

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let thy Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust him—that is all,
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, and a hate'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.
Just to let him speak to thee
Through his Word;
Watching that his voice may be
Clearly heard:
Just to tell him everything
As it rises;
And at once to him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen and to stay
Where you cannot miss his voice;
That is all! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.
—Forcard.

Cross vs Crosses.

BY REV. GEORGE H. HUBBARD.
Jesus always used the word "cross" in the singular number. He spoke of his own cross, and of the disciples' cross. He said, "Whoever will come after me, . . . let him take up his cross" (not "crosses"). A significant distinction.

Very often we may hear a Christian disciple speaking about his "crosses," as though each one of us were compelled to bear a great many in the course of his service. There is the cross of speaking for Christ; there is the cross of prayer; there is the cross of doing this or that. And so it goes. Every most trifling service rendered, every pretty sacrifice made, is labeled a cross, till the whole notion becomes quite childish and contemptible. Yet some very good people do it.

Now Jesus himself bore but one cross in the whole course of his work, and he does not ask more of any disciple. Whoever bears one cross has done his full duty in this direction. But bearing the cross as Christ bore it is a great and manly work. It is not the task of an hour or a moment, it is a lifelong struggle and service. It is not some little self-denial here or there; it is that completeness of devotion that forgets all about self-denial in the joy and eagerness of active effort; it calls forth all the strongest elements of human character and life; it appeals to all that is noblest in our manly and womanly nature.

The cross represents all the positive struggle of Jesus against the sin and wrong that burdened the hearts and clouded the lives of his fellows. It stands, not merely for suffering, but for achievement, for conquest, for positive consecration. All the meaning, all the purpose, of Jesus's life, centers about the cross. That is the interpretation and completeness of the rest. Calvary is the grandest monument of complete devotion the world has ever seen. Its story is the noblest recorded in history.

But how it has been caricatured and misrepresented, even by those who have loudly proclaimed its glory! Men and women have dared to compare their little sacrifices and services to that sublime act of the world's Redeemer. They have talked of their "crosses" until the word has been made ridiculous in the ears of the world. Can we wonder that it is so?

The zealous Protestant looks with a sort of horror mingled with pity upon those who have substituted the crucifix for the cross. To him it seems almost profane. Is it not, however, the same spirit manifested in a slightly different form that finds so many crosses in every Christian life? What are these little crosses, as we call them, but a sort of crucifix that we make for ourselves, a little object of personal worship that comes between us and the cross of Christ?

Infinitely removed from all this child's-play is the thought that Jesus presented to his disciples. The picture before his mind was that of a life wholly given up to the service of God, in the rescue of fallen humanity. It was a picture of that complete absorption of body and mind and soul, that untiring service and effort, that industrious and ambitious men put into the real business of life, or that pleasure-seekers devote to selfish enjoyment. It was an ideal that had been fully realized in himself from the beginning, and one that was worthy of all who might enter his service.

Few phrases are more utterly unworthy the good people who use them than this which puts the word "cross" in the plural. Few exhortations are more dwarfing and harmful to the young disciple than this,—"take up his cross" and speak in meeting; to "take up his cross" and have prayer in the family, and so on. If the disciple be taught to understand, by the "denial of self," complete self-surrender to the will of God, and by

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

"taking up the cross" whole-hearted devotion to the welfare of his fellows, he will take up the little duties and sacrifices as a matter of course. There will be no thought of drawing back, no possibility of unfaithfulness. The very suggestion of halting and unwillingness, the tendency to see crosses at every turn, yes, even the most submissive expression of readiness to bear these multitudinous "crosses," indicates a total failure to grasp the largeness of Jesus' thought, "Let him take up his cross."—S. S. Times.

