

Building.

We are building every day.
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose—

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine;
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this,
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo! its name is Character.

Build it well, what'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.

The Christian for To Day.

There is much being said in these days about the kind of Christian the present times demand. In one sense the true Christian is the same in all times and places, but in another sense every age must have a new kind of Christian. With every age there are new conditions, arising, there are new phases of thought, new tendencies present themselves, and the Christian to be a successful worker in any age must be adapted to the times in which he lives. He must adopt those methods of activity and service which are demanded. And so the Christian for to-day must be wakeful to the conditions and requirements of this intense, progressive, and practical age. The Christian of to-day is not the Christian of eighteen hundred years ago, of the days of the Reformation, or of fifty years ago, but of the present. Some positive characteristics of the Christian of to-day may be found in the following catalogue. The Christian needed to-day—

Is pious.
Is sincere.
Is honest.
Is consecrated.
Is truthful.
Is merciful.
Is forgiving.
Is generous.
Is sociable.
Is prayerful.
Is purposeful.
Is industrious.
Is self sacrificing.
Is watchful.
Is thoughtful.
Is enthusiastic.
Is courageous.
Is spiritual.
Is charitable.
Is zealous for souls.
Is a Christian citizen.
Is self-forgotful.

Is considerate of the rights and feelings of others.

Is at the front when the duty bugle calls to action, and not lagging in the rear or lounging in the shade.

Is a Sunday school worker.

Is loyal to Christ and his church.

Is out and out for Christ.

Is conscientious.

Is helpful to his pastor.

Is a Bible student.

Is a cheerful and systematic giver.

Is persevering.

Is vigilant.

Is more concerned about loving deeds than he is about loud professions.

Reads the Bible daily.

Reads his own church paper, and is intelligent respecting the progress of God's cause.

Has a practical sympathy for the needy.

Has an intense love for perishing souls.

Has a thorough missionary spirit.

Has habits of regular church attendance.

Has a cordial smile and warm greeting for strangers who come to his church.

Has good staying qualities.

Has principles and is willing to fight for them.

Has humility and patience.

Has world-wide sympathies.

Has joy in service.

Believes in God and his Son Jesus Christ, our Savior.

Believes in revivals.

Believes in the power of prayer.

Believes the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

Honors the Holy Spirit in Christian effort.

Honors the church and its manifold agencies of good to the world.

Conducts his daily business on Christian principles.

Takes his religion into all the affairs of his life.

Keeps the Sabbath day holy.

Recognizes his own personal responsibility.

Walks with God daily and not semi-weekly or at less frequent intervals.

Abstains from all sinful indulgences—the use of strong drink, tobacco, and everything else that injures him physically, mentally, or spiritually.

Loves righteousness and hates iniquity.

K. D. C. tones and regulates liver.

In a word is a positive, every day, Christian Christian—a Christian who is Christlike in character and life, and believes with all his heart that he has a God given mission in this world, and that by divine grace he will fulfil that mission to the best of his ability always and everywhere.

As many negative characteristics might be named, but these are sufficient to give emphasis to the duties and privileges of the Christian who is adapted to the great and pressing demands of these closing years of the nineteenth century.

Let it be remembered that what is implied in the foregoing is this, that the Christian for to-day is the one that is most Christlike in spirit, purposes, and activities.

Soul-Hunger.

When once a human soul learns for itself, by living experience, the satisfying nature of divine things, there is awakened a great hunger and thirst within it which the world cannot satisfy. Nor could the world satisfy it before. The soul may starve along on husks, and not realize that it is starving. But the heart was made for God, and it is restless till it rests in Him; and if it has been in the wilderness, among the swine, away from the Father's home and love, it is not and cannot be happy. Only as it comes back, and receives His welcome and pardon and smiles, does it know the meaning of happiness and rest.

The author of the eighty-fourth psalm was no stranger to God. He had known and loved Him, and had found delight in Him and in His service. But he had been deprived, for a time, of the privilege of being in God's house, and his heart had cried out in longing for that joy which had so often been his portion. In great desire for the spiritual privileges, so often desired in other days, his heart cried, in homesickness and soul-hunger.

What his particular circumstances were at this time we can only conjecture. It is not absolutely important that we know exactly. But in whatever way prevented from being in his accustomed place for worship, whether by sickness or exile, he remembered how he had been there in other days, and voices his desires for the return of that which he had lost. The psalm is a wonderful one. Each verse nearly is a gem. It may be read over and over again. Its language expresses the feelings of God's people in all ages and in all lands. They love the things of God.

Hunger is healthful and natural. The body demands physical food with a longing which is closely allied to pain, the gratification of which is a most marked pleasure. It is providentially ordered that it shall be painful to abstain from the food, which is necessary to sustain life, and that it shall be pleasurable to partake of it in a proper manner.

