

Unfinished.

BY HELEN F. BOYDEN.

Unfinished—like an echo still,
The word comes back, in many keys,
And here and there, look where we will,
Some patterns spoiled our vision see;
I wonder if He sees the same
Who holds us in His mighty hand!
And does He look to smile or blame
Upon the puny efforts planned?

Perhaps what seems so incomplete
Is finished in the thought divine,
And self-wrought work, laid at His feet,
Is but an ill begun design.
But oh! the holy thought of good,
That goes—and never comes again;
The keeping back of heavenly food;
The turning off from paths made plain.

The cup unoffered to the host,
That nevermore shall pass this way;
The feast unasked to marriage feast,
And going hungry all the day.
"Truly ye have received;" who gives
Of time and thought and heart and life,
He 'tis who only truly lives,
His days with good and blessing rife.

There is no "broken hour" to Him,
No interruption in His plan.
And, from eternal shores so dim,
Come glimpses of His thought for man,
We live not to be satisfied,
Nor to be happy, nor to rest;
Only to know God's love so wide,
To take and give out of His best.

Nor what we do, but what we are,
Decides our standing in life's school;
And He who knows our thought afar
Has made for each the needed rule.
Our plans and hopes are dreams adrift
Ambitions playthings by the way;
The stream of life is deep and swift
With meanings broader than the day.

The worth of time is not in doing
The duties self-imposed, nor yet
The earnest, strong and brave pursuing
Of some great purpose, onward set.
The plan rechanged—the thought unsaid—
The way that easier seemed instead—
These things are more than prayer or
creed.

And when, at last, our hands we lay,
So still, above a pulseless breast,
And friends, with sorrowing hearts, shall
say,

"Their work is done—so let them rest,"
God grant that never angel eye
Shall find, among our life-deeds strewn,
One thought that shall unfinished be
When He shall reckon up His own.

Does it Pay?

A LESSON FOR PASTORS AND PARISH-
IONERS.

Rev. Leander S. Keyser.

"It's a very blustering day," re-
marked the Rev. Marcus Bancroft,
looking out of his library window at
the snow whirling in wind eddies along
the street.

He turned and drew his easy chair
up to the warm hearth with a shiver;
not because the room was cold, for it
really was very snug and comfortable,
but because the bare thought of going
out into such a storm caused a chilling
sensation to run up his back. Reach-
ing out his hand, he drew a volume
from his writing-table, saying—

"Just the afternoon to read this new
work! A very important work it is,
and I ought to read it by all means.
Surely no one," he added, as if speak-
ing to his conscience, "will expect me
to call this afternoon while this storm
lasts. I suppose I may indulge in a
little mental luxury without any qualms
of conscience."

He settled down into his chair,
rocking slowly back and forth, and
read the preface of the new book, and
then began the perusal of the opening
chapter. Absorbing as the book was,
he presently found himself gazing
vacuously out of the window at the
roaring storm.

"Well," he muttered, a little im-
patiently, "my conscience must be get-
ting squeamish. It won't let me read
in peace, but tells me I ought to make
a pastoral call on Mrs. Alden, who, I
heard yesterday, was ill. Her sickness
can't be very serious, however, or she
would have sent me word. Pastoral
visiting is something of a bugbear to
me—one of the thorns in my flesh, I
suppose. The question that troubles
me is: Am I making the storm only
a pretext for humoring my disinclina-
tion to make that call?" he added,
being given, he said, to frequent
moods of self-analysis. "It is morally
good for a man to probe his motives
sometimes, to see if they will stand the
test."

He sat and looked musingly into the
hearth, watching the bright, flickering
flames as they leaped up and licked the
half ignited coals, the crackle of the
fire mingling with the roar of the wind
as it swept around the corner of the
house.

"It's a terrible storm," he solilo-
quized, "and I believe I can conscientiously
appropriate the afternoon to
my own use, and call on Mrs. Alden
tomorrow."

So he settled down to his book again,
and tried to fix his mind on the glow-
ing pages; but after a few minutes he
closed the volume, sprang to his feet,
began to walk the floor.

K. D. C. Pills cures chronic
constipation.

"Is my conscience really becoming
squeamish?" he said to himself. "No,
no!" putting the impatient thought
aside. "I suppose I must accept its
jostling to-day as a call to duty, and
if that's what it means, I dare not
disobey, storm or no storm. I shall
have to make that call if I get nothing
else done this afternoon."

His fur overcoat and cap were soon
donned, and he stepped out into the
snowstorm, which was so violent that
it almost took his breath, and made
his way slowly and laboriously along
the snowy streets until he stood before
the door of Mrs. Alden's humble house.
He was surprised to find the woman
in bed, though she protested that she
was not seriously ill, and would be
convalescent in a few days.