Lukewarmness.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.
The words given in Rev. iii. 15, 16, are very strong, painfully strong. Many persons object to strong language, and of course there are certain instances in which the use of strong language is a sign of weakness and of folly. But when we fully acknowledge that, we are bound to remember, on the other hand, that some persons object to strong language because they themselves are weak. Timid and cowardly souls shrink from the conflicts which strong language provokes, and men whose convictions are shallow cannot understand the intense emotion which must express itself in intense words. At the great moments of life, and in reference to the vital issues of conduct, strong language is for earnest natures inevitable.

As far as I am aware, no public teacher of the world has ever seen dared to use language quite so strong as that which fell from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth. Who, for example, except Jesus Christ, dared to address a congregation of ministers in such words as these: "Ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?" How startling it is to find that, when some one told him that Herod desired to kill him, Christ answered, "Go ye and tell that fox, Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." Those who are accustomed to suppose that Christ always used very meek and delicate phraseology would be startled by these quotations. It is a very significant fact that nothing provoked such strong language from Jesus Christ as lukewarmness. Remember his terrible attack upon St. Peter—"Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art a stumblingblock unto me"—because Peter had made the devilish suggestion that Jesus Christ should hesitate in his obedience to the will of God. Then how remarkable is the expression in the passage where we read that there went with him great multitudes. Then and there he turned and said unto them, "If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife and children, and brother and sister, yes, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." I need scarcely explain to any one in the full possession of his reason that when he used the word hate he did not intend it to be taken mechanically and literally but by the use of this strong expression he would fain bring home most vividly to each one of us that the main thing which he does require of us is total, absolute, unconditional, whole-hearted self-surrender to himself; a demand which it would have been monstrous for him to make and blasphemous for him to make unless he had been very God. No other great teacher has ever dared to make such an immense and tremendous claim of men. When men said to him, "Show us the way," he answered imperiously, "I am the Way"; when they said, "Tell us the truth," he said, "I am the Truth"; when they said, "Give us the life," once more he replied astonishingly, "I am the Life." Mahomet never dared to say anything like that. Buddha never dared to say anything like that. But Christ said it, and it was the distinctive note of his teaching.—The Christian Work.

Praying Aloud.

He was a Georgia physician when he entered the army. After a hard-fought Virginia battle he was sent for to see a wounded Confederate soldier. The poor fellow was found lying still on the spot where he had fallen. The doctor knelt by him, and unbuttoning his uniform coat, was about to examine his wound, when the sufferer said:

No need; that is not what I want you to do.
Taking his hand, and still bending over him, the doctor said: I will do anything on earth for you, living or dead.

The soldier turned his face to him, and looking him as calmly in the face as his great pain would allow, said: I am going fast. I want you to pray for me—quick and hard.

My friend I can't pray, answered K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

the doctor. Can I do nothing else for you?

With a moan of disappointment, more like one of despair, the dying comrade dropped his hand to the ground from its tight grasp of his friend's and looked upward; but battle smoke shut out even the blue sky from his last gaze on earth. After a few moments he turned his glazed, pleading eyes again on the doctor. In a voice too weak now but for a whisper, he said:

Try—can't you?—can't you?—a gasp, and he was gone.

The doctor told me he had often wished to forget the soul-famished look of those eyes, and how he hoped as he sat there and watched the brave heart go out, that he was at rest.

Why was it, then, that he did not grant that last request of the dying soldier? Not from want of feeling for his heart was as tender as any woman's; not as he would have told you, because the mother he loved so dearly had not trained his boyish lips to pray; not even that manhood had effaced the impressions of early religious training, for the circumstances of his own recent death give to loving hearts the consolation of knowing, in their great loss, that he himself has gone to live with his Saviour.

Nor do I wish you to think that words merely are prayers. If the soldier, who gave his life for his country, turned one look of faith to Him who gave his life for the penitent sinner, he was as truly saved as by all the prayers on earth.

