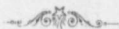


beats be more than seventy per minute, in a middle-aged person, something is wrong; there has been some kind of over-stimulus. The use of alcohol increases the number of beats, just as a violent fire makes a kettle boil over. This overaction of the heart is a terrible enemy to good health. It is killing by inches. The fact, however, only breaks on people when the mischief is far advanced, and past remedy. Our counsel to habitual imbibers of alcohol is, "Look to your pulse," for, on the proper working of the heart, length of days in a great measure depends. The throbbing of the heart is a criterion and guide, which all can understand.

These few illustrations show us that, if we would keep our hearts whole, we must cultivate that knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control, that "alone lead life to sovereign power." Knowing well that the "pains and penalties of idleness" are even greater than those of overwork and anxiety, we warn the indolent not to lay the flattering unction contained in the foregoing words to their souls. They are quoted for the sake of those whose danger lies in an opposite direction.—Chamber's Journal.



Archibald J. McKenzie, Teacher, Christmas Island, Nova Scotia, writes :—Last winter there was a siege of sickness in my family. for more than three months I had to sit up the greater part of every night attending to my father, who was then on his death-bed. At the same time I was employed teaching school at Benacadie. I had no rest day or night, and about the middle of spring I became a mental and physical wreck. I had neither energy nor ambition; my appetite was gone, my vision was blurred and I could not concentrate my thoughts. I was all nerves; I tried different kinds of tonics, but without any benefit. I was getting very much discouraged, when one day I saw your advertisement. I sent for two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before I was through taking them, my strength returned, my intellect became clear, and all the organs of my body seemed to be performing their functions harmoniously, in that my health is now excellent. Your medicine is an excellent tonic and nerve remedy.

DO SOME ONE THING WELL.

Let me say to the young, forming habits, one fact or truth looked at in all its phases, traced in all its relations, thoroughly mastered, is worth more to head, heart and life, than a thousand superficially grasped and partially comprehended. Take a subject, think through it, over it, under it, turn it over, look at it in all possible phases and relations; master it, make it your own; one book—read it, question it, doubt it, discuss it and analyze it; master it; and it will be worth a dozen read in a cursory or superficial manner; one text of Scripture—fathom it, measure its length and breadth; try to detach it and find the ligaments by which it is held; think down into it until you come, according to its own path to Christ—for to be sure, as He is the truth, every truth leads to him in his own way—get into its very heart and look at it, for the peculiar glory of spiritual truths, like some temples, can be seen only from within. Climb to its summit. As literally, so spiritually, the best, widest, grandest prospect is from the top of its heights. It is the beaten oil that gives the brilliant flame. It is thoroughly digested food that gives us strength and health. I would not say, read the Bible less, but meditate upon what you read more. It is not the best Bible student that remembers the greatest number of verses, or that is the most skillful exegete of its difficult passages, or that has at his command the greatest number of facts and truths, but rather that man who best understands its fundamental principles that lie at the foundation and manifest themselves through every verse, and is the most thoroughly imbued with its spirit, that has the key to interpretation to the deepest meaning of the whole.



WHAT PUNS ARE COMING TO.—Jenny—Isn't it nasty to have such frequent rains?

Belle—Yes, but then its much nicer here than in England.

May—How so?

Belle—Because they have had a steady reign their for 60 years.

WHAT HE FEARS.—First Rounder—Why don't you rise earlier, old man?

Second Rounder—Well, principally because I am afraid I would meet myself going to bed.