'It is the Lord.'

When the day breaks along the beach
And turns to gold the yellow sand,
hen singing waves stretch forth and reach
The welcome of the meeting land,
I see Him stand!

What though the night has fruitless been,
And no hope gild the morning hour?
New beauty thrills the common scene,
And song of bird, and kiss of flower
Witness His power.

He comes, and lo the world is glad!
The hours forget the gloom of night,
Mirth cheers the hearts that once were sad,
The landscape lies in floods of light,
And all is bright.

I know Him when He breaks the bread,
And when He stills the roughened sea,
Or when the morning meal is spread,
He manifests Himself to me,
So gracious He!

He calls to me to break my fast,
And care and sorrow flee away.
The dreary way is overpast,
And in the rapture of the day
With Him I stay.

And so I think that when ere long
I meet the time I sometimes fear,
My heart will sing its joyful song
And gladly say 'Be of good cheer;
Thy Lord is here!'

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

The New Palestine.

I have seen His face! It was but a glimpse, but it was beautiful. Christ is coming back to Palestine. Many have thought that when they crowned him here with thorns, and lifted him up on Golgotha, he went away forever. But he is coming once more to his own land.

It is nearly twenty-eight years since I came first to this city, and visited its sacred places. The impression left on me was gloom in the extreme then. Gethsemane and Calvary were fit emblems of the condition of the land of Abraham and David. Poverty, filth, ignorance, avarice, tyranny, robbery, and murder, characterized the every-day life of the people. Christ seemed so far, far away. The sweet spirit that makes woman so lovely, childhood so happy, men so strong and true, seemed never to visit their hovels nor make a suggestion to their rulers. Leprosy of body, and equally incurable leprosy of mind, infected every place and tainted every soul. The land was densely, cruelly heathen. The real Christ was far away over the sea. He seemed busy there at delightful firesides, in happy schools, and in crowded churches. But he is certainly drawing near once more to the city he once loved. Changes in customs, language, brotherly feeling, toleration, cleanliness, education, domestic life, churches, streets, business, and happiness, all reveal his dear face.

What the impression may be upon those who have resided in Jerusalem for the past thirty years I do not know; but to me, returning after so long an absence, the changes seem most surprising. People laugh now. Children pipe and dance in the market-places now, women move about with freedom, men look happy and benevolent, and Christian institutions have almost surrounded the city with noble buildings. Thirty years ago, the Christian sects fought to the death at the very portal of the Holy Sepulcher. Degradation, superstition, and hate made Christians more heathen than the Mohammedans. But a new spirit breathes through it all to-day. The Christ life and spirit are not fully in possession yet. But the day is sure, when the dawn gleams red in the East. I can see that the Holy One draws near.

When I first came to Palestine long ago, there was no sail or oar on Galilee; but, last week, many busy boatmen contended enterprisingly to get the patronage of two friends and myself as we indicated our purpose to go fishing one early morning. As we dropped our lines into the clear blue of the ancient lake, we could hear the shepherds singing and piping on the mountains; cows awoke the old echoes with their lowing; and children ran gleefully along the shore, and splashed their bare feet in the wavelets on the beach. Thirty years ago all was silent on that shore. Men, when any were seen, seemed like ghosts. Laughter there was none. The whole region seemed under the curse. Capernaum's fields were uncultivated, and her ruins lay unmoved amid reeds, thistles, and serpents.

But when our caravan from Damascus reached Capernaum, a few days ago, a charming Greek Christian welcomed us with smiles, and a clean civilized dinner in a home that was commodious and new. There were thirty-one pair of oxen in sight plowing up the rich soil, and the thistles and serpents were gone. A Christian civilization, which is the reflection of Christ's dear face, has already uncovered the ruins of the synagogue wherein Jesus preached on the bread of life, and the residence of Jesus at Capernaum may welcome him yet again. Bethsaida was in bloom, and gardens cultivated when Peter and Andrew were there now bear fruit once more. In another score of years it is clear that fresh villages will hide the broken bricks and scars of the past. At Tiberias, where, on my previous visit, was squalor and vermin, disease and deformity, most hideous and nauseating, I could still see great room for advance. But the clean uniform of the police, the new hotel, the great influence of the large English Christian hospital, two English schools, and the individual missionaries, made the place habitable and the people hospitable.

