

Adversity.

I know that Thou, O Lord,
Of very faithfulness
Hast caused me to be troubled thus—
Is Thy compassion less?

Could'st Thou our Father be
And chastisement withhold?
Thy very pity must correct,
—y tender mercy mould.

Where shall the saints be found
Who did Thy chastening lack,
Or where the martyrs, who endured
The flame, the sword, the rack?

They, in their Lord's behalf,
Held as a gift from heaven
The holy privilege of pain
—To them, as follows, given.

How cowardly, how base,
Must such as I appear,
Called to be saints like them, who yet
The smallest trial fear!

And when I think of Him,
The Sufferer divine,
With whose reflected victory
The crowns of martyrs shine.

Into the dust I sink,
Dumb for my very shame,
Save when beneath His cross I plead
—For pardon in His name.

Congregationalist.

Consecrated Womanhood.

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. WAIT.

There has never been a time in the history of the world when woman was talked and written about as she is today. Woman's sphere, instead of being confined within the four walls of her home, is bounded by no limits, and qualification, not sex, is the measure which weighs applicants for professional as well as business life. The world is beginning to realize that brains are brains, whether the head that holds them be masculine or feminine. The doors of opportunity stand wide open for the welcoming of woman, and many noble women are entering fields hitherto unexplored by their sex.

But while all this is true, and women all over the world, but especially in America, are showing such marked ability to live in this clearer atmosphere of justice, still a cloud can be seen in the clear sky by those who carefully scan the horizon. It is the cloud of worldliness which will some day break in a fearful storm over this fair land of ours unless it is dispelled in its infancy by the sun of consecration.

By worldliness is not meant that love of dress and "pretty things" which we inherit from Mother Eve, and which is one of woman's strongest weapons when rightly used, but the materialistic way of living which the "latter day woman" has adopted—the lack of consecration. To meet a woman whose life is not consecrated to God—and her home, if she have one—is as disappointing as to find a rose without its perfume. She may be beautiful and dazzling, may fill a place on life's rose tree, but that subtle something which we expected to find, and which gives us the greatest delight, is wanting, and we turn away disappointed. She may occupy the highest place on the bush, but we turn to admire a lower but more perfect rose. A woman who does not take God as one of the factors in her daily life is worse than forgetful, for what would her life have been if he had not sent His only Son into the world?

What is the life of women in lands where Christ's name is unknown? Has she ever risen above the level of the brute in nations who know not God? Only her life can pay the debt of gratitude which she owes to her Maker, and living for God is often as great a triumph as dying for Him.

At the present day it seems to be a fad, born of a mistaken, overanxious craving for notoriety and honor, that makes some women yearn to make themselves conspicuous, forgetting that the holiness is a more gorgeous, but less appreciated, flower than the violet. They seem to think that "honor for women" is a new cry in this the last of the nineteenth century, whereas the dear old book which served as a guide to our grandmother's grandmothers places woman on honor's pedestal and crowns her with heaven's laurel—motherhood. Can the women who are trying to wipe out the inspired volume, substituting the Woman's Bible in its place, hope to give woman any more exalted position than that of the mother of our Lord? Can they honor her more than by making her the first witness of Christ's resurrection and the first messenger of the glad news? From cover to cover the Bible teems with woman's praise; no age, no social condition is forgotten. From the Virgin Mary in her fresh, young girlhood to the aged prophetess Anna; from the Queen of Sheba in the splendor of her court to the widow whose mite earned for her everlasting fame; from Vashti in her strong

Sour stomachs sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

consciousness of right to Mary Magdalene, penitent and sorrowful, is woman not honored a hundredfold? Is there any limit placed on her possibilities? Can you find any signboard in the Bible saying, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther?" Instead of being fetters which bind her, this grand old book is the gateway through which womanhood gains her freedom, bearing with her the stamp of God's approval, who puts into her hands the training of His human buds—the children—but not limiting her powers to the home if she has time and strength to give to the outside world after her first and holiest duty of home-maker is fulfilled. The world is just beginning to give to woman the opportunity which she has longed for; but it is not a new idea to be inserted in the Bible, for it has been there all the time. Even this wonderful end of the nineteenth century cannot teach God anything new. As the world awakens more and more to woman's place in the Creator's plan, is not the need of consecrated womanhood more and more urgent? If our grandmothers needed to live near to God in the round of daily home duties, how much more does the woman of today need Him in the multiplicity of her many cares? How much more does she need to have her lamp of life filled with the oil of prayer and if, as the days come and go, we find our lives hidden with Christ, we whose boundary is home may lose some of the feverish unrest and discontent which is a sad characteristic of modern womanhood; and we may find that in order to serve Him,

"The trivial round, the daily task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves, a road
Leading daily nearer God."

Chris. Advocate.

The Nature of True Zeal.

It is sometimes useful to define a thing in terms of its negative qualities, and then to describe it in a few of its positive aspects. A virtue or value seems to gain in worth after such comparison with inferior competitors. In order to arrive at a clear conception of the nature of true zeal, for example, it is necessary to refer to some things that it is not.

