

Always Some One Below.

On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up at the dim, vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,
I climbed till my brain was on fire;
I planted each footstep with wisdom—
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,
And that one was gilded with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another
I found, under velvet, a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,
And my heart strength began to fail,
And the flush of the morning's excitement
Ere even commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last gained round,
When my hopes coming back from the future
Were sinking again to the ground,

One who had climbed near the summit
Reached backward a helping hand;
And refreshed, encouraged, and strengthened,
I took once again my stand.

And I wish—O I wish—that the climber
Would never forget as they go,
That though weary may seem their climbing,
There is always some one below.

Sabbath Recorder.

Joyful on Patmos.

Upon the sea-girt isle of Patmos St. John the revelator stood, exiled from chosen companions, in loneliness, in a rock-bound place, where the breaking of bread could not be the visible sign of fellowship; where, instead of the singing of holy psalms in the Christian assembly, was the sound of the Aegean waters ceaselessly beating at his feet. No earthly temple or royal basilica invited him to song and prayer; such as future ages with pomp and power reared for worshippers. Persecution for his Master's sake, sixty years after the ascension of that Master, had driven St. John thither.

But, as it ever had been in olden time, and ever will be, so long as the Head ever all things to the Church, "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," exists, that pious saint worshipping at an invisible shrine, soared to heights of blissful communion with his Lord, and basked in the sunshine of a cloudless experience. We pity the soul who cannot discern the revelator's holy gladness in his own inspired song: "Grace be unto you, and peace, from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come; and from the seven spirits which are before His throne; and from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

This was the exultant voice of a soul struggling amid persecutions, but yet triumphant over all. Observe that this soul anthem, in the beginning of his recorded revelations has no minor note of sadness, no undertone of despair. Evidently his heart leaped far beyond these opening words; tenderly he embraced "the seven Churches which are in Asia" as he addressed them: "I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ *** for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."

Was it not in harmony with our Lord's entire earthly life that He should select the holy Sabbath in which to communicate to St. John, the revelator, his deepest spiritual truth? and that He should in like manner exalt His day through all time? Study the records of His life. Learn what were His habits, His teachings. A flood of light is here thrown upon the Sabbath institution, that integral part of the Decalogue, that which was ordained for man at the very cradle of human history. When we study His life we find that this ordinance reappears in the Gospel dispensation with definite and varied sanctions. We see Him honoring the Sabbath in the temple, "as was His custom." We see Him, again and again, vindicating the day against pharisaical traditions which tended to subvert its original design. Always in resisting the unauthorized glosses of the Pharisees. He assumed the permanence of the true Sabbath. He declared that it was "made for man." Never would He have exposed false traditions concerning it as He did were it not an institution ordained of God at the beginning, adapted to man's whole nature, and repeatedly sanctioned in the divine word.

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

Religious Conviction.

The leaders in the world's reform and civilization have ever been distinguished for their religious convictions. A glance at the towering characters that stand out like mountain peaks along the ranges of human history is sufficient to demonstrate the truthfulness of this statement. If we begin with Moses, the lawgiver and the deliverer of the Israelitish people, and follow down the lines leading to the noblest achievements which the annals of time have chronicled, we shall meet such names as those of David, the devout and powerful king, Paul, the peerless preacher and missionary, Savonarola and Luther, dauntless reformers, Wilberforce and Howard, philanthropists, John Bright, the Christian statesman, Lincoln and Garfield, our martyr Presidents who dared to do right at the cost of their lives—all these were men governed in their great undertakings by moral motives.

Alexander the Great and Napoleon, two of the greatest military geniuses of history, were haughty and selfish. They enthroned self and discarded God, while men of the character of Lincoln and Gladstone discard self and reverence God. The noble deeds of such men have their roots in religious conviction. Lincoln, especially after his election to the presidency, was noted for his simple reliance on God for wisdom in directing the affairs of state. With him, prayer and the study of the Bible were a daily habit. In his most important letters and state papers his acknowledgment of God was such as to show the deep sincerity of his faith and the underlying religious conviction that permeated his thought and conduct. He once said, "I have been driven many times to ask divine direction by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of the men about me, seemed insufficient for the demands of the day." It was his disavowing of self and his loyalty to his religious convictions that open to us the great secret of his power.

