

Night on Olivet.

Every man went unto his own home.
Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.
Where was the great King's palace home
He had not where to lay his head!
No friendly voice invited Him.
None cared to offer board and bed;
Small share had He of warmth or mirth,
Whose love lights all the homes of earth.

The lonely Christ! He went away
From clustering homes; and, through the
shade
Of menacing Gethsemane.

With patient feet His way He made,
God only measuring His hopes,
As silently He climbed the slopes.

But space and welcome met Him there!
The meek flowers covered His feet,
And all the silver olive leaves
Soothed Him with whispers low and
sweet;
The soft winds murmured a glad psalm,
The blue heavens gave Him rest and calm.

It was the joyous summer time,
And God's fair world, in love with Him,
Received Him into sheltering arms,
And all night long no star grew dim;
No harsh rains fell, no cold winds blew,
But Nature's heart was warm and true.

And all that passed on Olivet
Between the Father and the Son
Is kept a secret even yet!

Only we know God's will was here,
And Christ, refreshed and strong, again
Sought His beloved world of men.

Some of His grace seems lingering yet
Upon the green and tree-crowned height.
Ah! happy hill, that so might serve
The Christ, upon that strenuous night.
Precious and revered, even yet,
For His sake art thou, O Olivet!

—Marianne Farnham.

The Present Saviour.

The present blessedness of Christians springs from their present relation to Christ. It is not permitted to us now to see him; the vision of his face is future; now we are absent from the Lord, yet he is present with us. Now and here there are spiritual blessings in heavenly things in Christ. Already he is more than all others or all else. As in old galleries, where are pictures of the great and good, there is but one head that has the aureola around it, distinguishing him from all human persons, so in life, whatever may be our relation to those whom we esteem and love, there is One who is "altogether lovely," whom we trust in the darkest hours, to whom we commit all things that are most precious to us, who yet abides while changes go forward, while friends pass into the unseen, while infirmity and age lay their burdens on us. Through distance, through storm, in wreck, we see the glory which assures us of his presence, who has said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." There is light on every dark path; there is light on every tempestuous sea: it is the light of his unchanging love.

Christ has not so gone away that he has forsaken his friends. He is only absent to sight; but he is present to faith. He is more present than if we could merely see him. He abides with us. He is humanly away; but he is divinely present. He speaks to us now; the same precious words, with fuller meaning even, that he spoke to his disciples when he was bodily with them, are his undoubted language to us, full of sympathy and affection. He speaks to us in the tones that we need most to hear. Are we in sorrow, sorrow from the loss of those whom we could not spare, from the upsetting of hopes and plans that we set most store by, from the immeasurable folly of those whom most of all we wish to do well, sorrow from pain of soul of which we can speak to no human friend? There is no speech that can reach us like the full-souled words of him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, whose friendship is infinite and who has the ability to do all that his love prompts him to do. Are we in sin, unforgiven yet, but wishing, beginning to wish, that we may be forgiven, wanting to shake off the bonds that so hold us down and so cramp all that is best in us? There is no word like that which the Saviour can speak; we must hear him, or we might as well be deaf to all voices. For he promises pardon, and promises peace.

Are we in that uncertainty that we need leadership, a hand safe enough and strong enough to guide us out of trouble into assurance and into rest and into victory at last? Well, there is but one hand in the universe that can do it. If we have faith to grasp it and to cling to it, and still to grasp and cling whatever betides, we shall come out well. It is surely stretched out for us. It is within our reach. And it has been proved to be strong by the multitudes who have laid hold on it in their direct needs and with their fullest faith.

Christ can do now for us all that, as needy sinners, as pardoned sinners, as sinners on the way to heaven, he has ever done for any sinner, all that we want done for ourselves. Think of

Sourtempers sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

Paul, think of John Newton, look at the most loved, the most revered, the most sanctified, and remember that their Saviour is our Saviour now, our present Saviour. It is well to think of what he was; it is well to think of what he forever will be; but the look backward and the look forward should both be taken to give us greater confidence in him now.—N. Y. Observer.

