

## OUR SABBATHS.

SUNDAY observance is a matter that each one must settle for himself, said our friend with an air of indifference. He had frequently boasted of his liberal views upon this subject. Many a time he had indulged in words of quiet humor, to show the contempt for that which he was pleased to denominate "the Puritanic strictness of Sabbatarians."

This remark of his was made on the Lord's day; and, satchel in hand, he was hastening to the depot, having a business engagement in a distant part of the country. Our friend was a member of the church. He was leaving behind all sacred duties of the family circle; before him were hours of monotonous Sunday travel; conversation foreign to the spirit of the holy day; reading that chiefly related to stocks and marts of trade.

In all this was he not altogether in harmony with his avowed principles? The Sabbath, in his view, was destitute of sacred meaning above other days of the week. He was a "liberal" Christian—tolerant of others' opinions, and as to Sabbath observance professing to believe that he was not his "brother's keeper." He did not see that Sabbath rest was so necessary, either to individual or public prosperity. He did not hear in the very depths of his soul God's voice saying: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It had not yet come to him that the Lord's day was a sign of his covenant; that it was the perpetual commemoration of the Lord's resurrection from the grave, and therefore visibly represented all the blessings of man's redemption.

As he journeyed on that holy day, "finding his own pleasure," speaking his own words, the tender words of Moses addressed to God's erring people might have been appropriate: "O that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep my commandments always, that it might be well with them and with their children forever."

Believers are everywhere summoned to watchfulness, lest the Divine law of the Sabbath be broken. The customs and demands of modern society have never seemed so imperative as now. In little things "offenses" may come. Having yielded at first to that which is questionable, the way has been opened to commit flagrant transgressions. How easy to lose an inward sense of guilt! "Having once been enlightened," it is possible to so break God's commandments that their profound seriousness utterly ceases to affect us.

The Sabbath is being fiercely assailed. The opposition of the carnal heart to God's commandments can only explain this antagonism. But the danger is far greater from silent betrayal than from open assault. Worldly tendencies meet us on every hand. We pause to ask: "Is it any harm to do this?" Or possibly we begin to compromise with evil by saying: "It is less harmful to do this than to do that" which the weakened conscience of another permits.—*Pres. Banner.*

A Pagan Testimony and a Pagan Notion. Mr. Lawton, one of the Chinese Inland Missionaries in the extreme northwest of China, on the borders of the great Mongolian Desert, received from a Pagan the offer of a beautiful ancestral hall for a Christian church. Mr. Lawton expressed his surprise at such generosity, but the Pagan answered, "You are doing an excellent work here, and in helping you with my best I hope to obtain a small part of your merit."

## LEARN TO FORGIVE.

Learn to forgive. Do not carry an unforgiving spirit with you through all your life. It will hurt you more than anyone else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you, yet its chief feeding ground will be found in your own heart. You hate your neighbour. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. You pass by a wood fire, you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thrust it under your neighbor's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the worst of it? You find your garments on fire, and your own flesh burned before you can harm your neighbor. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings his own soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who are calling themselves Christians, who are miserable because of their own revengefulness. Forgive your enemies, and get down on your knees and pray for them, and salvation will come into your own soul like a flood. "Father, forgive them." Sweet prayer and a blessed example.—*Sel.*

## DRUNKENNESS.

The physical consequences of drunkenness are more terrible than can be described. Dr. Richardson, in his *Diseases of Modern Life*, says that the heart, which beats 106 times when in its natural condition, beats 131 times after six ounces of fluid alcohol has been taken. When this increased excitement becomes permanent, because of the continued use of intoxicants, the constant distention of the blood vessels under this increased pressure causes the flushed face and red eyes. The various membranes in which the brains, muscles, and other organs are enclosed, which furnish to each part the food appropriate to it for building up the body, become thickened, shrunk and inactive. The changes which follow produce gross and enfeebled bodies, diseases of the heart, lungs and other organs, and a constant waste of physical power. The appetite which is thus created is itself a disease. A morbid craving is awakened, which is often the beginning of madness. Then follow weakened nerves, disordered functions, blurred vision, the victim continually seeking a remedy in that which causes the disease.—*Sel.*

## NEVER GIVE UP.

Never sit down and confess yourself beaten. If there are difficulties in the way, struggle with them like a man. Use all your resources, put forth all your strength, and "never say die." The case may seem hopeless, but there is generally a way out somehow. Are you bound and fettered by hurtful habits? Do not despair. You can't do much to help yourself, it is true, but there is One who never fails to strengthen the young man when he makes an honest attempt to overcome temptation and master every evil passion. "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." That is the experience of thousands of fellows who have felt their feet slipping, who have begun to sink in the quicksands of sin, and have reached out a hand to accept the loving help of the strong and gentle Christ. While He lives and loves, no man need ever give up.

An old English poet represents Pontius Pilate as sunk beneath the waves, with nothing visible but his hands. And these washing themselves eternally in an attempt to cleanse his soul.