

He Careth.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the
hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss untroubled by any strife;
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sor-
rows be,
When the lights die down in the path I
take,
When strength is feeble and friends for-
sake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing
prayers,
Then my spirit cries out for a God who
cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and
wrong
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin in my heart is made,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love,
He leaves us not when the strife is high;
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

Christian Union

Sweet and Bitter.

BY REV. GEO. H. BALL, D. D.

Pastoral visiting was the theme at a
gathering of ministers. All agreed in the
usefulness of it, but nearly every
one confessed to dreading it in general,
while enjoying it in particular cases,
especially when an object is in view
and good is done. The testimony ran
on this wise. Some families wish us to
call often, gossip and gabble in a gen-
eral way, just to break up the monot-
ony of life, amuse, and gratify desire
for attention or assurance of being in
favor. Time and strength spent on
such visits were considered almost a
waste, seldom agreeable, rendered
with reluctance, and remembered with-
out pleasure.

Other families welcome the pastor so
courteously, converse so freely and un-
affectedly, speak of benefits received
from some sermon, exposition of scrip-
ture, mid-week talk, or word of comfort,
with such delicacy and kindness, dis-
cuss the affairs of the church with such
interest and warmth, that the pastor is
cheered, feels that he is blessing the
people, is appreciated by them and has
their support, and so enjoys the frag-
rance of the visit as to gladly repeat
it as soon as time and cares shall per-
mit.

Other families put on airs of piety
for the occasion, make a mess of it,
seem uneasy and restrained and glad
to have the visit end, though urgent to
have it continue, and causing the pas-
tor to feel his labor lost. Such visits
are dreaded and as seldom repeated as
conscience shall permit.

Others make a great ado over not
having visits more frequently, insinuat-
ing neglect, while evidently more eager
to complain than to be profited, more
likely to grow in severity than in
grace, more given to repulsion than to
reception of advice or the ministrations
of truth. These are the cases which make
the pastor weary and his visitings a
cross. Several instances were related
of the disagreeable class.

A pastor coming near a home, intend-
ing to call, loud words were heard
from the back yard, and awful oaths
leaped from the lips of the woman of
the house. He loitered a little, hesi-
tated, but finally went in, and found the
lady seated with the open Bible and as-
sumed devotion in her face. The visit
was short and not remembered with
delight. Pastors soon learn where
religion is only a cloak.

After days of sickness a pastor heard
that a member of a family living at a
distance was ill, and as soon as able
hastened to call. The first greeting as
the door was opened was, "Well, you
have made out to come at last. I have
been thinking you had forgotten us, or
didn't care whether we were dead or
alive." The mother of the sick, who
made this sharp salutation, had sent
for the physician, but had sent no word
to the pastor, and it was only by acci-
dent he heard of the case at all. The
visit may have blessed the sick, but did
not comfort the pastor.

"Did you know L. had moved?" was
asked by an energetic, rather meddle-
some K. D. C. Pills tone and regu-
late the bowels.

some woman of one of the pastors, and
he replied that he did not. "Well, I
declare," said she, "you don't keep very
good track of your members. Did you
know that J. had also moved? You
didn't! Well, do you know where we
live? You haven't been there for
months, and I have been thinking you
have forgotten where we live." This
was a street salute, but relates to the
department of visiting.

"I recently called on a well-to-do
family," said one of the pastors, "and
as the mother came into the parlor, I
was saluted with, 'Good afternoon, pas-
tor; really the sight of you is refresh-
ing! Have you at last found out where
we live? Do you know that you have
visited J.—twice since you were
here? Well, I suppose preachers have
their preference.'" This woman, he
said, did not mean to be rude, nor real-
ly to complain, though there was a
little jealousy in her heart, but she had
fallen into a habit of badinage tinged
with sarcasm, and thought it smart
when it was only vulgar.

One pastor related that he had just
had a whole half-day of such offensive
greetings, and it made him actually sick.
The last family on his list he could not
muster courage to visit, lest another shot
should utterly disgust him and deter
him from ever visiting his people
more.

Reticence respecting benefits gained
from the ministry was also spoken of
with regret. One pastor said, "My
people are as close-mouthed as clams as
to any good they get from my sermons.
They are attentive, find no fault, but
never utter a word or make an allu-
sion, in conversation, in conference
meeting, or anywhere in my hearing,
that indicates the least interest in or
profit gained from my sermons. I am
often depressed by this silence, and
made to doubt whether any good at all
is being done. I dislike flattery, but it
would afford comfort to know that my
efforts had done some one good, and
enough good to lead to a mention of it."