Strength In Weakness.

One of the peculiar characteristics of the devoted Christian is, that when he is weak then he is strong. In great physical weakness, he is often strongest in faith. This to the worldly mind is a contradiction, and his faith a mystery. The Great apostle to the Gentiles said of himself, "When I am weak, then I am strong;" "I glory in infirmities. His bodily presence might be considered weak and his speech contemptible, yet he was strong in the feeling that the Gospel given him to preach was the power of God unto salvation of men. Although the king said to him after one of his most able addresses, "Very little thou persuadest me," and told him that much learning had made him mad, the contempt with which he was treated as related to his inward experience quickened the inmost energies of his soul with stronger faith and greater power, and how that power has wrought for the extension of the Church and the encouragement of believers, and is likely to continue in all ages to the end of time. See it as recorded in the history of the Church, in the lives of multitudes. How the foolish things of the world have confounded the wise, and the weak the mighty, that no flesh should glory in the presence of this power of God.

Out of weakness how many have convicted and brought to bow in humility before the cross of Christ many intellectually strong and proud, hearted sinners, whom no argument could reach! Few, if any, are ever led to Christ by reasoning. But when in the weakness and simplicity of simple trust they see the power of the truth.

A most impressive illustration of the power of Christian faith/weakness was given in the life of that remarkable woman, Anne Lankton, who lived in the town of New Hartford. To those who have read her biography but have not seen her, the account seems almost a myth; but those who were privileged to visit with her and hear her conversations will never forget the impressions the simple story of God's dealing with her made upon their minds. For many years paralyzed in her lower limbs and suffering acute pain, her helpful reliance and sweet patience were astonishing. If at any time her pastor, amid the indifference around him and the sluggishness of his own soul, felt the need of a new inspiration with which to preach the Gospel to unbelieving men, he had only to go and sit down by her bedside and listen to her thoughts of Christian life and experience, to feel that he had indeed a message of glad tidings for his fellow-men, and that it was a privilege to proclaim it. What strong consolation is this faith at this hour affording many souls languishing in sickness and drawing near to death. What a contrast this Christian experience with Buddhism, and all that pagan philosophy that seeks only to stultify these desires and aspirations of the soul it has no means of cultivating much less of satisfying!—Religious Herald.

"The Hidden Manna."

When, on one occasion, the disciples of the Lord Jesus brought him food and prayed him to eat, he replied, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." The Saviour well knew that man shall not live by bread alone. He understood the sustaining power of Divine communications. Now that he is in glory he is not unmindful of his tired and weak followers. Thus he sends the promise, "I will give to eat of the hidden manna."

It is a grand consolation to the believer to rest in the belief that there is a store of sweet secret sustenance for the hour of need. The promise is, "My grace is sufficient for thee." In what form that grace will come is hidden from us until the trial becomes sore. It is for us to trust that it shall be given when really required. In the future, as we know, there may be debilitating disease, or sharp reverse in business, or a blight on a much valued reputation, or even the terror of being overcome by temptation and falling into some disgraceful sin. As the trouble is hidden, so is the support. But faith assures us that our High Priest is in the most holy place, and there is laid up an inexhaustible store of hidden manna to which he has perfect access.

The records of the Church tell of the heroes of God, and show they were

The clergy have tested K. D. C. and pronounce it the best

ever sustained in moments of sore distress by some hidden aid. But the benediction is still more evident in the humble believers who have to endure a great fight of affliction. There are feeble girls, smitten by consumption, who live upheld by a secret joy of the Lord. There are poor, aged saints, neglected by the world, whose lives are bright and sunlit. There are men over whom a great tribulation has rolled, who show an unexpected triumphant faith. Like Abraham on the mount, David in the cave, Daniel in the lion's den, the three youths in the blazing furnace, Paul and Silas in the dungeon, or John at Patmos, they have sustenance the world knows not of. This is ever one beautiful part of the Christian's warfare, that as he does not know the needs of to-morrow, so he has not to provide the supply for those needs; except that whilst he is amongst those who are overcoming by the victorious power of faith he hears and believes the Master's promise, "I will give to eat of the hidden manna."—The Freeman.

