

## A Morning Prayer.

Strength for the day I humbly ask,  
Faith in the coming morn,  
But not one drop of weal or woe  
From future days to borrow;  
I'll trust the hand that measures out,  
My cup of joy or sorrow.

Strength for the fight I this day wage,  
The victor's crown to wear it;  
When wounded in the desperate fray,  
Courage I ask to bear it;  
And thou, dear Lord, to walk beside,  
My day's march home to share it.

And when the day is past and gone,  
My grateful heart upwelling,  
A hymn of praise shall joyful raise,  
Thy love and goodness telling;  
I'll wait it up beyond the stars,  
Where all my hopes are dwelling.

And when the last hard fight is done,  
And death comes to relieve me,  
Let not the hope which cheers me now  
With mocking gleam deceive me;  
But to thyself, dear Lord, I pray  
For Jesus' sake, receive me!

—Mrs. E. A. Hawkins.

## A Sabbath at Nazareth.

BY REV. FRANK SIMPSON COOKMAN.

The three places which a Christian traveler most desires to visit in the Holy Land are Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem, comprising, as they do, so much of the life of our blessed Lord. Jesus was born in Bethlehem and died in Jerusalem, but the greater part of His life was spent in Nazareth. It was on Saturday evening, Jan. 2, 1892, just as the sun was setting, at the close of a long day's ride in the saddle, that the town of Nazareth, nestled among the hills of Galilee, burst upon our view for the first time. Next to Jerusalem, Nazareth is the most beautiful town in Palestine. It has naturally attracted pilgrims till it has become, like Bethlehem, almost entirely Christian in population. It is said there is not a Jew in Nazareth; there are Moslems, but the Christians are in a large majority, and the superior character of the population is seen in the cleanliness of the town and in the houses of the people, which, instead of being built of mud, as in most of the villages of Palestine, are of a white limestone and have an appearance of solidity. We descended from the top of the hill over which we were riding, and entered a broad road lined with olive trees, which led into the town. The sunset was brilliant, and the soft colors, as they fell on hillside and town, seemed to add a peculiar loveliness to the scene, like the final strokes of the brush of a great artist to a picture. An oriental traveler very finely remarks: "If Burns wrote so touchingly of the cotta's Saturday night in Scotland, what might a traveler, if he were only inspired with a little of the genius of Burns, write of the evening shades, the gathering twilight, which fell upon him on a Saturday evening in Nazareth!" Sabbath morning, Jan. 3, was beautiful and cloudless. As there was no Protestant service until the evening, we spent a portion of the morning in walking about the town. In a few minutes' walk we were shown by a Romish priest a large room adjoining a small chapel which is said to be the carpenter shop of Joseph. Although this fact is declared in Latin on the wall, we failed to find any other evidence to confirm the truth of the statement.

After leaving here we walked through the town to the fountain, where the women come to draw the water for their homes. Eight hundred women, young and old, to-day go to this fountain and draw the water in large stone jars, which they carry uprightly upon their heads, and walk through the streets with stately steps, as if each ponderous vessel were a crown. Many of them have bright, interesting faces, and in their bright, oriental dress of varied colors, often-times decked with coins, they present ed a most beautiful picture as they walked through the streets. Some of us who had acquired a few words of the Arabic language said in salutation to some of them as they passed: "Haraksied!" meaning, "Good morning;" and they replied most graciously, "Harakumbara!" meaning, "Thy day, may it be blessed."

The fountain from which the water is drawn is still called "the fountain of the Virgin;" and as the oriental custom of women going to the well for water for their homes has remained unchanged during the centuries, it is believed by many that this is the same fountain to which Mary, the mother of Jesus, often came, leading by the hand the wonderful child. After watching the women at the fountain fill their jars, we entered an ancient-looking Greek church close by. Under a very pretty altar, in an alcove in the rock, the spot was pointed out to us where, the Greek Church claims, the angel appeared unto Mary and announced the birth of the child Jesus.

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

This spot is over a well, and the water which supplies the fountain close by flows under the church. The covering over the well was lifted, and a chased silver cup was brought and let down into the well, and drawn up, and we all drank of the water, which we found refreshing. A pleasant walk for about ten minutes brought us to the entrance of what was pointed out to us as the old synagogue of Nazareth.