I have used this touching incident in order to show you the need of the habit of spoken prayer. Have you not attended the weekly prayer-meetings in your church? To say nothing of those who never go, have you ever noticed how the prayer meeting members of the church, as my little niece once called them, keep from praying in public, as we call it? Have you not seen the husband seat his wife in one of the front pews, and drop down behind her, and not hold up his head when the leader was looking round for some one to call on to make the next prayer? I sit and think how different it might and ought to be! The spirit of prayer is in their hearts, let us hope, but "please excuse me" is all we get from them. They left off out-loud prayers as soon as they knelt no more at mother's knee, and they never began again.—Ec.

Converted While Up a Tree.

Rev. Dr. Eddy preached his first sermon beneath the canopy formed by the trees in the woods surrounding the camp grounds at Des Moines. Here, also he made his first convert, while preaching, as he supposed, to the flitting birds and climbing squirrels. The way he did it was this:

He was at that time a theological student at the Northwestern University. Accompanied by some of his classmates he went to the campmeeting, where he was down on the program to preach his first sermon. Here they found a young man named Fred Houghton, who was much under conviction because of his sins. Soon all the theological students had surrounded the penitent, and were exhorting him to accept Christ as his Saviour. Every influence known to the future divines was brought to bear on Houghton, until it became evident that it was becoming somewhat wearisome to him, and he went to the woods. Along toward evening, like Zacchaeus of old, who climbed up into a sycamore tree, he ascended into a basswood tree, whose limbs nearly touched the ground, and there pursued his meditations.

Mr. Eddy was to preach that night, and felt nervous and apprehensive. As the shades of night were approaching he also hid himself to the woods, and rehearsed his sermon beneath the tree in which Houghton was ensconced. Thinking himself alone, and that none but the eyes of God was on him, he warmed up in eloquent tones exhorted his imaginary hearers to accept the faith. When he had finished, great was his surprise when Houghton descended from the tree and said he was willing to come to Christ, and declared that Dr. Eddy's sermon had saved him. In after years Dr. Eddy declared that had Houghton shouted while he was in the midst of his funeral sermon over Houghton's remains he would not have been more surprised than he was when Houghton came down the tree.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Love Unto Death.

Professor Henry Drummond has been conducting a series of revival meetings in Edinburgh University. On one occasion he touched his audience deeply by the following anecdote reported by the London Christian:

Some years ago, in the University, there was a fine, manly fellow, a medical student, a very Hercules in strength, K. P. C. cures Dyspepsia.

but as gentle and loveable as he was strong. He was immensely popular, the captain of the foot-ball club, and not a cricket match was considered complete without him. He was a man of good intellectual gifts as well. He caught typhoid fever while attending the Royal Infirmary, and soon he lay dying in a private ward. One of the house physicians, an earnest Christian and successful soul-winner, spoke to him about God and eternity. The dear fellow listened, became anxious, and eagerly heard the story of redeeming love.

Will you give yourself to Jesus? asked the doctor.

He did not answer for a space, and then earnestly regarding the man of God he said, But don't you think it would be awfully mean just to make it up now, at my last gasp, with One I have rejected all my life?

Yes it would be mean; but, dear fellow, it would be far meaner not to do it. He wants you to do it now, for He has made you willing, and it would be doubly mean to reject a love that is pursuing you even to death.

The dying man saw the point, and apprehending the excess of that exceeding love, he launched his soul into the ocean of it.

What Came of an Outdoor Service in the Rain.

It was a peculiarly unpleasant, foggy, misty, rainy night. Nobody seemed to be on the street. The service was held. No doubt a good many, if not all, felt that it was entirely useless to have a service like that in such weather.

But the singing on the street attracted the attention of at least one man who afterward came into the meeting. Two weeks later he was there again.

He was well dressed, had a good position, but was never able to hold any position very long at a time because he was a hard drinker, and was so often intoxicated. But he had a Christian mother who had been praying for him, and whose prayers were now being answered, for in that meeting he raised his hand for prayer, and afterwards made an open confession to Christ. He told the workers afterwards just how he came to attend the service first. He heard the singing at the outdoor meeting in the rain, and was interested and drawn there, where he heard the words which gave him eternal life.—Union Gospel News.