"But I'm so glad you came, Mr.
Bancroft," she murmured, a bright
smile glowing on her wan features.
"Do you know, I've been wanting to
see you for weeks, to have a talk on
—on a certain matter."

"You should have sent for me, Mrs.
Alden, if you needed my help," replied
the pastor, kindly. "You see, I
couldn't know otherwise that you had
a special desire to talk with me."

"Yes, I see that you are right,"
rejoined the woman. "How foolish I
have been! Somehow I felt that you
ought to call around just because I
wanted to see you, even without my
letting you know, and when you didn't
come I felt disappointed and—I shall
be frank—half slighted."

The pastor chuckled, but not un-
kindly.

"We ministers are not omniscient,"
he said. "We are limited in our
knowledge just as other people are.
I wish all my parishioners would send
me word if they want me to counsel
them, and then they will find that I
am always at their service."

"Well, I beg pardon for doing you
a wrong even in my thoughts. But I
am pleased that you came without being
asked. You knew that I was sick?"

"Yes, I heard of your illness by
chance yesterday at the service."

"And so you came through this
fierce storm to see me? Thank you: it
was very kind. Now, I shall tell you
why your visit, under the circum-
stances, has cheered me so much. I
have been feeling very gloomy for a
long while, and lonely, too, for it
seemed to me that no one cared for
me or even thought of me. You see,
all of us like to be thought of some-
times," she added, looking up with a
smile. "It is human nature, I
suppose."

"Yes, Mrs. Alden, I have a fellow-
feeling with you in that," laughed the
pastor.

"This is the way I put it to myself,"
the woman pursued. "My pastor has
come to see me, uninvited, through
this raging storm, and that proves that
he must have thought of me as he sat
in his study, where he might have
been much more comfortable on a day
like this; and so he came all the long
distance just to comfort and cheer me.
Mr. Bancroft, I thank you for your
kind remembrance."

"Why, you are quite a philosopher,
Mrs. Alden."

"No, not at all; I've only been doing
a little thinking along this line,"
smiled the woman. "If ever you
think it doesn't pay to make a pastoral
call, just remember what I have said.
It does pay, especially when people
are sick and in trouble. In most cases
they appreciate the visits of their
pastor, if they love him at all."

Mr. Bancroft flushed slightly when
he recalled his fight with his con-
science a half hour before in his library,
and also when he remembered that he
had often wondered if pastoral visiting
did not minister to people's vanity
rather than to their spiritual good.

"But now I must tell you about my
trouble," Mrs. Alden resumed. "I
have been in spiritual darkness and
difficulty for many months, and have
often thought you could help me, only
I did not have the courage to confess
my faults to you. But you are so kind
I know you sympathize with me and
pray that the clouds may be removed."

Then she entrusted to her pastor's
confidence a secret that had long been
lying on her conscience, disturbing her
spiritual peace, and coming like a solid
wall between her and God—such a
story of trial and spiritual hunger as
is often poured into a sympathetic min-
ister's ears. He advised her as best
he could, and when he rose from her
knees, after a fervent prayer with her,
her face was radiant, and she said:

"I haven't had such a feeling of
peace in my soul for many, many
months. Good-by, my dear pastor.
I shall never forget what you have
said."

How light his heart felt as he fought
his way back home through the pelting
whirling storm! And his conscience
fairly danced with joy as he sat before
his study fire reading the volume he
had laid aside to visit his sick parish-
ioner.

Indigestion is stubborn but
K.D.C. overcomes it.

inner. "I'm so glad I went," he re-
peated to himself. "It did pay, after
all. It paid me, if no one else. That
poor woman gave me a text for my
next Sunday's sermon."

The next morning he was seated at
his desk writing busily, when he
noticed through his library window a
young man walking rapidly up the
street, and on reaching the minister's
gate he turned in, sprang up the
veranda steps, and the next moment
the sharp ring of the door-bell rang
through the house. Mr. Bancroft
hastened to the door and threw it
open.

"What is it, James?" he asked.

"Will you please call at Mrs. Alden's
as soon as possible?" said the young
man. "She is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the minister,
growing pale.

"Yes, sir. She was taken violently
ill during the night, and can't last
long. She's been asking for you."

"I shall go at once."

