

The Past is O'er.

The past is o'er—
Waste not thy days in vain regret;
Grieve thou no more.

Look now before,
And not behind thee; do not fret—
The past is o'er

Thy pain is sore,
And thou hast cause for sorrow, yet
Grieve thou no more.

Close memory's door,
That day is dead, that sun has set—
The past is o'er.

There are in store
For thee still happy days. Forget!
Grieve thou no more.

Smile as of yore—
No longer let thine eyes be wet.
The past is o'er!

Grieve thou no more!
—Chamber's Journal.

"For a Husband in South Africa."

Some years ago, while special services were being held in Manchester, a lady visitor felt one afternoon a strong impression that she ought to leave her own district and visit the houses in a street which lay at a considerable distance from the chapel.

Accompanied by her fellow-worker, she reached the place, and knocked at one door after another, only to be met with cold looks and unkind words.

They were turning sadly away from the last house, feeling that their coming had been a mistake, when the woman who had just shut the door in their faces opened it again to say:

"Aw dunnot want nowt on ye, but there's a poor critter over their might be glad to see ye," and she pointed to a door on the opposite side of the narrow, dirty passage. Gladly the ladies retraced their steps. Tapping at the door it was opened by a painfully thin and scared-looking woman, who seemed reluctant either to speak to them, or let them get a glimpse of her room.

A few words of kindness and sympathy, however, soon gained them admission. Entering, they found the room quite destitute of furniture, nor were there any signs of food or fire to be seen. Three starved-looking children crouched on the dingy floor, and stared in surprise and fear at the intruders.

The pitiful tale was soon told. The husband, who once supported his wife and children in comfort, had been long out of work. Hearing that employment could be easily obtained in South Africa, he had scraped together all the money he could, and set off promising to send help at once, and the means for his family to follow him as soon as possible. From that time the woman had never heard a word from him. Her own struggles to obtain a maintenance had been fruitless, and, driven to the verge of despair, she had resolved to throw herself and her little ones into the canal, thus, as she imagined, ending their misery for ever.

To relieve the bodily wants of the poor creatures was, of course, the first care of the messengers of mercy God in His great goodness had so opportunely sent to their aid. But before the visitors left, they obtained the poor woman's promise to come to that evening's service.

True to her word she arrived. But her mind, blunted by want and misery, seemed capable of taking in but little until the requests for prayer were read out. Amongst them was the following:—

"Prayer is requested for a husband in South Africa."

The words immediately arrested her attention, and even raised a faint hope in her mind, which strengthened as she listened to the earnest, simple petitions which followed. She too had "a husband in South Africa." Could it be possible that he might be reached in this way?

She determined to come again, and next night to beg the congregation to pray for her husband as well. Her sad case had become known, and fervent and believing were the prayers offered at the next evening's service that the heart of him who had so cruelly deserted her might be touched, and that he might be brought to repentance.

"Now, Lord, even now, Lord," so they prayed, "while we are asking Thee, let the answer be given; let him turn from his evil ways and be brought to a knowledge of Thy pardoning love."

Who can tell the power of faithful prayer, or how far-reaching are its effects?

It was too true that the poor creature had been deserted. Arriving in a new country, the husband had at once realised how much better he could make his way free from the incumbrance of wife and little ones. Basely yielding to the temptation, he resolved to begin life anew as an unmarried man. His course was one of varied success. What he gained by skill or "luck" he as quickly lost by extravagance and dissipation.

Now comes what may, to some, seem the strange part of the story, but to those who truly receive the words of the Lord Jesus—If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven"—only a natural sequence of the appeals for help in the Mission at Manchester.

On the very day that special prayers were being made on his behalf, the man was possessed with a strange restlessness. Leaving the boon companions with whom he had promised to spend the evening hours, he mounted a horse and rode alone far into the country.

After travelling some miles he was surprised to hear the sound of singing. He soon found that even in that lonely place a few faithful followers of Jesus had met together in an outbuilding to praise their loving Saviour, and implore His blessing.

