

## Who Knows.

Who knows the worth of a sparrow,  
Or why it has worth at all?  
It sings not like the canary,  
Of all the winged fowls most small.  
Its coat is not bright and shining  
Like many an Orient bird.  
Yet from the Lord of creation  
Th' wonderful word we have heard:

Not one of these tiny creatures,  
Twittering in straw-built shed,  
Can fall without His notice  
Who numbers the hairs of your head.  
Who knows why the pure white lily,  
Which withers upon the stalk  
When it has spent its fragrance,  
Was used by the Lord in His talk:

Was it not that we might "consider,"  
As the Lord so plainly said,  
That He who cares for the sparrows  
Will see that His children are fed?  
And He who has cald the lily  
T'rise where 'twas lowly laid.  
And shine forth in lustrous beauty,  
Will so have His loved ones arrayed.

Who knows in the whirl or ebbside  
Of life's sea, upon which we sail,  
Who rude blasts break up the calm  
Who toss to and fro in the gale?  
Is it not that we still may trust Him,  
Tho' we toil all night for the shore?  
For in the gray dawn the Master  
Comes, walking the waves, as of yore.

Who knows where the pilot will meet us  
When for our last cruise we embark?  
When death at the helm of the vessel  
Plunges through cold waters dark?  
When thro' the deep waters, God tells us,  
He causes His children to go—  
'Hail never, no never, forsake them,'  
'Nor let the wild waves be overflow.'

Who knows when at last in the haven,  
The tempest-tossed journey o'er,  
Who to the King will present us  
That we shall go on no more?  
The Lamb in the midst of the throne  
Stands ready with white array  
For those who through tribulation  
To heaven have made their way.

And, "come, ye bless'd of My Father,"  
Will fall on the ravished ear—  
"The things ye know not, ye shall know,  
No mystery greets you here."  
The light from the Lamb's own presence  
Streams with a radiance bright,  
Stretching through long forevers  
Of days that will know no night.

—The Occident.

## Jones on Ingersoll.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has been interviewing Rev. Sam P. Jones on the subject of Robert G. Ingersoll and his work. Being asked his opinion of the infidel and his influence, Mr. Jones replied:

"Personally, Mr. Ingersoll is no doubt a genial gentleman. Physically he is fat, intellectually he is bright, morally there may be worse men, but theologically he is a bad egg.

"A visit of Mr. Ingersoll to any community is calamitous to all whom he reaches, and the worst of it is, he generally reaches the very class of people upon whom his teachings have the most baneful effect. No God, no Bible, no heaven, no hell, catches the mass of non-churchgoers, and turns them over to utter recklessness. The lecturer forgets that they were not all reared in Christian homes, and brought up under the cultivating influences which he himself enjoyed. They were not trained up in the virtues as he was by his godly father and mother. Whatever virtue Mr. Ingersoll possesses is a gift of grace of Christianity. Many parade his charity, his liberality and his love for home. He never got these elements as the gift of infidelity. They are but the expressions of Christian elements that live in his character in spite of his infidelity, and when he throws his teaching of no God, no Bible, no heaven and no hell into the hearts and lives of others who have not been blessed by the help which Christianity gives us, he turns the whole human life into utter rot."

"How about Mr. Ingersoll's arguments?"

"He hasn't any. He is an orator of the first water. I know of no man alive to day who can put English together like he can. His words put into sentences look like streams of pearls; but they are merely bracelets and necklaces for swine. His philosophy and his religion do not build colleges, almshouses or asylums. Neither do they take care of the poor, the maimed and the halt. They are powerless to reform the drunkard and the outlaw. They do not make a man more kind in his home, or more respected in the community where he lives. He clamors for free thought and moral liberty. Establish the fact that men can think as they please, and with that you establish the fact that they can act as they please. There are boundary lines to thought just as there are boundary lines to actions. With his wit and intellectual cunning, aided by his illogical reasoning, he may play upon the weaknesses of religion, and by his flights of eloquence upon the duties of life which he steals from Christianity; but after all a thoughtful, substantial man sees

K. D. C. The lightly curer for indigestion.

the cunning of his method and detects the direful effects his words have upon the gang that flock to hear him. Lord Salisbury said that but for the Salvation Army in the streets of London the police force would have to be increased 4,000 in a single day. Remove infidelity from the world, and you can lessen the police force by one-half. Christianity is the great conserving and preserving force of the age. Anarchism and outlawism are legitimate children of infidelity, and whatever and whoever contributes to these dangerous elements in society should be fought and outlawed by every true American citizen, whatever his creed may be."

