

## Contributions.

### At Rest.

PETER ANDERSON.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."  
 "Shall never thirst"—O how our souls have thirsted  
 For something stable, in this whirl of change,  
 Where all research seemed labor worse than wasted,  
 And nothing certain, far as thought might range.  
 When young we follow far the light of reason,  
 Deeming that truth alone shall be our guest;  
 That blind assent to old beliefs is treason,  
 That we are stronger, braver than the rest.  
 And so we follow her perplexing phases  
 To precipices that the soul appal,  
 Or, through entangled wilds and thorny mazes  
 To some impenetrable endless wall;  
 Or tread great circles, charmed by the delusion  
 That we indeed are gaining ground at last,  
 Until to break the spell of our illusion,  
 We reach some point we long ago had passed.  
 And still with fevered haste—while we are able—  
 We never falter in the fruitless quest,  
 Till all the springs of life grow slow and feeble,  
 And all its channels "dry as summer dust."  
 Till, O how infinitely dark and dreary  
 Becomes the world's great thirsty desert wild;  
 And we are weary, O how weak and weary,  
 Humble and helpless as a little child.  
 And we are human, like our fellow-mortals;  
 Not strong enough to live and die alone,  
 Not brave enough to pass alone the portals  
 That lead through darkness to a land unknown.  
 And then the Friend we never sought has sought us,  
 His touch has healed the heartache, stilled the pain,  
 And of the living water He has brought us,  
 Which they who drink shall never thirst again.  
 The channels of our lives are flowing over  
 With trust in God, pity and love for man;  
 And if His plan we may not all discover,  
 We know that we are woven in that plan.  
 The maddening old unrest no longer moves us;

Though much remains whereof we cannot tell,  
 We know the pitying Friend who found us loves us,  
 We know our Father reigns, and all is well.

### No Harm Can Come To-morrow.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

To-day, in my reading, I became impressed as never before with the abundant provision which has been made for you and me for all time to come.

Sometimes we, the children of the King, do become greatly burdened with keen anxiety for the morrow. We wonder if we will be able to accomplish this or that. We wonder if we will succeed in accumulating sufficient for our old age. We wonder if we will be able to properly educate our children. We wonder if this trial or that happiness will be ours. We wonder so many things concerning the morrow, while all the time we are but wasting our strength in needless anxiety, for our future is all the care of One who never slumbers nor sleeps.

The King, our Father, has pledged to us His protecting care, not for an hour or a day, but for a great while to come. Let us read a few of the promissory notes which we hold, and see for how long.

Listen, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Does not that "never" extend over a long while? Does it not seem to imply that you and I need fear no evil, since *He* is with us all the way?

And now listen yet again while He puts words in your mouth and mine which drive away despair and give hope and courage for all time to come.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of my Lord FOREVER." Will this promise be exhausted when this poor little day is done? Rather does it not mean that you and I, for all our lives, will have all that we require, and, when we are called away, that wherever our Lord shall be, we will also be there with Him.

Here comes another promise, freighted heavily with such rich mercy. "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." Sometimes these "good things" may come in shapes which you and I do not prefer, but He who sees the end from the beginning says: "Child of my ceaseless, watching care, be not afraid. My love is about you all the way. Oh trust to Me, and remember that 'blessed are they who have not seen, but yet have believed.'"

Who knows? Perhaps we often lose

the greatest blessings intended for us because we will not trust except where we can trace. Why is it that you and I so often say—by deed, if not by word—"Except I see I will not believe"?

"Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Dear brother, sister, here is a most gracious provision made for every burden which, to-day or at any future time, can ever come to you or me. Through all the to-morrows which may be ours He cares for us, and wants to bear our every burden.

And now listen yet again: "As thy day is, thy strength shall be." This looks forward to a great while to come. It pledges us that divine strength will always be granted us to bear every divinely given burden.

How precious are these and scores of kindred promises! He who loves us pledges to us no transient blessing. It is not here to-day and gone to-morrow. It is not a gift that will decay as the years grow old and die. So often our faith is small; yet this Friend, so tender and so true, does not grow weary in his love, but still again reminds us, "Even to old age, I am He; and even to hoary hairs I will carry you. I have made you and I will bear you I, even I, will carry and will deliver you."

Do we still tremble because of the possible trials that may be ours? How dare we, when all the time He is whispering, "When thou passest through the rivers I will be with thee; the floods shall not overflow thee."

Oh, let us no longer wound the gracious heart that loves us, and that wants us to trust to Him. The rather let us say boldly to every danger that may threaten us, "The LORD is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Though I be called to pass through the valley and the shadow of death, still will I fear no evil; for I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep in sweet security all that I have committed to His hands. Through every to-morrow the Lord is my Shepherd."

### The Time for Building

Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with all who use them. All druggists. 25c.

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They are beautiful books, even better than promised. The people are delighted with them.

And what is still more gratifying to announce, the offer is still open. The Bagsters have generously promised to send more than the 5000 at first ordered.

We strongly urge our friends to seize the opportunity still open to them to procure one of these splendid Bibles. Remember the Bible, the Disciple and the Templar for \$2.50, or with the cover of the Bible leather lined \$3.

But note that, after this, every order must contain an additional TEN CENTS, to pay postage on the Bible. Otherwise the Bible will be sent by express, NOT prepaid, which will mean 25 cents to the purchaser.

### How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

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"In the past six weeks I have made \$530, and feel like giving other ladies the benefit of my experience. Dish Washers are in general demand, and anyone can sell them, with an immense profit to the seller.

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