Upon the whole the company agreed
that there is much more sweet than bit-
ter in the pastor's work, and that by
slight effort that sweetness might be
largely increased. They were all rat-
her tired and blue, it was Monday, and
probably magnified discomforts; but
if some good people could have heard
them talk it might possibly improve
their habits and sweeten their pastor's
experiences.—*Morning Star.*

One With Christ.

The Scripture writers are poets.
They speak in imagery and their
themes are sublime. The same is
true of Christ. He said, "I am the
true vine, ye are the branches." In
illustrative speech our Saviour taught
in this saying the fundamental mystery
of Christianity. Paul had the same
thing in mind when he said, "I am
crucified with Christ; nevertheless I
live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in
me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

The union of Christ and the be-
liever is the basis of all distinctively
Christian doctrine. It is not made so
much of as it ought to be. Although
it is a mystery, when once accepted it
supplies a rational basis for the mys-
teries of the atonement, justification
and the resurrection. It is a super-
natural union. It is not established
by the sacraments. Neither is it one-
ness of feeling or aim with Christ. It
is established by the Holy Spirit en-
tering the believer's soul. (Rom. viii.
15.) It is a living union. It is not a
union of position, but a real oneness
creating channels for the interplay of
vital forces. (John xv. 5.) Up from
the root of the plants flow the juices
which produce flower, fragrance, leaf
and fruit. So with Jesus the vine and
a believer ever the branch.

It is a necessary union. I hope I
am a believer. Christ is the head, be-
lievers are his body. He is the vine,
believers are the branches. He is the
foundation, believers are the "lively
stones" of the fabric. Each is need-
ful to the other—head needful for
body, body needful for head, leaf need-
ful for root, root needful to flower.
This is a moral union. It makes it
self real in the manifestation of moral
activities. On the believer's part,
worship, love, service; on his Lord's
part, love, watch, care. (Eph. v. 25.)
It is a lasting union. Some hundreds
of years after Abraham died God said
to Moses: "I am the God of Abra-
ham." Interpreting this saying Jesus
said, "God is the God of the living."
An old English writer said of this
union, "The bonds of it do not rot in
the grave." Well might Rowland Hill
repeat the quaint old hymn as he faced
death.

"And when I'm to die, receive me I'll
cry.
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell
why.
But this I can find; We two are so
joined,
That he'll not be in glory and leave me
behind."

Use K. D. D. for all stomach
troubles.

Before we go any farther let us re-
member that the mystical union is not
poetry but fact. It is a fact that
Christ and the believer have one life,
one will, one spirit, one aim. Now
this union involves certain other facts
which are most astonishing.

1. The believer shares in Christ's
was crucified on Calvary. So was the
believer. "Our old man is crucified
with him," Rom. vi. 6. "We are
dead to the law by the body of Christ,"
Rom. viii. 4. "I am crucified with
Christ, Gal. ii. 20. If the believer is
in Christ now, he was in Christ before
the foundation of the world, Eph. i. 4.
These nails, driven through Christ's
hands on the cross, were also driven
through mine. Not only did he hang
his head and give up the ghost, I
hung my head and I gave up the
ghost, if I am in Christ by faith.
What Christ did I did. What he
suffered I suffered because I was in
him.

2. Share in his glory. The drama
of redemption did not close with the
burial of Christ. He rose again. He
ascended into heaven. He sits in
heavenly places to-day. Who does?
Christ alone? Nay, but every believer.
Not only was the believer crucified,
dead and buried with Christ, the
believer rose from the dead when
Christ rose from the dead. The
believer ascended into heaven when
Christ ascended into heaven. The
believer sits in heavenly places already,
Eph. ii. 4-6.

"The Lord is risen indeed,
Then hell has lost its prey;
With him has risen the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day."

3. Share in his possessions. All
things are the Christian's. He is an
equal heir with Christ. (Rom. viii. 17).
All fields are open to him, all attain-
ments within his reach, all power his
to exercise. When I contemplate
what is involved in union with Christ
by faith a sort of rapture seizes me,
and exultation will be indulged. I
look upward. Yonder flaming star.
It is mine. Yonder Milky Way lead-
ing far out into infinite space. It is
a highway for the chariots of my
thought. Yonder heaven of rest, its
river of life, and its trees with leaves
of balm, its inextinguishable light and
immaculate streets and undefeatable
abodes, they are mine. Death is mine
to trample on. Life is mine to glory
in. The world is mine to give me
bread and shelter and rest. Things
present are mine to sift me, prove me,
sharpen me; mine to step upon, rise
above, fight and conquer. Things to
come are mine; mine to strive for,
mine to pray for, mine to shine as a
beacon for me when I am in the night,
mine to gain, mine for a crown. In
all the universe there is nothing that
does not belong to the Christian;
nothing evil on which he may not
rejoice.—*The Standard.*

Do Something.