"In other words, you mean that the influence of Mr. Ingersoll's lectures is, from your standpoint, entirely bad?"

"I see no good that can possibly come from his lectures on infidelity. I see much harm that may result from them. I also see why Mr. Ingersoll delivers his lectures. There may be \$1,000 a night to him in the job; but why a Christian community will suffer such a thing, and why men will pay for the privilege of hearing him abuse their mother's God and their father's Bible at one dollar a head, and then turn out and be infidels like him for nothing, and board themselves, is one of those mysteries I never could solve. Personally, I never met Mr. Ingersoll. He may have many charming characteristics; in fact, he must have. Reared as he was, in a Christian home, he cannot be utterly depraved. The question is often asked as to whether Ingersoll is sincere in his denials, in his negations, and in his infidelity. Suppose we give him credit for all sincerity, he may be in that class of whom the Bible speaks when it says, 'Given over to a delusion that he may believe a lie and be damned.'

"I believe a man can reach such a condition and attitude that in the moral world a lie is to him a truth, and the truth a lie. As to whether Col. Ingersoll is sincere or not, makes no difference when you look at the tendencies of his lecture. I see no reason why a profane swearer, or a liar, or a drunkard, or a whoremonger, or a voluptuary should find fault with Mr. Ingersoll, just as I see no reason why the good and the true and the beautiful and the noble should champion his cause or approve his lectures. A man who starts out from the storm centres of infidelity would become a cyclone in the moral world. The orator we are talking about is a cyclone, funnel-shaped and full of wind. I suppose he will die as he has lived. But after death he will no longer be a disbeliever or an unbeliever. My Bible tells me that the devils believe and tremble."

"Did I understand you to say that Col. Ingersoll really uses no arguments?"

Mr. Jones tilted his chair back, deliberated longer than is usual with such a remarkably good conversationalist as he is known to be, and finally said: "That is about so. I have never thought that he treats the subject in hand fairly. He starts in by making his own statement as to what Christianity is, and he then proceeds to demolish the man of straw which he himself had set up. He would burn down my cabin, and then offer me no shelter for myself and wife and children. He would destroy the old ford, and build no bridge in its place. He would extinguish what he calls my tallow candle of hope, and leave me in despair and darkness. He would make me what he calls a free man by giving me license of thought and action, when any sensible man knows that license is simply power to do wrong. True liberty on the other hand is simply the privilege of doing right. The Ten Commandments mark the boundary lines within which liberty is given. Infidelity would change these so they would read: 'Thou shalt not steal—if there is any probability of being caught.' Thou shalt not commit adultery—but you may find two or three wives more convenient than one.' 'Thou shalt not break the Sabbath—but bend it double as occasion offers.' 'Thou shalt not covet—but get all you can and keep all you get.' 'Thou shalt have no other god before Me—but if you don't like the God in heaven, be one yourself and run things to suit yourself.' What a man does is at least a test of what he is. Will Mr. Ingersoll show us what he has done to make the world better or happier; where he has reformed a single drunkard, reclaimed a single reprobate, purified a single life, or elevated a single community? Mr. Ingersoll seems to be the product of hyper-Calvinism, for infidelity is nothing more nor less than hyper-Calvinism gone to seed. God will reign, heaven will endure, the ministry will live, the Churches will flourish, morality will be taught and practiced, and Christian virtues will be embodied in men long after Mr. Ingersoll and his company have passed from earth and received the reward of their doing."

K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia.

## Do the Little Things.

There is nothing small in God's economy. He chooses what we are pleased to call "the weak things of the world, to confound the mighty that no flesh should glory in his presence." We may properly call things small or great in proportion to their results as bearing on the kingdom of Christ.

