

As Ye Would.

BY EDITH VIRGINIA BRADY.

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him com-
fortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied.
In my own hour of bitterness?

I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart—
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and
smart—
How could I hope to have my grief re-
lieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I send,
Then do I hold the golden hours well
spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet con-
tent.

—Selected.

Letting God Fade Out of Life.

To speak of God's fading out of life seems a kind of sacrilege. God cannot fade, though fade the skies and all this nether world. How can we speak of God as fading out of the life of a man?

Any knowledge which we have once possessed, but which is not kept fresh and vivid to our consciousness, has more or less of a faded effect. It is in the background of thought, and shares the shade and dimness of that region. Thoughts and knowledge, if not in constant use, fade and blend with those blurred conceptions that have ceased to have a vital interest for us.

God should be the most resplendent object to every mind. If his glory be dulled to the spirit of any man, it is the perceiving mind itself which is dulled. But is it possible that such a being as God should exist, and a man, who has once been taught God's relation to him as Father and Saviour, still live as if no such sun of glory shone in his heaven? Is it possible that a man could once have been under the radiance of God's love to him, and have seen and believed this love, and then be content to live with God in the background of his life, with the image of God setting behind the mountains of his sin and indifference, leaving only a fading evening glow in the landscape of his life?

It may be so. And it is these very mountains of sin and indifference that explain the anomaly of a faded image of God in the thought and life of men. It is the indulgence of self, either in crude or in insidious guise, it is unworthy and base neglect of One who claims the chief place in the heaven of our thought and spirit, which obscures like an eclipse or like rolling clouds the only luminary of the soul.

God may fade from the thought of those who have once seen him. If God is not the most conspicuous, most attractive, most shining object to us, day by day, we should take alarm. He is fading from us. The process of effacement is very subtle. It eludes us, even as the sullying of a bright metal cannot be accurately traced in the imperceptible degrees of its diminishing brilliancy. Some day our own minds may cease to reflect God.

The thought of God fades and becomes less of a power in the life, unless it is constantly increasing to us in brightness. Either God is becoming more fadeless in our conception of his beauty, more present to our inward sight as risen and glorified Redeemer, or he is fading—throne and crown and outstretched hand of love—into a remote and misty realm where the soul's vision gathers blackness, like a midnight wherein rises no Sun of Righteousness. We are losing ground spiritually if the thought of Jesus as Saviour is not daily growing in depth and import to us, if the features of the Lord are not being etched in deeper and deeper lines, with more and more expressiveness in their delineations of forgiving love and majesty, upon our thought and character. He does not fade in the view of one who daily finds him mighty to save. So alone can we escape the supreme incongruity of being unable to see God while still he is shining on in splendor. Those from whom God is fading are not living in any true desire to be free from sin. They wish to escape from even their poor, faded, feeble conception of God, that even this spectral shadow of their hollow belief may no longer trouble them.

Many succeed in this endeavor. But there is no necessity that this be so. There is no fatalistic requirement that God fade from us; far otherwise. But since, owing to our infirmity and sin, the vision of God tends to fade, therefore superhuman energy and exertion are needed on our part, that God

should be seen ever as he is, and that he be kept ever lovely, bright, and beautiful as he is in truth, before our eyes. The energy which constantly overcomes the tendency of our spiritual vision to paralysis is the energy of the Holy Spirit. It is the illumination of the Spirit glorifying Jesus that keeps him ever before us fadeless and in his beauty. This is the divine power, but the human means by which this is accomplished are within the resolution of our will.

God will not fade to a man who daily reads and studies the Bible to see there the true God. Do we sometimes feel a mortal terror lest neglect, the manifold attention to other things, the waywardness and perversity of our nature, and the attacks of Satan, may intervene to dim the divine One, and that we too may go on, like so many others, as if God did not exist? Let us betake ourselves, as for our lives, to the study of the truth of God and to prayer to him. These are the two ways by which the saints have ever brightened the thought of God in their hearts. They are the precious methods by which God, dwelling in the light which no man can approach, imprints himself ineffaceable on our inmost being.

