

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay,
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drift-
ing:
Earth, my home's pictures, days of
shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

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thought of either. The processes are
temporary, but the results are perma-
nent and in them we find the values
of life.

We should use the experiences of
the past and the wisdom gained for
greater usefulness in the present. To-
day is builded on the past and it
should be higher than yesterday.
There should be more of force in each
succeeding year. There is an accumu-
lation of life which should give us
greater power in the world and we
should use it for the purposes for
which life is given us. Time does not
move in a circle, but in a straight line,
and in each succeeding period we
should be further away from any given
point in former experience; should be
better, and be better equipped for
present duty. That equipment should
be used to the best possible effect. It
should be easier to perform duty,
easier to resist temptation, and the
duty should give us greater delight.

We should use the past to give us
greater confidence in the promises of
God. We live by faith, but faith is
based on our knowledge of God. The
revelation of him as given in his
Word is confirmed to us by our expe-
rience of his grace. "Experience
worketh hope." After Abraham was
on the mount of sacrifice, "Jehovah
jireh" was written on his life. David
said, "By this I know that thou favor-
est me." It was not in idle thought
he said, "I remember the days of old;
I meditate on the works of thy hands,"
but in the greater strength gained by
such meditations on the doings of
God. "I have considered the days of
old, the years of ancient times. I will
remember the works of the Lord:
surely I will remember thy wonders of
old." There have been many times
when we were ready to say with Asaph,
"Has the Lord forgotten to be grac-
ious? These are the ungodly who
prosper in the world;" but when we
look at the providence of God and see
what the unfolding years bring to
man, we say with him, "So foolish was
I, and ignorant. Thou wilt guide me
with thy counsel and afterwards receive
me to glory." Every year brings us
new experience of God's grace, and
therefore we enter the new year with
greater confidence, with the assurance
that goodness and mercy shall follow
us all the days of our lives and we will
dwell in the house of the Lord for-
ever.—United Presbyterian.

The Greatest Need of the World.

We are persuaded that at the present
moment the greatest need of the
world is more religion. We are also
persuaded that as soon as this state-
ment is read it will by many be at once
questioned. They will assert that the
world already has too much religion,
and that what it wants is more Chris-
tianity. The Athenians whom Paul
addressed were "very religious" and
yet they were suffering from a very
serious need—the need of Christianity.
But with those who offer this objection
we have no quarrel, since we hold
much the same ground as they do.
For there are two senses in which the
word religion is used—in one of which
it means something less than Chris-
tianity, while in the other it means its
essence. It is in the latter sense that
we are at present using the word, and
without any attempt at great accuracy
or profundity we would define religion
for our present purpose as vital con-
tact with God. And this vital contact
with God we assert to be the world's
greatest need at the present moment.

Let us look at a few of the spheres
to which this statement applies. In
order not to appear to sit in the seat
of the scornful, we are willing to begin
at home and to make the assertion
that what the average religious news-
paper needs is more religion. A dis-
tinguished editor of a religious journal
recently took his readers into his con-
fidence and told them that when he
approached his new duties he did so
with the conviction that a religious
newspaper should contain more of
what relates to personal spiritual life
and to vital Christian doctrine. His
success has proved that he was right.
When we make this assertion we do
so with the consciousness that this is
the aim of our paper. At the same
time we desire to enlist the sympathy
and support of our readers in helping
us to realize our ideal.

But our assertion applies to another
sphere of great importance. We feel
that what the average religious service
needs is more religion—more of that
conscious contact with God that brings
the unseen world near to the hearts
and conscience of men. Our religious
services have for long been suffering
from defective sight. We have been
tempted to think that what we need is
more people, or more excitement, or
more entertainment, or more learning.
Our conviction is that while we really
do need some of these things, our
greatest need to-day is more religion
in our religious services—more of that
atmosphere that is referred to by the
apostle Paul that will convince the un-

believers that God is of a truth with
us. It is possible that many of the
ministers who read this do not need
this word of exhortation. If that is
their case, happy are they.

If we leave the church and go into
the streets—we still find an application
for our contention. For what the
daily life of the average Christian man
needs is more religion. We have all
doubtless been for some time convinced
that business is business, for it would
require much ingenuity successfully to
deny that. But if we admit what our
grammar and our dictionary make im-
perative, is it not true that the busi-
ness of a religious man should be re-
ligious business? A religious man may
have to face smaller profits if he
brings religion into his business, but
surely men of the Anglo-Saxon stock
have courage enough for that.

