

Trust.

God holds the key of all unknown. And I am glad. If other hands should hold the key, Or if he trusted it to me, I might be sad.

What if tomorrow's cares were here, Without its rest? I'd rather he unlocked the day, And, as the hours swing open, say, "My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight Makes me secure. For, groping in my misty way, I feel his hand; I hear him say, "My help is sure."

I cannot read his future plans; But this I know— I have the smiling of his face, And all the refuge of his grace, While here below.

Enough; this covers all my wants, And so I rest; For what I cannot, he can see, And in his care I saved shall be, Forever blest.

—Selected.

Too Late.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

Sometimes repentance comes too late. Read the first five verses of the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew. Judas repented after he saw that his Master had been condemned; he tried to hand back to the chief priests and elders the thirty pieces of silver, and admitted that he had betrayed the innocent blood; but they replied, "What is that to us? See thou to that. And after he had cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, he departed, and went and hanged himself.

Judas was not the only man on earth who repented after it was too late.

In the old Tombs building, in the city of New York, I once had a short conversation with two young men who were soon to be hanged for murder. Both of them said that they had repented; but both were hung notwithstanding their utterance of repentance.

Repentance is always in order—every day, every hour, and every minute. But acts can be committed that no repentance can expiate, or even mitigate the punishment that must follow.

It was the love of money that got Judas into so much trouble. He loved money more than he loved the Saviour; and it would have been well for the human race if Judas had been the last man who lost his soul for the love of gain.

Too late are sad words. They tell of an irretrievable loss, of some opportunity that has been wasted and will never return.

A young lady wrote me a letter concerning her unfortunate marriage to an habitual drunkard. In about the last line the words too late were underscored.

A friend of mine put all his hard savings into a company that failed before it was even fairly started. He did not ask me for any advice when he told me about it; for—to use his own language—it was too late. Like hundreds of others, the only thing he could do was to grin and bear it.

It is said to be too late to save ourselves from disaster, either seen or unseen.

A young man of my acquaintance became very intimate with an infidel. The result was that he forsook the teachings of the Bible and of his father and mother. In a conversation with him I suggested that he return to the old moorings to which his parents had anchored him; but his response was, "Too late; for my mind has been poisoned."

Having your blood poisoned is a very serious matter; but when your mind becomes poisoned it is a still worse state of affairs.

Being too late was the means of driving Judas to commit suicide. But that was only a bad ending of a bad man. If Judas had done more thinking about the folly of yielding to the love of gain that had taken possession of him he would have been spared the sad fate that overtook him.

How cruelly bad companions treat a man or a woman after he or she has said, like Judas, "I have sinned. What is that to us is about the only reply a repentant sinner ever receives from his wicked companions.

But a not too late repentant sinner is not received in that style by a loving Saviour. And there is even joy among the angels over one such penitent one.

Some people are almost always late in what they do. Too late to catch the train, as it is just leaving the depot when they arrive; too late to see a father or mother close their eyes in death; too late to redress some wrong or to reward some act of kindness; too late to love or be loved.

Not to be too late requires watchfulness and prayer. It is the watchful engineer on a locomotive

who sees the danger ahead in time to escape it.

How sorry most of us are after we have done those things that we ought not to do. What a blessing it would have been if our sorrow had come at the time when we were thinking of doing the wrong act. Better for us to do our serious thinking at the proper time.

Too late has so often been said by those who have been failures in life that the expression has become as familiar as it is painful.

Suppose we all think more and more of being on time in all the good that we propose to do for others as well as for ourselves.

How glorious it will be to be on time at the first resurrection of the dead. Happy will be those who will be so fortunate.

In the great struggle now going on to bring the world to the feet of Jesus, do not be too late to do your share. If you want a victorious crown you must do some fighting.

When is the time? Whenever you have an opportunity to strike for righteousness. There are no off days in the army of the Lord. Fighting is in order every day in the week and every week in the year.

The first vacation day for a Christian is the day he gets to Heaven. Until that day arrives he should be always on duty.—Sabbath Reading.

