

In the Morning.

In the morn, who wakes early
Finds the world prepared for him:
Light of life from out the eastward
Chases all the shadows grim.
Flowers lift eyes of gladdest welcome,
There are anthems in the breeze,
Merry birds in hawthorn hedges,
Dancing leaves on all the trees;
Then sweet human love makes ready,
And the table is well spread
With the fruits of purest passion,
And the store of living bread;
And the man prepares for action
While the sun lights up his way,
And grave duty on the threshold
Waits to perfect the whole day.

In the daybreak of some morning,
When I wake upon the strand
Of the great mysterious country
Which is yet my Fatherland,
I shall find that all is ready,
And take up my life again,
With no break except the sleep time,
And no loss except of pain.
I shall read the signs of welcome
In all new things I may see,
And, perhaps, find a liar's face
In the place reserved for me;
I shall greet my old friend Duty
In whatever change of guise—
If at last I see my Saviour
In His home beyond the skies.
Marianne Farningham.

How May We Help Others?

With our money. There is great power for good or ill in money. That man who gives his entire mind to the work of making money and hoarding it up for himself is a hard man. That man who has plenty for himself and some to spare, but has no ear to hear the cry of distress which rises on every side, is not a Christian. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" There are so many calls for money, calls which appeal to our intelligence and sympathy, that it is difficult to see how anyone refuse to do what is in his power.

Some one will say, "I have no money to give." So said Peter on one occasion. When Peter and John went up into the temple at the hour of prayer they encountered a lame man who sat at the gate of the temple begging. When he saw Peter and John he fastened his eyes on them, expecting to receive something from them. No doubt he saw marks of benevolence and kindness in their faces. But how did his heart sink within him when Peter said "Silver and gold have I none." What a pity that those who have such a good will have such a short purse! How often have we heard men and women say, "If we only had the means we would do good in every possible way." But Peter did not stop when he had said, "Silver and gold have I none." He went on to say "Such as I have give I thee." And he said to the lame man, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And he took him by the hand and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength, and he went with them into the temple, leaping and walking and praising God. Peter could do more without money than with it. No doubt the possession of a large earthly fortune would have seriously hindered the usefulness of the apostle. Let no one complain that he has no money to give, but let him rather say, "Such as I have give I." We may do good with our words. There is more power for good in a good word than in a gold dollar. The power of speech is a wonderful gift. But it is often abused. Instead of speaking kind words, helpful words, encouraging words, men too often speak bitter words, hard words, cruel words, which eat as doth an canker. No wonder God will have us give account for every idle word. Words are so mighty that even idle words may change the current of a life and determine the destiny of a soul. The preacher deals largely in words. Are his sermons helpful sermons? If not, they are good for nothing but to kindle a fire. A sermon which has been prepared merely for show, which consists chiefly of flowers of rhetoric and flights of oratory is an abomination in the sight of the Lord. There can be no objection to rhetoric and oratory. They are fine arts worthy of study; but when they are used for some other purpose besides enforcing the truth they are less than vanity.

Let no one think himself unable to speak a helpful word. He may not be an orator, but if he has a good heart his words will be good and useful. A single sentence from the lips of a class leader or Sunday school teacher may be the seed sown in good ground which shall bring forth an hundredfold. A faithful class leader once said to a boy in his class: "Never stop to argue with the devil. If you do he will reason you out of your religion." That youth has grown to be a man and become a minister. For many years he has preached the Gospel, and now declares that he owes much to that simple counsel of his class leader in the days of his

youth. A young woman had left home to earn her own living, and who had become homesick, discouraged and weary, one evening heard a kind encouraging word from an eminent temperance worker, which helped her all the rest of her life. A word fitly spoken, how good it is! By our words we may teach some to understand the word of God and show some the way of salvation. It is worth a lifetime of hard study to be able to expound the Scriptures so as to lead those who walk in darkness into the light.

We may help others by our prayers. There is more power in true prayer than in money. It may be, more than in preaching. "Talk less to your husband about his soul, and more to God," was the advice which a sensible minister once gave to a wife who declared that she had talked to her husband about his soul almost every day for years without any apparent effect. That counsel is best which is attended with much prayer. Many a soul has been led from darkness into light by prayer.

Of one thing we may be sure: we can never help a good cause by violence and strife. No matter how grievous the evil may be against which we contend; no matter how much need there may be of reform and improvement, there can be no excuse for violent measure. Peter once took the sword in defense of his Master, but his Lord rebuked him. The sword and the hatchet are not weapons of grace. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal. Let the evil be attacked and put down, the violence will never succeed. Violence is not helpful. Love is mightier than hate and gentleness will conquer when violence will fail. "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath." "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

The strength that is not expended in helping is wasted strength. The knowledge that is not used in helping others is wasted knowledge. The money that is not employed in helping others is not used for the best purpose. The life that is not helpful is a wasted life.—N. Y. Advocate.

Rainy Sundays.

