

His Coming.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not sad to me;
For in its sweet unfolding
My Saviour's love I see.

They say at any moment
The Lord of life may come
To lift me from the cloudland
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rustle of His garments
As He softly draweth near;

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons, loved of our Master;
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps He will come in the noontide
Of some bright, sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me,
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
Up from the dimmer sunlight
Into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the still
Of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping
'Neath the moonbeams' silvery light;

When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in the holy stillness
The Master will come for me.

—Dr. Horatio Bonar.

The Hyacinth.

Without, the snow lies drifted on the hills,
Dark, lowering storm-clouds fill the air
With gloom;
Within, the hyacinth with fragrance fills,
And heavenly beauty, all my lonely
room.

Dear flower, of all the flowers I love thee
best,
For ever yet while winter's icy breath,
Prisons the streams and holds the grass and
flowers

Wrapped in the cerements and the gloom
of death,

Bursting thy grave clothes and the im-
prisoning mold,

In all thy fresh, new beauty thou art
here,

The same dear, fragrant flower we knew of
old,

Telling the miracle of spring is near.

Sweet flower, thou comfortest my sorrow-
ing soul,

Thee, the great Source of Life remem-
bereth,

And at the appointed time, as seasons roll,
Giveth thee power to burst the bonds of
death.

Shall I not to this unforgetting care
Intrust those lonely graves, where, cold
and low,

And far apart, under the wintry skies,
My darlings sleep, beneath the drifted
snow?

A Soul's Lesson.

HARRIET E. WATERMAN.

My husband handed me a letter one
morning. It was in my mother's
cramped, old-fashioned hand. She
wrote to tell me that she would be
here by the middle of the following
week. It was wrong of me, I knew,
but my first thought was—my fashion-
able friends, the Nortons, are coming
for a few days! How could it have
happened just so? Mrs. Norton
dresses with such exquisite taste, and
mother will be sure to wear that old
black silk. If she had only planned
to come the week after? Oh, well,
I'll write and ask her to postpone her
visit for a little—she will not mind!

How wretched I am! A dreadful
blow has fallen upon me! My sorrow
is greater than I can bear. My life
henceforth will be passed in a dark,
dark shadow. My mother is dead!
And I, her daughter, sent her that
letter! Everything is a blank—my
heart is like lead. My heart! I never
had one but of stone. Oh, that I could
only have died with her!

What is all the splendor by which I
am surrounded? A dismal mockery.
My conscience upbraids me continually.
It tells me that I have been
ashamed of my mother, of her hard-
working hands, her plain ways, her
lack of knowledge of this cold, heart-
less world.

How carefully she reared me—my
widowed mother, with her slender
means. How many comforts she
denied herself, that she might give me
the education for which I longed, the
culture of which I was so fond! How
proud she was of my young, beautiful
face, and with what delicacy she warned
me of the dangers which beauty brings!
Can God ever forgive me? And yet I
was never ungrateful before. How
much I have enjoyed the visits of my
mother to my charming home! How
happy I have been in giving her the
most luxurious room with its outlooks
of hill and valley, and the lovely lake
sleeping at the foot of the hill! The
house now seems like a tomb. If I
could once more fall on my mother's
bosom and tell her how much I love
her, and ask her never to doubt me
again!

Vain, vain regrets!

\$200. ill spent for other cures
\$5. well spent for K. D. C.

I have seen my mother. I have
been to the little brown cottage where
I was born. How dear seemed to me
every part of that old house, the home
of my childhood! The large, old
kitchen with its uneven floor, its small,
low windows, its straight-backed chairs,
and oh, the rocker by the window
looking into the garden where grew
the geraniums, petunias, and the ugly
phlox—that rocker in which she had
sat so often—and the window-seat
which held her work-basket, and her
Bible with the glasses laid on the cover.
Everything there in its place; and
where was she? Lying placidly
opposite in the pleasant parlor. I
shrieked aloud? All present wondered
at the extravagance of my grief, at my
self-reproaches which drew all eyes
upon me. My loud wailing seemed
strangely out of place in the quiet of
the time, in the presence of that meek,
quiet face with its calm smile. They
did not, could not, know the crushing
weight upon my spirit. As I stood
by her dead form I seemed to hear
again, as on my bridal morning, the
sweet "God bless you, my daughter!"
I recalled the forebodings which
whispered so sadly in my heart even in
the midst of my great happiness, when
the rich stranger led to his own home
the only daughter.

