For Love of You.

One loves you. He has loved you long His love, and its sweet prayer and praise Were in your mother's cradle song, And made the music of your days When flowers were fair, and skies were blue For love of you.

He told the secret of His love When merry laughter answered Him By dancing seas, in leafy grove, Before your childhood's eyes were dim When life lay like a sunny view For love of you.

Now, has the shadow touched your face; Are the days dark? the prospects grey Oh heart, be brave! The time of grace Can never pass from you away. Your Friend is tender, wise and true For love of you.

He walked for you earth's changeful ways, He bore for you the lonely hour, He lived for you through toilsome days, He met for you the tempter's power, And joy through sorrow this friend knew For love of you.

Oh! child of love, be not still sad, But change the sigh to happy song, For you can make the Saviour glad By loving Him who loved you long. So fill with praise the heavens above For God is love. MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

### Had We Eyes to See.

India presents a woful spectacle this day. Gaunt Famine stalks through literally starving, and by the thousand they die in the street, on the roadside, in the barren fields. The tale our missionaries tell is hideous, heartbreaking, ghastly past all telling. Before us at this writing are the photographs of gruesome groups of famished children, their eyes sunken. their bones in a very real sense cleaving to their skin. The picture, looked at on another hemisphere, makes the hearb sick. What would it be were we to see what our missionaries in Central India are compelled every day to witness? We know something of what hunger means, and had we eyes to see its dreadful work we would need fort, courage, and strength from this no argument to make its appeal for principle. Love gives tone and color help resistless. There is another famine as awful in

its working, as cruel, as pitiless, wasting the fairest and blasting the best; the famine not of the bread that perish. th, but of that Bread without which ae nations of the earth have died of very hunger, age after age, until the ery of their agony re echoed from the heavens, has reached our ears to whom the harves's have yielded abundance beyond our use Our ears are pained because of the cries of famine stricken India, and we are ready to give for humanity's sake for its relief. How would it be with us had we the eyes to feed that soul-hunger He gave Himself, and a few of his friends. His heart is in Him the Breat of Life: Give ye love. The stream of his love is shallow. the body, grievous and sore though is be, is but a faint sign of the starving not we see India's real famine? Had we His heart would not we give as He gave? And were that mind in us which was in Him would we not see and feel and give, as He sees and feels and gives, that India's hunger for God might be satisfied?

Nor is the real famine in India alone. It is everywhere. Before every minister who faces his congregation on the first day of the week, in the circle of every Sabbath-school, round about us everywhere, had we eyes to see, we would find hearts famished for love, minds dying for knowledge, souls starved for the Bread of Life. It is appalling, but is it not true? Had we eyes for spiritual wasting and gauntday in our midst such things as sadden and burden the lives of the missionaries whose hunger soon ends in death. with open eyes? If we do, dare we evil with good." sit heedlessly idle while He calls to us, who is the Bread and whose disciples were it not that to us is given for men's salvation the Bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger.

And it is because they do not under-

letic magazines for sermon-ou lines or rake the newspaper dust-heap for a new sensation? Would he vex the hungry souls of his people with the arid speculations about documents and codes and many redactions, or with the equally juiceless dogmati-m of second-hand and conventional o tho doxy of creed from which the life has fled? Men are dying for the lack of the love and faith and life of God. For them Christ came bringing the true manna of redemption and reconciliation. The ministry of reconciliation to God through the death of His son is committed to the man who on Sabbath next shall stand in the pulpit. But if he has not eyes to see he will give stones for bread, and, with heaven's abundance for their need, "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." This is the Church's first and greatest need : that their eyes be opened who call Jesus Lord, so that they may see what He saw and ever sees, and seeing, spend no more on that which is not bread, but feed the hungry with the truth which satisfies. -The Westminster.