Try And See.

The world acknowledges one sure and final proof of all things doubtful—the test of experience. From that test there is no appeal. "Try and see," is the ultimatum of human judgment.

Is there any reason why this universal test should not be applied when a man comes to weigh the claim of Christ? In this one case should there be judgment before trial, knowledge before experience? Should a man arbitrarily pronounce against religion before he has tried it? It would scarcely be fair, to say the least, to condemn a medicine which some wise physician had prescribed, before taking a single spoonful of it. Yet this is just what thousands of men and women are doing with respect to the religion of Jesus Christ. They are condemning it without trying it.

Do you doubt whether the Lord Jesus Christ can take away your feeling of dissatisfaction with life, your uneasiness, discontent and dread of the future, and make your spirit as calm and peaceful as a mountain lake under the stars of these summer nights?

Try and see!

Do you question whether consecration can make you any stronger, purer, more faithful, more helpful than you are now?

Try and see!

Are you skeptical about the genuineness of religious experience? Do you think that its manifestations are all a sham, and that all Christians are humbugs? There is only one way to find out. Accept Christ for your Saviour; get His Spirit into your heart; give yourself to Him, and take Him for your own; give His divine claim an experimental test.

Try and see!

Yes, this is the way to find out about religion, just as it is the way to find out about everything else. Do for Christ what you would do for your doctor—take what He offers for your soul's welfare. If it does not help you, after full, sincere, faithful trial, then, for the first time, you may have some ground for the adverse decision which you have hitherto been making without the slightest justice or reason. Let every man in common honesty treat God as fairly as he would treat his neighbor. Surely this is not too much to ask. Don't form your opinions on prejudice or hearsay. Go to the bottom of the matter yourself. Here is this fountain of living water that the Bible talks about. Is it good? Will it do for me what Christ says it will? How am I to find out? Do precisely as you would if you came to a spring by the roadside on a hot, thirsty day.

Try and see!

Some Questions Answered.

The following we clip from an exchange. It is too good to be lost or overlooked, so we give it a place on this page. These questions have a very familiar sound. There are few among us who have not heard them time and again. The answers to them are pointed and true. Let us hope that they may work conviction and conversion in the mind and heart of any inquiring friend who has sought information concerning the matters named:

Question 1. "Why does not the preacher preach a first-class sermon every time? Answer: His health may not be regular. His salary may not be paid. Debts oppress him. A sick wife, and children poorly fed and clad, look pitifully to him to supply them with the comforts of life. Members, with plenty, withhold what he so keenly needs. Sometimes, under strong temptation, his soul cries out, "How dwelleth the love of God in

K. D. C. Pills act in conjunction with K. D. C. where a laxative is required.

them? These are only some of the reasons.

2. "Why is he always asking for money for some Church interest? Answer: Because many Church interests are constantly in need of money. Ministerial education, home and foreign missions, college support—all these interests are indispensable to a healthy growth of the Church. If you, like an honest steward, would ascertain your duty in this regard, and pay over your money like a man and a Christian, you would relieve your preacher of much of his disagreeable work.

3. "Why is he persistently asking me to subscribe for the Church paper? Answer: Because to know the Church paper would be a spiritual and mental blessing to you and your family. He knows without it you are ignorant of the wants and progress of the Church and of the religious world. With the paper, you and your family will be better and more intelligent members of the Church. Youthful ignorance is no sin, but to remain in ignorance with means of knowledge in reach and not used, are demons of lost opportunities that haunt the soul through life. That's what ails you now. To gratify your avarice, you are robbing your soul of heavenly knowledge. This question is the cry of the demon to the Master, "Why comest thou to torment me?"

The Reading of the Word.

