

mon from John 3. 16 by Rev. H. F. Adams. In the praise service which followed led by Rev. M. W. Brown a large number availed themselves of the opportunity of testifying to God's goodness. A good spirit prevailed throughout all meetings of the Association. Bear River and her people will long be remembered by the delegates for generous hospitality and the spirit of brotherly love exhibited on this occasion.

At 10 p. m. the Association adjourned to meet the 3rd Saturday in June at North Temple, South Ohio, N. S.

The sessions of the Association were largely attended. The meetings were conducted in an orderly and business way. The Moderator presided with dignity and grace. The clerks were prompt and faithful. There were no burning questions to cause division or strife. The weather was all that could be desired and the hospitality of the people—what shall we say of it?—that it was princely. Bear River is beautiful for situation. It is a charming spot. Our environment has much to do with our lives—if so, that may account for the genial friendliness shown to the messengers of the churches. The Bear River people are good hosts. They have the faculty of making people desire to come again. Pastor Porter was busy every day. He has a watchful eye and a ready hand. He serves a good people—and a good people are served by a good pastor.

### To Sweeten the World.

Among the many eulogiums on Emerson we have seen nothing said of what, to our mind, is the practical philosophical teaching of his life. It is a timely teaching at the present moment, when it is to be feared popular ideals are running in a wholly different direction. Emerson was not the only exemplar of it, for on that stern New England soil there were many who practised and illustrated its virtues. Thoreau, Alcott, Hawthorne, Ripley, Whitman and Whitier were all more or less professors or pupils in the schools, and names will doubtless occur to many readers which might be added to the list. The philosophy of which we speak may be summed up in the sentence that the really priceless things of life are within the reach of all men. A tendency may perhaps be most clearly understood by a study of an extreme instance of it, and for this reason Thoreau will best enable us to understand an impulse that may be said to have lent its force to the whole intellect of New England at a particular period. Not in modern times, at least, were the well known phrases about "plain living and high thinking," and "cultivating philosophy on a little oatmeal," so courageously illustrated in the life of any man as in that of the hermit of Walden Pond. Most of our readers are familiar with that remarkable experiment in sociology embodied in "Walden, or Life in the Woods," so that it is merely necessary to remind them that the central idea of Thoreau's two years' residence in a hut on the shores of Walden Pond was that man in general gives too much of his life to the mere purpose of living. "The cost of a thing," he says, is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." He accordingly took up his residence in the woods, and lived in a hut, which cost him, exclusive of his own labor, \$28.12½ to build, his food not exceeding a charge of twenty-seven cents a week. For over two years he maintained a healthy and cheerful existence in this manner, gaining that "leisure to be wise," the "opportunity to wonder and worship," which he craved.

While it may readily be admitted that Thoreau's experiment was an extreme one, and impossible of general imitation, it, nevertheless, carries in it a lesson well worth the attention of mankind, a lesson which was inculcated not so strikingly, but, nevertheless, more practically, by Emerson and others of the Concord sages. Their lives are an admonition to all men to ask themselves whether too much of life is not given up for what after all, are non-essentials; to ask themselves whether they are not passing through life, persuing themselves that they are obeying the supreme behest, when the fact is that they are fanning and fretting and molling and tolling so unceasingly that when the end comes they will realize that they have never had time to look the world they live in the face and recognize its beauty. It may be said that a nation of Thoreaus or Emersons would never have laced the continent with iron rails, bridged the Mississippi, or bored a way through the Rocky Mountains. That is true; but neither would they have afflicted the world with the slums of the great cities, nor poured on the shores of the new hemisphere a tide of poor black souls, who now loom as a portentous dark cloud on the heavens of American civilization, nor done other things that will rise up in judgment against future generations. The New England philosophers tried to realize the saying of Epictetus that man should not study to increase his possessions, but to limit his desires, and it must be said that of the most engaging of pictures is the little society of plain-living and high-thinking people who, in the middle of the last century looked upon Emerson as their inspirer, leader and master.

