

Bide A Wee, And Dinna Fret.

Is the road very dreary?

Patience yet!

Rest will be sweeter if thou art weary,
And after the night cometh the morning
cheery.

Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The clouds have a silver lining,

Don't forget;

And though he's hidden, still the sun is
shining;

Courage! instead of tears and vain repin-

ing,

Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toils and cares unending

Art beset?

Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven

descending,

Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow

bending,

And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow

From regret;

But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow

Unfit us for the present and the morrow?

Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding

Doth beget

A host of fears and fantasies deluding;

Then, brothers, lest the torments be in-

truding,

Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

—From "At the Beautiful Gate."

The Pulpit.

The pulpit stands alone in the world. It is far above the platform, or any other place occupied by man. It is God's chosen medium through which he speaks to man. Paul so understood it when he said, "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." "We are ambassadors for Christ." The pulpit has but one message, "which is fully comprehended in the words of the angel, 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"

The work of preparation had been going on for four thousand years, and now the fullness of time had come. With what eager delight the angel must have hastened to tell the wondrous story to man. It was a message from God, the everlasting Father. Upon every pulpit in Christendom the words of Elisha to Elisha were inscribed in letters of purest gold: "I have a message from God unto thee." Every minister whom God has chosen should, as he enters the pulpit feel, "I have a message from God unto thee." If he has no such message, what has he? He is God's messenger, sent out to tell the people—what? Has he anything purer or more inspiring than what was implied and included in the angel's message? "Good tidings;" "great joy;" "peace on earth;" "good will to men." Is not that enough? No minister will live long enough to tell of all the good things in the angel's message.

The people have a right to expect to hear from the pulpit what they would not hear from the platform or from any other place on earth. Will ministers never learn that what the majority of the people want to hear are the plain, simple truths of the gospel? If the pulpit would keep within the legitimate sphere there would be fewer empty pews in the house of God. There is a charm in the angel's message when unfolded in the spirit in which it was announced that will touch the higher nature in man as nothing else will do. It was born out of love, and flies with the wings of peace and good will to men. Bernard preached one day very scholarly, and a few learned men thanked him. The next day he preached very plainly, and the people not only thanked him, but praised the Lord for such a message. "Ah," said he, "yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day I preached Christ." Summerfield, just before his death, said, "Oh, if I might be raised again! How I could preach! I could preach as I never preached before. I have taken a look into eternity." If ministers to-day could look into eternity as they enter the pulpit, how they would preach!

Why do ministers persist in entering the pulpit with their heads, and sometimes their hands, full of a discourse which has scarcely a remote allusion to any vital truth in the gospel of Jesus? Some of these discourses are as dry as jerk, while others are like old-fashioned pop—more froth than substance.

There never was and never will be a gospel sermon preached in which Christ is not the central thought. This broad assertion may be challenged, but it may stand until someone furnishes the outline of a gospel sermon that has no Christ in it. Much, very much, is being said about ministerial culture. Yet, too much can hardly be said in favor of it, provided other things are kept even with it; and herein lies the danger. I lay it down at the door of our colleges and seminaries that an education which neglects or ignores the proper cultivation of

development of the spiritual nature in man is not only incomplete, but dangerous. Milton said that the "end of education is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love and imitate him." Between mental culture and sociology the danger is that the spiritual, which is the most important, will be relegated to a back seat.

Oh, this Christless, soulless preaching; this strained effort to appear learned and brilliant; this mental struggle to please a few, while scores of hungry souls are waiting to be fed with the bread of life. How such preaching detracts from the dignity and glory of the pulpit! Is there a theme more sublime, more inspiring, and more uplifting than the simple story of the cross? If the angel which appeared to the shepherds would suddenly come to some of our pulpits, and with a voice sweet and tender as an Aeolian harp announce, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy," and in the same moment a whole company of angels overhead would join in one grand chorus "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," what would become of the preacher's manuscript at such a time? Bless me, how it would wake up some of our quiet, orderly congregations! Well, think as we may and do as we please, this is the pulpit's theme—a message from God which is always fresh and always inspiring.—Bishop Weaver, in Telescope.

Opened Eyes.

Many Christians, like the two disciples going to Emmaus, are talking about Jesus, sad of heart to see Him, ready to go anywhere to find Him, when all the while He is close beside them and they know it not.

What method did He take to open the eyes of these two earnest inquirers? Happily for us, it is a method which does not wear out through the ages, but is as effective for simple-hearted people now as then. But it is only for the simple-hearted. The world by wisdom goes blind to the end. Jesus took these two on a tour of thoughtful research through Moses and the prophets to discover the things concerning Himself. The blessed old Bible, the same that I hold in my hand this minute, was the means by which He opened their eyes to see the one thing which could make them glad—Himself. It is true He opened their eyes to understand, but He used the Scriptures as the means by which they could get such a sight of Him that they would never again doubt His living presence, even though the clouds received Him from natural vision.

