

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

They have passed beyond our vision,
the loved and lost of earth;
They have gained the high fruition of
heaven's second birth;
No longing turns their raptured eyes
to earth's brief fevered day,
For life in rarest beauty shines un-
tainted by decay.

They gaze upon their Father, 'mid the
glories of the throne;
They are changed into his image, and
know as they are known;
While his wondrous love grows grand-
er within each pardoned soul,
As tides of lower ocean fill each inlet
as they roll.

Around them throng the loved ones
who before them passed to light,
Whose graves made earth the lonlier,
and dimmed its glory bright;
Oh, the rapture of the greeting where
death can never part!
Oh, the sweetness of reunion of loving
heart to heart!

—Selected.

The Duty of the Church to Labor in Love.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

What, then, is the duty of the church? What must she do to win the confidence of the world? What is the best way for her to "prove her doctrine all divine?"

First, she must increase her labors in the love of men; second, she must practice the simple life in the trust of God.

Suppose that a fresh flow of energy, brave, cheerful, joyous, should be poured into all forms of Christian work. Suppose that foreign missions and home missions should no longer have to plead and beg for support, but that plenty of money should come flowing in to send out every missionary that wants to go, and that plenty of the strongest and best young men should dedicate their lives to the ministry of Christ, and that every household where His Gospel is believed should find its highest honor and its greatest joy in helping to extend His kingdom.

And suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial, modern life. Suppose that instead of increasing their wants and their desires; instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac, that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath; instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them and Christ died for them and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendor of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the song of the birds, the sweetness of the flowers, the

wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, the charm of music, the blessings of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because they come from God and because Christ has sanctified them by His presence and touch.

Suppose, I say, that such a revival of the joy of living in Christ and working for Christ should silently sweep over the church in the twentieth century. What would happen? Great would be the peace of her children. Greater still would be their power. You may think and say that it is "a message which could just as well be brought to any other church on any other occasion." With all my heart I hope that this is true. The things that I care for most in our church are not those which divide us from other Christians, but those which unite us to them. The things that I love most in Christianity are those things which give it power to save and satisfy, to console and cheer, to inspire and bless human hearts and lives. The church that the twentieth century will hear most gladly and honor most sincerely will have two marks. It will be the church that preaches the central truth of Christianity most clearly, strongly and joyfully. It will be the church that finds and shows most happiness in living the simple life and doing good in the world.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LOVE.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

No one doubts Peter's love for Christ; Christ never did. He loved his Master, and the very fact that he could love changed him. We are like him. You are very poor if no great love has ever come into your life. You are better if you have ever given yourself in love to anyone. One has committed themselves to a great love, because some of those to whom you give the most give to you in return the least. And you wish that it were not so; you wish to exercise the experience, not only that of ingratitude, but that of the bond of affection which united you with the loved one. Never wish that again. What you are today you are in great measure because you have learned to love. Do you regret that you have learned to love. Do you regret that you ever committed yourself so far as to rob yourself of luxury and ease and pleasure because of that child who has not turned out all that you could wish? Believe me, the chapter has not closed yet by any means, but something of its meaning you can read already. What difference has it made to you? You are wiser, kinder, nobler, sweeter. It is a great thing to have loved. "Say never, ye 'loved once.'" The experience is built into your soul. God supplied you with a key to the meaning of life when He made you capable of loving somebody. Never wish the experience undone; it has helped to make you. Think of anyone who is incapable of such an affection. How much of life such natures miss! They remain in the lower stories; there is a vast landscape hidden from them. They are able to mount higher just in proportion as they are able to give themselves to an ideal. A great love transformed Peter; the power of love may transform you.

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GOD'S PROVISION.

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell a story of an incident which occurred in the home of his grandfather, where he was brought up. The old man was a poor minister who had to practice the utmost frugality to cover the expenses of his household. It was therefore a sad misfortune to him when his cow died. The poor pastor's children were then left without their staff of life. His wife was a practical woman of somewhat weak faith. "What shall we do now?" she asked her husband. "God will provide," was the reply. "But," said the wife, "in the meantime where shall I get milk for the children?" The husband shook his head. "I don't know," he said, "but all will be right. God knows about it, and he will see that provision is made. Do not worry." The good man went on with his work, perfectly at ease, although he could not see any more than his wife could how the need would be met. The confidence was justified. On the previous day, a meeting had been held eighty miles away, in London, for a board of trustees who had charge of a fund for the benefit of needy ministers. Old Mr. Spurgeon had never made application for help from this fund; but on this particular day when all appropriations had been made there was a balance of twenty-five dollars left over. A member of the board not knowing of the special need in the Spurgeon household—indeed at that time it had not arisen—proposed that the twenty-five dollars should be sent to Mr. Spurgeon, whom he knew. Another member of the board supported the proposition, adding that Spurgeon was a very worthy man, "and here," said he, "is something to send with it," and he put down a banknote for double the amount. "I should like to add a little to that gift," said another member, and he put down a note worth twenty-five dollars. So the whole hundred dollars were sent, which was sufficient to buy another cow, and it reached the good minister within an hour of the time when he had made his declaration of faith in God's providing care.

THE TRUE LIFE.

"Is life worth living?" It depends entirely on what the life is. Some lives are not worth living as they are, but the fault rests with the men who live them. The drunkard's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The blasphemer's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The thief's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Is such a life worth living? No, for the beast does that. "Let us study dress and appearance." And is such a life worth living? No, for the peacock does that. "Let us laugh our sorrows out of the world." And is such a life worth living? No, for the chattering ape does that. A godless life is a worthless life; but a godly life is always worth living. And what is it that makes life worth living? The presence of Christ in the heart. "He that hath the Son hath life." Where do we find the noblest life? Where the Gospel is best lived. It is in Christ that we find the life which is life indeed. "He came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—Rev. J. Osian Davies.

FINAL TRIUMPH.

God's message is always one of cheer, but the signs of the times speak today of hope. When Napoleon's army crossed the Alps some of his troops grew laggard by the way. He ordered the bands to play, and this aroused a few, but still there were some who toiled on spiritless and forlorn. Then he ordered the music to play the songs of home, thinking the thought of sunny scenes behind would spur them on. This kindled the enthusiasm of some, but still there were a number among the rest whose lagging was inveterate, and at last the great commander suddenly ordered the trumpets to sound the battle charge. Wild, indeed, was the fire that ran through the hitherto dispirited host. They knew not where the enemy was, nor how they came to thus suddenly fall upon them in the mountain passes. All they knew, and this was enough, that the clang that went ringing through the mountain solitudes meant war. Do we need any inspiration today? We will find it, not so much in the songs of heaven, nor the sighings for our eternal home, but rather in the stirring trumpet call of the church militant as she goes marching to victory.

A Clear Healthy Skin.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

Often the trouble with our prayers is that we tell the Lord our difficulties and anxieties, but do not leave them with him. Instead of—as the Dutch version has it—"rolling our burden upon the Lord," we carry it away with us, hugging it to the heart as though it were some precious thing. Thus we thwart our own petition.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

The spiritual life of believers will not thrive unless it is cultivated. No man will be holy unless he takes time to be holy. Piety does not develop automatically, nor mechanically. It matures only when a man voluntarily puts himself in the way of spiritual blessing—when the believer keeps company with God. It is very important for a professor of religion in this worldly-minded age to remain in the atmosphere of grace.

A Requisite for the Rancher.—On the cattle ranges of the West, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine, not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this Oil.