

"My Times Are in Thy Hand."

One radiant thought comes to my heart today,
As I sit beside the dying year;
One thought that, 'cross the gloom, bids
sunbeams play,
And turns to rainbow's glowing light
each tear;
One thought that lifts me out of all earth's
night
Into the warmth of God's eternal day,
And thrills me with an infinite delight,
As, o'er and o'er, with trembling lips, I
say:
"My times are in Thy hand."

My times! what are they? Yesterdays long
past,
Tomorrows yet to dawn, and this today;
The near and far, the first gleam and the
last
Blended together in such wondrous way.
All that I've hoped, or sought, or gained,
or lost,
All that I might have been, and still
may be,
All that life holds for me, and all the cost,
These thou art keeping evermore for me.
"My times are in Thy hand."

That some deep joy Thou'rt hiding from
me now,
I cannot doubt; I dare not, if I could;
Perchance 'twill come sad-eyed, with
weary brow,
But from Thy hand there can come only
good
The gladdest messengers of all the past
Have worn disguise of sorrow or of pain;
And I doubt Thy love to me doth last,
Or fear to trust Thy wisdom once again.
"My times are in Thy hand."

"Thy hand!" Oh, safe, sure shelter, place
of rest,
Defence and shield, strong tower, eternal
home!
How safe am I how infinitely blest!
What that could harm from Thy dear
hand can come?
Then gladly welcome to this strange New
Year,
Which stands, reluctant, on the thresh-
old still,
Its days can bring me nothing that I fear,
Since well I know those days fulfill Thy
will.
"My times are in Thy hand."

—Union Signal.

Live for Christ.

BY KATHIE E. RICHER.

"Whereas ye know not what shall
be on the morrow. For what is your
life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth
for a little time, and then vanisheth
away" (James 4: 14).

Dear reader, did you ever stop to
think that you are, in reality, using
something which is not your own? God
gave to us life, and he who had
the power to give has also the power
to take away. Then should we not be
very careful as to how we use and
spend life? Should we not ask God for
instructions as to how he would have
us live, and not only ask, but listen
for the answer, which is sure to come,
and then go forth and do according to
his will?

What does this life which you are
now living mean to you?

What are you accomplishing in life?
We, even as Christians, so often fail
to stop and think what it does mean to
live. Even if we do try to compre-
hend life's meaning, and feel that this
life is of the greatest importance, yet
we can only comprehend so little of its
meaning. We shall certainly know
more of its meaning "when the mists
have cleared away."

We are prepared to lead a successful
life only when we have committed our
lives to the Creator. We look around
us, and what a sad sight presents itself
to us! There are those who are living,
seemingly, with no thought of the
Giver of life—with no thought of the
Creator. Some live, seemingly, with
no thought of the life beyond—no
thought of eternity. Living only for
self and this world, with its pomp and
pride; living with no thought but to
accumulate wealth and riches. "Where
your treasure is, there will your heart
be also" (Luke 12: 34).

What should we live for?
We should live for those about us,
for the good that we can do to our
fellow-travellers. In one word, we
should live for Christ. We only pass
this way once. Time once gone, is
regardless of how we spend it, is gone
forever. No, it cannot be recalled.
Oh, let us improve our every oppor-
tunity for doing good.

There is a great work to be done for
Christ in this nineteenth century.
Christ left the work which he began
here on earth with you and me for us
to finish.

How it must grieve the great heart
of God to see so many indifferent—to
see so much work lying undone for
want of laborers. When we realize
the great work which is to be done for
Jesus, can we sit down and fold our
arms, or live as if we cared not for
anything but self?

Are those who never won a soul to
Christ the ones who know the most of
life, and are they the ones who enjoy
the most? No; a life without the
record of at least one soul brought
home to God certainly has never known
a D. C. for heartburn and
sour stomach.

the "sweetness and joy of the life that

lives.
Dear reader, are we not urged on to
still wider, grander, and nobler fields
of usefulness—yes, beyond this en-
lightened land of ours? Because we
have done a little for Christ here, is
that a reason why we should not be
interested in our neighbor across the
sea? After we have won one soul for
Jesus, should we stop here? Instead,
that victory should urge us on to
many more. Should not all be brought
to Christ? Christ poured out his blood
and soul in bitterest agony on the
cross for you, and me, and every one.

Can you say, after you know by ex-
perience of God's power to save, that
God does not ask you to do all that
you can for the millions who are
perishing without ever having heard
the name of Jesus? Can you, with one
hand on the cross, look away and say,
"God has not called me to give to
these perishing souls the gospel?" "I
was not called to do anything." Is
that what you will say when God asks
you where your sheaves are that you
gathered?

