

Good And Ill.

The wild bee sucks from bitter thyme
A savory, luscious honey.
And gathers sweets from noisome marsh
As well as bowers sunny.
The oyster in her silent home
Conceals a grievance cool,
Till from her painful cross and wound
Is wrought a precious jewel!

The leaves assailed by blighting blast
With hectic flush are tainted,
Yet gorgeously in autumn
The forest kings are painted;
And winter gives a biting kiss
From chilling lips and hoary,
Yet clothes the palace and the wood
With wondrous, matchless glory!

The gathering clouds confront the sun
With threatening storm and thunder
That spoil our day—but rainbow comes,
A beauty and a wonder!
And base-born smoke, soaring to heaven,
Obscures the blue so tender,
Yet lies at feet of dying day
A wreathed, crimson splendor!

The opal's luster is a flow
Of fissure and refraction,
The ruby's glow a cosmic throes
In sudden, fierce contraction:
And what is good and what is ill
Lies far beyond our knowing,
And what is fair and what is foul
Seems only in the showing!

And we in life's perplexities
May spare our pain and guessing,
Since bees and bivalves teach us how
From evil to gain blessing
To in the very train of ill,
Hope's visions are attending,
And days that spring in leaden gloom
Have oft a golden ending!

—Congregationalist.

An Eye on Heaven.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A wise man who is setting out for a foreign country—especially if he intends to reside there—will study the localities in that land, and seek to become acquainted with the language and the customs of its people. His thoughts will be much upon it. But do the great majority even of true Christians spend much time or thought about Heaven? Yet it is to be their dwelling place through innumerable ages. At no distant day—perhaps within a few days to some of us—the veil that hides the eternal world may drop, and the gates of the Father's House may open before our astonished vision! If Heaven is ready for Christ's redeemed people, then surely they should be making ready for Heaven.

We ought to be thinking more about our future and everlasting home. If our treasures are there, then our hearts should be there also, in frequent and joyful anticipations. John Bunyan tells us of his Pilgrim that "his heart waxed warm about the place whither he was going." This world is not our rest. It is only our temporary lodging place, our battle ground to fight sin and Satan, our vineyard in which to labor for our Master and our fellow-men until sundown, our training school for the development of character and youth in grace. A thoroughly spiritual person who makes Jesus Christ real and the powers of the world to come real, and who has set his affections on things above, must inevitably have some deep meditations about his home and his magnificent inheritance. He loves to read about it, and gathers up eagerly the few grand, striking things which his Bible tells him about the jasper walls and the gates of pearl, and the trees that bear twelve manners of fruit, and the crystal streams that flow flashing from beneath the throne of God. Among his favorite hymns are "Jerusalem the Golden" and the "Shining Shore," they are to him like rehearsals for his part by and by in the sublime oratorios of Heaven. Sometimes when cares press heavily or bodily pains wax sharp, or bereavements darken his house, he gets homesick, and says: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove; then would I fly away, and be at rest!"

Such devout meditations do not prove any man or woman to be a dreamy mystic. They are not the pious sentimentalizings of mourners to whom this world has lost all its charm, or of enthusiasts whose religion evaporates in mere emotion. The hundred-handed Paul constantly reminds his fellow-workers that their "citizenship is in heaven." The godly Samuel Rutherford, who was said to be always studying, always preaching, and always visiting the sick, found time to feed on anticipations of Paradise; he tells us that he often longed to "stand at the outer side of the gates of the New Jerusalem and look through a crevice of the door and see Christ's face. He exclaims: "Oh, time, run fast! Oh, fair day, when wilt thou dawn? Oh, shadows, flee away! Oh, well-beloved Bridegroom, be thou to me like the rose or the young hart on the mountains!" No man in modern times has written any volume so

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

full of heavenly aspirations as Richard Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Yet Baxter was one of the most practical of philanthropists. While meditating on the Better Country, he wore his busy life out in striving to make England a better country; and the town of Kidderminster was revolutionized by his ceaseless labors for the bodies and the souls of its inhabitants. Intense spirituality and intense practicality were beautifully united in the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston. If he kept one eye on Heaven, he kept the other eye wide open to see the sins and the snares and the sorrows of his fellow-creatures all around him. I verily believe that if we thought more about Heaven and realized more its ineffable blessedness, we would strive harder to get others there; we should not be content to travel thither on a path only wide enough for one.

