

Our Hero Missionaries.

They have journeyed far
On a stormy tide
To the friendless shore
And the strange hillside,
Where the wild winds sigh
And the darkness creeps;
For their hearts are sad
With a world that weeps,
And theirs is a love
That never sleeps.

Where the stress is great
And the battle long
They strengthen their faith
With psalm and song;
And if for guerdon
They have defeat,
The hymns of their angels
Are ever sweet,
And they take their rest
At the Master's feet.

God is the source
Of their secret strength.
They trust in Him,
And they see at length
That morn is breaking
After the night,
And the harvest is his
Are gold and white,
While shines around them
God's fadeless light.

But who shall follow
Where they have led?
Who live and labour
And love instead?
Oh, hearts of youth,
Faith waits for you;
Be strong and brave,
Be firm and true,
Faithfully promise,
And nobly do!

Matthias Farthingham.

The Sword of the Spirit.

The Christian soldier has at command an invincible armor—the girdle of truth, the breast-plate of righteousness, beautiful and strong shoes upon his feet, an all-protecting shield, a glorious helmet. Into his hand the Captain of the host puts a strong, sharp sword, saying: "Now be valiant; you have a shield which is able to quench every fiery dart that can be hurled against you, and I give you a sword which you must use not only in defensive but also in aggressive warfare. It is a trusty sword which will never break, nor fail to pierce to the death any foe; a sword by which you may cut your way through solid ranks of evil on to certain victory." In the picture drawn by the revelator of the conquering Christ, He is represented with a "two-edged sword in His mouth, with which He will smite the nations." And Jesus said: "The word which I speak unto you, the same shall judge you in the last day." In Solomon's Song, where the Church's victory in temptation is celebrated in oriental figure of speech, it is said of the valiant of Israel, "They all hold swords, * * * every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night." Who ever saw a soldier fully equipped without his sword? Yet Christians go into the spiritual battle often without the sword of the Spirit, or if they have it with them they know but poorly how to use it. The Bible is called the sword of the Spirit because the Holy Spirit gave the word at first, and He alone can teach us how to use it. What a wonderful book it is! How sweet and dear and precious when we really "find" it and "eat" it, and it becomes the "joy and rejoicing of the heart."

Coleridge says of it: "In the Bible there is more that finds me than in all other books put together. The words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being, and whatever finds me brings with it irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit." It answers to experience, and its unfoldings are like the coming out of star after star until the heavens are full of brightness, and still there are depths which our eager sight seeks to explore. Perhaps to-day you are strong and full of hope. You read the promise: "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" or this: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys. I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."

The words are beautiful to your outer ear, but they do not speak to the depths of your soul to-day. But some year of your life, later on, when a great trial has revealed your utter lack of mental and moral strength, when faith is tested and nature's springs are dry, with what wonderful preciousness these promises will come to you. "There are blessed promises for those who are tempted, but until you are in the grip of temptation you cannot draw the blessing from the quiver." One of the sweetest uses of sorrow is that it brings us to the word for comfort, and through the word we are spiritually enriched.

K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

Dr. Talmage says that in a recent conversation with Mr. Gladstone he asked him: "Does your faith in revelation and Christianity increase or decrease as the time goes on?" The reply was: "There is only one important question in this world—how to bring the divine revelations in contact with the hearts and consciences of men."

Where is your Bible? How much do you read it? Is it full of marks? Would it be your "biography" for your friends if you should die? We lack spiritual strength and fiber when we do not feed upon the word. We are of little use in the King's army if we fail to "take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—*The Advocate.*

Church Etiquette.

There is such a thing as church etiquette, and the lack of it is quite as noticeable as a breach of good manners in any other relation of life. Right behavior in church should be as regularly observed as are any of the rules and regulations of polite society everywhere. It is quite certain that our conduct at church has not a little to do in deciding the measure of blessing which we hope to receive and has a very direct influence upon the minds of those about us.

Some one has given the following practical suggestions on this subject. They deserve frequent repetition, in view of the fact that they are so often and so flagrantly violated, even by those who would be quite offended if directly informed that they were guilty of such violations of good breeding. We should always be reverent and attentive, and in all things we should try to be "an example of the believers."

1. If possible, be in time. You need at least five minutes after coming to get warm or cool, to compose your body and mind, and to whisper a prayer before the service begins.

2. Never pass up the aisle during prayer or Scripture reading. If you do, your presence will distract the minds of many in the audience.

