

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stir our hearts in youth, The impulses to wordless prayer, The dreams of love and truth; The longings after something lost, The spirit's yearning cry, The striving after better hopes— These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need, A kindly word in grief's dark hour That gives a friend indeed; The plea for mercy softly breathed, When justice threatens nigh The sorrows of a contrite heart— These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand, The pressure of a kiss, And all the trifles, sweet and frail, That make up love's first bliss; If with a firm unchanging faith, And holy trust and high, Those hands have clasped, those lips have met— These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word, The wounded as it fell; The chilling word of sympathy We feel, but never tell; The hard repulse that chills the heart, Whose hopes were bounding high, In an unfeeling record kept— These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to waken love— Be firm and just and true. So shall a light that cannot fade Beam on us from on high, And angel voices say to thee, These things shall never die.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

A Word of Warning.

I wish to enter my protest against the all too prevalent custom, especially in country places, of allowing children to go home to sleep with friends or schoolmates. When boarding round on the frontier, in my early days of teaching, I was often pained and surprised to hear through the unfinished walls of the settler's new homes strange revelations of prurient knowledge from the lips of my pupils whose parents supposed them to be sleeping.

I remember hearing the most obscene language from a boy whose parents were more than ordinarily high-minded and religious. His companion, a boy of his own age, had been allowed to stay all night with him, and was being tutored in a manner which must have pleased his satanic majesty. The visitor, whose mind retained much of childish purity, made some feeble protests against the filthy communications of the other boy, but his preceptor in vain parried them with the cunning art of a sophist. The pure mothers of each never would have believed their darling sons guilty of such language or practices.

There are, of course, other opportunities for evil communication, but none so dangerous as the seclusion of the bed chamber in the night hours. Aside from this danger, there is no good cause for children going from home to sleep. Let them occupy their own beds, and sleep alone, if possible.

Mothers are too prone to trust their children's associates because they belong to good families and have been well reared. Often they forget that their own little ones may be led astray or subjected to evil influences. The contagion of impurity arising from one child may spread through a school or neighborhood like a pestilence.

Keep, then, a watchful eye on the children; guard them from exposure, but do not let your solicitude be known to them, unless you are confronted by their guilt. Nothing so humiliates a high-minded child as to be suspected of uncleanness.

Do not think more lightly of a son's impurity than of his sister's. Do not excuse obscenity from his lips by saying: "Oh, he's a boy. We can expect no better of boys!" There are boys whose imaginations, fed by foul conversations, are as filthy as the stagnant pool; boys with faces upon which is stamped lasciviousness; boys with leering eyes and rakish demeanor. There are boys with healthy minds and unpolluted bodies—boys with clear, frank, honest eyes, revealing pure soul-depths within. Which of these shall your boy be, O mother? Shall your sons swell the ranks of those who are sowing to the wind to reap the whirlwind, who are scattering abroad rotteness and disease? Or shall they be pure men, going into the world to uplift and build up, instead of tearing down and destroying?

Do not be content for your daughters with that prudence which leads them to be careful of their reputation, but hedge about their childhood with all pure influences that shall encase them in innocence. Unaffected modesty is a girl's best safeguard. The young woman who can utter intendees or relate stories suggestive of impure thoughts, even in the presence of her most intimate girl friend, may

be smart enough to look out for herself, but she is not one a nobleman would choose for a wife, or who would elevate the home or society. Sometimes I think that the old time delicacy and reserve were better than our modern free handling of social abuses. Ignorance may not be innocence, but the reticence of a mother is to be preferred to the too free or careless treatment of those life mysteries which up-to-date authority says should be explained by parents to young children. I well remember an unhappy tragedy which occurred through the fatal mistakes of two sisters whose parents had reared them after the present progressive idea that there should be no mysteries in the household, and am inclined to think that the old way was safer.—House-keeper.

Help in a Snowstorm.

About the year 1857, in one of the Cape Cod towns, a woman found herself in great distress. It was winter, and a fierce snow-storm was raging. The husband was on a bed of sickness, unable even to think for himself. The man who had been with them as a helper had been called away the previous evening. Besides the duties of the house and sick room, there were, outside the house, a horse, a cow, and fowls demanding care the woman could not give them. Kind and sympathetic neighbors lived not far away, but the woman could not go to them for help, while they could not be expected to come through the storm to her without a special call, for they had reason to believe that the hired man was there to render all needed assistance.

As the morning hours advanced the sense of her need bore heavily on the woman's soul, but she was not one who allowed herself to be crushed by such things. Years before she had learned the meaning of the invitation and the promise, Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

She took a few minutes for humble, earnest prayer, telling the Lord what she needed, and why she needed it. Then she went about her work confident that relief would soon come, and so light hearted that she could scarce keep from singing.

An hour passed and there was stamping on the doorstone, and the door was thrown open by one who was covered with snow that had accumulated during a long tramp. The good woman was astonished. She had supposed that the Lord would send a neighbor, but here was a man who had come more than two miles through the storm.