Oh, think of the responsibility that
rests upon us. Soon we will be called
to give an account of the way in which
we spent our life—whether we spent it
for Christ or not. What a great re-
ward is awaiting us at the end of our
journey if we live as Christ would have
us live. Jesus says, "He that reapeth
receiveth wages and gathereth fruit
unto life eternal."

The Secret of Working Power.

What is the secret of a large capacity
for work? It is not merely education,
or special gifts, or superior opportuni-
ties. There are many who have these
who do very little. They have capacity
enough, so far as endowments and
acquirements are concerned, but they
are lacking something else more
essential than all gifts, natural or ac-
quired, combined. What is this one
thing? It is love for one's work. Not
long ago a rising young physician said
to the writer, "I am in thorough love
with my profession." That is the
chief secret of his growing popularity
and success in the practice of medicine.
It prompts him to studiousness, and
to keeping fully abreast of the pro-
gress that is being made in medical
science. It makes him a conscientious,
faithful, cheerful worker.

Not long ago a lady who is a teacher
of about a dozen boys in a Sunday
school said to her superintendent, "I
love my boys, and I enjoy teaching
them." That was enough to account
for the fact that she is in her place
every Sunday in the year, and is a
worker that can be relied upon.

There is nothing like a love for one's
work to make it pleasant and success-
ful. One who really loves his work,
who enjoys it, is not likely to over-
work; for he will also find delight in
necessary recreation, and in a sustain-
ing faith in God and all his providential
dealings. It is said that the late
David M. Stone, the eminent Chris-
tian worker and journalist, when once
asked the secret of his successful and
happy life, gave the following reply:
"I take plenty of exercise, plenty of
hard work, plenty of sleep, plenty of
belief in God and the future, and,
with an easy conscience, I find that
what is the sundown of life with most
men to me is as pleasant as the June
days of my youth. I have not been
absent from my office for one whole
day in twenty-nine years."

On another occasion he said: "No
one can understand the toll I have
done and the burdens I have borne.
It is sweet now to sit down and rest,
to read the scores of letters that the
mail brings me from men who assure
me that they have been led to better
lives and to religion by reading my
editorials."

It is the one who is the slave of his
work, and not its master, who frets
and worries, and is constantly deplor-
ing his lot. The tradesman who goes
to his tollia the morning whistling and
with a happy heart, takes an inter-
est in his employer, returns home at night
with a smile on his face and cheery
words for his wife and children, does
not complain of his work. He works
hard and enjoys it, is happy, healthy,
and hopeful. Ah, there is a secret to
good working power, and he is a
genius like Edison who loves his work
and goes to it daily, not with the lash
of duty on him, but with a pleasurable
sense of privilege and honorable
service. The great workers in all
departments of human activity and
enterprise are the willing, cheerful
workers, whose work is never a drudge,
but a delight. Hard work of this kind
is conducive to long life, as is illus-
trated in the case of the eminent
statesman, Mr. Gladstone, and in the
case of many ministers and college
professors. There is a practical hint
in these examples to all toilers every-
where, whether their work is mental
or physical.

For nervous headache use
K. D. C.
K. D. C. Pills tone and regu-
late the liver.

or physical. It is the cheerful worker
who has the largest capacity for work,
and whose work yields the largest
returns with the least friction and loss.
Happy is he who early learns this
lesson.—*Rel. Telescope.*

What is Christ To Me?

The answer we are able to give to
this question is the measure of our
power to show Christ to others. If we
have freely received, we can freely
give. How much do I know of the
exceeding greatness of His power to-
ward me personally? It is a very
blessed thought that as we try to
answer this question we are to look
not at the greatness of our own faith,
but at the exceeding greatness of His
power toward us who are believing
as well as we can, and are crying out,
"Lord, help my unbelief."

O that the eyes of our understand-
ing might be enlightened by the Holy
Spirit, that we might see what is the
hope of His calling, and the riches of
the glory of His inheritance in the
saints! It is not necessary to see how
far we have come along in the Chris-
tian life, nor how much we have done,
nor even to see what He is doing
within us, but to have always the eyes
turned toward the source of power,
and to forget our weak and sinful self
in the contemplation of the wonderful
Saviour. There is no condemnation to
them that are in Christ Jesus. He
says: "If we enter the fold by Him who
is the door, we shall go in and out and
"find pasture." Peace, refreshment,
and rest are found in Him. "He
maketh me to lie down in green
pastures." As the sheep lie on the
greenward only when they are satis-
fied, so the soul is made to "lie down"
in sweet composure when it has found
its satisfying portion in the peace and
love of the Redeemer.

