

"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

'Twas morning at the village church,
The light was streaming in,
Like sunshine to a darkened heart,
A love-ray 'mid its sin.
The Christ was in that window bright,
Through Him the beams were given,
As if to teach He is the light,
Earth's window from God's heaven.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," they sang,
The little children there;
And Jesus bade the dear ones come,
And prove His tender care.
He would not drive the lass away,
Nor bid the boy begone;
The song was as a prayer that day,
In a young bosom born.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," they said,
The matron and the man,
Who faced the cares that come between
To hinder where they can.
And mother mused, if she were near,
The children might be brought
Nearer to God in pious fear,
And word, and deed, and thought.

"Nearer, my God," the angel lisped,
As on their faces fell
The glory from the opening gate;
They heard the music swell,
And almost wished the morning prayer
Might wing their spirits high,
Up to the city, pure and fair,
To God for ever nigh.

Upon the wall a tablet told
Of some who used to sing
Like hymns of praise in days of old,
Who now were with the King.
Nearer they could not be, for they
Were round His holy throne,
And seemed to call the loved away,
Left wandering alone.

Oh! singers here of heavenly songs,
Ye would still nearer sing,
And join the washed and white-robed throngs,
Where nearest praises ring!
But ye must first—the young, the old—
Believe for you Christ died;
Then near to-day, ye shall be bold,
And ever near abide.

Good Will.

It is not given the many to take strong hold on the race. Only the few, Heathen and Christian, have been able to grasp with grasp immortal, so that their own generation and all succeeding generations have been held by them.

This may be through eminence of ability or eminence of character, or both. They who hold forever are the masters in worthy achievement. Others may be remembered; these are honoured. There is a good genius and an evil genius. To each, monuments are built. Men look upon certain of the monuments and admire; they look upon certain other and worship. This is the difference.

Above all else, the world esteems goodness. It does not greet it with loud acclaim upon the streets. It does not salute it with display of flags and roar of cannon. These are, comparatively, the superficial. They are for what hath need of them.

Goodness involves good will, and no man, civilized or savage, can other than respect it. There may be ingratitude; there may be crimes innumerable, yet among the ungrateful and the criminal you may discern eyes that can see and hearts that can feel. Be appearances what they may, one who has mind can be supposed to have heart, and this, at the worst, testifies to the right.

Youth who are planning a career may depend upon it that good will is great help. It makes friends and disarms enemies. People may forget blunders and overlook many faults, but they are few who can have patience with the want of good will. It is not required that one endorse his neighbour. He may oppose him. What is essential is that the manner of opposing be fair or clean, perfectly consistent with good will.

There have been reformers who have blocked progress through extravagant speech; often treating supposition as fact and prejudice as truth. One of the most desirable reformations of the present day has been and is retarded by the bald uncharit-

ableness of many of its advocates. They have charged with moral delinquency citizens and neighbours whose only fault was difference in judgment.

We lose by unfairness. Even our unconscious injustices do us harm. It is not to be expected that they can be regarded as signs of good will.

The wiser way is by the golden rule, the rule the Master taught. It may be that no one, except the saints in heaven, always walk straight, but we all may strive to do so.

L. B. F.

Night Dews.

"JESUS WEPT."—John xi. 35.

Jesus wept! oh, spirit lone!
Trembling teardrops are thine own,
Yet thy God those tears hath known.

Christ's compassions cannot cease;—
He who pities brings release;
Jesus wept,—be then at peace.

For those tender tears outpoured,
Deathless comfort that afford,
Praise to Thee, of love the Lord

Shadow-valley cannot be,
Man of Sorrows! lacking Thee,
Oh Thy touch of sympathy.

These Thy tears, Thine anguished sigh
Pledge Thy royal succour nigh,—
Work Thy glory, God most high!

Though the quivering dew o'erflow,
We believe—yea, Lord, we know—
Morn shall break with fadeless glow.

Jesus wept!—the dead stood free:
Lord, these tears shall promise be,
Faith shall yet Thy glory see.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

To-Morrow's Load.

So many people vex and worry themselves by too much anxious thought and care for the future. Certainly God does not intend them to be improvident and expect miracles to be worked if they do not take care for their earthly needs, and provide for themselves and their own.