Before the visitor had time to catch his breath the woman said: I am glad to see you. God has sent you in answer to my prayer. To which the man replied: Whether I was sent in answer to prayer, I don't know. All I know is I had a most miserable and strange forenoon. Now, what do you want?

After the work was done the man and woman told each other of their morning experiences. All through the morning the man had felt that he ought to visit the home of sickness, but he had again and again shaken off the impression as unreasonable, and had even undertaken an all day job at home. But at the last conviction had become so overwhelming that it had fairly driven him out into the storm, though he had blamed himself for yielding.

He was a man of middle life, and neither he nor his wife was a Christian; but he had great respect for the piety of the woman to whose assistance he had gone, and when he heard the story of her prayer the conviction of the reality of spiritual things so took hold of his heart that he was constrained to give himself to God, and soon he and his wife were rejoicing in salvation.

God had given the woman who prayed an answer exceeding abundant above all she had asked.—American Messenger.

Giving One's Self A Rest.

All the world looks down on the person who shirks responsibility to make things easy for himself. But, on the other hand, there are few more uncomfortable people to have about than those who are constantly assuming responsibility which does not belong to them, and who wear themselves out in the effort to regulate everybody with whom they come in contact, and everything that enters into their experience. A recent writer has described one of these excessive care-takers, and has also told us how she was forced to take a vacation.

I grew so tired of my own thoughts, of my own ways of thinking and doing, that I was almost distracted, said a bright woman to her friend in the course of an afternoon conversation. It took me some time to find it out, she added, for I thought, for a long time, that I was tired of everybody and everything else. But when I got rid of

other things and other people, I was tired still, and by-and-by I saw that I was tired of my own self. But what could you do about it? asked her friend, smiling at her earnestness.

I just began to practice letting myself alone, she replied. I had grown so uncomfortable to get on with that other people had already learned to let me alone, but that didn't answer at all. I had to let myself alone.

But how could you do it? I should suppose that the very effort would have intensified your consciousness of self. But it did not. I just let go of myself. I had very decided views and strong convictions and great pertinacity of purpose. Trifles were momentous to me. Everything, however insignificant, was an object of thought and care. Now, I began to let other people decide things—to go their way, to wear what the family liked, to drop the thing I was doing at every call. It was a beautiful discipline, I assure you; and you have no idea how it relaxed the strain and tension on my nerves and spirit. I used to hold on to all my ways with a tense grip, but I learned to hold everything loosely after a while, and was surprised to find how easily I let them go.

Your family and friends must have found it a delightful change, laughed her friend.

So they did, answered the other, joining good naturedly in the laugh. I think they were afraid I was ripening for an early departure from this earth. And I had a glorious rest.

Didn't you go on doing your duty? Yes. But I put the word privilege in the place of duty, and took real pleasure in attending to these one by one, not taking those of a month all in a day, or of a day in an hour. I kept on trying, but if all went wrong I just said results were not mine to produce or to worry over. I simply let them go, and forgot them as quickly as possible.

It all sounds lovely, said her friend, thoughtfully: a unique way of taking a mental and spiritual vacation. I've half a mind to try it myself.

Do, dear! said the first speaker it will rest you as nothing else will. It is good, common-sense, and she added softly, it is good religion, too. Why, I used to carry as heavy a burden about the condition of the universe as if I had created it.—Young People's Weekly.

Advice Plainly Given

An elderly lady went into a large retail shop in New York just before Christmas, and asked a young woman behind the counter:

Have you any gold collar buttons? The girl surveyed her critically a moment, and seeing an old, plainly dressed woman, without a word, took down a box, shoved it across the counter and indifferently turned away to survey the passers-by.

These are sleeve buttons, said the customer, gently; I said collar buttons.

Her accent was not that of an American, and the girl giggled and looked significantly at one of her fellows as she took down another box and pushed it over the counter.

These are enameled or set with imitation stones. I want plain gold buttons.

The enameled are the style now. I want the plain gold buttons, if you please, said the stranger quietly.

If you can't find what you want there we haven't got them, said the girl, tossing her head. Ladies, she said insolently, are not buying cheap buttons for gifts now. They want the jeweled ones.

The stranger rose. They don't suit you? I knew they wouldn't from the first. She banged the lid on the box and turned her back on the customer.

The lady hesitated, and said in a gentle, firm voice: I might call your employer and tell him how badly his interests are served by you. But I am sorry for you, and I am going, instead, to waste a little plain common sense on you. I came from England. So did you. You would have waited on me humbly there for one-third of the wages you are paid here. Your purpose now is to show each customer that you think you are as good as she is. That is probably the cause of your rudeness just now. You may be as good or better than I. But that is not what your employer pays you to show to me. He pays you to show me his buttons. The more civil and attentive you are the more buttons you will sell, and the more you will earn. That is your one chance to better your condition.

She went out. The girl looked after her flushed and angry.

Do you know who that woman is? she asked a saleswoman who was passing.

That is Lady Dash, naming a well-known noblewoman, who is a leader in several international reforms. Why? What was she saying to you?

The girl hesitated. She was trying to show me what a fool I have been, and I think she did it, she said candidly.—Ex

Sunday Sickness.