Calling a Pastor's Wife.

The New York Observer, under the above caption, says:

But beside this daily struggle with cares and economies, the clergywoman must also see to it that she is as good, and generally a little better, than other women. It is not an agreeable thing for anybody to be an example. But the pastor's wife must always remember that she is so to her husband's flock, and that in little as well as in big things. Mrs. Brown is relieved from such responsibility because, though her husband may preach all the virtues, she is not expected to practice them. But there is no such escape for the clergywoman, who is expected to illustrate in her daily walk and conversation all the teachings of the clergyman. And there is reason to fear that her responsibilities are not to end with being an example.

For a congregation out in Pennsylvania, in hearing candidates for its vacant pulpit, has invited them to bring their wives with them; an invitation which must mean that the latter are to be considered equally with their husbands, with a view to their ability to do the spiritual work of the church.

Now there is no doubt that most clergywomen are pastor's assistants, engaged in the spiritual work of the church. But being capable as well as good women, and recognizing the limitations of sex, they realize that they can best advance that work by devoting their talents to helping the man whom they can influence. They, therefore, relieve him so far as may be of the burdens of petty details, of cares and worries, so that he may concentrate his attention upon his work. They become his watchers and critics, weighing his actions and words, and commending this line of procedure and condemning that. In this capacity they are so invaluable to the pastor that it may be questioned whether they could be equally useful in any other, even were they not already overweighed. To oblige them to be candidates with their husbands would, moreover, tend to lower the standard of the clergywoman. The young pastor would be tempted to select a wife with a view to striking the taste of the average congregation, rather than as a helpmate, in the best sense, for himself. Even its aesthetic effect would be bad, perpetuating at ecclesiastical gatherings the same general type of women. Besides, would it be honest to call a pastor's wife without making the needed pecuniary provision to free her from the cares of this world? The Pennsylvania congregation ought to think on these things.

A Spiritual Derelict.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman closes an impressive sermon "The Power of a Great Ideal," as follows: "It is an awful thing for a life not to have the helpful presence of God. One of the ocean dangers that captains fear almost more than anything else is the danger of coming in contact with a 'derelict,' as a ship abandoned at sea is called. There are now supposed to be about thirty of such vessels floating about at the will of the currents in the Atlantic waters. They are without pilot, have neither crew nor rudder, are bound nowhere, and carry no cargo to any port. One of them, which has a cargo of mahogany on board, and is level with the water's edge, has been drifting since March, 1891. There is scarcely any peril at sea which is so terrible to the mariner. No sound

will reveal their nearness, no temperature of air or wave will make known their approach. Though it carry no guns, a derelict is often a more deadly enemy than a man-of-war. The ship that steers for no port can only have one influence, and that is to be a stumbling-block in the way to send other ships to the bottom of the ocean. God help us that not one of us may become a spiritual derelict. God pity that man who has pushed God out of his life and goes along in his journey to eternity not only having sorrow in his own soul, but standing in the way of the progress of others.

Falling Out of Church.

We have heard of a little boy who explained his falling out of bed by saying, "I presume I went to sleep too near where I got in. Many people fall out of church for the same reason. They go to sleep too near where they got in."

There is no time when young and old alike will go to sleep quite so easily as immediately after they unite with the church. A hard duty, they feel, has been accomplished. They have faced it with a good deal of dread; and now that it is done they are liable to stop and take a good long breath—yes, they will lie down and take a prolonged and indolent nap if some one does not prevent it. On the other hand it is also true that there is never a time in their history when new converts can so easily be kept awake and set to work. If those who come into our churches do not begin work at the outset, the chances are they will never begin at all; but, on the contrary, if they are given a good start at the beginning, they are likely to develop more and more along all the lines of activity connected with the bringing in of the Kingdom of Christ.—C. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

Dealing With Jealousy.

