

The Canadians' Prayer.

Our nation God, to Thee. We bend the suppliant knee; Keep our Land free; Free from all base command Free from War's cruel hand Strong in Thy strength to stand, Keep our Land free!

May Thine own truth give light To make her record bright, Keep our Land true: True to Thy laws and love True as Thy Throne above True—tho' the earth remove; Keep our Land true.

N'er let Canadian heads Bow low for dastard deeds; Keep our Land brave; Brave the just word to speak, Brave to defend the weak, Oppression's rod to break; Keep our Land brave.

Let not the wrong succeed And "helpless virtue bleed"; Keep our Land pure; Pure through politic strife When men's worst moods are rife. In home and business life, Keep our Land pure.

Calm as th' Eternal hills To meet all stubborn wills, Keep our Land calm; Calm amidst fear and hate Calm thro' all fierce debate On laws—Church School or State, Keep our Land calm.

A part of British sway With loyal hearts we pray Lord bless our Queen! We shall uphold her hands When she the wrong withstands In this, or other Lands: Guide Thou Our Queen.

Keep our fair Land for Thee Calm—brave—true—pure and free We pray thee Lord. Then her hills, plains and streams Where fall the sunset gleams And hidden treasure gleams Shall own Thee—Lord. M. C. M. in Pres. Witness.

"O, Rest In The Lord."

Village life moving so quietly through its narrow bed seems stagnant compared with the swifter movement of town and city. Upon the other hand, the least movement out of the ordinary attracts swift attention, and is soon known from end to end of the village.

Every child in Fingringhoe knew that the two cottages at the marsh end of Eastlane were to be let or sold. No one announced the fact, but when Miss Green died and her sister left the village, the lady and lassies made free of the fruit, and spent many hours playing in the gardens.

The cottages remained empty for some time. No farmers wanted them. They had all the laborers needed, and therefore no fresh hands came to the village.

When William Clinch the younger came home, he was soon in possession of all there was to be known—that Mr. Owen a Colchester tradesman who owned them, would be glad to get rid of them.

So it came about that when he left the office of Mr. Craske he had paid the deposit money and congratulated himself upon a bargain. He had obtained a promise from the auctioneer that his name should not be divulged as the purchaser.

Some weeks after this Fingringhoe was startled by the influx of some half-dozen men, who took up their residence and began to work in the cottages.

Nothing stirs the quiet village life like a secret. John Stokes was the first to attempt to gain some knowledge as he ferried over the men and their tools and baggage.

By ye from Colchester? Aye. Goin' to work in village I reckon? Some where hereabouts. At one of the farms, maybe? Maybe.

This was puzzling, and John Stokes drew his oars in, and looked hard with one eye at the man who had answered.

Long job? he ventured again. as his oar slid into the water. All depends, mate.

After the men had landed Stokes sat and watched them until they disappeared from his sight. Humph, he ejaculated; close as a crab.

Those cottages were the theme of the village taproom, and rumor began its tortuous course there. Shouldn't be surprised if Squire bought 'em? This was addressed to the landlord.

More likely some tradesman in Colchester, but the men don't come here, and can't learn rights on it yet.

When the wooden fences were pulled down and the brickwork placed ready for iron palisading, the women found their opportunity.

Reckon you're making nice place? You'll see when 'tis finished, missis. The speaker was a young

man, but all had received orders from their employer, and knew not for whom the work was being done. Who bought these? Womanlike, Mrs Green-af came to the point at once.

I didn't know anybody had—never heard. That's a lammon. You know right enuf. Oh, well, I do, then! Be it t'Squire?

Perhaps t's and perhaps 'tain't. Ever Mrs Clinch's curiosity was aroused. Coming back from the farm one afternoon across the marshes, she stopped, and walked in through the open door. The alterations surprised her.

Why, you be making big houses of these! We be altering them a bit. I should think so. Gentlefolk coming I reckon Bay winder and all, she continued, as she noticed that one of the cottages had not been altered.

Wait til we're done; you, I hardly know 'em for the same. People from Linnon, mayb? From world's end, for aught I know

William Clinch continued to live with his parents. He took no apparent interest in the cottages. Would stop and look as he passed, ask a few questions, and pass on. One night his father was by his side walking from the prayer-meeting.

Will, what are you going to do? Oh, by and bye, father, maybe I'll find some work that'll suit you. You don't want to get rid of me, do you? Nay, boy, on'y I'm thinkin' you'll come to the end of your stocking soon, and it ain't good to be lazy either. I'd be mort sorry if ye went away for all that.

What are you going to do, father; work on at farm till ye die? What else can I do? You have no long stocking, I reckon, and William laughed loud. Stocking, Will! Why, twelve shillin' a week don't go far enuf for a stocking.

