

As Thy Day.

As this my day! O promise blest!
Sweet words of comfort, words of life!
No more with hating fear I wait!
To read tomorrow's hidden fate.
Whate'er its toils, whate'er its tears,
Whate'er its perils, pains, and fears,
While sun and stars and worlds endure
The old, sweet promise standeth sure.

The Hand that holds the world upbears
My weary heart with all its cares.
The Eye that slumbers not has seen
My graver's mound with grasses green.
My Father's pitying love has read
The pain behind the tears I shed.
How comforting His words to me,
"Child, as thy day thy strength shall be."

Long, long ago, when life was new,
I learned that love, divine, true,
That watchful care that cares for all,
The stars' grand march, the sparrow's fall.
Long, long ago, I learned to trust
That calm, wise will and purpose just.
Worn, weary, wounded, now at length,
I lean upon that matchless strength.

As this my day!—my little day!
My broken, troubled, thwarted day;
The day whose rosy morning bloom
Was quenched and darkened into gloom.
The morn of gifts! The noon of loss!
The lengthening shadow of the cross!
Once more, my Father, say to me,
"Child, as thy day thy strength shall be."

—The Advance.

Secret Power.

The Christian called to endure trials must not think that relief will come from any earthly source; if he turns hither for succor he will surely be disappointed. In time of trouble it is not unfrequently the case that he is the subject of sharp criticism rather than of tender sympathy. There is a cruel tendency in some natures to smite with an unrelenting temper those who are already well-nigh crushed beneath life's burdens. This may be done by stolid indifference or secret betrayal, as well as by positive ill-treatment.

Recall David's sorrow when driven from the throne by an ungrateful son. It is said that there came out a man of the family of the house of Saul, * * * the son of Gera: he came forth, and cursed still as he came. As though God would effectually expose during all time the ignominious act, divine revelation records his name with singular precision. Shimei was not known as the open enemy of David while the king was enjoying prosperity. It was not until unexpected woes embittered David's life that he felt the keen thrusts of the enemy. In an hour when noble manhood would have prompted a generous impulse, this Shimei went along on the hillside over against David, and 'cursed as he went, and threw stones at him and cast dust.' While the king's meekness under such provocation no doubt encouraged Shimei in an increased impiety, that self-control which he then exhibited stands out conspicuously in the sacred record, teaching us two valuable lessons.

First, an inward strength that overcomes all personal resentment in the divine method of conquest. It was this spirit at a critical hour of adversity that made David a conqueror, causing him to resist the rage of Abishai, who would have summarily demolished the offender. What a lesson is taught us here. Experience testing awaits us all through life. We will never cease to feel the sharp sword when it pierces us to the very core, but we may conquer nevertheless. We may by looking to God acquire a self-control sufficient for any assault; a wonderful self-poise that effectually checks all resentment. Not a wrong word will escape our lips. In such a victory we may imitate, though we may never so perfectly repeat, the example of our blessed Lord, who 'when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.' The closer we as His followers imitate His example, the greater will be our victory. Even though our foes be not crushed at the moment, we are still victors in that we show the power of grace to make us strong and quiet in our integrity. David thus met the fierce assaults of the Benjamite when bowed down in his sorrow, as he journeyed away from the city of his God surrounded by a royal but saddened retinue. We may well imagine how, under the adversities, his eyes were lifted 'unto the hills,' whence cometh all our help. Possibly during all that sad, anxious journey the royal company may have wondered at his quiet demeanor and holy trust.

