

The Old Veteran.

BY REV. W. R. FITCH.

Bowed is the form, and on that manly brow,
Once fair and smooth, are many furrows now;
His steps are slow; his vision growing dim,
For many years of toil have come to him.

'Twas not on fields where bloody carnage raged,
And fierce, contending for the battle waged,
He proved his valour, or secured renown,
Which gives him title to the victor's crown.

On Zion's walls a sentinel he stood,
And faithful to his trust did what he could,
To guard her gates, her borders to enlarge;
It was a holy work, a sacred charge!

The trumpet of the Gospel long he blew,
And gathered to its standard not a few,
All earthly good he counted but as loss,
While lifting high the banner of the cross!

Through storm and sleet, through rain and snow,
To his appointments he was wont to go,
His zeal unquenched, with faith and courage strong,
He urged the right and battled with the wrong.

Wearied and scarred, a veteran now he stands,
Holding his staff with in his trembling hands,
Waiting to hear the summons ever there,
Which soon shall call him from a world of care.

All honour to this grave and godly man,
Who in such holy warfare led the van!
In his last days may he be richly blest,
And on the ocean of his Lord find rest.

The Oarward.

Soul Windows.

The windows of a house are valuable not merely for the light which they admit, but for the views which they command; and it often happens that the outlook of some well-placed window is the richest and choicest part of the whole property. A window which gives access to some sweep of mountain and sky; which makes possible glimpse of the mighty sea; which discloses the winding river shining in the sun or gleaming in the moonlight; which opens upon some stately avenue with its stream of ever-varying life, across which the trees arch and intertwine; which overlooks the soft, quiet valley nestling so sweet and still among the shadows; which has an open pathway to the bending heavens where the stars glint and sparkle in the frosty night—such windows are fortunes in themselves, and the man who has even one of these in his home is the possessor of untold wealth.

What delightful dreams and reveries and holy thoughts are possible when we sit by the window and look out either by day or night! The snowflakes whirling in the wintry wind; the flowers opening in the spring day sun; the fields ripening in the summer's strength; the gold and crimson of the autumn day. And then in the night, the clouds scudding along the sky; the rising moon silencing the earth and the sea; the majestic stillness of the mighty heavens; the stars that lose themselves in infinity. How speedily the fever dies out of the blood in such hours and times as these! With what solemnity great thoughts come to the hushed and waiting heart! The common concerns of life appear no longer than ant hills, and do not even break the monotony of the ground; while the inward life takes on the form and grandeur of a cathedral, its spires and towers losing themselves in the measureless sky.

And if these things are possible in a house made with hands how much more are they possible when instead of common glass we use the windows of the soul!

And what a reach soul windows have! At such a window David stood, and looking down the aisles of the centuries could see in the distance the form of the coming King, "who shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." Cycles, ages, millenniums were powerless to even dim the vision or obscure the glory which in panoramic splendor passed before his ravished eyes.

At this same window Isaiah stood, and the mighty cloud of years dissolved as mists and shadows, until before him was the "Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

At this window John stood, until he beheld the new heavens and the new earth, and saw that the kingdoms of this world had "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

No life ever accomplishes anything of real moment that does not stand close up to the soul windows and look out fearlessly and earnestly, sometimes into the darkness, sometimes into the gathering shadows, sometimes into the gray dawn.

The poets, the thinkers, the prophets, the reformers, the heroic men and

women who have redeemed life from its puerility and baseness, who have taken the world out of the horrible pit and the miry clay of its greed and selfishness, who have inspired mankind with lofty ideals of sacrifice and duty, who have brought to pass the sublime achievements which enrich all humanity, have spent their days and nights at the soul windows, seeing things which otherwise would be invisible, and then sharing the vision with their fellow-men.

The man who means to live an unworldly life, a life of unselfishness, of fidelity to conscience, of loyalty to duty—a life which, like a palm tree in the desert, will stand out in all its fullness and strength—must have other windows in his heart than those of the office or the factory or the store.

