

sickness lays you low, and gives you a chance to see how empty and hollow some of the things are which you thought were worth so much; one that you loved better than life is smitten down by your side, and like a bird with broken wing you flutter, bleeding, crippled, praying for death, on the earth by the edge of a new-made grave—a blow of some kind comes upon you that is grievous to bear, under whose weight you stagger to and fro; an arrow from the Almighty transfixes you, and the hurt takes hold of your very soul! An alliance is formed or planned, in which your interests and your very life are interwoven. A friendship is made that binds you in sympathy to a kindred spirit, or bonds are broken that almost wrench your soul in twain in the agony of separation. A child is born into your home, or one is transplanted to the heavenly home. These are some of the occasions when you hear the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees; some of the times when God by his providence, commands you to bestir yourself.

**THE GETHSEMANE OF LIFE.**

For every one of us, sooner or later, the Gethsemane of life must come. It may be the Gethsemane of struggle and poverty and care; it may be the Gethsemane of long and weary sickness; it may be the Gethsemane of farewells that wring the heart by the deathbeds of those we love; it may be the Gethsemane of remorse and well-nigh despair for sins that we will not, but which we say we cannot overcome. Well, my brethren, in that Gethsemane—aye, even in that Gethsemane of sin—no angel merely, but Christ himself, who bore the burden of our sins, will, if we seek him, come to comfort us. He will, if, being in an agony, we pray. He can be touched, he is touched, with the feeling of our infirmities. He, too, has trodden the winepress of agony alone; he, too, has lain face downward in the night upon the ground and the comfort which then came to him he has bequeathed to us—even the comfort, the help, the peace, the recovery, the light of hope, the faith, the sustaining arm, the healing anodyne of prayer.—Dean Farrar.

**LITTLE THINGS.**

Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam  
Only a little shrivelled seed—  
It might be flower or grass or weed;  
Only a box of earth on the edge  
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;  
Only a few scant summer showers;  
Only a few dear shining hours;  
That was all. Yet God could make  
Out of these for a sick child's sake,  
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet  
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain  
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;  
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam  
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream,

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A life as common and brown and bare  
As the box of earth in the window there;

Yet it bore at least the precious bloom  
Of perfect soul in a narrow room—  
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold  
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—Henry Van Dyke.

**A SCENE FROM LIFE.**

By Rev. Wm. H. Hamby.

He was a cold, selfish man. There was sarcasm in his voice and a sneer upon his lips. He was called a skeptic. Most of his neighbours belonged to the Church. He was hard and grasping in his dealings.

"The most overbearing man I have ever seen," said one neighbour.  
"He'd skin a flea for its hide," said number two.

"A feller might freeze on his doorstep and he'd never open the door," added number three.

For twenty years he had lived among them, growing richer all the

time. Farm after farm had been added to his estate, until his acres stretched away for two miles in every direction from his large house.

Perhaps it was part envy, perhaps part fear, for his tongue was sharp and his eye was keen, but whatever the cause, he was cordially disliked by all his neighbours. They called him "Old Skinflint" or "Pinchbeck," and shunned him whenever possible.

"He won't even go to a funeral," said one. "He wouldn't let you have a piece of ice if your child was dying with the fever," said another. "He was never seen in church," remarked the Deacon.

"He oughter to be rode out of the country on a rail," put in the horse jockey—"or rotten egged," added the local politician.

And this was the public opinion of Harrington. If he cared, none ever knew, for he certainly made no effort to win the good opinion of his neighbours.

A new pastor came to the country church, on very much in earnest about saving souls. As he went about in his quiet, unobtrusive way doing good, he never lost opportunity of persuading some to turn from his way.

One evening as he stood talking with some of the brethren about the work, he remarked: "I am going over and talk with Mr. Harrington to-morrow." "No No! it will never do," they protested in one voice. "He's sure to insult you," said the Deacon. "He'll kick you out of the house," remarked another, "if you say anything about religion." "It will do no good. He's a hardened infidel," said another brother.

"I wouldn't go, Brother Simpson," persuaded one of the leading men of the church; "it will be wasted time, and you'll have your feelings hurt."

"I thank you all, brethren, for your advice," said the pastor; "but, nevertheless, I'm going."

He went. Harrington was sitting on the south porch reading as the minister came up. The pastor introduced himself, and offered his hand. The other shook hands with him and offered a chair.

"As I told you, I am a minister," began the pastor at once, "and my work, you know, is trying to save souls. I came to talk with you about yours, if you have no objection."

Harrington looked at him strangely for a moment. There was simplicity and candor in his face as well as in his words. There was no arrogance visible there—only brotherly love.

"Very well, sir, I have no objection," Harrington said frankly.

For hours they talked as man to man on the highest of all themes, the welfare of a man's soul. At last they went in, and bowed together while the minister prayed. When they arose, Harrington held out his hand; the minister put his arm about his shoulders. The tears were running down both faces, as Harrington said, in a broken voice: "For twenty years I've longed to talk with somebody about religion and my soul, but they all shunned me and I was too foolishly proud to go to them. You can hardly

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know how I have longed for human fellowship and sympathy, but my selfishness has kept me and my fellow-man apart. I never knew how it was until now—but the message you have brought makes it clear—I must love my neighbour as myself—and I will."  
—Western Christian Advocate.

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When Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was first put upon the market as the only natural and effective method of curing derangements arising from exhausted nerves it was considered almost revolutionary but its success was remarkable from the start, many who used it being cured of such severe forms of nervous trouble as locomotor ataxia and partial paralysis.

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