When Mr. Bancroft stood by the
bedside of the dying woman, she looked
up at him with a bright face, as if a
radiance from another world shone
upon it, and whispered between her
gasps for breath—

"Mr. Bancroft, I am dying in peace.
Oh! I'm so glad you came to see me
yesterday. With your counsel and
prayers you helped me out of my
spiritual darkness, and showed me the
way of pardon. If you hadn't—come
—I'm afraid I—should not be—dying
—happy—now."

"Thank God that he showed me my
duty!" answered the pastor, in tones
of deep feeling.

Afterward, whenever he thought of
the peaceful death of his parishioner,
he always said to himself, with a glad
thrill—

"It paid to do my duty, and it
always will." Then he almost shud-
dered as the thought came: "What if I
had disobeyed the voice of conscience
on that stormy day?"

What the Communion is.

BY DR. H. M. BOOTH.

The communion is the memorial of
our Lord Jesus Christ, and not, as we
are often told, of His sacrifice and
death alone. He did not say to His
disciples, "This do in remembrance of
My death," but, "This do in remem-
brance of Me," and thus He desired
them to remember His example and
teaching, as well as His cross, and to
think of Him as He is now, at the
right hand of the Father. We lose
much of the significance of the service
and we deprive it of much of its joy-
ousness when we concentrate our at-
tention always upon the crucifixion.
The crucifixion is important, absolutely
important; but Jesus Christ is far
more to us than a crucified Saviour,
a bleeding sacrifice. Christ Himself
in His divine fullness," it has been
said, and not any part of His person or
of His history, is the subject and the
substance of the sacrament."

"We do not mourn a Saviour dead.
But hail Him living in the skies."

The communion is designed to keep
us in close and holy sympathy with
the risen Lord, who died for us. It
can be traced directly to the "upper
room" in Jerusalem, and to the same
night in which He was betrayed.
Whoever follows His leadership will be
conducted to that place and time, and
not beyond. Just as our national ob-
servance of the Fourth of July is a
memorial of facts which date from
July 4, 1776, and from Independence
Hall, Philadelphia, so the communion
leads us to Jesus Christ, and confirms
our faith that He was once here among
mer. It is not difficult to see that
such a connection with the past is es-
sential to a religion whose disciples are
to be found on every continent and in
every century.

The communion, however, is more
to us than a memorial of our Lord
Jesus Christ. The word itself sug-
gested a purpose, which is very pre-
cious; for the word "communion" means
fellowship.

The cup of blessing which we bless
is it not the communion of the blood
of Christ? The bread which we break
is it not the communion of the body of
Christ? For we being many are one
bread, and one body: for we are all
partakers of that one bread. With
whom, then, do we have fellowship?
Why, of course, with our divine Lord
and His disciples. As the Godman
our Redeemer, He can be with us
always, even unto the end of the
world. This presence is the Chris-
tian's hope and joy, as the apostle
Paul told the Galatians when he wrote:
I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in
me; and the life which I now live in
the flesh I live by the faith of the Son
of God, who loved me, and gave Him-
self for me.

The promise that where two or three
are gathered together in My name.

For immediate relief after
eating use K. D. C.

there am I in the midst of them,
has often been fulfilled at the com-
munion. In the breaking of the
bread the Lord Jesus has been known
as he was at Emmaus. With Him we
commune. There is an interchange of
thought and sympathy and love. He
is consciously near. Our fellowship is
with the Father, and with His Son,
Jesus Christ." The "life is hid with
Christ in God; Christ in you, the hope
of glory."

But if there is fellowship with the
Lord Jesus, there is also fellow-
ship with Christians—with Chris-
tians who are close beside us at the
same table, and with Christians who
are in distant lands, and with Chris-
tians, too, who are in heaven. Our
fellowship is the communion of saints,
consists of the whole number of the
elect that have been, are, or shall be
gathered into one under Christ, the
Head thereof. This statement, which
is taken from the Confession of Faith
of the Presbyterian Church, agrees
with the sentiment of the hymn which
was written by Charles Wesley, a con-
spicuous leader of the Methodist Epis-
copal Church:

"One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death."

This table is the Lord's table, even
when it is spread in one of the many
households of the faith which bear a
distinctive name. His disciples should
be made welcome. No restrictions,
other than those of penitence and
faith, should be imposed; for he who
is communing with our blessed Lord is
good enough to be allowed to commune
with His disciples at the table which
commemorates redemptive love.—
The first communion.

The First Called.