Tying up his horse, the wanderer crept softly into the hut. He was kindly welcomed, and besought, then and there, to seek salvation. He did so, nor did he seek in vain. Joy to relate, he returned to his lodgings a new creature in Christ Jesus.

He then determined to make his way to one of the large towns in search of work. Through the kindness of some Christians he soon obtained a good situation.

Ere long the poor wife had the bliss of receiving a letter telling of her husband's change of heart, and enclosing some money for her use.

He had good news for her besides. His master had promised, if he would work well and steadily for a year, to advance what money was needed, beyond what the man could save, to enable his wife and children to come out to him.

With a little extra aid in the way of work given by some of the Christian ladies, the woman was able to support herself and children. She too had entered into the joy of the Lord, through trusting in His cleansing blood. She now trusted day by day in her heavenly Father's care. A few months passed, and then came a letter which filled her heart with joy and gratitude.

The gentleman in South Africa was so pleased with his servant's skill and integrity that he wished his family to join him at once, and the necessary funds were enclosed.

Soon a joyous little party set off from Liverpool. Ere long, tidings of their safe arrival and of the happy union of husband and wife, father and children, brought great gladness to the hearts of those whose prayers and help had been so blessed to these poor wanderers.

"Yoke—Rest."

The conjunction of these two words in the Saviour's invitation and promise to the laboring and heavy laden seems, at first sight, to be incongruous. The yoke is the symbol of bondage, and not of rest. When the prophet Isaiah commanded his people's tyrants to "break every yoke," it was that the people might have rest from their exactions. Peter exhorts the council at Jerusalem not to tempt God by putting a yoke on the neck of the new converts which "neither our fathers nor we were able to bear." Paul tells the Galatian Christians that they were called to liberty, and warns them not again to become entangled with the yoke of bondage. And over against all this the Saviour proposes to put a yoke upon the neck of his disciples which will give them ease and rest,—a soul rest.

However paradoxical this may seem, it is compatible with truth and experience. Henry Drummond has called attention to the suggestive fact that a yoke is an instrument for making service effective and comfortable. The ox, without his yoke, would be galled and wounded by his load, while being less able to bear and draw his burden. Rest in the yoke is the sort of rest promised by the divine Master. It is a rest in service.

Service, like the yoke, is often wrongly connected with bondage. To a rightly disposed soul the sluggard's rest were an intolerable bondage. It were out of harmony with all the functions of the body and the capabilities of the soul. Why a dexterous hand, swift feet, and keen senses, if these are not to serve an end? Why shall the soul be set free in gracious liberty, if it be not for service? Greatness is measured by service. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Even Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and give his life a ransom for many. There is no such servant as God. He performs a ceaseless and universal ministry,—it is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord.

Now if the yoke is only one of the manifold instruments for expediting

and lightening service, then let it be welcomed as a badge and instrument of our liberty. May it not be that all those labor-and-time-saving inventions which have been made possible for the quickened intellect by the inspirations of Christianity are to be counted as a part of the fulfilment of the promise of Christ to those who come to him and learn of him? Only in response to the civilization which Christianity produces have come forth those mighty and varied contrivances of the human brain and heart for ameliorating the hard lot of the toiling millions of earth. It is an honor to Christianity that under its quickening inspirations the human intellect has become so active and efficient in subduing the mighty energies of nature to the will and service of man. This man hath made yokes for steam and electricity, for gravity, the winds and the waves, and has laid the burdens which once bore heavily on his own neck on the necks of these tireless and obedient servants. Sin hath made man a slave of Nature, and his desire hath been unto her, and she hath ruled over him; but now, under the gospel, he is being restored to his original and rightful supremacy as her head and lord, and all things, according to the promise, are becoming his.

"In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost."

