

as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others. A man who is apt to take offences is never a blithe nor a genial man. He is not made for happiness; and was ever a melancholy man made into a saint? A down-cast man is raw material which can only be manufactured into a very ordinary Christian.

If it is not quite the same thing with censoriousness, who shall draw the line between them? Furthermore, it destroys our influence with others. We irritate where we ought to enliven. To be suspected of want of sympathy is to be disabled as an apostle. He who is critical will necessarily be unpersuasive.

In what does perfection consist? In a childlike, shortsighted charity which believes all things; in a grand, supernatural conviction that every one is better than ourselves; in estimating far too low the amount of evil in the world; in looking far too exclusively on what is good; in the ingenuity of kind constructions; in our inattention, hardly intelligible, to the faults of others; in a graceful perversity of incredulousness about scandal or offence. This is the temper and genius of saints and saint-like men. It is a radiant, energetic faith that man's slowness and coldness will not interfere with the success of God's glory. No shadow of moroseness ever falls over the bright mind of a saint. Now, is not all this the very opposite of the temper and spirit of a man who is apt to take offence? The difference is so plain that it is needless to comment on it. He is happy who on his dying bed can say, 'No one has ever given me offence in my life.' He has either not seen his neighbor's faults, or, when he saw them, the sight had to reach him through so much sunshine of his own that they did not strike him so much as faults to blame, but rather as reasons for a deeper and a tenderer love.—Frederick William Faber.

### True Love.

Love that asketh love again,  
Finds the barter naught but pain;  
Love that giveth its full store,  
Aye receives as much and more.

Love exacting nothing back,  
Never knoweth any lack;  
Love compelling love to pay  
Sees him bankrupt every day.

—Selected.

### Sweetbriar.

There is a story of a young woman (says Dr. J. R. Miller) who was spending the day with a party of friends in the country, rambling through the woods and among the hills. Early in the morning she picked up a piece of sweetbriar and put it in her bosom. She soon forgot that it was there, but all day long, wherever she went, she smelled the spicy fragrance, wondering whence it came. On every woodland path she found the same odor, though no sweetbriar was growing there. On bare fields and rocky knolls, and in deep gorges, as the party strolled about, the air seemed laden with the sweet smell. The other members of the party had their handfuls of wild flowers, but the one fragrance that filled the air for her was the sweetbriar. As the party went home in the boat she thought, 'Someone must have a bouquet of sweetbriar; not dreaming that it was she who had it.

Late at night, when she went to her room, there was the handful of sweetbriar tucked away in her dress, where she had put it in the morning, and where, unconsciously, she had carried it all day. 'How good it would be,' she said to herself as she closed her eyes, 'if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that everyone I meet should seem lovely.'

The incident suggests the secret of a beautiful, Christ-like life. The only way to be sure of making all our course in life a path of sweetness is to carry fragrance in our own life. Then, on the bleakest roads, where not a flower blooms, we shall still walk in perfumed air, the perfume carried in our own heart. We find anywhere what we take with us. If our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we shall find sweetness, patience, gentleness, and lovingness wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter, jealous, suspicious, we find bitterness, jealousy, and suspicion on every path. If you have sweetbriar tucked away in your bosom, you will discover

the fragrance of sweetbriar on every person you come near to. This is the secret of the fine art some people possess of always finding good and beauty in others. They have goodness and beauty in themselves.

### That Cough in Church.

Did you ever notice how much sympathy has to do with what may be styled the church cough? Usually it becomes epidemic instead of sporadic about the time that the preacher announces his text. Off in one corner a solitary old lady or gentleman or a child begins by a timid cough, succeeded instantly by another and more persistent one in the pew opposite, and presently there is a concerted movement all over the church until it seems as if half the congregation were afflicted with a distressing cold. The minister's beginning is impressive and calculated to arrest attention and fix wandering thoughts, but his work is rendered exceedingly difficult by the chorus insistent, hoarse and vehement that goes on with slight intermissions for ten or fifteen minutes, before it subsides into silence. There are many people who are compelled to cough and who may be pardoned because they cannot help themselves, but in a multitude of instances a slight effort of will would control the disposition, purely sympathetic and imitative as it is, and make the task of preacher and hearer much easier. Unless one absolutely cannot suppress it, a cough is unpardonable, in a public place.—'Intelligencer.'

