

Obscure Martyrs.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."
They have no place in storied page;
No rest in marble shrine;
They are past and gone with a perished age,
They died and "made no sign."
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were their mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

O seek them not where sleep the dead,
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad and unseen in their silent grave—
It may be the sand or the deep sea waves,
Or a lonely desert place;
For they needed no prayers and no mourn-
ing bell—
They were tombed in true hearts that
knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were
broken,
And dried eyes till their lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token.
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent suffer for the right—
Angels shall count them, and earth shall
sigh
That she left her best children to battle
and die.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Family Selfishness.

The common understanding of selfishness is that it relates only to the individual. The selfish man is he who always regards himself first. This is the fact generally, as the etymology of the word signifies, selfish, pertaining to self. But the spirit which underlies individual selfishness may have a broader application. Men who do not think of themselves first often possess the character of those who do. Partiality is a phase of selfishness in which regard intended to be general is limited to a particular object or class. Those who are possessed by this dwarfed affection may be entirely self-forgetful and self-sacrificing, but they are never unmindful of that which their partiality has unduly magnified. The woman who worries over her pug dogs and cats may be just as selfish as she who wastes her strength on personal adornment while the man who lavishes his care upon his horses or his club is no better than the miser who hoards his gold.

The most frequent form of this selfishness outside the individual is seen in the family. Parents lose all sense of justice in any issue between their own children and other people. The testimony of teachers and playmates count nothing against the word of their darling boy and girl. In anything concerning themselves they are reasonable enough to confess errors, but their offspring must be acknowledged impeccable and infallible. A teacher of experience once said it would be a delight to teach if there were no parents. He meant that parent partiality stood in the way of the right discipline and training of the child.

In a thousand ways this blind devotion is seen. Mothers make slaves of themselves to secure leisure and luxury for their daughters. They will be satisfied with rags if their children are clothed in purple and fine linen. Fathers espouse the cause of their boys in every childish quarrel, and train them in an attitude toward playmates that they themselves would be ashamed to take among their associates or competitors in business. If the parents are rich they spoil their children with luxury, and rob them of the privilege of any reasonable and sober estimate of life. Often what is owed society is kept entirely for the family. Instead of cultivating kindly relations in the community the whole strength of the father and care of the mother are given to the household. The little neighborly reciprocities which mark the difference between a community of human beings and a herd of animals are neglected. As the domestic slaves who are supposed to be at the head of the household have no time for any service outside their own family circle, they are set on left to their own self-isolation, and what was meant for a home glorified by intelligent love and radiating its blessings to those without, becomes a forbidding castle of selfishness.

In this whole matter parents are the chief sinners. The humanizing community instinct is strong in the child.

He is glad to share with other children in common griefs and joys. He forms his fellowships without respect to arbitrary social distinctions. The play ground is his paradise, and he takes a keen interest in the whole life of his little world. Not until his mind is poisoned by the selfishness and partiality of those who should have encouraged his better impulses does he withdraw from the things which, by nature, he is created to enjoy. By fostering their vanity and their love of display; by humoring

their whims and defending their shortcomings, parents too often destroy all hopes of all generous and gracious manhood and womanhood for their children. These young people, surrounded by unhealthy conditions, will find themselves entirely unfitted for their after duties and relationships in the outside world, where they must stand on their own merits, and give, as well as take, in the issues of life.

So among the evils which we are to guard against is family partiality, a form of selfishness which hurts all parties involved. It is a subtle temptation because so close akin to what is one of tenderness and most holy affections of the soul, the love for our own kin and offspring. God has set the solitary in families not that they should live to themselves and be unjust to all the world besides, but that each home shall be a school of virtuous and unselfish manhood and womanhood and the radiant center of influences which shall be for the good of all homes and a blessing to all lands.—Chris. Stand- ard.

Likeness to Christ.

This is the object of all Christian life, the goal of all Christian effort. It does not imply uniformity of nature, or even of character. It simply means that our individual characters are to be so purified of evil, have what is good in them so fully developed that, as a result, we shall be dominated by the same principles that Christ manifested. In proportion as it is accomplished do men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. In the same proportion do we have comfort in our own lives, and are we efficient in our work.

When, however, we come to think somewhat closely as to what is involved in this, and judge carefully of our practical attainment, the effect is apt to be discouraging. Likeness to Christ means holiness, freedom from sin; and we are constantly subject to sin, and very far from holiness. Even our best efforts in that direction are so often of little avail, and we so frequently find that the evil is the very thing we want, while the good we are willing to forego, that we wonder sometimes whether we really desire the thing we are aiming at. So also likeness to Christ means wisdom, the best use of the best means; the right word in the right place, and we are so unwise, fail so often, stir so much evil instead of allaying it, that we are inclined to think the likeness absolutely unattainable, and practically not worth trying for.

