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THE THING WORTH WHILE.

I know that any of you are puzzled to know in what direction you can start to help Christ to help the world. Let me say to you in that connection : Once I this came to a crossroads in the old life and did not know in which direction God wanted men to help hasten his kingdom. 1 started to read the Book to find out what the ideal was, and I found out that the only thing worth doing in the world was to do the will of God; whether that was done in the pulpit or in the slums, whether it was done in the college or class room, or on the street, did not matter at all. "My meat and drink," said Christ, "is to do the will of him that seat me," and if you make up your mind that you are going to do the will of God above everything else, it matters little in what direction you work. There are more posts waiting for men than there are men waiting for posts. Christ needs men every community and in every land; it matters little whether we go to foreign lands or stay at home, as long as we are sure we are where God puts us.-Henry Drummond.

I once heard a man say, "There is a gentle man mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts to whom I am more indebted than almost to any other man. He was the town clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel was to do nothing rashly." Upon any proposal of con-sequence it was usual for this man to say, We will first advise with the town clerk~of Ephesus. One, in a fond compliance with a friend, forgetting the town clerk, may do that in haste which he may repent at leisure -may do what may cost him most trouble and anxiety .-- Mather.

Every day in this world has its work, and every day as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, "What will you do before today has sunk into eternity and nothingness again?"-F W. Robertson

REFINING POWER OF PURE ° THOUGHTS.

A writer tells this story of a college student. A friend gave him a pure, inspiring, refining picture, and asked him to hang it up in his room and keep it there for a year. The young man cared more for worldly things, for a good time, than for his studies. He for a good time, than for his studies. was not as careful as he should have been about the kind of pleasure he sought. One day his friend called on him and saw the picture on the wall, but all about it a strange group of low sporting and other questionable group of low sporting and other questionable prints. The pure holy picture seemed strangely out of place in such unhallowed company. Yet the young man himself did not appear to be conscious of anything un fitting in the surroundings.

Six months later, bowever, the friend was in the student's room again. There was the picture in its place on the wall, but all the sporting, gay and questionable prints were gone, and in their place hung other pictures pure relating and beautitul-all of them in harmony with the central picture. The visitor showed surprise and pleasure as he looked about the room and saw the change You see, I couldn't leave them up with that," the young man said. "The contrast was too dreadfull. I didn't see it at first, but looking at your picture opened my eyes to their unfitness and I took them all down and burned them. Then I bought other pictures to put in their place, but they all had to be in harmony with the one in the centre."—Rev. J. R. Miller.

We should not forget that no one ever did anything of great, value to others without cost. A quaint old proverb says: "One cannot have an omelette without breaking eggs." If we would do anything really worth while, that will be a blessing in the world, we must put into it not merely easy effort, languid sympathies, conventional good wishes, and courtesies that cost notaing-we must put into it thought, time, patience, self-denial, sleepless nights, exhausting toil. There is a legend of an artist who had found a wonderful red, which no other artist could imitate. The secret of his color died with him; but after his death an old wound was discovered over his heart. This

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revealed the source of the matchless hues of his pictures. The legend teaches that no great achievement can be made, no lofty attainment reached, nothing of much value to the world done, save at the cost of heart's blood .-- J. A. Froude.

A man who cannot control his tongue is unfit to occupy a prominent and responsible position anywhere. He is very likely to be dangerous in the family, or in the state, or in the church, or in any kind of organization made up of members of the human family Were there just one man in the world he might exaggerate, or misrepresent, or slander or even lie with impunity. Even one man on each continent could not do much harm with a bad tongue to an body but himself But there are a great many of us here, and a tongue not under control cannot wag long enough without hurting somebody. Hence the necessity of keeping the unruly memb

under something like control Always and everywhere uncontrolled tongues do a vast amount of mischief. Pens not controlled by a good conscience are a scourge in every free country. Liberty of the press and freedom of speech are more abused than any other privilege free men enjoy .-- Ex.

Use your gifts faithfully and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge .-- Thomas Arnold.

NOT WANTED.

Once there grew on an oak two acorns side by side. When they had matured they fell to earth. One a squirrel found and ate; the other took root, and became a great tree Which of these acorns did the will of the great God that made both squirrel and oak We say: "The acorn that was eaten failed.

The one that grew was a success." Are we right ? Rather, is it not true that, in the divine economy, the nourishing of the squirrel is just as important as the growth of the oak? Is it not likewise true that men who have failed to accomplish what the world expected-the man who would have made a great lawyer, but who stayed on the old farm to take care of father and mother; the girl who would have shone as a music ian, but who "wasted" her life on a crippled sister-is it not true that these lives were in accord with the will of the Father ? Waste is sometimes wealth. The cross of to-day with its dying Victim is the crown of morrow on the brow of an immortal King. Has not the master told us : 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?"-The Epworth Herald.

LITERARY NOTE.

LITERARY NOTE. THE PARSFECTOR.—A Tale of the Crows step Pass, by Ralph Connor. Published by the Westminister Co. Toronto. This is a new story by the author of Black for the Control of the store store which store and vivacity of the other stories which stores are new and fresh, the characters in-free and untrammelled by the con-entional the life of a man who has given himself to the task of representing the gospel theae on the task of representing the gospel theae of the store to the vold. The spirit of the book is h-althful and stimulating, of course there is a love story to give zest and spice to the startaives, any reader will be helped in his struggles against evil, and his desire to do and to be good. We are glad that Ralph Control the sgiven such a book and believes that its message will do good.

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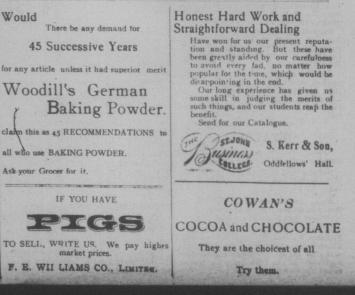
Gentlemen .- I suffered for years with bronchial catarrh. I commenced in January last as an experiment) to use MINARDS LINI MENT which gave almost instant relief. And two bottles made a complete cure and I have had no symptoms of a return of the trouble since March.

Gratefully Yours. MARK BURNS. Vankleek Hill, Ont. Oct. 3, or.



This is an honest offer of a fine book. The name of the author is sufficient guarantee in itself of the high character of the work. It was written by Dr. Sproule, widely known in Canada and the United States as an authority on Catarrh. It is Dr. Sproule himself who of-fers it to you. He wants to help you. Send for his book. Because, first of all, it is something you need if you have only the slightest touch of Catarrh. If you haven't maybe some one in your family has Perhaps some of your friends have. The information in it will be of more value than you can possibly imagine. And why? Recause this book was written by a man of the highest standing in his profession, who has made Catarrh a life-study. Moreover, the book is not a dry, uninteresting text-book. It is a clear, bright handbook for the people, that they may determine their own condition. As a matter of fact it is prepared as an offering to mankind. It is a book that could easily have been sold—Dr. Sproule prefers to give it away. He has always regarded it as a matter of course that a physician should use his learning and skill to aid humanity whenever it was possible





December 14, 1904.