He Careth For Me.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.—1 Peter v, 7.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim!
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife.
How can He care for my poor life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.
When the lights die down on the path I take;
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake;
When love and music, that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And life-song changes to sobbing prayers
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin make my heart afraid;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakens the song.
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears
And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
O, rest in peace, for the Lord does care.

—*The Christian.*

Duty As A Habit.

There are very few who do their duty who have not a habit of doing so. The one who does his duty is the one who succeeds. Duty performed means success. But that duty must be habitual. It can not be accidental or occasional. Soldiers are trained to obey orders. They do their duty from force of habit. This detracts, however nothing from the glory of duty done.

The memorable incident at Waterloo has a lesson for us here. At the crisis in the battle, when all depended on the firmness of the soldiers, messenger after messenger came into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, urging that the troops at an important point be withdrawn, as they must soon yield before the terrible onsets of the French. The only reply the duke returned was, "Stand firm!" The officer remonstrated, "We shall all perish." Again the iron-hearted duke said, "Stand firm!" "You'll find us there," said the officer as he galloped away. Every man, it is said, of that doomed brigade fell fighting at his post. They did their duty. That was success.

Dr. R, S. McArthur tells about going up Fifth Avenue, New York, a little time ago to the grounds of the new cathedral, where he saw a workman carving part of a floral design on stone. "Where is this stone to be put, and what will be the design when completed?" was asked him. "I don't know," said he; "my business is to transfer this pattern to this stone; the master workman knows the rest." He was doing good work—he did his duty. That is success.

Professor Drummond once addressed the Boys' Brigade of Glasgow, fourteen hundred strong, upon the topic, "First." In the course of his address he told the following story in illustration of the sense of duty: "There was in Glasgow a boy apprentice to a telegraph lineman, who told me this himself. One day this boy was up on the top of a four-story house with a number of men fixing up a telegraph wire. The work was all but done. It was getting late, and the men said they were going away home, and the boy was to nip off the ends of the wire. Before going down they told him to be sure to go back to the workshop when he had finished with his master's tools. The boy climbed up the pole and began to nip off the ends of the wire. He lost his hold and fell upon the slates, slid down, and then over in the air down almost to the ground. A clothes-rope stretched across the green' caught him on the chest and broke his fall; but the shock was terrible, and he lay unconscious among some clothes upon the green. An old woman came out; seeing her rope broken, and the clothes all soiled, she thought the boy was drunk, shook him, scolded him, and went for the policeman. And the boy with the shaking came back to consciousness, rubbed his eyes, and got upon his feet. What do you think he did? He staggered, half blind, up the ladder. He got on the roof of the house. He gathered up his tools, put them into his basket, took them down, and when he got to the ground, fainted dead away. Just then the policeman came, saw there was something wrong, and carried him away to the infirmary, where he lay for some time. I am glad to say he got better, and is now doing well. What was his first thought at that terrible moment? His duty. He was not thinking of himself; he was thinking about his master."

That is what every follower of Christ ought to do. His orders should be conscientiously and habitually followed. "Every day I will follow where he leads," should be the loyal motto of every Christian. He who faithfully does his duty in the Christian life is sure of success in leading the life that is most pleasing to Jesus Christ his Master.—*R. Telescope.*

Ward off Disease by taking K. D. C.

Spiritual Expectancy.

The expectant attitude bespeaks life. It proclaims all the vital forces awake alert, quick and keen to every touch of life about them. In the Christian, expectancy is the condition of soul most favorable to the reception of every influence born of the Spirit of God. The expectant Christian is the hopeful Christian. He ever believes that

"The best is yet to be,"

and in this inspiring spirit of optimism looks with calm, untroubled faith on the mysteries of the past, the perplexities of the present, and the uncertainties of the future. The good that is to come sweetens and expands, for him the good that is, gives it new and deeper meaning, makes it more precious and more helpful. It lessens the evil of life, also, by putting a new interpretation upon it—that of negative good, or the absence of complete good. This is Robert Browning's sublime conception of evil:—

"For evil, so much good more."

The poet's attitude of spiritual expectancy enables him to anticipate a time when incomplete goodness will be displaced by perfect and complete goodness; when evil will cease to be simply because there will no longer be any imperfectly good beings in the universe.

The expectant Christian is, also, the strong Christian. There is vitality in hope. Optimism is a grand storehouse of energy. To hopefully expect the ultimate triumph of good, is to borrow from that triumph joy and strength for the present time. Men and women are keyed, not so much to what they believe, as to what they hope. Belief is constantly gliding out into hope, as a river glides out into the sea; and the largeness of hope sends its tidal wave back into the stream, flooding it with magnificent power.

