

"It is The Lord."

When the day breaks along the beach
And turns to gold the yellow sand,
When singing waves stretch forth and reach
The welcome of the meeting land,
I see Him stand!

What though the night has fruitless been,
And no hope gild the morning hour?
New beauty thrills the common scene,
Amid song of bird and kiss of flower
Witness His power

He comes, and lo, the world is glad!
The hours forget the gloom of night,
Mirth cheers the hearts that once were sad,
The landscape lies in floods of light,
And all is bright.

A know Him when He breaks the bread,
And when He stills the roughened sea,
Or when the morning meal is spread,
He manifests Himself to me,
So gracious He!

He calls to me to break my fast,
And care and sorrow flee away,
The dreary way is overpast,
And in the rapture of the day
With Him I stay.

And so I think that when, ere long,
I meet the time I sometimes fear,
My heart will sing its joyful song
And gladly say, "Be of good cheer;
Thy Lord is here!"
—MARGARET FARNINGHAM.

Worried To Death.

To say "we are worried to death" is a common expression; but do we really comprehend the terrible truth of the remark? Do we realize that the bounds of care, and anxiety, and fretful inability may actually tear and torment us into paresis, or paralysis, or dementia, and as virtually worry us to death, as a colic dog worries a sheep or a cat worries a mouse? And yet, if we are Christian men and women, worrying is just the one thing not needful; for there are more than sixty admonitions in the Bible against it; and the ground is so well covered by them that between the first "fear not" and the last, every unnecessary anxiety is met, and there is not left a legitimate subject for worrying.

Are we troubled about meat and money matters? We are told to consider "the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

Have we some malignant enemy to fight? "Fear not! If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Are we in sorrow? "I, even I, am He that comforteth you."

Are we in doubt and perplexity? "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not. I will lead them in paths they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight."

Do we fear that our work is beyond our strength? "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Are we sick? He has promised to make all our bed in our sickness.

Do we fear death? He has assured us that in the valley and shadow of death He will be with us.

Is the worry not for ourselves, but for wife and children that will be left without support and protection? Even this last anxiety is provided for. Leave thy fatherless children to me, and let thy widows trust in me, and I will preserve them alive.

Now, if we really believe that God made these promises, how shameful is our distrust! Do we think that God will not keep his word? Do we doubt his good-will toward us? When he says that he will make all things work together for our good, is the Holy One lying to our sorrowful hearts? Thirty years ago I was thrown helpless, penniless, and friendless upon these assurances of God, and in thirty years he has never broken a promise. He is a God that keepeth both mercy and truth. I believe in his goodness. I trust in his care. I would not, by worrying, tell him to his face that he either has not the power or the good will to help and comfort me.

Worries live under a very low sky. They allow nothing for probabilities and "Godsends." They suffer nothing to go by faith. All times and all places supply them with material. In summer, it is the heat and the dogs, and the hydrophobia. In winter, it is the cold and the price of coal. They take all the light and comfort out of home pleasures; and abroad, their complaints are endless. Yet to argue with worriers is of little use; convince them at every point, and the next moment they return to their old aggravating, vaporing credo.

What remains for them then? They must pray to God and help themselves. Egotism and selfishness are at the bottom of all worrying. If they will just remember that there is no reason why they should be exempted from the common trials of humanity, they may step at once on to higher ground; for even worrying is humanized, when it

is no longer purely selfish and personal.

It is usually idle people who worry. Men and women whose every hour is full of earnest business do not try to put two hours' care and thought into one. Even a positive injury or injustice drops easily from an honest busy man. He has not time to keep a catalog of his wrongs and worry about them. He simply casts his care upon Him who has promised to care for him—for his health, and wealth, and happiness, and good name; for all the events of his life, and for all the hopes of his future.

Worries would not like to see written down all the doubtful things they have said to God and all the ill-natured things they have said of men; besides, they might consider that they are often righteously worried, and only suffering the due reward of some folly of their own. Would it not be better to ask God to put right what they have put wrong; to lay hold of all that is good in the present; to refuse to look forward to any possible change for the worse? I know a good man who, when he feels inclined to worry over events, takes a piece of paper and writes his fears down, and so faces "the squadron of his doubts," finding generally that they vanish as they are mustered.