The woman who means to idealize and sweeten the home in which she lives, whose example will be one of rare grace and consistency, whose influence everywhere will be pure and inspiring, and whose womanhood, like the rainbow in the heavens, will over-arch with divine glory all of her life—must have other windows in her being than those of the kitchen, the parlor, or the drawing-room.

The minister who would bring to the people great thoughts of God, of eternity, of destiny, who would see life in its larger and deeper meanings, and see the mighty purpose of the gospel—must have other windows to behold the vision than those of the parsonage, the church, or the lecture-room.

What this world most needs to-day is for men and women to use the soul windows and look out hopefully, daringly, and see something of the powerful plans of God, the glorious possibilities of life, the sublime triumphs which await the gospel, the nobler achievements of the church, the more exalted civilizations which are yet to come, and the splendid future which awaits our redeemed world.

Before these windows we must stand if we would see anything of that wondrous spirit realm, so vast, yet so mysterious. And if we fail to do this, our poor little life is only a house of clay into which no real light ever comes—Chris. Advocate.

How Much Owest Thou?

To say, "There goes a man who doesn't pay his bills," is to say he is a man wanting in integrity and void of principle. And if he professes to be a man of God, so much the worse for him, as to say this is not alone an injury to him, but a discredit to the pure principles of Christianity.

That conversation pointed a shaft in the right direction when it was said: "Ah, George, a new suit! how much did that suit cost?" "The price was fifty dollars." "Yes; why, I paid only twenty dollars for this one." "True, but you were obliged to pay cash." All honor to the man who is willing to wear what he has paid for.

A bank clerk or cashier who is apparently living beyond his means subjects himself to criticism and compels the sharp eye of investigation, which too often results in disgrace and ruin. The loss of position and reputation by some who recently stood in high places is an object lesson well worth the study of all who would retain the confidence of their fellowmen. It is said that the love of money is the root of all evil. The love of ostentation and the desire for vain show have wrecked some ministers of the gospel who had before them the possibility of a brilliant career. What an utter failure of an otherwise promising life, all because the possessor would not live within adequate means and pay that which was justly due those who trusted him. I believe every candidate for admission to the Christian ministry should be asked, "Are you reckless and inconsiderate concerning financial obligations?" for upon his answer hinges to a greater or less degree his usefulness therein. I speak of Christian ministers because they are looked upon as leaders not alone in spiritual matters.

But our financial obligations do not end with our fellowmen. There is something due to God. He has a part in every dollar which we are accustomed to call our own, and I fear that it is some time since we balanced our accounts with him. How many whose eyes fall upon these lines can say, "I have given all I should or could to his cause?" Not "I have given as much as brother B." That would be begging the question, for the obligation is single and individual.

Stop for one moment and consider God's goodness to you. You started in life with a robust constitution and a fair field. How wonderfully you have been blessed! Your accumulations have increased every year and you have laid by in store that which in all probability you never will need in this world. You live in a home beautiful adorned and there are no

incumbrances, while the church edifice in which you worship has a debt upon it, or there has been a deficit in current expenses from year to year until it now amounts to a considerable sum. What are your duties in the premises? "How much owest thou my Lord?" With a keen sense of my own obligation I desire to ask every member of our Christian churches this question, "Dare you all take your bank-books and business ledgers with you into your closets, and with prayer and fasting for a day ask the Lord how much you should give for the support of his cause?"

I have listened to labored efforts on the part of some aspirant for literary distinction as he "essayed" to teach others with more experience than himself concerning the scriptural duty of giving, the how, what, and where of it, and have departed somewhat edified and somewhat perplexed; but take this plan mentioned above, do you not think it would serve as a key to the sometimes intricate problem? Let's try it.—Zion's Advocate.

Courageousness.