How a Life was Saved

In persecuting times a Covenant was running for his life. He came to a lime kiln, into which he entered to conceal himself from the soldiers that sought his life. He no sooner entered than several spiders began to weave their web over the mouth of the kiln. Then a strong wind arose, and the dust in clouds came and covered the spider's web. When the soldiers came up and searched they could not find the fugitive Covenant. One of the soldiers said to the captain:

Perhaps he is in there.
You fool, replied the captain, how could he be? That spider's web covered with dust has been undisturbed for an age. If he has gone in there, he must have broken through the web.

And so they passed on, and the man was saved. The kiln, the spiders, the wind, the dust, were God's hosts. Put your trust in God, and be one of his hosts. Read 1'ss. cxlviii.—Christian Globe.

Why Should We Always Attend Church?

1. It helps ourselves. The church services give vigor to best thoughts and purposes, strengthen our integrity, develop and solidify right character, and feed the moral and religious part of our nature. We cannot afford to lose those sweetening and strengthening influences for a single week.

2. It helps the minister. Nothing is more disheartening to a minister than simple neglect. What sense is there in preparing a message for those who do not come to hear it? How can he preach with vigor to empty pews? The dullness of any service is often to be laid to the account of the absent ones.

3. A church lives on the devotion of its friends. Nowhere is this devotion so fully shown, so quickly felt, or so plainly seen as in the attendance on the Lord's Day. With every one in his place, the church rejoices in a consciousness of strength and vitality, and goes forth with zeal and power to all its appointed work. With half the seats vacant, there comes depression, and the church sinks into inaction. A living church helps the community. The moral tone of any community depends largely on its churches. If churchgoers become negligent, the outside community will not go to

K. D. C. The mighty Curer for Indigestion.

church. The example of every neglecter of the Lord's Day worship is so far an obstruction placed before the door of the church to keep others away. If the friends of the church will attend strangers will be sure to do so.—Church Union.

Burdens.

Ab, sighed an old, faithful clock, which I had in my room, what a burden is life! These weights wear me out. With much pleasure would I say, Tick—tick, and strike, as is my duty, if I only need not carry these dreadful heavy weights; I am not free from them one single hour.

So it sighed daily till I, moved with pity to my dear old faithful clock, took away its weights, when its complaints stopped; but it never gave me a sign of gratitude since; it was henceforth as silent as the grave. So it would be with many of us if we were without the burdens of life. No doubt they are often heavy and wearisome, but needful to our spiritual life.

No one can be an effective soul-winner unless he knows the Bible. You may try to point the soul to Christ by means of your own experience, but temperament and circumstances differ widely, and the griefs and ecstasies which came to you will be no certain guide for your friend whose habits of thought and life are unlike yours. The only sure directions are found in the Word of God, which settles the question for all alike. The workman must know how to use his weapons, and the Christian who would be efficient in soul-winning must know his Bible.

Random Readings.

The poet utters, the thinker meditates, the righteous acts; but he who stands on the borders of the divine world prays, and his prayer is word, thought, action in one.—Balzac.

I would not ever ask a Hindue to give up the religion that he has, so great is the sacrifice, unless I could supersede it by a more comforting, a more glorious religion, the religion of light and liberty of life and truth.—Dr. Cumming.

Think in the morning what thou hast to do this day, and at night what thou hast done; and do nothing upon which thou mayest not boldly ask God's blessing; nor nothing for which thou shalt need to ask pardon.

To character and success, two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—humble dependence and manly independence; humble dependence on God and manly reliance on self.—

Are You One

Of those unhappy people who are suffering with weak nerves, starting at every slight sound, unable to endure any unusual disturbance, finding it impossible to sleep? Avoid opiate and nerve compounds. Feed the nerves upon blood made pure and nourishing by the great blood purifier and true nerve tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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