The columns at the gate of the entrance were certainly of ancient Jewish architecture. After passing through the gate we entered first the new Greek synagogue, a large building, plain but very neat in architecture. We passed from this into what was shown us as the old Jewish synagogue, which is very much smaller in size than the modern synagogue. The ceiling and walls certainly betokened great age. Here I opened my New Testament, and read aloud to our little company the familiar words from the fourth chapter of Luke: "And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

We were in Nazareth on the Christian Sabbath, in a Jewish synagogue, and these words of Jesus seemed, under the circumstances, most precious to our hearts. After leaving the synagogue we visited the Latin church, the most imposing edifice in Nazareth. Here, under the floor of the church, two small rooms were pointed out to us, one of which, with the old-fashioned oven in the corner, was evidently the kitchen. These rooms are held by the Latin Church to have been the Nazareth home of Mary and Joseph and the child Jesus. We failed to find here, as in numerous other instances in Palestine, the evidence upon which this claim is based; yet we, like other travelers, found it most interesting to visit these places. In the afternoon we visited the Protestant Orphanage, under the care of the English church, situated on the top of one of the surrounding hills, and commanding a fine view of the town and adjoining country. A long flight of steps leads up to the building. Over the portals at the entrance are the words in English: "A Father of the fatherless is God in His holy habitation;" and the familiar words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My children, ye have done it unto Me." What more appropriate words to engrave over the portals of a Protestant orphanage in Nazareth, the home of Jesus, could be thought of than these? Upon entering the building we were received most kindly by the Christian ladies in charge. After visiting various portions of the building, we entered a large room, where, at one end of it, situated upon benches rising gradually one above the other, were seated some fifty Arab children. They sang for us in Arabic and English; and there was something peculiarly impressive in listening to those fifty children sing so sweetly together the familiar words:

What means that eager, anxious throng  
Which moves with busy haste along,  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion pray?  
In accents hushed the throng reply,  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

As we listened to that sweet song sung there at Nazareth that Sabbath afternoon, we felt in our hearts that Jesus was passing by; that His spiritual presence seemed to linger about that orphanage home. After the singing of the hymn they repeated in concert a portion of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, commencing with the thirty-fourth verse and continuing to the fortieth: "Then shall the king say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father," etc. One little girl sent as a message to the children of America the words, which she repeated very sweetly: "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

After leaving the institution, we walked to the top of a hill close by, from which we were told the view was very fine. The evening was almost perfect; the sky was cloudless; the atmosphere was so clear and balmy, and the sun was just sinking into the western sea. The view was magnificent—far beyond all our expectation; some of us thought it the finest we had seen in Palestine. On one side we

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

could see the blue waters of the Mediterranean, with the cities of Haifa and Acre situated on the points of the crescent-shaped coast line. A little nearer was the Mt. Carmel range. To the north we could see Mt. Hermon covered with snow, while still farther to the north stretched the lofty peaks of the Lebanon range. Close by us we looked down on the beautiful plain of Esdraelon, thirty miles in length, covered with the soft, delicate tints of the approaching spring, so that from our elevation it presented the appearance of an extensive floor covered with beautiful rugs, from the lightest and most delicate colors of green and brown to the darkest and richest shades. Then far away in the distance, to the south and east, we saw the mountains of Gilead and Judah; while on the other side of the Jordan Mr. Nebo rose majestically. Just below us, at our feet, lay the little town of Nazareth, with its grayish white limestone houses. As we looked upon the inspiring view I thought how often Jesus, during those thirty years of quiet, had gazed upon this same scene and seen the same sun sink below the horizon. With such thoughts in the mind we wended our way down the hillside, through the town, and back to our lodging place.

Nazareth awakens many thoughts in the mind of a Christian traveler. But no lesson is more precious than that taught in the words: "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." Every life, whatever its environments, has some subjection. He who taught us this beautiful lesson of subjection gave to us later the secret of His life and of all true Christian living when said: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work."—N. Y. Advocate.

## Heroism in Religion.

The heroic element in human nature has often displayed itself in great power and beauty when religious interests were at stake; and, from the days of the martyrs downward, the history of the Church holds many bright examples of sufferings and labors most nobly borne in fidelity to the Christian faith. Surely, heroism should be found in religion, if anywhere; and, if there be any reality of the spirit that underlies religious professions, it should show itself in work and sacrifice of the heroic kind.