O, the blessed experience of a heart
that has turned itself over completely
to Jesus, to be kept, guided, and
transformed by Him; to glory in tri-
bulation, because through it we
grow patient; to get "experience,"
which means a great deal more than
we think! To have experience means
that God has tested us, and found
there is something in us which can
pass through the fire and not be burned.
Thus He shows the exceeding
greatness of His power as we go
through all manner of testings—
through the darkness, through the
light, through the heat, and through
freezing misfortunes. When the eyes
of our understanding are enlightened
we see the uses of discipline to reveal
to us the exceeding greatness of His
power. Trials and discipline of
various kinds do not make every
heart better; they harden some, but
never so with a heart in which Christ
is allowed to work. Discipline under
His blessed hand is always refining
and purifying.

George Fox writes in his journal:
"I knew Jesus, and He was very pre-
cious to my soul; but I found some-
thing in me that would not keep
patient and kind. I did what I could
to keep it down, but it was there. I
besought Jesus to do something for
me, and when I gave Him my will He
came into my heart, and cast out all
that would not be sweet, all that would
not be kind, all that would not be
patient, and then He shut the door."
Has the door of my heart thus swung
wide to admit my Lord? Is it closed
against all rival guests, so that He
will abide with me now and forever?
—*N. Y. Advocate*

Business and Christian Service.

A Christian life without definite
Christian service is sure to be a selfish
life, and a selfish life becomes quickly
an unchristian life. Moreover, the
cares of the world increase with ad-
vancing years. Business becomes more
absorbing, whether or not it becomes
larger. The business man who has no
definite Christian work, or accepts no
Christian trust, finds himself more and
more absorbed in the routine and de-
tails of business and the world.

His heart becomes filled with these
things and religion is crowded out.
Christian service therefore becomes a
necessity in order that there may be a
free Christian growth. Only so are we
kept close to those interests of the
Lord's cause which by our care for
them enlarge our hearts and keep
fresh our interest in our fellows. The
world of business is charged with self-
interest. It dominates us, it hardens
us, it sets us in antagonism with others,
and in spite of ourselves it tends to
blight and destroy all that is best in
the soul. All business men need all
the help they can get to protect them-
selves from these influences. * * *
The ordinary excuses that business
men offer are not valid. Many say
they are too busy for more than they
are doing. In one sense this is doubt-
less true; but whether a man is too
busy or not depends upon his strength.
K. D. C. Pills tone and regu-
late the liver.

and his strength depends in no small
degree upon his spiritual life.

If you business men could only
understand how much better you are
prepared for the work of the week by
a Sabbath which has been somewhat
engrossing, compelling the mind to
turn aside from business thoughts by
the eagerness of its new interest on
that day, more of you would be en-
gaged in specific Christian service.
The business man who idles away the
Sabbath because he needs rest, finds
himself on Monday morning in a very
different condition from what he would
have been had he come to the Sabbath
anticipating a new draft upon his
heart, and eager to receive the refresh-
ment that is found in the devotion of
the mind to a new and satisfying toil.
There is often no condition so perilous
to the overtired mind as an effort for
idle vacuity. The wheels of the brain
will not stop running. The thoughts
of the week will not down at one's
bidding. With hands idle and body
resting, the jaded minded is defeated
by its own weakness. It wears itself
out with the recurring questions of the
week, which in the idleness of Sunday
it has not the opportunity of settling.
A man who is working in his office to
the full measure of his power during
the week, more than any other needs
the refreshment of an entire change
when he turns away from it, and for
most men this change can only be
secured by a change of occupation as
exact as some consecrated Christian
service. If Christian men took this
view of the case, the work of our
philanthropies, and especially of our
churches, would not be done so care-
lessly and with so little thought as in
so many instances it is now.—*Henry
A. Stimson, D. D.*

Beginning of Revival.

In every practical work there is a
first step, and now, starting with a
look within, there is one of supreme
importance. How often, as ministers,
we have complained of the coldness of
the church! We have felt that we had
preached earnestly, and that our
prayers had been faithfully offered;
but the heavens were brass, and the
hearts before us like stones for hard-
ness. The trouble was, we had not
seen the darkness of our own hearts.
Our own spirits were unbroken, and
so we failed. Before the farmer can
sow the seed he must "break up the
fallow ground." Every minister must
begin with himself if he would move
others. It was said of the Macedo-
nians, "They first gave their own
selves to the Lord." Have you tried
and failed? You may have cherished
some enmity against another. "Take
ye away the stone." Your desire for a
revival may have been selfish, to build
up your own church that you might
add to your own reputation; when
the glory of God should have been
your aim. It is always to be remem-
bered that the divine power is never
bestowed that we may consume it upon
our own lusts.