The sincere man, the man with a conscience, and whose fidelity to what he believes to be right never swerves, is the man of power, of lasting power and usefulness. Such men make their personal relation to God the controlling force in their daily life. They act from religious motives. Their honesty springs from religious conviction. It is just this class of men that is so much needed everywhere, in church and state, to-day.

So many look at every question from the standpoint of self. They take no position till self is considered. Such can never be strong as factors in the world's uplifting and betterment. Only as men are governed by the higher motives which subordinate everything else to the moral obligations which spring from God and their relation to him can they live worthily and be the most powerful for good in promoting the welfare of their fellows.

It is not conventional morality or honesty the world wants to-day, but that that is sincere and transparent and has its source in irrepressible religious conviction. —Rel. Telescope.

The Tenth.

Is it the duty of a poor man to give a tenth of his income to the Lord when he is not able to provide for the education of his children or for his old age?

Some persons should give much more than a tenth. Some are not able to give a tenth. For example: We know a brother who was for a long time ill, during which he accumulated debts to the amount of two thousand dollars. He still owes those debts, has a wife and family to support, and with the greatest industry and the strictest economy can only earn enough to admit of paying the interest on the debt and fifty dollars on the principal each year. Such a person cannot be required by any principle of justice toward God or man to pay one tenth of his gross earnings to benevolent purposes or to the Lord. His duty to the Lord is to pay the interest on his debts and reduce the principal as fast as he can. He should, however, give something annually for the support of the institutions of religion, and should not turn away the starving poor. As for educating his children, he can educate them through the public schools sufficiently well not to refuse to give to the support of religion and benevolence on that ground. A poor man has no right to expend all his money putting his children through college if to do that it is necessary for him to refuse to give anything to the church of Christ or to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

Old age deceives a great many well meaning persons into habits of parsimony which God never requires. A

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

good man practising reasonable prudence and industry may trust God to take care of him in his old age. The doctrine of the tenth is a good thing to bring a man up to reasonable gifts, but one of the most grossly inconsistent spectacles we ever saw was the testimony of a man worth about \$250,000: "Brethren, when I started as a poor man earning \$9 a week, I gave a tenth to the Lord; and, blessed be his holy name, I have kept it up ever since, and calculate the tenth as regularly as I make a trial balance sheet every year." If he was right to start with he is wrong now, and terribly wrong. One tenth of the income of \$250,000 at six per cent is \$15,000, leaving him annually \$13,000; whereas the tenth of what he earned to begin with was \$46.80, leaving him a little less than \$400 a year. The Christian man should practise economy, lay by something for old age, give something each year to the cause of God, and have a benevolent heart for the poor, guarding against selfishness and not crushing all benevolent impulses under the fear that he will come to want sixty years from now. If he saves nothing, he invites pauperism; if he gives nothing, "there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." —Christian Advocate.

Awake, Thou Sleeper.

Returning from an engagement in the country late in the evening, we noticed by the wayside an unconscious sleeper. It was in the time of winter. The bright stars made the heavens resplendent, the biting airs of night had driven the flocks and herds to shelter, the icebound streams were reflecting from their glassy surface the shining orbs out of a cloudless firmament.

Bending over that face, the eye almost sealed as in death, the limbs stiffened with the cold, the consciousness now well-nigh extinct, we recognized the features of an old acquaintance, one whose dissipated habits had brought sorrow into a loving home.

What was the first instinctive impulse at that critical moment? Was it not to arouse the unconscious sleeper? to raise the chilled limbs by supreme exertion from their icy bed?

Years have passed away since that dreadful night. That unfortunate man, then rescued from fatal slumber, is now strong, erect, and commanding in appearance. Light beams out of his face, bespeaking honor, benevolence, and Christian ardor. Such an opportunity, seldom occurring in one's lifetime, to rescue one from an untimely death is often the occasion of pleasurable emotion and of frequent conversation.

Rising to a higher plane than the mere physical, this incident illustrates that which is transpiring all around us in the spiritual realm. Sleeping, perishing souls lie in the chill of spiritual death along our earthly pathway. What is to be done?

