

### "My Times Are in Thy Hand."

One radiant thought comes to my heart today.  
As I sit beside the dying year;  
One thought that, 'cross the gloom, bids sunbeams play,  
And turns to rainbow's glowing light each tear;  
One thought that lifts me out of all earth's night  
Into the warmth of God's eternal day,  
And thrills me with an infinite delight,  
As, o'er and o'er, with trembling lips, I say:  
"My times are in Thy hand."

My times! what are they? Yesterday long past,  
Tomorrow yet to dawn, and this today;  
The near and far, the first gleam and the last  
Blended together in such wondrous way.  
All that I've hoped, or sought, or gained, or lost,  
All that I might have been, and still may be,  
All that life holds for me, and all the cost,  
These thou art keeping evermore for me.  
"My times are in Thy hand."

That some deep joy Thou'rt hiding from me now,  
I cannot doubt; I dare not, if I could;  
Perchance 'twill come sad-eyed, with weary brow,  
But from Thy hand there can come only good.  
The gladdest messengers of all the past  
Have worn disguise of sorrow or of pain;  
And even I doubt Thy love to me doth last,  
Or fear to trust Thy wisdom once again.  
"My times are in Thy hand."

"Thy hand!" Oh, safe, sure shelter, place of rest,  
Defence and shield, strong tower, eternal home!  
How safe am I how infinitely blest!  
What that could harm from Thy dear hand can come?  
Then gladdest welcome to this strange New Year,  
Which stands, reluctant, on the threshold still,  
Its days can bring me nothing that I fear,  
Since well I know those days fulfill Thy will.  
"My times are in Thy hand."  
—Union Signal.

### Live for Christ.

BY KATHIE E. RICHER.

"Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James 4: 14).

Dear reader, did you ever stop to think that you are, in reality, using something which is not your own? God gave to us life, and he who had the power to give has also the power to take away. Then should we not be very careful as to how we use and spend life? Should we not ask God for instructions as to how he would have us live, and not only ask, but listen for the answer, which is sure to come, and then go forth and do according to his will?

What does this life which you are now living mean to you?

What are you accomplishing in life? We, even as Christians, so often fail to stop and think what it does mean to live. Even if we do try to comprehend life's meaning, and feel that this life is of the greatest importance, yet we can only comprehend so little of its meaning. We shall certainly know more of its meaning "when the mists have cleared away."

We are prepared to lead a successful life only when we have committed our lives to the Creator. We look around us, and what a sad sight presents itself to us! There are those who are living, seemingly, with no thought of the Giver of life—with no thought of the Creator. Some live, seemingly, with no thought of the life beyond—no thought of eternity. Living only for self and this world, with its pomp and pride; living with no thought but to accumulate wealth and riches. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Luke 12: 34).

What should we live for? We should live for those about us, for the good that we can do to our fellow-travellers. In one word, we should live for Christ. We only pass this way once. Time once gone, regardless of how we spend it, is gone forever. No, it cannot be recalled. Oh, let us improve our every opportunity for doing good.

There is a great work to be done for Christ in this nineteenth century. Christ left the world which he began here on earth with you and me for us to finish.

How it must grieve the great heart of God to see so many indifferent—to see so much work lying undone for want of laborers. When we realize the great work which is to be done for Jesus, can we sit down and fold our arms, or live as if we cared not for anything but self?

Are those who never won a soul to Christ the ones who know the most of life, and are they the ones who enjoy the most? No; a life without the record of at least one soul brought home to God can only have never known

D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

the sweetness and joy of the life that lives.

Dear reader, are we not urged on to still wider, grander, and nobler fields of usefulness—yes, beyond this enlightened land of ours? Because we have done a little for Christ here, is that a reason why we should not be interested in our neighbor across the sea? After we have won one soul for Jesus, should we stop here? Instead, that victory should urge us on to many more. Should not all be brought to Christ? Christ poured out his blood and soul in bitterest agony on the cross for you, and me, and every one.