BY THE REV. AME VENNEMA.

A rainy Sunday puts to the test the devotion to the house of God of the church member. Allowing that the physical infirmity of some would make it imprudent for them to venture out when the weather is unpropitious, we cannot evade the conviction that the many empty pews on a rainy Sabbath prove that a host of churchgoers cannot stand this test of their devotion.

Is it a regard for their good clothes that causes them to absent themselves? Then we enter a plea for reform. The wearing of our best to the house of God when the conditions are favorable may be commendable, but when fashion so tyrannizes that we will not go to the sanctuary on the Lord's day unless we can wear our best, it is time to cast off the yoke. A thousand times better come in a "rainy day skirt" of worsted, than allow a silk or satin to keep you home and rob you of a blessing and others of the inspiration of your presence.

Have you considered what a depressing effect an array of empty pews has upon the pulpit? That sermon was prepared for a house-full not for a hand-full. Next to the inspiration the preacher draws from God is that which he derives from the upturned, eager face of the listener. Next to the incentive he obtains from the command, "Go preach!" is the encouragement given him by the thought, "here is a multitude hungering for the bread of life whom I must seek to satisfy." The visits of the week have led to the selection of a theme that is designed to meet the needs of several. The Sabbath dawn; there is moisture in the air, a heavy mist, a chilling drizzle, perhaps a pouring rain, and on account of it the very people for whom that sermon is intended are missing. Except for the possibility that it may suit the case of some one present for whom it not especially designed, the preacher feels his labor lost. How then can he put enthusiasm in the effort?

Have you thought of the effect of your absence upon the interests of God's kingdom in and beyond your own locality? An important part of the worship of God's house is the offering ing. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him," says St. Paul. The maintenance of many religious and benevolent enterprises, such as Home and Foreign Missions, Tract and Bible Society work, etc., etc., depends largely upon these offerings in the churches. The development and extension of such work is made possible by the increasing gifts of the people. Now think how these enterprises must suffer in consequence

of a succession of rainy Sundays! The difference in the average church between a rainy day and a fair day collection is considerable. What must it be throughout the denomination!

Remedy? If the Lord gives you health come to church with as much regularity as you go to business or come down to breakfast. Why not? And if you must be absent send your offering or make good the loss which different objects have suffered by your absence, by a two-fold or four-fold or ten-fold contribution the next time you come. Let your giving to the worthy objects that appeal to you be reduced to a system and not be left to chance.—Chris. Intelligencer.

The Voice of the Spirit Quenched.

When I was a young boy, before I was a Christian, I was in the field, one day, with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. When he left home his mother gave him this text,

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." But he paid no heed to it. He said when he got settled in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the Kingdom of God. He went from one village to another, and got nothing to do. He went into a village church, and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text,

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." The text went down to the bottom of his heart.

He went away from that town, and at the end of the week went into another church, and he heard the minister give out the same text,

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

He felt sure this time that it was the prayers of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately:

"No; I will first get wealthy."

He said he went on, and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he went into he heard a third minister preaching a sermon from the same text. He tried to stifle his feeling, to get the sermon out of his mind, and resolved that he would keep away from church altogether, and for a few years did keep out of God's house.

"My mother died," he said, "and the text kept coming up in my mind, and I said, 'I will try to become a Christian.' The tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued, 'I could not; no sermon ever touched me; my heart is as hard as that stone,' pointing to one in the field.

I couldn't understand what it was all about; it was fresh to me then. Soon after I went to Boston and was converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I got back I asked my mother:

"Is Mr. L— living in such a place?"

"Didn't I write to you about him?" she asked. "They have taken him to an insane asylum, and to every one who goes there, he points with his finger up there and tells him, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'"

When I got home again my mother told me he was in her house, and I went to see him. I found him in a rocking-chair, with that vacant, idiotic look upon him. Whenever he saw me he said:

"Young man, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'"

Reason was gone, but the text was there.—D. L. Moody.

Depths and Shoals

There are shoals and depths of religious experience, and Christians might be divided in general into shoal-water Christians and deep-water Christians.

It will often be found, when a Christian comes very far short of what he ought to be, that the main cause of his shortcomings is the shallowness of his religious experience. There may have been a great commotion in his soul at the time of his conversion, but it was like the commotion of the surf breaking along the shore. He may have felt for a time that he was a great sinner, but the feeling was thin and spumy, like the comb of a breaker which makes a striking appearance and a great noise because it is thin.

There seems to be, on the part of too many Christians, but little deep and abiding conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. We need to launch into the deep with Jesus before we fully understand that. He who never feels deep conviction for sin will feel but little love for Christ, who is the Saviour from sin.

As the woman who was a sinner clasped the feet of Christ in the house of Simon the Pharisee, she saw depth under depth of sin in her soul, and a great tide of love toward the pitiful One who did not spurn her from His presence surged into her heart, and a rain of tears and kisses began to fall on His feet, every tear and kiss being at once a confession of sin and a confession

of love toward Him who forgave her sins. Simon the Pharisee felt no such love, because he had no such experience of sin and salvation.—The Advocate.

