

God's Reiterated All.

God's reiterated all ("ALL")!
O wondrous word of peace and power!
Touching with its tuneful fall
The rising of each hidden hour,
All the day.

Only all His word believe,
All peace and joy your hearts shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive;
This is thy Father's word and will
For to day.

"All I have is thine," saith He;
"All things are yours," He saith again.
All the promises for thee
Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
For to day.

He shall all your need supply.
And He will make all grace abound:
Always all-sufficiency
In Him for all things shall be found
For to day.

All His work He shall fulfill
All the good pleasure of His will,
Keeping thee in all thy ways,
And with thee always all thy days,
And to day.

—F. R. Haverly.

Godlikeness.

It is not wrong to speak of being like God. The difference between finite man and the one infinite Being is vast, indeed; but it does not preclude the possibility of a likeness. These contrasts are very great; and when we dwell upon them, the idea of God's greatness and sufficiency and of our own littleness and insufficiency seems to exclude possibility of comparison. It can be little less than blasphemy to assume to be equal to God in anything. We are forbidden to think he is such an one as ourselves, and if there are those who are tempted to indulge colossal conceit of greatness comparable to his, let them read a chapter in Job and find out how little they are.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Who determined the measures thereof?
Or who shut up the sea with doors?
Where is the way to the dwelling of light,
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof?
Doubtless thou knowest, for thou wast then born.

And the number of thy days is great!
The contemplation of these things begot within Job a spirit of the deepest humility, and he cried:

I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear,
But now mine eye seeth thee,
Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent
In dust and ashes.

The more we see of Him and the better we know Him the clearer we perceive our own limitations and imperfections.

When we are in this state we are in the most favorable state to learn of Him; and he does not forbid, but encourages us to aspire unto godlikeness. How can we be like God?

We can strive to be like him in love. He loves all men, and is ever ready to forgive them and receive them into intimate relationship with himself. He bears with their follies, overlooks their faults, welcomes their confessions, and does not upbraid them for their waywardness. The best of men do not make a very straight pathway, and those most loyal to the Master have constant need to ask forgiveness for acts of rebellion. God's love toward us, despite all our blunders, follies, inconsistencies, never once fails. We can imitate him in love for our own kind. We can bear and forgive, we can give and receive, we can be patient and merciful, we can be sympathetic and helpful to everybody, according to the divine plan. We can have the same kind of love for one another that God has for us, and with every passing year aid in making "the sum of human sorrows less." Our love will not be equal to the divine love, but it will at least be like it in nature. The water you may hold in a glass is like the water of the ocean; it has the same qualities, differing only in quantity. It is the same because you have dipped it out of the ocean.

Our contract with sin puts us in a different relation to it from that which God occupies. He is free from it and hates it. We are not entirely free from it, but we may hate it, too. We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. We may likewise be assured of our growth in grace by our increasing hatred of sin. This is a hatred to be cultivated. Sin will never appear to us in our finite state as hideous and abhorrent as it is to God; but we are beginning to be like him if we have ceased to love and begun to hate it, and are striving to be free from it.

The divine purity is a somewhat awful thing for sinful man to contemplate. The distance between perfect holiness and mortal sinfulness seems, like the distance between the sun and the earth, too great to be traversed. Isaiah's vision of the crying seraphim about the throne, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts," a cried him and with his lips in the dust he cried,

"Woe is me, for I am undone." Paul describes our natural state in his letter to the Romans in the blackest colors. We have gone as far from God as we could go; but his love, like the light of the sun, finds us in our utter darkness and bridges the way back to holiness. It is not only made possible for us to be holy, but we are commanded to be holy. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Be ye holy, for I am holy. We are to be holy according to the divine pattern, and are not forbidden to strive after perfect holiness. We may be sure it is not God's desire that any part of our nature shall be given up to sin. The freer we are from it the more we fulfil his desire for us and the more we are like him.