Evidence of reform in many ways was strikingly apparent, and when a bright, neatly dressed boy accosted me in English, and kindly escorted me through the crooked streets, I could not realize that this could be the den of beggars and dogs which I visited in 1870. Then to go into the valley of Arbela or on the Mount of Beatitudes alone was dangerous, and at all times uncomfortable. Now no robbers infest Arbela's caves, and a carriage road from Haifa on the Mediterranean to Tiberias on Galilee passes along the foot of the Mount of Beatitudes. Travel is safe as in Massachusetts, and travelers are more courteous and accommodating

The shepherds sang us a native song as we waited for the devout brethren who had ascended the mount to hold a prayer meeting. "Blue Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be," is not a dark spot hidden away in the bleak mountains, the abode of banditti and storks. It is a frequented lake, and the new hotel at the hot springs on the shore makes it quite like a summer resort. Ah, yes! Jesus is coming back to Galilee. At Nain we saw a clean hospice, built since I visited this land, and at Cana flocks of school children came out by the roadside, and sang in chorus 'Jesus loves me' as we rode by. The white-haired old saint who showed us the ancient water-pots at Cana replied to my question as to his health that he was "waiting for the coming of the Lord."

Bethlehem has changed greatly in the appearance of the people, in the integrity of its business, and in the reappearance of Ruth in many a modern emancipated woman. The churches have not changed so much; the manger and the shepherds' fields have not changed at all; but the eyes and movements of the people speak of intelligence and kindness which seemed unknown years ago It was clear to me that He is coming back to the place of his birth. At Bethany there has been no change but the opening up of a garden at the home of Mary and Martha, showing clearly that the home Jesus loved so much to visit was even luxuriously decorated and furnished. At Jericho there have been built two hotels, and Elisha's spring runs a new grist-mill. The Jordan rolls on to the unfathomable Dead Sea as of old, and pilgrims crowd its banks at Easter season as of yore. But no man falls among thieves now in the Cherith brook's awful gorge, and a macadamized wide road makes it an easy ride now, in a coupe or landau, from Jerusalem to the Jordan.

When I was here before, the party to which I was attached was "held up" by the Bedween, and robbed of their watches, while, two nights later, one was shot through the shoulder while descending the Mount of Temptation. Now it is as safe, they say, in the wilderness of Judea, as in New Jersey. There are less soldiers, and no change in the form of government. But a new spirit is in the land. All creeds, races and classes feel it. It is the near coming of the Prince of Peace. The land is wretched still, but peace, good-will, hospitality to other nations and beliefs, have come to stay. Soon existing evils will go, and then Christ's spirit will at once flood the land.

But the most gratifying evidence of a Christian grace fresh given is seen here in the city, in the kindly toleration and the recognition of the claims of human brotherhood. I no longer see a Christian mocking at a Muhammadan, nor have I heard a word of angry hate for the Christian from a Muhammadan. Years ago, fanaticism and prejudice ran into business, and was the continual cause of scrimmages on the streets. Jew and Gentile were in constant contention, and we dared not visit the Christian quarter of the city with a Muhammadan conductor. No sign of that prejudice appears. I saw a Muhammadan reading a German book on electricity to a company of Arabian spectators, to the evident gratification of all parties. The Jews, although forbidden by the unchanged law of Turkey, are coming back in thousands. Colonies of Jews from Russia, Germany, and Italy, are springing up.—thrifty, clean, enterprising, and honest,—which influence all the country about them.

Dr. Selah Merrill, the United States consul at Jerusalem, and one of God's most useful and noble men, told me that within ten years the influence of the construction of so many hospitals, homes, and churches about Jerusalem had led the Moslems to clean up their mosks and repair their sacred buildings, so as to make almost a revolution. When I was there before, almost every kind of filth and stench met us in all the corridors of Solomon's and Herod's temple, now the Mosk of Omar square. But to-day it is swept and washed with a scrupulous cleanliness. The names of the places and the titles of the sects have not changed, but the spirit of the worship and the motives of the people have turned Christward surprisingly.

The Christian missionary has cut down the hills and raised the valleys and made straight the way of the Lord. He has not taught in vain, though the adherents of his personal creed may be numbered on his fingers. But the Christian life, self-sacrifice, manner, love, and fidelity to duty, throw a slow but powerfully sure leaven into the masses, the influence of which is patent indeed to the visitor who has been long absent. It is perhaps more clear to the observer at Jaffa, with its new colonies; at Beyrout, with its wonderful American college; and at Constantinople, where the Robert College is so respected by all classes But Jerusalem has steadily bowed to the teachings of the disciples of Jesus, until it seems almost ready to kneel at his feet. One of these days there will be a sweeping revolution in name and profession, and the Lord will seem to come suddenly to his temple. But it will be but the opening of a book already written. He is looking from Olivet on the city now. I do not think he is weeping there, for his triumphal entry this time leads to no Golgotha

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Fatty Degeneration of the Spirit.

