

The Master's Road.

My path of life so dark and rough had grown,
I scarcely dared to lift my aching eyes;
I doubted if the sun had ever shone,
Or if the stars still blossomed in the skies.
Thistles and nettles clustered by the way,
I put aside the brambles with my hand;
Should I again the terrible march essay?
Or turn aside? I paused—before me lay
A shining footprint in the burning sand;
And then I knew Jesus' hand
Had walked this way.
Should I turn back to slothful rest,
Or scorn the path His feet had pressed?

When faint with thirst, I leaned me to the spring
That bubbled up beside the barren way,
The taste was bitter, and it left a sting
More fierce than thirst, that vexed me all the day.
My tears fell fast and mingled with the rill
That rippled onward through the thorny place;
But wondrous joy that beamed, my soul to thrill
There, gazing upward, all serene and still.
I saw the shadow of the Master's face!
And then I knew He, too,
Had passed this way.
Should I rebel, though sorely pressed,
And scorn the cup His lips had blessed?

Oh kindred soul, be steadfast and be true!
Put doubts and fears and lamentations by;
List the calm voice: "All this I did for you;
As you are suffering, even so have I."
His hand has blunted every cruel sting,
His feet have hallowed all the thorny way,
His lips have tasted every bitter spring,
His smile lights up each rude and hateful thing,
He knows each moment of the longest day.
Be steadfast, true; He, too,
Knows all the way.
Shall we through doubt, or fear of pain,
Lead Him to Calvary again?

MARGARET HOLMES BATES,
in N. Y. Observer.

When the Revivalist Didn't Come.

Three or four of the leading church members had met the minister that evening at his study, and had talked over plans for a revival. It was mid-winter, and that annual stir in religious circles that seems to be brought out of the closets with the furs, and returned with them in the spring, had inspired the good Methodists at Corinth "to do something."

There was the usual fra-kness on the part of the official board and the rest of the active lay members. They wanted a man who could "arouse the people from this awful lethargy." They wanted a revivalist who was "full of power," and all this they expressed with great freedom to the preacher, and all this the minister cordially indorsed. He was a hard-working, devoted pastor, who had diligently pursued his duties all these past months. He had gone into the houses of sickness, had grappled with manifold sin, feeling little support of sympathy behind him. He had studied hard on his sermons and had preached his best to his people, turning from the vases of his life a steady, precious stream of purifying love, of chastened and well-won thought.

They knew that, these men. They valued him, and paid their quartage freely. But they admitted—and with a freedom that did not always spare him—that he "was not a brilliant man." So they laid the best of plans for a revival, and subscribed one hundred dollars for the two weeks' service of the Rev. Philip Paul, a celebrated and wonderfully successful revivalist. They considered themselves very fortunate to get him.

Mr. Deacon, the minister announced the opening revival service from his pulpit Sunday morning and evening, and loyally, devotedly tried to fan to welcoming heat the spark of spiritual fire he knew was hidden—smoldering—somewhere, he had no sort of idea where.

And here was Wednesday night, the first night of the revival. The Rev. Philip Paul had not come on the afternoon train, as had been expected. Mr. Deacon read disappointment writ large as he rose to begin the services. He had counseled with the brethren, and they had delicately told him to go on and do as well as he could. He read the lesson. It was that story of a king who was almost persuaded to become a Christian. He gave out a hymn, and while they were singing it he sat on the high, stiff chair and prayed—with eyes wide open and heart groping for guidance. Suddenly he thought of something. "To-morrow night the Rev. Philip Paul will be here. I will prepare for him by getting these people to trace the steps of their conversion." His brief sermon was a wonderfully intense one. He seemed charged with a power they had not thought bestowed upon him. He showed the glorious liberty of that

La Grippe weakens digestion use K. D. C.

man in chains, the hopeless slavery of that robed and perfumed ruler. Then he put the question: "What was your first step toward conversion? I want you, brethren and sisters, to help me. Let us go back, if we can, to the first gleam of light which came to us. It will do us good to remember it. We can then travel in better sympathy with those newer converts who will start, please God, under the guidance of Brother Paul's ministrations tomorrow and succeeding nights. How did you start, Brother Brown?"

