

"His Care."

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I had rather he unlocked the day,
And as the hours swing open, say,
"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel his hand—I hear him say,
"My help is sure."

I cannot read his future plan;
But this I know,
I have the smiling on his face,
And all the refuge of his grace,
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot see can see,
And in his care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

Married to a Drunkard.**A TRUE STORY.**

She arose suddenly in the meeting and spoke as follows:
"Married to a drunkard! Yes, I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman, with dark, sad, eyes, and white hair, placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it, unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman whom she loves, and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night—bleached by sorrow," as Marie Antoinette said of her hair I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head; and upon my heart—ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said with unutterable pathos resting in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. He had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were in bed in the next room, while beyond it was another room into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror suddenly took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with supernatural strength, and, throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way, and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight! she wailed out in a voice that haunts me till now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them, it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away,' he screamed. 'The horrible things, they are crawling all over me. Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger, I rushed up to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life blood, slain by their own father! For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who had wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailings filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them, he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained the scene of this terrible crime."

the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind so shattered that I knew no one.

She ceased! Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face, and some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and though no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"Two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck; then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard; and I turned unto my desolate home a childless woman—one on whom the hand of God had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him. So much the worse for you; for married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, so you say. Ah! a woman sadly over rates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon 'drink,' when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you too. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl in America—never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out and we never saw her again. Her words, "fifty spoken," were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now.—*Alice Randolph.*

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in his hands. On my asking him if anything was the matter he burst into tears, and said, "I don't know; I feel like a blooming baby, I never remember crying before." We asked whether we should pray with him.

"Yes, if you like," he said, and quite a little crowd of us were soon on our knees. As may be imagined, there was no little emotion manifested, while, with tears, we made our requests known unto God, with the result that poor N—, so ignorant that he did not even know, the alphabet, so wicked that he was looked upon as a kind of outlaw, left that service in possession of "the gift of God, which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Very many beloved friends seemed afraid that the change was not real, and that it might prove a nine days' wonder. But a little incident happened on the ninth day which wonderfully strengthened our faith in the reality of his conversion. Poor N— was met by an unconvinced priest who stopped him and sneeringly said, "I hear you have been converted." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, now, have the goodness to tell me how you know that?" The question was asked in a sarcastic manner, and poor N— was terribly confused. He had no religious phraseology at his command, and could answer nothing. Then the priest reproachfully said, "I tell you what, N—, God can do without chaps as you." Poor N— looked up, with tears streaming down his cheeks and replied, "Yes, sir; you are quite right. God can do without N—, but poor N— cannot do without God!"

It is now four years since this incident occurred. A few months ago I heard that N— is still a humble, steadfast, devoted follower of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, not expecting the very chief. J. B. W.—*Can. Presbyterian.*

A Penny Parable.
At an English missionary meeting, an earnest speaker had been telling about God's work among the heathen, about its trials and its triumphs.

A collection was then taken, and as it was a children's meeting, the plates came back with a great many pennies. These looked very much alike, but the steward who counted them over said they differed wonderfully.

"How so?" asked a teacher. "Because of the different feelings with which they were put into the plate," answered the steward. Then he gave a little history of what had happened as he passed the plate among the classes.

One boy thought collections should not be taken at a missionary meeting. "When I give," said he, "I want to give without being asked. But as the plate is here, right under my nose, I suppose I must give something. Pity, though, that I can't come to a meeting without being dunned for money."

With this the boy threw the penny in. "I call that an iron penny," said the steward. "It came from a hard, iron heart, and the hand that gave it was a cold merciless hand."

As the plate passed on, it reached another boy. He was laughing and talking with a boy in the class behind him, at the time. The plate waited a second, while the boy's teacher tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Have you your penny ready?" "A penny?" said the boy turning about. "What's a penny? of course I'll give a penny; a penny's nothing; here goes a penny for the heathen!" And so saying, he tossed his penny in, and at once looked about for some more fun. "That boy's penny," said the steward, "I call tin."

The plate went on its way, and presently met a boy of another sort. His penny was ready. He had been holding it between thumb and finger in such a way that his classmates might all see it. Looking round to make sure that they were all now watching him, he dropped it in with a self-satisfied air and with a loud thump. "A brass penny that," said the steward, as he kept on counting.

"But the next kind that I got was a great deal better," he pursued. "It came from a little fellow who had been listening to every word of the speaker, and whose heart was touched with real pity."

As the plate drew near this boy, he turned to his teacher and whispered, while a tear dimmed either eye, "I'm very sorry for the heathen! Of course I'll give a penny, and I only wish that I had more to give."

"I call that a silver penny," said the steward. "But now I have the best of all," he added, as he held up a clean and bright, new copper coin.