It is a notable sight of the times that there is no shrine at Concord, or anywhere else on this continent, to-day.

No pilgrims turn their feet towards the philosopher's clap-boarded home. Pierpont Morgan's marble palace on Fifth avenue would be more to the contemporary taste, and the sight of the magnate in his automobile would bring more sight-seers. It is to be feared, then the reappearance of the Concord sage, should he be permitted another visit to these glimpses of the moon. Nor is it necessary to conclude from these facts that the world is growing worse. When any set of facts seem to warrant the inference that the world is growing worse, be sure that it is because we misapprehend or do not see all the evidence. The periculum is at present swinging in the directing of materialism and money grubbing. Every man is filled with the anxieties of making a living. Many of the founders of great fortunes probably began with the idea of putting away a little competency for a rainy day, and have ended by becoming the portents of the time. There will be a recoil from all this, and the great reform of the future will be to sweeten the world by taken from the honest and sanely industrious the fear of future want, and from old age and disability half of its sting. Here is work for Liberals. We sometimes hear it said that all the reforms have been accomplished. There could be no greater mistake. There are greater reforms ahead than those which have been realized, and the young men of today are to be envied for the work their hands will do and the progress their eyes will see. —Toronto Globe.

### As Thy Day.

Not as my day, or the day of some one else. Not as yesterday. Not as to-morrow. Each day for itself. Each individual for himself. Life is not a repetition, nor a return to its past self. Life is a continuity, and yet life is ever new. Life coming out of the past, and yet always going on into a future unlike that which has been. Life's newness is a perpetual characteristic which forever keeps it from being tired of itself.

Then there is something comforting in the thought that my journey each day is over an untraveled road, and each day the guide says to me, "You have not gone this way before." This is not yesterday, nor last week, nor last year, much less forty years ago. There are mountains to see today never before within the range of vision. There are fair landscapes drawn by the artist of the universe for your eyes to see. There are songs which will ring from the very music of the spheres which only are for your ears. The blue of the sky, the song of the birds, the pencilling of the fair flowers along your path, are for this day only. Along with all these will come trains of new thoughts and raise orisons of praise for that which has never been yours before. All this, and yet the beginning is only begun to be told. Then why should this be a sad, weary, gloomy day? How full of comfort Jesus has crowded each day if we will only look at it! How he would make every day our best if we only knew how to take it.

But more. There is a great relief in the thought that I only have to live one day at a time. No yesterdays to go back into. No bridges of tomorrow's crossing to come into today's journey. Just to live one day at a time. That is all. Whether or not I need something tomorrow should not trouble me. Whether I shall hold out tomorrow is not the perplexity, but rather, whether I am holding out today. What Christ shall be or do tomorrow need not perplex me, but rather what he is and is doing today. Why should I trouble as to what the coming years shall find him doing, since he is just now what he always will be, and is now doing just what he always will do, so far as changing his relations to all who are his? Today he wants me to regard him as "all in all." A thousand millenniums hence there will be no change in this respect. Having Christ today and living with him and for him to-day is enough. What need I more? Why have anxious forethought as to what he will want of me tomorrow? All he wants of me is to live for him today. It is only one day at a time. Heaven is on earth when Christ is enthroned within. In heaven, in eternity, he is yesterday, today and forever the same.

What pains he has taken to secure from anxious fretting, forethought and worry? Just one day at a time. Reduced to a finer division, we live moment by moment. Tomorrow cares for itself. We seize the comfort of the day. We take its sunshine to enjoy what the sun shines on. We take the season for what it has in hand. We accept present conditions and begin to look not for something different, but for Jesus just where we are. Looking for him, he loves to have us find him, since he is always looking for the soul who is looking for him. As with Zaccheus he will always find the tree into which we have climbed to look for him. —Christian Witness.

