

instead of "waiting," he ought to pray earnestly to God for pardon, and he would obtain it. "How long am I to pray?" asked the anxious inquirer. "You must just continue praying, and in due time you will receive it," was the reply. He prayed earnestly, and besought God to give him salvation. For years he continued "striving" and "agonizing in prayer" to God, entreating Him to be reconciled, and imploring Him to "have mercy" on his soul.

At the end of about three years he began to think that his friends had given him wrong advice, and resolved to seek counsel from an earnest Christian with whom he had come in contact, and see how he had received the forgiveness of his sins. Having told what his friends had said, and how he had been "waiting" and "praying," this Christian pointed him to God's simple plan of salvation. He showed that all the time God had been waiting, and had been beseeching him to be reconciled. The mistake discovered, he immediately "took God at His word," and rejoiced in the liberty which the truth alone can give.

At School.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing His face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity,
For weary hearts like mine—

I only thought of the burdens,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry,
That darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done,"
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my weary sorrow,
I looked from the cross, above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say,
My child, thou must thy burden bear
And learn thy task to-day.

I may not tell the reason why,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe.

So I stooped to that weary sorrow:
One look at that face divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
And say, "Thy will be done."

And thus I learned my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone;
He only knows the tears I shed;
But He has shed His own.

And from them came a brightness,
Straight from the home above;
When the school life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.

Trust in God.

Why art thou so cast down, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Trust thou in God. Is there one of you whom He has not richly blessed? Our path in life is like that of the traveller who lands in the famous port of the Holy Land. He rides at first under the shade of palms, under the golden orange groves, beside the crowded fountains, with almonds and pomegranates breaking around him into blossom; soon he leaves behind him these lovely groves; he enters on the bare and open plain; the sun burns over him, the dust clouds whirl around him; but even there the path is bordered by the quiet wayside flowers, and when at last the bleak, bare hills succeed, his heart bounds within him, for he knows that he shall catch his first glimpse of the Holy City as he stands weary on their brow. O how often must the Christian in this, the Holy Land of his short pilgrimage on earth, from the golden morning to the blaze at noon, from the burning noon

to the beautiful twilight, again and again recall that tender verse of the prophet: "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil." Yes, God is faithful; and most of all because He will lay no heavier burden on any one of us than we can well carry. Whether in the way of trial, or in the way of temptation, remember that

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.

—F. W. Farrar, D. D.

Be Honest.

You cannot afford not to be honest. The great necessity of your nature is not that you should be rich or loaded down with empty and doubtful honors, but that you should be a man. And to be a man means to be pure, honest, upright, generous, and everything the Creator designed you should be. A man cannot afford to be dishonest, for the moment he commences to be so, that moment he ceases to be a man. The moment you declare with all your heart and soul your intention to be honest, that moment God comes to your aid and assistance.—Bishop Phillips Brooks.

Alleged Conspiracy Case.

In the Police Court last week, Messrs. M. C. Ellis, Walter Barr, and T. H. Lee were charged with unlawfully limiting the facilities for transporting, producing, manufacturing, supplying, storing, and dealing in watch-cases and watch movements. The complainant is Mr. Frank S. Taggart, and the case derives considerable interest from the fact that it is the first brought under the Combines Act. The defendants have refused to sell to the complainant any of the articles referred to above, on the ground that he retails them at less than 25 per cent. advance on the wholesale price. The Magistrate deemed it advisable to send the matter to a higher court, and as a consequence the issue will be tried at the next Criminal Assizes.—The Mail.

Garden Topics.

In planting out flower beds (which should be attended to by every lover of the beautiful in nature), the most important consideration is the source of supply; and the writer, whilst contemplating on the arrangement of several flower beds of various dimensions, chanced to visit the renowned establishment of the Messrs. Simmers' Sons, better known as J/A. Simmers, Seed Merchants, Sowers, Importers and Dealers in all kinds of plants, bulbs, etc., whose extensive and well-equipped stores are situated at 147, 149 and 151 King street, Toronto, where the eye is met with the display for June month of the largest assortment of plants, bulbs, etc., for present planting, such as asters, balsams, geraniums, petunias, heliotropes, zinnias, snapdragons, Canterbury bells, also gladiolus, dahlias, etc., making the selection of the right things to plant a matter of the simplest and most pleasurable undertaking—and for the benefit of all our many readers, we suggest the foregoing and invite a call at the Messrs. Simmers' stores—where the courteous and painstaking proprietors will at all times meet their patrons.

A Story—For All Time.

"I wish you would take this package for me to the village, Jim," he said, hesitatingly. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield where I had been since early morning. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for singing-school. My first impulse was to grumble, for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. But if I refused he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. And something stopped me—one of God's angels, I think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim, I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day." He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, "Thank you, my son, you've always been a good boy to me, Jim."

I hurried to town and back. When I came near the house, I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face. "Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you." I am an old man now, but have thanked God over and over, in all the years since that hour, that those last words to me were: "You've always been a good boy to me." No human being was ever sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is bitter remorse in remembered neglect or coldness to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge kind deeds and words, especially to those about the same hearth. It is such a little way we can go together. He is richest of all who is more generous in giving the love that blossoms continually in kind words and deeds.

The Yoke of Service.

"The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Not to speak of joy of knowing sins forgiven, and of heaven made sure by the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, the actual service of Christ is full of blessedness.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me," says our Lord, "for My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." There are some Christians, no doubt, who give an evil report to the Christian life, upon whose neck the yoke chafes, and to whom the burden is wearisome; but these are they who have not put the yoke well on—who have not honestly and earnestly lifted the burden fully up or taken it on their shoulders.

I remember to have heard an old farmer say that the yoke that was not fitted close down upon the shoulder would always chafe, especially if the ox would insist on throwing his head around, as though he would rather go the other way; but if the yoke were well on, and the ox went straight ahead, there was no chafing. I am sure this is so with Christians who have only reluctantly and in a half-hearted way put on the yoke of service; but those who have given themselves fully to the Lord in service, and are not looking back to Egypt, have their hearts full of His peace, and find that the yoke is lined with love.

The New York City Elevated Railways.

On the Sixth Avenue line there are 500 trains daily each way; on the Third Avenue line, 504 trains; on the Second Avenue line, 272 trains; on the Ninth Avenue line, 295 trains—each way daily. The trains are run from one minute to eight minutes apart, depending upon the hour of the day. From midnight to 5 a.m., fifteen minutes apart. Fare, five cents.

Contentment.

The longer I live the more convinced I am that nothing of earth can satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul. In His infinite wisdom, the Most High has so created man that nothing short of Himself can meet the want He has instilled in every human breast. The condition of all by nature, or in their first-born fallen state, is aptly described thus—"The wicked [and all men by nature are wicked] are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." The Psalmist says, "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased" (Psa. iv. 6, 7). See the man of the world. Whatever his position, in spite of all his surroundings, and notwithstanding the extent of his possessions, is he satisfied therewith? By no means. The more he has the more he wants, and the less contented he is. Hence how true the statement, "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith." It has been well said, in regard to riches, "The trouble of getting, the painstaking in keeping, and the fear of losing, outweigh their worth."

The prostration after the Grip is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does make the weak strong.