indifference
with reference to his salvation, he
would not have had the grace to be
sorrowful as he went away from Christ.
He was given a glimpse of that life for
which he yearned, but his bondage to
his wealth sent him away sorrowing.
So it was shown that although God to-
day bestows worldly means upon us,
and intends it to be a means for the
expression and development of a
sanctified will, it may insidiously be-
come our master instead of our servant,
and tyrannically forbid us to give that
soul-liberating response to noble im-
pulses in which it should be our best
assistant. Hence, in his wisdom, God
frequently from time to time makes
urgent calls upon our liberality, and
seeks to strengthen our resolution by
such appeals to our sympathies as the
circumstances of the Indian famine
furnish, or like occasions by means of
which we may assert our freedom from
the thrall of riches and maintain a
sanctified mastery over our means as
they increase in our hands.

Under the influence of the appeal,
of which the above is rather a bald
synopsis, a prosperous farmer advanced
to the pulpit and whispered to the
minister: "It's no use asking this
congregation for money for the Indians,
or anyone else, as long as we carry our
present debt, for they all say 'we've
enough to do to pay our debts at
home'; but you may say to-night that
I will wipe out the debt myself, so
that they may be free to do something
worth while for the Indians." So Mr.
Bovaird, elder of the Roebuck Church,
himself wiped out the remaining \$103-
00 debt, which to a membership of
fourteen meant not a little relief. Six
dollar bills were immediately after-
wards placed on the plate in addition
to the collection previously taken. A
few days afterwards six dollars more
were sent to the manse "from four
who would help," and many times the
value of the money has been bestowed
on the little congregation in the new
enthusiasm inspired. What our church
needs to-day is more such Zacchean
conversions, not only for the sake of
our various schemes but for the deep-
ening of spiritual life; and in our
preaching we require to cease present-
ing appeals for money for worthy
causes in an apologetic tone, or under
our breath, as necessary evils; but,
on the contrary, to make them with an
enthusiasm worthy of their Divine
mission as God's liberators for self-
bound and wealth-bound souls.—Can.
Presbyterian.

Commonplace Lives.

"I live such a commonplace sort of
life that I feel very useless. What
does the world profit by such humdrum
folks as I, and all the rest of ordinary
humanity? I often wonder what we
are made for." So sighed one who
was faithfully doing her daily task in
the lowly ways of life. It was a rainy-
day plait. If the spiritual sky had
been quite clear, the outlook would
have been different.

It is a temptation that besets many
good men and women. Because their
sphere appears narrow it seems of no
account. It helps our faith to remem-
ber what sort of people they were to
whom the Lord Jesus told the most
precious truths, and for whom He
seemed especially to care. There are
a few instances given where He talked
with rulers and lawyers and men in
authority; but the great majority were
the common people. They were the
ones who, it is said, "heard Him
gladly," and the reason they were glad
to hear Him was because He made
them feel that they were of importance
in His thought. He told them their

Father in heaven noticed every spar-
row, and they need not fear that He
would forget them, for the poorest
among them was of more value than
many sparrows. It adds great dignity
to any life to be assured of God's valu-
ation of it. It is the possibility in
every soul which makes it precious in
His sight. And those possibilities are
not determined by present surround-
ings nor by present development. "It
doth not yet appear what we shall be."
There may be far more accomplished
by a faithful day laborer than by some
one whose name is famous and whose
words and deeds are widely praised.
For the Lord has other tests of value
than those which men apply. "Good
and faithful" are the talismanic words
which open the treasures of heaven.
There will be some sweet surprises for
the good, true, "commonplace" people
who thought themselves of little
account among the Lord's servants
upon earth.

"The moon and the stars are common-
place things,
And the flower that blooms and the
bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our
lot
If the flowers should fail and the sun
shine not;
And God, who studies each separate
soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His
beautiful whole."

—Ch. Advocate.

Was Peter Ever At Rome?

