

a great deal more, and only becomes very much blunter.

Shall I go on? Last night I thought I had nothing to say, and this morning, I fain would tell my dream and the interpretation thereof to the end.

Suppose the grindstone of affliction keeps on rubbing and rubbing away our natural vitality—the more, we think, for our very submission. Then we cry out in the fear that the grindstone will spoil the block—defeat its own ends.

Grant that it sometimes may take more away than is artistic. He sitteth as a refiner of silver, and He knows what is enough for his purposes; but it is only fair to admit that things often go further than we can see any plan in.

Well, then, listen. That knife may be most useful as a knife whose blade is worn deep with continued sharpening; and the finest life in the world was apparently wasted when Jesus died for men.

Some More, Some Less.

I started to tell of a 'find' I made in one of our homes. It was a poem written by the twelve-year-old of the family. The mother told me that at morning prayers they were reading about the manna that fell from heaven to feed the children of Israel. They came to the seventeenth verse, sixteenth chapter of Exodus, where it says they gathered the manna, 'some more, and some less.' Little twelve-year-old remarked that that would make a good poem, and off she went to her poets' corner.

'A great many people have enjoyed the poem,' said the mother, 'including some of old people—they said it did them as much good as a sermon.'

I give it to my readers. Who knows but it may carry a song to some heart?

'The people murmur,' said Moses, one day,
'For fear that some should fall by the way.'
'To-night from heaven will I rain bread—
Enough for each,' the Lord then said,
'Some more, some less.'

They did not measure the manna that fell,
In order that each might perfectly tell
If he had as much as his neighbor had;
Oh no! that might have made some feel
sad,
'Some more, some less.'

That is the way God's mercies fall;
Some more, some less, but some to all;
None should wish to have more than his
friend,
Each has enough to last to the end:
'Some more, some less.'
—Cor 'Springing Well.'

A Spanish Shopkeeper.

A shopkeeper in Asturias, who had bought a Bible from Colporteur Garcia, came a month later and said that he must take the book back, as it was 'prohibited.' Garcia expressed his willingness, but added, 'Friend, "amigo mio," there is no book in the world like this,' and, opening it, began to read passage after passage. The shopkeeper at last interrupted him with 'Stop, stop!' and snatching back the volume from his hands, exclaimed, 'Does the book contain these things? Then they may say what they like, I and this book are not going to part.'

The Stumbling-block.

Confession must come before pardon, and pardon before power. Dr. Chapman, the famous evangelist, gives a bit of experience to prove this.

In a western city, a gentleman approached the evangelist laboring in the city with the question: 'Can you tell me why it is that I have no power in my Christian life? I have a class of men in the Sunday School, and have had for three years, and have never been able to lead one of them to Christ.'

The evangelist replied: 'It may be because your heart is not right with God, and that you are hiding some sin.'

The man's face became pale, and then in the secrecy of the minister's room he made

his confession: 'Twelve years ago I was a clerk in a mercantile establishment in the city of P—. One night in balancing my books, I had two hundred dollars for which I could not account; my books were balanced, but the money was there. The books balanced the next day, and the next week, and the money was still not accounted for. Then the devil came to me to say, "Use it; no one will ever know it, and you can put it back." God pity me! I took it, and all these years I have had it. Here it is,' he said, handing it to the evangelist.

'I cannot take it,' he said, 'you will have to make restitution.'

The man sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'I can never do it. I have a position now worth twenty thousand dollars a year to me, and I should lose it if I were ever suspected of being dishonest in the past.'

'It is either restitution or no power,' said the evangelist.

The man was still for a moment; then, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, 'I will do it if I die.'

He made his way to the city where the wrong had been committed, into the private office of the man against whom he had sinned, and made confession.

The Christian merchant listened to his words; then, rising, he closed the door of the office, and said, 'Let us pray about it.'

They fell on their knees, and, when the prayer was offered, the merchant said to him: 'Go back to your work, and God's blessing go with you. I forgive you just as freely as He does.'

The man came back to his home with his face shining. The next Sunday he sat down before his class to tell them of Christ. He said to them: 'I never knew till this week why it was that I could not get you for Christ. I have now found out. It was because I was not right myself.' Then, turning to his class, he made such a plea as he had never made before, and with the result that every member of his class accepted Christ as Saviour, and a few Sundays after joined the church of which he was a member.

It is very easy to understand why. He had simply gotten right with God, and then the Spirit, who had been abiding in him all the time, used him; and that is always the Spirit's way.—'Golden Rule.'

A Surrender.

A story is told of a young woman who once refused to come to the Saviour, saying 'There is too much to give up.'

'Do you think God loves you?' was asked.

'Certainly.'

'How much do you think he loves you?'

She thought a moment, and answered, 'Enough to give his Son to die for me.'

'Do you think, if God loved you enough to give his Son to die for you, he will ask you to give up anything it is for your good to keep?'

'No.'

'Do you wish to keep anything that is not for your good to keep?'

'No.'

'Then you had better come to Christ at once.' And she did.—Allegheny 'Herald.'

Sorrow and Growth.

Death is not terrible because it is death. We sorrow not because death is, but because it takes the object of our affection. We mourn, not because some one has died, but because we loved that one. Many may die all about us, but we are not grieved. Now then, sorrow for the departed is due to the best faculty that God has given us, the faculty of love. What would life be worth without it? And yet how much we suffer because we have it! Banish love and you will banish sorrow. Who would be without it in order to escape the sorrows that surely come to those who are called to part with dear ones? A brother minister told me that God's greatest blessing to him was the gift and death of a sweet baby girl. 'While it has saddened, yet it has sweetened my life.' If you want to find a sweet, well-developed, all-round Christian, seek not among those who have not known pain and sorrow.—T. F. Harriman.

To-day.

[For the 'Messenger.']

We will live such a useful life he said
We will brighten the thorny way,
Of so many others around our path,
Did we do it, dear friend, to-day?

We will cheer so many sorrowful ones,
And dry the tear-dimmed eye,
Oh, lives around we will brighter make,
Did you do it to-day? Did I?

How many kind words we will speak, ah,
yes!
As the years go quickly by,
How earnestly, gently, we'll say each one,
Did you say them to-day? Did I?

How pleasant, too, we will grow, we said,
Though painful and rugged the way,
We will try so hard as the days go by,
Did we try as we should to-day?

How much time we will spend with the
Master, too,
When cares less heavily weigh,
To study His word, and yet did we spend
As much time as we might to-day?

How boldly we'll speak in the Master's
cause!
How much for Him we will say!
And how many trophies we'll lay at His
feet!
Did we bring one to Him to-day?

Ah, yes, we will live so nobly for Him.
That others around us will say,
'They belong to the King.' Will they say
it, think you,
From the way we have lived to-day?
MARY NAISMITH.

The Heart of the Gospel.

A story is told of Lapaux, a member of the French Directory, that with much thought and study he had invented a new religion, to be called 'Theophilanthropy,' a kind of organized Rousseauism, and that being disappointed in its not being readily approved and adopted, he complained to Talleyrand of the difficulty found in introducing it.

'I am not surprised,' said Talleyrand, 'at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you might succeed.'

'What is it? What is it?' asked the other with eagerness.

'It is this,' said Talleyrand; 'go and be crucified, then be buried; and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end.'

And the philosopher, crestfallen and confounded, went away silent.—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

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