

For Love of You.

One loves you. He has loved you long.
His love, and its sweet prayer and praise
Were in your mother's cradle song,
And made the music of our days
When flowers were fair, and skies were blue
For love of you.

He told the secret of His love
When merry laughter answered Him,
By dancing near, in leafy grove,
Before your childhood's eyes were dim,
When life lay like a sunny view
For love of you.

Now, has the shadow touched your face?
Are the days dark? the prospects grey?
Oh heart, be brave! The time of grace
Can never pass from you away.
Your Friend is tender, wise and true
For love of you.

He walked for you earth's changeable ways,
He bore for you the lonely hour,
He lived for you through toilsome days,
He met for you the tempter's power,
And joy through sorrow this friend knew
For love of you.

Oh! child of love, be not still sad,
But change the sigh to happy song,
For you can make the Saviour glad
By loving Him who loved you long.
So fill with praise the heavens above
For God is love,
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Had We Eyes to See.

India presents a woful spectacle this day. Gaunt famine stalks through the land and in its trail everywhere are hunger and death. Millions are literally starving, and by the thousand they die in the street, on the roadside, in the barren fields. The tale our missionaries tell is hideous, heart-breaking, ghastly past all telling. Before us at this writing are the photographs of gruesome groups of famished children, their eyes sunken, their bones in a very real sense cleaving to their skin. The picture, looked at on another hemisphere, makes the heart sick. What would it be were we to see what our missionaries in Central India are compelled every day to witness? We know something of what hunger means, and had we eyes to see its dreadful work we would need no argument to make its appeal for help irresistible.

There is another famine as awful in its working, as cruel, as pitiless, wasting the fairest and blighting the best; the famine not of the bread that perishes, but of that Bread without which the nations of the earth have died of very hunger, age after age, until the cry of their agony re-echoed from the heavens, has reached our ears to whom the harvest has yielded abundance beyond our use. Our ears are pained because of the cries of famine-stricken India, and we are ready to give for humanity's sake for its relief. How would it be with us had we the eyes to see India's real famine, the age-long famine of love and hope and faith? They see it whose larger other eyes than ours see the real things of life. He sees it who is Himself the Bread that came down from heaven. To feed that soul-hunger He gave Himself, and says to every one who has found in Him the Bread of Life: Give ye them to eat. To Him, the starving of the body, grievous and sore though it be, is but a faint sign of the starving of the soul. Had we His eyes would not we see India's real famine? Had we His heart would not we give as He gave? And were that mind in us which was in Him would we not see and feel and give, as He sees and feels and gives, that India's hunger for God might be satisfied?

Nor is the real famine in India alone. It is everywhere. Before every minister who faces his congregation on the first day of the week, in the circle of every Sabbath-school, round about us in our homes and among our friends, everywhere, had we eyes to see, we would find hearts famished for love, minds dying for knowledge, souls starved for the Bread of Life. It is appalling, but is it not true? Had we eyes for spiritual wasting and gauntness and deadness, we would see every day in our midst such things as sadden and burden the lives of the missionaries these famine days in India. Things sadder than they see, and more terrible, by so much as the spirit is more than the flesh and the hunger of the immortal more than that of the body, whose hunger soon ends in death. Dare we face that stern fact alone and with open eyes? If we do, dare we sit heedlessly idle while He calls to us, who is the Bread and whose disciples we are, Give ye them to eat? One steady gaze with eyes to see would break our hearts with deep despair were it not that to us is given for men's salvation the Bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger.

And it is because they do not understand that men minister falsely to their fellows' need. Had he eyes to see the hunger-stricken souls behind the smiling faces in the pews before him would the minister of Christ deal in moral platitudes or discuss questions of criticisms or of economics, the latest reform fad or the newest thing in sociology? Would he ransack homi-

letic magazines for sermon-outlines or rake the newspaper dust-heap for a new sensation? Would he vex the hungry souls of his people with the arid speculations about documents and codes and many redactions, or with the equally juiceless dogmatism of a second-hand and conventional orthodoxy of creed from which the life has fled? Men are dying for the lack of the love and faith and life of God. For them Christ came bringing the true manna of redemption and reconciliation. The ministry of reconciliation to God through the death of His son is committed to the man who on Sabbath next shall stand in the pulpit. But if he has not eyes to see he will give stones for bread, and, with heaven's abundance for their need, "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." This is the Church's first and greatest need: that their eyes be opened who call Jesus Lord, so that they may see what He saw and ever sees, and seeing, spend no more on that which is not bread, but feed the hungry with the truth which satisfies.—The Westminster.