3. Be devout in every attitude; all whispering should be studiously avoided. Find the hymn and sing it if you can. Share the book with your neighbor. If in a strange church, conform to its customs of worship.

4. If the sermon has begun, take a seat near the door—no matter if you are "at home."

5. Be thoughtful for the comfort of others. Take the "inside of the pew if you are the first" to enter, and leave all vacant space at the end next to the aisle.

6. Speak a bright, cheery word to as many as possible at the close of the service. If you are a stranger, ask one of the ushers to introduce you to the pastor or to some of the church officers. This will always insure you a hearty welcome.

7. Never put on your coat, over-shoes, or wraps during the closing hymn, or while the doxology is being sung, and do not make a rush for the door immediately after the benediction is pronounced.

8. There should be no loud talking or jesting after the service is concluded. They are as much out of place in the house of God as at a house of mourning.

The place for these lessons to be taught to children is in the home. Parents should impress on the minds of their children the fact that the church is a sacred place, and that it should always be treated with reverence and respect. In order that children may learn these important lessons, and that parents may know that they observe them, children should always sit with their parents in the house of God. There can hardly be a more beautiful scene than that of a whole family seated together joining reverently in the worship of God. And such a custom as this conduces as much or more than any other one thing to good order in the sanctuary.—*Telegraph.*

Peace at Home—How to Have It.

1. We may be quite sure our will is likely to be crossed during the day, and so prepare for it by prayer and resolution.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much of them.

3. We should learn the different temper of each individual.

4. Look upon each member of the family as one for whose soul we are bound to watch, as those that must give account.

5. When any good happens to any one, rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer to God for patience.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, try to keep a strict watch over ourselves, our tempers, and our words.

8. Observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their condition.

9. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and try to put little annoyances out of the way of others.

10. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

11. Speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things, whenever it can properly be done.

12. In all little pleasures which may occur, always place self last.

13. Ever give the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

14. When we are pained by any unkind word or deed, ask ourselves, "Have I not done the same and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation be retiring, but bring others forward.

16. Be very gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect and sympathy.

17. Never judge one another harshly, but attribute a good motive whenever we can.

18. Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

19. Invite the heavenly Father to be the head of the family.

20. Pray to Christ, as did his disciples, "abide with us."

Saving Souls.

A missionary recently returned from India exhibited the photograph of a group of native Christian helpers. "There," said he, "is one who is well-nigh irresistible in saving souls. He concentrates his thoughts and prayers upon some one of his friends, and with a steady, unflinching purpose works straight to accomplish the desired result."

We looked with deep interest upon the face of this tireless helper. There was no special attraction discoverable in that face, yet one could not fail to detect a genuine sympathy, sincerity, profound seriousness, united with an unyielding will, capable of defying all obstacles. We thought of what some of these obstacles must be—the natural perversity of the human heart, the power of deeply-rooted class prejudices, the loss of standing in Hindoo circles, and the consequent reproach, oftentimes bitter, for Christ's sake. In that face were revealed the elements of successful service.

Here was individual contact. Powerful sermons must be supplemented by personal effort if we would save others. Without this the good seed will very likely be caught up before it takes root, or the cares of this world will effectually suppress its germination. O for a more general realization of this in the Church of Christ! Specific labor is the greatest need of the time. No organized methods can supersede this.

Here was godly sincerity, actuated by highest motives. The Holy Spirit will not honor our efforts with anything less than this. Personal work, however zealous in appearance, will prove as "wood, hay, and stubble," unless there is this deep, underlying purity of principle. Nothing surely can be more offensive in the eyes of God than a lack of real sincerity.

Here was depleted in that face unaffected seriousness. A flippant, thoughtless manner often neutralizes Christian work. Great themes press too heavily upon the soul to allow this for one instant. Momentous issues now at stake forbid it. Death and eternity are too near to allow it.

And here also was to be seen determination. This converted "helper" would always go forth saying, "I am to save this one soul committed to my care." So we all should go forth. There is always an increase of power through the exercise of our volition.

All these elements of power are given to the soul by the Holy Spirit, and through that truth by which the soul is nourished in true holiness.

What to Read, and How.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard some one say, "That boy is a great reader. Does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia.

"Yes, sir."
"It will be hard work for you."
"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.—*Epworth Herald.*

Comfort.

