

safe. We have the absolute assurance, according to the apostles' teaching, that death will not end all, but that what we call death is but the gateway to the palace of the Eternal King. The resurrection is for all believers the sure testimony that their Saviour has for them conquered all the terrors of death and opened for them "the portals of heaven." In the catacombs of Rome, on the tomb of a departed Christian saint, are these words: "Tentianus Vivit" (Tentianus lives). And on the tomb-stone of Albert Durer, who lies buried in his fatherland, is the word "Enigrauit" (he has gone to another country). So through the blessed hope, the loving hope which the gospel of the resurrection presents to us, we know that both we and those who have preceded us to the great forever shall not die, but live—we shall go to another country, "to a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

#### HINTS.

If your hope of immortality is "a living hope," it will breathe—speaking helpful words; and it will walk—to the bedsides of the sick; and it will sing, and it will laugh, and it will work.

Easter is the birthday of hope. All religions but the Christian religion, whatever excellencies they may have, yet lack the excellencies of joy and hope; they are stern religions, sad and stoical.

On birthdays we give gifts. What more fitting than that, on this birthday of our hope, we should give this hope to some one else.

Every Christian should be well grounded in the reasons for belief in the resurrection of Christ. It is the best proved event of history, and we should all know how to prove it.

When a man once gets it into his head that he is to live through eternity, then he truly begins to live in time.—*Prof. Wells.*

#### Personal Work.

Personal work for souls is very much like blackberrying. The unripe berries hang prominently on the branches, but those ready to pluck can be found only by searching the leaves. And the soul that may be won must be sought. You can't pick blackberries by the handful, or shake them down into a sheet. They must be chosen one by one, and care needs to be taken that they are not bruised in the picking. Thorns always assert themselves, but the berry picker soon learns to disregard them, for it seems to be the rule that near the choicest berries there are always a lot of sharp thorns. Very often a single berry will appear under a leaf, and the plucking will reveal a cluster of choice ones nestling timidly beneath a protecting branch. And sometimes a large berry will prove by a mere touch that it is beyond the time of use. Keep this analogy in mind when the time comes to engage in personal work.—*J. H., in The Brotherhood Star.*

#### An Acted Parable.

While the late Dr. Alexander Proudfoot was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, O., he told the following story at a social gathering of the teachers of his Sunday School.

A good old Scotch elder, who was deeply concerned because his pastor persistently refused to allow children to be admitted to the church fellowship, invited him to his house. After tea the elder took the pastor out to see his large flock of sheep put into the fold. Taking his stand at the entrance to the sheepfold, the elder allowed the sheep to enter, but as the little lambs came up, he roughly pushed them back with a heavy stick.

The pastor became very indignant, and exclaimed, "What are you doing to the lambs? They need the shelter far more than the sheep!"

"Just what you are doing to the children of the church," was the prompt reply.

The object-lesson did its work. Never again did the pastor attempt to shut out from the fold of the church one of Christ's little ones.

#### Be Yoursell.

Rev. Smith Baker, D.D., makes the following sensible plea for individuality: "Do not try to be somebody else. A man may be real and sincere, and teach honest, Christian experience, and yet not be himself. I once heard an old deacon say, when his church had been hearing quite a number of candidates in the pulpit from the leading seminaries, which at that time, were under the charge, one of the venerable Dr. Pond and the other of Dr. Park, that he could always tell as soon as the young man entered the pulpit from which the seminaries he came by the way he stepped, announced the hymns, the tone of his voice and the plan of his sermon.

#### Noblesse Oblige.

"Here, boy; let me have a *Son*."  
"Can't, nohow, mister."  
"Why not? You've got them? I heard you a minute ago cry them loud enough to the charge of the City Hall."  
"Yes, but that was down 'tender block, yeknow, where I hollered."  
"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me out a paper; I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you no paper in this here block, mister, cos it belongs to Limpy. He's just up to the furder end now; you'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy, pray? And why does he have this special block?"

"Cos us kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get around lively like the rest of us; so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on this block should be lit on an 'dressed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So you newboys have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're going to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow, you bet!"

"There comes Limpy, now; he's a fortunate boy to have such kind friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in a clear field.—*True Plug.*

#### The Cigarette.

That the cigarette is a deadly poison is susceptible of the most positive scientific proof. A few months ago I had all the nicotine removed from a cigarette, making a solution of it. I injected half the quantity into a frog, with the effect that the frog died almost instantly. The other half was administered to another frog with like effect. Both frogs were full grown and of average size. The conclusion is evident that a single cigarette contains poison enough to kill two frogs. If a boy who smokes twenty cigarettes a day has inhaled enough poison to kill forty frogs. Why does the poison not kill him? If not immediately, he will die sooner or later of weak heart, Bright's disease or some other malady which scientific physicians everywhere now recognize as the natural results of chronic nicotine poisoning. In place of the often beautiful, many times wickedly obscene pictures which cigarette manufacturers often send in connection with their packages or offer as a premium, every pack-

age of cigarettes ought to bear a skull and cross-bones and should be marked "deadly poison," like "rough on rats," strychnia, and other deadly drugs.—*Dr. J. H. Kellogg.*

#### Don't Bark.

The *Christian Nation* has this item condemning fondness for criticism. It has a wide application: "Fault-finding is not difficult. Isaac McCurry illustrates this. A dog, hitched to a lawn mower, stopped pulling to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said, 'Don't mind the dog, he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than pull this machine.' It is easier to be critical than correct, easier to bark than work. Easier to burn a house than build one. Easier to hinder than help. Easier to destroy reputation than construct character. Fault-finding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticise or censure, like those Pharisees, but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to it all, as Jesus did."

#### Gold Dust.

When you are ready to do good, the opportunity will be at hand.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit.—*Hugo.*

Sooner or later the world comes round to see the truth and do the right.—*Hillard.*

"What is your duty?" The carrying out of the affairs of the day that lies before you.—*Goethe.*

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

"What shall I do then with Jesus who is called Christ?" is a question which every one of us must at some time in his life answer for himself.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things—each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage.—*R. W. Emerson.*

There are many books in which man seeks God; in the Bible God seeks man. It is a divine gift to man, written that we, through patience and comfort, might have hope.—*T. T. Lynch.*

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take his neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—*George MacDonald.*

Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.—*Webster.*

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fall, as they now do, on the evil and on the good alike. Be sure that he who is not faithful in a little will never be fit to be ruler over much. He who cannot rule his own household will never, as St. Paul says, rule the Church of God; and he who cannot keep his temper or be self-sacrificing, cheerful, tender, attentive at home, will never be of any real and permanent use to God's poor abroad.—*Charles Kingsley.*