Come, let us take cheerfulness as a companion. Let us say "farewell" to worrying. Cheerfulness will bid us ignore perplexities and annoyances, and help us to rise above them. God loves a cheerful giver; and when we consider the sin and sorrow, the poverty and ignorance, on every side of us, we may well hold our peace from all words but those of gratitude and thanksgiving. Worrying is self torment. It is always preparing "for the worst," and yet never fit to meet it. Cheerfulness is a kind of magnanimity; it listens to no repinings; it outlooks shadows; it turns necessity to glorious gain; and so breathing on every gift of God, hope's perpetual joy, it enables us, mid pleasant yesterday and confident tomorrow,

To travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness.

—Christian Herald.

The Sanctuary Of Explanation.

The psalmist was in trouble. He was confused. The inequalities, the injustice, the hopeless tangle of life grieved his soul. He saw things which he could not reconcile with his sense of right, and which refused to be explained by any process of reasoning.

It was indeed a serious problem which forced itself upon the mind of Asaph, and which forces itself upon the mind of anyone who takes time to think. For though we may talk as we will about the "survival of the fittest," and people finding their level just as water does, yet as some of us look at things it is not always the "fittest" who survive, neither does specific gravity always obtain in the social realm. The simple fact is—and it is better to admit it frankly—the whole condition of affairs is one of extreme perplexity, and the problem cannot be solved on any basis of human ethics. No matter how carefully one reasons, going from principles to conclusions with a logic absolutely flawless, yet when the result is attained it is most unsatisfactory, and as a solution is a miserable failure.

For every mystery there is a sanctuary of explanation. What is the laboratory of the chemist, the observatory of the astronomer, the private office of the manufacturer, but the sanctuary in which mysteries are revealed, and in which we can see how conflicting laws are balanced, and how certain results are secured. There is no mystery in science or mechanics or commerce, but which instantly becomes clear when once the sanctuary is attained. The courses of the stars may be eccentric, the results of the chemist may be almost miraculous, the machine of the inventor may be a marvel of mechanism, but in the sanctuary of explanation all the mystery disappears like clouds before a strong wind. So exactly when we enter the sanctuary of God with the vexed and distressed problem of life, for there we see things in a new and stronger light; we observe movements in their relation to each other; in that ratified atmosphere we are able to follow segments to a completed circle, and the complications which before bewildered and mystified are here seen to be plans of infinite measure and purpose.

In that sanctuary, for instance, we learn that time with God is not the weary, dreary thing that it is with us; a tiresome waiting for long years to pass before justice can be done and the burdens removed; but that "as in a moment," "as in a dream when one awaketh," so God appears, and with His coming wrongs are righted in

equalities disappear, the world is compelled to recognize His government and power. In the sanctuary of explanation one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. What matters it, then, if the wicked prosper or the ungodly increase in riches? What matters it if for a time our lot is one of poverty and pain? Foolish indeed is the man who lives for the things which are seen, or allows his life to be measured by years.

In that sanctuary we learn also how definite and complete are the care and providence of God. No need to ask here, "Does God know?" for we see that He knows, and that His knowledge of the things of the world is infinitely perfect. To Him this world is merely a whispering gallery; rocks and mountains are but crystal before His eye; even the thoughts of the heart are naked and open before Him with whom we have to do. Because he doesn't crash through the heavens with a thunderbolt, nor flash his lightnings upon those who break His laws; because He maintains a divine silence even while men revile and blaspheme His name, we have thought that He gave no concern to our poor world; but in the sanctuary we see how marvelous are the methods of His providence and how wondrous are the ministries in His service. Whisperings in closets are proclaimed from the housetops; the darkness and the light are both alike to Him, and there is no place in all the world where men can escape from His presence.

And so, also, in the sanctuary we have the explanation of His purpose. With such vividness was this explanation made to Asaph that he exultantly cried, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and after receive me to glory." Life was no longer a maze through which one wanders in weariness and despair, a groping in the dark as be nighted travellers in the forest, but in it, as fires in a diamond, were the gracious purposes of God, and from beginning to end it was under His direction and control.