Brother Brown had subscribed ten dollars to the revival fund. If time had offered, he would have told his conscience he had done his share. Yet he was a good man. He had been converted. And this swift question carried him back to a strange moment he had almost forgotten, a moment he had covered all up with conventional religion. He was on his feet. All his mind was on that initial step. In the tense silence he said with a strange reverence, with a precious warmth that grew as he talked: "My first step was caused by my mother's sickness. We all thought she would die. We were a large family of boys. There were no girls. My mother was the only Christian in the family. She was very low. She could not read or speak. We were all around her. She turned on her pillow, opened her little Bible, and held it out to me, pointing to the second chapter of Colossians with her 'thin, big-jointed' finger. She had worked so hard for us. I read the chapter. Of course, it is addressed to Christians. We knew that. We knew it didn't apply to us. But there was the love of a believer, the wish that we might be blessed, the forgetfulness of self. One verse I remember so well: 'That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love.' I can't just see the rest now. My glasses—"

The good man was fumbling his Bible; but that precious memory had unsealed his tears, and the print was hidden. The minister quoted the verse. The whole house stood with Mr. Brown and his brothers at that bedside.

"And that was my first step," he continued. "I felt such a longing to have it apply to me—to all of us. And I never had any rest till—"

"Never mind that, brother," cried the preacher. He read a blessing. "Never mind the second step. We'll think of that another time. It is the first step, now. Sister Curtis, how did you start?"

It was no rebuff. They all knew that. Even Brother Brown knew it, and when he sat down his gray head sank upon the rail before him, and all the ice in his heart went out.

Sister Curtis told of a song that waked in her the desire to live a Christian life. There seemed no good reason for it, but the song went to her heart in that mysterious way all Christians know, yet none understand. She told it well, for again her girlhood was about her, and her lips quivered—so near her seemed that time when earth dissolved and only heaven remained to claim her.

As she paused at the end of that first step the preacher took up the golden lines of her conversion song, and drew the hearts of his hearers so plainly nearer. Good Mrs. Curtis rose in the midst of the chorus, rapt with the ecstasy, impelled with the power of her first hour in the kingdom, and walked back in the aisle till she came to a stout calm woman at the end of a pew. She put her arms about her, and whispered in her ear. No need to speak aloud. These two had not been friends. Perhaps Sister Curtis was in the wrong. She had not thought so till this swift flame illumined her heart. Then the error dodged and cowered, and she put it out.

"Forgive me," her action said as she folded the calm woman about. And, "I do forgive you. I too was wrong," was heralded in the answering clasp of that woman's hand—that woman no longer calm.

It was after all a precious hour, even if the Rev. Philip Paul did not come. It was wonderful how sweet that early memory became. And it was wonderful how closer it brought the unconverted. Somehow they stood for a moment beside those Christians; and a longing never anticipated on a first night crept into their minds. Without formulating the thought, in many hearts was that which fell from Agrippa's tongue: "Almost thou persuadedst me to be a Christian."

Well, the Rev. Philip Paul did not come Thursday night. He wrote that he could not possibly keep his engagement before the first of next week, but that after Saturday night he would be at liberty. Men whose wives belonged to church—men who sustained a sort of brother-in-law relation—said plainly that the Rev. Philip Paul re-

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

ceived more money for staying at Rome than the church at Corinth was able to pay him. But the preacher did not believe that. The preacher indeed, could not have believed ill of anyone to-day.

This Thursday night he read them the parable of the Prodigal Son. Somehow it was wonderfully touching. The picture of that misguided man, suffering, starving, away off there in the land of trouble, came with a singular appeal to these softened people. The house was fuller than on the first night. It could have hardly shown better if the Rev. Philip Paul had been there.

