

My Master.

(MAT. II, 28-30.)

I have come at Thy call, O Master,
To learn life's duties from Thee;
Lo! I bow my neck like the oxen,
That Thy "yoke" may be fitted to me.

The wild ox with his will unbroken,
A type is of what I have been;
For I followed the way of the worldling,
I wandered in fields of sin;

But cheerfully now, O Master,
My neck to Thy "yoke" I bow;
Like the ox that is tamed, submissive,
I own Thee as Master now.

For O, in this loving submission,
This yielding of self unto Thee,
My heart finds the "rest" that it needeth;
Without measure it cometh to me.

How easy Thy "yoke" which I dreaded;
How "light" is Thy "burden" I bear;
No longer by self am I goaded,
No longer am burdened with care.

Thine am I, O Master, for service,
Like the ox which bend to their task—
Walk with me, my Master, and guide me—
This only the favor I ask.

N. Advocate.

Motive in Christian Giving.

I do not write because I desire to see my name in the paper, but because I believe I have something which ought to be said. For years I have been listening to the presentation of the subject of giving and have noted the special lines of argument used to induce the largest possible gifts. I have also noted the effect of such giving upon the giver. All these I have tried to compare with the gospel idea of Christian service.

Many pleas made for money for the Lord's cause grow out of an entire misconception of the motives which should govern in giving to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. Right motive in this service is necessary to the growth and stability of the Christian character. If any other than right motives prevail holy affections will be stifled and character will be dwarfed. Two sets of motives should be exercised in giving to carry the gospel to perishing men. These are, love to God growing out of the salvation wrought out through the Christ, and love to man growing out of a recognition of his needs as a lost sinner. These two sets of motives acting together will force upon the saved man a realization of his obligation, both to God for what he has received, and to his fellow in his ability to save him from his peril.

These are motives which ought to be urged in all pleading for genuine service. By this the redeemed one is shown that he ought to do to the extent of his ability. When the *ought* of the matter is grasped, growth and stability are sure. Over and over again, purely selfish motives are presented in pleading for God's cause. In Foreign Missions commercial interests are urged as a stimulus to give. By carrying the gospel to the heathen, commercial relations will be opened up, which will be greatly to the advantage of this country. A market for our wares will be secured, which will enrich our people, and therefore all should give to this end. In Home Missions it is urged, that the Society is giving three dollars, it may be, to the state for every one dollar given by the state. For every dollar, therefore, that the state gives, three more dollars are added. This is made the ground of the appeal. After a while, when the proportion is cut down, there is much complaint, and many cease to give.

It hardly seems possible that such appeals could be made by men of God, but they are; and many more, just as far removed from the gospel idea. Such appeals should be made upon the ground that God has saved the Christian, and that men are lost, and are dying every day, and can be saved by proper exertion. Therefore the Christian ought to do all he can, out of love to God, and a desire to save his fellow from ruin.

The churches are not building for this year, or the next, but for generations, and centuries, yet unborn. For this reason those entrusted with the instruction of the churches, ought to lay a good foundation. No man would think of beginning a building from the top, but would rather lay a solid foundation, upon which to build an enduring structure. If we would have strong Christian character, the foundation must first be laid deep and strong. It can not be built from the head down, but rather from the heart up. The emotions will then be a part of the structure, while Christian principle will be the foundation upon which it rests. With such a character selfish appeals will have no effect. Hard times, and good times may come, the only question will be, what is the limit of ability? The soul may be on the mountain heights of transfiguration glory.

K. D. C. the Great Spring remedy.

or in the depths of Gethsemane's agony but no change will be effected in the calm determination to do the Master's will in giving the Gospel to the world.

Christianity is shorn of much of its power by the selfish emotions found in the churches of to-day. Impassioned appeals, that go no deeper than the emotional nature, may create much excitement for the hour, but the immediate effect is not lasting. As soon as the feeling dies away, there comes in its stead a cold, indifferent spirit, which is exceedingly difficult to reach.

If Christian life could be based upon a principle, rather than an emotion, we would see far different results than those which confront us now. No one would think to stop till the limit of ability to do, had been reached.