We are indebted to the Record of Christian Work for the following story of Mr. M. Moody. A number of years ago an evangelist was being discussed in Mr. Moody's presence, and among others he criticised his methods, commenting upon what seemed to him unwise. A few days afterwards he learned that his statement had been repeated to some one, who reported that it was not surprising that Mr. Moody would criticize the evangelist mentioned, because it is easily seen that he's jealous. This comment eventually was repeated to Mr. Moody.

I got alone as soon after that as I could, said Mr. Moody, in relating the incident years afterward, and I just fell on my knees and prayed to God to forgive me if it was true. I don't know that it was true, but I just prayed to God that if there were the slightest tendrils of that cursed sin seeking root in my soul he would tear it out, cost what it would. Then I got up, he continued, and sat down and wrote inviting the man whom I had criticized to conduct a month's meetings in the church that I was then in charge of. From that time on I have tried never to allow myself to criticize another evangelist.

A Cure For Touchiness. A wife of a year pointed to an illuminated card on her mantel-piece and said, "That card saved my home." On the card were the words "What would Jesus do?" She explained that the first days of her wedded life began very discouragingly. She and her husband had had many little tiffs already. One day at luncheon they had both lost their temper, and they parted in an angry mood. The young wife went up to her room to have a cry over it, when her eye on this card, which a child, a member of her Sunday school class, had sent as a little wedding present. She had never noticed the words before, but now they read themselves right into her soul. "What would Jesus do?" The question insisted, too, upon being answered. And she answered it honestly. She was very sure that if Jesus were in her place he would not be so touchy, so wilful, so easily hurt, so irritable, as she had been. The result was that there were no more tiffs. The card saved that home.—J. R. Miller

Pardoned.

In the life of Henry Bradley Plant is a story which shows that mercy may sometimes temper justice to good effect, by awakening in an offender a loyalty which has never before shown.

Mr. Plant was one day travelling in a baggage car, when he saw an expressman in handling a box marked glass turn wrong side up. Here he called to the man. That box is marked glass and should be kept glass side up, as indicated.

Oh, I know it's marked glass, said the expressman, but I never pay any attention to that.

Mr. Plant said no more, but later, when the superintendent of the office was alone with the man, he asked him:

Do you know who that gentleman was who spoke to you about the box marked glass?

No, sir. Well, that was Mr. Plant. Then that means my dismissal!

I think it does. I had to have to dismiss you. Later the superintendent said to Mr. Plant, I shall dismiss the man of course!

No, said the president, don't discharge him. Call him into your office and impress it upon him that that is not the way the company does its business. He won't forget it.

He did not forget it. No more loyal employe was to be found in the company.—Youth's Companion.

For The Master's Sake.

A man cannot be a Christian without bearing a cross. He cannot follow the Christ of God unless he is willing to lose everything that makes that following impossible. The nominal Christians of the world—the men and women who belong to churches and profess to be disciples, but who put their money and their social position and their family name before the love of their neighbor, and who do not know what it means to bear a cross, or who complain if they are asked to bear burdens—these nominal disciples cannot expect to know anything of the practical side of Christianity until they have demonstrated it by their cross bearing. As soon as the world sees the nominal Christians of the world losing money and position and ease and luxury, and for the sake of obeying their Master's commands, that minute the world will acknowledge that Christianity is practical.

But I very much doubt if the world will cease to ask, "Is Christianity practical?" as long as the disciples of Jesus continue to live as the Gentiles live, placing money before service, and position before discipleship.

There is no other way to eternal life except the way of the cross, and there is none for the sons of men.—Charles M. Sheldon, in Ladies' Home Journal.

"I Don't Understand"

What church do you attend? was once asked of a bright young fellow, doing business in one of our large cities.

Oh, I just run around, he answered, gaily. I don't understand the difference between the churches; in fact, there is a great deal in the Bible itself that I don't understand, and until I do, of course, I can't join any church.

How many hours a day do you spend studying this matter? asked his questioner.

Hours? he repeated, in surprise. Well, then, minutes? The young man was dumb.