Such self-mastery is real—that is, the calm within is not that which watches for the favorable opportunity to redress a wrong. It is a genuine committal of all the circumstances to 'Him that judgeth righteously.' It is to rise higher than earth—to occupy a realm whose very atmosphere is restful to the troubled soul. In this respect David is an illustration. After the clouds had disappeared, and prosperity had come, he did not seek out the man who had dishonored his person and throne. He

K. D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

came to Jordan in triumph, but not in wrath. If judicial measures were then adopted, these were only necessary safeguards for the government, and were not measures of retaliation. Among the first to offer obeisance as David entered Jerusalem was Shimei. Prostrated before the king, he said, 'Let not my lord impute iniquity unto me, * * * for thy servant doth know that I have sinned.' The king said, 'Thou shalt not die.' David was not blind to his guilt. He was obliged to treat him with dignified caution for the preservation of his kingdom, but no one can detect anything contrary to a sublime self-control in his subsequent intercourse with Shimei. He won, because he first conquered his own secret self. And so it will ever be.

Second, we overcome earthly difficulties when we regard them as only forming a part of our necessary discipline. They are the ways by which our spiritual scholarship is made possible. David met this angry and uncontrollable assailant. You may judge that good came to his soul as, looking up, he quietly moved forward amid the shower of missiles. Who will not say that we are not indebted to this trying experience for some of David's sweetest psalms? His words to Abishai reveal the spirit of humility and resignation. He felt that God's providence directed his steps, though he could not see how. Such is ever the Christian's life. It is well with us under all circumstances, if only we leave our cause in His hands, and learn that in the training school of this life there is none so near to us as Himself.

'Though along the weary way we tread,
And sorrow-crowns each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art near.'

'On Thee we fling our burdened woe,
O, love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, 'Thou art near.'

—Chris. Advocate.

"But Grow."

Life is the unspeakable gift. The Saviour said, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly"—life in ever-increasing power. This life means not merely the arrest of spiritual disease and dissolution, but the quickening of all the energies of the soul. Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new—new hopes, new purposes, new aspirations. The man is turned right about. He was facing toward the eternal darkness; now he looks with eager eyes toward truth and goodness, and strives with a constantly increasing desire to return to his first estate in the likeness of God.

This is the beginning. Then growth, the eternal sequel. The objective point is character, which is another name for Christlikeness. But observe that there is no possibility of growth except to such as have entered into life. Life is the prerequisite. I may thrust a dry stick into the ground and foster it with all possible care, giving it access to the sunlight and the dew of the morning, but I shall never have anything but a dry stick—no growth, no foliage, no fruit—because there is no life. So is the case with many a brave struggler who, by the frequent making of good resolutions, strives in vain to attain unto the virtues of a perfect manhood. Let him begin at the beginning by accepting Christ, so entering into life. When once he begins to live he must needs begin to grow. This is the word of promise: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing." * * *

This growing is the business of the Christian life. Our growth, or, as it is technically called, sanctification, is distinctly the work of the Holy Ghost. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." We shall make no mistake if we put ourselves trustfully in His care. To resist is to grieve Him. Grieve not the Spirit of God. Our growth is likely to be gradual. There are some of the lower orders of plants, consisting merely of cellular tissue, which reach their full maturity in short time. A mushroom has been known to grow in a single night from a mere atom to a plant six inches in diameter; but it was only a mushroom after all. It is said that God's people shall grow "like the cedars of Lebanon." The cedar takes hold with its roots upon the cliff, resists the winds and tempests, fills the air with its balsamic odors, grows on for a thousand years, gnarled and twisted, but the giant of the forest. So is Christian growth; here a little and there a little, but ever more and more toward the strength and fullness of noble character. Then the glorious consummation, a man—a man of full

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

stature, a man restored to the image of God. O, this is worth all the pains of earnest growth. When Kepler discovered the law of planetary distances, he exclaimed, "O God, I thank Thee that I am permitted to think Thy thoughts after Thee." This is the glory of manhood, the sublime possibility before us, to share God's thoughts with Him, to enter into the fellowship of His holy purposes, to participate in His work, and ultimately to sit together with Him in His throne. Let this be our prayer: That we may come "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ;" that we may hear Him say at last, as of His only begotten and well-beloved One, "Thou also art My son;" partaker of the divine nature by kinship with the Firstborn, who is elder Brother of all.—From The Spirit of the Age, by David James Burrell, D. D.

Wanted: A Life.

