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ROWSSELL & HUTCHISON,
76 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

CUT off and cast away from thee those friends, who may even be dear to thee as thine own eyes, when their ways are fraught with that which is hurtful to thy soul.—*St. Chrysostom.*

WORK OR IDLENESS.

THERE IS SO MUCH to be done in the world and in the Church that the work of each one is wanted. No one has a right to say that he is so helpless and useless that he has no place given to him. Nor has he a right to say that he is so great that he can stand by and look on while others toil. God has given powers to all whom He has made, and those powers are given to be put to good use. Each has his own work, about which God will ask him when the time of work is over the servant and the night comes. If the work is undone the servant shall be treated as "wicked and slothful."

Besides, work is given as a training to the worker. A living being grows and gains strength by what he does; powers that are left idle soon fail and are lost. No man can become what he ought to be at the end of his life on earth, but by that course of duty which God has planned to leave its mark upon him. But it is not only what is done, but how it is done, that has an effect upon the doer. Working carelessly, slothful, idle, even though the work be got through and finished somehow.

Every act has more or less power of forming a habit, which is part of the whole character. He who only has it in his power to do little things may do them well, and so may grow to be stronger and better than he who is called to high duties and fulfils them with half his heart and force.

Every one is bound to find out as best he can what God wills him to do in life: then he is bound to find out how he can best act his part. "Six days shalt thou labour" is a law which lays hold of all, and that all must obey who wish to be at last met by the welcome—"Well done good and faithful servant." There are as many varieties of work as there are of people: but the one charge and warning must be heard by all—"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Men are not gifted highly that they may be free to be lazy, or may be saved trouble; but that they may do more. Hardships and difficulties are not meant to stop work, but to rouse more heart and zeal and perseverance. Sloth is a deadly sin which kills the soul. No true honest work done for God is vain in its influence on the world, and in its power to draw down good and blessing on the doer.

We hope some of our little readers will try and get all their friends to subscribe for the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

MORAL COURAGE

Is a difficult thing to acquire, it is so much easier always to give away. When laughed at for going to Church, for saying your private prayers, it is so easy to give way. Yet how noble it is to resist!

Some months ago, at a lazar public school in the south of England, the boys in their dormitories tumbled into bed at night without saying their prayers. New boys coming to school were speedily laughed out of their piety, if they bent the knee at the bed-side before retiring to rest. At last there came a new boy, very young, carefully brought up. The first night he arrived, he knelt down as he had at home, he was greeted with laughter and groans of mockery, but he never moved till he had finished his usual prayers. Next night it was the same. In vain did the big boys try to make him give up. The little fellow was like a rock: harnessed with the

armour of God he bent his bow, and his prayer like an arrow pierced the clouds.

Now there were, in the same dormitory, other boys who, at home, had always said their prayers; but who, shrinking from ridicule, had given up the practice in school. Seeing the courage of the little fellow, they plucked up spirit also, and began to kneel down to say their prayers also. The practice spread, was recognized, and the masters hearing of it interfered, and thenceforth silence for ten minutes after entering their dormitories, was enforced on the boys, and all knelt to their prayers. The custom has ever since prevailed. A few years ago, that boy, grown to a middle-aged man, died. Brave soldier; who turned not back in the day of battle!

BUSINESS NOTICE.

We call attention to our advertisement of "David C. Cook's" Sunday-school requisites for 1882. The array of Sunday-school requisites is a marvel of cheapness. Mr. Cook, appears to be a man of unrivalled energy and activity, and a most enterprising publisher. The one prominent principle of his business has always been the utmost cheapness consistent with excellence. His Sunday-school helps can therefore be obtained at a much lower rate than anywhere else. The weekly papers are graded into four classes: The Weekly Church and Home for adults; The Weekly Magnet for older scholars; Other papers for intermediate scholars, and "Dew Drops" for the infant class, etc., etc.

THE PAST.

A son was taking leave of his mother before going abroad. Though a good son on the whole, he had lately been behaving ill to her; but in the fullness of her heart she would not take notice of it. This, however, did not satisfy the son. "But how about the past, mother?" he asked. "Oh, do not say a word about that." He could not go away without her forgiveness. A good general never leaves a fortress untaken in his rear. God graciously promises, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee."