The fading of God out of the lives of men—is it not the "seeing and not perceiving" of with Jesus speaks? Because God is not held before the mind in the high light of Scripture revelation, because prayer has not revealed him as the one supreme object of the soul, all things seem to be done in parables, all things relating to the great mystery of the kingdom become vague, far away, inconsequent, and unrelated to us. How the words of the Master ring in our ears!—"Having eyes, see ye not?" and "do ye not remember?" Forgetfulness of what Jesus is and of what he has done, —this is that very fading process, the weaker and weaker hold of the mind on truth which it has once possessed.

But while we fear, the very words "once possessed" become our hope and our encouragement. The same voice which warns speaks this consolatory, inspiring word, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given." We are not left to the weak retaining powers of our own will or imagination, or even of our own faith in the things unseen, for the perpetuation and heightening of the vision of God in the soul. That picture, for a true believer, may be constantly touched and retouched and rendered resplendent as by a divine artist, if once the image of the Man of sorrows, bearer of grief for us, has been formed within in glorious colors.

There is a picture by the rugged but pathetic brush of Albert Dürer, which, once seen, could never again, it would seem, become dimmed in its memory. The Man of Sorrows, facing the beholder, sits upon a roughly hewn rock, his head bowed upon his right hand, which covers his face. The thorny crown is seen in full circle as the head is thrown forward. The barbed surroundings, the denuding lack of every softening circumstance, of the shame and the bowing down under the agony of anguish, borne not for his own, but for others', sin, portray fathomless humiliation. But, rayed outward from the mournfully bent and enshadowed head, burns a brilliancy of glory, in the very midst of which his dark figure is set, while pointed thorn and penciled glory-beam unite as light and shade in the haloed radiance around him. It is the dark of earth against the dazzling gold of heaven. It is the sorrow of time and sin against the glory of eternity and love. It is humanity set in the heart of the Godhead. It is the Saviour-God. Who that has once accepted that shame and that glory as his own can for one moment forget the eternally fadeless form of Him who was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him? —S. S. Times.

Hard Pressed.

How precious are the words of the forty-second Psalm. How many hearts find comfort in them. How perfectly they express the experience of a Christian in trouble. It is purely sentimental to say they have not, or they should not. They do; and they must, as long as they live on the earth, of which it is written, "Thorns and thistles shall bring it forth unto thee." Thorns pierced the brow of Jesus. They will pierce the heart of His people until they go to the land where there is "no more curse."

David was in trouble; he said, "O my God, my soul is cast down within me; all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." He was in such trouble that people looking on asked him what had become of his God—the God whom he had served and loved and trusted—that He could allow him to be so hard pressed with affliction.

This is frequently the sorest part of a Christian's trouble—the question which the adversary is always thrusting upon him: "Why does not your God relieve you of these distressing burdens, take away your pain, and make your life comfortable, as He has the power to do?" Friends often try his faith in the same way. They say: "It is a great mystery that God should let you suffer so. Why does He not hear prayer and send relief, for you surely love Him?" Yes, the beloved of the Lord are encompassed about with sorrows, and it is no evidence that they are not His beloved if in a moment when some great billow almost sweeps them from their feet they cry out, like David, "Why hast Thou forgotten me?"

But there is a bright side to the sorrows of a Christian. Besides the comfort of knowing that he has the sympathy of One who was tested in all points like as we are, even to the extremity of saying, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" there is a blessing in the sorrow itself. David would probably never have cried out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," if his soul had never been cast down or disquieted within him. When the deer is hard pressed by his slayer, when the arrow has pierced him, and his heart's blood is hot with pain, he flies for the cooling water. So the heart distressed cries out for God, the only source of comfort, as it never did before the arrows pierced it. This is one reason—not the only reason, but it is one—why God permits His best beloved to wait long under heavy pressure of pain and disappointment. When earthly streams are dried, the panting soul must find the eternal spring or die. The soul's Lover lets the storm break over it so that it may fly to His bosom. If in no other way we learn to desire God above all else, sorrow must teach the lesson, for He so loves us that He will have our hearts.