"The prodigal's first step," said the preacher, "was when 'he came to himself.' I fancy that, disguised in one way or another, is the first step each one of us took. He began to think. He remembered that every member of his father's house had enough and to spare, while he was starving. Some of us stop there. But the prodigal didn't. He resolved that he would come in all humility, confessing: 'I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' Some of us stop there—at the resolution. He didn't. This penitent young man did arise. He did come to his father, and he did come in all penitence. And his father saw him while yet a long way off, and ran to meet him and to welcome him and to bless him. How did you come? How did you come? And you? And you? How did you come, Brother Ellis, worth?"

But the good brother was not taken by surprise, as was Brother Brown last night. He had begun to see a system in the preacher's movement. He had been thinking for ten minutes of how he came. He did not expect to be called upon, but when he heard the summons he was ready. He stood up there in the crowded church and told how he left the husks of the devil's employment and came with a broken and a contrite heart to plead at the gates of his Father. He told about that rapturous entering into his heritage as an heir of things eternal. He told about the glory of that hour, about its peace, its soul-satisfying contentment. And as he talked the old church members lived again that hour of revival. Their hearts were beating as they had not beat in years. Their eyes were swimming in tears. Their quavering voices were burned in the fire of devotion. They were once more alive in a church of love. How they confessed their sins and resolved anew! How they gloried in the homely old song:

"O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

But it was upon the unconverted that the chief effect was seen. Not a man nor a woman but had heard the summons sometime and recognized it. Not one but had "come to himself," as had the prodigal son. But so many of them had stopped there. Now this night, without the tempest-fighting uproar of a successful revival, each one felt a strange, strong longing to quit a swine-herd's husks—for life had been but husks for most of them—and go back to a Father's plenty:

"O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

"That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb,"

sang the resonant, soul-mellowed voices. It was the first time in years they had essayed the obsolete hymn. "There are prodigals here," cried the preacher. "Come back in penitence tonight. The Father will see you while yet you are a great way off. He will hasten to receive and to welcome and to bless you. Come back to your Father's house to-night!"

He was not, it is true, a talented man. He was, indeed, a very plain and common preacher. All the leading members agreed on that. Of course it wasn't the preacher. It was only a gracious blessing which none of them had expected, which was almost as good as the arrival of the Rev. Philip Paul could have been. But the walls were pressed by the crowds on Friday night. The rails were filled twice on Saturday night.

Early Sunday morning there was a praise meeting. Then the regular preaching service lasted over into a love feast, which lasted an hour, and not a man nor a woman hurried home to dinner.

All week that quiet, mediocre man in the pulpit worked away—not frantically, but fervently; not with strange devices, but with love. And the fame of his labor reached even into Rome,

K. D. C. Pills imparts strength to the whole system.

where the Rev. Philip Paul had exhorted the revival fund and worn out his welcome.

There never had been such a revival in Corinth, and there never had been a revival anywhere which seemed to yield so many strong converts. One year went by, then two, then three—and not one whose name went down on the church books at that simple revival had for a day faltered in the service.

The time of the preacher's departure came, and he left a new church edifice, a remodeled parsonage, a bundle of receipts in full, a monster Sunday school, and three regular week-day evening meetings at which he was led as much as leader.

There were now few men in the town who sustained the brother-in-law relation to the church, but those few would have gone to the General Conference with a protest and a petition if with it there had been any hope of keeping Brother Deacon another year, instead of having as his successor the Rev. Philip Paul.—Christian Advocate

The Dear Old Bible.

