

Sunday Reading.

THIS WEEK'S SHORT SERMON.
Rev. Dr. Burrell on the Great Error of Eliphaz.

He shall deliver the legs of the innocent—Job xlii, 30.

Let us avoid the error of Eliphaz, the Temanite who, in reproving Job, maintained that the statute of retribution is enforced in all cases, rigorously and exactly—that the world is governed on the principle of minute recompense—that sin is always followed by its equivalent of suffering in this present life. This is not so. To the rule of recompense we must allow for a great number of exceptions. The penalty does not always follow directly on the heels of sin. It is oftentimes delayed, may be postponed for years, may possibly never be inflicted in this world at all.

And meantime the wicked flourish. They sit in places of honor and authority. As it is said, "The tabernacles of robbers do prosper, and they that provoke God are secure. They are not in trouble as other men. They increase in riches and their eyes stand out with fatness. Their houses are filled with good things and their seed is established before their eyes. They take root and do grow and bring forth fruit. Yes, I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay-tree."

You have seen it and I. How shall we account for that? Let us ask, like one who was perplexed of old, "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?"

It is not because God is unobservant. Nor is it because of any indifference on the part of God.

Nor is it for want of power. The tide-marks of the deluge, remaining plain upon the rocks even unto this day, attest what an angry God can do.

Why, then, is the sinner spared? And why is the just penalty of his guilt not laid upon us here and now?

Because the Lord is merciful. Sweep the whole heavens of philosophy for a reason and you shall find none but this, the Lord is merciful. He is slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." He spares us, restrains His anger, holds out His hands, crying with the voice of conscience, and of His spirit and His bride, "Turn ye, turn ye!" What more can He do that He hath not done? It was this thought of God's patience that, coming to Daniel Webster as he lay dying, led him to say over and over to himself:

Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting sinner live! Are not thy mercies large and free; May not a sinner trust in Thee?

A few practical inferences:

1. The fact that a sinner is afflicted here will not exempt him hereafter from the just penalty of his ill-doing. We say of a man sometimes when the darkest waves of life are rolling over him, "He is having his retribution now." But that cannot be. For sin is an infinite offense, and only an infinite penalty can expiate it.

2. The fact that a sinner does not suffer here is no evidence that he will always go free. "In the currents of this world officer's guided hand may shove by justice: But 'tis not so above."

There the soul lies in its true nature. It is sometimes the case in earthly courts that if one undergoes sentence of death receive a brief respite, he may take hope therefrom of a final and entire remission. But not so in God's great assize. If the sentence be suspended for a time—and for a definite end. The Roman emblem of Justice was an old man, with a two-edged sword, limping slowly but surely to his work.

3. The fact that all sin must be and is in every case, sooner or later, followed by suffering from the absolute necessity of the vicarious pain of Jesus. The world was under condemnation; all men were dead in trespasses and sins; for all had sinned and death had passed upon all. There was no hope! But man's extremity is God's opportunity. He sent forth His only-begotten and well-beloved Son to bear in His own body on the tree the retribution that should have been laid upon us. So He redeemed the lost, yet did no violence to justice. And now it comes about that God can be just to the justifier of the ungodly.

HAND-SHAKING.
It is a Custom That We Should not by Any Means Let Die.

Around the door of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps because we ourselves were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us.

In the cities we arrive the last moment before service and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the Depot of the Doxology is reached. We protest against this business way of doing things. Shake hands when the benediction is pronounced with those who sat before and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Postponement of the dining-hour for fifteen minutes will damage neither you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general; it is your place to apply it to the individual heart.

The church aisle may be made the road to heaven. Many a man who was unaffected by what the minister said has been

captured for God by the Christian who did an unprejudiced layman on the way out. You may call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some Christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting that it amounts to a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things, for instance to hold a fork or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep the cold and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place in it the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to your shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the fore-arm and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of Gospel electricity.