So through all the long list of those characteristics that marked Christ's life upon the earth as we find it recorded. The more we look at them, and then at ourselves the more we realize our own shortcomings and failure and hesitate even to claim the purpose of seeking them. We are disposed to settle down to a somewhat dogged kind of life, say we will do the best we can and let it go at that. If we are tempted and yield, we console ourselves with the reflection that we are still human and liable to err, and will not be judged harshly.

The way to avoid this is to keep the thought fixed not upon ourselves but upon Christ, and upon him, not so much as an example for us, as a person in himself. A great many people are constantly wondering what Christ would do if he were situated just as they are. Inasmuch as he could not possibly be situated just as they are, the query becomes useless. Our situations are the result, to a greater or less degree, of our own character with its weaknesses and defects. To put Christ in our place is impossible. What we are to look at is not a series of actions but the life that is behind the actions, the principle that controls them. Actions, indeed, are the illustration of principles. Hence it is well to study actions, but to study them not for themselves but for what they indicate. When Christ was giving his last instructions to the disciples he told them that the comforter, the Holy Spirit, would teach them all things, bringing to their remembrance whatsoever he had said to them. The value of those words is not that they furnish statutes for right actions but principles for right living.

But it is not merely by watching the life of Christ as illustrated by his actions, or his principles as set forth by his words, that we gain likeness to him. There is a strange power in personality to affect other natures. The child grows to be like one whom he constantly watches. He may or may not make a conscious effort for that likeness, but the likeness comes. People of larger growth, maturer, more independent development, are often strangely drawn by constant contact into likeness to one another, without so much as a thought of the process. John says: "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." What we need here is to see Christ—see him, not merely as he was, but as

he is; and we shall find the likeness taking hold upon us and fashioning us into itself.—The Independent.

He Would Not Pass It On.

I am going to suppose a case. Such an actual case never happened. It would have made a stir over all Baptist Christendom if it had.

It was at the Lord's Supper; there was a good churchful of disciples, and the deacons came along with the cup. The rule was for the man at the end of the pew to partake himself, and then pass it along to the next, and he to the next, and so on till the last one was reached. One man, right in the middle of the pew, got hold of it, and partook, then held on to the cup.

"Pass it on," said the man next to him, who had had it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it on," said the man beyond who wanted it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it on," said the deacon in a low but earnest voice, but he would not do it.

The pastor saw there was some trouble in that pew. He slipped down on tiptoe and, seeing how it stood, he said, "Pass it on; the cup is intended for all; 'drink ye all of it.' It is not intended for you alone. It has come all the way down from the table till it reached you. Don't stop it; pass it along." But the man clutched all the harder and would not pass it on. He wanted to keep it all for himself.

There is the Cup of Salvation. Christ filled it with his own hands. He gave it to his disciples to drink. Drink and pass it along. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

"Go ye, therefore." So the apostles partook and then passed it on. They of Jerusalem passed it on to Antioch; and they of Antioch passed it on to Ephesus and Corinth and Philippi; and they of Ephesus, Corinth, and Philippi passed it on to Rome; and they of Rome; passed it on to Britain; and they of Britain passed it on to us in America; and we of America are to pass it on to Japan and China and India, and to the isles of the sea which have it not.

But now some there are who have got the cup and hold on to it and will not pass it on. "It is good," they say; "blessed—O most blessed." But they will not pass it on. The heathen are perishing for want of that cup, but they will not pass it on. There is more salvation in that cup than they can ever use themselves, but they will not pass any of it along. When the brethren in other places conclude they must do something to hold forth the word and spread the blessing and come and ask them to join, saying, "We have found it so good ourselves, let us pass it over to those millions of poor Chinamen," they say, "No. We do not believe in passing the cup along." So they never give anything to save other people. Is that all right?—William Ashmore, D. D., in the Kingdom.

"He Redeemed Me."

An incident is related of a man who before the war was traveling in the South and became much interested in a young colored girl, purchasing her from her master and giving her her liberty. After the bargain had been completed with her owner, the man found difficulty in getting the girl to realize that she was actually free. At last it did dawn upon her in all its fullness of meaning; but instead of exulting in her newly-gained liberty, she exclaimed: "O, he redeemed me; I will follow him; I can never thank him enough; I will serve him all my life!" She accompanied him to his Northern home, and as people often remarked her loving attention to every wish of her newly-found friend, it was her gladly-given and ever-sufficient reply: "He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

So we have, as Christians, One who ransomed us. He is our Redeemer, our Saviour, our Friend. Is it strange, then, that we should find "the love of Christ constraining us?" This is the true motive to consecration.

If we allow this thought to be ever present with us, "He redeemed me! every sacrifice required in His service will be a joy and a delight to us. We shall count nothing too dear to render to Him in view of this great fact of our redemption. This is what made the fires welcome to the holy martyrs. The love of Christ constrained them to go with triumph into the flames.—"Guide to Holiness."