We have space to mention but one
other sphere. Our efforts to reach the
people and improve their condition
need more religion. We are convinced
that the only social effort that has any
permanent future is that which seeks
to bring to the people a religion, and
we make bold to say that what the
average Christian Socialism needs is
more religion. A book that is at the
present time being widely read says,
"Democracy must get rid of the natu-
ral man of each for himself and have
a new birth into the spiritual life, the
ideal man of each for all. This is its
great lesson. The underground system
of the human being is the thing that
we must first set right. Without re-
ligion how is man, the essentially re-
ligious animal, to face the most tre-
mendous of all problems—social jus-
tice?" With these sentiments we
heartily agree, except perhaps where
it is implied that the most tremendous
of all problems is social justice, for
that, in our judgment, lies in another
direction. We are confident that apart
from religion there is no hope of per-
manently uplifting men, and we are
equally confident that the social prob-
lem can never be solved except by
attacking the selfishness that is con-
stantly gnawing away the bonds that
should tie us together. It is only re-
ligion that can do that, and what we
need is more of it.

We are sure that we might enter
many other fields of human interest
with an equally clear result. We think,
for instance, that it is true of the
average Christian home and of the
average system of theology, that what
they need is more religion. But to
pursue the subject further is impos-
sible, and so we must content ourselves
by saying again that the greatest need
of the world to-day is more religion.—
Can. Baptist.

A Judgment Hall.

Suppose a messenger from God
should take us by the hand and lead
us up to the steps of a great building,
and as we entered the porch it should
begin to grow dark; suppose that he
should then open a door into a very
large hall, which he called a picture
gallery. As we enter it, we find it
dark as night; but as the angel touches
a spring, the light flashes in and fills
the room. We now see that the walls
are hung with pictures,—so many and
so large that they cover all the walls.
On these are painted all the sins that
we have ever committed. On one
picture are painted all the bad words
that we have ever spoken; on another
all the crimes and jealousies we have
ever felt; on another all the coverings
of our hearts, all the wrong bargains
we have ever made, all the unkindness
to our parents and friends of which
we have ever been guilty, all our neglect
of God's Word, all our ingratitude
towards our heavenly Father and our
hard feelings towards Him, all our
abuse of the Sabbath and the means of
grace, all our neglect of the Saviour
and our grieving away the Holy Spirit.
What pictures would our sins—open
sins, secret sins, heart sins, and life-
long sins—make! Who would dare
look at them! What a terrible hall
that would be! It would truly be a
"judgment hall;" it would make us
tremble.—Rev. John Todd, D. D.

A Good Wife.

She commendeth her husband in
any equal matter by constantly obey-
ing him.

See never crosseth her husband in
the springtime of his anger, but stays
till it be ebbing water. Surely men,
contrary to iron, are worse to be
wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than
costly, and she makes plain cloth to
be velvet by her handsome wearing it.
Her husband's secrets she will not
divulge; especially is she careful to
conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence, she is
wife and deputy-husband, which makes
her double the files of her diligence.
At his return he finds all things so
well that he wonders to see himself at
home when he was abroad.

Her children, though many in num-

ber, are none in noise, steering them
with a look whither she listeth.

The heaviest work of our servants
she maketh light, by orderly and sea-
sonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels
more grief than she shows.—Fuller.

Visible Only When the Wind Blows

It is said there is a flower in South
America which is visible only when
the wind blows. The shrub belongs
to the cactus family, and the stem is
covered with warty-looking lumps in
calm weather. These lumps, however,
need but a slight breeze to make them
unfold large flowers of a creamy white,
which close and appear as dead when
the wind subsides. Fit emblem this
is of many Christians who in ordinary
times exhibit but little of active grace,
and are supposed to be unsympathetic
and indifferent, but when reverses and
affliction come to themselves or others,
when there is a call for what they can
do or give, open out into the loveliness
of charity, and minister joy to all about
them by their grace.—Peloubet.

"Pay as I Go."

I met a fellow-man the other day
who was very severe on another who
had failed to pay a debt due him, and
who puffed up as he said, with a good
deal of fervor: "I pay as I go." This
suggested some questions, and I began
to fire them at him.

"How much did you pay the preacher
last year?"

"Nothing; 'cause I don't owe him
nothing."

"What did you contribute to mis-
sionary work during the year?"

"Not a cent; it is none of my busi-
ness."

"What did you give to charity in
1898?"

"Nothing. I believe in charity be-
ginning and remaining at home."

"What have you contributed to the
support of disabled soldiers?"

"Not a dime. Let the State care for
them."

"What taxes did you pay on money
you have loaned out?"