MAGIC'S WONDERS.

"While in London, England, a short time ago," said the professor, "our Oxford-street waiter was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning, as this tonsorial artist sat reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner, who throwing, rather than seating, himself in the chair, demanded a shave *instantly*. The barber, who was a ready fellow, at once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and despatch, but, judge of his surprise, when his customer demanded to know in tones anything but pleased why he did not shave the right side. The poor bewildered barber was almost certain that he had done so, but perceived to his surprise that the side in question was covered with jet-black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror, the hair was growing on the other side. Thus it continued for an hour. While he shaved one side, he could actually see the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; hereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and, snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hallow-

ing "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the affrighted barber, beheld the supposed corpse quietly arranging his tie before the mirror—turning very pleasantly, he paid the barber and departed. A theatrical gentleman among the lookers-on soon gave it out that it was Professor Hermann, the Great American Magician. "I went to my hotel and awoke next day to find myself the talk of London," concluded the professor, for it was I who did it. I gave the poor barber fits. "Did you ever hear how I gave a friend of mine the snakes?" asked the Professor. On receiving an answer in the negative, he said: "A friend of mine, who was as great a drunkard as an actor, and that is saying a great deal, was one morning seen by me to enter a drinking-saloon when he was almost on the verge of delirium-tremens, and knowing his horror of 'snakes,' as *mania-a-potu* is vulgarly called, I resolved to save him. I entered just as he raised a glass of whiskey to his lips, and rushing forward I snatched the glass from his hand, crying at the same time: 'Hold, S., until I take this fly out.' Pretending to take the fly out, I held up a serpent. C. cried out: 'My—! that is a snake!' 'Not at all,' said I; 'it is a simple house-fly. See? you are covered with them,' saying which I approached, and from his sleeves, and hair, etc., I proceeded to pull snakes, protesting all the time that they were flies. 'They are snakes!' cried C. again. 'My—! that is a snake!' I tell you, Hermann, they are snakes!' 'Nonsense,' said I, 'they are but flies.' 'Then,' said he, 'I have the snakes myself!' and he rushed from the saloon. He was not seen for more than a week after; but when next seen he was sober, and has been so since." "Professor," asked the interviewer, "were you, who are so fond of surprising others, ever surprised yourself?" "Once," was the answer: "then the surprise was a very great and agreeable one, I assure you. It came about in this way: I was for a number of years a sufferer from cramps in my left side, immediately under the heart. I suffered regularly at the close of each performance, and very often was compelled to cancel engagements which I had made, owing to my inability to fill them, being prostrated by cramps, and being in a very weak condition. I entertained very serious thoughts of giving up my profession and spending some years in travel, and would have done so but for an attendant of mine, whose head I had cut off occasionally while performing my wonderful decapitation act. The individual to whom I complained of the pains and the cramps in my side on one occasion said it was curious—that I, who could decapitate another and replace the head at will, ought certainly be able to cure myself. I told him how some of the best doctors in Europe and America had failed. He laughed at me, and said he could cure me in a week. That night he presented me with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, saying that its use would produce an effect more magical than I could readily believe. I laughed at the idea of St. Jacobs Oil doing what had baffled the greatest doctors, but said that I would try it, simply to convince him that trying it would do no good. That night on retiring, I rubbed my side with the Oil, and, sure enough, its good effect was instantaneous—magical, in fact; I felt relief at once. I slept better that night than I had done for a long time before. Again in the morning I rubbed with the Oil, and at the close of the afternoon performance I noticed a great diminution of the painful cramps. Was I surprised? Well, I was very much surprised, and I told my attendant so. In less than a week, and before I had finished using my third bottle, I was entirely and permanently cured. The effect of St. Jacob's Oil was indeed magical, so much so that I could scarcely believe my senses. I have never felt a cramp since—nor is there prophet, seer, soothsayer or magician who can perform such wonders as St. Jacob's Oil."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*