This condition may be reached if all of our missionary secretaries and pastors will place the stress of their appeals where it belongs—love to God and the needs of a wrecked world. Then, the missionary and church treasures will be well supplied, and a mighty host of sturdy stalwart men and women will be continuously active for the Master. May God speed the day!—Selected.

Heavenly Recognition.

Perhaps in every inquiring Christian mind the question often arises, "Shall we know each other there?" To the writer it seems that all can well afford to wait for the answer until we pass over into the glory world. The assurance that there everything will be in complete harmony with infinite wisdom and the most perfect bliss should satisfy us all to wait patiently until "we see as we are seen and know as we are known," and rather busy ourselves in helping as many to enter heaven as possible.

However, we have no objections to an intelligent investigation of the subject and the forming and entertaining of definite opinions thereon, provided doing so does not divert our attention from the far more important matter of doing efficient work for the Lord. To those who have been bereaved by death the assurance of meeting and recognizing their departed ones "over there" is a most precious, comforting boon, and we do not wonder that such ask for information on the subject. A good sister having listened to a conversation between two ministers in which the subject was discussed *pro and con*, writes us as follows:

It seems to me that God having given us a love so much stronger than death for our relatives, he will not take away the pleasure of knowing them in a world where there will be no more parting. A few weeks ago our home was made so sad and lonely by the death of our baby, almost five years old. After she was gone the children said to me, "Mamma, will we know Glens in heaven?" "Yes," I said, "I think we will." "Well," said they, "there is no one there now she knows." Oh, what thoughts crowd the minds of the little ones that have seen a loved one die; and it seems to me that it will not be heaven if I do not know my friends. I would be glad to see something in the good old Telescope on this subject. Perhaps it will be a comfort to many a mother who is now mourning the loss of a loved one. How often do we hear this expression, "They weep not as those who have no hope." Just so it is with me. I weep not as those who have seen their loved ones die in sin, but for the loneliness it gives me to see her chair vacant. Her place at the table is no longer occupied, and, oh! in every way we miss the dear baby yet I do not doubt for one moment but we shall know her in heaven, and each morning something seems to whisper in my ear, "One day nearer." "One day nearer." And I would say to each mother who reads this and is mourning the loss of a dear one, look to Christ for comfort; for I know I could not endure this sad misfortune if it were not for God's sustaining grace.

Those words breathe out the deep feelings of the bereaved mother's soul. They are perfectly natural. The saints in heaven are all truly lovely and lovable; but the mother heart feels that heaven will not be heaven to her if she does not recognize and clasp to her bosom the lovely, prattling babe of whom death has bereaved her.

A circumstance or two mentioned in the New Testament point strongly in the direction of heavenly recognition. On the Mount of Transfiguration Moses and Elijah appeared and were recognized. They had retained their personal identity. The retention of personal identity makes personal recognition certain, and the retention of our personal identity is essential to personal enjoyment and personal suffering. In the paradise of God we shall see as we are seen and know as

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

we are known. The putting off of "this mortal" and putting on of immortality will greatly intensify and enlarge our mental and moral capacities and powers. Surely in that glorified state we shall not know less than we know in the flesh.

Again: Christ said to the dying thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." This clearly implies that the penitent, saved sufferer would know that he was in paradise and that he would meet and know Christ there also.

But, after all, the great comforting assurance for the bereaved Christian is in the positive scriptural declarations which place it beyond a doubt that heaven will far transcend in grandeur, blessedness, and real joy anything of which we can conceive here, and that our dear departed ones have already passed through the gates into the eternal city, washed in the blood of the Lamb.—*Rev. Telescope.*

The Home.

Home! What a blessed word. We in Christian America can scarcely realize that the home largely differentiates us from the heathen world. There you find no true family, home life, fidelity, parental affection, system of education or pure religion. Even the French language, we are told, contains no word corresponding to our word home.

We need a nobler type of Christianity in the home. We need an expressive Christianity that will be impressive. The type must touch the paper in order to leave an impression. We must come into close contact with Jesus Christ if Christianity is to be felt in the home and in the world. Study the effect of Christ in the home.

