

I Shall See Him.

I have not seen His face,
And yet I know He is, and that His love
Fills earth, and is the joy of heaven above.

I have not seen His face,
Yet all around me, every day and hour,
I see His handiwork and feel His love and
power.

I have not seen His face,
And yet I know Him, and hear His voice
Of music bidding all my heart rejoice.

I have not seen His face,
And yet He doth my very being thrill
With rapture as He whispers, "Peace, be
still."

But I shall see His face
When earth and darkness shall have passed
away,
And I have reached the land of endless day.

Yes, I shall see His face,
My Light, my Love, my Master, and my
King,
And of His goodness evermore I'll sing.
—The Treasury.

For He Careth for You.

There is a volume of meaning in the little word, care. It makes to many a one all the difference between a life of gloom and a life of gladness, that some fellow-creature can say: "I care for you." The most forlorn feeling that a human being can have is that, "No one cares for me." There are many who know what it is to have fellowships broken, to have friends fall away and to lose that sense of comfort which the loving care of others creates; but who, in this world of strife, and enmities, and hates, has been so unutterably wretched as not to have one friend left? The vilest and most repulsive of mankind are never completely isolated. They have their fellowships. They are not altogether forsaken. Some kindly soul there always is to show, by word or deed, a human interest in the moral and social leper. No one is left entirely to himself.

Man was not intended for solitary life. The best capabilities of feeling and effort are only stirred by contact with others of like passions. Deprived of intercourse with his own kind, he would seek the companionship of brutes—for solitude is unendurable. He covets the evidences that some one cares for him. He may content himself with slight and infrequent manifestations of which he may take no outward notice; but the least sign of preference, the most insignificant attention from another, is grateful to him; and when human companionship fails him, he lives on the friendly bark of his dog, who thus shows their care for him.

This desire to be the object of loving care is the secret of human influence; for one cannot manifest constant care without awakening something in return. The care that is given is returned, or is received only to be given out again in larger measure. It is benevolence that blesses both him who gives and him who receives. It inspires, it ennobles, it purifies, it makes unselfish; it opens the way to hard and wicked hearts and softens the nature; it gives courage to the despairing, and smooths rough and thorny paths.

"Who cares?" asks the reckless young man, wrecking his health and his hopes in the cup of drunkenness. Do the companions of his dissipation? No. Does his brother or sister? Apparently not. Does his father? Months ago he was thrust out from his home. Is there any one else that cares what becomes of him? In his bitterness, he says, No. He seems to be far away from the Church and all its influences. He is at sea, all adrift. But he recalls one who never forgot him, who never lost faith in him. But she is dead; his mother was buried a year ago. She cared for him, oh, how much. If she were alive he would go back to her. She would not upbraid him. She would care for him still. He can almost hear her voice again and feel the touch of her soft hand. He realizes as never before what her care was to him, and he becomes conscious of a strong desire to be worthy of it and to be to others what she was to him. That thought leads to his salvation.

The disciples, storm-tossed on the sea of Galilee, remembered in the hour of despair the Lord of the wind and the sea, who lay asleep in the stern of the vessel, and cried to him, complainingly, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" He seemed so strangely oblivious to their condition, he who had shown so much care for them previously, that they were not only grieved but disappointed. "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" And then he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. His loving care did not fail them. Later, when the multitude pressed them and gave them no time to eat, the Lord's care was tenderly

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

manifest: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while."

Did he not care? For what else came he into the world? Because God cared so much for the world—not for those who cared for him, not for the righteous only, but for the whole world of guilty sinners. Care is not only a feeling, it is a ministry, a sacrifice. God's care was represented by the sacrifice of his Son. If men settled down into a belief that God cared not whether they perished or not, how could he reach them or save them? He must convince them of his care for them, and this he did by the most precious gift, the greatest sacrifice he could make.

Does he not care? Are not five sparrows sold for a farthing, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows. Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls? Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. His care so abundantly shown for the sparrows, the ravens, the lilies, how much greater is it for man—made in His own image—as manifested in the sacrifice of Christ?

Does he not care? The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep; but the hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling and careth not for the sheep. As the Father knoweth me, even so I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Does he not care? For whom he loveth he chasteneth. There shall no temptation overtake you but such as is common to man. And are the angels not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? His mercies are a daily multitude, and his entire revelation is summed up in the words, "For he careth for you."—The Independent.

Conviction by the Holy Spirit.

In one of the interesting meetings recently held at Northfield, Mass., a Christian merchant from Maine gave an account of his conversion, which serves to exalt the work of the Holy Spirit in the awakening and conversion of sinners—a work that so often is contrary to the human methods chosen for that very purpose.