In Paul's time he told the Christians to greet each other with a holy kiss. We out of the custom has been dropped, for there are many good people who would not want to kiss us, as we would not want to kiss them. Very attractive persons would find the supply greater than the demand, but let us have a substitute suited to our age and land. Let it be good, hearty, enthusiastic, Christian hand-shaking.

SYMPATHY.
Christ is Always Sympathetic, and Realizes All our Sorrows.

There is no warmer Bible phrase than this: "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The Divine nature is so vast and the human so small, that we are apt to think that we do not touch each other at any point. We might have ever so many mishaps, the government at Ottawa would not hear of them, and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows; but there is a throne against which strikes all our perplexities. What touches us touches Christ. What annoys us annoys Christ. What robs us robs Christ. He is the great nerve-centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us who are his members. He is touched with our physical infirmities. I do not mean that he merely sympathizes with a patient in collapse of cholera, or in the delirium of a yellow fever, or in all those annoyances that come from a disordered nervous condition. In our excited American life sound nerves are a rarity. Human sympathy in the case I mention amounts to nothing. Your friends laugh at you. But Christ never laughs at the whims, the notions, the conceits, the weaknesses, of the nervously disordered. Christ probably suffered in something like this way, for he had lack of sleep, lack of rest, lack of right food, lack of shelter, and his temperament was finely strung.

Chronic complaints, the rheumatism, the neuralgia, the dyspepsia, after a while cease to excite human sympathy, but with Christ they never become an old story. He is as sympathetic as when you felt the first twinge of inflamed muscle or the first pang of indigestion. When you cannot sleep, Christ keeps awake with you. All the pains you ever had in your head are not equal to the pains Christ had in his head. All the acute suffering you ever had in your feet is not equal to the acute suffering Christ had in his feet. By his own hand he fashioned your every bone, and every nerve, and every physical disorder is patent to him and touches his sympathies.

A Lesson in Loyalty.

In the seventeenth century a king of England was beheaded. His eldest son was in exile. Would he ever occupy the throne to which his birth gave him a claim? It seemed improbable. Cromwell was firmly seated in the government and a great army was at his command. The followers of Charles were a scattered, beaten, demoralized band and Charles himself a lazy, incapable, pleasure-loving man, little likely ever to lead them to victory. Yet large numbers avowed themselves his friends at the risk of life and liberty. Some of them were compelled to leave home and all they possessed and they went to him in his exile. Others stayed behind and plotted and worked secretly to win for him friends among the people, so that at a propitious moment they might bring him back to a people prepared to welcome him. Everyone knows the story: how, when he did return, the nation went frenzied with joy and acclaimed the man whose father had died on the scaffold. Such a reversal of popular feeling would not have been possible had not his friends been true to him in the days of his adversity and while he was absent from the kingdom. Such loyalty is demanded of the followers of the coming King. How are the friends of Christ acting in view of his return? He will surely come, according to his promise. He will be a king who will rule in righteousness, whom it will be a delight to serve. They who are serving him now, who are winning subjects for him now, will be those whom he will honor. But they are those who acknowledge his sovereignty now, who obey his laws, who let him rule over their hearts and lives, and who sacrifice themselves, their time, and labor in his service.

A Hated Language.

Referring to the achievement just completed of publishing the Bible in the Swahili language Dr. Hodgson, who has been laboring in Africa, says: "In the continent of Africa there is one language which has the privilege of boasting itself the most accursed under the face of the sun; a language which has been used by the slave-dealers, who have travelled to all parts of Africa; and wherever they have gone they have taken that Swahili language with them. There is the opportunity—one language which, among all these varying tongues, is spoken in all parts of Africa. The Church Missionary Society began the work of translating the bible into that language nearly fifty years ago. Dr. Croft

commenced it; the Universities' Mission thirty years ago took it up; Dr. Steere, one of the greatest of our linguists of this age, set to work on the language; and now, this very year, the bible society has enabled us to make the most blessed language in all Central Africa. Wherever we go we are able now to present the people of the country with the Word of God in a language which they understand."