The doctors tell us all about fatty degeneration of the liver and of the spleen. Indeed, we understand it is a thing which affects every organ of the body. It comes pre eminently from overindulgence. Bodily organs are over-stimulated; they lose their vitality; they break up into fleshy obstructions of the system, instead of filling their place as healthy and active agents in its economy. The physical misery and final death of the body from such trouble is clearly manifested. But the more grievous evil the doctors leave untold; it is the minister's place to speak of it. The same thing goes on in the spirit Sensual, gluttonous and bibulous living don't stop with breaking down the heart, and the spleen, and the liver. That is the least of their ruin. Exactly the same process goes on in the spirit. The things are most wonderfully alike. The vitality is eaten out of a man's soul by such courses. He becomes a degenerate The broken body is the physical hell which he has made for himself, and the broken-down soul is the spiritual hell which he has made for himself.

Why, think of the life which has lived so selfishly that it simply cannot see any pleasure in doing a favor, or giving a help! What is the lot of a man who does not know the joy of being generous? What of the heart which cannot even understand the pleasure of giving another pleasure? In such lives great powers, vital powers, have been broken down. They have been swallowed up in a fleshly degeneracy. The manhood cannot live any longer in such, any more than the body can endure without a liver. The pulpit should make this thing as clearly understood as the physicians have made its prototype. Let it be declared, manifested by spiritual post-mortem examinations, if needs be, that soul degeneracy is a fact. Unfortunately, we have plenty of specimens where from to declare our deductions. This is a retribution of selfishness and sin which needs no long argument. It speaks for itself. Its woe is all too eloquent. Still the divinely prophetic voice rings in our ears: "Speak ye unto the people, lest they die in their sins."—Church Union.

Ministerial Fidelity.

The temptation to prophesy smooth things to one who, having lived far from God, comes with a tender heart inquiring the way of salvation, is very great There appears to be danger of driving such an inquirer away by making the gate too narrow. Sympathy suggests that the way be made as easy as possible. Tender-hearted ministers sometimes cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no perce." A faithful minister will never lose sight of the fact that loyalty to the kingdom which he represents requires him to tell the whole truth and let it do its own work.

Savonarola, the great preacher, reformer, and martyr of Florence, stood by the bedside of the dying Lorenzo de Medici. Lorenzo had usurped power over the Florentine republic, and practically enslaved the people. He had enriched himself by robberies and made his name odious by numerous and nameless crimes. When death confronted him he was utterly consumed with terrors. He had received the sacraments of the Church. but they afforded him no comfort. He had no confidence in the priests, for he knew by personal observation that they were as corrupt as himself. Disgusted with their hypocrisy as much as with his own shameless career, he turned away in despair. But there was one man in whom he said he had confidence. It was Savonarola, who had publicly denounced his wickedness and incurred his wrath. Lorenzo, to the surprise of everyone, commanded the friar to be brought in. Savonarola went in the spirit of his Master.

"There are three sins," said the prince, "which trouble my conscience, and which I wish to confess that I may receive absolution." With the deepest mental agitation he recited the three great sins. "Three things are necessary," said Savonarola. "What things, father?" inquired the prince. Extending the fingers of his right hand, as if to count off the indispensable requirements, with a firm voice the friar said, "First, a great and living faith in the mercy of God." "I have the fullest faith in it," was the reply. "Second, you must restore all your ill-gotten wealth." This was a hard requirement, under which Lorenzo winced; but after a moment's hesitation he nodded assent. Then Savonarola stood up and looked gravely into the cowering eyes of the dying sinner, and said, "Third, you must restore liberty to the inhabitants of Florence" This was hardest of all. The man's idol was uncovered, and he refused to surrender it. He turned away his face and made no reply. He died without repentance and without peace. But the minister of God had discharged his own conscience.

The way of salvation is as easy as anything can be to a man who is sincere in his desire to be saved at all hazards; but it is as hard as anything can be to one who has an idol in his heart. The faithful minister will find that idol, and demand its surrender in the name and by the authority of the Sovereign of the universe. — Chris. Advocate.

Every-Day Opportunities.

A rescue missionary was lecturing in a strange place, that is, in a place where he was not accustomed to speak. He said that every Christian, however humble, or poor, or busy, could do some personal work for Christ if he was only willing. After the lecture a poor woman rushed up to him, and said, half indignantly:

"What can I do? I am a widow with five children to support, and I have to work night and day to provide food for the family. How can I find time to go and speak to any one about Christ?'