All true and heartfelt religion, speaking to men as it does of a life higher than they have actually attained to, and laying down a law which they imperfectly obey, demands self-denial as the first condition of its promises, and from the outset provokes a contest with all low desires. It therefore puts the mind in training for strong resistance to outward influences which imperil the sacred interests of truth and right, and enables the soul to be true to its convictions in some moment of historic crisis. The world is greatly indebted to men whose heroic courage has been trained and strengthened by the discipline of a religious life. The scholarly Erasmus had not found in his study the strength to take by the throat the giant evils of his time which the monk Luther acquired from his life in the cloister. The time will come when the good Catholic will be as ready as the Protestant to acknowledge his debt to that mighty reformer who (God help him!) could not do otherwise; for he not only established a new religious movement, but he broke the bonds which wicked men had forged for the Mother Church of Christendom, and opened for her a new career of prosperity and usefulness.

The records of all religion, ancient and modern, abound in noble instances of courage and sacrifice; and, while it is too much to claim that religion is the author of traits which belong more or less to all human nature, yet there can be no doubt that the discipline of the religious life has given power to these heroic qualities. The men and women who have taken their religion seriously, and have tried to live by its law for the sake of its religious rewards, have been put in training for right use of those exceptional opportunities when heroism may turn the tide in the life of a people.

So true is this that the spirit of religion is never long content without some kind of dragon to fight whereon it may prove its valor. It is often remarked how surely an age of persecution has been followed by an age of controversy in the history of the Church. One reason probably is that long battle with a monstrous tyranny has generated a fighting capacity which, in succeeding times of comparative peace, turns upon the smaller sins and errors that brethren are able to find in one another's lives. This tendency, like any blind impulse, sometimes leads to absurd results. The good woman who thought that the Anti-vaccination

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

Society was a direct heir and successor of the great and glorious anti-slavery cause was the type of a class of people who have led religion into many false positions. The fighting spirit, once aroused in the Church, is too apt to use slight provocations, or even to pick a wrong and useless quarrel, for the sake of proving that it knows how to be a valiant soldier.

To such an extreme may this be carried that people actually persuade themselves, not only that it is better to fight, but that it is better to suffer defeat than to win a victory. The one kind of heroism that they seem able to appreciate is that which nails its colors to the mast, and then goes down with the ship. When the ship does not sink, but remains obstinately afloat, they are almost ready to scuttle her to make her sink, so fair are they to carry their sacrifice to the highest pitch of martyrdom. Open success, they are apt to assume, necessarily implies cowardice or insincerity; and one cannot be a prophet in their eyes, of either high or low degree, unless he is fortunate enough to get himself stoned.

All this, of course, sounds somewhat foolish. And yet it all testifies strongly to the instinctive spirit of religion to seek the heroic attitude. Ease and complacency do not belong of right to that energetic reforming conscience which must work for the kingdom of heaven against every consideration of selfishness or expediency that holds it back. It is right that men should not be content with an easy-going religion, but should demand of it that it show its capacity to suffer for the truth which it professes to hold dear.

There is no lack of opportunity for this, even without tilting at windmills or stirring up needless strife. No person can be true to his highest convictions, except at some considerable cost; and in quiet ways there is probably a deal more of heroism in the world than is commonly supposed. We talk much of the cowardice of those who dare not speak their honest thought with regard to religious truth. But, on the other hand, it is fair to say that amid the changes of the time there are thousands who do accept no small measure of ignominy and sorrow as the price of a clearer light. Should we wonder that so few are able to face this trial? or, rather, that there are so many who have in them something of the stuff from which martyrs are made?

Meanwhile, the smaller crosses of life are sometimes harder to bear than the great ones. After a time it becomes as difficult to march with a pea in one's shoe as to face a hostile army. Time was when Unitarians were virtually outlaws in the Church. That time is rapidly passing away. But it was perhaps as easy to stand up under the active persecution of those days as to bear with dignity a certain supercilious disdain which one class of Christians is wont to manifest toward its neighbors. Such bigotry, of course, betokens a narrow mind, and ought to be pitied or laughed at rather than feared. But, none the less, it is often a most aggravating affliction.