A Mission Girl in a Temple.

Dwelling on the good work the Zaman Mission is doing among the women of India, Dr. Pentecost related in the lecture the following incident of his recent tour: "I was visiting Juri, fifteen miles from Poonah, one of the most beautiful spots on earth. On the top of a huge rock stands a hoary Hindoo temple, an illustration at once of the power and degradation of heathenism. I was standing on the balcony of this temple in company with some officers and missionaries. We could see some forty or fifty women—priestesses of the temple—and hardly knowing what I was doing, I commenced to sing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' My friends joined in the hymn and then we sang, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Looking down into the garden I saw a young girl about fourteen years of age; her little face was lighted up, and two great tears welling from her eyes. I said to one of the lady missionaries, Miss Mitchell, 'Go and speak to that girl.' She went down and spoke to her, and sang a simple Malabar hymn. The girl knelt down while the first verses were being sung, and then said, 'I know that; I can sing the rest of it,' which she did. This child had received just six months' training in one of the Zaman Society's schools. Though living and those impure surroundings, without a friend or guide, deep down in the heart of this Indian child was the tender love of Jesus Christ, and no doubt by the grace of God she will be rescued from that terrible place."

Couldn't Pull out the Nail Hole.

My boyhood home was not far south of the great chain of North American lakes, says J. B. De Motte. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighboring tamarack swamp. It was my business, after they had been brought to our yard, to saw them to proper length for the stoves. They were long and slick and hard to hold. One morning, when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they seemed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked about until finally plunged the teeth some distance into one of my feet, making an ugly gash. My father saw the exhibition of my temper, but said nothing until I had finished my work and my passion had subsided. Then he called me to him.

"John," said he very kindly, "I wish you would get the hammer."

"Yes, sir."

"Now a nail and a piece of pine board."

"Here they are."

"Will you drive the nail into the board?"

It was done.

"Please pull it out again."

"That's easy."

"Now, John," and my father's voice dropped to a lower, sadder key, "pull out the nail hole."

Al! boys and girls, every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board were a living tree—yes, a living soul—the scars remain.

Waiting For the Shadow.

An interesting explanation of the passage "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow," etc. (Job 6: 2), is given by a boy, H. H. Land. He says: "The people of the East customarily measure time by the length of their shadows. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, looks where his shadow terminates; then he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus they earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, 'How long my shadow is in coming!' If he is asked, 'Why did you not come sooner?' he replies, 'Because I waited for my shadow.'"

The Minister's Wife.

The spur of the congregation's criticism is not the only spur which urges on the pastor's wife. She knows she is expected to act as assistant pastor; the thought of being a disappointment to her husband and his people is intolerable to her. She cannot fall below the ideal set before her. Furthermore, her whole heart is in her husband's work. She sees the opportunities for doing good, for comforting sorrowful hearts, and winning immortal souls, and a woe, she feels, is on her if she fails to do her part. She loves the people among whom he works, and gladly gives herself for them.

False Impressions.

Amongst the thousand and one false impressions abroad is that a church is set for the light of the Gospel within a certain geographical bound, not over large, from which the people may come and hear the preacher proclaim the truths of God. There are no geographical lines that bind any parish, save the lines of the whole earth. The influence of a church is to be as wide and far-reaching as its members radiate out in social and business life, as far as their letters go, the length of their friendships and acquaintances, the bounds of their influence. This is the extent of their responsibility.

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."—Psalm 116: 12, 14.

"When Daniel knew that the writing was signed (the decree that he be cast into the den of lions), he went into his house, and his windows being open toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed."—Daniel 6: 10.

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children."—Isaiah 54: 13.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm 20: 6.

"Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am in trouble. . . . then hearest the voice of my supplication when I cried unto thee. . . . Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen

your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."—Psalm 31: 9, 22, 24.