Can you say, after you know by experience of God's power to save, that God does not ask you to do all that you can for the millions who are perishing without ever having heard the name of Jesus? Can you, with one hand on the cross, look away and say, "God has not called me to give to these perishing souls the gospel?" "I was not called to do anything." Is that what you will say when God asks you where your sheaves are that you gathered?

Oh, think of the responsibility that rests upon us. Soon we will be called to give an account of the way in which we spent our life—whether we spent it for Christ or not. What a great reward is awaiting us at the end of our journey if we live as Christ would have us live. Jesus says, "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

### The Secret of Working Power.

What is the secret of a large capacity for work? It is not merely education, or special gifts, or superior opportunities. There are many who have these who do very little. They have capacity enough, so far as endowments and acquirements are concerned, but they are lacking something else more essential than all gifts, natural or acquired, combined. What is this one thing? It is love for one's work. Not long ago a rising young physician said to the writer, "I am in thorough love with my profession." That is the chief secret of his growing popularity and success in the practice of medicine. It prompts him to studiousness, and to keeping fully abreast of the progress that is being made in medical science. It makes him a conscientious, faithful, cheerful worker.

Not long ago a lady who is a teacher of about a dozen boys in a Sunday school said to her superintendent, "I love my boys, and I enjoy teaching them." That was enough to account for the fact that she is in her place every Sunday in the year, and is a worker that can be relied upon.

There is nothing like a love for one's work to make it pleasant and successful. One who really loves his work, who enjoys it, is not likely to overwork; for he will also find delight in necessary recreation, and in a sustaining faith in God and all his providential dealings. It is said that the late David M. Stone, the eminent Christian worker and journalist, when once asked the secret of his successful and happy life, gave the following reply: "I take plenty of exercise, plenty of hard work, plenty of sleep, plenty of belief in God and the future, and, with an easy conscience, I find that what is the sundown of life with most men to me is as pleasant as the June days of my youth. I have not been absent from my office for one whole day in twenty-nine years."

On another occasion he said: "No one can understand the toil I have done and the burdens I have borne. It is sweet now to sit down and rest, to read the scores of letters that the mail brings me from men who assure me that they have been led to better lives and to religion by reading my editorials."

It is the one who is the slave of his work, and not its master, who frets and worries, and is constantly deploring his lot. The tradesman who goes to his toil in the morning whistling and with a happy heart, takes an interval in his employer, returns home at night with a smile on his face and cheery words for his wife and children, does not complain of his work. He works hard and enjoys it, is happy, healthy, and hopeful. Ah, there is a secret to good working power, and he is a genius like Edison who loves his work and goes to it daily, not with the lash of duty on him, but with a pleasurable sense of privilege and honorable service. The great workers in all departments of human activity and enterprise are the willing, cheerful workers, whose work is never a drudge, but a delight. Hard work of this kind is conducive to long life, as is illustrated in the case of the eminent statesman, Mr. Gladstone, and in the case of many ministers and college professors. There is a practical hint in these examples to all toilers everywhere, whether their work is mental

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

or physical. It is the cheerful worker who has the largest capacity for work, and whose work yields the largest returns with the least friction and loss. Happy is he who early learns this lesson.—Rel. Telescope.

### What is Christ To Me?

The answer we are able to give to this question is the measure of our power to show Christ to others. If we have freely received, we can freely give. How much do I know of the exceeding greatness of His power toward me personally? It is a very blessed thought that as we try to answer this question we are to look not at the greatness of our own faith, but at the exceeding greatness of His power toward us who are believing as well as we can, and are crying out, "Lord, help my unbelief."

O that the eyes of our understanding might be enlightened by the Holy Spirit, that we might see what is the hope of His calling, and the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints! It is not necessary to see how far we have come along in the Christian life, nor how much we have done, nor even to see what He is doing within us, but to have always the eyes turned toward the source of power, and to forget our weak and sinful self in the contemplation of the wonderful Saviour. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. He says: "If we enter the fold by Him who is the door, we shall go in and out and find pasture." Peace, refreshment, and rest are found in Him. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." As the sheep lie on the greenward only when they are satisfied, so the soul is made to "lie down" in sweet composure when it has found its satisfying portion in the peace and love of the Redeemer.