One of the most successful of evan-
gelistic pastors relates his experience:
"I devoted an entire week of prayer
to a preparation of my own heart and
life. I wanted to be thoroughly
humbled and emptied of life. I wanted
to press upon the church and the
world the claims of God. In pleading
with him for others I would obey his
command, 'Be ye clean that bear the
vessels of the Lord' (Isa. 1: 13). On
Monday I considered the infinitely
holy character of God. By this I was
greatly awed. On Tuesday I consid-
ered my own sins in his presence, my
pride, my ambition, my self-seeking.
On Wednesday I considered his kind-
ness to me, my family, and my church.
I was amazed at his munificence. I
was abased at my own unthankfulness.
On Thursday I asked myself, 'Why do
you want a revival? Is it for your
own glory or for his?' On Friday I
was prepared, as never before, to look
to Jesus. I confessed and loathed my
sin. 'I looked upon Him whom I had
pierced, and I mourned for him' (Zech. 1: 10). I then laid myself up-
on his altar to do or to suffer his will.
With great confidence I sought his
spirit. Every evening I poured out
my thoughts of the day to my people,
and the revival was upon us with in-
creasing power daily."—*R. v. J. Wilbur
Chapman, D. D.*

Spiritual Lockjaw.
Religion does not consist in talking,
but all who have had experience in
such matters know that he who has no
religion of which to speak, is perilous-
ly near having none at all. Among other
right habits which the young convert
should be instructed to look after very
sharply is the habit of frequently testi-
fying. It is almost impossible for him
to realize its importance. It seems a
little thing, a matter of no consequence,
wherein inclination or feeling may be
safely followed, and if no very con-

venient opportunity is afforded some-
thing which without harm may be
entirely neglected. Its omission does
not greatly trouble his conscience. It
is the easiest thing in the world to slip
into silence and listen to those more
fluent or more forward. But the
effects are baleful, if not absolutely
fatal. Emotion denied expression
dwindles, just as a fire goes out when
all vents are shut. Inactivity here
indicates and encourages inactivity
elsewhere and everywhere. For lack
of exercise strength departs and
appetite is lost. The muscles of spiri-
tual speech unused become rigid, and
a sort of lockjaw ensues which is pre-
monitory of death not far away.

At great peril does a Christian fail
to confess Christ when any kind of a
suitable chance is given. His silence
is loss in many ways. He loses the
stimulus to a more careful daily life
which that public commitment of himself
would bring. He loses the sympathy
and prayer of others which the dis-
closure of his purpose and temptations
would afford. He loses more than
half the good of the meetings, for no
one profits by them as do those who
actively contribute to their enrich-
ment. Words alone will not carry one
to heaven, but words that come from
the heart are more than half deeds.
The mouth should be opened more
frequently for Jesus.—*Zions Herald.*

In Heaven Already.

BY M. E. GERDS.

In a lonely part of Scotland lived a
poor man with his wife and daughter.
They were all he had, but death came
and took them from him. Those who
have suffered as he will understand
something of his loss. His health gave
way, and soon he became totally blind.
I do not know what his attitude in the
spiritual life was at this time, but I
know what his Father was doing. "As
many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."
He was drawing him to himself. In his
loneliness and pain he bethought him
of the poor, untaught shepherd boys
on the mountain, and these he gather-
ed together, and told them of the love
of God, of the life of Jesus, of the
power of the Gospel of that love and
that life. And he did not tell them in
vain.

The lonely, fruitful years went by,
until one day a man of God visited the
blind teacher, and, seeing everything
as it was to outside eyes, he told him
how he sympathized with him, and how
God was touched with the feeling of
his infirmities, and how there would
one day be an end to it all, and at last
he said:

"You have the great consolation,
you will soon be in heaven."
The sightless eyes lifted themselves,
the worn hands were clasped, a beauti-
ful smile illumined the scarred face.
"Soon be in heaven, did you say,
sir?" asked the old Christian; "I
have been there ten years already!"
Ten years in heaven! And you,
mourner, may have been carrying
your burdens all that time alone, and
you might have been there too!
Step out from among the embers of
your grief, and they will soon be
ashes. No matter how heavy your
cross, how bitter your cup, how deep
your chastening, the hand that bruises
is the hand that blesses, and in the
house of your mourning you may, even
now, as you arise and seek the arms
of your Father, begin the first year of
many years in heaven.

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When thousands of people are taking
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and it has no nauseating or other un-
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and effects so many permanent cures as
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Augusta, Me.

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the Lungs.
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