

Sunday Reading

Leave It With Him.

Leave it with him—
The lilies all do,
And they grow,
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew,
Yes they grow.
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light,
Still they grow.
The grasses are clothed
And the ravens are fed
From his store;
But you, who are loved,
And guarded and led,
How much more
Will he clothe you, and feed you,
And give you his care!
Then leave it with him; he hath everywhere
Ample store.
Yes, leave it with him;
Tis more dear to his heart,
You well know,
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow.
What you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with him,
For you are his care—
You, you know!

A Message.

She wasn't on the playground, she wasn't on the lawn,
The little one was missing, and bed-time coming on.
We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see
If sleeping under rose tree, or lilac she might be.
But nothing came in answer to our very anxious call
Until, at length, we hastened within the darkened hall;
And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone;
The darling mite was standing before the telephone,
And softly as we listened, came stealing down the stairs:
'Ho Central! Give me Heaven. I want to say my prayers.'

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERSHIP.

Some seem to imagine that a profession of Christianity is the prelude to an easy and inactive life. They regard it as a sort of Mussulman's heaven, where there is nothing to do but sit down in self-complacent ease, and sing, or smile, or sign themselves away, as the humor suits, to everlasting bliss. They fancy that everything has been so effectually accomplished for them, that they have absolutely nothing to do themselves.

Certainly the Apostle Paul does not warrant such an estimate of the Christian's obligations. In writing to the young Timothy he exhorts him, 'Now, therefore, endure harshness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The Scriptures represent the espousal of Christianity, not as the signal for a pause in our energies, not as a paralytic stroke upon our life, but as the threshold of a course of earnest life and action, as the introduction to a career of hard work, as the starting post of an emulous race, and the world of attack for a tremendous conflict. Christianity brings with it heavy trials and obligations. It does not exempt us from trouble or hardship, but only furnishes us with power to endure and fidelity to withstand.

The circumstances leading to his enlistment as a Christian soldier are special and individual. He may be attracted by the beneficence of the great Captain, he may be dismayed by the malignity of his foes, he may be stimulated by the example of a comrade, or terrified by a warning from the opposing camp. But whatever the secondary influences by which he is attracted, he is drawn to the Christian army by no native predilections of his own, but by the sovereign and constraining grace of God. If he has come to the banner of Christ, it is because the Father who has sent Christ, has drawn him. And, once enlisted, he looks to him to be endowed with those accoutrements wherein he may worthily acquit himself, to be equipped with those heaven tempered weapons which alone can parry the infernal stroke, to be created with that helmet which flashes with the sheen of the Sun of Righteousness, and, denuded of all confidence in an arm of flesh, to be entrenched behind the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.

In order to become a good soldier in the Christian ranks, it is necessary that he be obedient to discipline and attentive to his drill. The Great Captain has appointed him a watchful sergeant, whose steady eye, the reflex of the eye of the Leader himself, is ever resting on him. This watchful officer is called Conscience, and though he may be suppressed and overcome for a time, he cannot be corrupted, nor entirely silenced. The good soldier will be obedient to the gentle discipline of conscience, and will never set at naught or resist its mild authority.

Then, too, he must be attentive to the exercises which the service imposes upon him. He must be diligent in self-examination, must often muster on parade before conscience his inmost motives, and beware

that no rebellion or mutinous spirit creeps in. He must see to it that he keep his weapons right and keen; and, to this end, must often repair to the council chambers of the Great Captain. The Leader of this army is ever accessible by the lowliest of his followers, and the good soldier will often come into his tent, as it were, and make known his difficulties and requests. He will make himself a faithful and a loyal standard bearer in time of war by often grasping that standard in time of peace. The standard is the cross, and as the young recruit beholds it bathed with his great Leader's blood, he will strain it to his heart, and be ready to claim it as the ensign by which he is prepared to die, and be even anxious for the coming of the day when he may stain it with his own.
Having become proficient in the details of his drill and discipline, the Christian soldier will be then fully prepared to fight. Now is the opportunity for attesting his valor and allegiance long wanting. Even now he can hear the distant hum and see the bristling weapons of the opposing hosts. The banners which they bear are blackened, and their spears are reeking with the blood of the saints. The good soldier calmly awaits the onslaught, not as a braggart, but with fear and trembling. He lifts his eyes to heaven, his lips are parted as he breathes a prayer, and he strains the standard of his Master's cross more firmly to his bosom, his cheek begins to flush with holy vigor, his eye lights up with kindling confidence, and he feels, despite the thickening legions who assail him, that he can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth him.

The Judgment Day.

When that dread day arrives which will lay the hopes of the sinner in ruins, there shall be signs of alarm. Men's hearts will quail with surprise and amazement. Each will be a terror to himself. Fear will send faintness into their hearts, and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them.