Are we not commissioned to cry, "Awake, thou that sleepest?" to use all possible means to avert the fearful consequences of spiritual and eternal death? The shining orbs of truth burn above the sleeper, but he knows it not. The holy incense of prayer rises from consecrated altars, but he is unmoved. The chill of death is already stealing over immortal energies. The voice of conscience is lamentably numbed. Souls are sleeping, dying around us in our crowded marts of trade in homes both of poverty and affluence. Who will wake them from certain doom? There is no voice of alarm to come from their depraved natures. The evil bias is too strong. Angels are not commissioned to do this work, though they may bend with delight over "one sinner that repenteth." Man alone is burdened with this mission to his fellow man. The Holy Ghost is waiting to touch his lips with sacred flame, and to clothe him with more than human power to lift up dying souls. God has laid this work upon every one of His people. O that the cry might become universal among perishing millions: "Awake, thou, that sleepest, and arise from the dead."

Sympathy.

The one indispensable qualification for dealing with souls in order to their salvation, that without which all others must fail, is sympathy; that is, the capacity and heart to enter into the circumstances, and feelings, and difficulties of the individual with whom you are dealing. One possessed of sympathy will not stand like a cold, indifferent observer, and touch a penitent with the tips of his fingers, saying, "Oh, yes; I understand your case; you must believe—only believe." Christ living within a man will bring him nearer to a penitent than that, or he must find some one else to help him into the kingdom.

Sympathy.

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

If my boy got into trouble, and had to go to prison, and you came in your pity to sympathize with me, I should know just about how much sympathy you felt for me by the way in which you shook my hand. If some fine lady, or the present prototype of a gentleman—who never lets out what he feels—if such a person were to come and shake hands with me, and say, "Oh, dear, I am so sorry for you—so v-e-r-y sorry," I would say, "Yes; good morning;" and I should hope he would go without making any reply. What sinners need is sympathy. It will not have its illustration exactly alike in every individual character. In Paul it was "a travelling in birth for them," and occasioned "continual sorrow of heart" in their behalf. One of the divinest feelings is that which can weep and pray over the guilt and pollution of our fellows. We shall do something for their rescue as we come more and more into this. God will give us as much of this sympathy as we know how to use if we imploringly seek it. Spurgeon once spoke of a man who declared that he could conquer the whole British army. When asked how he could draw so long a bow, he said, "Why this is what I would do; I know I am the best swordsman in the world, so I will go and challenge one Britisher and kill him. Then take another and kill him. Thus," said he, "I only want time enough, and I would kill the whole British army." This was an empty boast; but the world might be conquered in that way for Christ if every child of his would put on strength, and individually go into this holy war. —Primitive Methodist.

Silence.

The one thing greater than human speech is silence. The silence of Christ in the presence of falsehood and detraction was godlike. In the presence of criticism and exposure vice can ill afford to close its lips; its hopes lie in the witchery and deception of speech; the blandishments of the tongue must be used in defense of an ill cause and ill deeds. Virtue, on the other hand, can afford to be still, for the reason that there is no wrong to be concealed. The good man can wear his character on his sleeve and allow his deeds to be proclaimed on the house-top. He has nothing he need be ashamed of. In fact, his best defense, in many cases, is his silence. To the outrageous misrepresentations of his enemies, John Wesley usually made no reply. His silence was often sublime. On one occasion, when his bitterest enemies had combined with the set purpose to ruin his reputation and thereby discredit the work in which he was engaged, his brother was nervous and thought he ought to speak in his own defense. He nobly refused. He had trusted his soul with God, and he could also trust his good name. Time made his ample vindication. Silence is often a more powerful defense than argument. —Zion's Herald.

A Test of True Love.

Professions of love are always sure of being tested sooner or later. One cannot say that he loves another without at the same time being subjected to some sort of test as to the genuineness of it. Not a few have seriously regretted that they ever professed love for certain ones, because, when they were put to the test, it was demonstrated that their love was in words, not in heart and life. Delilah put a very close question to Samson when she asked: "How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me?" She had put his profession of love for her to a rigid test, but it did not stand it. She found that Samson's heart was not with her, and hence she wisely concluded that his avowed love was only in saying and not in doing. This is a good test. Too many have said, "Lord, I love Thee," while their heart was not with Him. It is the height of audacity for any one to tell God that he loves Him, when at the same time the heart is away from Him. Yet there are those who are thus audacious. God greatly prefers that we should not say that we love Him, if our hearts are not with Him, than to say so. He wants the heart with Him, so that we can truly say, "I love Thee."