The men who have done the most for God and humanity were men of great and heroic courage. They had a courage born of the conviction of the righteousness of their cause. They were men of "pluck"—men who were not afraid to say their say, though the whole town might be against them. If they had not been men of indomitable courage they would never have succeeded. The same is true of all men who have done great things in the history of the world. A man or a church which loses courage is half defeated. Well says the poet, "Courage in danger is half the battle." A discouraged man is not half a man. What would have become of the great men of the church if the first opposition had discouraged them. Dr. Judson labored diligently for six years in Burmah before a single convert was made. At the end of that time, when asked what evidence he had of ultimate success, he replied, "As much as there is a God who will fulfill all of his promises." Hundreds of churches and thousands of converts to-day answer his faith and courage. More than one failure is to be traced to some discouraged one in the church's ranks. It may seem dark and discouraging, it may seem as if nothing ever was going to be accomplished. But do not give up the struggle; plod on; toil on. Success will come at last. Courage, brother; courage, disheartened one; courage, my young friend. Do not give up. The end is not very far off. Victory is already in sight. To turn the back upon the enemy is not man-like. What we need is a courage born of the righteousness of our cause, born of the faith which surmounts to sight. This will give us ultimate victory. Let us remember that "failure" has never yet been written on the banners of Jehovah. O discouraged soldier of the cross, cheer up! The day is coming when the bugle of victory will be sounded. God is in the lead, and he leads only to victory. Discouraged one, be not dismayed. Do not give up the conflict; do not throw away your weapons. Up, and at it again. Victory is sure and certain. Fight the good fight of faith. Labor, struggle, toil. This day, the noise of battle; to-morrow, the victor's song. Then the crown of life will be yours.—Dr. Fritz, in *Telegraph*.

Sermon to Preach to Yourself.

Oh, these people who can find nothing to do, to be patient with them has ceased to be a virtue. They are mostly young people, who have entered the church and, brimming over with ambition, desire to do something great for Christ and the church—something that will make the world stare and flock in a body to be converted. Well, there are very few such great things to be done, and the people God selects to do them are not untired recruits, but the veterans who have acquired steadiness and obedience in numberless small, unnoticed skirmishes with sorrow, despair and temptation. But there is something for you to do, and if you will get over your thirst for applause you will find it. There is work for every pair of hands in the world, unless they are paralyzed.

Nothing to do? Are you quite sure there is no one sick in all your neighborhood. The poorer and more friendless the sick person is, the better. You do not need money, nor even flowers or fruits to carry. You only need take a heart that has forgotten self in love for others, and you may be sure of a welcome. If there are no sick near you, perhaps, young Christian woman, your present duty lies in your mother's kitchen, and if you can forget yourself sufficiently to go in among the pots and pans, and give your mother her needed hour of leisure, you

have added a Christian virtue to your character, and proved yourself great in small things. There may be a fretful, graceless little brother or sister whom your gentle ministrations will work wonders for. You can at all times and places show by your usefulness that you are a Christian. Do not worry about your spiritual growth all this time. It will take care of itself just as a plant grows when given water and sunshine. Work is the water and sunshine to the soul. And do you know what the result will be if you live this quiet, humble life? Just as surely as the good tree brings forth good fruit you will find love, appreciation and kindness springing up all along your path.

Nothing to do? If there is absolutely no active work for you, get down on your knees and pray for the workers, and pray with such effect that you shall be heard, yea, and answered, at the throne of God.—ZELIA M. BROWN, in *Ch. Standard*.

Dwelling in Him.

The conscious surrender of the soul to God, not in word only, but in the deepest recesses of our nature, is the best preparation for life, and this implies the abiding in Christ as our Saviour. To abide in Him in this sense is to be more and more renewed in His image, and is to be united to Him as the branches are joined to the living vine. It is to dwell in Him so that there may be an uninterrupted transmission of His Spirit. He would be our intimate friend in the path of obedience; so near us that there can be no room for a rival; so faithful in imparting strength that we may be able to overcome every obstacle in our daily life; so consciously present with us that believing in Him is the easy habit of every hour.

Having this experience in Christ, what follows? Can anything be more sublime than the words of our Lord, "Ye shall ask what ye will!" How rich is this assurance! Even in temporal good the promise is fulfilled, for when our request may seem to be denied, there is some better gift from God waiting for everyone who truly abides in His Son. The true Christian, always having an obedient spirit, asks for temporal blessings with sincere deference to the divine will, and if the denial comes he regards this as only God's way of bestowing the best gifts. In such instances God usually implants in the soul of the suppliant, not only a willingness to accept His ordering, but a sincere choice of it. When we speak of spiritual blessings, however, how wonderful is the engagement which He makes with every obedient soul! To all such the word is spoken without qualification, "Ask, and ye shall receive," for "we know that they have the petitions that they desire of Him."