The electric button is a very little thing, but given the proper touch, even by the finger of a child it puts in motion the mightiest of forces. By the touch of God the smallest word becomes more powerful than the most eloquent sermon, which in this case may be only as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." As illustration of this Miss Smiley some years ago told a story of a minister in one of our Eastern cities, who had occasionally in his congregation a young man who seemed indifferent to the great interests of his soul's salvation to a degree almost beyond hope. He felt that he understood his case, and prepared a sermon that he thought exactly suited to it, which could not fail to bring conviction. This sermon he carried with him intending to preach it the first time he saw the young man in his audience.

The day came, the sermon was preached, but to the minister's grief the young man remained unmoved. Meeting him in passing out of the church, with tearful eyes and an overflowing heart and a warm pressure of the hand, he said, "Will you not accept Christ as your Saviour?" The young man still seemed indifferent. At that time he left the city for an absence of two years. On his return he hastened to call on this minister who had followed him with many prayers. He joyfully told he had chosen the good part that could not be taken away from him. When asked the date of his conversion he referred to that day two years before.

The pastor at once thought of that carefully prepared sermon, and inquired eagerly what particularly impressed him. The reply was, "I beg pardon, I do not recall one word of it, not even the text, it was only the few words so earnestly spoken as we were leaving the church."

Truly, "It is not by might nor by power but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

A well-known professor in the state of Ohio who had many times listened to the most profound theological discussion, still boasted more and more loudly of his unbelief. Obligated by ill-health to go abroad, the question arose what he should do with his motherless child. Not far away was a young ladies' seminary, whose principal was noted for her great mother heart. He decided to send his daughter there during his absence. The very atmosphere was sweet with its Christian influence, an influence that soon won that young heart. Then her most earnest longing was that her father might taste and see that the Lord was gracious.

It was with much shrinking she wrote him a short letter telling him of her new found joy, and of her desire for him. When he returned from his trip, nothing better, he sent for his daughter and her teacher-mother. They went with some trembling, fearing nothing but reproach for the step that had been taken. Imagine their surprise and joy when he told of what this simple letter of his child had done for him, with God's blessing. His story was told in these words:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon my breast.'  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad,  
I found in him a resting place  
And he hath made me glad."

So there was joy in heaven, and another wandering child was soon welcomed home to the Father's house on high. If the little act had been left undone, how different it would all have been.

Despise not the smallest word spoken in His name, or the smallest act performed in love for Christ and souls. They are great in the sight of him who said even a cup of cold water given in His name should not lose its reward.

The song of childhood is ever true:  
'Little deeds of kindness,  
'Little words of love,  
'Make this earth an Eden,  
'Like the heaven above.'

—Standard.

## The Burden-Bearer.

Love has many servants, but none of them more truly her own than the burden-bearer. For consider that nearly every burden which is carried in this world is in its nature a sacrifice for some other soul's sake. Only the burden of sin, or sin's result, is a selfish burden.

Take the burden of poverty. How comes it that any man is weighed down

with that? In nine cases out of ten it is because he is love's servant in the maintenance of others; other mouths beside his own to be fed, other bodies to be clothed and feet to be shod. Willingly, even gladly, the man bears the load of poverty, because his reward is that which Love bestows.

Then there is pain. How many pain-bearers are love-servants also! What a world of suffering just for sweet sympathy's sake! The tender heart is trying its burden of wounds. Think what a burden-bearer Christ was in this respect—He of whom it was true, all His life long, that He was "wounded for our transgressions."

Then there is that great, universal burden of toil. How heavily, how very heavily, it bears upon some! Nature almost faints under the relentless strain. But beneath it all beats the brave, sustaining heart of love. The father toils in the mine, the field, the refinery, with the great beads of sweat upon his brow; but in his soul is the sweet, refreshing, energizing thought of those whom he loves. The mother wears away her strength under the load of household labor; but one glance at a cradle, or a chair, or a picture on the wall, brings such a glow into her heart that she feels as if there were no joy like serving, night and day, forever.

Blessed and honorable is the lot of the burden-bearer—not something to be grumbled at and sighed over, as if it were a curse and an affliction, but a privilege for which a man should thank God, and in which he should take the supreme delight of one who hears the "well done!" of the master, Love.