Ah, said his companion, with a patient sadness, not one! If you thought a knowledge of geology necessary to your success in life, or astronomy, or shorthand, you would not think of spending less than one hour a day in its study, perhaps two, perhaps three; and you would not expect to understand it without that exertion. But the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ, of salvation—the highest and deepest of all knowledge—you sit around and wait for, as if it would come like a flash of lightning.—The British Workman.

"We are apt to think concerning our every-day trials that they are of too homely a sort to work out anything beautiful in our character, but they are not more homely than the chisel in the hand of the sculptor."

Few women know how to rest. Standing about or sitting is not resting. Absolute repose can be had on y when the muscular system is at rest. Five minutes lying flat on a hard, smooth couch is worth half an hour for purposes of rest, in an armchair.

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better.—Cecil.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been saved. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs and all affections of the throat and lungs.

If your stomach is weak it should have help. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength to the stomach and cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

Thin or gray hair and bald, so displeasing to many people as marks of age, may be averted for a long time by using Halls Hair Renewer.

True godliness is no more to be taken out of business, out of social life, and out of politics, than the leaves in to be taken away from the meal, or the salt is to be barrelled up by itself. Christ puts his followers right into his wicked world, and commands them to let their light so shine that men may see their good works and be led to honor God. The Christian, who is afraid to mix with his fellow-men, is his godliness rubbed off, has real but little godliness to lose.—Dr. Cuyler.

A strong will, like any other talent, is the gift of God to be used as he directs.

The essence of courtesy is sympathy—the power to put yourself in another's place.

The character that is positive has no difficulty in speaking a negative.—Ram's Horn.

My greatest loss—to lose my soul. My greatest gain—Christ my Saviour.

My greatest object—to glorify God. My greatest work—to win souls for Christ.

If I were to name the three most precious resources of life I should say books, friends, and nature.

Fire! Fire!!

When that cry sounds how people rush to help and sympathize! And when some fireman rescues a woman from the flames, the streets echo with applauding shouts.

And yet if that woman had perished in the flames it is possible that she would have suffered less than she suffers almost daily from the inflammation which disease has lighted in the delicate womanly organism.

That fire of inflammation can be put out. The gnawing ulcer can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only establishes womanly regularity and dries enfeebling drains, but it heals inflammation and ulcerations and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"I suffered for four years with what four physicians pronounced ulceration and prolapsus of the uterus," writes Mrs. Ada Brooks, of Kirbyville, Taney Co., Missouri. "Also inflammation of bladder and urethra. My case was chronic and complicated. Had several good physicians, but kept getting worse. Had been confined to my bed five months when I wrote to you. I received your reply very soon and then dismissed my physician and began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, and began to get better at once. In two months I could sit up in a chair, and kept getting better. In four months could do all my house work, including washing and sewing."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advertiser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Temperance and General LIFE ASSURANCE CO. Has just closed the most successful year in its history, making a substantial increase in all important items, and can justly claim to be THE BEST COMPANY FOR THE BEST RISKS. E. R. MACHUM, ST. JOHN, N. B. MARITIME MANAGER.

JULY 18TH

SUMMER REDUCTION IN Blouse Waists.

In order to effect a speedy clearance of all our Blouses, we have marked them all at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00. The former prices were from 85 cents to \$2.25. During this sale no Blouse will be allowed out on approval, or exchanged. You may take them upstairs and try them on. Remember these prices are for cash only.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

Professional Men.

It's the constant and worry under the professional labors, the irregular habits and loss of regularity, that makes a peculiarly susceptible kidney. First is a backache, urinary difficulties, unless it's attended by Bright's Disease, death.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen and invigorate the kidneys—never fail to give quick relief and the most obstinate cases. Rev. M. P. Campbell, pastor of Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "My personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Sharon's drug store, has given me a most excellent remedy for my kidney troubles, and I recommend it to all sufferers from such complaints."

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Commencing May 31st, the steamer this company will leave St. John for port, Lubec, Portland and Boston MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8:45 o'clock (returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Glais and St. John. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

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