It is a great thing for a painter or a sculptor to have a perfect model. God has presented to us a perfect model that we might fashion our lives after him. It cannot be wrong, therefore, for men, with all their limitations, to endeavor to be like him; and we are not forbidden to hope that through all the countless ages of eternity we may approach nearer and nearer to his adorable likeness. The very condition of seeing him is to be like him.—Independent.

The Gospel of Righteousness.

"Seeing the multitude," Jesus longed to satisfy every soul. He saw them, not only as they looked to His disciples, tired, hungry, poor, anxious for the bread of earth, but as immortal beings with a soul-hunger they did not themselves understand. No doubt there were those among them who were looking off toward Jerusalem, thinking, "If only I had the wealth of that man the roof of whose house I see glimmering in the sunlight, I should be saved."

Whoever they were and whatever their condition, Jesus "saw" them in their true light, and, knowing that things outside of one's self never can satisfy a human soul. He cried out with a yearning love, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." He knew that if He should give them as much as they could eat of bread or meat, it would only relieve a present want, and that the deeper need in everyone would forever cry out until it should be satisfied with that which is concentrated in the one word, righteousness. Not that the Lord was indifferent to the wants of the body. When He saw the multitudes hungry He "had compassion on them, and would not send them away fasting, lest they should faint by the way." But O, the soul hunger, the spirit's thirst, the bread of heaven, the water of life!—these were what He longed to open to the weary people who thronged Him for relief.

Other help is good, but it is temporary; the gospel of righteousness is the world's only salvation from hope's want. Reforms are good, but all that is valuable in them has its root in the righteousness of which Jesus spoke. Moral and social reforms are unknown except where the principles of the kingdom of God and His righteousness have permeated public sentiment. And after all that can be done for humanity in masses, by way of these reforms, real blessedness can only come to the individual by having things right in his own heart. There is no lasting benefit to society in any reform which does not put first the Gospel of Christ which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Let us never lose faith in it. Preach it, talk it, live it; try to create in other hearts a hunger for it; show how it satisfies, how it meets the soul's great need. This is living to purpose, and this is the privilege of the most lowly disciple of Jesus, as well as of those conspicuous in the eyes of the world.

And let us, as Christians, not hunger so much after the happiness of the Gospel as after its righteousness—that is, having a heart right with God. If we seek for comfort or relief from our burdens on a wrong basis, we are bound to be disappointed. If we hunger to be right, to be "sincere and without offense" in the sight of God, we shall never be disappointed. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," is a prayer which brings soul satisfaction. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—N. Y. Advocate.

The Divine Help In Peril.

One of the striking things, to a close observer of human nature, is the unanimity with which men of all classes, in times of peril, cry out for Divine aid. Confront the most heedless, depraved, and blasphemous man with some sudden, life-threatening danger, and his instinctive cry is, "God help me!" Let an atheist come

unexpectedly face to face with death, and he forgets his atheism in a strange importunate, ineradicable testimony to the being and the power of God. Such is the inherent faith of the race in a Divine, Omnipotent Being, and such the universal impulse to seek the refuge of His loving power in every time of peril.

But what a difference there is between the irreligious man's occasional and flitting sense of the Divine nearness and helpfulness and the Christian's perpetual, peace-bringing consciousness of the power that enfolds and sustains his life! Not only in immediate, threatening peril does the Christian feel God's arms underneath him and around him, always, day by day, hour by hour, but there is in his life that abiding, sweet assurance of the Divine shelter and protection.

To illustrate the difference between the irreligious man's sense of God's helpfulness in peril, and the Christian's imagine a party of Alpine mountain climbers setting out with their guides to ascend one of those almost inaccessible, snow-clad peaks. Some of the party are lashed to their guides by stout ropes; others, though still under the watchful care of the guides, trust to their own clear-headedness and sure-footedness to keep them from falling into the crevasses and over the precipices. The Christian is like one of those who feels, all the way up the glacier or the slope of rock, that strong firm rope about his waist. He has no haunting fear of sudden blindness, of a mistfall, of a rock giving way beneath his feet. All the way from the foot of life's mountain to the top of it he is lashed to Christ! How the very sense of peril itself vanishes! He can lift up his face to the sublimity of the hills. He can worship God in the sunrise, and the noonday, and the sunset, and the stars; for the fear of the pit and the precipices has gone out of his heart, and the down-looking apprehensiveness out of his life.