Blessed, yea, thrice blessed, is that soul which has a sanctuary of explanation! Blessed, and more than blessed, is that soul which has learned the way to Him who wears the keys at His girdle, and who can open the book with the seven seals! Thank God, there is a place where the mystery of life can be explained; where beyond the shadow and the darkness we can see the light of life! — Chris. Advocate.

Burden-Bearing.

BY REV. GEORGE COOPER, D. D.

The paradox in the two statements, "Every man shall bear his own load," and "bear ye one another's burdens," is easily explained. Self-help is the alphabet of brotherly help. The consciousness of our own defects and weaknesses that search us out and humble us, makes us think kindly of others, so there are loads which are put upon us which we have no right to lay upon others, or expect others to carry for us. Personal defects discovered by self-knowledge, old habits that reassert their former power over us, quick temper, melancholy disposition, physical weakness, easily besetting sin, must be borne by us. Peter's memory of that sad morning in the judgment hall, David's memory of his great sin, Cowper's dispositional melancholy, Wesley's jealous wife and home without love, Fuller's insane wife, Paul's thorn in the flesh, Coleridge's opium habit, Carlyle's dyspepsia—these must be borne by the man who has them. There is no getting out from under them. No one else can bear them for us. As we lay hold of the physician by the sense of pain and disease, so by them we lay hold of Christ, our strength and patience, and learn the first letters of the life of sympathy.

But there are burdens put upon others that can be lighted by us.

Poverty.—You do not know what it means to wake up in the morning and know not whence is to come the day's bread, to hear the children yet asleep wake with the cry for bread. But there are children of God, hidden in lowly places, that do know what that means, whom that burden crushes in to despair. Our waste would be their abundance.

Loneliness.—There is no loneliness so heavy as that of a great city. Of all the hurrying multitudes not one cares anything for me! As well not to exist as to exist hopelessly sundered from knowledge and sympathy! Many such there are. They fear to be sick because there will be none to wait on them, none who will visit them. They shroud their own dead. "Alone, all alone," has driven into suicide. "I was sick and ye visited me, in prison and ye came unto me." Did we?

Discouragement.—The toil is humble. The task is common. The daily routine is monotonous, wear-

some. In such common places by far the largest portion of life is spent. Results are unseen. Fruit there is none. Prayer seems unheard; labor in vain. Drudge, drudge! Stitch, stitch! What's the use? Disheartened! How frequent the story! And a cheerful word would lighten the burden. Only a word! But words are deeds.

Misunderstanding.—Perhaps the heaviest burden Christ has to bear. Motive misconstrued; acts misinterpreted; innocence unvindicated because no one took up the matter and set it right. Thus many are "cut" by their friends, treated with coldness, punished for their misconduct, a grievous wrong whose burden is needless. Oh, for some one who can see both sides and make it plain!

Great is the need of bearing these and other such burdens with those who are pressed by them. A higher aspiration there can hardly be for the Christian than to be a burden-bearer. Such was Christ. "He bore our sins." What heavy burden that was! Heart burdens are the heaviest. It broke his heart. "Of the people there was none with him. He trod the wine-press alone." In that memory, he says to us, "Help others to bear their burdens." Thus shall we gladden his heart and fulfil his law.—The Examiner.

A Saint's Vacation.

John Stephen thought he was tired trying to be faithful, and made up his mind that during July and August he would take a vacation from religious obligations. No prayer-meetings, classes, weekly offerings, or testimonies, and, as he put it, "nothing but a good, long rest during the hot weather." He had been a pillar so long his back ached, and now some one else must bear the burden or let the church fall.

His rest commenced on Sunday, and he planned to sleep until ten, but he was wide awake at half-past five, and after trying to enjoy his liberty for three hours he jumped out of bed more disgusted than he had been for a year. He was going to lie in the hammock out under the trees, but it had commenced to pour, and he felt that he was a prisoner indeed. It was the longest Sunday he could remember and in his opinion church-going was not so heroic as he once thought it.

