

No Sweeter Word.

"I will not leave you desolate."—John 14. 18 (Rev. Ver.).

No sweeter word than this can find a tongue.

When strength and courage fail with sharp unstrung—

"I will not leave you desolate."

A precious word which poets love to sing, To trembling age a word most comforting—

"I will not leave you desolate."

When loving friends and social joys depart And troubles come to overwhelm the heart—

"I will not leave you desolate;"

When night is coming on that hides the sun,

And weary limbs remind you "day is done"

"I will not leave you desolate."

O blessed word! I hear it once again— The service ended—as a sweet "Amen"—

"I will not leave you desolate;"

Ling'ring a while until the Father call, I catch the vanishing recession—

"I will not leave you desolate."

On the Dangers of Feeling Good.

There is probably no more fertile source of idleness than the idea that it is not worth while to attempt anything until we feel like it.

If one should take the trouble to look carefully over what he did in the hours of exaltation that have already come to him, he might be far less certain about the matter.

Still another frequent accompaniment of feeling good is that, having gotten ourselves to the point of being mentally in accord with some duty, or having formed to ourselves some good resolution, the elation which ensues is apt to make us feel that the thing is really half done, and the rest will almost do itself.

Some time ago a woman, not a believer, said to her pastor that in all her experience she had known only two persons, not Roman Catholics, who had spoken to her about her attitude toward Christ and religion.

It is a question and a problem with many more than that woman. The answer may be found in any of a number of different reasons.

We may well doubt whether the world would be so very much better if those heightened feelings, that elasticity of spirit, and exuberance of which we all dream, should suddenly descend upon the world.

Not one of the reasons can justify our silence. The fault is a real fault. Religion is sacred and precious, but, while there are certain experiences of which one may not feel like talking, the great truths and promises which it holds grow in the sharing, and it should be with us, as with the apostles, that we "cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard."

In the present humdrum arrangement of things, the world's work does get fairly well done in the course of the day; under this millennial arrangement which we dream of, it would probably never get done at all.

Take one of these active days in which there were no high feelings, but a day in which a great many things

get done.—They were done without any special emotion, but done they were until the day was pretty full.

After such a day one is surprised to find a cheerful and sound emotion pervading his whole evening, and throwing its power back over the day past, and redeeming it into something to be heartily rejoiced over.

There is absolute immorality in this refraining from right undertakings until we feel like them. To be such, a certain degree of refinement seems to attach to the attitude of the man who professes himself unwilling to undertake some enterprise until he is in better condition; but this may quickly pass beyond refinement, and become the veriest selfishness and faithlessness.

It is in the midst of things that men grow fit for them. Our unworthiness of the task is more of an offense to our pride than it is to God himself.

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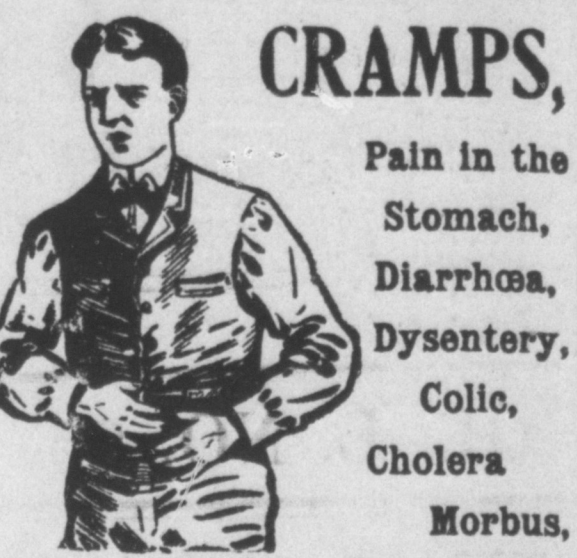
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CRAMPS, Pain in the Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, and all kinds of Summer Complaint are quickly cured by taking

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

It has been used by thousands for nearly sixty years—and we have yet to hear a complaint about its action.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the original Bowel Complaint Cure.

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McMurray & Co. THE QUEEN, CLIMAX AND NEW HOME.

Every one warranted, and if no satisfactory after 3 months will refund the money.

Cuticura REMEDIES THE SET

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool the blood, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itching, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians, and all other remedies fail.

CLIFTON HOUSE SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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Over a wide field. There is no better application for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers and Open Sores, as the soothing and healing properties of this remedy are unsurpassed.

Speaking for Christ

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The Everlasting Collection.

The following extract from the Missionary for September, 1901, is dedicated to the dear brethren who are always finding fault with the frequent calls that are made for money to sustain the missionary enterprises of the church.

In a circle of earnest Christian men the conversation turned to the "everlasting collection." One remarked: "It has become intolerable these last years; formerly it was not so."

"You are right; formerly it was different," answered the eldest of the party.

"Yes," continued the first speaker, "don't you think there is a risk of bending the bow too far?" With flashing eye the old man looked round and said in reply: "I can only say this; we ought to get down on our knees and thank God for the many collections. From time to time I cross the churchyard and walk past the long rows of the departed. No one there begs from me or makes any appeal. No, the dead don't prefer any request. Thereafter I come to the village, to the living. At the laborer's humble cottage the mother has just arrived with a basket of provisions. How delighted are the youngsters! 'Mother, is it dinner time?'

