

Be Glad?

Be glad when the flowers have faded?
Be glad when the trees are bare?
When the fog lies thick on the fields and moor,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light,
When there are no songs for the darkest day,
No stars for the longest night?

Be glad when the world is lonely,
And the heart has been bereft?
When of all the loves of the young spring-time
Scarcely a friend is left?
Be glad in the desolate valley
After the sunny hill?
When the joy of the morning is far behind,
And the gloom its task fulfills?

Be glad when the heart is failing,
And the brain is losing power,
And the cunning skill of the strong right hand
Wearies in one short hour?
We are glad in the merry morning,
And glad at the noon again.
But the wintry night is a tided time—
Do we look for gladness then?

Ab, yes, for the truest gladness
Is not in ease and mirth;
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the joys of earth.
God's love is the same forever,
If the skies are bright or dim,
And the joy of the morning lasts all day
When the heart is glad in Him.

—Marianne Farnin, h.m.

Wayside Ministries.

It was as Jesus passed by he healed the man who was born blind. It was on his way from Judea to Galilee, resting at Jacob's well, Jesus administered the water of life to the woman and the villagers in Samaria. Many of his mighty works and wonderful words were wayside ministries.

Filled with his spirit, his disciples must needs go about doing good. To teach a Sunday school class is blessed service; to proclaim the glorious gospel from the pulpit is most blessed; to be ready to seize opportunity, to speak the fitly spoken, personal word of eternal life, out of season, on the highways, in the cars, in the stores, at social functions, anywhere, wherever any will listen,—is thrice blessed.

The winner must be winsome. "Learn of me," says the altogether lovely One, who delights to endure with such timely grace.

"Wouldst thou go forth to this? Be sure of thine own ground. Fix well thy center first. Then draw thy circles round."—Trench

Alone, all night on the mountain, Jesus communed with his Father. Buoyant with the joy of that fellowship he came down on the storm-tossed Sea of Galilee, walked over its heaving waves to the little ship where weary disciples were toiling in rowing. "Be of good cheer," it is I; be not afraid." In the high and holy place where the eternal One dwells with contrite heart to revive them, he charges them with power to triumph over difficulties, and to transmit brightness and peace in the valleys of a weary, storm-tossed world. The patients in a hospital used to say of the late Mrs. Adelaide Howland, whose radiant presence carried the atmosphere of heaven: "She does us good if she but walks through the ward."

Michael Sabattus, a skillful Indian guide of the Adirondacks, was converted from a life of daring wickedness by the Rev. Dr. John Todd as he was passing through Long Lake on his vacation. Sabattus brought many Indians to Christ. The old trapper's face would light up at Jesus' name. "I never guided a man through the woods whom I did not try to guide also to the way that leads to heaven."

The late Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York used to say: "There is no vacation in the service of the best of masters." As he was walking in the park at Albany with a young friend some years ago, he stopped to speak with a beggar, and tenderly told him of his Saviour, a deed to find him. Another time, returning from the General Assembly with a weary party of his brethren, and none more so than he, when they were crossing the river from Jersey City a sleight of hand performer came in and plied his trade. As the boat neared the New York side, all rose to hasten out. A younger minister missed Dr. Hall, and went back to find him. There he stood, holding the poor man's hand, looking down with sympathy into the hard, world worn face, pouring out the balm of human kindness and divine comfort. Many mourn him, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, Jew and Gentile, heathen and Christian. His sympathetic nature acquired the power of patting himself to the level of those with whom he conversed. A family in an East-side tenement hung black on their door when Dr. John Hall died; for they had, like thousands of his mourners, felt the warm grasp of his hand and been blessed by his presence.

habit of unostentatious wayside ministries.

Long ago, when the late Rev. Dr. Narayan Sheshadri was in New York, he was going down town in the cars with his hostess one evening, when a richly dressed lady moved to give him room. Noticing his white urban and Indian dress, she said, "You are a stranger here?" "Yes," he replied, and the conversation continued. "Perhaps you are going where I am," she asked. "No," he answered, "I am going to the theater." "Ah! and did you ask Jesus to go with you?" "I never thought of that," she said. After further conference, she promised that when she reached the theater, if she could not conscientiously ask Jesus to go in with her, she would turn around and go home.