The story of Andrew, the humble
and inconspicuous youth, the first to
hear the voice of the Son of God call-
ing him to a higher and holier fellow-
ship, contains a lesson for Christian
workers. It teaches us the impor-
tance of a personal preparation and
equipment for our work. He sought
this in the best light possible at the
time. As a disciple of John, with eyes
ever turned to the dawn, he could not
fail to recognize the rising of the Sun
of Righteousness. His relations with
John and with Christ made an impor-
tant part of his preparation. Like
Andrew, the Christian worker must
come into intimate relations with
the Great Teacher. This personal and
intimate communion with the Saviour
will constitute his best preparation to
enter the harvest field. With Andrew
there was not only an adequate pre-
paration; he actually began work as a
part of his preparation. He was not a
mere camp-follower, subsisting on the
rations of the soldiers without doing
any fighting. Service was the alpha
of his religion; he first found his own
brother Simon and brought him to
Christ.

About his service two points are
worthy of note: The first is that he
labored to secure individuals. With-
out waiting to capture a multitude, he
sought out and led to Christ his one
man. Here he touched the secret of
the most effective Christian service.
There are expert marksmen, able to
take the game on the wing and in
flocks; there are others, less expert,
who must have a rest and take careful
aim at a single object. Andrew's
brother Peter could fire into a flock
and bring down three thousand at one
shot. Though Andrew could perform
no such feat, he could do a greater
thing in reaching Simon himself. The
devils do not always move in platoons;
they must often be sought in detail and
overcome by the single Christian soldier.

If you would promote the work
of God and secure a revival of genuine
religion, imitate this first of the dis-
ciples of the Lord by individual effort
to gain individuals. One day for
twenty days is better than twenty
gained in one day. Every one can
follow Andrew's method, even if un-
able to follow that of his brother.

But, second, the case of Andr-
e suggests the field in which we can best
operate. You may be able to do noth-
ing among strangers and out in the
open world; there is always a narrower
circle where you can operate to a
advantage. The home circle may be
touched at once. There they know
you and believe in you; there you may
speak when every other door is closed.
Possibly no one save Andrew could
have reached Simon. Every one has
his circle of friends or of persons with
whom he has influence. There is his
field. Let each believer exert his in-
fluence in these narrow circles, and
the world will soon be reached.

HAVING SUFFERED over two years
with constipation, and the doctor not
having helped me, I concluded to try
Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I
used one bottle I was cured. I can
also recommend this medicine to
ETHEL D. HAINES, Levee, Ont.

K. D. C. the household name
for stomach trouble.

What He Meant By It.

Drummond got down to the nerve
of Christian living when he said in
his great sermon, "The Greatest
Thing in the World": "And you re-
member the profound remark which
Paul makes, 'Love is the fulfilling of
the law. Did you ever think what he
meant by that? In those days men were
working their passage to heaven by
keeping the Ten Commandments and
the hundred and ten other com-
mandments which they had manu-
factured out of them. Christ said, 'I
will show you a more simply way. If
you do one thing, you will do these
hundred and ten things without ever
thinking about them. If you love,
you will unconsciously fulfil the whole
law. And you can readily see for
yourselves how that must be so. Take
any of the commandments; Thou
shalt have no other gods before me.
If a man love God, you will not re-
quire to tell him that; love is the ful-
filling of the law. Take not his name
in vain. Would he dream of taking
his name in vain if he loved him?
'Remember the Sabbath day to
keep it holy.' Would he not be too
glad to have one day in seven to
dedicate more exclusively to the object
of his affection? Love would fulfil
all these laws regarding God. And so
if he loved man, you would never think
of telling him not to kill. You would
only insult him if you suggest that he
should not steal—how could he steal
from those whom he loved?"

Teachings of this sort are somewhat
ahead of stuffed-pew religion, but the
world is coming to them.—Commercial
Advertiser.

JOSEPH COOK closed his address on
"The Certainties of Religion," at the
Chicago Parliament, with these words:
"I bought a book full of the songs of
aggressive Evangelical religion, and I
found in this little book words which
may be bitter indeed when eaten, but
which when fully assimilated will be
sweet as honey. I summarize my
whole scheme of religion in these words,
which you may put on my tombstone:
Choose I must and soon must choose,
Holiness or heaven lose.
If what heaven loves I hate,
Shut from me is heaven's gate."

Endless sin means endless woe.
Into endless sin I go,
If my soul from reason rant
Takes from sin its final bent.

As the stream its channel grooves,
And within that channel moves,
So does habit's deepest tide
Groove its bed and there abide.

Light obeyed increaseth light;
Light resisted bringeth night.
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose.

Speed, my soul, this instant yield,
Let the light its sceptre wield.
While thy God prolongs his grace,
Haste thee to his holy face.

Recreation is not the highest kind
of enjoyment, but in its time and
place is quite as proper as prayer.
All true manliness grows around a
core of divineness.

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