

## A Tryst with Death.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.  
I am footsore and very weary,  
But I travel to meet a friend;  
The way is long and weary,  
But I know that it is on must end.

He is traveling fast like the whirlwind,  
And, though I creep slowly on,  
We are drawing nearer, nearer,  
And the journey is almost done.

Through the heat of many summers,  
Through many a springtime rain,  
Through long autumns and weary winters,  
I have hoped to meet Him in vain.

I know that He will not fail me,  
So I count every hour of mine,  
Every throb of my own heart's beating,  
That tells of the flight of time.

On the day of my birth He pledged  
His kindly word to me—  
I have seen Him in dreams so often  
That I know what His smile must be.

I have toiled through the sunny woodland,  
Through fields that basked in the light  
And through the lone paths in the forest  
I crept in the dead of the night.

I will not fear at His coming,  
Although I must meet Him alone;  
He will look in my eyes so gently,  
And take my hand in His own.

Like a dream all my toil will vanish  
When I lay my head on His breast;  
But the journey is very weary,  
And He only can give me rest!

—Selected.

## Able to Save Unto the Uttermost.

It was my privilege, during the seventies, for four years to be supply pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Greenville, Ill. One evening, about eleven o'clock, when the children were sleeping sweetly, and wife and myself were talking over the events of the day, and planning for future work, a vigorous knocking called me to our door. There stood the deputy sheriff of our county, who at once said, hurriedly: "Old Mr. Allen is dying, and wants you to come to him at once." This man had recently moved to the town. I knew him by sight, but had not spoken to him. His reputation was bad in the country where he had lived, being charged with robbing smokehouses of meat, and other pilfering. His character had not improved since coming to town, and two or three of his sons, I knew, were in jail, charged with petty crimes.

Going at once with the sheriff, and feeling, as we walked the two squares to his miserable residence, my inability to do such a man any good, I silently asked the Spirit's help that I might be instrumental in saving him.

Clothed in rags, I found him lying on a filthy bed, apparently in great agony. To my greeting and inquiries he made no response except to fix his large eyes upon me and groan. To none of my questions, to find the state of his mind, did he reply. His intense sufferings, so far as I could judge, were both mental and physical.

Thinking it possible that he was unable to speak, I at once, in a few clear words as I could command, set before him sin as a violation of God's law of love. I tried to show him a villainess, and how God felt toward sin—that he would punish it forever if continued in. As I talked, he listened, but groined in anguish.

Forcibly as I could, I then set Christ, as the atoning, almighty Saviour, before him; telling how he, as man's substitute, had obeyed the law of love, and had suffered in the sinner's stead, and had risen for his pardon and sanctification, etc.

I told him of the thief on the cross, who applied to Christ and was saved; and I tried to explain the way of faith, quoting the Scripture: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believed on his name." As I talked he became quiet, and when I said, "You feel you are a sinner; Christ is able to save unto the uttermost all that come to God by him; will you take him as your Saviour?" "Yes, I will," he emphatically replied—the first words I ever heard him speak. "I do take him," he repeated. We fell on our knees, and sought the Spirit's renewing and saving guiding power, and when we rose the old man professed he found Christ's peace. He became calm, and listened to passages of Scripture suited to his state, and when I left him, at two o'clock, he was quiet and joyful. I saw him the next morning, when he still was apparently happy in Christ.

His wife had sent for the pastor of the Methodist Church before they sent for me, but for some reason the husband insisted that I should be called. The Methodist minister did not see him until the morning after he professed to have found Christ, and he told me, after talking with him, that he never met a clearer case of regenerating grace.

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

Mr. Allen lived some time after this, hoping in Christ until the last.

Having no means nor friends to meet the expense of the funeral, the township trustee, "I recollect aright, furnished a plain coffin. My wife sent some underclothing, and one merchant, on my statement, of the destitution, gave a nice brown pair of cloth pantaloons, and another a brown linen vest and duster, and socks, saying: "It is warm weather now, and he has doubtless gone to a warm climate, these will be all right for him."