Then they laid her away. It was in
a storm. The rain dripped from the
eaves, the water oozed from the turf,
the trees swayed dolefully in the wind,
and the birds chirped sadly under the
little wet roofs of leaves where they
tried to hide. "Is there not rain
enough in the sweet heavens to wash
out the remembrance of my thought-
less conduct?" I cried in despair.
We passed the white church to which
I had gone so often hand in hand with
her. I used to think it stared so in
the sunlight, looking so prosaic and
bare; now it was gray and dim through
the mist. And the grave! Oh, how
it yawned, black and awful, at my feet!
My grief broke out afresh. I could
not let them put her down there! The
voice of the dear old minister, Christ's
servant for many a long year, grew
unsteady as he told of her quiet resig-
nation, her perfect trust, her tender-
ness when speaking of her one child
drowned in the pleasures of wealth, I
stood there

"Quailing like the eye of Peter
From the Just One's look."

As they lowered the coffin, I shut my
eyes, feeling as if I could never open
them again. How long it was I do
not know, but when I looked up the
shower had passed. The sun had
burst forth with gorgeous brightness,
the grass sparkled with a thousand
prismatic hues. The sight poured
over my soul a flood of inspiration.

"They need no candle, neither the
light of the sun, for the Lord God
giveth them light, and they shall reign
forever and ever." Thus spoke the
gray-haired man, and the words filled
me with a rapture not of earth.
Heaven opened—and I was caught up
into the bright space. Glory unspeak-
able flashed around me. I saw the
city of gold, with the wall of jasper,
and the pure river of the water of life,
clear as crystal, flowing through the
city. Upon my astonished sight came
myriads of glad faces, their forms
arrayed in fine linen, clean and white;
and voices which no man could number
were chanting the song which none but
the redeemed can sing. The vision of
John given to me also? Could I have
all this and live? It was but for a
moment! The harsh sound of the
earth rattling upon the coffin fell like
a leaden weight upon my heart, and
like Sir Launfal at sight of the leper,
"the sunshine went out of my soul
with a thrill." The clouds gathered
and drifted into a dark, dense mass,
the rain came again, and the branches
swung and sighed drearily. I grew
sick and faint.

Slowly we walked back over the
graveled walks, and passed out at the
gate, where stood the old sexton with
his hat off. As we neared the house
the rain ceased once more, and from
out the dark background of clouds the
sun dashed shafts of red light over
the little cottage and into the western
window where I had so often seen her
dear face looking out for me.

But there was naught but the black-
ness of darkness in my soul, and would
be now for evermore.

But hark! what is this? The sound
of carriage wheels coming along the
avenue. I start up, and rub my eyes
confusedly. What does it mean? I am
strangely bewildered with a crowd of
new thoughts rushing in upon me.
Where is my great sorrow? Vanishing
before the flood of happiness which en-
ters and penetrates my whole being. I
am awake now, and my heart gives a
joyous leap, for surely that is my hus-
band's cheery laugh and his quick step
in the long hall. He is bidding some
one welcome. And now another voice,
more quiet and subdued, reaches my

K. D. C. Pills tone and regu-
late the bowels.

ear. The door is thrown open, and
my mother walks in!
"I thought I would surprise you,
dear, after all, she says in a sweet, calm
tone. "And a blessed surprise it is!
I exclaim, as I throw myself into her
arms in a wild fit of weeping, which
makes her pale with alarm, until at
last, calmed and fully alive to my great
happiness, so rich, so overwhelming,
and so undeserved, I tell her my
strange dream. But not, ah! not my
wicked thought of her.

Did I forget this heavenly visitation
and return to the old world of self-
only self? It was not possible. The
Spirit had walked the garden of my
heart, as in the old time under Eden's
trees; the torpid soul was awakened and
roused to new activities, and the higher
and nobler life began.

Bringing Out And Bringing In.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The pearl fishery of the Bible con-
tinually brings up treasures for the
soul. Even the least familiar passages
reveal to us fresh truths, or old truths
in new lights or at new angles. One
of these gems is in the sixth chapter
of Deuteronomy: "He brought us out
from thence that he might bring us in.
This is a simple line of history, refer-
ring to the wonderful exodus from
Egypt when Jehovah moved before
His people in an illuminated pillar of
cloud. But it illustrates most beauti-
fully the out-bringing and the in-bring-
ing of every Christian soul.