O, the blessed experience of a heart that has turned itself over completely to Jesus, to be kept, guided, and transformed by Him; to glory in tribulation, because through it we grow patient; to get "experience," which means a great deal more than we think! To have experience means that God has tested us, and found there is something in us which can pass through the fire and not be burned. Thus He shows the exceeding greatness of His power as we go through all manner of testings—through the darkness, through the light, through the heat, and through freezing misfortunes. When the eyes of our understanding are enlightened we see the uses of discipline to reveal to us the exceeding greatness of His power. Trials and discipline of various kinds do not make every heart better; they harden some, but never so with a heart in which Christ is allowed to work. Discipline under His blessed hand is always refining and purifying.

George Fox writes in his journal: "I knew Jesus, and He was very precious to my soul; but I found something in me that would not keep patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I brought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave Him my will He came into my heart, and cast out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient, and then He shut the door." Has the door of my heart thus swung wide to admit my Lord? Is it closed against all rival guests, so that He will abide with me now and forever?" —N. Y. Advocate

### Business and Christian Service.

A Christian life without definite Christian service is sure to be a selfish life, and a selfish life becomes quickly an unchristian life. Moreover, the cares of the world increase with advancing years. Business becomes more absorbing, whether or not it becomes larger. The business man who has no definite Christian work, or accepts no Christian trust, finds himself more and more absorbed in the routine and details of business and the world.

His heart becomes filled with these things and religion is crowded out. Christian service therefore becomes a necessity in order that there may be a free Christian growth. Only so are we kept close to those interests of the Lord's cause which by our care for them enlarge our hearts and keep fresh our interest in our fellows. The world of business is charged with selfish interests. It dominates us, it hardens us, it sets us in antagonism with others, and in spite of ourselves it tends to blight and destroy all that is best in the soul. All business men need all the help they can get to protect themselves from these influences. \* \* \* The ordinary excuses that business men offer are not valid. Many say they are too busy for more than they are doing. In one sense this is doubtless true; but whether a man is too busy or not depends upon his strength.

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

and his strength depends in no small degree upon his spiritual life.

If you business men could only understand how much better you are prepared for the work of the week by a Sabbath which has been somewhat engrossing, compelling the mind to turn aside from business thoughts by the eagerness of its new interest on that day, more of you would be engaged in specific Christian service. The business man who idles away the Sabbath because he needs rest, finds himself on Monday morning in a very different condition from what he would have been had he come to the Sabbath anticipating a new draft upon his heart, and eager to receive the refreshment that is found in the devotion of the mind to a new and satisfying toil. There is often no condition so perilous to the overtired mind as an effort for idle vacuity. The wheels of the brain will not stop running. The thoughts of the week will not down at one's bidding. With hards idle and body resting, the jaded minded is defeated by its own weakness. It wears itself out with the recurring questions of the week, which in the idleness of Sunday it has not the opportunity of settling. A man who is working in his office to the full measure of his power during the week, more than any other needs the refreshment of an entire change when he turns away from it, and for most men this change can only be secured by a change of occupation as exacting as some consecrated Christian service. If Christian men took this view of the case, the work of our philanthropies, and especially of our churches, would not be done so carelessly and with so little thought as in so many instances it is now.—Harry A. Stinson, D. D.

### Beginning of Revival.

In every practical work there is a first step, and now, starting with a look within, there is one of supreme importance. How often, as ministers, we have complained of the coldness of the church! We have felt that we had preached earnestly, and that our prayers had been faithfully offered; but the heavens were brass, and the hearts before us like stones for hardness. The trouble was, we had not seen the darkness of our own hearts. Our own spirits were unbroken, and so we failed. Before the farmer can sow the seed he must "break up the fallow ground." Every minister must begin with himself if he would move others. It was said of the Macedonians, "They first gave their own selves to the Lord." Have you tried and failed? You may have cherished some enmity against another. "Take ye away the stone." Your desire for a revival may have been selfish, to build up your own church that you might add to your own reputation; when the glory of God should have been your aim. It is always to be remembered that the divine power is never bestowed that we may consume it upon our own lusts.