## Dwelling In Love.

The apostle is very bold when he says. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." One who dwells in love the land and in its trail everywhere draws the nourishment of his inner the atmosphere. This is our element and the support of our life. We take rooted and grounded in love." If one is rooted and grounded in love, he dwells in love and draws his joy, comto all he says and does. When one is rooted in selfishness or covetousness or any other passion, that particular passion tinges all his activities. When one is rooted in love his plans, his purposes, his decisions, his thoughts, and deeds are all controlled by love Even the more severe duties of life, such as rebuking wrongdoing and punishing transgression, are not the work of anger and malice, but of love and compassion.

Whose dwells in love loves all the proper objects of a pure affection. All men love. But the objects of some men's affections are limited to a parrow see India's real famine, the age-long circle. One man loves himself alone. famine of love and hope and faith? He is supremely selfish. He loves, They see it whose larger other eyes but does not dwell in love. Another than ours see the real things of life. loves his own family, and none besides. He sees it who is Himself the Bread | He is only a little less selfish than the that came down from heaven. To other. Still another loves his family and says to every one who has found a little larger, but he does not dwell in them to eat. To Him, the starving of Another loves his family, his friends, and his country. His patriotism m. be sublime, his friendship sincere, and of the soul. Had we His eyes would his domestic affection beautiful. His heart is larger than that of his neighbor. But there is a bester way : the true Christian loves God first and supremely; then he loves his kindred, his friends, his neighbors, his coun ry. and all men, including his enemies. His attitude toward all men is one of love. He dwe is in love. This is the very essence of the Christian religion.

Many professing Christians do not ove one another. This is a clear test of Christian character. "Little chilin our homes and among our friends, dren, love one another." "Hereby know we that we have passed from that vague sense which afflicts many sent.-Battle Cry. death unto life, because we love the of us at times of being the object of brethren." "If any man love not his hostile feelings on the part of others. brother whom he hath seen, how can No doubt we often are, for, in the he love God, whom he hath not seen ?" stress of necessary rivalry and conflict will not lead you to doubt our state-"If any man say, I love God, and upon which progress depends, we give ness and deadness, we would see every loveth not his brother, he is a liar, and take injuries. But their remains Balsam is worth the cost of a strial and the truth is not in him." Envy, a large excess of this "injured" feeljealousy, strife are of the evil one. ing which can not be so explained, or these famine days in India. Things One may do wrong, but the true which is disproportionate to its cause sadder than they see, and more terrible, Christian will love him still. He will entirely gratuitous, and is thus shiftby so much as the spirit is more than see the wrong, condemn and denounce ed into the field of morbid sychology. the flesh and the hunger of the it, but love the wrongdoer. If the This only is here treated—the morbid a man were good or bad. As a matter immortal more than that of the body, wrong be done to himself, he will love sense of injury. the man who has wronged him. "Be Dare we face that stern fact alone and not overcome of evil, but overcome the mind from a mere feeling of being is usually accompanied with the weak-

we can know God. "He that loveth persecutory ideas. In certain temwe are, Give ye them to eat? One not knoweth not God." God is love, peraments it is marked. On so-called love to free it from the admixture of steady gaze with eyes to see would and before we can know Him we must "blue" days we are constantly moved wrath, which is like the allow with break our hearts with deep despair come into the same atmosphere. We to a "sense of injury" from fancied gold, giving firmness to what were cannot find out God by scientific re aloofness of our friends. Madam else too soft for use. Such a God s search. We may read about Him and Lofty slights us, and our jaundiced not love, but impotent go d nature hear men tell about Him, but we shall imagination has it that she has heard If there be no wrath, there is no love; not know Him. We must come to something and dislikes us. But lo! if there were no love, there would be stand that men minister falsely to their Him and lay our hearts alongside of to-day, when the liver is released, no wrath. It is more blessed and fellows' need. Had he eyes to see the His infinite heart of love, or we shall madam smiles sweetly, and never hopeful for sinful men to believe in a hunger-stricken souls behind the never know Him. So long as we look heard a thing. sm ling faces in the pews before him at Him through the atmosphere of So in supicious peeple. They en- whom yet He loves, every day, and would the minister of Christ deal in selfishness or pride or worldliness we tertain a chronic state of mind, by who cannot look upon sin, than in one moral platitudes or discuss questions cannot know Him. But when we come which the acts of others are given an who does not love righteousness enough of criticisms or of economics, the latest into the pure atmosphere of love we invitious construction. They antici to hate iniquity, and from whose too reform fad or the newest thing in shall know Him, because we shall be pate ut will, carrying the chip on the indulgent hand the rod has dropped to sommers ? Would be ransick homi like Him.-Chris. Advocate.

