

With Thee, My Lord.

"Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." *Psalm xlii, 4.*

With Thee, my Lord, with Thee I do not fear
To cross the threshold of the mystic door,
I shall not falter if I find Thee near,
For Thou hast paced the portico before,
Let me but feel Thy hand, Thy features too,
I shall emerge in happiness with Thee.

With Thee, beloved One, I do not fear
To walk along the valley dark and dim;
Safe—I am safe—so long as Thou art near,
I dread no foe, however fierce and grim.
Let me but feel Thy arm around me thrown,
Till we arrive where danger is unknown.

With Thee, my Lord, with Thee I do not fear
To cross the deep, the dark, mysterious sea;
Though wild the waves and harsh the wind I hear,
Leaning upon Thy breast, I'm safe with Thee.

With Thee I tarry on the tossing tide
Till the arrival on the other side.

With Thee, my Lord, with Thee I do not fear
To stay awhile outside the jasper walls,
Waiting until the dawn is bright and clear,
Till the celestial music softly falls.

Which tells me the seraphic spirits call—
Then let me gently glide within the veil.
—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Daily Walking With Christ.

It is related of an American clergyman that he was once a guest in the house of a prominent man, even more preeminent for his sterling and consistent piety than for his deep and universally acknowledged learning. He had an intense curiosity to see and know more of the inner and secret life of that godly man whose simple and saintly piety had made such a deep impression wherever he was known. One night after he had taken leave of his host, he lingered in his chamber, which adjoined that of his host, with the door ajar, that he might hear, if possible, the last words of his evening devotions. His desire was gratified, for in a little while the good man put aside his papers and books, and closing his Bible knelt down and uttered this simple prayer: "Lord Jesus, things are still just the same between us." And then he retired for the night. This was all; but what a beautiful fellowship! The childlike saint walked so closely and constantly with his Lord that neither business nor conversation, nor any of the cares of life, could interrupt his communion, and life was one all service and devotion.

"As ye have received the Lord Jesus, so walk ye in him." This is the true Christian life, implicit, simple, inseparable from Christ. "Abide in me, I in you." "Without me ye can do nothing." So close he craves to come. There is no place in life he is not willing to walk with us, except the forbidden ground of sin. There is no hour of darkness and sorrow but he would have us to be with him, and to lean for support and strength upon him. It is not only in the closet and the places where we pour out in secret our souls to him, not only in the sanctuary and the public assemblage, that we find him, but everywhere, he says, "I will be a sanctuary" to the trusting and obedient soul. Into the business of life he will come with his peace, his wisdom, and his overruling providence, directing, blessing, and crowning with success the enterprise which recognizes him. As for life's joys and sorrows, he will brighten and increase the one, and by his grace sanctify and make more endurable the other.

"How do you ever get through your work?" said a friend to a gentleman who was proprietor of several large enterprises involving millions, and employing hundreds of men. "I will tell you frankly," was the reply, "because you are a Christian and can understand me. I never could get through at all without Christ. I regard myself simply as managing this business for him as the true proprietor. I take to him, therefore, all the embarrassments and perplexities, and he carries the burdens, and receives the returns, while I am his steward and servant." This is consecration, this is rest, and this is also true wisdom. This is the efficient life that invariably attends a daily walk and communion with Christ. Such piety is as practical and wise in a worldly sense, as it is devout in a spiritual. Such spirits

Carry music in their hearts
Through crowded street and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busy feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

Like the truly good and devout man, "things are just the same" with them as they were at the prayer meeting, in the sanctuary, and at the communion table. True workers for the Master,

K. D. C. the Great SPRING Remedy.

they are always toiling and caring for, not themselves, but for his interest and service. True soldiers, they are always in uniform, always true and to be depended upon, always serving, always honoring their Lord.