Each member of a Christian church
should be a worker for Christ. Our
Lord has never granted a dispensation
to a single one of us. Would any of
us desire that he should? His vows
are upon us all, without exception.
Are we each obedient to his word,
"Occupy till I come?" Are we putting
out our talents to interest? If we are
not doing so, we can never enter into
rest. Rest implies previous labor.
We are hidden by the Holy Spirit to
labor to enter into the rest of God—
it is the way thereto. Idlers are un-
restful, fidgety, worried and worrying,
fretful and fanciful, troubled and
troublesome. They are happiest who
are most completely consecrated to the
service of God, and most fully absorbed
in obedience to his will.

Oh, that all our church members
were constrained by divine grace to do
their utmost for the Lord! There
would then be no lack of laborers, no
vase would be left unpruned, no wheat
ungarnered. Under God we have in
the church all that is needful for its
great work; it only needs bringing out
and setting in order—perhaps we ought
to say arousing and quickening. The
world is full of stir—social, political,
scientific, selfish—adashall the Savior's
household be given to slumber! Heaven
can be no heaven to us if we do not
labor here, by either doing or suffer-
ing the divine will. As six days of
work preceded the Lord's Sabbath of
rest, so must it be with us if we would
enjoy the Sabbath of the skies. Re-
member how Bonar puts it, and let us
put it so:

"Death worketh,
Let me work, too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

"Time worketh,
Let me work, too;
Time findeth,
Let me do.

K. D. C. is marked prompt
and lasting in its effects.

But as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

"Sin worketh,
Let me work, too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity."
—C. H. Spurgeon.

Isaiah Fifty-Five.

The man who has no money is as
welcome at God's table as the one who
has a million.

If we have thirst it is an evidence
that we also have a special invitation
from God to come to the water of life.
No matter how far we have wandered
we can come to God in one step.

"Come to the waters." The rivers,
the fountains, the oceans. The rich
man in torment begged for a drop.
"Wine and milk without money and
without price." Who will be to blame
if we starve to death?

"Let your soul delight itself in fat-
ness." And yet the worldling think.
God wants him to have a hard time.

"Incline your ear." We must turn
our faces away from the world to hear
the voice of God.

"The sure mercies of David." What-
ever God was to David he pledges
himself to be to us.

"Let the wicked forsake his way."
The moment he does it he will turn
his face toward God.

"It shall not return to me void."
No matter how discouraging things
may look.

"Ye shall go out with joy." No
difference whether we have any money
in the bank or not.

"Instead of the thorn shall come up
the fir tree." The life that was a
curse becomes a blessing. This is
what God's salvation has always done,
and is still doing.—*Ram's Horn.*

A Word in Season.

General O. O. Howard relates an
incident in his own life, for the pur-
pose of showing what great results
sometimes come from little efforts.
At the battle of Fair Oaks, on June 1,
1862, General Howard's arm was shot
off.

"As I was making my way to the
hospital," he says, "weak from the
loss of blood and pain, I saw a young
man intoxicated. He was so under
the influence of whiskey that he could
hardly walk. As I came near him, I
stopped long enough to tell him it did
not pay to drink. It would ruin him,
and he would better stop before the
habit had control of him.

"I passed on to the hospital, had
my arm amputated, and was sent home
to recover. I learned nothing more
of the drunken soldier until a short
time ago, when a letter from an officer
in Washington told me his subsequent
history.

"Impressed by the fact that in my
wounded condition I had taken enough
interest in him to stop and give him
advice, he had then and there resolved
to quit drinking. He kept his resolu-
tion, and when the war was over set-
tled down to a life of steady, honest,
hard work. He gradually rose, and
the letter from Washington told me
he had just died, a judge on the
Supreme Bench of the State of New
Hampshire, one of the foremost men
in the commonwealth."

Sunny People.

There's a certain old lady, who lives
in a little old house, with very little
in it to make her comfortable. She is
rather deaf and she cannot see very
well, either. Her hands and feet are
all out of shape and full of pain be-
cause of her rheumatism. But in spite
of all this, you would find her full of
sunshine, and as cheerful as a robin in
June, and it would do you good to see
her. I found out one day what keeps
her so cheerful.

"When I was a child," she said,
"my mother taught me every morning,
before I got out of bed, to thank God
for every good thing that I could
think of that He had given me—for a
comfortable bed; for each article of
clothing; for my breakfast; for a
pleasant home; for my friends; and
for all my blessings, calling each by
name; and so I begin every day with
a heart full of praise to God for all
He has done and is doing for me."