Does Love, then, permit suffering simply to win love in return? No. Love seeketh not her own, but the highest good of the beloved. To find God, to know Him, is to slake the thirst of the soul, is to find the supreme blessedness. David said in the midst of his trouble, "His presence is salvation." He called Him "the God of my life," "the God of my strength," "God, my exceeding joy." His panting, thirsting soul, driven by its pain, found what, without it, it might have wholly missed. —N. Y. Advocate.

Week-Day Christianity.

It is truly to be hoped that nothing will ever diminish the relative importance of the Christian Sabbath in the minds of Christian people; because it is the observance of this day which has been the very stronghold and central force in the history of the church. In pleading for more zeal and earnestness in religious matters during the six days, we feel that we are pleading for that which will exalt the Lord's Day all the more. But a good deal of the difficulty which many sincere Christian people experience in keeping Sunday aright is the direct outcome of six days of neglect. They are absorbed in business or pleasure, and their private prayers are adjourned till Sabbath hours. The gregariousness of some people in matters affecting their soul's salvation is astonishing. It seems impossible for them to enjoy religion at all except by the aid of the magnetism which well filled churches, sumptuous music and eloquent pulpit oratory bring along with them. They make some attempt at prayer and the reading of the Scriptures every day in the week, but they do not look forward to the "sweet hour of prayer" with an iota of the pleasure with which they anticipate the stir and thrill and glow of the Sunday morning service. Thus, many good people are spiritually starved and stunted, and this is one good reason why the communion occasion in its recurrence is a pain rather than a delight. They are too sincere to approach the Lord's table carelessly, yet they cannot prepare for it in the very brief prelude of a day or two. The frame of mind to which they would bring themselves seemed forced and strained. Their brief and hurried attempt at self-examination mirrors before them a startling array of sins of omission and commission, and perhaps the best that these can say for themselves is that since their last communion season they have yielded to no gross temptations—which must, however, remind any one who has a good memory for Scripture texts of the reflections of the Pharisee in the gospel: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, or even as this publican." They are too conscientious and too deeply imbued with religious feeling to accept mere morality as a substitute for spirituality and it would be a great

pain to them to have to absent themselves from the table of the Lord; but they do not feel prepared for it for they have not lived in preparation for it. —Zion's Advocate.

A Blessed Life.

Some years ago it was our privilege to meet a venerable servant of God who had been preaching the Gospel in adjacent rural communities for forty years. His life had been a quiet, uneventful one. His fame was limited, the results of his labors not conspicuous to the eye of the world, his pecuniary gains insignificant. Indeed, he informed us that in all his ministry of two score years he had never received, in money, more than \$400 a year. Yet, with his garden, his cow, and an occasional "donation," he had managed to live in comfort, had aided three sons in getting a collegiate education, and in his old age seemed to be—nay, was—as cheerful and happy as any man could wish to be.

It developed, incidentally, in the course of the conversation that he had a remarkable natural gift in the diagnosis of disease, and that, in a simple way, he had practiced the art of healing the bodies as well as the souls of his humble neighbors. One of the leading physicians of Philadelphia, he said, had advised him, many years before, to abandon the ministry for the medical profession, assuring him that, if he would do so, a brilliant career and an ample fortune awaited him. "And why did you not follow his advice?" was asked. "Oh, I could not give up the preaching of the Gospel," he answered simply.

That was the secret of his happy, his truly successful life. God had called him to the ministry of the Word. He felt it to be a divine vocation, and no pinch of poverty, no loss of opportunity to gain reputation and fortune, could swerve him from that sacred service. And in the faithful, trustful discharge of that high duty he had lost, indeed what the world calls riches; but had gained those true riches of which our sermon this week so happily treats. Poor, voluntarily poor in this world's goods rich toward God! At almost the end of his long and useful life—he passed into the heavens about a year after this interview—no regretful thought entered his heart for all the years of privation and toil. He was simply and heartily glad that he had been accounted worthy to preach Christ and him crucified to sinful, dying men.

Was not that a life worth living? Hardship—yes. Privation—yes. Ah, but the many compensations along the way—what of them? And at the end, an entrance—no doubt an "abundant entrance"—into the enjoyment of that inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, unfading, made ready for him by his Lord in the world beyond the strand. There is no "failure" in such a life as that. —The Examiner.

"Before Honor is Humility."