And when at last the close comes, "things are just the same still." There is no excitement, no flurry, no oppression of undue fears, no sudden preparation for the presence of Jesus. They have been with him all their lives. They know him as one friend knoweth another; and they love him, even as he hath loved them. "You are soon to be in the presence of your Lord," some one said to a dying workman. "My man," he replied, "I've been walking in the light of his presence for more than thirty years." Blessed experience! and thrice blessed in such an hour. The eccentric preacher, Rowland Hill, often used to repeat the following lines, and it is said that he died repeating them, for with him too things were "still just the same," between him and his Saviour:]

And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are joined,
That he'd not be in glory and leave me behind.

And does any reader think that all this is an experience for others, but too exalted for him or her? If so you err, not knowing the height and depth, the exceeding broadness, the unsearchable riches of Christ. The humblest believer can live so closely in communion with Jesus, can be so intimate in all his relations with him, as to be actually in personal contact with him. It is the believer's privilege to grow day by day more and more into the spirit and likeness of his Saviour, until there shall be no strangeness between them, but the closest and most endearing intimacy. It is his privilege to walk with Christ—to abide in Christ; and from such no good thing shall be withheld. The followers of Christ are admitted to an intimacy more close and enduring than any human friendship. The ties of earth may in many ways be severed, and its friendships cooled and broken. But not so with the union between Christ and the believer. That bond once formed is indissoluble. The interest of Christ never fails, his love never wanes. Let us live then as in the immediate presence of Christ. Let us believe that in all things he will do according to his word, and let us not be content with anything short of a personal and intimate acquaintance with this best of all our friends, remembering that it was he himself who said, "According to your faith be it unto you."—*The Christian Work.*

The Grace of Kindly Speech.

One of Isaiah's prophetic pictures of the Saviour is this: "Thou hast given me the tongue of the learned, that I may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." In a world where such wisdom is so rare, yet so much needed, surely this gift of tongues is one to be coveted and cultivated by His disciples. This gentle grace which teaches men and women how to do deeds of kindness and to speak encouraging words when most needed is very often lacking, even where other fruits of the Spirit flourish. Many people show that they have genuine love, joy, peace, and faith, when they do not know at all how to help a poor fellow who is disheartened over a mistake or failure.

With the best intentions in the world, they are sure to do or say just the wrong thing. Coming across a fellow-pilgrim chafing under a disappointment, due very likely to carelessness or wrong-doing of some kind, but none the easier to bear for all that, instead of pouring in oil and wine, they, with sincere but mistaken ideas of "being faithful with the sinner," begin to probe the wound to its most sensitive depths. There are times, indeed, when hearts need probing, but a very gentle as well as skillful hand should hold the knife. The keenest sting of failure often is the conviction that it comes through some fault of our own; and then, when the vim seems all gone out of life, so that we have half a mind to ignobly give up the effort, how like a breath of reviving air comes a cheerful word of encouragement from one who, following the Master, "knows how to speak a word in season to the weary;" one who does not drag up all the mortifying seasons of defeat in the past, but rather spread before us an inspiring outlook of future possibilities. St. Paul prays that Onesiphorus and his house may receive mercy of the Lord. No doubt his prayer was answered, for the Lord Himself says: "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," and Paul's prayer was made because he had proved Onesiphorus to be a man of generous and kindly disposition.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

posed heart. Writing from the loneliness of his Roman prison, he says of him: "He oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." The suggestion which comes in reading the words as originally written is that of throwing open a window to refresh one with a draught of pure air. A gentle voice, a kind word, a bit of encouragement, a letter of sympathy, a word in season to the weary—how Christ-like they are how little they cost us, how priceless their value to others! Hearts all around us need such refreshment far more than we suspect.

A Splint in the Finger.