It is no wonder that some professed Christians do not catch any more distinct glimpses of the celestial world. Their vision is obscured. As a very small object when held close to the eye will hide even the sun at noonday, so a Christian may hold a dollar so close to the eye of his soul as to shut out both Christ and Heaven, too. Fishes down in the Mammoth Cave become eyeless at last; and so will any of us lose even the faculty of seeing if we shut ourselves in a cavern of grinding worldliness, or utter unbelief. Perhaps some reader of this article may despondingly say: "Well, I never get any sight of Heaven; I am all in a mist: nothing but clouds and darkness before my eyes." My friend, look where you were standing. You were in Satan's marshy grounds and among the quagmires where the fogs dwell continually. Ever since you left the "King's highway," ever since you forsook the straight path of duty, ever since you quit honest praying and Christian work, and God's Book for your ledger, and the service of Christ for the service of Mammon, you have strayed away into the Devil's territory! Heaven is not visible to backsliders.

And never until your feet take hold again of that straight path of sincere, unselfish obedience to Jesus Christ, and your eyes get washed out with some sincere tears of repentance, will you have any fresh, gladdening glimpse of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Throw off your load, my friend, and the sins that so easily beset you, and, getting your feet again in the track, "run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith." When you get your eye fixed again on Christ, you will no longer complain that Heaven is utterly out of sight.

Those whose conversation is in Heaven, and who keep it constantly before them, have abundant source of spiritual joy. They renew their strength as they push upward and heavenward. What is it to them that the road is long and sometimes the hills of difficulty are steep, that there are often lions in the way, that there are crosses to be carried, that there are some valleys of the death shadow to be threaded, and that not far ahead is that river over which there is no bridge? All these things do not disturb them. Heaven lieth at the end of the way, clothed in its purple and its golden light. The Mount Zion is there—the city of the living God and the innumerable company of angels, some of whom may turn out to be old friends who have had their eye on us ever since we were born into Christ. From the hilltops we can, with the spyglass of faith, bring Heaven so near that we can see its bulwarks with salvation strong and its streets of shining gold.

These views of the certain and assuredly promised inheritance of glory ought to quicken our zeal prodigiously. The time is short—and shortening every day. If we are to have treasures there, we must be securing them; no time is to be lost. If we are to lead any souls there, we must be out after them. If we are to wear any crown there, however humble, we must win it. Christian zeal depends on inward warmth; and much of that heat must come from Heaven. "When," exclaimed grand old Baxter—"when, oh my soul, hast thou been warmest? When hast thou most forgot thy wintry sorrows? Is it not when thou hast got above, closest to Jesus Christ, and hast conversed with him, and viewed the mansions of glory and filled thyself with sweet foretastes and talked with the inhabitants of the higher world?" Certain it is that he who loves not Christ and his fellow-men, loves not Heaven; and he who loves not Heaven is not very likely to see Heaven. A true life is just a tarrying and a toiling in this earthly tent for Christ until we go into the mansions with Christ. Fellow-workers, the miles to Heaven are few and short; let us be found busy in heart and hand when the summons sounds, "Come up hither!"

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

Common Honesty.

Some one has facetiously said: "Common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense in the world," and I sometimes think that "Common Honesty" is a very uncommon thing.

That the lack of honesty should betray itself in religious circles—this is "the most unkindest cut of all." And yet it is not at all infrequent here. This lack of honesty finds expression "at sundry times and in divers manners." Not all those who make pledges to our great missionary enterprises are honest enough to redeem them. And this neglect is often without a good and sufficient reason. Our various secretaries could tell some very uncomplimentary things about some people who stand high in their own opinion and in that of the world as well. To refuse to pay a voluntary pledge to the cause of Christ is to betray a most sacred trust. Let me see: when did Ananias and his wife Sapphira, inhabit this globe? Was it in the first, or the nineteenth Century? Well, they may have flourished in the first century, but the spirits of the departed are still abroad in the land. Do any of my readers want to claim kinship to them? If not, then pay your pledges. He who makes pledges, but does not redeem them, lies not unto men, but unto God. (See Acts v. 1-4.)