Dwelling in Love.

The apostle is very bold when he says, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." One who dwells in love draws the nourishment of his inner life from this principle. We dwell in the atmosphere. This is our element and the support of our life. We take it into our lungs with every breath, and extract from it something which is necessary to life. Remove a human being from this element, and he will die in a very short time. The tree dwells both in the atmosphere and in the ground, and draws its life from both elements. Separate it from the soil or exclude the atmosphere, and it will wither and die. The apostle prays for the Ephesians, "that ye may be rooted and grounded in love." If one is rooted and grounded in love, he dwells in love and draws his joy, comfort, courage, and strength from this principle. Love gives tone and color to all he says and does. When one is rooted in selfishness or covetousness or any other passion, that particular passion tinges all his activities. When one is rooted in love his plans, his purposes, his decisions, his thoughts, and deeds are all controlled by love. Even the more severe duties of life, such as rebuking wrongdoing and punishing transgression, are not the work of anger and malice, but of love and compassion.

Whoso dwells in love loves all the proper objects of a pure affection. All men love. But the objects of some men's affections are limited to a narrow circle. One man loves himself alone. He is supremely selfish. He loves, but does not dwell in love. Another loves his own family, and none besides. He is only a little less selfish than the other. Still another loves his family and a few of his friends. His heart is a little larger, but he does not dwell in love. The stream of his love is shallow. Another loves his family, his friends, and his country. His patriotism may be sublime, his friendship sincere, and his domestic affection beautiful. His heart is larger than that of his neighbor. But there is a better way: the true Christian loves God first and supremely; then he loves his kindred, his friends, his neighbors, his country, and all men, including his enemies. His attitude toward all men is one of love. He dwells in love. This is the very essence of the Christian religion.

Many professing Christians do not love one another. This is a clear test of Christian character. "Little children, love one another." "Hereby know we that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "If any man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" "If any man say, I love God, and loveth not his brother, he is a liar, and the truth is not in him." Envy, jealousy, strife are of the evil one. One may do wrong, but the true Christian will love him still. He will see the wrong, condemn and denounce it, but love the wrongdoer. If the wrong be done to himself, he will love the man who has wronged him. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

It is only by dwelling in love that we can know God. "He that loveth not knoweth not God." God is love, and before we can know Him we must come into the same atmosphere. We cannot find out God by scientific research. We may read about Him and hear men tell about Him, but we shall not know Him. We must come to Him and lay our hearts alongside of His infinite heart of love, or we shall never know Him. So long as we look at Him through the atmosphere of selfishness or pride or worldliness we cannot know Him. But when we come into the pure atmosphere of love we shall know Him, because we shall be like Him.—Chris. Advocate.

The Sins of the Tongue

There is nothing in the wide range of social life which works so much evil as the light and oftentimes unconsidered words which are spoken. Daily and hourly words fall from lips intending no harm which shatter the reputation or bring sorrow into the life of the one discussed. Comment upon the actions of one's neighbor necessarily forms a large part in our conversation, for there is nothing in all the world so attractive as human interests. It is not possible to mingle in the great tide of life and maintain only an abstract interest in humanity. If this were so, the feeling of sympathy would be missing, and that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin would be unknown. So long as the discussion of others is kindly no harm is done, but when one allows his neighbor's affairs to assume undue proportions, and makes them a matter of frequent comment, the dividing line where interest becomes gossip is reached.

Country districts and villages afford prolific soil for gossip. Shut away from the larger interests of the world the most trifling words and acts are carried from lip to lip. Especially is this true if a stranger comes to the community. "I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only," said an English writer, and the same might be said of many a country neighborhood upon this side of the water. The best cure for gossip lies in culture. The mind is fed by the food placed before it, and sometimes merely because of having nothing else to think about really good-natured people tear in tatters the characters of those about them. If the thought could be directed to higher and more elevating topics, the privacy of the lives of others would not then be so often invaded, and the affairs with which no one has a right to meddle would be left unmolested. The reputation of the commonplace things said or done, unless they are of vital importance, do not improve the mind or elevate the character.