It appears that during the revival that occurred in Boston in 1877, under the direction of Mr. D. L. Moody, this merchant came to that city on business. He was a total stranger to the salvation provided for everyone in the Gospel. Hearing that large numbers crowded the tabernacle every night at these evangelistic services, he suggested to a friend that they might attend on a certain evening after business hours. This friend was obliged to excuse himself owing to a previous engagement, but suggested that, to gain admittance, it would be necessary to be promptly at the tabernacle before 7.30 p. m., as the doors were then closed. The merchant, actuated more by curiosity than anything else, determined to attend that evening. After tea he strolled up leisurely on his way to the meeting, giving but little thought to the warning of his friend that the doors were closed at a certain hour. Arriving at the tabernacle he found that he was five minutes late. The policemen stationed about the place were asked to admit him. He expressed to them a willingness to accept even a standing place within the building. He went from door to door making this request. But all was in vain. The instructions given them were imperative, and though he stated that he had come from a distance, they were obliged to deny his request. After a moment's reflection he made up his mind to spend that evening at one of the Boston theaters. As he turned his steps thither he could but remember that he had been distinctly told that the doors were shut at a certain hour, and that it was simply unnecessary negligence on his part and useless waste of time as he went to the tabernacle service, that prevented an admittance.

That was the chosen opportunity for the awakening of his soul to spiritual realities. The Holy Spirit in that moment suggested to his mind the sad condition of five foolish virgins who were shut out of the kingdom of God. The Holy Spirit told him that he had been treating his soul's salvation with the same culpable negligence that he had shown on his way to the tabernacle

K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia.

service. He had been repeatedly told that there was an hour for closing the door of grace. He had heedlessly disregarded the information. And now, if he were called suddenly to die, his condition would be that of these virgins, who came to the door of heaven destitute of the necessary preparation, and were denied admittance. And how terrible it would be to have the door of grace closed forever!

These thoughts so fully occupied his mind that he was not able to tell what scenes were presented that night in the theater. "The door is shut, the door is shut," was the voice of the Spirit speaking to his immortal soul throughout the entire entertainment.

On reaching home in Maine the following day, he announced that he had failed to hear Mr. Moody. His Christian wife was deeply disappointed. She had prayed that her husband might be brought to Christ in these meetings. Her pastor had united in the prayer. Little did they then know that the Holy Spirit was powerfully convicting him of sin; but not in just the way they had thought. The voice was constantly saying in his inmost soul, "The door is shut, the door is shut." O, how often it is that the way by which we would lead our friends to Christ is not God's way. His way in this, as in all things, is superior to ours.

The final outcome of this unrelieved distress of mind was indeed most glorious. For three days and nights his soul was in an agony. Opening the Bible when alone, he found just the word to meet his case. Attending the special services in the church, he felt that it was "now or never." The warning voice of God constantly pursued him, piercing "even to the dividing of soul and spirit."

At last, in his home, with the open Bible before him and praying souls about him, he surrendered himself in deepest penitence, and accepted by faith the proffered help of the Son of God. Confession and humiliation were publicly made, and vows to live henceforth for Christ.

The intervening years have shown the reality of his regeneration. Possessed of a large estate, he conscientiously devotes one-fifth of his income yearly to the spread of the Gospel. His testimony is never withheld—giving thanks for the power that can alone save from sin and death.

What does such a witness show to the world? That it is not by human "might" nor "power," but by the Spirit of the Lord, that souls are to be saved. Let all who are working for this result in any place see this and believe it. Without relaxing proper human effort, as God may impress us, let each one fulfill his appointed work, relying upon nothing save the Spirit that "convinceth of sin, righteousness, and judgment."—Chris. Advocate.

What Some Sermons Cost.

Some have such a conception of the time and toil that ought to be put upon a sermon that they do not see how the preacher can give himself to all sorts of work during the week. Of some of his sermons, it is said of Norman Macleod, that he wrote them as many as seven times. In writing to his son about one of these he said, "But it may encourage you to know that this is the seventh time, at least, I have corrected it, and each time just as fully as the previous one." It is said that Whitefield "ransacked creation for figures, time for facts, heaven for motives, hell for warnings, and eternity for arguments." When Dr. Adam Clarke was asked how a sermon should be prepared, he said, "Study yourself dead, and pray yourself alive again." Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander said, "I more and more believe that constant Bible study, using Scripture to explain itself, and culture of the heart by prayer, etc., are the great preparation of the pulpit."

But many sermons cost more than time and labor. Indeed, if these be all that are given to a sermon it may be very defective as a sermon. Shepard, of Cambridge, Mass., said: "As to myself I can say three things, that the study of every sermon cost me tears, that before I preached a sermon I got good by it myself; that I always went up into the pulpit as if I went to give my account to my Master." It is related of Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge that he was so overcome with emotion once in preaching that he sat down and wept like a child. Dr. James W. Alexander says: "No man can be a great preacher without great feeling," and Dr. Lyman Beecher wrote: "If a man have no feeling, let him not attempt to preach." Payson said: "I never was fit to say a word to a sinner except when I had a broken heart myself, when I was subdued and melted into tenderness, and felt as though I had just received pardon to my own soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity."