Sweet sense of security from present peril, or from peril to come; absolute immunity from the worry and apprehensiveness of life—that is what the Divine helpfulness means to the Christian. There is no strange, unwonted feeling, no wild cry of imprecation, no anguish, in his coming near to God in the hour of danger. It is simply the closer nesting of the child to the father; simply the quiet, trustful repetition of the daily prayer for help and guidance. God in Christ is the Christian's ever-present help in times of need. There is no swift coming of distant succor. The Father's arm is round the child, and when the child shrinks from peril, the arm simply tightens its clasp, and the Divine voice whispers: "Fear not, for I am with thee."—Z. Herald.

Grace Triumphant.

A Christian lady, whose prolonged sufferings were intense beyond description, exhibited the value of genuine faith to the utter astonishment of her ministering friends. A remarkable physical vitality postponed from month to month that release for which she longed; but through these days of suffering the triumph of God's grace was truly marvelous. Even when the pain was most intense her face was radiant with a heavenly light. "I would not have one pain less if this is the will of God my Father," she said many times. One evening, as the shadows were deepening in the twilight, she was heard to say: "This has been the most blessed day yet; for the presence of Jesus has been with me all the time." This blessed day has been more severe in suffering than any one that preceded it. Sometimes she expressed a fear lest in her sufferings she might fail to glorify the grace of perfect patience. Taking the hand of her pastor one day, as he was about to depart she said: "Ask our Father, please, that I may give a good testimony to His grace and love before all." Surely none could be in her presence for an hour, and fail to know how full and deep was the spring of her joyous life. When the final hour came to anticipate her entrance into the presence of the eternal glory, her testimony was even more emphatic and assuring. Physical strength was ebbing low; dulling senses gave feeble report of the world about her; yet while any power of expression remained she continued to make known the glorious strength of God's Spirit to sustain and satisfy.

In this testimony there was only a repetition of that experience which multitudes have enjoyed through all the centuries at such an hour. That grace is not less abundant, nor less accessible, nor less satisfying now, than when Paul realized how much God meant when he said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." While thousands are flocking amid fearful perils to seek golden treasures amid arctic regions, is it not strange that so few seek after the treasures of grace, all-sufficient and soul-satisfying in the hour of our greatest need?

Pure Religion.

That religion which appeals successfully to this busy generation is of the sort which is illustrated by James in his epistle, and which he declares is "undefiled before God." This type of religion does not sound its own trumpet. It possesses the charm of freedom from self-consciousness because it is not self-centred.

A lady about to determine how she should pass her summer vacation learned of two little boys in a city hospital whose recovery from disease might follow a period of care in the country. One was a colored boy about four years old; the other a white boy somewhat older, suffering from a painful disease of the eyes. With these two she hastened to a healthful village to spend her vacation. To see her from day to day leading these two little ones as though they were her own sons, spending her strength without stint, is to have a Christlike illustration of pure religion. It is blessed to contribute to the Fresh-air Fund, through which we may by proxy minister to others. How much more blessed is it to take the little ones in our arms, like Jesus, and care for them! All such will surely receive the plaudits of our Master, who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

The World's Need.

I believe that the one thing the world wants is a "damp" on the power of the Gospel on the individual soul; and that men know they want it. Dr. Johnson said, in his wise way, "Nothing odd here," and I believe that, too. But Christ, last, and man's sin last, and man's need last. We have got to preach Christ, and him crucified, the Saviour of mankind. And I have tried to preach Christ as if I believed in him, not as if I had hesitations and perfections and limitations. And I have tried to preach him as if I lived on him. That is the bottom of it all—that we shall ourselves feed on the truth that we proclaim to others.