A grim smile spread over his face. I reckon I'll keep on as long as I can, and then the poor house, unless I get ill and die. It's our lot, and I don't complain; the Lord has been wonderful good to me and mine.

William wanted to hear his father lay bare his thought concerning the future. Hard lines, though, for you after a life of toil.

Nay, William, nay, and the old man stopped and straightened himself. I hadn't any larnin', on'y scarin' of crows, but I've had strength by God's blessing, and I've got to love my master and the very land hereabouts.

Yes, interrupted his son, but did you never wish some of it was your own? They were still standing. A strange strong light shot from under the shaggy brows.

William, that was once my dream, a bit of land and a cot, just to hide our heads in when age came, and I prayed it might be; but 'pears God's way isn't so, and tho' I don't like the poor-house, I'm content.

Yet you have toiled hard and helped men to make money. Hold your tongue, Will. I've naught but done my duty, and master has paid me for all I've done. Don't bring none of them old temptations to me, for envy is the devil's sharpest spear.

At last the cottages were finished. One was a cottage no longer. Its bay windows, trim lawn, and added storey, made it a modern villa. Still they stood empty.

The revival spread. God's saving power was manifest. The summer was waning, the harvest gathered.

One Sunday morning William said to his father. Come for a walk before chapel, and you come too, mother.

They strolled down the lane across the marshes. The keen but sweet air from the sea blew fresh. Here and there a peewit uttered its plaintive cry, or the shrill scream of a hawk-horn broke the silence.

When opposite the cottages William said, They've made a nice job of these: let us look inside and we can rest a minute. Up the newly gravelled path round to the back, and, opening the door, into the kitchen they entered.

Why the men must have left these, said his mother, as she sat down on one of the two wooden chairs. Nice place to live in, and the garden so nice too.

William was standing, Clinch wiping his brow with the clean red handkerchief—his Sunday one. Very nice, and the place so clean, too, William turned. Just the sort of place I should like to have seen you settled in, mother.

Aye, boy, sure it would be lovely but theer, God bless them as does live in it.

Amen, said Clinch. Father, mother, do you know why I brought you here this morning? For a walk before worship, I reckon.

Not that alone. This cottage is your very own. Don't talk such nonsense, lad, and Clinch laughed until the rafters rang with the echo of his strong voice.

William continued, I bought the one for myself, and one for the best parents that God ever gave to man, and as soon as you like you can come and live here, and you will have one pound every week as long as you live." He had spoken quickly trying to keep back his emotion.

His mother, flinging her arms around his neck, kissed him again and again. God bless you, God bless you, my Will. My weary back-aching days are over.

Clinch was on his knees, great tears chasing one another down his brown face, his eyes closed, his hands clasped; then, with a great sob, he rested hand, and head on the chair.

Mrs. Clinch knelt beside him. After some minutes, during which silence reigned—

Clinch, God's ways be above our ways. He has given us what we never worked for, but what we years and years have longed for.

Rising, Clinch grasped his son's hand in both his. Thank'e, Will; thank God for thee, Will. Let us make haste to His house, and he slowly added O rest in the Lord, and He shall give thee thine heart's desires.

As they went, William said, Do not say anything about this to-day, please, not even to Kitty. His mother understood.—Baptist Times and Freeman.

Our Little Sermon.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gathering when I come. (1 Cor 16: 2).

1. That our giving to God's cause should be regular and systematic. Upon the first day of the week, etc. Many may not be able to contribute so often, but they are not excused from observing a specific method. Laying by every week is what makes it easy to give. Many a person can give twenty-five or fifty cents per week without feeling it, whereas they would declare themselves utterly unable to pay ten or twenty dollars at one time.

2. That giving is to be general. Every one of you, etc. No provision is here made for draft-heads. A few are not to do all the paying, while the masses go free. Every man and woman, rich and poor, must contribute. To dodge this duty is sin.

3. That our giving is to be proportionate. As God hath prospered him. If a man makes but little, he is only required to give accordingly; if he is rich, he must give largely. God cannot be deceived. He not only seeks the offering, but understands the motive back of it. The assessor's book may not contain a just valuation of our property, but God has a record of it. His book shows our income, and also our ability to pay.

4. In 11. Cor. 9: 7 the proper method of giving is described.—Not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver. Mark the words—not grudgingly!

5. In the sixth verse Paul clearly and forcibly sets forth the connection between the giving of our temporalities and the spiritual blessings which follow. He which soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully. Amen.

Get The Clock Renovated.

A story is told of a colored man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the two hands of a clock, saying:

I want ver to fix up des han's. Dey jes' don keep no mo' kerec' time for mo' den six munfs.

Where is the clock? answered the watchmaker. Out at de house on Injun Creek. But I must have the clock.

Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'ceptin' de han's? and I done brought 'em to you. You jes' want de clock so you kin tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's.

And so saying, he went off to find some reasonable watchmaker. Foolish as he was, his action was very much like that of those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They go wrong, but refuse to believe that the trouble is with their hearts. They are sure it is not the clock, but the hands that are out of order. They know no more of the need of a change in their spiritual condition than the poor negro did

the works of his clock. They are unwilling to give themselves over into the hands of the great Artificer who will set their works right, so that they may keep time with the great clock of the universe and no longer attempt to set themselves according to the incorrect time of the world. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hand of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, We only wish to avoid this or that bad habit. But the great Clockmaker says, I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the clock. I must have the clock.—Sel.

A Ram's Horn Blast.

In a sermon on music Russell H. Conwell made use of the following fact. He said:

I was surprised to read that the effect of the organ notes played in the great cathedral at Rheims has been of such a nature that the stone walls crumbled in some places as a direct result of the vibration. They are obliged now to replace those stones that are especially touched by the musical vibration. Science has shown that stones of different density are affected by different sounds, and that if a church be constructed of a certain form of limestone found in northern Germany, the organ note, especially of the minor chord, will soon destroy the density of the stone and bring the building itself to destruction. The scientists tell us now that there is one tone that will crumble any rock, from the softest sandstone to the hardest flint. They believe that it is possible for a sound to be reached which will disintegrate the diamond in its hardness, and gradually crumble it. It is a fact that the rocks are influenced by sound, and when we read of Apollo's playing and the rocks did listen, we were nearer a scientific truth than we thought.

Livingstone and Stanley.

Success describes the actual scene which followed the meeting of Sir Henry M. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone after the long search in the African wilderness, as follows:

What were your feelings when you first saw Livingstone? That was the happiest moment of my life up to that time. I felt like a school-boy, and I could have jumped up and down, and shouted for pure relief if I had been alone. Your first words? Were as commonplace as you could imagine. I hardly knew how to address the man before me, and I blurted out: Dr. Livingstone, I presume. Yes, he said. I thank God, doctor, that I have been permitted to see you, I added. I am thankful that I am here to welcome you, he returned.

The Preacher And The Baker.

A baker once came to a preacher who, in the course of conversation, asked him whether he was a member of a congregation, as he professed to be a Christian.

The baker answered: I was formerly a member of a congregation, but being deceived by the preacher, I have since lost confidence in all preachers, and will henceforth join no church.

To this the pastor replied: A certain friend of mine had the same experience with a baker. He sent to him for a fresh loaf of bread but the baker sent him a hard, stale loaf, and since then he has lost all confidence in bakers.

But, pastor, the baker exclaimed they are not all that way! The pastor replied, Neither are all pastors like the one of whom you speak. You have no valid reason, therefore, to stay away from church and you will not be able to excuse yourself before God with that wicked pastor on the Judgment Day.—Reformed Church Record.

The kingdom of Christ is not of this world, but it is made up of people who are still living here.

In youth we make our age. Our final years sit in judgment on the past.

Rich, warm, healthy blood is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus coughs, colds and pneumonia are prevented. Take it now.

Hall's Hair renewer contains the natural food and color-matter for the hair, and medicinal herbs for the scalp curing grayness, baldness, dandruff, and scalp sores.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

The First Parsnago.

Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set him there a bed, and a table, and a stove, and a candlestick, and it shall be when he cometh to us that he shall turn in thither (II. Kings 4: 10). This is taken from one of those beautiful idyls so often found in the Scriptures. Eliah was the preacher, the Sun-umite the thoughful builder of the room. It will pay the reader to peruse the entire chapter with care, and note the result of caring for the man of God. The most charming thought in the whole narrative is the Sun-umite's tender regard for the prophet of Israel.

A people who are satisfied to a lowly their pastor to live in a merchantly or but—a place in which they would not for a moment think of living themselves—do not deserve a pastor.

The fleeting smile of the world may be purchased at the price of eternal tears.

Lay not up against your neighbor the sin of yesterday. He may have repented of it to-day.

My brethren, said an old African preacher, a good example is the tallest kind of preaching.

A Girl With Grip

Will "go" until she drops, and think she's doing rather a fine thing. Very often the future shows her that she was laying the foundation for years of unhappiness. When the back aches, when there is irregularity or any other womanly ill, then the first duty a woman owes to herself is to find a cure for her ailments.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in cases of womanly disease will insure a prompt restoration to sound health. It regulates the periods, stops unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

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"I will drop you a few lines to-day to let you know that I am feeling well now," writes Miss Annie Stephens, of Belleville, Wood Co., West Va. "I feel like a new woman. I took several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have no headache now, and no more pain in my side; no bearing-down pain any more. I think that there is no medicine like Dr. Pierce's medicine."

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