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

Trials have done much to make a good sermon. No one probably had to pass through greater trials in his early ministry than Bascom, of the Methodist Church. He was charged with pride, his work was disparaged, he was driven into the most unpromising fields in the Conference; and yet none of those who persecuted him so much could preach as he preached. He rose out of the place of obscurity, and is remembered as one of the great preachers of this country. The best sermon is that in which the whole man is surrendered to the work. When every power—the reason, the memory, the fancy—controlled by the Holy Spirit is employed in the production of a sermon, then we feel that it is worthy the minister and worthy the audience that may hear it. It was said of Henry Ward Beecher's preaching in his best days that it was the most delightful preaching to which anyone could listen. The power and beauty of such preaching was found in the fact that he gave himself, all his splendid powers, to that work. He made all his reading and all his conversations with men upon the street, all he saw and all he heard, contribute to the preparation of the sermon, and in its delivery the whole man was absorbed.

Robert Hall, the great British preacher, was not unlike Mr. Beecher in some respects. He was one who surrendered all his great powers to the work of preaching. This man, so devoted, so self-surrendering, said: "I always conceive that it is a respect due to the public, whenever we appear before them, to do our best." Such words from the lips of Robert Hall meant a great deal. They meant faithfulness in study, earnestness in prayer and thorough consecration to his work. It is such self-surrender, such consecration of the best powers of the preacher to the work of the ministry that will make the sermon effective in its work. The Holy Spirit working in the man, and working through such consecrated work, will make the sermon a power for good.—Rev. Robert Williams.

The Lord.

Have you noticed how often Jesus is called Lord in the New Testament? You might find it an interesting and profitable exercise to sit down, with a Bible and a concordance, and look out all those places: "Lord, increase our faith;" "Lord, to whom shall we go?" "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom;" after the resurrection, Mary's pathetic cry, "They have taken away the Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him;" the glad shout of the eleven, "The Lord is risen indeed;" and the quiet record, "Then the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord."

Early one morning after the resurrection seven of the disciples were together in a fishing boat. They had been fishing all night quite unsuccessfully. Weary and discouraged, they hear a voice from the shore, "Children, have you anything to eat?" They answer, "No." Again the kind, clear voice calls, "Cast the net on the right side of the boat." Obeying, they instantly find what they have toiled for all night in vain. The disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast at the supper was the first to recognize Him; and cannot you imagine the hushed and reverent tone in which he said to his comrades, "It is the Lord?"

There was a deep meaning in the word Lord, as those affectionate and reverent men and women applied it. It is a title expressive of dominion, of high authority, of right to possess and use and control. It was a title fit for a king from his subjects lowly or lofty. It was applied to Jehovah by the devout Jews of the time of Jesus, familiar to them in the Greek version of their Scriptures as the name of Jehovah. Yet it was expressive of an affectionate and trustful reverence. It denoted a homage and a submission which loyal hearts love to pay, "even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord;" such a reverent love as no wife can be happy unless she thinks her husband worthy of it. All chivalrous loyalty to chieftains, all dutiful devotion to kings, all deepest love and loyalty to husbands, which the happiest realms and happiest homes of earth have exemplified—all these combined cannot equal the devotion and loyalty with which John and Peter and Thomas and the Marys called Jesus their Lord.

With no less reverent love was this title afterward applied to the Saviour by one who, when he died and arose and ascended, was a stranger and an enemy to Him, but whom He had foreknown and chosen "to bear His name to the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel." Often and reverently that learned and gifted Hebrew applied this title to Jesus equally as to Jehovah. And he did this as affectionately as reverently.—Selected.

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

Imperfect Perfection.

No duty should be kept more clearly and constantly before every Christian than that of making steady advances in his idea of what true, right living is. There is an idea back of every deed. Action is embodied thought; but the thought, of course, comes first, and the deed will be determined by it. If our life, then, is to take on ever-new beauty, that beauty must be grasped antecedently by the mind. In other words, our idea must become our ideal, and this ideal, or standard of excellence, must not be stationary. Ideals are creations of the imagination. The mind endeavors to form a conception of what can be by the utmost possibility of effort be attained.

Evidently, then, ideals will differ accordingly to the grades of development and the mental and moral powers of those who form them. Let those powers be ever developing, as they should be (and will be under normal conditions), and the ideal will be ever advancing. What is included by his mind in perfect love to God and man will be one thing today, and quite another thing tomorrow. He whose conscience is not growing more sensitive to slight infractions of the perfect law, who is not increasingly scrupulous as to the purity of his motives and the fervor of his quick response to all God's calls, must be set down as scarcely genuine in his devotion to the Master, or else as deeply ignorant concerning what that devotion demands. Our holiness is not perfected in this world except after an imperfect sort of a fashion.—Z. Herald.

Random Readings.

It often requires more grace to bear the temptations of prosperity than the reverses and misfortunes of life.

What you keep by you you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be recalled.—Roscommon.

The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him who is weary.—Isaiah.

There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a childlike humility at the starting-post.—Coleridge.

The crown and glory of all true union is for each unit to be at its best. The links, and not the impersonal chain, hold the anchor.—Bishop John F. Hurst.

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