He takes the same way now—the only way by which we can be firmly settled in the faith, so that the vision of His dear face is never shut from us. The reverent, constant, simple-hearted study of the word, with Jesus through the Holy Spirit for our guide, will reveal Him to everyone sincerely crying, "O, that I knew where I might find Him!" He said the Scriptures "testify of Me." The prayerful searcher of the Scriptures always verifies this truth. But how few do verify it! They go to conventions, they talk with many people, they read many books, and sometimes they get help; often they are hindered. The human is so mixed with this sort of teaching that it takes a well-established mind not to be disconcerted by it. After long discussions with very good people one may be farther away than ever from a sight of Jesus.

It is never so when we take the Bible, prayerfully, reverently, desiring to see Jesus only. The Spirit reveals Him on every page. It is wonderful. It is a revelation. It is an opening of eyes. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God * * * And without Him was not anything made that was made." "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Thus, even in the dawn of earliest Bible history, we see him who was before all things and by whom all things consist, if we read it with reverent search to find Him. More and more, as we turn the glowing pages, He is revealed to us not only as the very God, Creator of all things, but, what we long most to see, as our Redeemer and Saviour. "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: * * * His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." As we see Him in the flesh, healing the sick, raising the dead, preaching deliverance

to the captive, saying to the sinner, "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee;" when we stand beside the cross and hear Him say, "It is finished," when we read of the risen tomb, of the ascension to heaven, of the coming of the Spirit, of the power of the word through the Spirit, the inspired teachings of the apostles, the glorious visions of the Apocalypse, the final invitation, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely"—what a blessed revelation is in every line, of Him whom we seek! The chief reason why our sight of Jesus is so imperfect is because we do not study the word with the same eagerness with which we listen to human teachers. Those who do thus study, more lovingly than critically, get a sight of Him which is not affected by changing emotions or mysterious trials. They see behind and above clouds. They see Him so clearly that to them all the promises of God are in Him yea and amen.—Ch. Advocate.

Preoccupation.

When Paul says, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5:18), he is speaking wise, sober words to us, and making appeal across the centuries, to our best and calmest judgment. For we of America, in the nineteenth century, are very much like those old Ephesians to whom he was writing. Ephesus had the commercial spirit strongly developed. It was a youthful, aggressive town—just the kind that obtains most to-day. Those people were sensitive, alert, progressive. Now, says Paul, "Be not drunken with wine (the spirit of the age), wherein is excess; but, be filled with the Spirit." That is, there is only one thing that will save your headlong Ephesian civilization. It is the Spirit and his infilling. Brethren, there is only one thing that will save us to-day in that fearful tide and trend of secularism and selfishness upon us. "Be filled with the Spirit"—filled, verily filled, or we are lost!

This signifies preoccupation. Something to do, hands well filled. Satan will otherwise find mischief in this generation for these active energies of ours. But it means more—preoccupation. The ground preempted for God and good, and the alert sensibilities turned beforehand to blessed account.

Dwight L. Moody and A. J. Gordon had a gracious little controversy once on the platform. Said one—it does not matter which; they were essentially of one mind—"Be emptied of self, and the Spirit will come in, like air into a vacuum." Said the other, "Be filled with the Spirit, like water in a full bottle, and there will be no room for anything else"—preoccupation.

I have felt a wonderful thrill of hope lately. I have caught a vision of the literal carrying out of this precept on the part of our young people of the churches, just now marvelously astir. Suppose an enthusiasm of the Spirit should take hold upon the upspringing generation, suppose they should accept this direct command, "Be filled with the Spirit," and give openness and freedom to the Holy Spirit just as they did in another way with water baptism. What might we not expect under the hand of our God! Greater things, surely.

Look for it, pray for it, give your self to it. The fullness of the Spirit; heart, head and hand wholly at the discretion and direction of the Holy Ghost. No "excess" here, that belongs to the world's drunkenness. Here the mighty power of God and his sweet, ineffable wisdom. Trust him.

Have you heard of Samuel Morris? There he stood at a busy merchant's elbow in the market-place in New York. "I have come to you," he said, "to hear more about the Holy Ghost." Somewhere over in the heart of Africa his Christian teacher had told the black boy about the gracious Holy Ghost. It held him spell-bound. And when she told him all she knew, and intimated that her old friend in America might tell him more, he paused not till, embarking as a stowaway, he worked his passage to this country, and in broken but eager speech came inquiring through the market-places of New York for a man who could tell him about the Holy Ghost. That boy did not live long, but everywhere he went his strange hunger for the Spirit wrought, savingly amongst those he came in contact with. Then he passed beyond. Who was he? I do not know. There is something well-nigh mysterious about his coming and his going, but I have been wondering, and trembling with the wonderment, whether he might not be, in his measure, like those wise men of old, who came stalking suddenly out of the East to lead a mighty procession presently to the feet of the Christ-child. Oh, are men

going to turn in like manner to that other Comforter for the "greater things," and are we to see it yet in our day! God grant it speedily: for surely the world has had need—and the church, too.—Examiner.