"Not a penny. That's none of the
Government's concern."

"Did you help the cripple begging in
our community the other day?"

"No. Let all such go to the free
hospital."

"Did you ever contribute to the sup-
port of a free hospital?"

"No. It's no home of mine, and I
don't ask shelter from any of them."

"Did you offer to help the poor widow
who lives near you, and whom you
know to be in want?"

"No, for the poor-house is the place
for all such."

"Did you help nurse that neighbor
who suffered such long and painful
illness?"

"No. Doctors and nurses are paid
for that work."

"Did you welcome the stranger you
saw in church last Sunday?"

"No. Let the ushers attend to that."

"Did you ever give a word of cheer
to a discouraged brother man?"

"No; don't ever bother with such
folks."

"Did you ever speak a word of sym-
pathy to a sorrowing soul?"

"Never did, and never expect to."

"Did you ever offer a hand to a fallen
fellow-man?"

"No; my hands are busy at work."

"And yet you say you pay as you go?"

"Hopelessly insolvent! Criminally
in debt! Many times a bankrupt!

Selfish spendthrift! Faithless to a
high and sacred trust! Cowardly
dodger of duty! False to God and
man! Miserable miser! Repent!

Ask for mercy, or soon you will stand
in the presence of a just Judge, and
be pronounced an eternal bankrupt.—
Epworth Herald.

The world began with a paradise,
and ends with one. It began with one
in a corner, and ends with one which
will stretch from where the sun rises
in the morning to where he ends on
the rocky deep. It began with two
tenants and ends with countless
millions.—Rev. Dr. Watkinson.

SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGH.
—Take Pny-Pectoral, it will cure
you quickly, no matter how bad the
cold. Endorsed by thousands of
Canadians. Sold throughout the land.
Manufactured by the proprietors of
Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

NO AMOUNT of brilliant advertising
will make a fraud finally successful.
Men are fools to try it. As for us we
merely tell a true story and say
Adamson's Botanic Balsam is splendid
for coughs. 25c. all Druggists.

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt,
Tyndinaga, Ont., writes:—"I have
to thank you for recommending Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil for bleeding
piles. I was troubled with them for
nearly fifteen years, and tried almost
everything I could hear or think of.
Some of them would give me temporary
relief, but none would effect a cure.
I have now been free from the dis-
tressing complaint for nearly eighteen
months. I hope you will continue to
commend it."

Think for Yourself.

When I first began to preach it
bothered me if I thought anybody was
differing or opposing what I said. I
thought the preachers ought all to
keep saying "Amen" or they were not
satisfied with me.

One night I said something which I
thought was unusually strong, and
happening to glance down toward the
front seat, I saw an old man shaking
his head at me. The effect was a cross
between waving a red flag at a bull and
throwing a bucket of water on a hen.
I simply said, "O yes, it is so, you
must know it is." Again he shook his
head and I said, "If you would pray
over it you would know that I speak
the truth." He shook his head again.
I said, "It is obliged to be so, there
is no doubt about it at all." He kept
on shaking his head.

I don't know how I ever got through
that sermon. I was mortified and
broken up generally. I know I
preached very badly for the rest of the
evening.

After the service one of the pastors
came reassuringly and whispered in my
ear, "You must not mind that old
brother. He does not mean any harm.
He has just got the palsy, that is all."

Now whenever I find any one dis-
agreeing with what I say, I just class
him with the paralytics and go on.—
M. B. Williams.

With God's Help.

Patience is the drudge of the graces.
Many a Christian grows weary in active
service without a murmur, who finds
it unspeakably hard to lie still and
cough. Yet inaction is oftentimes as
much a duty as a seed-sowing of har-
vesting. We are bound to be miserable
or querulous under our burdens unless
we keep in communication with the
divine source of strength. It is cold
comfort in sorrow to hear a voice, "Be
still, and know that I am God." It is
not quite enough to say to ourselves,
"I know that all things are working
together for my good." We must
realize that God is with us, just here,
closer than our dearest other friend,
closer than seeing or touching; bearing
half of our yoke—for theyoke is always
for two. This gives us heart and
courage under all circumstances.

Though pain saps the last remnant of
our own strength, we have a mighty
reserve, because God's power rests
upon us.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

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HUMORS
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One Application of
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INSTANT RELIEF AND SPEEDY CURE TREAT-
MENT.—A wash with CUTICURA SOAP,
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will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep,
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Sold every where. Price, THE SET, \$1.25; CUTICURA
SOAP, 25c.; OINTMENT, 50c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. per
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800 ACRES. Land lays well. Well water.
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