There are others who make pledges upon the day of dedication, when a new house is to be paid for, and consecrated to the Lord's service. The brethren depend upon these pledges to meet outlying obligations; but in too many instances they are grievously disappointed because of the perfidy of those who fail to redeem their voluntary pledges. Is this right? Is it just? Why, it is unworthy of men of the world, much less of them who call themselves Christians.

There are others who will subscribe to the current expenses of the church where they live. Afterward they move to some other community, and they seem to think that that will release them from the obligation. But it surely does not. The church where the pledge or apportionment is made "banks upon" that (if the expression is permissible) for the year's work. The church to which he removes has arranged for the year without him. He should pay the former, and let the latter wait until the beginning of another year. If he does not meet his pledge, others will have to make it up. That will work a hardship to them, and it is very unjust. Here is a case in point: At the beginning of this year my membership was in the church at Fairfield, Neb. The brethren made an estimate of the financial needs of the church for 1895, and then apportioned this amount among the brethren. My apportionment for the year was thirty dollars. When the year was about half gone, I resolved to come to Kirksville, Mo. Now what was my duty? Should I pay the church that was depending upon my apportionment, or cancel that, and pay the church that had not taken me into account at all? I believe the former is the only right course to pursue, and I not only paid my full apportionment for the year at Fairfield, but I doubled it. The church at Kirksville may wait until January 1, 1896, for my pledge to its work. I believe that common honesty demands this.

Perhaps no class of men suffer more from the dishonesty of others than do the proprietors of our papers. Subscribers will permit their papers to run along for years without paying for them. When asked for the pay they become indignant. They frequently indulge in remarks like the following: "I don't see why the paper didn't stop when the time of subscription expired." "I notified them again and again, to stop my paper." "I never read the paper when it does come." I have been throwing it back to the postmaster for months.

Now, I am constrained to believe these remarks are so many subterfuges for hiding their lack—the woeful lack—of common honesty. A courteous postal card, addressed to the publishers, requesting them to discontinue the paper at the expiration of the subscription, is all that is necessary to stop your paper. If you permitted the paper to continue beyond the time of your subscription, then the notice to discontinue should be accompanied with the amount of money in arrears. The publishers are under no obligations to stop the paper until every cent of arrears is paid. Nearly all papers are continued until the subscriber notifies them to stop. Not many people would want a favorite paper to stop simply because the time of subscription is expired. As long as you permit the paper to come to your address, you are under obligations to pay for it, whether you read it or not. How may the publisher know that you

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

are not reading it? To throw the paper back to the Postmaster is not the most manly and Christian thing to do, even if it is legal. It is a very dishonest thing to do if you are in arrears. Now, "honest injun," my brother, is there not clearly an effort upon your part to get something for nothing? Have you not betrayed a lack of common honesty?—Chris. Standard.

The Miser.

A miser is constructed very much on the principle on which a boy makes a horse by sticking toothpicks into a potato—by sticking a pair of legs on a moneybag.

What is called the brain in other people, in the miser is an adding machine, with a fire and burglar-proof combination lock.

Why does the miser get money? Why does he want to keep it? So that no one else can get it while he lives.

Please give a list of all the misers who have taken their hoardings to heaven.

What happiness will it afford him when he dies? The happiness of leaving it.

Did any miser ever die and leave heirs pulling at the horns and tail of his fortune, while lawyers milked the cow?

He didn't know how to draw a tight will.

Who does?

Echo—Who?

A spendthrift's pocket is like a cat hole stopped up with a piece of stove-pipe.

A miser's pocket is like an ostrich's gizzard. What goes in may be a piece of sponge cake or a pound of nails, but it all comes out ostrich.