Finally, the expectant Christian is the Christian who receives. Says a well-known writer: "In the long run, we all get what we supremely want." This is only another and feebler way of putting Christ's promise: "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Every psychologist, every observer of human life, knows the power of the expectant and insistent mind over circumstances and environment. This power avails no less in the spiritual than in the material realm. The soul that earnestly expects great things of God's love, gets them. Only the weakly and uncertainly hopeful soul fails of a blessing. God always gives to those who ask aright. He never disappoints the Christian who expects good with all his mind and soul and strength.—*Herald.*

The Church of Christ

BY CANON FARAR.

Perish the hand which would circumscribe by one hair's breadth the limits of the definition of the Church of Christ; perish the arm which would exclude from that one flock of the Good Shepherd the "other sheep which are not of this fold;" perish the narrow superstition that the wind of God, which "bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth," can only be conveyed by mechanical transmissions. I, for one, at any rate, refuse to flatter the priestly pride which would sectarianize the catholicity of the Church of Christ. The articles which I accepted at my ordination taught me that the visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, wherein the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered; and I, for one, even if I were to stand alone, would repudiate and protest against the uncatholic teaching which would pretend to do what it cannot do, by unchurching any who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

When I speak of the Church in general, I do not mean this or that communion, under this or that organization; but I mean in their ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, the whole multitude of the saints of God. What! are we not to claim as full and honored members of the Church of Christ, in every possible true sense of that word, because they were Moravians, those holy missionaries who planted successfully.

"Sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains or in eternal snows?"

Or Williams, the apostle of Polynesia and the martyr of Erromanga, because he was a Dissenter? Dr. Carey and others in India, because they were Baptists? Or Elizabath Fry, because she was a Quakeress? If there are any who think that He who died for all mankind cures mainly or chiefly for outward oragization, their views of Christ are not such as I learn from Him who made keeping the commandments the essential of entering the kingdom of heaven. I say with Whitefield: "Do they profess repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ? If so, they are brethern."

True and unswervingly loyal in my love for the Church of England, yet I would stand bare-headed before any true saint of God, and be he Romanist or Independent or Quaker or Presbyterian, so he be a saint of God, desiring ten thousandfold more than I may stand with him before the throne of Christ, rather than with those who, though they may had "Lord, Lord," or "the Church, the Church," forever on their lips, and have spent their lives in the endless round of outward ordinances, may yet, if their lives have been unloving and unworthy, hear those awful words. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," and "Depart from Me, I never knew you." For it is Christ and Christ alone; it is not episcopal government, or apostolic succession, or ancient ritual, or the orthodoxy of curiously articulated creeds; it is Christ, and Christ only and the innocence which shines in the lives of them that truly believe in Him, which has been the strength of Christianity.—*London Truth.*

K. D. C. Cures Dyspeptics and makes them cholera proof

The Blessedness of Giving.

It is impossible to conceive of a Christian who is not a giver, just as it is impossible to have a pool or lake of clear water which is not continually giving forth. The very nature and essence of Christianity is giving. The life of Christ was an example of perpetual giving for others—giving of His time, of His wisdom, of His services, and finally giving His life as a ransom for many. His command to His apostles, faithfully obeyed, was a like prodigality in giving themselves for the world.

The question of "How much?" is an inquiry that frequently detracts from the blessedness of giving. It often means "How little?" The questioner is asking himself just how much he is required to do, with an undertone of hope that his portion will be so small that he will have much left for other things. Hence his givings is not bountiful, but grudging and parsimonious. He experiences little pleasure and little blessing from his gift. This mental dispute over fractions does not belong to the Christian age of the world. In the childhood of the race a hard and fast rule was set to secure constant gifts to God; but this is not the age of rules in Christian things. Christ said to the rich young man: "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," as a test of the genuineness of his purpose and as a statement of the principle of Christian consecration. Not a fraction of our goods, but all are God's. Not a portion of our time, but all, should, in one way or another, be devoted to His service. Paul, writing of the liberality of the churches of Macedonia, and how they give out of their deep poverty, says that they "first gave their own selves unto the Lord." Having done this, the question of how much to give was not hard to settle. Their ail was devoted to God, and their aim was to do as much as possible for Him. On this principle he who has been blessed with abundance would not want to stop at one tenth, or at any other fraction, so long as he had it in his power to still further give to God's work in the world.