Soon after he was dressed in these, Mrs. Allen sent a messenger for me to come at once to her house. "Mr. Dickey," she said, when I met her, "if Pap had his druther, I think he druther be buried in black," and urged me to secure a black suit for him. I told her that the suit he had on looked well, and that I could not get what she desired. Scarcely had I sat down at home, when another messenger said, "Mrs. Allen wants you to get a pair of slippers for Pap to be buried in," and soon after another called for gloves, etc. These were furnished by a merchant, who said he owed the family nothing, and mentioned an act of meanness of the wife in trading with him. The boys in jail were let out to attend their father's funeral, but had no clothes fit to be seen in. Mrs. Dickey fitted them out with clothes of our boys, to which our younger son objected, saying: "I don't like to see my clothes on such mean boys." Going, by request, to officiate at the funeral, I found the eldest son in the bed on which his father died, sleeping off the effects of an exciting liquor. We at length got him up and the room prepared for the service.

The remains were taken to the country, some miles for burial. Relatives and old neighbors at the grave wished to see the corpse. While the coffin was being opened, the wife said: "I have taken my last look at Pap, and while they are seeing him I will take a smoke." She drew out a pipe and tobacco and a match from her pocket, sat down on the grass at the head of the open grave, and soon the smoke was rolling all around.

They had no screw-driver, and one of the screws of the coffin was hard to move with pocket knives and fingers, and one of the sons got a large stone, and called out, "Get out of the way there! I'll teach it! at the same time hurling the stone with all his might against his father's coffin.

I mention these things, showing the kind of people pastors have sometimes to deal with, but especially to encourage efforts to save those apparently the most hopeless.

My experience leads me to feel that sickness and trials are often the most favorable circumstances in which to lead men to Christ. I have seldom referred to this and to some other cases of professed repentance at death, that I have witnessed, less they might encourage some to put off preparation for death until it was too late. But having heard some profess to find Christ, on what they and their friends thought their deathbed, who got well, and, by years of Christian living, proved the genuineness of their conversion, and hoping to lead to effort to save, while life lasts, I make this record. Let us go after the apparently hopeless. Christ is able to save to the uttermost. —*John Messenger.*

## Reflections of A Business Man.

Some years ago, I was called to face a serious question. This is how it came to me. It was the last day of the year. I had gone home from business a little earlier than usual, and was now sitting alone in my library. My mind somehow fell to thinking of last things. I thought of the last day of my own personal life, of the last generation of mankind, and now, by a swift turn backward, I reflected on the last words of Christ before He left the world. Instantly these words stood out before me as if printed in large capitals, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I immediately rose to my feet and walked the room. These words had never so impressed me before. I had been accustomed to raising some objections to Foreign Missions. But here was a plain, yet solemn commandment from the lips of Christ. It seemed as if He were in the room. I cannot describe the strange vividness with which the thought flashed upon me, that it was the main business of the Church, in fact, the one thing for which it existed, to carry the Gospel throughout the world, and to do it as quickly as possible. And I reflected somewhat uneasily, that I was a member of that Church. Then the question came almost as forcibly as if I had heard a voice, "What does this last commandment mean to you?"

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

I again sat down, resolving before the New Year should come, to find some light on this question. The light came. Let me state, in a few words, the conclusion which I then reached, and the experiences which have followed.

If I were a young man, of suitable qualifications, I should certainly feel that this word of Christ was a pretty direct message to myself. I am sure I should not dare, in such times as these, to take up any other calling until I had seriously considered whether I ought not to be a foreign missionary. I am convinced that the next fifty years will be the most remarkable in the history of mankind. The nations are being touched with a common life, and brought near together. I believe, with many others, that pagan systems are soon to meet with rapid and far-reaching changes. It looks to me as if no other field of work were so urgent, or so full of promise. If ever God called young men to go to the heathen, I believe He is calling now.

