

The White Man's Burden.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickless cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end of others' sought)
Watch and beathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of soft and swifter
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:
"Woe brought us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness,
By all ye will or whither,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh with God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with all days—
The lightly preloved laurel,
The easy ungrudging praise;
Come now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

Those That Fail.

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW, D. D.

My constituency is numerous. Most people do not succeed. Few attain the good which their ambition sets as the goal. Those who do succeed reach that end only with more slips than firm and forward steps. The waste of life, like the refuse of certain factories, is its most bulky output.

In reading the above I pronounce it miserable pessimism. It is based upon the false notion that success is to be measured by our material gettings or by our visible accomplishments. Life's significance is in its discipline, as we Christians believe in attaining a strength and excellence that are going to count in a longer than earthly existence. In this world we are only God's apprentices, practicing some of the lower forms of the arts that are eternal. Present success is of secondary account.

A young engineer studying under an older one is trained in various departments of his science, but does nothing of importance in any. He practices drafting until he gets somewhat proficient in the art, but draws no plans worth keeping or selling. He estimates truss-strength and wall-thrusts, but builds nothing except as his work disappears in the mass of what the master is building. But those half-drawings and scraps of estimates, and partly worked problems will prove more to him than any early job of engineering which brought him pay.

You see the great painting and say, "That was worth doing." You do not see the hundreds of "studies" which litter the artist's portfolio, or which, having no sale value, he has thrown away. Yet these had more to do with making him a great painter than had the piece which was paid for in the art market. So life's worth is in what it works at rather than in what it works out.

The bridge-builder has toiled for years to span the river; his work is done. The freshest roars against its piers. Will it fall? Suppose the river some day masses its waters beyond what men dreamed possible, and the bridge gives way? Or, suppose that at the fatal moment, when the whirlpool swirls beneath the towers and they are beginning to tremble, the torrent exhausts its volume, and the bridge stands. If it fall the world sneers at the builder, tho it was the strongest bridge ever yet put together; if it should stand because no fresher ever struck it, the builder's fame is immortal. Foolish world! Foolish builder, if he takes the world's opinion much to heart! Is he not the same man with the same merit, whether his work stands or falls? God's apprentice I imagine, perhaps in another world, to be in the Creator's engineering department.

ment to help swing stars or roof in globes of fire, making them habitable earths.

An American scholar spent years over an abstruse subject; mastered it; prepared a book on it; but before he got to press a Frenchman came out with a treatise on the same subject, and no publisher would print the American's book. Was he any less of a scholar, or less deserving because fortune fell away from him, or fame did not get his name on the edge of her triumph? The fellow died of disappointment, so the doctors said. It was foolish to do that. He ought to have quietly buried his work, not himself.

The world has recently lost one of its most genial and brilliant writers, William Black. In a sketch of his life, written by himself a few years since, he tells merrily of a dozen failures before he struck his pace of prosperity. One project was the formation of a complete collection of British flowering plants, which was to make his reputation as a botanist. Years after he said: "The scant herbarium remains to this day; a poor enough treasure-house of botanical lore, but a rich treasure-house of memories of innumerable and healthful wanderings by hill and moorland and seashore, through the rain and sunlight, and beautiful colors of the Western Highlands." Sensible man! Why mourn over a herbarium that didn't grow to be a museum but did furnish him with health and joy and the poetry with which he portrayed Highland scenery, and—I will go further—with a keener soul for appreciating the beauties of heaven?

If I get the right idea of heaven it is such an attainment in character that we will do things without any thought of pay, just for the joy of doing. What pay could the world have given Michael Angelo for designing St. Peter's or a decorating the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or Leonardo for painting the Last Supper, or St. Francis for founding his brotherhood of help, or Luther for smiting the devils of superstition, or Livingstone for trying to destroy the slave trade of Africa? Their reward was in the doing. Wasn't it enough to have been an angel singing over Bethlehem without having one's name dropped on the earth?

What are failures? Didn't Hobson fail in his main purpose? But who cares? Are not all martyrs failures? Yet they died gladly. Wasn't Christ a failure in the world's estimate? Yes, his meat was to do as he did, and his drink was to suffer as he did. Does not everybody fail, when, as Job says, death cuts us "off in the midst of our purposes?" Seeming success must be only the shock; life's value is what develops inside. —The Independent.

Evangelistic and Evangelical

Duff spoke words of truth and soberness when he said that, when a church ceases to be evangelistic it soon ceases to be evangelical; and when it ceases to be evangelical, it soon ceases to be a church of God at all in any true sense. The apostolic church was preeminently evangelistic. These divinely guided men had only one work in hand; they went everywhere preaching the Word. Their successors did the same. They pursued the lines of commerce and the victories of the Roman legions with the doctrine and the ordinances of the church. By the close of the third century the empire was evangelized. There were the centuries of the greatest purity and power. The church was troubled less with strife and heresy than in any subsequent age. The colossal task she had on hand kept her from many temptations and drove her back on Christ himself.