Perish the thought that there is anything mean or servile about burden-bearing! It is the grandest and noblest thing in the world. The Infinite Love stoops to it. The Divine Heart does not cease to carry its burden of the world's sin and woe. It is because Christ's heart is the heart of a Burden-bearer that He can say unto all His children, with the most intimate sympathy and understanding of their need: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." What rest? The rest of a wider and deeper and stronger and more sustaining love. Not eternal indolence, but eternally sufficient strength to serve God and brother man.—Z. Herald

## The Power of Christ.

Could not Christ have saved Lazarus from dying? Could not Christ save you or me from perplexity, or from temptation, or from doubt? Surely these are questions which have their lower and higher answers. He could, because the power of life and death was in him. But the power to use the power depended on other things. It depended on the necessity which lay back of all things in Jesus to do the absolutely best thing, not the second best thing, but the absolutely best of all.

If it were best for Lazarus to die, then Christ could not have caused that he should not have died. This is a sublime incapacity; to stand with the gift of life in the all-powerful hands, to see the cry for life in the eager eyes, to hear it in the dumb appeal of the terrified lips, and yet to say, "No, not life, but death is best," and so be unable to give life—that is a sublime, a divine incapacity! Could not Christ have answered your prayer? No, he could not; not because the thing you asked for was not in his treasury, but because behind the question of his giving or refusing it there lay the fundamental necessity of his nature and his love that he should do for you only the absolutely best. The thing you asked for was not absolutely best, therefore he could not give it. Back of how many unanswered prayers lies that divine impossibility.—Phillips Brooks.

## "Be Ye Doers."

He who "went about doing good" laid it as a primary duty upon all his followers that they must be doers of the Divine will; that, whatever else was absent from them, activity for God must be present. "What do ye more than others?" was his pointed inquiry. To be "workers together with him," to have a love "in deed and in truth" instead of in word and tongue simply, and to be "ready for every good word and work" are the terse characterizations of all genuine Christian disciples.

In one sense this is true. But when one sees how comfortably the mass of so-called disciples compose themselves to slumber, and how well satisfied they seem to be that, though utterly idle, they are on the way to heaven, it does appear as though the call to do something for God could not be too often

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

sounded. Our religion lies not so much in profession, or even emotion, as in action—action that indeed springs from emotion, and like-wise leads to it. To set a church to work is one of the most weighty of the pastor's tasks; but only as he can do it is any great success for him or his people possible. When the members of any organization are in earnest always and everywhere in the interests of their cause, that organization has reached the high-water mark of efficiency.

THERE WERE TWO WINDOWS in a large cathedral; one was glazed with clear glass, while the other was highly stained and of rich design. Numbers resorted to this ancient edifice simply to look upon the wonderful art displayed in the gorgeous colors and intricate pattern. Its companion felt the position keenly, and sighed with an inward pain because it was so plain and unattractive; but all the while it was really more useful than its ornamental rival. Unhindered the light passed through it and fell clearly and brightly upon the sacred page of holy writ, which aged worshippers perused within the sanctuary, and many a sunbeam, untrammelled by the work of art, shot warmth and light into the otherwise cold cloisters and dark nave. Its plainness helped its usefulness.

## A Useless Soldier.

Dr. Talmage says: "A soldier who does not expect to win the day had better be outside of the regiment." I guess this will hold good in the ranks of the soldiers of Christ. The man who does not believe that Jesus will triumph over all His foes had better be outside of the ranks of those who are contending for a complete victory over "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

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Conscience is a trustworthy master. Man has been born for two things—thinking and acting.

Enthusiasm is an indispensable adjunct to success. No good endeavor is in vain; its reward is in the doing.

Meditation on God's word is a form of walking with God.



When my little girl was one month old, she had a scab form on her face. It kept spreading until she was completely covered from head to foot. Then she had boils. She had forty 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 get 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 hundred 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., 335 Greenfield Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., sole proprietors, Boston. Mailed free, "All about the Blood, Skin, Scalp, and Hair." Baby Eruptions, falling hair, and red, rough hands prevented and cured by CUTICURA Soap.



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## Free from Eruptions

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