But I am no longer a young man. I am the father of five children, for whose rearing I am responsible. I have come to the conclusion, that the last commandment of our Lord has a special application to Christian parents. It seems much clearer to me than it used to, that children are to be trained primarily and mainly with reference to the work of the kingdom. I hope that each member of my family will come to feel a sort of personal obligation for the spread of the Gospel in the world. And, to some bright son or daughter of our household, the Spirit of God shall whisper a special call, wife and I have agreed that we shall not stand in the way. No ambitions for their professional, or social, or pecuniary success, will allow us to hush the voice of the Spirit, and so imperil the very foundations of their Christian character. I am a man in only very moderate circumstances, still, I could not escape the conviction that the last commandment included me. As is, perhaps, usual at such a season of the year, I looked over my habits of expenditure. I saw that I was spending more upon certain luxuries than for the salvation of the world. To my astonishment, I found that I had paid more for the family concert ticket, and for three times more for an excursion, than I had given during the whole year for the Lord's work in foreign lands. It did not take me long to decide that this was wrong management. I recalled the statement of a distinguished acquaintance of mine, who once said: "I settle the matter at the beginning of the year whether, consistently with other duties, I can take in the regular prayer-meeting of my Church. I cannot possibly stand the strain," he said, "of having this question come up for settlement every week." It seems to me a good rule respecting benevolent gifts. I felt that I could not stand the strain of having the matter come up for fresh settlement every time I heard an appeal. Nor did it seem to me to be quite the manly thing to do so. And so, with the coming of the New Year, I adopted the plan of giving a certain proportion of my income. The I have found to be delightful beyond expression. The vexed question of "how much," is disposed of, and Christian stewardship has come to have a real significance.

I want to add, that through the providence of God, I have been blessed with some means. The last commandment rings in my ears, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel." I cannot directly preach, but yet I am sure that I have a very definite part in this great work. If I cannot go, I can send—and a better man than myself at that. For some time I have been paying all the expenses of a certain foreign mission. He is my representative on the field. I occasionally hear from him, and I and my family follow his work with great interest and delight. Nothing could induce us to surrender the joy of this service. If I continue to be prospered, I am planning to undertake soon the support of two new evangelists in Japan.

I have now told you what the Great Commission means to me. What does it mean to you? "How much owest thou unto thy Lord? Sit down quickly and write." —*Missionary Herald.*

**Fidelity Greater than Success**  
In the *Young Men's Era*, Rev. D. Sutherland writes thus on this subject: Success is the idol of our generation, before which many knees are bent, and to which almost universal homage is paid. The gospel of getting on is the most popular gospel of our day, casting into the shade the infinitely nobler claims of the gospel of getting up. Failure is the unpardonable sin in the ethics of society, while success

Ward off Disease by taking K. D. C.

covers a multitude of sins. A millionaire may drive a carriage and pair through the ten commandments and persistently ignore the highest possibility of life without lowering himself in the esteem of the fashionable cliques that arrogate to themselves the name of society. Let a man be successful. That is the first and main consideration; all others are secondary.

It is here that the line of demarcation between Christianity and worldliness shows sharp and clear. Christianity emphasizes fidelity, but worldliness emphasizes success. Christ says, Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. The world says, "Be thou successful, and I will give thee a crown of honors, and applause." The two are diametrically opposed the one to the other. Choice must be made between the two. Compromise is impossible. It is no less true to say than in the days of Christ, "ye can not serve God and Mammon."

The thoughtful student of Christ's teaching must have been impressed over and over again with the importance he attaches to fidelity. It appears with a vividness almost startling in its intensity in a parable of the talents. There the diligent servants, who by trading had increased the five talents to ten and the two to four, received cordial words of approbation from their Master. He did not say unto them, "Well done, good and successful servants," but "well done, good and faithful servants." Fidelity is the grace in service which Christ honors most highly and praises most warmly. Surely, Christians ought to find inspiration in the truth that fidelity is greater than success in the estimation of their blessed Lord and Master. Successful they can not all be, but faithful they all may be. A conscientious discharge of duty and a steadfast pursuit of the right must inevitably bring to them the gaudium of heavenly welcome and everlasting blessedness.

## Character.

Character grows, for the most part, insensibly, as the life grows at first. Now and then it gets notable impulses which we can mark, but commonly, it grows imperceptibly, like our bodies. It drinks in food, like the tree, from both earth and sky, and from hidden sources in both, and, like it, shows its whole history on its bow and branches from the first. The sunshine and the storm, the cold north wind and the soft south, the knife or the neglect, write themselves all over life, in its knots and gnarls, or smooth branches, in its leaning this way or that, in its stunted barrenness or broad shadow, its bending fruitfulness or its woody wantonness—not a leaf but leaves its mark, not a sunbeam but has told on it, not a rain-drop but has added to it. The same tree that is soft and spongy in a fat swamp, with its heavy air, grows hard and noble on the hillside. Spitzbergen forests are breast high, and Nova Scotia hemlocks mourn their cold, wet sky in long, weird shrouds of white moss. The influences round us are self-registering. Our spirits, like the winds, unconsciously write their story in all its fulness on the anerometer—life; slowly in light air, quickly in storm, all goes down. Little by little, the whole comes in the end. Single acts may show character, but they seldom form it, though some are supreme and ruling. It grows ring by ring, and the twig of this year becomes the bough of next. Our habits are another name for it, and they grow like the grass. The man's face lies behind the boy's, but it comes out only after a round of winters and summers. —*Dr. Gekie.*