He comforts in bereavement by showing us what death is to a Christian. If we could see what dying means to our beloved one, we could not weep. There is a beautiful story of a boy whose young sister was dying.

He had heard that if he could secure but a single leaf from the tree of life, that grew in the garden of God, the illness could be healed. He set out to find the garden, and implore the angel sentinel to let him have one leaf. The angel asked the boy if he could promise that his sister should never be sick any more, if his request were granted, and that she should never be unhappy, nor do wrong, nor be cold or hungry, nor be treated harshly. The boy said he could not promise. Then the angel opened the gate a little way, bidding the child to look into the garden for a moment to have one glimpse of the garden.

"Then, if you still wish it," said the angel, "I will myself ask the King for a leaf from the tree of life to heal your sister." The child looked in, and, after seeing all the wondrous beauty and blessedness, he said softly to the angel, "I will not ask for the leaf now. There is no place in all this world so beautiful as that. There is no friend so kind as the Angel of Death. I wish he would take me too."

If we could look in at the gate through which our loved ones pass, when they leave us, we should be comforted. "Absent from the body," they are "at home with the Lord." Dying is translation. It is passing into blessed life.

"Life, like a door of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments."

Nothing to Complain of.

He was a very old man—something over eighty-five. One day he called at the office of a friend. After a usual salutation, his friend said, "Well, how do you do?"

The reply of the father in Israel was, "I never complain. The Lord has always been good to me. I am feeling very well; but I cannot walk as well as I used to. The machinery is wearing out; but I have no room to complain." This remark was followed by a pleasant reference to the observation made by one eminent man, advanced in years, to another—"The building is getting into a dilapidated and unsightly condition, and I do not believe the landlord will make any further repairs."

The old gentleman then turned his remarks to this world and said, "This is a very beautiful world. All that the Lord has made is beautiful—the flowers, already perfumed, the trees—everything but sin. All is beautiful; and if it were not for sin, I would like to remain here always."

"To me," he continued, "there is something beautiful in death. To die and go to a better world than this is a very pleasing thought to me." Thus this Christian man of more than four-score years talked, with a countenance all radiant with Christian joy and hope, with words tender and beautiful, mellow and rich—the happy fruitage of a long life well spent.

What can be more beautiful than the closing of such a life—the sun setting with a clear sky, and the promise of a glad to-morrow fully assured? The one who thus comes to his journey's end has nothing to complain of.

Practical Religious Life.

The thing for us to do is to take hold of our work willingly, as that which we are here on earth to do. Whatever it is our duty to do, let us

K. D. C. The Mighty Curer for Indigestion.

do it. Whatever is laid upon us to bear, let us bear it. It may be pain; it may be bereavement; it may be slander; it will be largely self-reproach for our own blunders and sins. If the burdens be only toil and self sacrifice, they are easy, and to repine about them is to quarrel with our blessings. Another thing, having done the best we know how or are able to, "let it go at that." I used to hear my father say, when he had done a thing as well as he could: "Let it go at that." Don't go back and worry over it and around it, and wish you had done it better. Another maxim of his was in regard to quarrels: "If you put your hand to your side of a quarrel to make it better, you will make it worse." His idea was that you cannot get a good thing out of a bad thing, because it is not there. There is no good in a quarrel, and the more you get out of it, the worse you are off. Let us stand with dignity and composure by the right, and with confidence also.

And it is not difficult to find the right. There never was a noonday sun clearer upon a path than the teaching of our Lord is upon the path of our lives. There is not a stone, nor a root, nor a depression, nor an elevation which it does not show. We may run in and not stray or stumble.—*Interior.*

How God Chisels.

I remember some sentences of Ruskin's that had been curiously beautiful to me just from the fact they told, and now the fact interpreted itself. He explains to us how one of the ideas of architecture grew from observing the outline of the rose, or the trefoil, or whatever was first traced for carving, had been cut and taken away. That which was left was as beautiful as the central design. So God shapes the flower of beauty in us, and seems perhaps only to reveal its glory by a taking away. But He sees how fair in the life stands the outline that is left; how the tender curves bend and cling about an emptiness, and declare in themselves a wonderful, essential grace. He makes that which remains by the same stroke which separates and removes, and so He chisels and thins and glorifies us, until in the immortal aspects in which we shall stand before Him only so much of the mere form of being shall remain as shall make it possible for us to hold these thoughts of His with which he has been, by depriving, filling us.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

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Free from Eruptions

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