First, there is a deliverance from
bondage by the redeeming work of
Jesus Christ. Sin is the worst slavery
ever known, and Jesus is the most
glorious of liberators. How constantly
that refrain occurs in the Pentateuch;
"Out of the land of Egypt, out of the
house of bondage." Every sinner is a
bondslave, toiling for the most cruel
of masters, and the wages of sin is
death. The Son of God, by the single
sublime stroke of His atoning love,
struck off the innumerable fetters and
declared emancipation for every be-
lieving soul on this sin-cursed globe.
As Maclaren of Manchester, declared
in a recent discourse: There was once
a Roman emperor who wished that all
his enemies had one neck that he
might slay all at one blow. The wish
is a fact in regard of Christ and His
work; for by it all our tyrants have
been smitten to death by one stroke;
and the death of Jesus Christ has been
the death of sin and the death of hell
—in its power, in its guilt, and in
its penalty. He has come into the
prison house and torn the bars away,
and opened the fetters, and every man
may, if he will, come out into the
sunshine and exult in freedom.

The eighth chapter of the Epistle to
the Romans is the believer's magnifi-
cent chant of triumph. There is
therefore no condemnation to all
them who are in Jesus Christ. He
brought them out from the old dark-
ness and death into the new light and
life. No one can sing this "new song"
unless Christ has accepted him, pardoned
him, and made him, free from the
law of sin and death. John Wes-
ley says that first joyful sense of de-
liverance came when he realized the
perfect security of every soul that is
sheltered in the Saviour's arms. Does
this in-bringing imply a perfect free-
dom from temptations to sin? No,
indeed. The Christian who indulges
in this delusive dream deceives him-
self, and the truth is not in him: The
children of Israel did not reach Canaan
as soon as the Red Sea was crossed.
A long, hard march and severe disci-
pline were before them ere the first
man set foot in the land of promise.
So every converted soul must go in
battle harness, fighting every furlong
of the road to heaven; and the first
hour of sinless perfection any of us
will experience will be the one we spend
after the gates of pearl have shut us
in. Perfect assurance does not mean
perfect holiness; it means that Jesus
Christ guarantees that He will never
desert us. "My grace is sufficient.
No man shall be able to pluck you out
of My hands. Who could ask for
more than that?

Conversion does not merely bring a
person out of an old position; it brings
him or her into new practices. Con-
duct is the test of conversion. Old
sins are renounced; old habits are
sloughed off; there is a new hand at
the helm, steering the daily life into
new channels. In these times of re-
ligion worth seeking is the religion that
purges, sweetens, elevates, and
controls the whole life. When stingy
Mr. A begins to send loads of coal to
the poor, and unlocks his purse on
missionary Sundays; when cheerful B.
takes his children on his knee and
begins to treat his poor relations kin-
dly; when sharp Mr. C. begins to con-
duct his business "on the square;"
when godless D. sets up a family altar
and when gay young E. takes to his

Is your digestion weakened
by a gripe? Use K. D. C.

Christian Endeavor meeting rather
than the billiard room and the theater
there is pretty good evidence of a
change of heart. They have taken a
new departure—out of the old and
into the path where they can follow
Jesus.

There is another coming out that is
essential to healthy and happy piety.
It is the distinct and decided crossing
of the line between Jesus Christ and
the ways of the world. No man can
serve two masters. No man can linger
in Egypt and enter Canaan. Come
out and be ye separate, is Christ's
clear command to everyone who en-
ters His Church. Never a time when
a thorough, clean-cut emancipation
from the ways of the world was more
needed than now. The Bible draws
distinct lines. On one side walks the
Master; on the other side goes the god-
less "world" on its road to perdition.
Let no young convert try to bestride
that dividing line, or leave his heart
over on the wrong side. Christians
need never expect to draw their frivo-
lous, fashion-worshipping, unconverted
neighbors over to Christ's side of that
line by compromising. We must
draw them up—and do it lovingly—or
they will draw us down. Compromises
are Satan's pitfalls. The moment
that we begin to walk one mile with
the world, they will be able to compel
us to "go with them twain. If we let
them have the "coat," they will soon
strip us of the "cloak" also. Egypt
and Canaan lie at opposite points of
the compass. Christ's Church never
can win the world by denying the
Master. Would to God that in try-
ing to draw sinners into conformity to
Christ, we should never allow them to
draw us into conformity to their
sins! When Moses wanted to win
Hobab he did not offer to stay with
him, he said: "Come, go with us, and
we will do thee good." If thou guest
into an inquiry room with a Bible in
thy hand, my friend, be careful to go
also with a clean life and loving
heart, as well as with a prayer for the
power of the Holy Spirit. Then thou
mayest hope to lead seeking souls out
of the house of bondage into the joy
and grace which Jesus gives.