Giving is often used in too narrow a sense, and benevolent people often act as if they thought that they had nothing to give except money, or, at most, provisions and old cloths. Probably by so doing they are refusing the most valuable gift of all. It is a habit of a large part of the charitable world of today to do its giving at arm's length, not to say miles away. It considers its duty done when it has established a hospital, built a "home," or organized a "bureau of associated charities." It does not wish to be offended by personal contact with want and misery and sin. But the most valuable offering which these people can bring is the gift of themselves. More than any ministering to their physical comfort, these ones in distress need the grasp of the hand, the word of cheer and sympathy, the look of brotherhood. This is exactly the kind of giving which Christ practiced, and probably the unnatural separation between "masses" and "classes" will continue until the handing over of bounties at the end of ten feet poles ceases, and two come together by the practice of genuine Christian sympathy and self-sacrifice. We are not likely to experience the blessedpess of giving until we can see our gifts ministering to the comfort and upholding of those whom we truly love.—*The Advance.*

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

Power Through The Indwelling Christ.

Men have never failed to remark the supreme devotion and persistence with which the Christian pursues a lofty purpose. And they are right when they ascribe this all-conquering enthusiasm to a superhuman energy working in and through the soul of the believer. It is not the power of the man himself; it is the power of Christ dwelling in the man. This is the source of that faith which has done more than remove mountains—which has changed, to the spiritual eye, the whole aspect of nature and of human life. Nothing can withstand the energy which Christ controls and directs. The ancients believed that the gods sometimes descended to earth and fought on the side of their favorite heroes. There was a profound truth in the fable. The divine has always allied itself with the best and noblest in human life, has always battled with and for the right. Every man who is doing manfully what he believes to be the right thing and the godlike thing, is fighting under God's eternal and invincible banner. All good men share with God the task and the glory of bettering the world.

In George Eliot's noble poem, "Stradivarins," she causes the old violin-maker to say:—

"Not God Himself can make man's best without
Best men to help Him."

This is not arrogance or irreverence. It is the utterance of an inspiring truth which lodges in the mind of every man who works devotedly upon his highest plane. That plane may not be relatively high, as men estimate dignities of service; but from God's standpoint it is always positively high. God estimates the dignity of endeavor by its motive and its spirit, not by its outward results.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

The presence of Christ in our souls and in our lives lends a divinely purposeful character to all labor. If our work is useful, honest, and done in the right spirit, whether it be making shingles or writing sermons, Christ will help us perform it, and will put the stamp of His divine approval upon it. What truer nobility, what higher joy, can life afford than this—to be God's fellow-worker, with Christ to aid and inspire us in right endeavor, and fellow-man to bless us for the good we do?—*Zion's Herald.*

Drive out Dyspepsia or it will drive out thee, Use K. D. C.

Too Busy to Pray.

Jesus appears to have devoted himself specially to prayer at times when his life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life; there were nearly always "many coming and going" about him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that he had scarcely time to eat. But even then he found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read: "So much the more went there a fame abroad of him, and great multitudes came together to hear and to be healed by him of their infirmities; but he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Many in our day know what this congestion of occupation is—they are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying. Is there any doubt which is the better course? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy and exciting day, he allowed himself a longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said he was too busy to be in a hurry. He meant that if he allowed himself to become hurried he could not do all he had to. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.—*James Stalker.*

Random Readings.

Not happiness but righteousness is the true end of life.

Faith in God always makes a man try to do something for himself.

There is no way of reaping success in this life without giving an honest equivalent for it.—*Ram's Horn.*

Self-love is self-indulgent. It often neglects duty to avoid labor or self-denial. To self-sacrifice it is an entire stranger.

Sleep is Death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without prayer.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Piety is put to one of its poorest uses when it is made an excuse for needless ignorance or a substitute for plain common sense.

The man who spends his life in "getting even" for real or supposed injuries is a torment to himself, and generally a bore to his friends.

There is but one way for any of us to exert a true influence, and that is by being true and faithful ourselves.—*W. G. Eliot.*

Only through Christ can a soul triumph over death, hell and the grave, and wave the palm of victory in the final conflict.

If the Christian course had been meant for a path of roses, would the life of the Author of Christianity have been a path strewed with thorns?—*H. More.*

Between levity and cheerfulness there is a wide distinction; and the mind which is most open to levity is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness.—*Hugh Blair.*

My affliction prompts me to wish my friends an uninterrupted course of health and peace. My better judgment tells me that the afflictions to those who fear God are on his part tokens of his love and favor, and with respect to themselves necessary means of promoting their growth in faith and grace.—*John Newton.*

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

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GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters. so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.

BERT J. REID,
Wingham, Ont.

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MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

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