Measure for Measure.

Love begets love. Kindness is won by kindness. It is very foolish for us to complain that nobody cares for us; such complaint is self-impeachment. The proper inference from it is that we have not cared much for others. Certainly in nine cases out of ten people are themselves to blame when they are not well treated. This is a matter mostly in our own hands. As a rule we get all the attention and courtesy and consideration that we in any way deserve. If any one claims otherwise, the burden of proof is on him, and he will find it a difficult task to persuade the impartial, unsympathetic public that he has been harshly used.

We wait for others to love us, and seek us, and begin to be good to us, when there is really no sufficient reason for them to begin. Unselfishness on our part is lacking, yet we have much to say about the selfishness of others. We count it extremely hard when we enter a new place that folks do not call on us or welcome us, yet we have never been in the habit of taking any pains about strangers. If we do not find sunshine where we go, it is chiefly because we do not carry it with us. If men do not smile at our coming, it is because there is no smile on our face. People can have love who earnestly desire it and really deserve it.—Z. Herald.

Love to the Living and Dead.

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, says one of our writers. Even a little of that which is sculptured on the cold marble would, if breathed from the warm lip, have made many a one happy for life.

One of the superstitions of the Seneca Indians is that they can send their love 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 has 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 the lost; and it is not uncommon for twenty or thirty birds to be loosed over the same grave.

Many and many a husband and wife, many a brother and sister, would give all they have in the world if they could send to their dead ones an expression of love, which might have been said, and saying many 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.—J. R. Miller.

Sympathy as a Power.

Sympathy is a large factor in human power. It means more, as an element of strength and success, than brawn or brain, than skill or experience. Whatever one has in himself, or in these faculties and possessions, if he has the added gain of real sympathy, his power is at least doubled. "Sympathy" is the sharing of another's burdens; literally, it means "to suffer with another," but practically it means to help another in his sorrows and his joys. Bacon says: "There is no man that imparteth his joy to his friend but he joyeth the more; and no man imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less." Who is there who would not feel greatly helped by another who could double his joys and halve his sorrows? He who has a sympathizing friend has one who can do this for him. He who is in full sympathy with another has power to do this for that other. Many a strongman would fall and fail if it were not for sympathy. Many an efficient man is enabled to do his best work through the help of sympathy of which one but himself knows.—Philadelphia Methodist.

Safety in a Positive Life.

There are two ways of defending a castle—one by shutting yourself up in it and guarding every loophole; the other by making it an open centre of operations from which all the surrounding country may be subdued. Is not the latter the truer safety? Jesus was never guarding himself, but always invading the lives of others with his holiness. There never was such an open life as his; and yet, the force with which his character and love flowed out upon the world kept back

more strongly than any granite wall of prudent caution could have done the world from pressing in on him. His life was like an open stream, which keeps the seas from flowing up into it by the eager force with which it flows down into the sea. He was so anxious that the world should be saved that therein was his salvation from the world. He laboured so to make the world pure that he never even had to try to be pure himself.—Phillips Brooks.

Intemperate Silence.

One may be as intemperate in his silence as in his speech. The man who discovers the house afire, and holds his tongue, is wickedly intemperate in his silence. The man who hears a false rumor, and knowing it to be false, does not correct it, is hurtfully intemperate in his silence. It requires occasional speech to mine the gold out of occasional silence. We are to put a watch upon our tongues, not a padlock. There are prayer-meetings that have suffered woefully because Christian people have indulged themselves in the dissipation of an intemperate silence. He who speaks beyond the point of truth or courtesy is intemperate in his speech; but he who is silent beyond the point of helpfulness or kindness is intemperate in his silence.—S. S. Times.

Bitter Words.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world; and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.—Great Thoughts.

DR. WILLIAM L. TAYLOR said to his people at a prayer meeting: "Brethren, I am tired out, and I want you to carry on this service and thus rest me. The request was promptly and heartily complied with. Unexpectedly, however, those who participated thus took occasion to refer to some word or deed of their pastor which had helped somebody; either the speaker himself or some one whom he personally knew.

The tired look on the minister's face faded as he heard one after another of these testimonies. There were tears in his eyes when he closed the service, which told even more than his words how his brethren had helped him by making it plain that he had helped others. Every one got a blessing at that meeting.

Wise Men Know

It is folly to build upon a poor foundation, either in architecture or in health. A foundation of sand is insecure, and to deaden symptoms by narcotics or nerve compounds is equally dangerous and deceptive. The true way to build up health is to make your blood pure, rich and nourishing by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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