A man of affairs, seated opposite, watched Dr. Sheshadri in entirety, and doubtless the Indian saint, noticing this, also prayed for him. He got out at a well-known club. When they returned from the lecture, the same elegant man entered the car at the same club street. He hastened to Dr. Sheshadri, told him he had overheard his conversation, and felt so impressed by it that he had not had a moment's peace that evening. Then he listened, as only hungry souls can, to the satisfying unfolding of that way of life which is worth living.

At first we may not be able to reach careworn fellow-travelers except "by the way of the throne;" then the sympathetic look, the courteous, considerate act, will come of itself; and then from the throne will be sent his messenger, with a live coal from his altar to touch our lips to speak his love. Step by step we may follow on, as these great apostles of evangelical Christianity of India and of America, to be like Him who came "out of the ivory palaces" to minister and give his life for many.

Are hearts that receive made glad? Gladder are they that give; and who can measure their joyful surprise, when, reckoned through all time, the garnered results of their wayside ministries shall be revealed, and the King say unto them, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." "ye did it unto me"—S. S. Times.

Not Servants, but Friends.

Properly understood, the religious life means very much more than service. And yet we have almost restricted it within this meaning, so that we are wont to speak of "serving God," of "holding religious service," of being "servants of Christ;" and while we may not say so in actual words, yet with most of us there is the feeling that religion implies mastership on the one part and obedience on the other. Indeed, we carry this so far as to make religion a "system," with laws absolute and unchanging, and which must be accepted without question or dissent. Undoubtedly there is much in Judaism that favors this idea, but the moment we get into the spirit of the Gospel the thought of servitude disappears, and the soul enters upon relations altogether different.

The thought of Jesus seems to have been the establishment of an equality not only between man and man, but in some way between man and God. Hence we find Him saying to His disciples: "I call you not servants, but friends." That word "friend" is one which is only partially understood. To the average mind it does not suggest much of warmth or intensity or depth of feeling, but rather a placid relationship which may exist without involving either ardency or sacrifice. We do not rank it with love. Love we regard as a splendid, absorbing passion into which our emotions and affections form themselves, as the mountain springs into the mighty river, which, thus strengthened and fed, rolls on in resistless energy.

But as Jesus understood the word, and as the word really means, friendship takes precedence of every other relation, for it is higher and nobler and stronger than them all. Friendship is the richest development of every affection of which we are capable. It is the ripe unfolding of the deepest passions of the heart. It is the white flower which crowns the growth of the truest and noblest feelings of the soul. The love of the husband and the wife never attains its highest form until it results in a friendship which nothing can break. The flight of years, the changes of time, the cares of life, the burdens and disappointments which are inevitable to us all, make sad havoc with the dreams and romance of youth; but if out of these, as a tree out of the earth, a holy friendship has come forth, love's young dream has only enriched itself, and the autumn is far more sweet and beautiful than the springtime. Nor is the love of the parent and the child ever fully consummated until a deep, joyous friendship is established between the one and the other, when confidences are

exchanged, when sympathies are blended, when discipline and family restraint are no longer necessary, and when there is a sense of comradeship or sisterhood in the home.

We see, then, that friendship is the crown and glory of all the affections, and that the purest and deepest loves of our nature have in it their noblest manifestation.

Now it is in this way we are to think of the words of Jesus, "Not servants, but friends."

Friendship involves mutual esteem. This is not always the case with love, for often it is that the most wayward and ungrateful have lavished upon them the boundless treasures of a wife or mother's heart. But real friendship cannot exist without esteem. And esteem is founded upon honor, respect, character, integrity—in short, the noblest virtues of which human nature is capable. The friendship of Jesus means more to a soul than the love of Jesus, for His friendship is a proof of not only His pity and mercy and grace, but of His respect and esteem!

But what joy to be His friend! What a blessed relationship! In this divine communion service is only the expression of the heart's desire. Duty is as an angel with wings of flame. Devotion, like a lark from its nest in the fields, rises into the sky of holy companionship. Religion ceases to be a system, and becomes a living thing. Discipleship merges into friendship, and from the lips of the Master we get the words, "Not servants, but friends."—Advocate.

The Christian's Death.