The Sins of the Tongue

There is nothing in the wide range of social life which works so much evil as the light and oftentimes unconsidered words which -re spoken. Daily and hourly words fall from lips intending no harm which shatter the reputation or bring sorrow into the life of the one discussed. Commert upon the actions of one's neighbor necessarily forms a large part in our conversation, for there is nothing in all the world so attractive as human interests. It is not possible to mingle in the great tide of life and maintain only an abetract interest in humanity. If this were so, the feeling of sympathy would be missing, and that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin would be unknown. So long as the discussion of others is kindly no harm is done, but when one allows his neighbor's affairs to assume undue proportions, and makes them a matter of frequent comment, the dividing line where interest becomes gossip is reached. Country districts and villages afford

prolific soil for gossip. Shut away from the larger interests of the world the most triffing words and acts are carried from lip to lip. Especially is this true if a stranger comes to the community. "I have known a country society which withered away all to are hunger and death. Millions are life from this principle. We dwell in nothing under the dry rot of gossip only," said an English writer, and the same might be said of many a country it into our lungs with every breath, neighborhood upon this side of the and extract from is something which water. The best cure for gossip lies is necessary to life. Remove a human in culture. The mind is fed by the being from this element, and he will food placed before it, and sometimes die in a very short time. The tree merely because of having nothing else awells both in the atmosphere and in to think about really good-natured the ground, and draws its life from people tear in tatters the characters of both elements. Separate it from the those about them. If the thought soil or exclude the atmosphere, and it could be directed to higher and more will wither and die. The apostle prays elevating topics, the privacy of the penetrate a house visited by death. for the Ephesians, "that ye may be lives of others would not then be so and several women of our acquaint. or done, unless they are of vital im. left a written request that, at her portance, do not improve the mind or death, 'those who love me will put elevate the character.

Great care must be taken as to whom confidence is reposed in. No one can see the exact shade of thought i to something very foreign to the idea. It matters not with some how plainly a fact is stated, how kindly a the passing word, though its shortest Baptist. course be straight." There are some who take delight in bending words from their true meaning and in giving them a twist entirely foreign to them, and there are those who are so careless of their speech that at their "every word a reputation dies." Many a sensative soul has been done to death | glory.

by slanderous tongues. It is useless to try to escape comment, and even censure, until there is a sweeping reform in the matter of sins of the tongue, and the only wise thing to do is to go on one's chosen way avoiding occasion for undue comment, if possible, and if this cannot be, to disregard it. Martin Luther said, quaintly, "Whoever has a good great salvation. work to do must let the devil's tongue run as it pleases. ' There are times when the whitest lives must walk amid assailing voices which whisper and defame the motives and character, bu time silences these and brings vindica ion to those who desire it.—Presbyterian Banner."

# The Morbid Sense of Injury.

It is only by dwelling in love that entertainment of serious grievances or of His moral government of the world

shader. Of two constructions of the spolling of His children.

g ven virus i n, they leap to the more .