The home where Christ abode was a happy home. When Christ cast the devil out of the man he said, "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Christ demands that his followers express their love in the home by words. If we do not give expression to Christianity here, our light will go out. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." Christ bids us learn of him and then go to others. "As my Father hath sent me, even so, send I you."

All have an ideal of the home. No thoughtful student or close observer can fail to see that home life is not what it has been in the past. Outside attractions such as clubs, societies and concerts are preying upon the home life. Home in many instances is simply a place where a few meals are eaten and a few hours are spent in sleep. I know a large family whose business relations prevented the father and eldest son from meeting for four days although living under the same roof. Alas for the glory of our age, for morality, for religion; the home life is being rapidly relegated to the past.

Religious conversation has been neglected in the home. Recently a woman said when she was a girl religion was the principle theme of conversation. Now we have gone to the other extreme. I know a father whose son has strong infidel tendencies, yet that father confessed he had never said one word to him on the subject of religion. Parents have, or should have, the greatest influence for good. If this is not the case something is wrong. They understand the disposition, habits and needs of each one better than any one else. I cannot understand why children dislike to talk with their parents about their soul's salvation unless it be the result of their teaching; they can talk on any other topic. Nor can I understand why parents are so indifferent to talk with their children on this subject. They love them; will do anything for them; will lavish money for an education or any accomplishment, but alas, will neglect that which is of the most substance. Only one explanation presents itself—parents do not believe the Bible. If they did how *can* they be so indifferent?

Something more than words is necessary in the home. There must be a correspondence between words and life. Parents do not seem to realize the influence their daily life has over their children. They wonder why their children do wrong. When a father is marketing produce and has his sons fill half the bale of hay with chaff, or put all the small apples in the center of the barrel, is it strange that they, when they become aldermen in some city, will manipulate the funds so as to fill their coffers, or that they, when connected with some bank, will become defaulters? A downright, upright Christianity is demanded in the home life. The home is the foundation of the nation. What we are at home that we will be abroad, that we will be as a nation. Many questions which are perplexing us as a nation

K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia

are more closely related to the home than we are willing to admit. Here, if anywhere, they will find their solution.

Hymns. How many know not the meaning of the word. Is there not a reason why the street Arabs go to destruction? From their first step they have breathed the poisonous air that breeds the spirit of gambling and vice. Even in places of this character the old story of the gospel should be told. Nothing else will sweeten and purify the life of such districts.—*The Standard.*

The Dear Old Wife.

Why should the woman who has been the faithful wife of years need any other beautifying appliances than the remembrance of all that she has been and done in those years? She and her husband are growing old together. She does not love him one iota the less for his grayness, his baldness, his pallor, his graven lines; under all of these she sees the man who won her heart so many years ago. Is his taste for beauty, his refined and cultivated sense, so much more acute than hers that he alone of the two must needs see change and feel loss and dissatisfaction, and manifest the feeling? Yet how many days there are, whether it be from this feeling or from simple indifference, that the old wife wearies, and her heart aches with longing for one of the old words that used to be poured into her ears, for one caressing gesture of that hand, for one action that has no other end or aim in view than the evident promotion of her happiness.

No matter how old she is, be she even all her threescore years and ten, the woman does not live who can live without love; and if she has a husband, and they are living together in apparent amity, without his love and some proof of it. She knows that there have been old lovers long married; she remembers the sweet ballad of "John Anderson, my Jo, John," which never moved her when she was young, but now it seems to have been written for herself, and she sighs for some expressions from her husband that shall make her state resemble that of those old lovers.