Death is a mystery. All we know about death is forbidding. We know that death is the king of terrors. All men tremble and turn pale in the presence of this foe. No one is ready to be borne away to the cemetery, a lifeless corpse with no knowledge of what is taking place, and no feeling concerning the grief of surviving kindred, to be left by all who loved him never more to return. Death extinguishes the spark which animates the body and locks up forever the senses through which the soul was wont to communicate with the outer world. Death puts a period to all our earthly enterprises and our active connection with this world. The ties that binds kindred souls together are rudely sundered by the icy finger of the cruel monster, and surviving friends are left broken hearted to weep alone, and sigh for the touch of a vanished hand.

Death dissolves the body. At his touch this tabernacle of clay falls to pieces and returns to the dust as it was. Further than this we cannot go. We may speculate upon the consequences of death. We may suspect, fear, hope, guess, and wonder. But we know absolutely nothing. Philosophy cannot help us. Science can throw no light on the dark subject. So far as human reason is concerned we are brought face to face with impenetrable mystery, and death refuses to yield up its secret.

But Jesus Christ comes to our aid. He taught men more concerning death than all other teachers who have ever lived. He went down into the grave to show us His power over our last enemy. He led the monster death in chains. He takes His disciples into a union with Himself so close that whatever happens to Him happens also to them. They are in Him. The union between soul and body is not so intimate as that between Christ and His followers. They are incorporated in Him. Their life is hid with Christ in God. Death is no longer an enemy, but a servant. As the bee gathers honey from the poisonous flower, so the Christian, by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, gathers joy from death itself.

Death ends the Christian's sorrows. Death releases the imprisoned spirit from its cage. When the chrysalis is broken it perishes, but the living creature which inhabited it is released, and, rising on wings of gold, it soars away in the sunlight, a picture of beauty and gladness. So when this house of clay is broken it perishes, but the immortal spirit is released from its narrow prison, and soars away on wings of light to the hills of God. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

There is weeping on earth for the lost!

There is bowing in grief to the ground!

But rejoicing and praise amid the sanctified host.

For a spirit in Paradise found!

Though bright new hats passed from the earth,

Yet a star is new-born in the sky.

And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth.

Where are pleasures and fullness of joy;

And a new harp is strung and a new song is given.

To the breeze that float o'er the garden of heaven.

Your Work.

If Christ had a work to do, and he is God's idea of what man should be, then we must believe that each of us has a work to do, some sacrifice to make, some cross to endure, some soul to save. And the success of life is measured, not by the world's standards but by the way in which we do our life-work. If this means that a life's success is not to be estimated by the amount of gold that is gathered or by the number of good times enjoyed, or by the cubic feet of granite in one's grave-stone, so be it. Man is too great for a gold-savenger, a buffoon and feaster, a grave decorator. He has a work to do. A man who does nothing is a parasite, a leech. He is eating up a world's stock of produce without adding anything to it. He is in some one's else place if he has no place of his own.

Have you found your work? I do not mean your trade or profession; I mean have you found your life work—the thing God has given you to do. I cannot tell you what it is. But I am sure everyone has something worthy to do, something to finish before death, something to lift life above the common place, and dignify it.

What is your work? Why, brother, sister, I cannot tell you; but if you are a mother, I have some idea of what it is. Train that soul which God has committed to your care. If you fail in that you are a failure. If you are a friend be a friend worth having. If you are a citizen you have a work to do.

O let us do our work! Quickly, the time is short! Why are we so inefficient? Why are we so soft handed when this world needs toilers so much? O friend, look at your hands this morning! Have you one single blister or callous on your hands to show that you ever once in all your life have struck one blow for God or fellowman—ever did one hour's work for immortality? If you should die to-day, what would the words "It is finished," mean as respects your life work? Would they mean that your opportunities are finished, or that the work God gave you to do is finished? Which?

Communion With God.