Some sicknesses are contagious, some are infectious, some are both. This seems the nature of Sunday sickness. Whole families retire at night without the slightest symptom of disease. They are all up even later than usual, but the next morning sickness breaks out, and in a few moments every member of the family is affected, not all with the same symptoms, but all with the same sickness. It is not a local sickness, nor is it confined to any particular season of the year, but goes as quickly as it comes, and always returns upon the seventh day. It may even affect a miniature family. An exchange narrates an incident of this class as follows:

In a parsonage in the Green Mountain States, where there are five children when they are all at home, there are some sober and sad times, but more that are full of sunshine and gladness.

Sometimes very amusing things occur. The two younger children are boys, Eddie and Georgie, seven and four years old. Not long since, one cold Sunday morning, their mamma, in rising said:

I do not feel very well this morning. I have a very bad cold, and my lungs feel so bad and sore I think I shall not be able to go to church to-day. I shall be very sorry to stay at home.

The two little boys heard what their mamma said, and remained in bed after she went down stairs talking together. After a little time, Georgie, the younger, appeared at the foot of the stairs and said:

Mamma, I don't feel very well; to-day. And Eddie don't feel very well; need he go to church to-day? He's got the headache and the neckache, and the backache and stomachache, and the legache, and— (calling to Eddie upstairs, What else is it, Eddie? Eddie replies, Handache); Oh, yes, handache, that's all! Need Eddie and I go to church to-day?

Little Eddie went to church that day, notwithstanding his dreadful aching little body, and after service was as bright and well as ever. Do you think the sermon was good medicine for him? Sermons of the right sort are very good for Sunday sickness.—Church Register.

A Parable.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

Where are you going? said the taper.

Away high up, said the man; higher than the top of the house where we sleep.

And what are you going to do there? said the taper.

I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is, said the man. For we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now.

Aias! no ship could ever see my light, said the little taper, it is so very small.

If your light is small, said the man, keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me.

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

You who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—The Wellspring.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.—Richter.

Your best friend can give you no better advice than this: "For impure blood, bad stomach and weak nerves take Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Word comes from all quarters that the latest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Picking the Nose.

Is a common symptom of worms in children. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. It is simple, safe and effectual. Price 25c.

God Knows Best.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling. Lord, he prayed, it needs rain that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers. And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

Lord, prayed the monk, my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee. And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds.

Now, frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues, said the monk, and behold the little tree stood sparkling with frost. But at evening it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

I too, have planted a little tree, he said, and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no conditions. I fixed not ways nor means. Lord, send it what it needs, I prayed—storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it, and thou dost know.

Before an affliction, is digested consolation ever comes too soon; and after it is digested it comes too late; there is but one mark between these, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.—Sturte

"The doctor said I must not ride. In fact I could not ride."

"This is to certify that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best blood-purifier that I ever used," writes Mrs. M. Hartrick, of Demster, Oswego Co., N. Y.

"I am about three years since my health began to fail. Last September I gave out entirely with what the physicians pronounced enlargement of the liver. I could do nothing; my back pained me all the time; the doctor said I must not ride, in fact I could not ride nor walk, nor hardly sit still; could not lie on my right side. I commenced taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets'—took them for three months, and still continue the 'Pellets.' I was as bright and well as ever. Do you think the sermon was good medicine for him? Sermons of the right sort are very good for Sunday sickness.—Church Register.

If Mrs. Hartrick had begun the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when her "health began to fail," she would have saved that three years of increasing misery, until she "gave out entirely." For diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition there is no known remedy to compare with "Golden Medical Discovery." It reaches the heart, liver and lungs through the stomach and the blood and its cures are prompt and permanent. Nothing else will give such good results.

There is no alcohol or opium or other narcotic contained in "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" as this remedy. Don't experiment on yourself with substitutes.

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.

JANUARY 16TH.

Spring Whitewear JUST RECEIVED NIGHT GOWNS, DRAWERS, CORSET COVERS

All bought before the advance in price of Cotton and Embroideries, so are of special value.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

SALT RHEUM A Severe case Permanently Cured by Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

"I had Salt Rheum in my face for three years and could not get it to cure until I used Burdock Blood Bitters. On taking the first bottle there was a great change for the better and the second bottle was finished completely cured and have had no return of the disease since."

"I have great faith in B.B.B. for blood and skin diseases." Mrs. Bruce, Shelburne, N.S.

AGENTS WANTED For the grandest and fastest-selling book ever published. Memories of D. L. Moody

By his son, W. R. Moody, and Ira D. Sa key. A splendid life-story of the evangelist's high usefulness and the cause of fellow-man.

Published with the authority of Mrs. Moody and the family. Only authorized, authentic biography. Beautifully illustrated. Large, some 1000 more wanted, men and women.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. 3 trips a week from BOSTON

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 (last returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m.)

FREE TO ALL A SILVER PLATED TEAPOT.

Consumers of National Blend without doubt the best Blend tea on the market, when you have been twenty pounds you will receive Silver Plated Teapot free of charge. The cheapest house in town to flourish.

D. W. Estabrook & Sons York St. and Westmorland