Random Readings.

Pride is a hard master.
A mercy counted is a trouble rubbed out.
Men who believe nothing are men who achieve nothing.
The way of the transgressor never was an easy one and never will be.
If we keep close to Christ, we will never find any weight in his yoke.
Contentment, coupled with striving to do one's best, is true greatness.
Ward off Disease by taking K. D. C.

Be sure and keep one thing, whatever else you lose. We mean your temper.

To walk in Christ as you have received him is an effectual antidote to backsliding.

A religion that does not save from present sin will not save from the ultimate consequences of sin.

Keep your hearts warm by feeling for others, and your powers active by work done in earnest. —Hall.

If you would convince a person of his mistake, accost him not upon that subject when his spirit is ruffled. —Watts.

When worried and disheartened, get out into the country, put your head on God's green grass and look up at God's blue sky.

Time is opportunity; and it is because time is opportunity that time is precious. Time is opportunity improved or opportunity wasted.

Our friends should take the plainness of enemies in accusing, and still mingle it with the tenderness and good affections of friends. —Jeremy Taylor.

Nothing so clearly discovers a spiritual man as his treatment of an erring brother, wishing to restore, rather than to upbraid him. —St. Augustine.

WELCOME TO TRY IT.—A runaway darkey, before the war, was on his way to Canada, and was met by a countryman, who questioned him as to the treatment he had received at the hands of his master. "Didn't you have enough to eat?" the countryman asked. "Yes." "And enough to wear?" "Yes." "And a warm place to sleep?" "Yes." "Then what did you run away for?" "Say, boss," the darkey replied, "if you think you'd like the place, it's open to ye."

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

WHAT SAY THEY?
In popularity increasing. In reliability the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers sell it.

THE BEST REMEDY.
DEAR SIRS.—I was greatly troubled with weakness, loss of appetite, restlessness and sleeplessness, and found B. B. B. the most strengthening and beneficial medicine I have taken.
MISS HEASLIP,
34 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y. writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

For Nine Years.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

BAD ECZEMA ON BABY

Head one Solid Sore. Itching Awful. Had to Tie His Hands to Cradle. Cured by Cuticura.

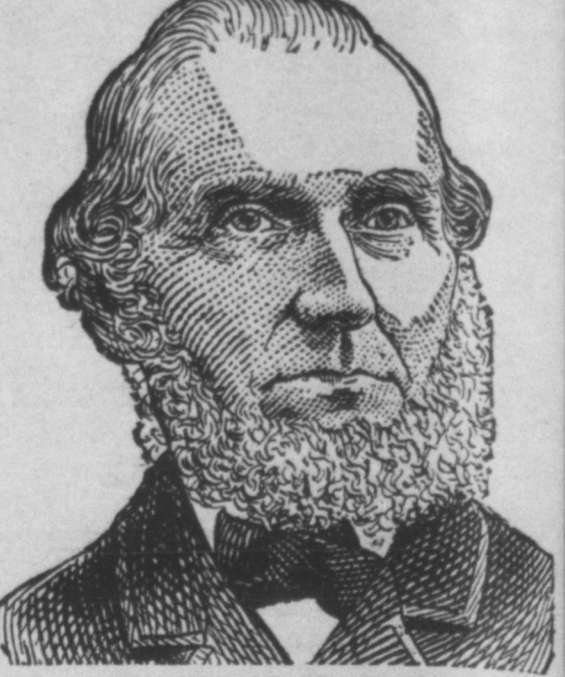
Our little boy broke out on his head with a bad form of eczema, when he was four months old. We tried three doctors, but they did not help him. We then used your three CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using them eleven weeks exactly according to directions, he began to steadily improve, and after the use of them for seven months his head was entirely well. When we began using this head was a solid sore from the crown to his eyebrows. It was also all over his ears, most of his face, and small places on different parts of his body. There were scabs and crusts that we had to keep his hands tied to his cradle and hold them when he was taken up; and had to keep mittens tied on his hands to keep his fingers out of the sores, as he would scratch if he could in any way get his hands loose. We know your CUTICURA REMEDIES cured him. We feel safe in recommending them to others.
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This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

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