As the church lost the evangelistic spirit she lost power and she lost ground. At one time all North Africa was covered with churches. Fifty bishops looked after their flocks. Now there is scarcely a trace of these churches left. They lost the missionary spirit, and they perished. The churches of the East delighted in metaphysics and in disputation. They lost the aggressive spirit of the first century, and in course of time they ceased to influence the world for good. Milman tells us that their clergy stood aloof from the world, the anchorites in their desert wilderness; the monks in their jealously barred convents; and, secure, as they supposed, of their own salvation, they left the rest of mankind to inevitable perdition. Only fragments of these great national churches remain. They have their chapels in Jerusalem and Bethlehem and elsewhere, but they do no good. The salt has lost its saltness. Turkish so diers keep these men from cutting one another's throats.

Monasticism was a protest against the sin and the worldliness of the age. Pious men and women sighed for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade. They

retired from the world hoping to get away from temptation and so to get rid of sin. They hoped by prayer and fasting and mortifications of various kinds to keep the body under that the soul might come to perfection. Monasticism was, we are told, absolutely and entirely selfish in its aims and in its acts. Its sole, single, and exclusive object, is the purification of the soul, the elevation of the individual soul, of the man absolutely isolated from his kind; with no hopes or fears, with no sympathies of our common nature, he has withdrawn and secluded himself from the cares, the sins, the trials, the duties, the connections, the moral and religious fate of the rest of the world. This was a cowardly and selfish course; it was a false course. Because of it the monastic institution became unspeakably corrupt.

The churches that live and prosper are the churches that have the evangelistic temper. This great and God-like enterprise drives them to their Bibles and to their knees for guidance and help. As they do what they can to help seek and save the lost, they come into fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. They are able to hold fast to the eternal verities, and are not vexed over questions of infinitesimal import. They are in no danger of being carried about by every wind of doctrine; they have the evidence within themselves. Theirs is an assurance that neither earth nor hades can shake.

It is well for colleges to have chairs of Apologetics. But for every such chair there should be another on evangelization and Missions. This is the best defense of the faith. If the whole body of believers could be brought into full accord with this work of rescuing sinners, of sustaining a forward "Movement all along the line" for the evangelization of our own land and all the world, this would constitute a more convincing argument on behalf of the divine origin of Christianity than a thousand volumes of polemics. —Chris. Standard.

The Lessons of Sickness.

When the human life has all its powers fully taxed in the activities of each day, there is but spare moment's or short periods to give to reflection either in looking backward, or forward, or upward or inward. The "quiet hour," however, is of untold importance to the worker who is hard pressed in daily toil. At times there come to us experiences of sickness which extend the "quiet hour" into weeks. In the hush of a prolonged illness the soul gets new views of old truths, and feels new forces breaking through old habits. One of the first lessons pressed upon the soul during physical sickness is that the favor of God is better than life—better than physical life—for it is life spiritual and eternal. Jesus makes it plain in the Sermon on the Mount that the righteousness of the heavenly kingdom is such a life as finds favor with God rather than such as calls forth praise from men. To be conscious of having lived with God's will as the guiding motive, lying behind and beneath life, and God's glory as the supreme object lying before life, and God's love as the sustaining and strengthening force lying within the life—this is contentment, rest and restoration.

Another lesson is the importance of the past as compared with the future. When the mind is relieved from the stress of present duties, does it work backward in memory or forward in apprehension and expectation? Much experience shows that it works backward. There is a kind of evangelism abroad that, in a sense, overrates the future. It is summed up in the phrase, "Where will you spend eternity?" as though the future of life were its most momentous part. A more important inquiry is this: "How have you spent the past ten or twenty years?" We live in character and not in places, and where we will spend eternity is determined, as far as it has any importance, by how we have lived. In the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and in the great judgment scene described in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, Jesus exalts the memory and the record of the past life. It is wonderful how the human mind works backward, when it is unharnessed from daily toil and allowed unfettered freedom. There are great storehouses of joy or sorrow in the simple words: "Son, I remember."

Another important lesson is that suitable and sufficient grace is given for every need as it arises. I am wonderful how the suffering life can be comforted and sustained. No testing beyond what we are able to bear is ever permitted to come upon us who trust Jesus and love God. We are under the covenants and promises, and these are as sure as the stars in their courses and more solid than the rocks. Under the covenants, and by

the promises, God has abundantly shown unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, namely, his character and his word, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. —Chris. Guardian.

