

USE WHAT YOU HAVE.

By Rev. Henry Dickie, M.A.

Elisah's question to the poor widow, who, in her dire need, came imploring help, is well worth pondering. "Tell me," said he, "what hast thou in the house?" And when she answered, "Thine handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil," the line along which he could most effectively and judiciously render her the necessary assistance became clear. It was the old principle of ministering help through the use of what we have.

This principle holds in the physical sphere. The farmer's first question in the spring of the year is, What have I in the house? There may not be as much seed-wheat and seed-oats in his bin as he would like, but he knows full well that it is only by gathering together what he has, and by failing in line with the divine way of working, that he can receive the miracle of the harvest in the autumn.

With equal thoroughness does the principle we have stated obtain in the intellectual sphere. When a young man stands facing the future, it is a serious question with him whether or not he is going to succeed; and he had better understand at the outset, that what God makes a boy by nature, stands in a certain fixed relation to what that boy can make of himself by education. Let him try to work at cross-purposes with his aptitudes, and he will certainly fail. Success does not depend so much on the number of talents we have, as on getting our little under-nest God's blessing and in the line of His plans and purposes.

It is in the spiritual sphere, however, that we find the most important application of this principle. O church of Christ, or, more specifically, O Christian, tell me, what hast thou in the house? Perhaps you can talk effectively. Perhaps you can sing. Perhaps you have a kind and winning way, and could not only gather a class of boys or girls about you in the Sunday School, but could hold them with instructive and inspiring teaching. Perhaps you have executive ability. Perhaps you have a genius for making money. Or possibly you have only a talent for little things. Remember Dorcas, who is clothing the world still, and the widow who, through her two mice, is filling the Lord's treasury still. But whatever our talent is, according to this principle, we must use it, if we would get more. Refuse to use it, and we shall lose it. "For" as the Master Himself said, "unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Woodstock, Ont.

DANISH TEMPERANCE POSTERS.

Here is a copy of a poster drawn up by a number of Danish physicians and which has been put up in all railway stations throughout the country.

To the Danish People:

Alcohol is a stupefying poison.

Alcohol is the cause of many mental diseases and of most of the crimes.

Every seventh man in Denmark dies of drink.

In the struggle for temperance, abstinence is the safest weapon.

Abstinence never injures a man. Sure is the hand and clear is the thought of him who never drinks spirits.

If you wish to make your people happy, increase their prosperity, build up their homes, advance the interests of your country, and make the race sound in body and in mind, become a total abstinence.

You may be interested to know that there are 2,728,100 letters in the Old Testament and 838,380 in the New. There are 33,214 verses and 593,493 words in the Old Testament, as compared with 7,529 and 181,253. The middle line in the Bible is found in 2d Chronicles, iv., 16. The middle verse is Psalms cxviii., and that is the shortest chapter as well. The shortest verse is John xi., 35. The longest verse is Esther viii., 9. In Ezra vii., 21, occur all the letters of the alphabet except j.

CHRIST THE DELIVERER.

By Dr. N. Dwight Hillis.

Jesus had the compassion of one who had come to deliver. For Him, men were in bondage and endangered, and they needed light, air and liberty. It was an age of cells. Rulers lived in the fortress, and from the banqueting table might be heard sometimes, far down, the shriek of a prisoner. History is full of the wrongs of prisoners. Wonderful that page of Dumas, and most illuminating! In our youth we were charmed by the story of the woes of that youth. Helpless, the prisoner beat his head against the walls. Grown calmer, he planned ways of escape. The more he thought, the darker grew the cell. One night he heard a tapping in the wall. Then he learned that deliverance must come from without. With a loose piece of granite he dug out the mortar; one day he lifted the slab in a corner of the cell. At last, the cavity began to seem larger. When a year had passed, a stranger used the slab as a door of entrance. His fellow was wise, and taught the imprisoned youth. Three years passed, and every day increased his intellectual treasure. Then his deliverer died, as a prisoner, that he might live and escape, and with the secret, find the cave where his benefactor's wealth was secreted. In those days how wonderfully the story charmed us. Now its brilliancy has faded, being eclipsed by the more wonderful story of Christ's deliverance. There is a house of man's soul. Oft there is rebellion between the forces of reason living in the upper story and the forces ruled by the master of the appetites, dwelling below. And now and then the soldiers of passion and appetite overrun the mansion, imprison conscience, bind reason, thrust faith and the angel of obedience into the dark cells and lock the doors.