Wanted! wanted everywhere. Nothing so urgent. They placard the walls, and parade on the rocks, in the press, in great letters, the dire, dismal, hungry list of human wants. Wanted this, wanted that, wanted everything! Oh, what a pitiful spectacle it is; but the schemes, the offers, and the attempts of mankind to satisfy these wants are more pitiful still. "I have it; just what you want," cries a voice, and up start a thousand riders to spur hard and win it. "We have it," cry the wise Gamaliels, and the young Sauls throw themselves down at their feet. "We have it," cry all the sirens of the flesh and the world, the pomps and vanities and illusions and the great solemn divinities of power, ambition and high aspiration.

Off side the sons of men in their quest, earnest, eager, rich in the elements and opportunities of life, hopeful, powerful spirits, but doomed to ride in barren circles, and with great wants, aching, burning, unmet, in their breasts. "The labor of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city." He longs for its life, for its peace, for its life in the city of God, and the great, aching want is that he knows not how to find his way to that life, and the world cannot tell him. The heart of man goes through life searching for the city, the city which is to be his home, the city which is to bless and satisfy him with a life to lead. The withering ignorance that blights his soul is that he has lost the way, and who shall put him right? What a wanderer and what a searcher is man roaming through the world, trying doors that are shut, knocking at gates that never open, and looking everywhere for a life for himself. He wants a life to live, a life which is full of life, and holds in it the blessing of life. There is no want on earth like this; wanted, a life to live. There is no such woe as to stand baffled at the gates of life.

If the Gospel has any function in the world it is to meet man in this supreme need and moment. "I am come," said Jesus, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The best service to be done a man in this world is to show him how to live, or, in other words, to give him a true philosophy of life, to lay open to him its meaning, its value, its rewards, its redemption, its victory, and show him how to make sure of them, and what stuff the true and satisfying life is made of.

This supreme need of life is the note of pathetic sadness we hear in the passage quoted from the Preacher, "He knoweth not how to go to the city" and find a satisfying life there. To the child of the desert the city within its strong munitions, with the rich and ordered life lying peacefully in its bosom, was the ideal of human hope and aspiration. Outside lay the desert. Close up to the walls roamed the robber. With him came pillage, waste, violence and a baffled wanderer, crying with the Psalmist "Who shall bring me into the strong city? Who shall show me the way of life?"

"I am the door," says Jesus. "By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."

This promise meets the great want. When man sinks baffled beneath the great unanswered and insatiable wants of his soul Christ meets him with the revelation of a life to lead. He feeds him with a life, he satisfies him with a life, he brings him salvation in a life.—Independent.

The Christian in Active Life.

Men are asking everywhere this question: "Is it possible for a man to be engaged in the activities of our modern life and yet be a Christian? Is it possible for a man to be a broker, a shopkeeper, a lawyer, a mechanic, is

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

it possible for a man to be engaged in a business of to-day, and yet love his God and his fellow-man as himself?" I do not know what transformations these dear businesses of yours have got to undergo before they shall be true and ideal homes for the child of God; but I do know that upon Christian merchants and Christian brokers and Christian lawyers and Christian men in business today there rests an awful and a beautiful responsibility to prove, if you can prove it, that these things are capable of being made divine, to prove that a man can do the work that you have been doing this morning, and will do this afternoon, and yet shall love his God and his fellow-man as himself. If he cannot, what business have you to be doing them? If he can, what business have you to be doing them so poorly, so carnally, so unspiritually, that men look on them and shake their heads with doubt? It belongs to Christ in men first to prove that man may be a Christian and yet do business; and in the second place, to show how a man, as he becomes a greater Christian, shall purify and lift the business that he does and make it the worthy occupation of the Son of God.—Bishop Brooks.

How to be a Progressive Christian.