## One Secret of Happiness.

There is a certain old lady who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf, and she cannot see very well, either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But in spite of all this, you will find her full of sunshine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it does one good to see dissension is to set them to work. her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful. 'When I was a child,' she said, 'my

mother taught me every morning, before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think fortable bed, for each article of cloth blessings, calling each day by n m and so I began every day with a he. full of praise to G of for all He has done and is doing for me

Here is the secret then, of a happy life-this having ones heart full of praise; and when we do as this dear little old lady does, that is, count our occasion for this talent. As we use it. blessings every day, in a spirit of it gradually increases, improves, bethanksgiving for them, we shall find many reasons why we should praise God.—Buffalo Advocate.

### A Christian View of Death.

Slowly, but surely, the customs a unerals, the dress of mourners, the manner of speaking of the dead, sra taking on a more hopeful and Christian character. Obtrusion of personal bereavement by the use of black edged s ationery is less common than former-Sunshine has been known to

often invaded, and the affairs with ance who have been recently bereaved. which no one has a right to meddle have resolutely resisted the selfish would be left unmolested. The repe- temptation to swathe themselves in on no sign of mourning, but that they will think of me as promoted to s higher school, where I shall meet my Lird and know even as I am known. the speech seeks to convey, and often In this spirit of this t stament, the harmless expressions are construed grief stricken husband faced his loss. He worded the telegrams and a notice for the City Temple thus : "She is not here, she is risen. She met her Lord criticism is expressed, if it is granted face to face on Thursday night, at helfthe opportunity, "the world will bend | past nine. 'With Christ.' "-Canadian

# The Greatest of All.

My greatest loss. To lose my soul. My greatest gain. Christ my Sav.

My greatest object. To glorify God. My greatest prize. A crown of

My greatest work. To win souls for Christ. My greatest joy. The joy of God's

My greatest inh ritance. Heaven

and its glories My greatest victory. Over death

through Christ. My gratest neglect. To neglect so

My greatest or me. To reject Christ, the only Saviour My greatest privilege. Power to

become a son of God. My greatest bargain. The loss of all things to win Christ. My greatest profi. Godliness in

this life and that to come. My greatest peace. The peace that passeth understanding.

My greatest knowledge. To know By this "sense of injury" is meant God and Jesus Christ whom he hath

> PEOPLE LOSE FAITH in advertising assertions, because of silly exaggerament that Adamson's Botanic Cough 25c. all Druggists.

# God Must Hate Sin.

God would not be a holy God if it were all the same to him whether of fact the modern revulsion against It seems to find an easy entrance to the representation of the wrath of God ill used or stinted in sympathy to the ened conceptions of His holiness and

Instead of exalting, it degrades H God who is angry with the wicked,

'Wi h the froward Thou wilt show offe at g. - W. F. Becker, M. D., in | Tayself froward.' The mists of our Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. sins intercept the gracious beams and turn the blessed sun into a ball of fire. -Alexander Maclaren.

> Mr. Spungeon once said that it i with church members as with dogs. Give the dogs no hing to do and they whine and fall f us of each other; but set them after a rebbit and they will cease their waining and snapping at each other. The best way to keep Caristians from spiritual ennui and

Get them fighting the devil and they will have no chance or stomach to contend with each other. Get people to put their hands to the oars f the life-buat and they cannot tear each other's eyes. It is people with of which He had given me-for a com. nothing better to do who fall into the temptation of pettiness and selfishness. ing, for my breakfast, for a pleasa t | Satan still finds some mischief for idle home, for my friends, and for almy hands. Growlers and cranks are not often workers. Workers are not often growlers a cranks.

> Every man, every woman, every child, has some talent, some power, some opportunity of getting good and doing good. Each day offers some comes native to character. As we neglect it, it dwindles, withers and disappears. This is the stern but benign law by which we live. This makes character real and enduring; this makes progress possible; this turns men into angels and virtues into goodness. - James Freeman Clarke.

A lad in school gave an original answer to the question 'What can you tell me about Moses?' 'He was a gentleman. When the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds drove them away. Moses said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first.

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