Zeal, in the first place, is not noise. Noise is never a criterion of efficiency. The bass drum makes the most noise, but the sword wins the battle. Goliath thunders the loudest, but David wins. The bragging putting on his armor boasts himself with a loud note of confidence, yet only until his voice is hushed in a death which comes from the keen spear thrust of the quiet man who thereafter rejoicingly puts his armor off. Foes are not frightened by mere fury of war cry, but by heavy onset of solid legions. Yet many Christian workers have overlooked this principle, and have sought to shout rather than to pray the kingdom in. But lung power is not unction, nor is a human perspiration quite the equivalent of a divine inspiration.

Zeal is not sentimentalism. It is not the talking about good things so everlastingly that no time is left for the doing of them, nor is it either the cause or product of the profuse moralizings of those unctuous disciples whose piety is more driven than dead. Gush is not gospel. Garrulousness is not godliness. There is a time to speak, with a swift urgency and steady flow of words earnest with a more than prophetic meaning; but a verbiage that is not vital with a breath of heavenly inspiration is no evidence of either piety or sense. Zeal often uses language, and seeks for itself impassioned expression; but zeal is more than a meretricious mannerism, a simulated fervency, or a weak sentimentalism.

Zeal is not fuss. If it were we would be justified in remarking that there was already a vast deal of it in the world. But fidget and bustle are not "Christian evidences." They testify to no real strength behind them; they do not help things on. Flutter and flurry advance few fortunes. Calmness, coolness, and consideration are the true counsellors of conduct. Mere excitement may sometimes serve as the temporary stimulant of endeavor, and thus at certain crises precipitate an initiation of this or that enterprise; but it is rarely that excitement allows of the exercise of the best judgment, or the laying of the deepest, most far-reaching plans. Nervous impatience, feverish fustiness, irregularity of action disqualify for success. Longtellow sings of

"The great wheel which toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flame."

—yet it is not the foam and spray which turn the wheel, but the deep, silently rushing currents that grasp it from underneath. Effervescence is not efficiency.

Again, zeal is not worry. The daily occupation of some good people is

worrying. If they were paid a dime for every time they worried they would by this time be millionaires. When such dear souls arrive in heaven—that restful land where no worry is we presume that they will—miss something. But what believers should feel is that worry means three things—weariness, waste and work. Of course, it means weariness. It is hard work to worry. It is tiresome to be over anxious. Undue solicitude loads still heavier burdens upon the back of the pilgrim already weary with his earthly journeying. Worry takes out of the soul something that it gives not back. It is a bankrupt borrower, and tendeth to poverty of health. It has become a truism to remark that not hard work, but worry, kills half the people that die. So worry is waste. It is prodigal of the life forces, weakening the man even while he lives. It squanders opportunity, and then buys it back again at exorbitant rates of mental and physical interest. And thus, too, worry means work—additional work. The time dissipated through over anxiousness must be made up in some way; and so the runner on life's railway pulls the throttle wider open, and with a spasmodic effort seeks to overtake the vanished value, while all the time the physical machine is being pushed and racked at a most improvident rate. If the work left awhile undone because of the dissipating influence of worry be finally accomplished it is effected at a severe ultimate cost in vitality and vigor.

What then is zeal? It is earnestness, energy and efficiency. Zeal is earnest enthusiasm. The map of the world has been changed because of the people who were in earnest. Earnestness is generated by the influence of right beliefs, and the exhibition of urgent motives for action. It is born of high thoughts as to God and compassionate thoughts as to man. So earnestness becomes energy. It does not take things all out in feeling, but exhibits a strong desire to put principles into practice. Many obstacles to the progress of the right will be encountered in this evil world, however, and so zeal will be called upon to exercise a steady energy, which comes to be a "patient continuance in well-doing." And hence results efficiency. Zeal is a power directed to right ends, by intelligent methods, and with practical results. Zeal is the thing that does. It is constructive, contributory to the better life of the world—the zeal of the trowel as well as of the sword. Hence zeal leaves solid memorials of itself in the thought and life of its own times. Christian zeal is all these things; and it is all this for Christ.—N. Y. Observer.

The Man With the Pitcher.

The man whom God sends meets the man whom God has sent. Providence is mutual; it works through numerous agents. Cooperation advances the cause. An Andrew finds a Peter; a Peter's life links in with a John's; a Paul discovers a Timothy—so the historical nexus is maintained, as career chains on to career. But the cooperating agent is not always a conspicuous character, but often an obscure laborer. The man with the pitcher is encountered more frequently than the man with the halo about his head and with a lyre in his hand. The average man is the frequent man; and the average man—when you take enough of him—is the chief maker of history, though his name may appear least often upon its pages.