But it is rather in the spiritual realm that the yoke and the service are harmonized with liberty and rest. "Learn of me," saith the Lord; and, learning of him the truth, which he is, we shall be free indeed. It is thus that the Son brings us out from under the yoke of sin and the bondage of the Devil, and gives us the liberty with which Christ makes all his servants free. All who commit sin are the bondslaves of sin, and there is no peace to such. With what sorrow lament have awakened minds bewailed the reality and bitterness of this bondage! Paul's exclamation of helpless and sorrowful bondage to the law of sin which he found to be in his members is as true to human experience as it is pathetic. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It is from this death that Christ has come to give us life. Being quickened in him, we find it our meat and drink, even as he found it, to do our Father's will. Love to him will take away all the bondage, while it will increase both the capacity and the joy of labor. Thus he gives us rest. In his service, without his light and easy yoke, we should be out of our element, and out of all joy and peace.

As the yoke is an instrument for lightening labor, so is it also for joining the laborers. The true servant will delight in being yoked with others in a way which tends to utilize and harmonize the aggregate strength of all the workers. It is with joy that Paul mentions some one unnamed as his true yoke fellow with holy women and other fellow-laborers with him whose names are in the book of life. This gospel of love and peace makes organization as practical as it is necessary for carrying on the great enterprises of the kingdom. Thus organized, a thousand labor saving methods come into play for both lightening and expediting the Lord's work. The individual believer finds both rest and companionship in such labor. Each one, while bearing his own burden, has it also borne for him in this goodly and sympathetic fellowship. His soul finds the sweetest rest in such service and in such society. It is the very rest of Christ. It is the rest of heaven, where "they rest not day and night" in the ministries of love and blessedness. The Master's easy yoke and the soul's true rest are inseparable union.—S. S. Times.

Finding And Bringing.

It was Simon Peter whom Andrew brought to Christ. We do not hear much in the New Testament of Andrew's after history, but if he had never done anything else than lead his brother to the Lord, it was worth living for just to do that; and when we get to heaven we shall see that his master of Peter's crown casts special radiance on Andrew's face. When we read of the conversions on the day of Pentecost, of the heroic protest before the council, of the conversions of Cornelius, and, above all, when we peruse those two precious letters which Peter has indited, let us not forget that, humbly speaking, but for Andrew Peter would not have been himself a Christian. Doubtless God could have called him by some other instrumentality, but He made use of Andrew to teach us the lesson that, in doing the good that lies in our hands, we may at length really do more for the Church than we could have effected by more ostentatious effort in other places. Let the lowly and timid, therefore, take courage. They may not have shining talents or commanding position, yet by working where they are they may be honored

in bringing to Jesus some who shall take foremost places in the Church, or become leaders in some missionary or evangelistic movement.

Many of the greatest men that the Church has known have been converted through the agency of individuals all but unknown. A humble Dissenting minister, whose name was scarcely heard of a few miles from his manse, was honored to be of signal service to Thomas Chalmers in the crisis-hour of his history; and I have heard Mr. Spurgeon tell how he was led to the Lord by a sermon preached by an unlettered man in a Primitive Methodist chapel.

Some of the greatest theologians the Church has ever seen, and some of the most useful ministers who have ever lived, have been made and molded by so common a thing as a mother's influence. Robert Pollok, whose "Course of Time" used to be a household book throughout Scotland, said once of his poem, "It has my mother's divinity in it." Mother, will you take note of that? Many a time you have regretted that you could not take part in any public work for Christ, by reason of the bond that held you to your boy. Regret no more, but bring that boy to Christ, and he will live to do his own work and his mother's too; and when the crown is placed upon his head its diamonds will flash new glory upon your countenance.

The sum of what we have been saying, then, is this: that each of us should begin to do all that he can, where he is, for Christ. But if we would succeed in that effort we must be sure that we have already found Him for ourselves. A minister had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "He brought him to Jesus," and as he was going home his daughter, walking by his side, began to speak of what she had been hearing. She said, "I did so like that sermon." "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came upon her countenance as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to Him." "Capital!" said her father; "that will do admirably for a beginning." This, brethren, is the true starting point. We must be good if we would do good. Bring yourselves to Jesus, therefore; and as iron by being rubbed upon a magnet becomes itself magnetic, so you, being united to Christ, will become partakers in His attractive power, and will draw men with "the cords of a man," which are also "the bands of love."—William M. Taylor, D. D.