A few striking incidents have recently come to our knowledge from over the sea of how simple reading of the New Testament, without a word of comment, has been blessed to the conversion of individuals of God's ancient people, the Jews. A young Israelite in the Crimea, a highly cultivated man and thoroughly instructed in his own faith, became acquainted with several Christian families, and conceived the idea of writing a novel in which the families of the Jews and Christians should be contrasted. The better to understand the latter, he bought a New Testament, and had not long studied it before he became convinced that Jesus was the promised Messiah of his people.

In Berlin, a Hebrew artist, desiring to find new subjects for pictures, began to search for them in the New Testament. As he read, the moral beauty of the Saviour made a deep impression upon him. The more he read the deeper was the impression, until he came to a profound conviction that Jesus was the Son of God.

Such, when once they begin to study it, is the influence of the New Testament upon those who have never known it. And yet how many of us Christians, who fancy we know it well, fail to find any decided evidence in our lives that we are gaining anything from it. We read it, but we do not grow by it. Is the reason that we are looking in it rather for doctrines, for truth, perhaps we may call it, than for Christ, who is the Truth? To know him is life eternal.—American Messenger.

Silent Voices.

We are often enraptured by the eloquence of speech, and thrilled by the power of music. We mingle in the throng and commotion of human life. But there are higher pleasures than these. Silence has a tongue more potent than the jargon of human voices.

Go into the sick-room where, resigned and serene, the Christian lies awaiting the summons to come up home, the eye, the countenance, the expressive silence, tell an eloquent story where no word is uttered.

We saw a frail boy who had never walked a step, whom people pitied, and said, "Poor fellow!" But he was always cheerful, and never complained of his lot, while others, who said he had a hard life wheeling about the room, worried and fretted over many things. And so his sweet and gentle life was an eloquent speech which no words can utter.

Go, then, to the graves where loved ones sleep. Some of them have long been there. The leaning stones and touches of time tell the story. But how we recall their unselfishness, their devotion! In the silence they are talking to us, though no words fall on our ears. How ambition and passion are rebuked as we stand by the graves of our dear dead, where dried leaves are rustling to remind us of our short stay, and where their silent voices—loving pathetic, tender—are calling us away to the better and eternal life!

—Selected.

KEEP AT IT.—It is a mystery to some people that certain Christians, whose natural talents are evidently ordinary, should be so able in expressing themselves in prayer and testimony; but there is no mystery about it. They have simply kept diligent in such sort

K. D. C. tones and regulates the liver.

of work. When they began praying and speaking in public, they were very limited in power of expression. It was with great difficulty that they performed these duties, but they used every opportunity to pray and testify, and their progress was a marvel to themselves and others. They put their few talents to constant, unflinching use and the legitimate consequence was, their talents soon doubled and then trebled. And just such a course will bring its rewards to every Christian.

A farmer of experience gives this advice: "Give the boys a chance. Begin when they are young to allow them to transact business, and give them a share of the proceeds of the farm; and when you have given it to them, do not borrow it and never return it. Be honest with them and make them so interested and contented that they will want to stay on the farm. Interest of a money value in some of the farm products, coupled with a certain share of the responsibility connected with it, will be found excellent remedies for this disease of 'the boys leaving the farm.'"

A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merits in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

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Random Readings.

God's good is the good of all.

It is the man who walks with God that most familiarly talks with him.

No man gets religion right unless it makes a big change in his life.

Regeneration is a matter of free grace; character of hard self-discipline.

Good nature is a glow worm that sheds light in the darkest place.—Emerson.

Devote yourself wholly to the service of God, walk in every ray of light you have, and thus, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

If God can keep a little flower stainless, white as snow, amid clouds of black dust, can he not keep hearts in like purity in this world of sin.

Do you desire to be always amiable, in good humor? Then be at peace always with God and yourself.—Marchal.

Assumed qualities may catch the affections of some, but one must possess qualities really good to fix the heart.—Dr. May.

Skin Diseases are more or less occasioned by bad blood. B. B. C. cures the following Skin diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching, Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples, and Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

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