Then shall burst upon the astonished soul an intense, increasing light in mid heaven, and the Son of Man shall descend in clouds and in the glory of the Father. And the armies of heaven follow behind the great white throne, upon white horses, clothed in white linen. And lo! a great multitude, which no man can number, before the throne, in white robes, and palms in their hands. The countenance of him that sitteth upon the throne of his glory, is as the sun shining in his strength. In his right hand he holdeth the keys of heaven and of hell, and on his vesture, marked with blood, a name written, King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then the trump of the archangel shall sound, as it sounded on Sinai, when all the people that were in the camp trembled. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, will the dead arise. O what a dying day to the living! what a living day to the dead! The sea shall give up the dead that are in it; and death and hell shall deliver up the dead which are in them, and they shall all stand before Christ, to be judged, every man according to his works. How magnificently awful the scene! The vast, multitudinous congregation, of all kindreds and tongues, having dropped off these mortal bodies, and with the pulse immortality beginning to throb within them in the soul's new union with its spiritual body, rising like a dense cloud, full of mighty, rushing wind, and separating on the right hand, and on the left hand, to meet their everlasting doom. There stand aghast the lukewarm lip professor and the procrastinating, almost Christian, those who thought religion want of spirit, and those who were wise above what is written. Here stand in hope, those who mourned over their sins, who made it their endeavour to live soberly and righteously, the full greatness of whose goodness was shadéd under modesty, and whose characters never beamed in full beauty to mortal eyes.

Our Great Achievement.

The highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—

Cure Constipation

and you cure its Consequences.

These are some of the

Consequences of Constipation:

- biliousness, loss of appetite, pimples, sour stomach, depression, coated tongue, nightmare, palpitation, cold feet, debility, dizziness, weakness, backache, vomiting, jaundice, piles, pallor, stitch, irritability, nervousness, headache, vomiting, torpid liver, heartburn, foul breath, sleeplessness, drowsiness, hot skin, cramps, throbbing head

AYER'S PILLS

are a Sure Cure for Constipation.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels. These testimonials are from the thousands received:—

The Pill That Will

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. After vainly trying various remedies, I began to take Ayer's Pills. Two boxes effected a complete cure."

D. BURKE, Saco, Maine.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action."

WM. H. DELAUCETT, Dorset, Ont.

"Ayer's Pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with constipation until I began using them; now I have no trouble of that kind any more, and I attribute my recovery to the use of your valuable Cathartic Pills."

H. FLOWMAN, Portland, Oreg.

The Pill That Will

what fly is not attracted by sugar and honey? but to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, is as unpleasant a process as chewing pills. Nevertheless, this is the real touchstone of brotherly love. The best way of practicing it is to put ourselves in the place of him who tries us, and to see how we would wish him to treat us if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of buyer when we sell, and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—Francis De Sales.

Our Great Curse.

Death is the primal curse of our race. While the world stands it can only be our greatest terror. Christian faith can triumph over it. But that does not belittle death; it only magnifies faith. David slew Goliath; but that did not disparage the

giant, it only made the shepherd boy illustrious. Old people need not be melancholy. They occupy the highest vantage ground there is in this world for serene comfort. "It is well with them who, like you," wrote Cowper to his friend, Lady Hesketh "can stand tip-toe on the mountain top of human life, and can look down with pleasure on the valley they have passed and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a flight into so radiant an eternity."

When Welcome is Worn Out.

An Ohio host wearied out of all endurance by the persistency of his guest, chose as his medium the family prayer after breakfast, and said: 'O Lord, bless our visiting brother, who will leave us on the 10 o'clock train this morning.' I prefer the subtler and more reverend method of another Ohioan, the father of William Dean Howells, the novelist. His practice was, when a visitor had worn out his welcome, to be called away on business and to say to his guest: 'I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I will wish you good-by.' Excellent and highly appreciated by the boys was the formula used by Dr. Vaughn, when, as headmaster of Harrow school, he had to entertain the highest form in the school in batches at breakfast. Commiserating the bashfulness of the lads who did not leave and yet wanted to do so, the doctor would say—apropos of nothing: 'Must you go? Can't you stay?' This was the signal for departure. I admire very heartily the transposition of a blundering narrator, who, in telling this story, gave the formula as 'Can't you go? Must you

stay?' A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind to this revised version.

She: 'It cannot be. I am not wor by of you'

He: 'nonsense.'

She: 'It is true.'

He: 'Impossible. You are an angel.'

She: 'No, no, you are wrong. I am an idle, silly girl, utterly unfit to become your companion through life.'

He: 'This is madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?'

She: 'A careful, calculating, practical woman, who can live on your small salary.'

A Pocket Cure.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are put up in neat compact form, convenient for the pocket. They're the newest and best known aid to digestion and a cure for Dyspepsia and all kindred stomach troubles. Carry them with you and you'll never be at the mercy of stomach troubles, incipient, acute, or chronic. One Tablet gives quick relief. 35 cents.

Bob—'What makes you think a leopard can change his spots?' Fred—'Well, he can change his hide'n places, can't he?'

NO CENSORSHIP

In Giving the News of the Great Cures Effected by South American Nerve-It Has Saved an Army of Sufferers From the Fangs of Indigestion and Nerve Troubles.

L. M. Holmes, of Farrisboro, N. S., was taken seriously ill about a year ago with nervousness and indigestion, and for some time was completely prostrated. He consulted best doctors, but they failed to help him. A newspaper advertisement brought South American Nerve to his notice. He tried it with the result that he was greatly benefited from the first bottle, and six bottles completely cured him, and he would be pleased to give all details of his case to any person asking him.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.