Now there is no use in going far afield to seek adventures for the religious spirit, unless it has learned how to bear nobly these smaller sacrifices that come in its way. The common proverb would read more truly if it said, No man can be a hero unless he is a hero to his valet. The greater must include the less, and it can be safely assumed that capacity to bear the wrongs and woes of a nation was never shown by one who did not know how to be patient with household trials. Look out for the pence in which this treasure of a heroic spirit is gathered up, and the great adventures will take care of themselves.

Alas that there should be the other side of this thought, which we must not shrink from applying to ourselves and our fellowmen! Religion is essentially heroic, demands to be put to the test of endurance and feeds upon the sacrifices it must make. There is no religion worthy the name where nothing is undertaken or suffered for its sake. If we are to judge the tree by its fruits, how small as yet is the vitality of faith among many who make loudest claims to its possession!

## To a Skeptic.

Perhaps, my young friend, you have been infected with the prevailing skepticism of the times. What is skepticism? It is simply not believing. It is denial, negation, darkness. There is only one cure for darkness, and that is coming to the light. If you will produce a better rule of life than my Bible (perhaps your mother's Bible also), if you will find a holier pattern of living than Jesus Christ, and a surer Saviour than he is, I will agree to forswear my religion for yours. But what is your "I do not believe" in comparison with my positive "I know Whom I have believed?" What is your denial in com-

Ward off spring Disease by taking K. D. C.

parison with my personal experience of Christ? Skepticism never won a victory, never slew a sin, never healed a heart-ache, never produced a ray of sunshine, never saved an immortal soul. It is foredoomed defeat. Don't risk your eternity on that spider's web.

## Random Readings.

The desire to be like other people has been the ruin of many. It is well to imitate their good qualities, but how often it is the case that the bad are imitated.

Merge your strong will into the Divine Will by saying daily: "Divine Will. Divine Will. I trust to the Divine Will that endureth forever."—Drops of Gold.

The life of man is made up of action and endurance; and life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or in patient perseverance.—Casson Liddon.

Have you learned that true beauty is essentially a spiritual quality? Even the beauty that is found in the landscape is due above all to spiritual qualities in the beholder.

Before you go out to do work you ought to ask yourselves, "What is Christ to me this day?" For Christ will not be more to any soul than he is to you the day and hour in which you present him.

In a great and difficult undertaking it is quality which counts, not numbers. The three hundred of Gideon's band achieved what the thirty-two thousand from whom they were chosen could never have accomplished.—Judson Smith.

There is no sound basis of power but honesty.—J. G. Holland.

The face is the index of the mind.—Proverb.

Every day is a golden opportunity which the father of mercy has put into our hands for moral and religious purposes.—Bruce.

## Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable, small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

## CONSIDERED THE BEST.

DEAR SIRS,—I also can bear testimony to the value of your wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, B. B. B. I have used it as well as Burdock Pills for over three years, when necessary, and find them the best remedies I have ever used for constipation.

MRS. GREGG,  
Owen Sound, Ont.

The best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

## SCRATCHED 28 YEARS

A Scaly, Itching, Skin Disease with Endless Suffering Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me \$200.00 and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body, and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was \$5 worth. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for \$200.00, the picture (No. 2, page 47) in your book, "How to Cure Skin Diseases," but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

**Cuticura Resolvent**  
The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, externally (to clear the skin and scalp, and restore the hair), instantly relieve and speedily cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, scurfy, and hereditary diseases and humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

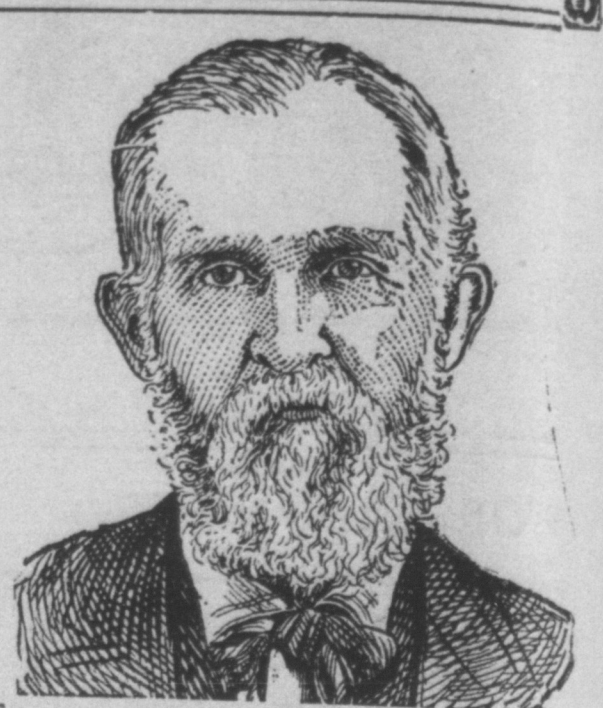
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK,