A SOUL-TRUST.—An Atheist being asked by a Christian professor, "how he could quiet his conscience in so desperate a state," replied, "Just as you do yours. Did I believe what you profess, I should think no diligence, no care, no zeal enough."

That is what we call a terrible sort of Christ. Christians are not half zealous enough. The amazing love of God shown to us in Christ demands a whole-hearted service.

"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."  
Our apathy exposes us to these sharp taunts of infidelity. The Lord give us a flaming zeal! —*Phil. Sted.*

## Unconscious Influence.

"I perceive that this is a holy man of God that passeth by us continually" (2 Kings 4:9.) Here was an unconscious influence indicating the true character of Elisha. It is not in the cut of the cloth or make of the garment, or by any measured step or studied appearance, that true ministerial or Christian character is made known. Such outward trappings deceive no one. They are but superficial adjuncts, and show a want of inward worth. They do not exhibit

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

the meekness of wisdom as described by St. James. The real qualities of the heart do not depend on peculiar external conditions for manifestation. They are clearly seen by the common-sense judgment of the people, and hereby their influence is measured. Sympathy unfeigned, pure love and ready effort are recognized as elements of character and are appreciated. As the source of these qualities is communion with God, the measure of its influence will be the wholeness of that fellowship. —*Herald.*

## Random Readings

Each must in virtue strive to excel.  
Your "nearest" duty is your only duty.

If God sends us a rod, he will some day make it a blossom and bear fruit.

Christ never holds out unspiritual inducements to persuade men to enter his kingdom.

It is not so much what men profess as what they practice that makes them Christians.

If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it. —*Whately.*

Of all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart. —*H. W. Beecher.*

Do not go beyond your strength in good work. It will only impair your powers and restrict your usefulness.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed, that I myself could not have committed at some time or another. —*Goethe.*

Let friend, neighbor, brother, sister, master, servant, every one, when pleased, say so. And let the pleasant words be spoken in life.

Remember, whatever warrants you have for praying, you have the same warrant to believe your prayers will be answered. —*Phillips.*

A Christian is one who does what the Lord Jesus tells him. Neither more nor less than that makes one a Christian. —*George MacDonald.*

## Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

MINING NEWS.  
Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

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.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

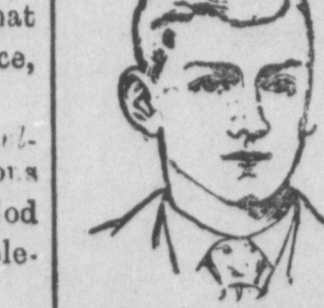
There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which effect the breathing organs. Nullify their danger with *Ir. Thoma's Electric Oil*—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

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For about ten or twelve years I have been troubled with scrofula. My head was always sore, my face was dry and scaly, and burned like fire most of the time. My body had big red spots on it, and I did not know what to do. I went to four different doctors and they helped me at first. In the fall I got worse again; then I tried other remedies, but they did me no good. I was ashamed to go into public. I was a sight to look at. Every one would say, "What is the matter, why don't you take something?" Even at my daily labor I had to wear a sort of cap to keep the dirt from getting into the sores. After I would wash, I would be covered with big red pimples all over my neck and face. Some two or three people advised me to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I did try them, and am glad I have done so. Glad to say I am a well man, and in the best of health since I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too highly. I enclose my portrait.

LEWIS W. KATON, Lakewood, Pa.



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"Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I entirely lost my hearing and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various things to cure it, and had several physicians attempt it, but no improvement was apparent. I could distinguish no sound. I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it without the expectation of any lasting help. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more. It is now over a year and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case, and cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have catarrh." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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