So it is with a converted soul as to religious duties and obligations. There must be prayer, and the reading of God's word, and the attendance upon God's house. These have been ordained, and no one can neglect them, or anyone of them, without resultant disaster. But such is the force of spiritual hunger, and such the power of spiritual habit, that the performance of these duties comes to be a pleasure to every soul that is in a healthful spiritual condition. Being hindered from them is a deprivation, and causes pain. Let us seek to be in that state of health, and with the habit formed, which will demand that, in order to our happiness, we do that which is right and wise and good. If we are in this healthful condition, happy is it for us. Let us guard well our spiritual health, that it may not be lost through our neglect or inattention.

The Tender Christ.

When He came into this world on an errand of mercy He found the race like the bruised reed. His spiritual mission the Jews could not understand. The galling yoke of political and spiritual bondage pressed heavily upon them. Yet He was tender toward them from the very beginning. At the first He took a little leaven of truth with which to renew the whole lump. He began by planting a grain of mustard seed into the soil. He was ever considerate of them. All along His ministry He had it in His heart "to say many things unto them," but He knew "they could not bear them," so weak and bruised were they. He began in His teaching to unfold such rudimentary truth as they could apprehend. He would not "break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax."

Let us retrace our steps back through the centuries. Let us suppose ourselves now living in Galilee. The weak, the maimed, the halt, and the blind are all about us. The ignorant, the

K. D. C. Pills act in conjunction with K. D. C. where a laxative is required.

vicious, the guilty, and the self-condemned are here to awaken our pity. We sigh for some one to stop down and give hope to these multitudes. We do not wait long. Behold the Man of Galilee, the tender Saviour, comes near! What is the record that all ages will rehearse with joy? It is that "Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. And His fame went throughout all Syria; and they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and He healed them."

Our Lord's intercourse with His disciples furnishes an illustration of His tenderness. They also understood but little of His spiritual kingdom. They often exhibited pride and ambition. They fled from Him during His trial. They were timid during His abode in the sepulchre, and yet when He arose He did not hesitate to call them brethren. Verily, Jesus did not then break the bruised reed nor "scorn the meaneest man."

Nor does He in our day. Where is there sorrow, disappointment, unrest, guilt? Lo, Jesus is present there. He comes not to chide, but to help, not to condemn, but to save. The centuries have not changed His attitude toward needy souls. Sinful self depreciation should not keep us from Him. Spiritual depression should not overcome us. His heart is tender, with an unspoken impulse to succor us. Believe Him, and salvation is ours.

Curing Ill Temper.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once, in a sermon, gave the following hints concerning ill temper:

"It is not enough to pray for self-control. We must all study the cause of irritability. If men would often go to a sanitarium concerning their health habits, they would find an answer to prayer in his revelation of truth. I have known men who prayed for a good temper in vain until their physician proscribed eating so much meat; for they could not endure such stimulation. So long as they ate abundantly of animal food they could not control their irritability; but as soon as they were put on a milder diet they were able to keep their temper. Their physician, by the aid of science, revealed to them the cause of that irritability, and their prayer was answered. They were not unwise in praying; but they were wise in adding hygienic advice. It is quite in vain to pray for a tranquil spirit, or a genial, hopeful spirit, when the organs of digestion are out of order. Not that one that is suffering from sickness should not pray for health, but prayer is to be conjoined to hygiene. It is in vain to pray for patience, and then run heedlessly into those very conditions where experience shows causes which lead to impatience. It is wise for me to ask that I might not be torn with briers, and then run into the thickest hedge? Is it wise for me to pray that God will give them all the fruit of the spirit, and then associate with persons that will contaminate them? Have I a right to pray for purity of my heart, and then let my ears drink in all the vile sayings, and wicked speeches, and vulgar insinuations of corrupt men? Has a man a right to pray that he may be a truth speaker, and then take no pains to seek the truth? Has a man a right to pray that he may be moral, and then put himself where his morality will be sapped and undermined? It is folly for a man to pray for common morals even, and still more for spiritual graces, and then take no heed of the way, humbly speaking, by which these things are achieved. Just as soon might a man shut his arithmetic and pray that he might know how to cipher, or sit in his chamber and pray that he might be a good engineer, as to pray for the graces and then do nothing to get them. We must study these things. The presumption of prayer being answered is measured by the degree in which it leads us to study the conditions that tend to bring about that for which we pray. We are to work for it not without prayer, but not to pray for it without work.—Tele-scope.

A Sunny Theology.

I thank God for existence as a moral agent on probation a racer for a fadeless crown, even though weighted with inherited disabilities. I find there is a power which can change weights into wings. A larger faith in the possibilities of divine graces attested by an "experience that worketh hope" has cured my pessimism, taken the blue spectacles from my eyes, and given to the clergy have tested K. D. C. and pronounce it the best

me a sunny theology. I have come to believe that the great purpose of the creation of man in the image of God was the incarnation of His Son, through whom He might reveal Himself to Adam and his sinful posterity, and communicate Himself by the Holy Spirit. Thus He would fully develop His own likeness in His sons by creation, their consecrated freedom from sin becoming moral holiness by their free choice. To have destroyed the sinning pair in Eden would have been a defeat of the Creator's eternal purpose of the incarnation by a malicious marplot. But God triumphed over Satan by adding redemption to the already existing mediation of His Son in both the material and spiritual realms, this mediation being not an expedient to meet an exigency, but an original and essential part of God's moral government.