One of the most successful of evangelistic pastors relates his experience: "I devoted an entire week of prayer to a preparation of my own heart and life. I wanted to be thoroughly humbled and emptied of life. I wanted to press upon the church and the world the claims of God. In pleading with him for others I would obey his command, 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord' (Isa. 1: 13). On Monday I considered the infinitely holy character of God. By this I was greatly awed. On Tuesday I considered my own sins in his presence, my pride, my ambition, my self-seeking. On Wednesday I considered his kindness to me, my family, and my church. I was amazed at his munificence. I was abashed at my own unthankfulness. On Thursday I asked myself, 'Why do you want a revival? Is it for your own glory or for his?' On Friday I was prepared, as never before, to look to Jesus. I confessed and loathed my sin. 'I looked upon Him whom I had pierced, and I mourned for him' (Zech. 1: 10). I then laid myself upon his altar to do or to suffer his will. With great confidence I sought his spirit. Every evening I poured out my thoughts of the day to my people, and the revival was upon us with increasing power daily."—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

### Spiritual Lockjaw.

Religion does not consist in talking, but all who have had experience in such matters know that he who has no religion of which to speak, is perilously near having none at all. Among other right habits which the young convert should be instructed to look after very sharply is the habit of frequently testifying. It is almost impossible for him to realize its importance. It seems a little thing, a matter of no consequence, wherein inclination or feeling may be safely followed, and if no very convincing evidence is given, it is a

Take K. D. C. four sour stomach and sickheadache.

venient opportunity is afforded something which without harm may be entirely neglected. Its omission does not greatly trouble his conscience. It is the easiest thing in the world to slip into silence and listen to those more fluent or more forward. But the effects are baleful, if not absolutely fatal. Emotion denied expression dwindles, just as a fire goes out when all vents are shut. Inactivity here indicates and encourages inactivity elsewhere and everywhere. For lack of exercise strength departs and appetite is lost. The muscles of spiritual speech unused become rigid, and a sort of lockjaw ensues which is premonitory of death not far away.

At great peril does a Christian fail to confess Christ when any kind of a suitable chance is given. His silence is lost in many ways. He loses the stimulus to a more careful daily life which that public committal of himself would bring. He loses the sympathy and prayer of others which the disclosure of his purpose and temptations would afford. He loses more than half the good of the meetings, for no one profits by them as do those who actively contribute to their enrichment. Words alone will not carry one to heaven, but words that come from the heart are more than half dead. The mouth should be opened more frequently for Jesus.—Zions Herald.

### In Heaven Already.

BY M. B. GERDS.

In a lonely part of Scotland lived a poor man with his wife and daughter. They were all he had, but death came and took them from him. Those who have suffered as he will understand something of his loss. His health gave way, and soon he became totally blind. I do not know what his attitude in the spiritual life was at this time, but I know what his Father was doing. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." He was drawing him to himself. In his loneliness and pain he bethought him of the poor, untaught shepherd boys on the mountain, and these he gathered together, and told them of the love of God, of the life of Jesus, of the power of the Gospel of that love and that life. And he did not tell them in vain.

The lonely, fruitful years went by, until one day a man of God visited the blind teacher, and, seeing everything as it was to outside eyes, he told him how he sympathized with him, and how God was touched with the feeling of his infirmities, and how there would one day be an end to it all, and at last he said:

"You have the great consolation, you will soon be in heaven."

The sightless eyes lifted themselves, the worn hands were clasped, a beautiful smile illumined the scarred face.

"Soon be in heaven, did you say, sir?" asked the old Christian; "I have been there ten years already!"

Ten years in heaven! And you, mourner, may have been carrying your burdens all that time alone, and you might have been there too! Step out from among the embers of your grief, and they will soon be ashes. No matter how heavy your cross, how bitter your cup, how deep your chafing, the hand that bruises is the hand that blesses, and in the house of your mourning you may, even now, as you arise and seek the arms of your Father, begin the first year of many years in heaven.

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