"A roll to me! 'And one to me!' they shouted. And one small fellow creeps on all fours and holds out his hand for something. The sore-tormented mother seemed rather to rejoice in the healthy appetites of her children, and hands to each its portion with gladness on her face. 'Now then for the application of your tale,' asked one of the gentlemen. 'It is obvious,' continued the speaker. 'It is true that formerly there were fewer collections. I remember those days well, the days of cold rationalism. We then went round about the churches as among the graves and the dead. There were no collections in them, for there was no life there. There was no sense of the worker's need, and no stretching forth of the helping hand. Do you want those days back? Nowadays it is different,—collection after collection. Is it a bad sight? No, no! God has breathed life into the dry bones, and quickened a sense of the thousandfold needs of the church. Now there is begging and the clamor of appeals on all sides. The hungry children cry to the mother for bread. Now there is life, a life that awakens hunger and thirst, a life quickened by God. Therefore ought we to thank him on bended knee, for the 'everlasting collection.'"

Sin Attractive is Doubly Dangerous.

Sin as a caterpillar is bad enough, but sin as a butterfly is a thousand times worse. On every wing there is a picture as varied as the rainbow; every wing iridescent with different lights that shift and change. The poets call the butterfly "a flying and flashing gem," "a flower of paradise, gifted with the magic power of flight."

But the butterfly is only a caterpillar beautified with wings. It is only a painted worm decked in a velvet suit and adorned with sparkling gems. If sin in its grossest form be thus dangerous, what must be the unmeasured power of sin when it puts on the robes of beauty? Let me remind you of the power of sin to make itself attractive, and of the power of error to deck itself in robes which resemble the robes of truth, so that even the very elect of God are in danger of being deceived. For example: "Sin beautifies by assuming and wearing the wings of wit," as immorality and lust in some of our best literature; the wings of fashion,

The Fixed Gaze.

A Tamil parable relates how a father condemned his wayward son to carry through a crowded street a shell filled with oil. Following him were two men with drawn swords, with orders to cut off the boy's head if he let fall a single drop. Upon returning the father said: "What did you see, my son, as you went through the streets?"

"Nothing, my father." "Why this is our market day, with all kinds of wares displayed." "Why, father," said the son, "my eyes were all the time on the oil in the shell." It was this that saved his life. Had his eyes wandered once, the oil would have spilled and he would have been slain. It was Christ who said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" and his greatest apostle urges us to live with "an eye single to God's glory." How few of us can sing truthfully:—

"Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all besides; So enchanted my spirit's vision Looking at the Crucified."

The Lesson From A Blacksmith

Rev. Samuel Chadwick throws new light on the uses of Satan in this world by the following anecdote. "I have seen a blacksmith stand on one side of his anvil, while the striker with his sledge-hammer stood on the other. The blacksmith would turn the iron over and over and touch it here and there with his little hammer, and the heavy blows of the striker would mold and shape it to his will. But I could never see the object of the little hammer until one day asked a blacksmith, and he told me that with his small hammer he directed the blows of the striker, touching the iron to show where the blow was to fall. God uses the devil to hammer the saints into shape, and makes him sweat to perfect the saints for glory. Instead of murmuring and complaining at our trials and temptations we should thank God for them, for they are the necessary means for our perfecting."

Coughing all Night.

It's this night coughing that breaks us down, keeping us awake most of the time, and annoying everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be so that retiring for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam makes life worth living to such people by its soothing effect on the throat. The "tickling sensation" promptly disappears when the use of the Balsam is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine for cough hasn't a disagreeable thing about it, and it does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from barks and roots and gums of trees, and is a true specific for throat troubles. Handling coughs is a science that every one should learn. Not knowing how to treat them has cost many fortunes and many lives. In Adamson's Balsam there are the elements which not only heal inflammation, but which protect the inflamed parts from further irritation. The result of this is that the tendency to cough does not manifest itself, and you are surprised at it. Afterward you would not be without Adamson's Balsam at hand. This remedy can be tested. 25 cents at any druggist's.

Church Social Life.

The social side of church life is of great importance. Some churches overdo things. Others neglect the matter entirely, and a few tolerate sociability as a necessary evil. All three are wrong. Undoubtedly the primary object of a church is the nature of the higher life in the soul of men. But among the secondary objects there is none more important than the development of the social side of old and

Indecision.

Indecision is many a man's ruin. This is true spiritually as well as temporally. The soul's safety demands prompt action. Favorable opportunities for salvation must be seized at once. Gracious calls are to be heeded without delay. When the spirit is working in a human heart, it is a risky and fearful thing to say: "Go thy way for this time. At a more convenient season I will call for thee." The wise will immediately fall into line with his emotions and accept the Saviour and live as he directs. "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of Salvation." Close in with the overtures of mercy. Run no risks. Time presses. Eternity is near. The judgment is at hand. It may be now or never with you.—Our Young Folks.

Christian Light.

The life of a devout Christian will tell more in winning souls for the Master than a dozen exhortations. Let your light so shine, said the Lord, before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Observe, it is your light. Put strong emphasis on Your. Ye are the light of the world, is another positive statement of the Lord. The idea, lift up Christ who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

If you are an invalid, do your best to get well; but, if you must remain an invalid, still strive for the unselfishness and serenity which are the best possessions of health. There are no sublimer victories than some that are won on sick-beds.—Selected.

The repose of the greater spirits is not acquiescence in the allotments of time, but the conscious presence of eternal life!—T. T. Mungan.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is a purely vegetable combination, that in a safe and natural manner acts directly upon the BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS and Blood, cleansing the entire system of all impurities, foul humors and obstructions that poison the blood and create disease.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 60 years.

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