Hence my chief topic of gratitude is that I was created a man, that my existence was begun and is perpetuated through the mediation of the Son of God. Long ago I rejected Augustine's *felix culpa*—"Happy the sin which brought the God-man." Rather, blessed be "the Gospel of the creation"—the good news of the transcendent dignity of man conferred in the incarnation, irrespective of Adam's fall, conditionally making us all a royal family to stand at last in the innermost circle a row of glorified brothers, the blood kindred of the Man who sits on the throne of the universe. This is my strongest reason for thankfulness.—The Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D.

Sabbath Keeping.

"The London costermongers told Lord Shaftesbury that their donkeys which rested one day in seven could travel thirty miles a day with their loads, while those that worked seven days in a week could travel only fifteen miles a day." There are scores of illustrations furnished by experience of the need of rest one day in seven. Human beings and the domestic animals are built in this way, so that nature confirms the propriety of the divine law. The rest day is demanded as much by man's temporal interests as it is by his spiritual welfare, and no folly so egregious as that which, on any pretence, seeks to set aside the claims of Sunday. Yet this is the unflinching result of the ridicule and scorn which men cast upon all efforts to preserve the sanctity of the day. If it be turned into a mere holiday, the time is not far off when it will be ranked with other days, and the idea of rest as well as worship will disappear, to the serious detriment of all laboring people. On the continent of Europe the observed result of a Sunday holiday has been seven days of labor.

Small Things.

Living to Christ in small things, and living for Christ every day, is the secret of large fruitfulness. A peach-tree or an orange does not leap into a bounty of fruit by one spasmodic effort; an orchard does not ripen under a single day's sunshine. Every raindrop, every sunbeam, every inch of subsoil does its part. A fruitful Christian is a growth. To finish up a godly character by a mere religion of Sundays, and sermons, and sacraments, and revivals, and special seasons is impossible. A man may be converted in an instant, but he must grow by the year. The tough fibre of the slender branch which can hold up a half bushel of oranges is very different from a little willow switch. It is the steady, compacting process that makes the little limb like a steel wire. Such is a healthy and holy believer's life. Every honest prayer breathed, every cross carried, every trial well endured, every good work for our fellow men lovingly done, every little act conscientiously performed for Christ's glory, helps to make the Christian character beautiful, and to load its broad boughs with "apples of gold" for God's baskets of silver.

Consecration.

We may well be ashamed when we think of the way in which consecration to God is made. We are like the man who, because he was irritated at a claim made upon him for a sum of money, went and paid the bill 10 farthings. So we pay our dues to God, giving as little as we can, and taking as long about it as we list. Perhaps it is because we treat him that way that God is obliged to appear exacting and talk to us about uttermost farthings at all. . . . And if we look at it rightly, he speaks but little of the dues and much of the gifts, for God only exacts from us that he may be able to impart to us; there is no tyrant seated on the throne of the universe. Sour tempers sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

but only a Father waiting to give the Holy Spirit to them; that ask him; and the uttermost farthing that he demands from us is only in order that he may have the right to save us to the uttermost, if we could but believe it.—Professor J. Rendel Harris.

One's Friends.

Money can buy many things good and evil; all the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but wanting that, a true friend, I have wanted everything." And, again: "My heart, shut up in the prison house of this rude clay has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to."

We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off, through inattention, or let one push away another.

One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows old! Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. If I was wrong I am sorry; if you, I am sorrier yet, for should I not grieve for my friend's misfortune?

The mending of your fault does not lie with me, but the forgiving it does, and that is the happier office. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.—Robert South.

Random Readings.

Nothing is completely good that is not infinite.—Phillips Brooks.

Sin in its ordinary progress first deceives, next hardens and then destroys.—Cecil.

If you would be always happy, be always endeavoring to make other people happy.

The world is full of questions; but the best question is "What shall I do to be saved?"

He alone builds safely and plans securely whose hope is in the Lord his God.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

There is no fit search after truth which does not first of all begin to live the truth which is known.

That man lives a consistent life whose effort is to be consistent not with himself but with the truth.

Zeal without judgment is like fire beyond control. It consumes that which is good as well as that which is evil.

Christ's power is equal to any human need and his willingness to help is as great as his power.

We would know the world—not to censure, not to boast ourselves, but that our sympathy may be wider and wider.

Happiness is like a sunbeam, which the least shadow intercepts, which adversity is often as the rain of spring.

Happiness is very much in our own power, for it depends much more upon what we are than upon what we have.

If we walk with God, we will not "walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful."

When Others Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Take only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. 25c.

The courage which we need to cultivate is not the sort that faces giant enemies but the sort that walks undisturbed among the little difficulties of the day.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

DEAR SIR—I have been troubled with Headache for a number of years. I started to take B. B. B. and now I am perfectly cured. It is an excellent remedy for Headache and Dizziness. MRS. MATTHEW MARTIN, Boston, Ont.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferer. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Paramelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Paramelee's Pills.

Tell the Deaf.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send him a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."



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.

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