Prayer is not simply petition. It is largely that, to be sure; but it is more. It is communion with God. It enables the believer to become familiar with God. The child does not simply ask his father for gifts; he communicates his idea to him, he speaks of his childish hopes and sorrows and joys. And his father does not only say, "I will grant this or withhold that," he talks with his child of various things; he lifts up the child's ideas by the power of his own. Child and father hold communion—become intimate. Just so it may be, ye, ought to be, with the child of God. In proportion to one's Christian experience is his desire for this communion and fellowship. The devout soul echoes the psalmist's words, "My soul thirsteth for God! My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." This communion increases one's Christian experience. There is no better method of growth in grace than the habit of constant communing with the Father of spirits. Paul says, "Pray without ceasing." It is the secret of progress heavenward. It explains the difference in the rate of advance of Christians. One halts along; another runs. One is of comparatively little use; another is abundant in every good word and work. The reason is, one is content with simply offering few and feeble petitions; the other holds communion with God, pouring out his soul before Him, and there comes to him an elevation of spirit, a heavenlyness of mind, which makes him joyous and strong and effective. In numberless instances has the promise been fulfilled. "They that wait upon the Lord, renew their strength; they mount up with wings as eagles; they run, and are not weary; they walk, and are not faint." What privileges! What possibilities! But, notwithstanding all this, how unbelieving we are at times when we enter the spiritual realm. High above the gateway of prayer we see written in imperishable characters, "Ask, and it shall be given you." The Author of our being invites us, ye, even, be seers, to hold sweet communion with Himself.—The Religious Telescope.

The Spring Months.

Are most likely to find your blood impure and lacking in the red corpuscles which enable it to carry nourishment to the nerves and other organs. Therefore you feel weak, tired and listless and are troubled with spring humors. Relief is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood.

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Sincerity of Conviction.

Sincerity is one of the most winning of qualities. It is very pleasant in itself. It justifies confidence, and we always like to feel that we can trust others. It is closely akin to truth, which all respect and admire. It is so vital an element of religion that sometimes it is mistaken for religion. He who throws himself heart and soul into the lists in behalf of some principle wins a certain measure of admiration, even when the principle is of doubtful moral value, and we give scanty honor to him who advocates real and important truth in a manner which indicates that he himself is not thoroughly persuaded of it.

Sincerity, therefore, needs to be enlightened and rightly directed. We must not only be sincere in our beliefs, but they must be right beliefs. Otherwise our very sincerity tends to lead us farther and farther astray. Hence nothing is more important to one's own Christian progress than to make sure that it is the substantial, eternal truth which we believe. Nothing else which we can do for others is more necessary than to open their eyes, if possible, to the errors which they sincerely hold.

Sincerity is not piety, but there is no piety without sincerity. It gives to the believer safety, courage, and hope. It makes him a power for his Lord. It reveals itself more in habit of thought than in words, in action rather than in the acceptance of this or that creed, but it always is discernible where it does exist, and it always is impressive. It was one of the most noticeable qualities of Jesus Himself. The Congregationalist.

Pulling Together.

There is a story told of a slaveholder who had committed the care of one of his teams to a faithful slave for some years; at last one of the horses sickened and died. While the slave was burying the animal, the other horse came across the field and stood by, watching the operation as a silent mourner.

The master said to the slave, "I believe I do love Billy."

Instantly the slave replied, "Course he did, massa; why, they pulled together for twenty years!"

It is the pulling together of the various Christian forces in our cities against the common enemy and for a common cause that will unite the hearts of the followers of the Master, and bring us into the realization of the prayer, "That they all may be one."—J. W. Kapp D. D.

Personal Reflections.

Does my life please God?
Am I studying my Bible daily?
Am I enjoying my Christian life?
Have I ever won a soul to Christ?
Is there any one I cannot forgive?
How many times do I spend in prayer?
Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer?
Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ?
Just where am I making my greatest mistake?

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Boils Disappeared.

Mr. James Elliott, White P. O., Ont., writes: "Last fall while I was threshing I became troubled with boils, which got so bad I had to quit work. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters and before I had finished one bottle the boils entirely disappeared."

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Then you were left worse than before, bowels bound harder than ever, constipation aggravated instead of cured. All the miseries of constipation, ache, Sick Stomach, Biliousness, Eruptions, Blood Humors, Bile, and a thousand and one other ills, back on you again with redoubled force.

Wouldn't you consider it a blessing if you could get a permanent cure of your constipation? So that a real cure would stay cured? So that a real cure would stay cured? So that a real cure would stay cured?

That's where it differs from remedies. It makes a thorough cure of the whole intestinal tract, the bowels, acts on the stomach, and causes all the digestive organs to so work hard and perform their functions perfectly that constipation, with attendant sickness, suffering and become a thing of the past.

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