The Bible itself furnishes the best answer to this question. In order to find that answer it must be studied, and studied with a definite purpose—to learn its truths as they apply to daily life and experience. A writer in the Record of Christian Work furnishes the following Bible rules for a progressive Christian life:

1. See that your heart is right with God. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence' (Prov. 4:23).
 2. Set a watch over your lips. 'I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me' (Ps. 39:1).
 3. Be much in prayer. 'Pray without ceasing' (I. Thess. 5:17).
 4. Increase in love. 'Ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another . . . but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more' (I. Thess. 4:9, 10).
- 'Many who call themselves Christians are no better to-day than they were twelve months ago. This is inconsistent with life. There must be either progression or retrogression. Alas! it must be owned that some have fallen into the habit of alternately advancing and retreating. With what result? Self-condemnation, misery, disgrace. But how different with the onward Christian! Peace, happiness, and joy are his portion. Do you call yourself by the name of Christ? Then see to it that you adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour by continually going forward in his strength—'Pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

Keeping a Record.

A man was in the habit of noting down each night in a book kept for the purpose all the things for which he had prayed during the day. He had done this for years until his little 'For what I have asked God' ledger looked very much like the 'outstanding debts' of some store-keeper when he is closing out to some one else. He was in the habit of turning back each night and writing 'Answered' after each request that had in his mind, been answered. He kept this up for years. Whatever else was neglected about his book-keeping, this little day book was kept complete. Of course there were many requests open on his book. He often contemplated writing 'Bad debts' after each one and closing his record, but each time the temptation came to him, he would say 'May be I had better wait to close it.' After years rolled by and his children were nearly all grown and had made homes for themselves, he would turn through his book to prove his faith in God to answer prayer. 'There are a large number unanswered' he used to say to himself as page after page he turned meditatively through his fingers. Finally his only boy gave his heart to Christ and the old man took down his ledger and wrote opposite each unanswered prayer 'Answered in my son, and closed the record.'—Chris. Standard.

"Lo! I am with you Always."

A busy woman entered her room hastily as twilight shades were falling, went directly to her desk, turned on the gas, and began to write. Page after page, she wrote: five minutes she worked, ten, half an hour. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair around, and, with a shock of joyful surprise, looked squarely into the smiling face of her dearest friend lying on the lounge by her side.

Take K. D. C. for sour stomach and sickheadache.

'Why, I didn't know you were here!' she cried. 'Why didn't you speak to me?'
'Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me.'
So with Jesus—here all the time. The room is full of Him, always ready to greet us with a smile—but we are so busy! But when the solitude grows oppressive—and there are heart solitudes that can be only broken as we let this dearest Friend speak—we suddenly turn, and lo! He is at our side. We speak to Him, and He speaks to us, and the soul's deepest yearning is completely satisfied.—Selected.

KNEE MEDICINE.—A veteran missionary, returning to China after quite a long absence from the field, received on the very day of his return a visit from a former convert. The Chinese Christian brought with him six countrymen who had been led to Christ out of the horrible filth and degradation of the opium habit.

'What remedy did you use?' asked the rejoicing missionary.

The Chinaman's only answer was to point significantly to *his knee*. Ah! he had prayed for them; he had induced them to pray for themselves; and when one of these men came to him, saying in despairing tones that he had prayed but it had done him no good, this man of faith sent him back to his knees: 'Pray again.' And when he came the second time he sent him back to his knees, and so when he came the third time and many more times.

And now, here the man was, clean and sound in body and mind, the cruel chains broken, praising the Healer and Answerer of prayer for his deliverance.

Brethren, let us ask ourselves, in the face of such a record; is there any sorrow of sin that knee medicine cannot heal? Is there a single one?—Exchange.

THE FAMOUS ORIENTAL philosopher, Lokman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so many favors from you it is no wonder I should, for once in my life, eat a bitter melon from your hand." This generous answer from the slave struck the master so forcibly that he immediately gave him his liberty. With such sentiments should man receive his portion of suffering at the hand of God.

'Set not your affections on things on the earth,' does not commend that heavenly contemplation that forgets the suffering world about it.

In Your Blood

Is the cause of that tired, languid feeling 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 Sarsaparilla which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and invigorate your nerves.

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