A miser is generous with his example.

When he dies his works can't follow him, because they were locked up in the safe; but plenty of loafers will, if free carriages are provided.

The natural-born miser is a case of too much pucker in the heartstrings. A made miser is manhood sacrificed to metal. He filters money through himself until his bowels of mercy are petrified into a flint stone.

A driller of artesian wells might find some good qualities in the worst old skinflint.

The perfect participle of "miser" is "misery."

If the miser and the prodigal could be cut on the bias and stitched together you would have a "miserthrif."—Telegraph.

These May Increase Your Faith.

Faith is the sacrifice of the understanding to God.

Faith draws from sources untouched by circumstances.

Where really saving faith exists, there cannot be willful sinning.

The man of faith is never in a hurry for God to explain Himself.

Faith furnishes prayer with wings, without which it cannot soar to heaven.

If we walk by faith, it is possible for us to put the shadows of earth beneath our feet.

Faith measures every difficulty by the power of God, and then the mountain becomes a plain. "Faith knows no little things."

Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.

A great many people imagine they are walking by faith, when they are only walking by signs. They believe in Providence while the meal and oil hold out.

A robust faith makes our spirits elastic, so that when the most oppressive and crushing events strike us heavily there is a rebound. Faith is buoyant. Though we fall, we recover and arise.

Faith, some one says, is the hope by which we ring the bell up in heaven, to call attention to our wants; without it we will recover no answer. Hence the exhortation, "Ask in faith." Unbelief says God does not hear any bell.

If the faith of a Christian be really a living thing, it will be subject to the laws governing the growth of all life. It will begin comparatively weak, and grow to great proportions throughout the entire life. It ought to have a steady and healthy growth.—Evangelical Messenger.

Losing Friends.

One of the things that most people wake up to when they are approaching middle age that they have lost a good many friends through their own carelessness. You receive an invitation to the wedding of one whom you knew well eight or ten years ago. He has quite passed out of your life; and you are under obligations to pay for it, whether you read it or not. How may the publisher know that you

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

though, if you were living near each other so that you would meet occasionally, he is the kind of man in whose society you would find real pleasure. When the invitation comes you express your pleasure that Dick or John is to be married, and hope that he may be happy. And that is the end of it. You do not send a present, or, what is better—and often costs more—a friendly note conveying your congratulations and good wishes. The occasion passes without any sign from you, and you have lost an opportunity of identifying yourself with your friend's happiness. He will not associate you with that epoch of his life, and very likely will resent your silence. It is the same when you neglect to take note of a friend's afflictions. It is a real effort to write a letter of sympathy. But such a note may mean a vast deal to one in trouble, and by it you can bind a heart to your own with a hook of steel. The people who complain that they have so few friends, have themselves to blame for it. They have lost them through their indifference or thoughtlessness. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."—Watchman.

The Kind of Christians Needed.

A good many people are like a bundle of shavings; a spark falls, and quickly the shavings are all gone, and there's left scarcely any ashes even. My friends, ten thousand such Christians are not worth one that makes constancy his motto. We don't want any revival Christians—got enough of them; don't want any Sunday Christians—got enough of them. What we wanted are these men "established" in good works, these men that hold on. A man that does one thing is a terrible man. The man who tries a hundred things fails at everything. If it is the Sunday school, if God calls me there, I will stand by my post. If God calls me to lead a cottage prayer meeting, or read the Bible, I must win success there—I must hold on, and it won't be long before God will bring me success, for God has promised it: "You shall reap, if you faint not." God will try you; you will have some things to discourage you, but you must hold on.—Moody.

The Sabbath.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy" is written not only in the decalogue, but also in man's nature. Sir Robert Peel once said he never knew a man to escape failure either in mind or in body who worked seven days in the week. The Sabbath was made for man. Its observance is a duty we owe to ourselves as well as to God. A rest day is essential to man's best development and highest good, and he who neglects the injunction to keep the day holy neglects his own best interests.

Why Not You?

When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to cure rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you?

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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.

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