Great care must be taken as to whom confidence is reposed in. No one can see the exact shade of thought the speech seeks to convey, and often harmless expressions are construed into something very foreign to the idea. It matters not with some how plainly a fact is stated, how kindly a criticism is expressed, if it is granted the opportunity, "the world will bend the passing word, though its shortest course be straight." There are some who take delight in bending words from their true meaning and in giving them a twist entirely foreign to them, and there are those who are so careless of their speech that at their "every word a reputation dies." Many a sensitive soul has been done to death by slanderous tongues. It is useless to try to escape comment, and even censure, until there is a sweeping reform in the matter of sins of the tongue, and the only wise thing to do is to go on one's chosen way avoiding occasion for undue comment, if possible, and if this cannot be, to disregard it. Martin Luther said, quaintly, "Whoever has a good work to do must let the devil's tongue run as it pleases." There are times when the whitest lives must walk amid assailing voices which whisper and defame the motives and character, but time silences these and brings vindication to those who desire it.—Presbyterian Banner.

The Morbid Sense of Injury.

By this "sense of injury" is meant that vague sense which afflicts many of us at times of being the object of hostile feelings on the part of others. No doubt we often are, for, in the stress of necessary rivalry and conflict upon which progress depends, we give and take injuries. But their remains a large excess of this "injured" feeling which can not be so explained, or which is disproportionate to its cause entirely gratuitous, and is thus shifted into the field of morbid psychology. This only is here treated—the morbid sense of injury.

It seems to find an easy entrance to the mind from a mere feeling of being ill used or stunted in sympathy to the entertainment of serious grievances or persecutory ideas. In certain temperaments it is marked. On so-called "blue" days we are constantly moved to a "sense of injury" from fancied slights of our friends. Madam Lofty slights us, and our jaundiced imagination has it that she has heard something and dislikes us. But lo! to-day, when the liver is released, madam smiles sweetly, and never heard a thing.

So in suspicious people. They entertain a chronic state of mind, by which the acts of others are given an injurious construction. They anticipate ill will, carrying the chip on the shoulder. Of two constructions of

given in a, they leap to the more offensive.—W. F. Becker, M. D., in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

One Secret of Happiness.

There is a certain old lady who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf, and she cannot see very well, either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But in spite of all this, you will find her full of sunshine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it does one good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

"When I was a child," she said, "my mother taught me every morning, before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think of which He had given me—for a comfortable bed, for each article of clothing, for my breakfast, for a pleasant home, for my friends, and for a long life, calling each day by name, and so I began every day with a heart full of praise to God for all He had done and is doing for me."

Here is the secret, then, of a happy life—this having one's heart full of praise; and when we do as this dear little old lady does, that is, count our blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them, we shall find many reasons why we should praise God.—Buffalo Advocate.

A Christian View of Death.

Slowly, but surely, the customs at funerals, the dress of mourners, the manner of speaking of the dead, are taking on a more hopeful and Christian character. Obtrusion of personal bereavement by the use of black edged stationery is less common than formerly. Sunshine has been known to penetrate a house visited by death, and several women of our acquaintance who have been recently bereaved, have resolutely resisted the selfish temptation to swathe themselves in black. The late Mrs. Joseph Parker left a written request that, at her death, "those who love me will put on no sign of mourning, but that they will think of me as promoted to a higher school, where I shall meet my Lord and know even as I am known." In this spirit of this statement, the grief-stricken husband faced his loss. He worded the telegrams and a notice for the City Temple thus: "She is not here, she is risen. She met her Lord face to face on Thursday night, at half-past nine. 'With Christ.'—Canadian Baptist.

The Greatest of All.

My greatest loss. To lose my soul.
My greatest gain. Christ my Saviour.
My greatest object. To glorify God.
My greatest prize. A crown of glory.
My greatest work. To win souls for Christ.
My greatest joy. The joy of God's salvation.
My greatest inheritance. Heaven and its glories.
My greatest victory. Over death through Christ.
My greatest neglect. To neglect so great salvation.
My greatest or me. To reject Christ, the only Saviour.
My greatest privilege. Power to become a son of God.
My greatest bargain. The loss of all things to win Christ.
My greatest profit. Godliness in this life and that to come.
My greatest peace. The peace that passeth understanding.
My greatest knowledge. To know God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.—Battle Cry.

PEOPLE LOSE FAITH in advertising assertions, because of silly exaggerations. We hope the fault of others will not lead you to doubt our statement that Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is worth the cost of a trial 25c. all Druggists.

God Must Hate Sin.

God would not be a holy God if it were all the same to him whether a man were good or bad. As a matter of fact the modern revulsion against the representation of the wrath of God is usually accompanied with the weakened conceptions of His holiness and of His moral government of the world. Instead of exalting, it degrades His love to free it from the admixture of wrath, which is like the alloy with gold, giving firmness to what were else too soft for use. Such a God is not love, but impotent good nature. If there be no wrath, there is no love; if there were no love, there would be no wrath. It is more blessed and hopeful for sinful men to believe in a God who is angry with the wicked, whom yet He loves, every day, and who cannot look upon sin, than in one who does not love righteousness enough to hate iniquity, and from whose too indulgent hand the rod has dropped to the spoiling of His children.