But He does not mean that people should try and forecast the future, and worry themselves by wondering how they could bear such and such a trial, which possibly will never come, and if it does, in some different form from what they anticipated.

Day by day we ask for our daily bread, and let us also take that in a spiritual sense, and believe that God will give our souls their daily bread of food and support, to meet whatever He may send or permit.

Have you ever seen those beautiful lines, new, I should imagine, to many of us?

"Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear.
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than He bids thee seek.
Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load;
Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious God,
'Daily' only, He saith to thee,
'Take up thy cross and follow Me.'"

To act on this principle is the secret of all rest and peace in everyday life. It gives calmness to the soul, and the mind is filled with peace. The future, try as they may to peer into it, is hidden from all but God.

He knows it all in its every detail, and He will give thee strength and courage to bear all He sends; the guidance that is needed, the provision for needs, temporal and spiritual; the daily bread and the daily light. But He does not give in advance.

God will not give you to-day strength for to-morrow's cross. Wait till to-morrow comes, and you will then have it, if you seek it and depend on Him to give it.

By this means you will learn real humility; for depending upon God, and not upon our own plans and strength, teaches us that invaluable lesson. And if we are honestly trying to seek Him in all things, and bear all trial for His sweet sake, then let us trust Him fully and implicitly for strength for "to-morrow's load."

Hints to Housekeepers.

The juice of a lemon in a glass of water, without sugar, will often cure a sick headache, frequently the result and the accompaniment of "spring-cleaning."

BROWNE TURNIPS.—Pare turnips and cut lengthwise, put in a saucepan and cover with boiling water, let boil for half an hour, drain. Put two ounces of butter in a frying pan; when hot add the turnips with a tablespoonful of sugar, stir and turn carefully, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve hot.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.—Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c. and 50c. at all druggists.

Did you ever suffer torment from a shoe tight in one spot? Here is a remedy for it: Apply sweet oil or vaseline to the stocking where the rub comes. It is better than applying it to the boot, because it softens the inside of the boot, where it is needed, instead of the outside.

INDIGESTION CURED.—Gentlemen,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

MRS. DAVIDSON, Winnipeg, Man.

BREAD CRUMB PUDDING.—Instead of throwing away bread crusts try this method of disposing of them: Dry them thoroughly in a cool oven, roll, and some day when your dessert problem confronts you take a teacup of your dried crumbs, soak with boiling water, add pint of milk, two eggs, generous half-cupful of sugar, pinch of salt, teaspoonful of flavouring, and bake. If you want it extra good, after it is baked spread some raspberry jam on top and cover with a meringue—white of one egg and a teaspoonful of sugar beaten to a froth. Brown in quick oven.

THE BEST REMEDY.—Dear Sirs,—I was greatly troubled with weakness, loss of appetite, restlessness and sleeplessness, and found B. B. B. the most strengthening and beneficial medicine I have taken.

MISS HEASLIP, 34 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.

Neuralgia in the face has been cured by applying a mustard plaster to the elbow. For neuralgia in the head apply the plaster to the back of the neck. The reason for this is that mustard is said to touch the nerves the moment it begins to draw or burn, and to be of most use must be applied to the nerve centres or directly over the place where it will touch the affected nerve most quickly.

In case of fire, a wet silk handkerchief tied without folding over the face is a complete security against suffocation by smoke; it permits free breathing and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

MARYLAND APPLE CUSTARDS.—Line your plates with a paste, half fill them with thin apple slices, make and add a custard of four eggs and a quart of milk, seasoned to taste, and bake moderately.

How to Live.

Live each day as though it was to be the capstone of your life. Do what you have to do to the best of your ability and consider it finished work. You cannot see the outcome of the morrow, and would in all probability misunderstand its significance if it were revealed to you. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Life is too short to waste one of its golden moments in vain longings for the unknown future, and there is too much work to be done now to borrow any in advance.

—The largest university in the world is at Cairo, Egypt, and it has 11,000 students. They come from every part of the Mohammedan world, and they study Mussulman law, history, theology, and other branches needed to confirm them in the faith of Mohammed. They sit on the floor of an enormous court and study aloud, and the Western visitor who calls on them during study hour thinks that he has struck the original site of the tower of Babel, and that the confused of tongue has not stopped talking yet.