It is the difference that breaks her heart. She does not know in her darkness concerning it, and the reasons for it, how soon it may turn to hate; she does not know but she would rather that it were hate, and done with. Without that love which has been the breath of her life in the past, she must fail, or sink and wither into self-centered indifference herself; with it she could lift her portion of the world like Atlas. She is one of those singularly unselfish women if the want of it does not make her review all her life, with all its labors and sacrifices, and arouse an indignation over the injustice of her lot, in which either the flame of her life or of her love must burn out. It would cost the husband of the old wife—a man who doubtless does kindness to others—but little thought or exertion to manifest a love that may be warm beneath its crust, brief mentions of gratification or of a pain now and then, smiles, confidences, turning from sympathy when together, movements of old-fashioned courtesy when with others; all this would not greatly impair his own powers through his exertion, and it would raise her again to her proud place among happy wives, whose love and whose receipt of love outlast their lives. Fortunate for the world is it that, if there are some who do differently, the greater number of husbands see, under the mask that age has built, the woman of their love, and would utter for epitaph no worse words than—

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigor give
To as much beauty as could live."

Immortality.

Archdeacon Farrar, preaching in Westminster Abbey on the shortness of life and the vanity of human wishes, said that he were told by some thinkers and philosophers that we simply gleam out of the darkness for a moment and attempt—for the most part in vain—to carve our names upon an icy pillar which the next sun would melt, and then we sank back once more into the unfathomable darkness whence we came, they told us that from the great deep we were permitted for one moment to flash by in the interminable procession of the race, and then, not knowing whence we came or whither we are going, we depart hence, and are no more seen. Life, they said, was a little gleam of time between two eternities, a bubble and a scepticism—a sleep within a sleep. If there are any of his hearers who had given up their faith in immortality, who had persuaded themselves that dust and ashes were the be all and

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

end all of the race, then no depth of pessimism would be too deep to be unjustifiable. In that case, if God had called them into a being so brief, so futile, only to leave them, the poor creatures of a day, to be crushed tomorrow, the sport and prey of passionless dead forces, frustrated hopes, and perishing designs, then they might well share the opinion of that ancient Atheist who described men as no better than swine on a rudderless ship in a wild storm on an unfathomed sea. Then, too, they might agree with Schopenhauer that nothing was worth their efforts, energies, or struggles; that all hopes were vanity, the world a bankrupt in all quarters, and life a business that did not pay its expenses. But (continued the preacher) the difference between our estimate of life and death becomes unspeakable when we look on death as the entrance gate to a higher and truer life. It then becomes folly to be unwilling to think of death. The mariner thinks with joy of the haven, the labourer is glad to see the evening, the soldier rejoices when his warfare is accomplished, and shall we grieve when the days of sin and struggle are ended? We are mariners; our haven is happiness. We are travellers; our journey is to paradise. We are labourers; our hire is heaven. Soldiers; our conquest is of death. Hence the shortness of life so far from being any ground for arraignment of the providence of God becomes one of the most signal proofs of God's mercy. To live such a life as ours in such a world as this and not to be able to look forward to any natural close of it would indeed be dreadful. If there was no such thing as earthly death the horror of such a prospect as that of continued earthly life would be fearful to contemplate.—*Ex.*

Random Readings.

Minding your own business is always a paying business.

Others may see a wise man's defects, but he feels and knows them.

If the devil were cast out of some men there wouldn't be much left.

Placing a fine monument to your wife's grave will not atone for your treating her cruelly while she was living.

An impossibility: To convince a stingy man that he robs himself by refusing to contribute to church benevolences.

How can God believe you trust him to save your soul while you are so unwilling to trust him with any of your money?

It would be much better for the world if as many men and women were willing to live for Christ as seem to be willing to die for him.

You cannot understand the religion of Christ until you get it, any more than you can know and appreciate the good qualities of an apple without eating it.

Dives, the rich man, lifted up his eyes in hell, not because in this world he was rich, but because he was both rich and stingy. And, rich men of today, right there is something for you to think about.

Because you have no happiness in God's service it does not follow that you are released from the obligations of service.

Everybody finds out, sooner or later that all success worth having is founded on Christian rules of conduct.—*H. M. Field.*

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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 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 hundred 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., 335 Greenfield Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Sold throughout the world. FORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., sole proprietors, Boston. Mailed free, "All about the Blood, Skin, Scalp, and Hair." Baby Blemishes, falling hair, and red, rough hands prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

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