The disciples whom Jesus sent to prepare the Passover were to find their mission assisted by the steps and signs of a man who would meet them, bearing a pitcher of water. The singularity of the circumstance that the water carrier was in this case a man, and not, according to the universal Eastern custom, a woman, would make identification easy and lend conclusiveness to the augury. This man with the pitcher was a sent man as much as was Peter or John. He had a mission with his pitcher as much as they with their Gospel. A common earthenware vessel could do service for the Lord, as it announced the Lord's messenger. Possibly from that very pitcher Christ and His apostles slaked their thirst when entered into the house within the upper room; but its chief mission was accomplished when it guided Peter and John to their performance of the King's errand. So every heaven-sent laborer is preceded by the forethought of the divine preparations and encounters at every stage of his journey some sign or token indicating the divine will concerning him. The man with the pitcher is always there.

But the man with the pitcher is not always followed. Providential signs are frequently disregarded, greatly to the ultimate spiritual cost of blind or perverse believers. And then a certain amount of moral intuition and eager alertness is requisite in order to

Use K. D. C. for all stomach troubles.

sure discernment of the signs which God has forethoughtfully placed along the roadways of life. They alone are guided who look for the guides; and oftentimes, perhaps, the pitcher bearer does not stride along the open highway with conspicuous dignity and importance, but modestly stands in some doorway, or retires among the shadows of some by-street, where only the sharp-eyed will discern him and only the spiritually-minded be tempted to follow him. God's messengers are all about, but they are not always where men look for them, nor do they invariably lead whither men would go. But the man with the pitcher is a safe guide. Though he may lead to a humble dwelling, he conducts to where the Master will eventually be, and to that scene where the truest peace will be found, in a divine presence. God makes no mistakes in His guidance; only they mistake who never ask the Lord to be their guide.—New York Observer.

The Religion That is Wanted

We want a religion that softens the step, and tones the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and the harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late; keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross; amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs, cares for the servants as well as pays them promptly; looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk behind the counter, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and a motherly love, setting the solitary in families and introducing them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely feet may not be led into temptation. We want a religion that will hold intercourse continually between the rats and gullies and rocks of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are passing over them.

We want a religion that bears heavily not only on the executive of life, but exceeding rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes short measure from the counter, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton rags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will sell raisins on stems, instead of stems without raisins. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor, so that the first shall rebound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash, nor, if the shoes be promised on Thursday morning, will it let Thursday morning spin out till Saturday night. It does not send the little boy who has come for the daily quart of milk into the barnyard to see the calf, and seize the opportunity to skim off the cream; nor does it surround stale butter with fresh, and sell the whole for good; nor sell off the slack baked bread upon the stable boy, nor dust the pepper, nor "deacon" the apples. The religion that is to sanctify the world must pay its debt. It does not borrow money with little or no purpose of repayment, but concealing or glossing over the fact. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade and continues to live in luxury as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.—Selected.

Brevity in Prayer.

The late William Arnot tells us in his diary that as he grew older he grew more brief and simple in his closet devotions. He tersely says: "I suppose there are really two kinds of brevity in prayer—one because you are far off, and one because you are far in." This is pitifully put, and contains a profound truth. No one can judge for another as to just how much time that other needs to spend on his knees. We cannot safely take the example of anybody else as an absolute guide in our own case. Many things need to be considered—our household duties, our business engagements, our special perplexities, our mastery of perpetual prayer. We must not, of course, let prayer be crowded out or crushed down through mere selfishness or worldly absorptions; but neither need we feel it always incumbent on us to spend just so much time in the exercise, or write ourselves down delinquent if we cannot pass whole hours in special

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

supplication, like some one we have read about. It is better, certainly, to be far in than far off; but the former must not despise the latter, nor the latter judge the former. "Strength in prayer is better than length in prayer."—Zion's Herald.

All Debtors.

The Rev. J. R. Miller, writing in the Golden Rule, gives the happy suggestion that is applicable to both young and old. He says:

"We are to look at every individual that comes into the range of our life, even for an hour, as one to whom we owe something. A little child is said once to have closed her prayer on a winter evening in this way: 'I saw a little girl on the street this afternoon, and she was cold, and barefooted, but it isn't any of our business, is it, God?' She was only more honest in her prayer than some older persons, for many people certainly act as if they regarded it as none of their business when they see their fellow men suffering and in need. But the teaching of Christ shows that it is our business, that we are under obligation to love and serve all men. We are every man's debtor; we may not owe him money, but we owe him love, and love means whatsoever help he needs, bread for his hunger, or sympathy and cheer in his trial and struggle."

A Fortune in a Bible.

An English paper tells of the strange recovery of a lost will which recently occurred at Forgue, Aberdeenshire.

A bachelor farmer, one who had no friends or heirs, died a few months ago, and his property passed to the crown. All the goods were disposed of except a pocket Bible and a few venerable books, which were given to his old and faithful housekeeper. To her astonishment she found a scrap of paper in the Bible which proved to be her old master's will, by which he left her all his possessions. The crown will now have to refund two thousand pounds.

"A fact even more wonderful than the above," says the Epworth Herald, "is that every reader who chooses can find between the covers of any Bible a treasure a thousand times more valuable."

The phrase "kingdom of heaven" is only an expression by which Christ sought to designate a true condition of social justice among men. He did not signify by it the life after death beyond the skies. Hence John the Baptist preached, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand,"—its beginning on earth is here, and Christ said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

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