The Childlike Spirit.

But Jesus does not call those blessed who are in full possession of all the world's treasures, if that is all they have. Hear Him who loved and pitied the common people, breaking out in the beginning of His ministry with "Blessed are they!" How he longed to make these poor, tired, shepherdless wanderers blessed! How He tried to make them see the way it could be done! How He yearns with the same benignant love over us! Shall we see?

He knows what blessedness really is, and how to obtain it, and He sends us in a direction exactly opposite to that in which the world goes, and shows us that the methods which the world regards with contempt are just the right methods to gain the comfort of heart which we seek. He says, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He gave a beautiful object lesson when His disciples came asking, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Jesus called unto Him a little child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

This is the fundamental characteristic of a disciple of Christ—childlike teachableness. Can a parent help a proud, self-willed child who thinks he knows and will not listen to advice? God cannot help us, though He fain would do so, unless we have a teachable mind. We are not far from the kingdom when we see ourselves poor and naked and in need of all things. A restless will, a rebellious heart, an envious spirit, a covetous mind, an unsatisfied soul, a discomfited, disheartened victim of self and circumstances—ah, how far from the kingdom! A contrite heart, a grateful spirit, a confiding, self-renouncing will, a contented mind, a conquering, courageous victor over self and circumstances, because God rules and Christ is King in the realm of our inmost being and in the government of the wide world throughout all ages—ah, this is to possess the kingdom! What it shall be to possess it forever let the King Himself tell us: "Blessed is that

servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing. Of a truth I say unto you, that he will make him ruler over all that He hath."—Chris. Advocate.

"Be Riveted to Jesus."

"The first lighthouse that stood on Minot's Ledge," said a preacher to an audience who lived in sight of the spot, "was built on huge iron pillars; the mighty waves came between it and the rock, and lifted it away, dashing it to pieces like an egg shell."

"The builders now levelled the ledge, brought hardest granite, dovetailed and riveted every course to the rock below and the course above, till nothing could shake the tower that it did not shake the rock. There it stands now, giving light forever! There is no chance for any force to get between it and the might rock on which it stands."

"Jesus is your rock; take no weak hold on Him. Be riveted to Jesus!" — [Christian Endeavor World.

Looking For Harbors.

It is interesting to note how much of this life is spent in looking for harbors. I do not suppose there is any one in the world who is not dreaming of the time when he may drop the active duties of his calling and quietly rest the remainder of his days. Lawyers, doctors, mechanics, farmers, editors, all fairly leaning out of the window of this, our storm-tossed life bark, watching for the harbor lights telling of the peaceful waters into which we may at last drop anchor and bathe our souls in perfect rest. Sweet dream! Enchanting vision.

He Took The Hint.

A minister called upon a member who had been neglecting the weekly service, and went straight up to the fire-place in the sitting-room, and with the tongs removed a live coal from off the fire, and placed it on the hearth, then watched it while it turned from the red glow of heat to a black mass. The member in question carefully observed the proceeding, and then said, "You need not say a single word, sir; I'll be there on Wednesday night."—The Christian.

Let us learn upon the earth those things which can call us to heaven.—St. Jerome.

Of all paths that lead to a woman's heart, pity is the straightest.—Beaumont.

A man's manners are a mirror in which he shows his likeness to the intelligent observer.—Goethe.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on for him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth under the bright and glorious sky!—Longfellow.

Health is Better.

I had no appetite and could not sleep at night, and I was so tired that I could hardly walk. I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised and procured four bottles. My health is now better than it has ever been since I was a child, and I have not been sick for a long time." Miss JESSIE TURNBULL, Cranbrook, Ont.

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He has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

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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 fit and disturbed by dreams, consequently arose in the morning unrested. I 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 exhausted 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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