I do want to say to my dear younger brethren—consecrate yourselves on the work of your ministry; preach the Bible and its truth; preach Christ the Redeemer; preach him with all your heart. "Lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up; be not afraid." "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ." Depend upon it, that if these be the themes and the spirit of our ministry, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear, they will know that there hath been a prophet among them.—Rev. Alexander McLaren, D. D.

Random Readings.

A sigh can shatter a castle in the air.
The devil likes to be called by names that sound nice.—Ran's Horn.

A small circle of usefulness is not to be despised. A light that doesn't shine beautifully around the family table at home is not fit to take a long way off to do a great service somewhere else.—J. H. Taylor.

How much of good the great and the lesser lights that we see in the heavens bring to us! The joy not only of the cheery day, but the mellow loveliness of the moonlit night, and the peace and profit of each in the economy of nature—these are good gifts.—C. A. Miller.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.

The world is so sad and solemn that things meant in jest are liable, by an overpowering influence, to become dreadful earnest—gayly dressed fantasies turning to ghostly and black-clad images of themselves.

It is a singular thing that at a distance, say, of five feet, the work of the greatest dancer looks just as well as that of the greatest genius—that little space being all the distance between genius and stupidity.

Whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others is a just criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, is a criterion of iniquity. One should not quarrel with a dog without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.—Goldsmith.

Slowly man's hut journeyed toward the house, his forked stick toward the steam plow, his babbling speech toward the orator's eloquence, his smoking altars toward the glorious temple, the whistler's notes toward the deep-toned organ, the reign of force toward the rule of right.—N. D. Hills.

Some of us are willing to look to the cross as the foundation of our hope, who are not willing to take it as the law of our lives. If our acts and gifts to others are not widened to correspond to Christ's to and for us, the reverse process sets in and Christ's acts and gifts to us will shrink to the narrowness of ours to others.—Alexander McLaren, D. D.

The out-and-out Christian is a joyful Christian. The half-and-half Christian is the kind of Christian that a great many of you are—little acquainted with the joy of the Lord. Why should we live half way up the hill, and swathed in mists, when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads, if we would climb higher and walk in the light of His face.

Deal tenderly with the erring. You do not know their temptations, you can not measure their weakness, you do not know the struggle that may be going on in their minds. A kind, sympathetic word, a friendly visit, confidence, will do more than discipline. Love will do more to win and save than authority.—Central Baptist.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.

What we are thought of by others is of no less importance than what we are. We are not responsible for the one, but we are responsible for the other. Persons who see us, or who know of our words and our work, may overestimate us or underestimate us; but we are what we are, and there is no mistake as to that. Our desire and our struggle should be to be worthy of confidence, whether others see that we are, or do not see it. The motto of an old English family is, "It is enough to have been served." It might be said, "It is better to have deserved and not won, than to have won and not deserved." Yet many care more for success than for the being worthy of success.—Sunday School Times.

JESUS CURES.—At a love feast in California a Japanese convert said: "My hair is black, my eyes are black, but my heart has been made white by the blood of Christ. I was a poor heathen boy, and troubled and sick. I went to Shinto and cried, 'Oh, save my poor, sin-sick soul!' but no help me. I went to Confucius and read his words, but my sin-sick soul cured. I went to Buddha, and waited long, but he did not help. I went to Jesus. He cured me. Hallelujah."

Popular Hotel Man.

"I was troubled with pimples on my face and head, which caused me much annoyance. After trying many remedies without benefit I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle helped me and I took four bottles. I am now completely cured." JAMES REILEY, Proprietor Chapman House, Sarnia, Ont.

Hood's PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Away Down East.

From east to west people have heart trouble. This causes violent headaches, neuralgia, nerve trouble and prostration. Says Mrs. Somers, of Moncton, N. B.: "I tried many remedies but never found anything to give me such prompt relief as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done. I suffered from the above symptoms, but now gladly testify to the cure these wonderful pills have made in my case, and I hope all sufferers will try them."

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