

The Christian Life.

ABIDE IN ME.

BY REV. CHAS. CAMPBELL.

Abide in me, then let thy heart be still—
It is not thine to plan, to purpose, to fulfill.
Thy Sovereign Lord himself shall order all thy ways,
Abide in me, this is the secret of life's happy days.

Abide in me, and thou shalt surely find
A refuge from the storms of life, a solace for thy mind;
A hiding-place in every time of darkness, doubt and strife;
A shelter from the heat, the glare, the weariness of life.

Abide in me, so shalt thou learn
The peace for which thy soul doth yearn.
Why shouldst thou wander far afield
In search of that which I, thy Lord, alone can yield?

Abide in me, why shouldst thou doubt or fear?
Surely for thee it is enough that Christ, thy Lord, is near.
Yield thou thyself entirely to his will,
And listen to the music of his wondrous "Peace, be still!"

—Christian Work.

MINISTRY TO THE SORROWING.

Said a woman who had been long in the furnace of affliction, "I do not know anything to say to those who are in sorrow, but I do know many things not to say." Would that all of us were as wise!

When Job's friends came to mourn with him and to comfort him they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great. If, at the expiration of this time, they had returned every one to his own place, they would have spared Job much misery and escaped the rebuke of the Almighty.

When the true son of consolation enters a stricken home he does not utter platitudes, but weeps with them that weep.

He does not explain why the trouble has come upon us, but remembers that Jesus said, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Nor does the son of consolation attach importance to our expressions of grief. He does not "reprove words, and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind." Much modern literature has for its purpose the suppression or denial of pain. Christ never complained of those who did not look glad. He was moved with compassion when He saw the multitude staggering under the burdens of life. If we would become like Him, instead of bidding the sad let us alone, we will pray, "Teach me to feel another's woes." We will not sing, in a spirit of selfishness, "Go, bury thy sorrow," but will help our neighbor to carry it.

It is in thus losing our life that we find it, for sympathy, like mercy, "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Let it be offered without ostentation. It has a thousand pretty ways of revealing itself—by the flowers or fruit we sent, by the loving letter we wrote; by the appropriate hymn or poem we copi-

ed; by the dainty dish we prepared; by the tones of tenderness; by the eyes suffused with tears; by the warm pressure of the hand; by the broken prayer.

Our sympathy, to be of value, must be sincere. It requires an expert to select the counterfeit coin or banknote, but the simplest soul can detect false sympathy. The glib words which spring from a heart that has never known anguish are as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." When Pandolph tells Constance in "King John," "You hold too heinous a respect of grief," she replies, "He talks to me that never had a son."

It is a delicate task to bind up the broken hearted. God does not trust it to human hands, nor even to His angels, but sends divine skill, and if we would be able to comfort them which are in any trouble we must learn the Master's touch.—Katharine J. Laws.

COVETOUSNESS.

Covetousness, that inordinate desire for more, is one of the seven deadly sins. It is the prolific parent of a whole fell brood of evils—among others, of heartlessness, oppression, fraud, hatred, pride, and strife. The Scriptures rank the covetous with the worst of men, and brand them as outcasts from the divine kingdom. They are drowned, it is declared, "in destruction and perdition."

The unclean spirit of covetousness is still abroad as in the days of Ahab and Gehazi. Notwithstanding those notorious, warning examples, men permit themselves to become fully possessed and dominated by this demon. So, alas, does history repeat itself; and so does man's iniquity continue to invoke vengeance.

The covetous man becomes a veritable suicide. He dies to all high ideals, noble purposes, and fine feelings—without which there is no true life upon the earth. Of course his presence may still be among us, but the human body we behold is but "the shroud, in which his soul was buried long ago." To men of his own kind, he may be an object of envy, and they may grudge him his goods or his gold. But by one clear vision, he is regarded with unutterable pity. "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It is a fact that there are some men outside the Christian church solely on account of covetousness. Both their intelligence and conscience approve of vital godliness. Yet they are habitual absentees from the house of prayer. They are professedly non-denominational in their leanings. And all this because, in the last analysis, they fear that, given any church connection, they might some time be asked for a dollar to aid in the establishing of God's kingdom in the hearts of men. Thus do they ignore the eternal truth that not in self-aggrandizement but in self-abnegation is solid satisfaction found: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