Here is the secret, then, of a happy
life—this having one's heart full of
praise; and when we do as this dear
little old lady does—that is, count our
blessings every day, in a spirit of
thanksgiving for them—we shall find
many a reason why we should praise
God.—*Buffalo Advocate*

No one can be good, or great, or
happy, except through inward efforts
of his own.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Life is not victory, but battle.
Every battle declined, as well as every
battle drawn, is a battle lost.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic
constipation.

Random Readings.

He who runs from duty never rests.
Bless the Lord, O my soul.—*Psalms*
103:32.

It is easier to form a habit than to
reform it.

Before we can pray right we must
first do right.

The forgiving spirit is worth a
fortune to any one.

Memory is the treasury and guardian
of all things.

Every man who follows Christ leads
somebody else.

The true nature of repentance is
seen in a man's life.

Doubt of whatever kind can be
ended by action alone.—*Carlyle.*

Faith is a microscope for present
joys; a telescope for joys to come.

No man leads a godly life who does
not connect God with his daily life.

He that would win the golden crown
must seize the golden opportunity.

Duties are ours; events are the Lord's.
—*Samuel Rutherford.*

Kindness is the music of good will
to men and on this harp the smallest
fingers may play heaven's sweetest
tunes on earth.

When a laboring man undertakes to
support a family and a saloon at the
same time, the saloon will grow rich
and the family grow poor.

There is no fit search after truth
which does not, first of all, begin to
live the truth which it knows.—*H.*
Bushnell.

There is a transcendent power in
example. We reform others uncon-
sciously, when we walk unrightly.—
Mme. Swetchine.

In Your Blood.

Is the cause of that tired, languid feel-
ing which afflicts you at this season.
The blood is impure and has become
thin and poor. That is why you have
no strength, no appetite, cannot sleep.
Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsa-
parilla, which will give you an appetite,
tone your stomach, and invigorate your
nerves.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy
in action and sure in effect. 25c.

REDUCED TO A SHADOW.

Saved by Strawberry Extract.

GENTLEMEN,—Feeling it my duty to
give you an unsolicited testimony for
the direct benefit I have received in my
family from the use of Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry, let me say
that while we resided at Fenwick, Ont.,
my little daughter had an attack of
Dysentery or Bloody Flux, by which
she was reduced to a mere shadow and
became quite helpless. Fortunately my
family physician advised the use of
Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw-
berry, as he neither had nor knew of
anything better for this dreadful
disease, and therefore we gave it an
impartial trial. I am happy to say that
less than a quarter of a bottle caused
the flow of blood and clots to cease,
and the child promptly recovered. We
always have had Extract of Strawberry
in the house since to be ready for
emergencies common to children in
summer from the effects of fruits, etc.
I would just as soon think of losing
my right eye as being deprived of Dr.
Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.
This is a testimony of thanks for the
untold benefit myself and family have
received from this great remedy.

MRS. W. H. GARROLD,
St. David's, Ont., formerly of
Hamilton, Ont.



When my little girl was one month old, she
had a scab form on her face. It kept spread-
ing until she was completely covered from
head to foot. Then she had boils. She had
fourty on her head at one time, and more on
her body. When six months old she did not
weigh seven pounds, a pound and a half less
than at birth. Then her skin started to dry
up and got so bad she could not shut her eyes
to sleep, but laid with them half open. About
this time, at the earnest request of friends, I
started using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and
in one month she was completely cured.
The doctor and drug bills were over one hun-
dred dollars, the CUTICURA bill was not more
than five dollars. My child is now two years
old, strong, healthy and large as any child of
her age (see photo.) and it is all owing to
CUTICURA. Yours with a Mother's Blessing,
MRS. GEO. H. TUCKER, JR.,
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Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND
CHEM. CO., sole proprietors, Boston. Mailed free,
"All about the Blood, Skin, Scalp, and Hair."
Babies Eruptions, itching scalp, and red, rough
heads prevented and cured by CUTICURA Soap.



Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAB-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with [Sick
Rheum. During that time, I tried a great
many medicines which were highly re-
commended, but none gave me relief. I
was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla, by a friend who told me that I
must purchase six bottles, and use them
according to directions. I yielded to his
persuasion, bought the six bottles, and
took the contents of three of these bot-
tles without noticing any direct benefit.
Before I had finished the fourth bottle,
my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which
is that of a cab-driver, requires me to
be out in cold and wet weather, often
without gloves, and the trouble has
never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS,
Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.



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 digested 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 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.

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Is a luxury within your reach!
People in your town are constantly
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You could get the orders and make
The profit. We want to tell you
All about it; you will be interested.
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Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada.

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35 Barrels of Pale Boiled, Raw, and
double Boiled Linseed oil, pure and good,
just received and for sale by
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