"This I shall call a golden penny; for as I held out the plate to get it, I heard the boy that gave it say, 'I love my Saviour; he wants the poor heathen to know how much he loves them, and to learn his pleasant yoke. I will give my penny gladly

for his sake. And I would give anything I have to carry out his wish if I knew he wanted it.'"

Things Unlike A Unlike.
It is not like a Christian to come into church on the Lord's day, after the worship has commenced, and sit down as if you had nothing to be ashamed of.

It is not like a Christian to stare about during the service, and to be busy in pulling on your gloves and arranging your dress, whilst the last acts of worship are being offered.

It is not like a Christian to wander from your own church and to choose to meet with a strange congregation, when members of your own church are assembled for worship.

It is not like a Christian to absent yourself from the prayer-meeting, when a little sacrifice would enable you to attend.

It is not like a Christian to take only two sittings in a pew because you occupy only two, whilst you can afford to pay for four.

It is not like a Christian to gauge the amount of contributions by what others give, and to overlook the rule which requires us to give as God hath prospered us.

It is very unlike a Christian to absent yourself from church when special collection is to be taken.

It is not like a Christian to leave others to teach the young, and visit and instruct the ignorant adults, when you have an opportunity of joining in the good work.

It is not like a Christian to give labor and substance to outside societies when your own church stands in need of your help.

It is not like a Christian to deem anything unimportant which has command, or to treat with indifference matters relating to church government because they are essential to salvation.

It is not like a Christian to be a self-seeker, or to overlook the rule that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we are to do all for the glory of God.—*Inquirer.*

Experience.
Experience is one of the chief elements of evangelical power. On critical occasions St. Paul, the master logician, when liberty, or even life, hung on the balance of a Roman governor's will, and some most persuasive argument was needed, told the simple story of his conversion from being a persecutor to a preacher of the faith he once destroyed. In fact, his commission, three times renewed, was not to preach but to testify.

"When the omnipresent Jesus," as Bishop Simpson graphically describes him, "standing as picket-guard for the little Church at Damascus," took Saul of Tarsus prisoner, he said to him, "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." Ananias assured him that he should be a witness unto all men; and years afterward, while slumbering in the castle of Antonia, a prisoner, the Lord Jesus stood by him and said, "Be of good cheer, Paul, for as thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."—*Love Enthroned.*

The True Spirit.
A missionary at Amritsir, India, tells an interesting story of the Christian work a mere boy, twelve or thirteen years old, was able to do in his native town. He had learned of Christianity and had been baptized while absent from home. As soon as he returned he began to teach his parents and friends the truths of the gospel. When the missionary visited the place he found several people well-informed concerning the Lord's prayer and ten commandments.

It is reported that in the village Undergoon, hidden away in the Taurus, there was an Armenian merchant who, five years ago happened to see a bible in the hands of a neighbor. He began to read therein and soon learned the way of salvation. Every Sunday morning he holds a bible class preaches in the afternoon, and has a school of a dozen children. At least a score of people owe their conversion to his example and teaching. This little colony of Christians is not indebted to any foreign missionary society.

August 23rd 1888**NEW FALL GOODS**

Will arrive each week from date, including all that is new and desirable in the market.

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Mark the following:—

1. DISBURSEMENTS TO POLICY HOLDERS IN 1887.

For Death Claims.....	\$104,954 02
Interest on.....	1,731 38
Endowment Claims.....	5,433 96
Surrendered Policies.....	20,308 00
Dividends.....	268,412 00
Temporary Reductions.....	\$ 28,639 38

2. SECURITY OFFERED.

Surplus above all Liabilities.....	\$ 129,413 04
Capital Stock, paid up.....	100,000 00
Capital Stock, subscribed, not called in.....	900,000 00

Total Surplus Security for Policyholders.....\$1,129,413 04

Note the following illustrations of Profits:—

Name.	Residence.	Insured.	Original Premium.	Present Premium
M. P. Ryan.....	Montreal.....	1872.....	\$194 75.....	\$94 75
Dr. Inches.....	St. John.....	1871.....	52 84.....	23 25

HAMILTON, CANADA, April 4, 1888.

SENECA JONES, Esq.,
AGENT CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION, HAMILTON.

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It gives me great pleasure to state that ever since I have been insured in your Company, I have been more than satisfied.

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I am very sorry indeed that I did not insure for ten times the amount when I took my first policy. I advise all young men to insure when young and in your Company.

Yours very truly,
W. G. GAUNCE, Gen. Agent, F'ton

D. F. MERRIT, Local Agent, Woodstock.

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	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872.....	\$48,210.93.....	\$546,461.95.....	\$1,076,350.00
1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.11
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09

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