"How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures."—Psalm 36: 7, 8.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."—1 Timothy 4: 6.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

HOW IT WAS FOUND BY A LANARK COUNTY LADY.

She Had Suffered for Years from Weakness and Pains in the Back—Sciatica Complicated the Trouble and Added to Her Misery—Her Health Almost Miraculously Restored.

(From Brockville Recorder.)

On a prosperous farm in the township of Montague, Lanark county, live Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merrickville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the correspondent of the Recorder called at the Wood homestead, Mrs. Wood, although now not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently, she was troubled with a weak back which gave her great pains at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and for nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take to bed, where she remained a helpless invalid for over four months. Different doctors attended her and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow worse. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in the healing virtues of anything was about gone, and she had fully made up her mind that her trouble was incurable. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved, and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the pains which had so long afflicted her, she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and in that time she is confident no other medicine could have performed the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. She says, "I feel happy not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at any time I know to what remedy to look for a release."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Every Inch a King.
Perhaps there are no royal personages in Europe more popular among their subjects than King Humbert of Italy and his charming Queen, and this is hard to be wondered at when their kindness of heart is remembered. Not long since the King was awarded a gold medal by a State Commission, for "civil valor," on occasion being the collapse of a house in Rome. With no concern for his personal safety, his Majesty descended a rickety ladder into the cellar in front of everyone else, and was untiring in his exertions in the work of rescuing from the ruins several persons who were seriously injured. To one poor fellow who was crushed down for hours by heavy timbers he constantly administered wine, and spoke words of pity and comfort: while to another man, who feebly tried to thank him, he answered—

"Don't talk now; it will only make you worse."

At no moment did he seem to think of anything but the needs of those around him, except when he ordered a message to the Queen, who was waiting luncheon for him, telling her not to be uneasy, as he might not be able to return for some hours.

The King resolutely refused to leave the spot until all the inmates of the house were rescued.

Went by Scott's "Marmion."

I recall the story of the change of name the late Frederick Douglass made from Lloyd to Douglass, as he told it to us. He had escaped from slavery and was in New Bedford among newly-made friends. As efforts to capture him would surely be made by his master, these friends decided that it would be wise to give him a new name. What should it be? "You may give me any name you choose," said he, "so that you leave me the name of Frederick, for my mother gave me that name because she liked it." At this moment the grandfather of the household entered into the discussion. He chanced to be reading Scott's poems, so popular at that period. He opened the volume, where his finger still held the place where he had just read "The hand of Douglass is his own." His name shall be Douglass—Frederick Douglass—listen! "The hand of Douglass is his own." A charming incident, and best of all, a veritable one, as I have often heard Mr. Douglass tell it.

A Beggar's Prayer.

M. Pan, who has a very small nose, one day gave a coin to a poor fellow who, in thanking him, said: "God preserve your sight."

"Why my sight?" said M. Pan.

"Because, if you happen to lose it, you could not wear any spectacles."

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Baby's Own Soap

PRIZE COMPETITION

FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN.

A handsomely framed oleograph, one which will be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap.

The prize winning advertisements will become our property and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose.

CONDITIONS.—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age.

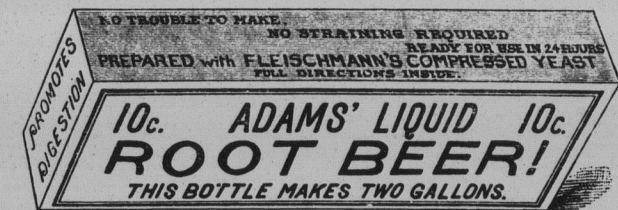
2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement.

3rd. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement.

REMEMBER: One prize is given every week and if not successful at first, try again.

N. B. Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor.

Address, E. D., Account Albert Toilet Soap Co., 1 McCord and William Street, Montreal.



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