"Does the milkman call at your house early in the morning?'

"Of course he does.'

"Does the baker follow him?"

"Does the butcher once or twice a week visit you?'

"Yes," was the curt reply, and the woman, her face flushed with excitement and apparent vexation, flew away.

Two years after, the man of God spoke in the same place. After the service, a woman asked him,

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well, I am the person who was vexed with you two years ago, when you asked me whether the milkman. and baker, and butcher visited me. But I went home to think and pray, and God helped me to do my duty. I now have to tell you that through my humble efforts five persons have been led to the Saviour, and they are all consistent, working members of the church."

Indifference! Indifference! This is the sin which Satan uses to seal the doom of lost souls. "Awake, thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee!"—Christian Work.

About Preaching.

The kind of preaching that is required is sometimes "revivalistic," as well as evangelistic. It may, and it ought at the same time to be scholarly and scriptural. Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod of the Church of Scotland, addressing the General Assembly, complained that a great many ministers and licentiates find it difficult if not impossible to preach so as to reach the heart of the common people. To reach the heart and win attention you must preach of sin, of Christ's death and atonement and infinite love, of redemption from sin, of death and Heaven and hell. You must let your philosophy go to the winds and preach Christ. Mr. Gladstone is quoted as advising preachers and other public speakers as followers:

"1. Study plainness of language, always preferring the simple word: 2 Shortness of sentences: 3. Distinctness of articulation: 4. Test and question your arguments before hand not waiting for critic or opponent, 5. Seek a thorough digestion of and familiarity with your subject, and rely mainly on those to prompt the proper words; 6. Remember that if you are to sway an audience you must, besides thinking out your matter, watch them all along."

Summer Heat and Christian Work.

As the warm weather rages there is a temptation among Christians, old and young, to relax the energy and loyalty of service. The various conferences, conventions and assemblies common at this season of the year may be sources of inspiration and instruction, or they may be little other than excuses for spiritual relaxation and dissipation. Union services may relieve the ministers, allow the members to stay at home with better conscience, rather than indicate increased fraternity and zeal in Christian work.

A little self-examination as to motives involved might be helpful, whether it proved a source of self congratulation or not. The only royal road to religious success and spiritual growth is to make a business of it. "All at it, and always at it."

No amount of periodic enthusiasm can make up for the loss of strong and steady grip and persistent loyalty, through all seasons of the year and all conditions of weather, to all the services of the one church which we have chosen as the field of our activity.—Epworth Herald.

Forgive.

You hate your neighbor. Yonder is his dwelling, 150 yards away. Suppose you pass by a wood fire, and as you pass you pluck a half consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thrusting it under your garment to hide it, you start for your neighbor's dwelling to burn it. You will find your garments on fire before you can harm your neighbor.

So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings the soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who call themselves Christians who are miserable because of their revengefulness. Forgive your enemies and get down on your knees and pray for them, and salvation will come into your soul like a flood. "Father, forgive them." Sweet prayer and blessed example.—[Bundle of Sticks,

Followed Husband's Advice.

"I was troubled for a long time with sick headaches. At last my husband bought me two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla telling me this medicine would cure me, as it had cured him of salt rheum. I began taking it and it made me feel like a new woman." MRS. ROBERT MCAFFEE, Deerhurst, Ontario.

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A Baptist Minister.

Rev. M. P. Campbell, the highly esteemed Pastor of the Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "From my personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills I can say they are an excellent remedy for all kidney troubles."

Inflammatory Rheumatism. — Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric 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."

SHEDSKIN 20 TIMES

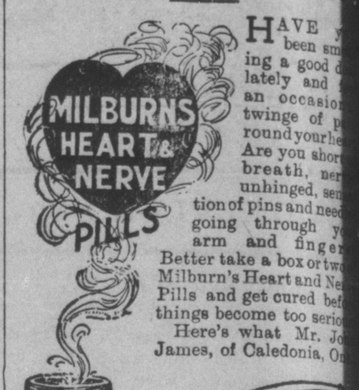
My little boy broke out with an itching rash. I tried three doctors and medical college but he kept getting worse. *There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body unaffected.* He was one mass of sores, and the stench was frightful. In removing the bandages they would take the skin with them, and the poor child's screams were heart-breaking. After the second application of CUTICURA (ointment) *I saw signs of improvement*, and the sores to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but now *he is entirely cured.*

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