As to the question whether Peter
was ever at Rome, the Roman claim
is that he suffered martyrdom there
with Paul, after a Pontificate of twenty-
five years. This would be from A. D.
41 to 66. But note:

1. In 44 he was imprisoned in Jeru-
salem (Acts xii.).
2. In 52 he was at the Council of
Jerusalem (Acts xv.).
3. In 53 Paul joined him at Antioch
(Gal. ii.).
4. In 58 Paul wrote to the Romans
but does not mention him. In i. 11
he wants to impart special gifts, and
in i. 15 he is ready to preach again
there. He sends greetings to twenty-
seven persons, but none to Peter.
5. In 61 Paul is conveyed a prisoner
to Rome, and certain brethren go to
meet him, but not Peter.
6. At Rome he writes to the Galatians,
and mentions Peter, but not as
being there, or as having been P. ntiff
for twenty years.
7. The Epistles to the Ephesians,
Philippians, Colossians, Philemon
were all written from Rome; but
while others are mentioned as sending
messages, or as being associated with
him, Peter is never once mentioned.
8. From Rome also Paul's last
letter is written (the second epistle to
Timothy), he says, "At my first
answer no man stood with me, but all
men forsook me." (2 Tim. iv. 16). So
that if Peter were Bishop of Rome he
enjoyed an immunity which was not
accorded to Paul, and is guilty of hav-
ing forsaken the great apostle.
9. And, finally, in this very epistle,
written from Rome immediately before
his martyrdom, he says, "Only Luke
is with me." (2 Tim. iv. 11). This is
conclusive.

So that Paul had written to Rome,
he had been in Rome, and at the end
he writes from Rome, and not only
never once mentions Peter, but em-
phatically, at the last moment, de-
clares, "Only Luke is with me."

Peter, therefore, was never Bishop
of Rome.

The Song of the Flock.

What a deathless poem the twenty-
third Psalm is! It is the psalm of all
psalms. Our Bibles would be robbed
of their brightest jewel without it, and
our memories of a garnered and cher-
ished treasure.

What a myriad multitude there
would be could we assemble all who
have ever read or sung it! There
would be the sufferer on the sick bed,
shortening and beguiling his weary
vigils by repeating its consolations.
There would be the martyr chanting it
at his stake as the flames wrapped their
red winding-sheet around him. There
would be the soldier in his bivouac on
the eve of battle, pondering its mas-
tastic solaces by the smoldering embers
of his fire, or his Bible found among
the heaps of the slain, with its leaf
turned down at the song of the "valley
of the shadow of death." There would
be the shepherd wandering by the
green pastures and still waters, warb-
ling the strains of the inspired minstrel
of all time, who had thus sanctified his
calling. There would be the bereaved
mourner stooping over some withered
flower, deploring some extinguished
light in the earthly dwelling, singing
of a house and home where he and his
restored loved ones would dwell for-
ever.

It has been sung on the hills of pros-
perity and in the valleys of woe, by
the tongue of prattling infancy, by
manhood in its prime, and by old age

with its tottering steps, leaning on the
rod and staff of which it touchingly
speaks.

Little did he who first swept its
numbers on his harp think of the
legacy he had thus bequeathed to the
Church of the future; when, in some
bright moment of his own waning
years, he lifted the curtain of life and
reposed in thought on the fond images
of boyhood, as by day he led his sheep
along the mountain sides, and by night
folded them in his sheltered hollows,
taking these memories of sweet sun-
shine as hallowed symbols of the shep-
herd love and faithfulness of God.

The images of this pastoral song may
be of earth, but its pedigree is of
heaven; it is a heaven-born psalm.
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall
not want. Jehovah, "All-sufficient,"
the covenant Shepherd of His people,
embarked on their side and pledged
for their salvation. The old patriarch
Jacob speaks of the "Shepherd of
Israel;" Peter speaks of the "Shep-
herd and Bishop of souls;" but David
uses a loftier, more endearing epithet.
That Almighty, All-sufficient, Omnipot-
ent Being, says he, is mine—He is
my Shepherd, or, as he elsewhere
sings, "This God is our God forever"
and ever: He will be our Guide even
unto death."—J. R. MacDuff, D. D.

How Affliction Illumines
Sacred Truth.

There is an invisible ink in constant
use among diplomats and others, the
purpose of which is that only those to
whom the letter is addressed shall be-
come acquainted with its contents.
When the letter is received it is ex-
posed to the heat of the fire, and then
slowly, but surely and plainly, the
writing appears upon the paper in un-
mistakable characters. The Bible con-
tains God's letters to men, and they
are distributed so widely on account
of their cheapness that several are to
be found in the home of nearly every
civilized family which acknowledges
God throughout the world; and yet how
few there are, comparatively speaking,
who can intelligently read these divine
letters! Millions might as well be
without the Book for all it is worth to
them, because they only see the paper
and the binding, the message it con-
tains being written in invisible ink so
far as their understanding it goes.
And how often have we found that it
required the fierce fires of affliction to
make its written truths plain and con-
spicuous to our view! When we have
been laid aside by the hand of sickness
or accident we have discovered for the
first time, it may be, how very precious
is the Father's message to his
children, and how very happy we have
been made to feel after discovering its
warnings and its promises.—Temple
Magazine.