### The Missionary Ax.

One day a missionary was preaching in the city of Benares. The large crowd was civil and attentive. At length a Brahman said:

'Look at those men, and see what they are doing.'

'They are preaching to us,' replied the people.

'True. What has the sahib in his hand?'

'The New Testament.'

'Yes, the New Testament. But what is that? I will tell you. It is the Gospel ax, into which a European handle has been put. If you come to-day you will find them cutting; if you come to-morrow you will find them doing the same. And at what are they cutting? At our noble tree of Hinduism—at our religion. It has taken thousands of years for the tree to take root in the soil of Hindustan; its branches spread all over India; it is a noble, glorious tree. But these men come daily with the Gospel ax in their hand. But it is helpless. The Gospel ax is applied daily, and although the tree is large and strong, it must give way at last.'

'True,' replied the missionary, 'but many a one breaks and it takes a long time until a new one is obtained from Europe.'

'Ah,' he answered, 'if that were all it would be well enough, and the tree would have respite; but what is the real case? No sooner does a handle find it can no longer swing the ax; am I to give up cutting? No, indeed! He getting worn out; I can no longer swing the ax; am I to give up cutting? No, indeed! He walks up to the tree, looks at it, and says, "Here is a branch out of which a handle might be made."

'Up goes the ax, down comes the branch; it is soon shaped into a handle; the European handle is taken out, and the native handle put in, and the swinging commences afresh. At last the tree will be cut down by handles made of its own branches.'—'Our Young Folks.'

### The Indestructible Book.

'I once met a thoughtful scholar,' says Bishop Whipple, who told me that for years he had read every book which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things:

"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide, and leave me stone blind.

"Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an Unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast

of its mother. I know that was not a dream. "Second. I have three motherless daughters"—and he said it with tears in his eyes. "They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them to this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the gospel."

Perhaps there are other persons who would do well to think of these three things. Infidels think they can destroy the Bible. What of it? Many good things have been destroyed. A child can smash a crystal vase, which all the power of men could never restore. An incendiary can, with a match that does not cost a hundredth part of a penny, burn down a palace on which thousands of men have toiled for years. A slanderer can smirch a spotless name with stains that may never be effaced; but what is gained by such exploits? Infidels have vainly tried for ages to destroy the Bible and Christianity. They have not succeeded. Suppose they now give us a rest, and go to work and produce some better book and some better religion.—'Armory.'

### The Social Agency.

We beg our Sunday school teachers and officers to consider and employ the social agency for influence with members of the school. The Sunday school as a whole should have social gatherings—once a quarter would not be too often. The officers and teachers and the members of the Sunday school committee should come together socially once a month. An evening gathering, with light refreshments, followed by a round table discussion of Sunday school problems, will maintain and cultivate an 'esprit de corps' as perhaps nothing else will do. And the teacher who will frequently arrange in his or her own home, or in the home of some member of the class, for social gatherings, will, if faithful in other things, have open way to the hearts of all the scholars.—The 'Sunday School Journal.'

### Acknowledgments.

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### Our Maple Leaf Campaign.

This week's orders for our fine enamel maple leaf brooches and pins show that the quality of the article we send out is fully appreciated. Nova Scotia heads the list this week, but from all quarters the orders for samples are being rapidly followed by school orders, and in some cases a repeat, closely following, shows clearly that the enthusiasm is spreading. A small school in Apple Hill, Ont., orders almost en masse, as the following extract from their teacher's letter shows:—

Apple Hill, Ont., April 13, 1906.  
John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block,  
Montreal:

Sirs,—Please find enclosed the sum of two dollars. . . . After having a short discussion on the offer made in your papers, my pupils decided that they could not wait to see a sample pin, but thought from the reputation of the 'Witness,' that they were safe in ordering pins at once, for the celebration of Empire Day, and so the required amounts were handed in to me, they asking that I should order the pins for them. Nineteen out of twenty-six pupils ordered pins. Send the 'Witness and Homestead' and 'Messenger,' to. . . . (List following).

Yours respectfully,  
(MISS) L. VIOLET MARJERRISON,  
Teacher.

This is but one of the many schools throughout the country for whom, what with maple leaf pins, silk Union Jacks and provincial badges, Empire Day will this year mean more than ever it has done in the past, and with but little outlay or effort. Small country schools have every chance in this matter to be fully abreast of large schools in busy centres.

See to it that your school gets its supply at once. See our advertisement on another page.