The Value of Affliction.

When the Psalmist said, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," he was not talking cant. He had reached the point in his earthly career at which he could look back upon the preceding years and see them—much as God sees them—as a whole. He could appreciate the danger of the temptations which he had met, and the necessity of sharp warnings at this point and of actual scourgings of the soul at that point, in order to prevent his straying, or to rescue him, already strayed, from the way of safety.

Such a retrospect of life is granted to each of us at times, and it is full of instruction. It teaches us a tremendous truth, the need and use of unhappiness.

Chastening widens experience, deepens sympathy, enlarges the range of friendship, invigorates character, throws the soul back upon God in firmer trust and does a work for the soul so noble that, if its own character alone be regarded, the divine love behind it and pervading it becomes evident. Blessed are they who no longer need to be thus assured, because their own hearts have learned the truth and rest upon it.—Congregationalist.

Doing Right in the Wrong Way.

A very common and an equally serious error among religious people is that of doing right things in a wrong spirit or in a unwise manner.

It is very right and proper to reprove iniquity, but if the reproof be administered in a wrong spirit, as is too often the case, it is simply attempting to correct one wrong by doing another, which only makes bad matters worse. It is certainly right and necessary to preach against the popular sins and the doctrinal errors of the day; but if one in doing so attacks the prejudices of his hearers instead of manfully and skillfully appealing to their reason, judgement and conscience; if he deals in bitter invective and denunciation, instead of wisely endeavoring to convince and persuade; or, if he allows himself to become a pulpit scold or cynic rather than a dignified and firm but equally wise, gentle and winning ambassador for Christ; in any such event his effort as a reformer will react in a way to produce vastly more harm than good.—Free Methodist.

What Repentance Is

A gentleman once asked a Sunday-school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the reply.

A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit."

That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but, as one man said, "I kept chopping off one sin at a time for three weeks, until I made up my mind that if I was ever to be a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I must let him wash me inside and out. When I made this decision, the Lord made a thorough job of it, and it has never had to be done over."—Selected.

EASING THE CHEST.

It is the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strains the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop coughing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know or can hear of in the shape of medicine. We take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes and roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whiskey, but the thing that has its grip on the chest hangs on, and won't be shaken loose. If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that that it is so efficient a remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a very simple preparation, made of extracts of barks and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals the throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Adamson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore chest and you will find prompt relief.

Bible Reading

A recent article by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, deals with the importance of reading every word of the Bible. He says: "We should dare to believe

that, probably, there is a text somewhere in the Bible which was put there only for some exigency in our own life. O that each of my readers may begin to read the Bible afresh, reading it systematically, taking chapter after chapter, reading and weighing. If that were done, patience, would do her perfect work; comfort and consolation would steal into the inmost heart, calming its storms, and bidding its tempests cease; whilst the blessed hope of Christ's coming would grow lighter and brighter on the vision, and become as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, and linking it to that within the veil, whither Jesus our Forerunner has entered."

Shine in The Home.

Be a light unto all that are in the house. Shine where you live. Eat without fault-finding. Mend the torn garment without complaint. Go on the unpleasant errand without bawling the necessity. Respond to the call for help cheerfully. Commend often; censure only when you must. "Papa, I do try to do right; won't you please tell me sometimes when I please you," a little girl said to her father, who was constantly correcting her. The lights of kindness, gentleness, patience and consideration should never go out.

We should keep the light of a holy example always burning. A boat went out to sea carrying a father and daughter. A terrible storm came up as they were hurrying back. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage. "Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with the lamp in her hand.

"How did you get here?" she said, "We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah," thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light," and ere he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by and disease smote him. "He can not live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said as they wept; "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."

—Illustrator.

CAN RECOMMEND IT. Mr. ENOS BORNBEERY, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is all that you claim it to be as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

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A recent article by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, deals with the importance of reading every word of the Bible. He says: "We should dare to believe

Nine Boils On Neck.

Anyone who has ever been troubled with boils can sympathize with poor old B.B.B. in those days, so had to suffer in silence. Nine a-days no one need endure misery of boils.

All they have to do is B.B.B. when their blood be cleansed of all impurities and every boil will quickly appear.

Miss Lydia Moody, Ruscom, Essex, Ont., sends the following statement of case: "Some time ago my blood got out of order that many boils appeared on my body and prevented me having rest. I had nine on my neck at different times, and quite a number of small ones came on my shoulders and arms."

"Our next door neighbor, seeing condition I was in, told me to take Pond's Extract for my blood, and I did so. After I had finished the first bottle I found that some of the boils had disappeared and all the rest were getting smaller. I then got two more bottles and by the time I had these gone there was not a boil to be seen. Besides this, a headache, from which I suffered greatly, left me, and I improved so much in health that I am now a robust girl."

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