Living At Our Best.

Do not try to do a great thing; you
may waste all your life waiting for the
opportunity which may never come.
But, since little things are always
claiming your attention, do them as
they come, from a great motive, for
the glory of God, to win His smile of
approval, and to do good to men. It
is harder to plod on in obscurity, act-
ing thus, than to stand on the high
places of the field, within the view of
all, and to do deeds of valor at which
rival armies stand still to gaze. But
no such act goes without the swift
recognition and the ultimate recom-
pense of Christ. To fulfill faithfully
the duties of your station, to use to the
utmost the gifts of your ministry,
to bear chafing annoyances and trivial
irritations as martyrs bore the pillory
and stake, to find the one noble trait
in people that try to molest you, to
put the kindest construction on un-
kind acts and words, to love with the
love of God even the unthankful and
evil, to be content to be a fountain in
the midst of a wild valley of stones,
nourishing a few lichens and wild
flowers, or now and again a thirsty
sheep, and to do this always, and not
for the praise of man, but for the sake
of God—this makes a great life.—F.
B. Meyer.

Don't Give Up.

Sorrow came to you yesterday and
emptied your home. Your first im-
pulse is to give up and sit down in
despair amid the wrecks of your hopes.
But you dare not do it. You are in
the line of battle and the crisis is at
hand. To falter a moment would be
to imperil some holy interest. Other
lives would be harmed by your paus-
ing. Holy interests would suffer
should your hands be folded. You
must not linger even to indulge your
grief. Sorrows are but incidents in
life and must not interrupt us. We
must leave them behind while we
press on to the things that are before.

Then God has so ordered, too, that
in pressing on in duty we shall find
the truest, richest comfort for our

selves. Sitting down to brood over
our sorrows, the darkness deepens
about us and creeps into our heart,
and our strength changes to weakness.
But if we turn away from the gloom
and take up the tasks and duties to
which God calls us, the light will
come again and we shall grow strong,
er.

"When all our hopes are gone,
'Tis well our hands must still keep
toiling on
For others' sake;
For strength to bear is found in duty
done;
And he is best indeed who learns to
make
The joy of others cure his own heart-
ache."

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Random Readings.

The actions of this life shall be the
fate of the next.—Eastern Saying.

Death to God's people is but a ferry-
boat. Every day and every hour the
boat pushes off with some of the saints,
and returns again for more.

Measuring a man's character by the
money he has is the grossest sort of an
error, but measure him by the money
he gives according to his ability to
give, and you come near finding the
real man.

Knowledge will not be acquired
without pains and application. It is
troublesome and deep digging for pure
waters; but when once you come to
the spring, they rise up and meet you.
—Feltner.

Blessed is the memory of those who
have kept themselves unspotted from
the world! Yet more blessed and more
dear the memory of those who have
kept themselves unspotted in the
world!—Mrs. Jameson.

The best lights in the home are a
well kept Sabbath, a well thumbed
Bible, a daily family altar, and a sweet
neighborliness. Christ will abide in
such a home, and good men and women
will come out of it.

There is one place where blessing
can be obtained—waiting at the throne
of grace. Let us open our hearts
heavenward, sacrificing everything,
with the one object of seeing what God
can do for them that wait on him. If
God gives us grace to say, "This one
thing I do: I wait on the Lord," we
may depend upon it that he will arm
and lead his people on to blessing and
power such as they have not known—
Andrew Murray.

Truth in a Nutshell.

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close confinement in house, school
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of impure blood disappear with the
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used it regularly for over ten years,
and have recommended it to all suffer-
ers I knew of, and they found it of
great virtue in cases of severe bron-
chitis and incipient consumption."

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will be of some use to those who suffer
from headache and have not yet heard
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the back afflicted me for a long time,
but now I am free from them, thanks
to the use of one bottle and a half of
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