In that hour the passions are soldiers that riot and feast and waste the treasures of the house. Then at midnight comes the Deliverer, who makes signals to imprisoned reason, and finds the key to the cell where conscience is endangered. Not that English soldier who played the part of minstrel beneath the fortress where his prince was a captive is so thrilling as the story of Christ, who emancipates the prisoner of man's soul. For there are unseen walls of doubt that are broken down; there are dark corridors of the soul that are threaded; there is a little lamp that is lighted with passions sleep. There is a leading forth of conscience, and bringing the prisoner into the sunshine, into the perfumed air of liberty. Oh, there is an enfranchisement. That which we know we also declare. That which our eyes have seen and our hearts felt, we also publish. In this hour you may rise up and go forth a free man, you who have long been fettered. Why should you be hungry when others are in the garden and the oasis? Why should any man wear rage, and like a beggar, eat moldy bread when the wanderer may be attired in the garb of the prince? Why should you go weary and bowed to the earth with your burdens, when there is a place of rest, a bower where Peace stands ready to welcome you? There is bread and to spare for your hunger, there is weapon for your battle, Christ hath medicine for your wounds. There is a haven where you may drop anchor after the long storm and tempestuous voyage! I call you from the desert to your lost Garden of Eden, that may be rebuilt, with the angel of compassion keeping the gate. Oh, thou pilgrim, weary of travelling across the years, I call you out of the desert, and point you to your lost Eden. Yonder stretches the green hills of God that are not far away, and there, with eyes full of pity and heart full of compassion, is the great dear Christ, standing with outstretched arms.

We forget one of life's greatest joys when we forget to pray.

GLENGARY PRESBYTERIAL.

The 23rd annual meeting of the Glengary Presbyterial, (W.F.M.S.), was held at Moose Creek on June 20 and 21.

The first session was taken up with the address of the president, Mrs. (Dr.) Harkness; an address of welcome by Mrs. Grant, of Moose Creek; the reading of the reports of vice presidents and auxiliaries; and an address to the children, who came into the church after school, by Mrs. (Rev.) Morrison of Kirk Hill.

On Wednesday morning Rev. Beaton presided. Rev. R. McKay, of Maxville, presented greetings, and Rev. Dr. Harkness, of Cornwall, gave a stirring address on "Foreign Work."

The Thursday morning session was opened by a Bible reading given by Mrs. R. C. McGregor. Mrs. Jas Fraser read greetings from the Congregational Woman's Missionary Society of Maxville, and Mrs. (Rev.) Langill of Vars, formerly of Martintown, gave a very interesting report of the 30th annual meeting, which was recently held in Winnipeg.

The Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cline, of Cornwall, reported 33 auxiliaries and 19 Mission Bands, with a total membership of 1039.

The Treasurer, Mrs. J. D. McLennan, reported total contributions for the year to be \$3309.

Avonmore was chosen as the place of shipment of parcels of clothing for the North West.

Mrs. (Dr.) Harkness was appointed as a delegate to the next annual convention, which will be held in Brantford.

The officers of the executive were re-elected by a standing vote, as follows:—President, Mrs. (Dr.) Harkness; Treasurer, J. D. McLennan; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cline; Recording Secretary, Miss McGregor; Leaflet Secretary, Miss Copeland. A cordial invitation extended to the Presbyterial, through Mrs. A. McInnis of Vankeek Hill, to meet there next June, was accepted.

The situation of Zululand is occasioning not a little anxiety in service circles, where the opinion prevails that the Government are treating the native rising in far too light a vein. An old military man who knows the country has just informed a Press correspondent that our whole treatment of the native races is altogether too pacific. It is indisputable that the Natal authorities have been and are dealing with the rising conscientiously, but doubt exists as to whether the forces and finances at their disposal are adequate to the suppression of the rebellion. When we read of British troops being almost rushed by Zulus, it is not much wonder that alarm develops.

The death took place, in his house in Edinburgh, on the 27th ult., of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith, emeritus Professor of Evangelical Theology in the New College. Dr. Smith, who was born in the manse of Symington, Lanarkshire, in 1817, was the last of the pre-Disruption ministers. While still a young man he left Scotland for India, where he remained, labouring in the mission field, for fifteen years. On his return to Scotland he did much home mission work in the poorer quarters of Edinburgh, and was of special service during two epidemics of cholera and smallpox in the sixties and seventies. In 1888 he was appointed to the Chair of Evangelical Theology in the New College from which he retired in 1903. He filled the office of Moderator of the Free Assembly in 1891.

Only 24 white elephants have been captured since the beginning of the Christian era. This is the declaration of a noted elephant-catcher in India.

Forests of leafless trees may be met with in some parts of Australia. They resemble through a little stem which apparently answers the same purpose as a leaf. The tree is known as "the leafless acacia."