Humility and Holiness.

BY REV. A. ANDREW MURRAY.

"Stand by; for I am holier than thou!" What a parody on holiness! Jesus the Holy One is the humble one; the holiest will ever be the humblest. There is none holy but God; we have as much of holiness as we have of God. And according to what we have of God will be our real humility, because humility is nothing but the disappearance of self in the vision that God is all. The holiest will be the humblest. Alas! though the barefaced boasting Jew of the day of Isaiah is not often to be found—even our manners have taught us not to speak thus,—how often his spirit is still seen, whether in the treatment of fellow-saints or of the children of the world. In the spirit in which opinions are given, and work is undertaken, and faults are exposed, how often though the garb be that of the publican, the voice is still that of the Pharisee: "O God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men."

And is there, then, such humility to be found that men shall indeed still count themselves "less than the least of all saints," the servants of all? There is. "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, seeketh not its own." Where the spirit of love is shed abroad in the heart, where the divine nature comes to a full birth where Christ the meek and lowly Lamb of God is truly formed within, there is given the power of a perfect love that forgets self and finds its blessedness in blessing others, in bearing with them and honoring them, however feeble they may be. Where this love enters there God enters. A God where God has entered in His power, and reveals Himself as All, there the creature becomes nothing before God, it cannot be anything but humble towards the fellow creature. The presence of God becomes not a thing of times and seasons, but the covering under which the soul ever dwells and its deep abatement before God becomes the holy place of His presence whence all its words and works proceed.

May God teach us that our thought and words and feelings concerning our fellow-men are His test of our humility towards Him, and that our humility before Him is the only power that can enable us to be always humble with our fellow-men. Our humility must be the life of Christ, the Lamb of God, within us.

A Speaking Church.

The redeemed have been silent too long. We want a speaking church; we want a church of testimony. Every man can at all events relate his own experience, modestly and tenderly. A man may not be able to expound prophecies and paraphrase sweet songs; so that a thousand men shall listen to him with more or less of interest, but every man can tell what he has seen and known and felt and handled of the word of life. O assembly of the saints, why this speechlessness? You will be mocked, of course. If a man shall lock himself up in selfish contemplation and spend his life in self-analysis, then no notice will be taken of him; but if he come out and speak boldly, he will be taunted and sneered at and ridiculed and undervalued and misrepresented. Which is to be the guide of life, the overpowering inspiration of God, which says, Speak out! or the self-considering misinspiration of time and sense and self, which says, Stay at home? —Joseph Parker.

The Shepherd and His Sheep.

A gentleman and his wife traveling in the Holy Land, while resting by the roadside, became interested in a shepherd as he sought to lead his flock over a stream. In vain he called to his sheep to follow him through the shallow waters, and again and again he coaxed them on. They would come so far, and no farther. At last, as a final resort, he caught a little lamb and bore it to the other side. Immediately the dam followed, and then the entire flock crossed safely to better pastures and cooler shade.

There was a lesson in that little incident for the two travelers. It had been necessary in their case, too, that the Good Shepherd should bear their only child across the stream in order to draw them closer to him. But their hearts had rebelled against the will of God, and they had sought to bury their sorrow in distraction.

As the meaning of the lesson came more fully upon them, they accepted the great truth it taught; and not only did they find healing for their own broken hearts and shattered hopes, but were used of God in bringing hope and comfort into many another burdened and darkened life. —Mr. Moody, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Great Man's Deed.

An old man used to sweep the street crossings, for gratuitous pennies, near the House of Parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry, he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," said the missionary. "Has any one called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "several persons have called. Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called! What did he read?"

"He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position—the greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool in an attic reading the Word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor. —Dr. Broadus.

The "Worth" of a Man.

Dollars and cents cannot measure the worth of a man. We ask, "How much is So-and-So worth?"—meaning, how many hundred or thousand or million dollars. Perhaps, in a higher civilization, the answer will be given in terms of service; in what a man can give to society, not in the amount of money he has received from it. "So and So," we shall then answer, when questioned, "is worth a great deal to society; he is a skillful surgeon, and relieves suffering; or a great teacher, and inculcates wisdom; or a good blacksmith, and does honest work." The clumsy measure of wealth will be laid aside with the clumsy social order that it fitted. —S. S. Times.

God's Love

Convinces.
Converts from sin.
Clarifies from error.
Cleanses from defilement.
Comforts in unrest and sorrow.
Cheers and warms in times of doubt.
Chastises us when we falter and sin.
Compassionates us toward the erring.
Calls us to higher aims and larger service.
Conquers in us and through us in the world.
Crowns us with glory, honor and eternal life.

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