

How to Give.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven; Give! as the waves when their channel is risen; Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river Wasting its waters, for ever and ever, Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;

Almost the day of thy giving is over; Ere from the grass dies the bee haunted clover Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Misty-mindedness.

She is the dearest woman in the world, lamented her friend, but she is so misty-minded!

It was only too true. The woman in question was warm hearted, charitable and well meaning in all the relations of life, but she was a trial to all who knew her because of her ingrained habits of inexactness, of unpunctuality and of general vagueness of mind.

Misty-mindedness is the feminine counterpart of absent-mindedness. That masculine failing, however, is usually the accompaniment of genius.

Pastor at a dinner party dipped his cherries one by one into his glass of water and carefully wiped them, explaining that they were covered with microbes, and then with a fine unconsciousness drank off the glass of water.

A famous archbishop, also dining out, forgot that he was not at his own table, and remarked loudly to his wife, This soup is again a failure my dear.

The great theologian, Neander, would walk to his class room with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella, or wander through the streets of Berlin unable to recall the situation or number of his own house.

Such absent mindedness brings only an indulgent smile, but feminine misty mindedness is another matter. This does not imply genius, only indefiniteness. Its possessor may, and indeed usually does, go through life in gentle unconsciousness, but her friends live in an atmosphere of exasperation.

There is more than one woman who habitually rustles down the church aisle just as the sermon begins and says smilingly after to her pastor: You must excuse my being always late. You know in the church where I formerly attended the service began at eleven and it seems more natural to me to come at that hour than at half past ten.

The wife of one of our most distinguished novelists has a most hospitable heart and frequently invites her friends to dine informally, but she then forgets all about the matter. When they appear in her drawing room at the time named, she smilingly observes:

Now did I ask you to dinner? Well, well, I'd quite forgotten it, but I'm delighted to see you. Just wait one moment while I put on my bonnet, and we will run around the corner to the restaurant and have a charming evening together.

A number of college girls became interested in settlement work in a city near by, and invited one hundred Jewish children to spend a day in the college grounds. A simple luncheon was prepared by the girls, consisting of milk and unlimited supplies of sandwiches.

Unfortunately, the sandwiches were all made with ham, and a certain child was thrown over the feast as one by one the conscientious but disappointed little Israelites opened them and laid aside the meat.

A young girl came to her aunt in despair, with a beautiful cloth suit covered with tarry oil. Never mind

comfortingly observed the elderly and experienced matron, vaseline will take it all out. The girl indignantly rubbed the skirt well with the vaseline, but saw no improvement. In despair she called the aunt to look at the garment, now a mass of grease. Mercy! grasped her distressed relative. Did I say vaseline? I meant gasoline.

Mrs. Deland tells of a woman who attempted to congratulate her on a recent book. Oh, I do want to thank you for your stories! I have never read anything more delightful than your Old Chestnut Tales.

It is the misty-minded woman who keeps her appointment a day too late; who goes to the wrong station to meet her friend arriving in an unknown city; who cannot understand how her bank account can possibly be overdrawn when she still has unused checks in her book. She never learns what is the trouble. Her gentle soul is perpetually being hurt by critical, impatient, ever fault-finding words, uttered in moments of indignation by her nearest and dearest; she forgives them, for she never cherishes a feeling so definite as anger, but she painfully wonders why they were said, since she had intended to do just the right thing.

Several writers have sounded the note of warning. Dr. Johnston is quoted as having said, If a boy says he looked out of this window when he looked out of that whip him. Ruskin has emphasized the necessity of training children in accuracy of observation of speech. Emerson sums it up in his Essay on Prudence: The discomfort of unpunctuality, of confusion of thought of inattention to the wants of tomorrow, is of no nation. Scatter brained and afternoon men spoil much more than their own affair in spoiling the temper of those who deal with them.

After all it is a matter of definiteness. Exact knowledge of the things of every-day life, of money, of time, of engagements, is what is needed. It would seem easy enough for one to be practical, to be punctual, to be accurate, but it is not easy. Doubtless, to her own dismay and her neighbors' exasperation, the misty-minded woman will always be with us, and will continue to wander vaguely, smilingly, exasperatingly through life.—The Congregationalist.

He Got Forty Cents.

The old circuit preachers did not preach for money. The salaries of pioneer evangelists a hundred years later—and even now—make a small figure in the history of their work. A veteran minister gives, in The Christian Oracle, a sample of his youthful experience in Kentucky, among the hills and woods of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

While a student at the Lexington Bible College he met an old mountaineer preacher, known familiarly everywhere as Uncle Jim, who proposed that they should spend a vacation together crying in the wilderness.

You lighten and I'll thunder, said the old man, and we'll bring the m in.

They went to the wildest country they could find, visited the scattered inhabitants, and called a protracted meeting. Beginning in a small and rarely used church, the services became so thronged that on the last day, which was Sunday, the assemblies were held out of doors, and the preachers talked to two thousand people seated on stumps, logs and fence rails. At the close Uncle Jim made an appeal in behalf of his young colleague.

Brethren, said he, we have had with us in this happy meeting our young brother from the Lexington Bible College, and we have enjoyed his logical discourses. It is his desire, brethren, to return to school to complete his education, and you all know, beloved, that a man cannot get an education without money. Our brother has labored for us faithfully; the laborer is worthy of his hire, and I am sure you will all be most happy to contribute something toward compensating him for his services. We cannot pass round the hat among these stumps and logs, so just come up, brethren, after the benediction, and hand the money to me.

The young brother waited at a respectful distance while the congregation melted away. At last Uncle Jim came to him with a thoughtful face, and something in his hand.