### The Broken Tomb.

It is said that a century ago an infidel German prince, on her death bed, ordered that her grave be covered with a great granite slab, and that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together with clamps of iron; and that on the stone should be cut these words: "This burial place, purchased

to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she meant publicly that her grave would never be opened—never. It happened that a little seed was buried with the princess, a single acorn. It sprouted under the covering. Its tiny shoot, soft and pliable at first, found its way through the crevice between two of the slabs. And there it grew slowly but surely, and there it gathered strength until it burst the iron clamps asunder, and it lifted the immense blocks and turned the whole structure into an irregular mass of upheaved rocks. Up and up through this mass of disordered stones grew the giant oak, which had thus broken the bars of a sepulchre. That oak grows there to-day a veritable tree of life.

In every grave on earth's green sward is a tiny seed of the resurrection-life of Jesus Christ, and that seed cannot perish. It will germinate when the warm south wind of Christ's return brings back the spring-tide to this cold sin-cursed earth of ours; and then they that are in their graves, and we who shall lie down in ours, will feel in our mortal bodies the power of his resurrection and will come forth to life in mortal—Ex.

### God Sees the Best.

God does not set the less against the greater, as we do; He sets the greater against the less; that is his way. Who will not say, blessed be his love? Man being very small, being petty at the kindest, finds a flaw. Thus the wise fool talks: He is honest, he is wise, he is gifted; he is, on the whole, a man of notable intellectual stature and influence; but—man thinks he is clever when he discovers a but. He gathers himself up into Pharisaic perpendicularity and says: I discovered that, I pointed out that frailty, I saw it. There can be no pit deep enough for a wretch like that. How doth God speak? Thus hear the music of infinite love. He has gone astray, he has been unfaithful, he has turned aside from me a thousand times, he has done the things he ought not to have done; yet—that is the difference between human judgment and divine judgment in relation to that greatest of all mysteries, human character; it is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men. Your brethren like to speak against you, to have discovered a peccadillo, one little sin, and to have fingers dainty enough to pick out that little hair and to be able to say, "I've got it!" The Lord saith: "You have wounded me and disappointed me and gone away from me, yet—how can I give thee up? Return!" That is the difference between your human theories and the great divine idea of redemption—God always seeing the best, fixing his eyes upon the salvageable points, looking to those elements that are still left out of which he can rear manhood. He will not quench the smoking flax; he will not break the bruised reed.—Joseph Parker.

You will live to recognize the wisdom of God's choice for you. You will one day see that the thing that you wanted was only second best. You will be surprised to remember that you once broke your heart nearly, and split the wine of your life, for that would never have satisfied you. You will meet again your beloved. You will have again your love. You will become possessed of a depth of character, a breadth of sympathy, a fund of patience, an ability to understand and help others, which at you lay them at Christ's feet for him to use, will make you glad that you were afflicted. Joy will yet come out of your sorrow.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Human help is our need, human forgiveness of our wrong doing, human love in our loneliness—these are the sacraments through which, at their sweetest and purest, we feel a divine help and forgiveness and love flowing into our souls.—G. S. Merriam.

### Deathless Hope.

A sallow midnight sea,  
Silent and calm and dark,  
The future frowned on me,  
And windless was my barque.  
Into the night alone,  
Into the frowning void  
I drift, and drifting groan  
For all my hopes destroyed.  
The heavens, oh how dark!  
How dark the midnight sea!  
My bosom held no spark  
Of joy, but agony.  
A dream, it was a dream—  
A passing shadow's gloom;  
I woke to find the gleam  
Of morning, and its bloom.  
Our life is not all pain,  
All straining up the slope;  
We suffer—but we gain,  
And deathless is our hope.  
Deathless, but ah, it sleeps!  
And leaves the soul forlorn—  
Adrift upon the deeps,  
In anguish till the morn.

—ARTHUR D. WILMOT.

Salisbury, N. B.