Hip, kidney, and uterine pains and weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

The first and only pain-killing plaster.



Mr. Harvey Heed

Laceyville, O.

## Catarrh, Heart Failure, Paralysis of the Throat

"I Thank God and Hood's Sarsaparilla for Perfect Health."

"Gentlemen: For the benefit of suffering humanity I wish to state a few facts: For several years I have suffered from catarrh and heart failure, getting so bad I could not work and

could scarcely walk. I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago. My throat seemed closed and I could not swallow. The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine, but it did not seem to do me any good. My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

At Death's Door but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr. Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

Hood's Sarsaparilla and my wife for my restoration to perfect health." HARVEY HEED, Laceyville, O.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

## Three Things Necessary

In any preparation for the cure of disease viz:—Purity of Material used—Adaptation to relief of disease—Value for the money invested.

## Wiley's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

Answers all these requirements:

1st. Nothing but the purest and finest Norway Cod Liver Oil used.

2nd. Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in a palatable and readily digestible form has always been recognized as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds and disease of the Lungs.

3rd. Wiley's Emulsion is without any question the best value in the market. Full dose of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Large bottle for the money, equal to many preparations of twice the cost.

## PRICE, 50 CTS.

Six Bottles \$2.50.

## BOOT CAULKS.

Just received and in stock.

150,000 Lumberman's Boot Caulks.

For sale low by JAMES S. NEIL

## BRUSHES, BRUSHES.

Just received from the Manufacturers, 3 Cases Brushes, viz: Paint, Kalsomine, Whitewash, Varnish, Wall, Window and Counter Brushes. Sash tools and dusters. For sale low, wholesale and retail.

JAMES S. NEIL

## THE TEMPERANCE

## GENERAL LIFE ASS. CO.

Head Office, - - Toronto.

HON. G. W. ROSS, - PRESIDENT

H. SUTHERLAND, - MANAGER.

## Full Government Deposit.

The only old line Canadian Company giving special advantages to Total Abstinents.

Policies issued on all popular plans.

AGENTS WANTED.

E. J. MACHUM, St. John.

Manager for Maritime Provinces

## WANTED.

Agents to sell our choice and hardy Nursery Stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruit and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester N. Y.

12-21 10

## BICYCLES.

If you want a safety, give us a call as we are selling at prices that will astonish you.

STNUT & SONS

"Shorter" a "Shorter" We are "ing" wh gestion. or two? Harland are using CO. instead, purest, ingredients, tolence, I not always Cottolene, wealthier lard—Hea get "shor because the grocery bi no more th as far—so Dyspepsia de Physicians ex Cools extol it Housewives w All five Grocer N. K. FAIR Wellington MON. D'FO EX W STRAY CU CO CHO CHOLERA DIARR DYSE AND ALL SUMMER CHILDREN PRICE BEWARE OF F. CINCINNATI SUCCESSOR BLYMYER CATALOGUE BELLS CHURCH B LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT HURCH B WEST-BELL FOUN FAVORABLY KNOWN FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL CHURCH SCHOOL WEST-TR CHIMES, ETC. To the A B From a Busi Your Busi We k Remed for Dy Headu pation agree (PLEASANT T it faithfully un write us a statemen to offer a FREE the WORLD'S FAIR shall, before the E show the greatest remarkable cure fr These cures to before a Justic testimonial accomp of the individual of the dealer o purchase. Committee of three will act as Judg of the Competit Testimonio GROVER DYSPESIA ST. JOHN, Photo Remedy fo Best, Easiest to Use CATA Sold by druggists E. T. Hazelton