Tuesday evening came, and instead of going to the class he sat out on the veranda and enjoyed himself. He pitied the standbys who felt they must attend such meetings in mid-summer, and at eight was thinking what a luxury it was to shed his saintliness for the hot weather, when the worst bore in the neighborhood opened his gate, came onto the piazza and talked until eleven o'clock, and John Stephen thought that class meetings were preferable even in July to some conversation.

On Friday evening this talker came again and invited himself over on Sunday to keep Mr. Stephen from missing his family, and when John opened the door to get the Sunday paper he had ordered the night before he found his talkative friend already on the piazza. At ten o'clock, to get rid of this talker, he went off to one of the neighboring beaches to get a sea breeze. He had a little of the breeze and raised another when he tried to get his dinner, and at the end of a miserable day came home ashamed of his company and disgusted with himself. He determined that he would resume his religious duties just in self-defence. He read the parable of the Good Samaritan, and offered his first earnest prayer for seven days.

The next morning one of his fellow church-pillars met him and said: "We've missed you, Brother John, for a week. Been sick?"

"No. I've had a vacation."

"Resting?"

"No; but tired enough to behave myself in the future. I'll be out Tuesday night."

He kept his word, and in his testimony said something about "its being a privilege to be a Christian in the summer." He took on some extra church work just to make up for the week he threw away; and whether that was wise or not, if John Stephen is in town, you always know where to find him.—Z. Herald.

The Presence Of The Lord Jesus.

You say, Is it really possible for a man in business, for a woman in the midst of a large and difficult household for a poor man full of care; is it possible? Can I always be thinking of Jesus? Thank God, you need not always be thinking of Him. You may be the manager of a bank, and your whole attention may be required to carry out the business that you have to do. But, thank God, while I have to think of my business, Jesus will

think of me, and He will come in and take charge of me.

That little child, three months old, as it sleeps in its mother's arms, lies helplessly there; it hardly knows its mother; it does not think of her; but the mother thinks of the child. And this is the blessed mystery of love, that Jesus, the God-man, waits to come in to me in the greatness of His love; and as he gets possession of my heart he embraces me in those divine arms and tells me, "My child, I am the Faithful One. I, the mighty One, will abide with thee, will watch over thee and keep thee all the days." He tells me He will come into my heart, so that I can be a happy Christian, a holy Christian, and a useful Christian.

You say, O, if I could only believe that, if I could think that it is possible to have Christ always, every hour, every moment, with me, taking and keeping charge of me! My brother, my sister, it is just literally this that is my message to you. When Jesus said to His disciples, "Lo, I am with you always," He meant it in the fullness of the divine love, and He longs to reveal Himself to you and to me as we have never seen Him before.

And now just think a moment what a blessed life that must be—the presence of Jesus always abiding. Is not that the secret of peace and happiness?

If I could just attain (that is what each heart says) to that blessed state in which every day and all the day I felt Jesus to be watching and ever keeping me, O, what peace I would have in the thought, "I have no care if He cares for me, and have no fear if He provides for me." Your heart says that this is too good to be true, and that it is too glorious to be for you. Still you acknowledge it must be most blessed.

Fearful one, erring one, anxious one, I bring you God's promise—it is for me and for you. Jesus will do it; as God, He is able, and Jesus is willing and longing, as the Crucified One, to keep you in perfect peace. This is a wonderful fact, and it is the secret of joy unspeakable.—The Rev. Andrew Murray.

If we do not make a good use of what we have, it is a proof that we have been given too much.

Always Felt Tired.

"I suffered with severe headache and loss of appetite and I always felt tired. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking one bottle my headache disappeared. I continued taking it until now I am never troubled with headache and my appetite is good." Laura Garland, 247 Claremont St., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Despondency is not a state of humility. On the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride; nothing is worse. Whether we stumble or whether we fall we must only think of rising again and going on in our course.—Fenelon.

Differences of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

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GENTLEMEN—I am pleased to recommend your Laxa Liver Pills for constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache. I have used them for those troubles, and find them a pleasant, sure and quick cure, free from the annoying griping of other pills I have heretofore used.

Signed, H. JAMES, St. Nicholas Hotel, Hamilton, Ont.

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