

SOME SOLEMN WORDS.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation? How solemn are these dread words! As the living God speaks thus to a dying soul, every word has within it the ring of a funeral knell. 'Tis the last message, the final appeal of undying love, perhaps the only opportunity. There are many whose interest in you weighs heavily on their hearts, who would decide this question for you, but they cannot, for each must give an account of himself to God. They await in anxious fear the evil day. Times innumerable have you listened to the appeals of the Gospel; at first you almost decided to do your duty, but by a struggle—excusing yourself in a thousand ways, and promising that the future should see you a Christian, you deferred, and now the breach between Christ and yourself widens every day. The influence now is not nearly so strong as it was, the appeals, as you express it, have become "the same old story over and over again," your place in the sanctuary where you sat when a child by father and mother is now so often vacant that those who had hopes of your conversion to-day are "hoping against hope."

The years pass swiftly. Time and sin have changed you considerably. The world is filling you with its emptiness, its frivolity and its care, and in the large heart which God gave you, you give Him not the smallest room. Alas! that you have thrown your opportunities to the merciless winds of heaven, flung at your feet, as if meant for another, mother's entreaties and father's prayer—perhaps the last he ever uttered were for you—looked on all the interest of friends, on your behalf, with such stolid indifference that you have become as hard and pitiless toward the suffering Saviour as the spear that pierced His bleeding heart. Oh, that you may answer this question rightly; answer it as you would if you knew that the last dread enemy, with uplifted hand to strike, were standing at your side; answer it as you would, did you know that on the morrow the last requiem would be sung at the rock-bound sepulchre of hope; answer it as you would when skies are flowing, earth melting, Christ judging and you standing before the eternal throne. E. B. B.

THOUGHTS FROM THE WISE.

The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.

It is good to have enemies, if it is only to hear of our faults.

Men of a lively turn and generous hearts should be born to fortunes; gain them they seldom will.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

Ill news is swallow-winged, but what is good walks on crutches.

When the reins of a government are too slack the manners of the people are corrupted; and that destroys industry, begets effeminacy, and provokes heaven against it.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Friendship is a thing so rare, whether it be a thing indeed or a word is a question.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in arithmetic the last stands for more than all that went before it.

Fools take ingenious abuse for kindness, and often make one in the laugh that is carrying on at their own expense.

As a wall to a town is more worthy than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor.

Beware of profession; it is often put to severe proofs. Beware, likewise, of those who profess, it is the trick of the frivolous and the hypocritical.

To communicate his knowledge is a duty with the wise man; to learn from others is his highest qualification.

When a man is possessed with a certain fanatical spirit, he imagines if a shoulder do but itch, that the world has galled it by leaning on it so long, and therefore he wisely springs to remove the globe to the other. If he chance but to sneeze, he salutes himself and courteously prays that the foundations of the earth be not shaken.

Selected.

THE PSALMS.

There is no life so lofty that these psalms do not lift up a standard before it; there is no life so lowly that it does not find in them words that utter its deepest humility and its faintest trust. Wherever we are these psalms find us; they search the deep things of our hearts; they bring to us the great things of God. Of how many heroic characters have these old temple songs been the inspiration? Jewish saints and patriots chanted them in the synagogue and on the battle field; apostles and evangelists sung them among the perils of the wilderness, as they traversed the rugged paths of Syria and Galatia and Macedonia; martyrs in Rome softly hummed them when the lions near at hand were crouching for their prey; in German forests, in Highland Glens, Lutherans and covenanters breathed their lives out through their cadences; in every laud penitent souls have found in them words to tell the story of their sorrow, and victorious souls the voices of their triumph; mothers watching their babes by night have cheered the vigil by singing them; mourners walking in lonely ways have been lighted by the great hopes that shine through them, and pilgrims going down into the valley of the shadow of death have found in their assurances a strong staff to lean upon. Lyrics like these, into which so much of the divine truth was breathed when they were written, and which a hundred generations of the children of men have saturated with tears and praises, with battle shouts and sobs of pain, with all the highest and deepest experiences of the human soul, will live as long as joy lives and long after sorrow ceases; will live beyond this life and be sung by pure voices in that land from which the silent dove, coming from afar, brings us now and then upon her shining wings some glimpses of a glory that eye hath not seen.—*Gladden.*

ALPHABETICAL STAGES OF ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. Syrus Edson contributes a paper to the September number of the *North American Review* on the question, "Is Drunkenness Curable?" and ends the article by reciting an alphabetical rhyme, describing all the stages of alcoholism from the first nip to a drunkard's grave, which he learned from a patient, a young man of great ability and fine moral preceptions, who was an incurable inebriate. The doctor says that his eyes would stream with tears as he recited the following verses, describing his own case and career. It is the most truthful and graphic picture of the kind that has been printed:

A stands for Alcohol; death-like its grip;
B for Beginner, who takes just a sip;
C for Companion, who urges him on;
D for the Demon of Drink that is born;
E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
F stands for Friends who so loudly insist;
G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels;
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
I his Intention to drink not at all.
J stands for Jeering that follows his fall;
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
L stands for Liquors his appetite craves;
M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard to say;
O for the Orgies that then come to pass;
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass;
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
R stands for Ruin, that hovers round.
S stands for Sights that his vision bedims.
T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs;
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
V stands for Vagrant he quickly becomes;
W for Waning of life that's soon done.
X for the eXit regretted by none.
YOUTH of this nation such weakness is crime;
Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

There is no promise in the Bible to a man with his eyes wide open and a microscope looking for faults in his neighbor will be saved.

Want denied is often better than want supplied.

MORSELS FOR PREACHERS.

Let me tell you how to get a good appointment. Don't grumble about the one I sent you to. If you feel hurt, don't talk to anyone but the Lord about it. Don't fall into mannerisms. Never whip your congregation in prayer. Never hurl epithets. Preach as sweet as heaven; for the Christ that called you to preach, he will be with you; he is there.—*Bishop Joyce.*

The way to preach down error is to preach up truth. Never tackle Satan unless you are sure you can lay him. A great many men by opposing an error, have magnified it, have given dignity to a hitherto unseen and comparatively unknown foe. The most that church-going people have learned of some forms of error, they learned from Christian pulpits. Now, the Christian pulpit is not erected to preach evils, but to preach the glory of God. Infidelity is noisy, but it is shallow. A little time ago, in the history of New York, Thomas Paine said: "In five years there will not be a Bible in America." How we smile to-day when we read his words!—*Dr. R. S. Storrs.*

Died.

McDORMOND.—At Westport, N. S., September 20th. Helen, eldest daughter of Charles and Rosey McDormond, in the 21st year of her age. Bro. and Sister McDormond have our deep sympathy in this their loss. May God sustain and comfort them in their deep sorrow. H. E. C.

CHANDLER.—Bro. Edward Chandler, late of Southport, P. E. I., died in Charlottetown on May last, in his 81st year. He bore his illness with great patience and waited for the happy change which would waft his spirit to the arms of Jesus with cheerful resignation. It was good to be him and hear him speak so feelingly of Jesus and His love. Bro. Chandler was baptized by Benjamin Franklin in the summer of 1869, and held fast the faith till called to be with his Saviour. D. C.

MURRAY.—Bro. James Murray, of Milton, departed this life September 8th. His sickness was severe. For three years he was confined to his bed. He endured his afflictions with Christian resignation, ever trusting in Him "who doeth all things well" as his very present help in time of trouble. Although his body grew weaker, yet his mind retained its usual strength till the last. He longed for rest. God released him. Two weeks later his beloved partner and sharer in his sickness followed him to the changeless and painless home above. They trod the pathway of life together, side by side, and now their earthly remains are quietly resting by each other's side in the city of the dead. With them the drama of life was brief and hurried. They are now gathered into the mansions that our Saviour went to prepare. This blessed hope of the "home of the soul" was their solace to the journey's end. They were both active members of the church. Bro. Murray was an elder of the church a number of years. Bro. Murray leaves a mother to mourn her loss. He was the last of six children who have crossed the threshold of mortality. They also leave an adopted daughter who had lost both father and mother. May the God of all grace over be her provider, preserver and director. Sister Murray has a sister and brothers left to sorrow for the departed, but not without hope. May this separation, wrought by death, lead their minds and hearts upward to God; and may they find comfort and joy in the sweet balm of hope, that soon they will meet again in the eternal morning that shall dawn beyond the grave. H. M.

BARR.—At Southville, Digby Co., N. S., Aug., 1891, after a short illness, Adolphus, son of Bro. John Barr, aged 17 years. Although called away from this life at an early age, death did not find him unprepared. Our young brother had confessed the Lord Jesus and obeyed His blessed Gospel more than a year ago, and died fully trusting in His power to save. H. A. D.

McGOWAN.—At Woodville, Digby Co., N. S., October 5th, after a few hours illness, of cholera infantum, Charlie, the beloved child of M. and Sister McGowan, aged 2 years. Safe in the arms of Jesus. H. A. D.