A splint in the finger is a little like the devil in the imagination. The splint may be so small that at first it cannot be seen. So it is when Satan first finds his way into the imagination. It is scarcely suspected that he has made an entrance. The splint is a little thing, and so is that thing very small at first that has given Satan admission into the imagination. It was a word hastily or carelessly spoken. It did not seem to mean much, but it rather looked as though it might have been personal. It may have only been a look, and at first it did not seem to mean much, but it seemed as though it might possibly mean something. At first the splint in the finger is scarcely felt. The feeling is so slight that you scarcely know that there is a splint in the finger. It is not sufficiently painful to assure you of its existence, but nevertheless it is there. Just so it is with the entrance of Satan into the imagination. But the splint is left to remain in the finger and almost imperceptibly it begins to fester. It gradually gets worse and worse, and the longer it remains the worse it gets. Then there can be found no relief until the splint is removed. Just at this moment there comes to my mind an occurrence of my younger days. One of the stewards of the circuit somehow got a little suspicious that his pastor for some reason had taken a dislike to him. At first it was not sufficiently clear that it was so, but the splint began to fester, and in a little while it was so clear that the splint was there, that it was no longer a matter of doubt. At first it was not painful, but it grew worse and worse until it became very painful. Then he began to say to himself, "My pastor dislikes me, and I will let him know that I do not like him any better than he likes me," and then the ugliness of his heart began to show itself in a way that the pastor could not misunderstand the state of things. He tried to make himself agreeable to the brother, but he found himself repulsed. The pastor talked the matter over with his wife and they could not imagine the cause of this estrangement. The brother lived a few miles from the parsonage, and the pastor and wife, bent on knowing the cause of the difficulty, secured a carriage and went to see the brother, which at first greatly surprised him. However, he invited them in, and after the usual salutation of the family, they soon opened up the subject. The pastor said to the brother, "I have thought from your actions of late that you must have something against me, and we have come to see if I have in any way given you offence. You certainly have something against me." The brother, in reply, said: "For some time I have been impressed that you have something against me." The pastor said: "Why, no, brother, I certainly have nothing against you," and then the brother, with much emphasis, said, "Neither have I anything against you." Then they held a little informal love feast, and here the matter ended. This is what I mean by the devil in the imagination. On a smaller or a larger scale such things are of frequent occurrence. If you ever get such a splint in your finger, hasten away to see the brother or sister, and do not let the splint remain there till it swells and festers and robs you of your sleep at nights. The devil in the imagination has separated the best of friends, has divided churches, has landed many in the insane asylum and has done mischief beyond anything that we can conceive of. We may, by accident, now and then get a splint in the finger, but we need never let the devil into the imagination.—*Phil. Standard.*

The Heavenly Father's Pity.
You have seen a father when about to punish a well-beloved child. Perhaps the little one has done something which deserves a severe punishment. Perhaps he is even still rebellious, and the father knows that he must be very firm in inflicting the penalty which follows such wrong-doing. Yet even while doing this the yearning love and tender pity for the little one is shining out of his eyes.

The Christ of To-day.

Jesus of Nazareth is something more than the Christ of history—a blessed memory; or the Christ of prophecy—a sublime hope; he is the Christ of to-day, and of every day, a living reality in our lives, a very present help in time of need. Faith lays hold upon him as one who is ever with us in the church, in the household and in the world. He is the close companion of our daily lives. We walk the hard hill-roads of life with burning hearts because he bears us company. We pass through valleys or death shade with fearless step, led by his invisible hand. In the glory of his presence toil and pain are transfigured. There is no break in our trustful intimacy. No shadow of possible change mars our joyful fellowship.—*The Standard.*

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

How much greater is the heavenly Father's pity for his children. Even when we are most ungrateful, and push from us impatiently the Hand that would lead us in "green pastures and beside still waters"—when we stray farthest from his side into the impure, unholy world, and in divine justice he allows the punishment which is the natural and inevitable result of our sin, to come upon us—even then his great heart of love is pleading mightily for us, and he looks down upon our struggles and failures, oh, so pityingly, for "he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

Yes; God know how weak his children are—oh, so very, very weak. He knows how strong the temptation comes to us to speak the impatient word, to look after our own comfort and pleasure when we could be doing a kindly deed for some one else, and to sometimes slight the duties which we see on every hand. He knows how hard it is for us to always keep our hearts pure so that they will be fit dwelling places for Him—to keep out the selfish, designing thoughts, and the frivolous, unworthy ones. He knows how weary and discouraged we become. Ah, yes

"He knows the bitter, weary way
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray,
He knows it all,"

And He pities us. And how sorely we need His tender love and mercy. Faint-hearted, feeble, erring creatures that we are, we could never expect at that great day, when standing before our all-holy, all-wise, just Father, to hear those blessed words, "Enter ye into the joy of thy Lord," were it not that we know that He "remembereth that we are dust," and judges us accordingly.—*Chris. Standard.*

"And Peter."