"Take heed, and beware of covetousness." That is the earnest warning of the anointed Prophet of the human race. And men within the church, as well as outside it, need to hear it sounded. Yes, even those who have put on Christ may sink into this sin and shame. Lately a

minister complained that some of the well-to-do members of his church resolutely remained at home on the occasion of the annual appeal for the missionary cause. The only reason to be assigned was avarice. Those people are in imminent peril. They have left their first love. They are giving themselves up to believe a lie. And they will rob God of his own only to put it into a bag with holes.

As the only cure for indolence is work, so the only cure for covetousness is liberality. And the cure works marvels. It makes the mean man broad, sympathetic, magnanimous. It lets his spirit loose from its base imprisonment to soar and sing again. For we have it on the highest and best authority that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—Chris. Guardian.

PRAYING FOR MORE FAITH.

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayers, very often it is not more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight.

"What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessing there was in it, if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it."

"What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"

"Do it, and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes, if I could only see that it would make me grow." In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight?

"You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task."

"Faith says not; 'I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it, but 'God sent it, and so it must be good for me.' Faith walking in the dark with God, only prays Him to clasp its hands more closely, does not even ask Him for the lighting of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself."—Phillips Brooks.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

What a home that will be! I suppose none of us has ever had a home that just exactly suited. I have never seen one that I would not change if it could be done without any expense or annoyance. I have had the privilege in Europe of looking over many of the famous old palaces some of which have played a great part in history; the homes where kings were born, and lived, and feasted, and died. But I never saw a palace so splendid but what if I were to move into it, and undertake to make a home of it, I should want to change it a great deal. We are hard to suit in the way of homes. We know that by the way people move about in the city. Every week we see people moving from one house to another. They stop a while, and then move on, leaving the ills they know for those they know not of. But Christ knows exactly what you need. He is the only one who understands all of your peculiarities, and he will fit your individualities in your heavenly home. How tender those words of promise, that, as one whom

his mother comforteth, God will comfort those who trust him. Your fondest dreams shall be more than met in your heavenly home.—Louis Albert Barnes.

Fools Use Washes and Snuffs.

Thinking perhaps they will cure Catarrh—but no one ever heard of a genuine cure following such senseless treatments. There is just one prompt and thorough cure for Catarrh and it is fragrant healing Catarrhzone which goes right to the root of the trouble. It destroys the germs, heals the inflamed membranes and cures any case no matter how obstinate or long standing. "I experimented for years with Catarrh remedies but found Catarrhzone the most rational and satisfactory," writes W. J. MacEachern, of Waterville. "It cured me for all time." For cure use only Catarrhzone. Complete outfit \$1.00; trial size 25c.

Birds generally wear the russet dress of nature at this season. They have their fall, no less than the plants. The bright tints depart from their foliage or feathers, and they flit past like withered leaves in rustling flocks. The sparrow is a withered leaf.—Thoreau.

"A Grave-yard Cough" is the cry of tortured lungs for mercy. Give them mercy in the form of Allen's Lung Balsam, which is used with good effect even in consumption's early stages. Never neglect a cough.

Theodore Monod said he would like the epitaph on his tombstone to be, "Here endeth the First Lesson."—Smiles.

In Hot Countries Painkiller finds many uses. Colic, cramps, diarrhoea and all such troubles readily give way to its use. Dose, one teaspoonful in hot water. There is but one Painkiller.

The world receives no light from lamps that are unlit.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

As we have not far to journey together in this world we can afford to overlook each other's failings and treat all with a love that will endure the strain of parting.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Parnell's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

If we take no pleasure in God's service on earth, have we any fitness for His service in heaven? If we see no expression of his goodness in nature or in grace, are we in condition to appreciate His glory in the house not made with hands?

A TERRIBLE COUGH.—I had a terrible cough and cold, and not getting anything to help me, I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and am glad to say it cured me at once. Miss Carrie Bowman, Peepabun P.O., Ont.