"With the froward Thou wilt show Toyself forward." The mists of our sins intercept the gracious beams and turn the blessed sun into a ball of fire.—Alexander McLaren.

MR. SPURGEON once said that it is with church members as with dogs. Give the dogs no thing to do and they shine and follow of each other; but set them after a rabbit and they will cease their wining and snapping at each other. The best way to keep Christians from spiritual ennui and dissension is to set them to work. Get them fighting the devil and they will have no chance or stomach to contend with each other. Get people to put their hands to the oars of the life-boat and they cannot tear each other's eyes. It is people with nothing better to do who fall into the temptation of pettiness and selfishness. Satan still finds some mischief for idle hands. Growlers and cranks are not often workers. Workers are not often growlers or cranks.

Every man, every woman, every child, has some talent, some power, some opportunity of getting good and doing good. Each day offers some occasion for this talent. As we use it, it gradually increases, improves, becomes native to character. As we neglect it, it dwindles, withers and disappears. This is the stern but benign law by which we live. This makes character real and enduring; this makes progress possible; this turns men into angels and virtues into goodness.—James Freeman Clarke.

A lad in school gave an original answer to the question "What can you tell me about Moses?" "He was a gentleman. When the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherd drove them away. Moses said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, gentlemen!'"

THERE IS NO UNCERTAINTY about Perry-Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil relieves pain, reduces swelling, takes out inflammation, cures Rheumatism, Croup and Kidney complaint. Can be used externally or taken internally. Price 25c.

Mrs. Chas. P. Tennar, Hope Town, P. Q., writes: "I used to be troubled with severe Headaches and Constipation, but Laxa-Liver Pills have cured me and I heartily recommend them to my friends."

HE HAS TRIED IT—Mr. J. H. Anderson, Kinross, writes:—"I venture to say, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."



TO TENDER-SKINNED MEN Shave with CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, and before cleansing the face rub on a bit of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure. Wash off with CUTICURA TOILET SOAP and HOT WATER. This simple, inexpensive treatment will make shaving a pleasure and comfort to those with tender, inflamed, easily irritated skin. Sold throughout the world. PUTNEY D. AND C. CORP., Sole Agents, Boston. "All About the Skin," free.

D. L. MOODY.

ONLY OFFICIAL LIFE IS BY HIS SON

Greatest Opportunity for Agents.

The only official or authorized life of Dwight L. Moody is written by his son, W. R. Moody at his father's expressed wish. The people everywhere will want no other. Do not, therefore waste your time, but canvass for this one only authorized subscription book. Nearly 600 pages. Positively only book with exclusive illustrations from family portraits, etc. (nearly 100) Elegant prospectus, post free for 25c. Send for it quick.

ONLY WORK

Endorsed by Dr. D. Sinkey Containing the Family Portrait. Having access to his library and letters. Issued with approval of family. Approved by Faculty and Trustees of Mr. Moody's Institutions.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO. 154 Young St. Toronto.

CAUTION. Handle only the book by Mr. Moody's son. All others are unauthorized.

WEAK, FAINT FEEL

Serious Conditions that Heart and Nerve Pills Readily Cure.

One of the indications of serious trouble is the sensation of faintness that comes on at times. Sometimes it is simply a dizziness that passes off, or it may be a consciousness with hands and feet cold and numb.



remedy for restoring strength to weakened hearts and relieving distressing symptoms. It is Heart and Nerve Pills.

The case of Mrs. A. Stratton, N.B., amply proves this. Her statement:

"I suffered very much from impoverished condition of the blood, with extreme nervousness. A condition arising quickly, and a constant, often troubled me. I was so short that I could not climb stairs. The least exertion heart to flutter and palpitate, and I sometimes felt a smothering sensation on going to sleep. I doctored back and forth for years, but I got no relief from any until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can say that they wonderfully. Sometimes my arms would swell and puff, but troubles speedily yielded to the influence of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am now strong and did not use them long until I began to feel healthy, refreshing. It will always be a pleasure to recommend them to others."

POCKET MONEY

People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make the profit. We want to tell you about it; you will be interested. W. L. TON & Co. Sherbrook, P. Q. and Derby Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH

Pain-Killer

A Medicine Chest in Itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure.

CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE PERRY DAVIS'.

James D. Fowles

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.

JAMES D. FOWLES

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

Watches, Watch Cases, and Jewellery.

GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, NICKEL.