And now there seem to me to come two lessons of a practical sort for us today from these words, "And Peter." Beloved, do you not know some Peter that might be restored? It may be that he would not have fallen if we had possessed the Spirit of Christ. He left off drink and began to take some feeble footsteps in the Christian life. You thought he would go back to the old way. Well, he did. But it may be that if you had loved him more, and had put your arms of tenderness around about him, and in the name of God had helped him to stand, he might be walking with you faithfully to-day. You thought that the young woman who gave up her worldliness to come into the Church would shortly be tempted and go back to the old life again. Well, she did. But it may be that if you had shown more of the gentleness and charity and hopefulness and joy of the Spirit of Christ, you might have kept her with you as a faithful witness for the Master. The man who had been beset by difficulties and tormented by doubts you thought would not stand long as a faithful follower of Christ, and you were right. But, O friend, if you had shown him the great love of Christ in your loving Christian fellowship, and had walked with your arms around him and your loving prayers of faith enfolding him, he might be walking with Christ to-day. Do you not know some Peter? Will you not go out from this place today to seek him out and say, "Peter, Peter, I have come to tell you that Jesus loves you still, and He sends you this loving message, that He wants to see you again?"

And Peter! Peter! poor, broken-hearted, easily discouraged Peter, have you come in here to-day? Oh, I have a wonderful message for you—the message that Jesus loves you still and bids you return to Him.—*Rev. B. Fay Mills.*

In Your Blood.

Is the cause of that tired, languid feeling which afflicts you at this season. The blood is impure and has become thin and poor. That is why you have no strength, no appetite, cannot sleep. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and invigorate your nerves.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

For Nine Years.

For Nine Years.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

What Brings Peace?
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K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia.

cannot give. On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said:

"I want you to tell me just what it is—this believing and getting happiness, faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing which brings peace."

His patient replied:
"Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands; I am trusting to you. That is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke into his soul.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed; "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus! I see it, as I never did before. He has done the work. Yes, Jesus said on the cross, 'It is finished,' and 'whoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

From that sick bed the doctor went a happy man, rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.—*Christian Worker.*

Gordon at Prayer.

It is told of the late General Gordon that each morning, during his journey in the Sudan country, for half an hour there lay outside his tent a white handkerchief. The whole camp well knew what it meant, and looked upon the little signal with the utmost respect; no foot dare to press the threshold of that tent while the little guard lay there. No message, however pressing, was to be delivered. Matters of life and death must wait until the little signal was taken away. Everyone in that camp knew that God and Gordon were communing together.

Two Sorts of Christians.

The out-and-out Christians is a joyful Christian. The half-and-half Christian is the kind of Christian that a great many of you are—little acquainted with the Lord. Why should we live half way up the hill and swathed in mists, when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads if we would climb higher and walk in the light of his face?—*Alxander MacLaren.*

The way to get the best there is in people, is to give them your best. Don't expect others to be sweet, and polite, and thoughtful, so long as you adhere to the selfish principle that people must "take you as they find you." When your friends begin to grow careless and disrespectful, stop and ask yourself whether you are not getting back a reflection of yourself. A young wife complained to her husband that he smoked in her presence. "You never used to do it," she said. "No," was the significant rejoinder, "and you never used to wear curl papers in mine."

The longest telegraph line in the world above ground and without a break has just been completed in Australia. The line runs from Rockhampton, in Queensland, to Broome, in Western Australia, and crosses two-thirds of the entire continent. The total length is something over 6000 miles.

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James E. Nicholson.

Almost

Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP,

AND IS CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

sprawl to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared.

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Admitted at the World's Fair.

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2nd. Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in a palatable and readily digested form has always been recognized as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds and disease of the Lungs.

3rd. Wiley's Emulsion is without any question the best value in the market. Full dose of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Largest bottle for the money, equal to many preparations of twice the cost.

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