What Your Saviour Wants.

Is there nothing that Christ, as your Friend, your Lord, your Saviour, wants you to do that you are leaving undone to-day? Do you doubt one instant, with His high and deep love for your soul, that He wants you to pray? And do you pray?

Do you doubt one instant that it is His will that you should honor and help and bless all the men about you who are His brethren? And are you doing anything like that?

Do you doubt one instant that His will is that you should make life serious and lofty? Do you doubt one instant that He wants you to be pure in deed and word and thought? And are you pure?

Do you doubt one instant that His command is for you openly to own Him and declare that you are His servant before all the world? And have you done it?

These are the questions which make the whole matter clear. No, not in quiet lanes, nor in bright temple courts as once He spake, and not from blazing heavens, as men sometimes seem to expect, not so does Christ speak to us.

And yet He speaks! I know what He—there in all His glory—He here in my heart—wants me to do to-day, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is His voice that tells me.—Phillips Brooks.

The Meaning of Despondency.

Most men, perhaps all men, have times of reaction, of despondency. Elijah, brother to the mountains, a man whose features were as iron wrought upon an anvil, after a heroic deed in which he was heaven sustained, collapses. He wants to die. He gets him down under the Juniper bush and gives up "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." David, the young hero, who had slain his "tens of thousand" and his Goliath, in deep dejection scratches at a gate-

post and did other things to draw out the contempt of his enemy and so to escape. And poor Peter. We have, none of us, escaped. "Into each life" despondency comes. What of it? Do we not know that such spells have come and are likely to come again? Is there no such thing as being forewarned and so forearmed? Does not God rule in the night as well as in the day? It is a shame for a Christian to yield to despondency. A fair portion of faith and a pinch or two of good common sense and a few dashes of memory can be made to cure any case of the blues. Despondency is a confession of weakness it is blindness God-ward.—Baptist Argus.

Working Out Salvation.

No man can work up his own salvation, but every Christian who has received it must work it out in his own life. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," was written, not to unbelievers, but to "the saints" who were in Christ Jesus at Philippi. As an old minister once said, "'O-u-t' does not spell 'for.'" We work for Jesus, not for salvation; not in order to be saved, but because we are saved. Salvation is not a property to be bought, but to be developed, a talent to be traded with, an idea to be realized, a theme to be worked out "with fear and trembling," not lest we should not be saved, but lest we should misrepresent our Saviour. And what cheer and what encouragement in the words, "for it is God who worketh in you." What in-spiration, en-ergy, en-thusiasm! Work out God's thought, for God works with you, and in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure.—S. S. Times.

Hell.

Hell is the absence of all good and the presence of all evil. Make that condition perpetual, and you have an everlasting hell. Put yourself in that place or attitude of mind, and you are in an everlasting hell; and you can no more recover yourself from it than you can restore a lost eye or a lost limb, much as you may deplore your loss. How can a confirmed old toper reform while loafing night and day in a saloon? It is impossible. How, then, can a doomed soul, like Dives, repent and escape the awful confines of hell when forsaken by all good and surrounded by all evil? The great gulf that hems him in is fixed, and will remain fixed while God lives and hell burns.—Telescope.

A Nervous Woman.

"I was completely run down and had a bad cough due to bronchitis. I was very nervous, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have more appetite and feel a great deal better. I have also used Hood's Pills and find them very excellent." Mrs. M. GARLAND, 675 Crawford Street, Toronto, Ont.

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An Ex-Alderman Speaks.

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STRENGTH CAME BACK.

The Anvil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells his sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. "For the past four years



nerves have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently arose in the morning unrefreshed. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and had fluttering of the heart, together with sharp pain through it at times. In the condition I was easily worried and fatigued and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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