A recent German writer says: "The lark goes up singing toward heaven; but if she stops the motion of her wings, then straightway she falls. So it is with him who prays not. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward; but without our prayers we sink."

"Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled."

BY GEORGE MATHESON, D. D.

My soul, be not so anxious about the reason of thy peace. Is it not written that there is a peace which passeth understanding? What is that but a song in the night? It is one of the songs without words. It gives no explanation of its music. Clouds and darkness may be round about thee, and yet thou mayest be able to sing.

Do not distress thyself to find a cause for thy joy. Hast thou not read of a bush that was all in flame, and yet was not consumed? The facts were all against its permanence; it was unreasonable that it should live. But it did live, and why? Because there was a voice speaking within it, singing within it, against facts, spite of reason, in defiance of circumstances. It was a song without words, a comfort without cause, a strength without the legions of angels.

So oftentimes shall it be with thee. There shall be moments in which thy Gethsemane shall reveal no flower, in which the cup shall not pass, in which the legions of angels shall not come; and yet, strange to say, thou shalt be strong.

Thou shalt fly without pinions; thou shalt walk without feet; thou shalt breathe without air; thou shalt praise without words; thou shalt laugh without sunshine; thou shalt bless without knowing why, for the song of thy heart shall itself be thy light, and thy joy shall be only from God.—The Golden Rule.

We can never see this world in its true light unless we consider our life in it as a state of discipline, a condition through which we are passing to prepare us for another state beyond.—J. W. Alexander.

What a Tract Did.

"It was a hot day in July," says a writer in "The American Messenger." "A mission worker was toiling up stairs and down, sometimes only to find shut doors, and sometimes when the doors were opened to find them suddenly slammed shut at the sight of a stranger."

"At last in her journeyings she came upon a door half open, a chain to keep out intruders, and a woman ironing."

"Speaking to the woman, the missionary handed her a narrative tract called 'John iii, 16.' The woman took it, and laid it down on her ironing-table, not even admitting the visitor."

"A year and a half passed. The visitor was standing just inside the door at the mission on Milwaukee Avenue when a woman with a child came in. As she came in she held out 'John iii, 16,' and said, 'O, I'm so glad I've found you again. Do you remember leaving this at my house a year ago last summer? I've moved three times since, but this little book brought me to the Saviour, and I count it the most precious thing I have, and I want to belong to God's people.' She united with the mission church."

How Wesley Spoiled His Sermon.

A farmer went to hear Wesley. The preacher said he would take up three topics; he was talking about money.

His first head was, "Get all you can." The farmer nudged his neighbor, and said, "I never heard the like before; this is admirable preaching."

Wesley discoursed on industry, activity, living to a purpose, and reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became excited. "Was there ever anything like this?"

The preacher demonstrated thriftlessness and waste; he satirized the wilful wickedness which revelled in luxury, and the farmer rubbed his hands as he thought, "All this have I been taught from my youth up."

And what with getting and with hoarding, it seemed to him that "Salvation" had come to his house.

Wesley advanced to his third head, which was, "Give all you can." "Oh, dear!" said the farmer, "he has spoiled it all."

Many assent to religion until it pulls at their purse-strings.

The Loftier Spirit.

A young woman whose life was full of lofty ambitions found herself occupied day after day with disagreeable household tasks. As the future seemed to shut down hopelessly around these homely duties, the girl grew complaining and bitter. One day her father, who was the village doctor, said to her: "Do you see those vials? They are cheap, worthless things in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in another a healing medicine. No body cares for the vials themselves

but for what they carry. So with our duties, insignificant and worthless in themselves, but the patience or anger or high thinking or bitterness which we put in them, that is the important thing, the immortal thing." A celebrated Frenchman said, "Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with an extraordinary spirit."—Silver Cross.

A Blessed Experience.

Dr. Payson in his last days said: "Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were to be removed, they would be miserable; whereas, God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed He has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."—Selected.

Was It You?

There was somebody who said an unkind word which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was thoughtless and selfish in his manner and mode of living. Was it you?

There was somebody who harshly criticised the actions of somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but faults in the belongings of his friend. Was it you?—California Independent.

A dressmaker's apprentice, who had recently been converted to Christ, was talking of her joy and gratitude. "And," she added, earnestly, "please God, my work shall never pull at the seams again!" This was a practical evidence of conversion, and one which could not go unrecorded. That the professions of so many church members go for little with the world, is because their everyday lives and work "pull at the seams."

If God be our guide, he will be our guard.—M. Henry.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.—P. J. Bailey.

Life should be a constant vision of God's presence.—A. Maclaren.

Always Felt Tired.

"I suffered with severe headache and loss of appetite and I always felt tired. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking one bottle my headache disappeared. I continued taking it until now I am never troubled with headache and my appetite is good." Laura Garland, 247 Claremont St., Toronto, Ont.

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Our I's and....
...Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

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