We were shown recently the room of a beloved saint of the Lord who had left her place vacant here and gone to the fellowships of heaven. Everything remained just as she had used it; the change of an article of furniture or a book would have seemed an intrusion upon the personality which still seemed to reign there. The dearest object of all in the characteristic surroundings was the well-worn Bible, which lay upon the arm of the easy-chair in which she was accustomed to sit and read it. How much the dear book said to us! It held the secret of all that calm faith, unquestioning trust, unflinching patience, gentleness, and love which made that life a benediction to the household and to the world. We knew she had read it and believed it with simple confidence as the word of God. Doubts as to the authorship or authenticity of any part of it never troubled her reverent soul. She took the "sincere milk" and the "strong meat" just as it was given, and "grew thereby;" and how she helped others to grow too! It was not the literary quality of the word, although she could appreciate that well, nor the poetic beauty of its psalms, nor any question concerning its human construction, which had made it the most interesting volume in the world to her; it was the heavenly manna she gathered from it, feeding the life of her soul. The dear old Bible! What a treasure it is when we have learned to read and love it in that simple, reverent way!

The illustrations of its inherent power, through the Holy Spirit, to bring men and women to the knowledge of God are many. While questions are raised here and there as to whether we shall keep our faith in the entire book as a divine revelation, such incidents as the following, which is taken from a recent report of the American Bible Society, may be reassuring to any who need establishment in the faith. The missionary who gives the incident, E. P. Danlap, D. D., is personally known to us:

"One day I listened with deep interest to a native evangelist while he told me about an old man he had met in a fishing village some fifteen miles from my home, who he believed was converted through reading the Book of Jonah. I sought the old man in his home. He gave me a hearty welcome, saying, 'I am so glad you have come to teach me.' He then related in a simple manner the story of God's wonderful dealings with Jonah. This was all he knew of the true God. But he was moved by it, for he showed me how he had destroyed the altar in his home, at which for many years he had worshiped the picture of a heathen god, and then joyfully exclaimed, 'I now worship Jonah's God.' The Book of Jonah was the only portion of the Bible that he had seen. The Holy Spirit had evidently led him, through the reading of it, to worship the true God. His heart was prepared to receive the Gospel. It was a pleasure to declare it unto him, for he seemed to drink it in, and at once declared his faith in Jesus. He was baptized, and became a humble disciple and bold witness for the Master, and when the little church was organized in his village he was chosen to be an elder. Now almost eighty years of age, he remains a faithful worshiper of Jonah's God, through the Lord Jesus Christ."—Chris. Advocate.

Successful Service.

We toil hard and catch nothing, like the fishermen on the lake, too often, it never need be so with any Christian worker; it never is so with one who serves with the right spirit, fully trusting in the divine arm of power.

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

St. Paul said: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and in labors and trials abundant he proved that this triumphant declaration was no vain boast. Jesus said of His disciples that they should do greater works than His own, because He was going to the Father, who would send the Holy Spirit to dwell with them and in them forever. We believe theoretically in the need and in the presence of the Spirit in our work for Him, but practically we do not realize the full benefit of the glorious truth. Consequently there is a great deal of weariness and ineffective service done. God will work with us and through us if we count upon Him. He never calls us to any responsibility without providing the necessary mental, spiritual, and physical strength for it. If we have not these, either we have undertaken the work without His call, or we have fallen into a blind and faithless way of not seeing and trusting the supplies at our command. We are co-workers with God. He never expected us to do great things ourselves apart from Him, but we are fully warranted in expecting truly wonderful accomplishments in co-partnership.

There are some blessed saints, "little and unknown" in their own eyes, who will have sweet surprises when the King comes to reward His servants. They are so meagerly endowed with gifts, as they think, that they lean hard and depend utterly upon God in every word and act of service, so that it is of the sort that abides. We know such workers. The people without much spiritual insight who observe them may judge slightly of their success. But it comes, and it has the quality of stability; it will stand the test when the "wood, hay, and stubble" are burned. It is so blessed to work always in a heavenly atmosphere above the din and fret of the flesh. Why not do so always? We are doing God's work. He wants it to succeed; He intends it shall. He knows the best methods and can overcome all hindrances. Why should we strain and fret as if we had it all to do ourselves, and as if it depended on the wisdom of our planning? The diver goes down to the bottom of the sea for lost treasure is sustained by an atmosphere foreign to the place where he is. The men above, who are his partners in business, supply the vital current while he does the work. So we may count upon the heavenly supplies while we are "workers together" with Him.

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