What a delightful aspect this little
passage from the old Pentateuch gives
to that process we call dying. A bring-
ing out and a bringing in; that's all.
An escape from the toils and the tears,
the head winds and the hard climbs,
the sins and the sorrows of this old
sorrowing world, and a glorious welcome
into the Father's house! Christ had
all this in His eye when He died to
bring us out of the prison house of
sin. He had made ready the palace,
and He came to bring us in, and to be
forever with him there.—The Evangelist.

Trusting Men.

One of the greatest school-teachers
of the present century was Dr. Thomas
Arnold, of Rugby, England, and his
influence over his pupils was great,
and abiding. "It is a shame to tell
Arnold a lie," the boys were wont to
say, "for he is sure to believe you."

Arnold believed and taught that it
was manly to speak the truth and
cowardly to tell a lie. He wanted his
pupils to be brave. He trusted a boy
even when appearances were against
him, for he thought it better to be
deceived now and then than to act as
though all the school was trying to
deceive him. He would not live in an
atmosphere of doubt, nor would he
have his scholars live in it. He trusted
them, and they were worthy of his
trust.

It is a pity to be oversuspicious.
We must use our eyes and pass judg-
ment upon the conduct of others, but
let us do so in all charity. And even
when a person deceives us it is well to
hear his honest confession, and to
show him some mark of confidence.

It is hard for the wrong-doer to turn,
but if he turns in penitence, how hard
to find the right path barred by the
doubts of his fellow-men! He may
push aside the barrier, but the fear is
that he will not make the attempt.
"No one," he may exclaim in bitter-
ness of soul, "trusts me, and why
then should I reform?" Remorse sets
in, and that is fatal.

It is sweet to see how Jesus trust-
ed those about him, and in this fact
one secret of his power. He had very
much to discourage him. He trusted his
disciples, and at the hour of his ar-
rest they "all forsook him and fled."
One of them became a traitor. But
Jesus believed that human nature
would be redeemed by the power of
divine love, and exclaimed, "If I be
lifted up I will draw all men unto me."
A prophecy how glorious and moving
toward fulfillment!

How tenderly did he speak to the
penitent sinner, "Go in peace, sin no
more! How kindly did he inspire
hope! He did not close the gates of
mercy on mankind, but opened them
wide, and bade enter "whosoever will."

K. D. C. is tone and regu-
late the liver.

"Come unto me," was his gracious in-
vitation.

Mark his conduct to Peter, who had
denied him thrice in the hour when
Jesus seemed most to need a friend.
But Peter repented, and then Jesus
rebuked him, yet gently, with the
question, three times repeated, "Lovest
thou me?" and then trusted him and
gave him work to do, "Feed my lambs."
And Peter crowned a faithful life with
a martyr's death.—Sunday-School
Journal.

Christian Liberty.

It is a fruit of divine grace.
It often exists amid deep poverty.
It is the source of highest joy.
It begins with one's giving himself
to God.

Christians are rarely liberal up to
the measure of their ability, and still
more rare when they go beyond it.

Christian benevolence in one person
often stirs a multitude to do their
duty.

If Christ gave himself for us, then
we should not withhold of our means
from our needy brethren.

Ability is the measure of duty in
the matter of liberality.

Weigh The Two.

Put into one scale some hardships,
self-denials and conflicts—and at the
end of them Heaven. Put into the
other scale self-indulgence and a sin-
ful life—and at the end hell! Weigh
the two; weigh them for eternity.
And while you are watching the scales
the loving Saviour will whisper in your
ear the solemn question, "What shall
it profit you to gain the whole world
and lose your own soul?"—Dr. Cuyler.

The Spring Medicine

"All run down" from the weakening
effects of warm weather, you need
a good tonic and blood purifier
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ments, if neglected, will soon break up
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strength and appetite.

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cathartic and liver medicine. Harm-
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small matters hurt him who is too
much intent upon them; they stir up
anger, which begets an evil habit in
him in reference to greater affairs.

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