Look at the corn in the field; it holds its head erect while it is green, but when the ear is filled and matured it hangs its head in graceful humbleness. Look at your fruit trees; how their blossoming branches shoot up toward the sky, but when they begin to be loaded with fruit, since the ripening fruit the greater its weight, the branch begins to bow, until it needs oftentimes to be propped up and to be supported lest it break away from the stem. Weight comes from maturity; lowliness of mind is the inevitable consequence. Growing Christians think themselves nothing; full-grown Christians know that they are less than nothing. The nearer we are to heaven in point of sanctification, the more we mourn our infirmities and the humbler is our estimate. Lightly-jaden vessels float high in the water; heavy cargo sinks the bark to the water's edge. The more grace, the more the need of grace is felt. He may boast of his grace who has little; but he who is rich in grace cries out for more, and forgets that which is behind. When a man's inward life flows like a river, he thinks only of the source, and cries before his God, "All my fresh springs are in Thee." He who abounds in holiness feels more than ever that in him—that is, in his flesh—there dwelleth no good thing. Thou art not ripened, my brother, whilst thou hast a high esteem of thyself. He who glories in himself is but a babe in Christ, if indeed he be in Christ at all. When thou shalt see death written on the creature, and see all thy life in Christ; when thou shalt perceive even the holy things to have iniquity in them, and see all thy perfectness in Him who is altogether lovely; when thou shalt lie prostrate at the foot of the throne, and only rise to sit and reign in Him who is thine all—then art thou ripening, but not till then. —C. H. Spurgeon.

Sowing And Reaping.

We are not done with life as we live it. We shall meet our acts and words and influences again. A man will reap the same that he sows, and he himself shall be the reaper. We go on sowing carelessly, never dreaming that we shall see our seeds again. Then some day we come to an ugly plant growing somewhere, and when we ask, "What is this?" comes the answer, "I am one of your plants. You dropped the seed which grew into me." We shall have to eat the seed that grows from our sowing. —Dr. J. R. Miller.

Taking The World as we Find It.

We must take the world as we find it; there is no avoiding that. But we ought not to leave the world as we found it; there would be no excuse for that. A large share of our proper work in life ought to be in the line of seeing to it that the world shall be better, when we leave it, than it was when we entered it, simply because we have been in it. Otherwise our life is a failure. —S. S. Times.

"My son," said an Arab chieftain, "hasten to the spring and bring me a basket of water." The boy went, but always before he could return to the tent the water leaked out, until at length he came to his father and said, "Although I repeatedly filled the basket, the water would not stay." Then his father, taking the basket, said, "My son, what you say is true. The water did not stay, but see how clean and pure is the basket. So it will be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the precepts you hear, but keep trying to treasure them; they will make your heart pure and fit for heavenly uses." And so, even though when you go to church there is sure to be much in the sermon that you cannot understand or remember just now, you cannot go reverently and lovingly, as into the presence of your heavenly Father, without being the better for it. The life-giving streams ever flowing from God's holy house will at least have passed through your minds and hearts. —Young People's Paper.

Tired, Nervous, Sleepless

Men and women—how gratefully they write about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Once helpless and discouraged, having lost all faith in medicines, now in good health and "able to do my own work," because Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to enrich and purify the blood and make the weak strong—this is the experience of a host of people.

Hood's PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Here is the Way.

To cure heart and nerve troubles and that weak, weary, tired feeling, sleeplessness, nervousness, etc., as Mrs. Thos. Glover, Chatham, Ont., did. Says Mrs. Glover: "One box of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me. I was so bad that I feared paralysis, but am now well and strong, thanks to these wonderful pills."

An Ill-fated Train.

Mr. J. Plimmer, of Windsor, Ont., was on the train which went through the bridge at St. George, Ont., in 1888. In the accident his kidneys and back were seriously injured, and have since caused him much suffering. Mr. Plimmer says:—"Until I obtained Doan's Kidney Pills I never knew what it was to be free from pain. They have entirely removed the pain, and I am able to work every day now. They have produced better results than all the other medicines combined which I have used in all my years of suffering. I regard them as a specific for kidney trouble."

For Nine Years. — Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

FACE HUMORS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

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