Well, my son, he said, after a pause, Brother Jones, candidate for the State Senate, gave me forty cents. You take a quarter, and I'll keep fifteen cents, and maybe it'll pay our toll.

No, said Uncle Jim, the truth is, none of these mountain folks have any money. They live on sang, snakeroot and huckleberries, and not one in ten of 'em sees five dollars in a year.

The young man preached through his vacation, rode in all two hun-

dred miles (reducing by fifty pounds the fle-h of his borrowed horse), wore out a thirty-seven dollar suit of clothes, and received in contributions seven dollars and twenty five cents. But he had gained a priceless experience, and been instrumental in adding a hundred people to the church.

No genuine apostle of the Master was ever discontented with such wages.

Christianity or Dancing.

A correspondent has sent us a decalogue of questions about dancing, of which the following are samples: Is the influence of a dance good or evil? Does the Congregational church stand for dancing? Does the majority of Congregational churches sanction dancing? Would a church be justified in making a law prohibiting drinking, gambling and dancing?

We have no hesitation in saying that Christianity and dancing do not agree very well when placed side by side, as the following incident will show. There was to be a dance in Knocnester, Mo., and a young man who had something to do with the management of the dance thought that it would be a fine joke to invite all the preachers of the town to be present. They compared notes, formed a plan, and in the midst of the revelry the dancers were surprised and embarrassed by seeing Rev. Frank Russell, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, and Rev. F. H. Bingham, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, enter the hall. They explained that they were there by special invitation, and a ked that they be allowed time to hold a special service suitable for the occasion. Rev. Mr. Russell then read a chapter from the Bible (we wonder if it was Matt. 14) and the Rev. Mr. Bingham offered a fervent prayer, at the close of which all the dancers were invited to take part in the services. A few of them accepted the invitation, but they did not seem to improve the time with much heart. The religious service lasted about forty minutes, and after the departure of the clergymen the dancing was resumed, but the religious interpolation seemed to have cast a coldness over the dancing party from which it did not recover, for the party was adjourned before the program was completed. Dancing and religion did not mix well.

But do they ever mix well? Such an incident is better than a labored argument against dancing. It puts dancing in the same category as anything else which does not show well when brought into close contact with spiritual religion. We have not directly answered our correspondent's questions, but we think that we have indicated how they may be answered in the most satisfactory way.—The Advance.

A Tonic for Doubters.

A pastor was staying once in a country village, when he was to visit a dying woman. He went to her and found her a Christian, ready and willing to die but for one thing. She was anxious about her little children, and she begged the minister to pray that they might be provided for when she was gone.

Together the mother and minister prayed for that one thing, though they knew not how their prayer could be answered in that little village where none were rich enough to take upon themselves the expense of caring for three orphans. The woman died, and at her funeral the minister spoke of his visit, and of her dying prayer.

Among those at the funeral were two strangers—a man and his wife, who were passing through the village; and by chance, as they supposed, they happened to enter the church at that hour. They were wealthy and childless, and their hearts were touched by the sight of the lonely little orphans. They took them to their hearts and home; and so that mother's prayer was answered.

A yet more striking instance of answered prayer was one that came to a poor woman in India. She had become a Christian, accepting God with simple and absolute faith. Some time after her conversion, her child fell sick—so sick that its recovery was very doubtful. Ice was needed for the little sufferer, but none was to be had.

I'm going to ask God to send us ice, the mother said to the missionary.

O, but you can't expect that He will do that! was the quick reply of the missionary.

Why not? asked the woman. He has all power, and He loves us. I shall ask Him, and I believe He will send it.

She did ask Him, with a faith that never faltered, and God honored her faith. That very day there was a heavy thunderstorm, and the woman, running out, with glad heart gathered a great bowlful of hailstones. So was answered the prayer of this mother also.—Christian Endeavor World.

Forgiveness.

A very touching incident is related of Stanley in his last journey across the Dark Continent.

Stanley had much trouble and much suffering on account of the petty thefts of the men. When other means failed to put a stop to the stealing, he doomed the next man caught to death. He was intensely distressed when the next thief caught was Uladi, the bravest and truest of his duky band. Uladi had saved many lives—his own amongst the rest. Mos Uladi die? He summoned his men around him, told them of Uladi's crime, reminded them of the punishment, but said he could not kill Uladi. Some other severe punishment must be found. The council must decide. Flogging was decided upon.

As soon as the decision was come to, Uladi crouched at Stanley's feet, while all the others crowded round in a silent circle. Into the circle one of the spectators went and said: Give me half the bows, Master. Then another stepped into the circle, and with tears falling down his cheeks, said: Will the Master give his slave leave to speak? When Stanley gave him permission, he knelt down by the side of the culprit. The Master is wise, he said. The Master knows all that has happened, for he writes it in a book, and then Master, you can turn its leaves. Perhaps it may tell how Uladi saved Zaidi from the white waters of the cataract; how he saved many men—how many I forgot—how he is worthier than any three of us; how he listens when the Master speaks, and flies at his word. Will, then, Master, thy slave fetch the book? Then, if the blows must be struck, Shumari will bear the one half and I the other.

On the completion of this touching intercession Stanley threw his whip away. Uladi is free, he said; Shumari and Sawya are forgiven.

A story of love and forgiveness like this touches our hearts and minds, yet how slight a demonstration when compared to the spirit of Christ, who did no evil himself nor was any guile found in him, yet he emptied himself; he suffered and died, not for what he never said or did, and all that we might receive forgiveness through his innocent blood. As great as earthly love may sometimes appear, the love of God transcends it all.—Michigan Presbyterian.

I Cannot Leave Him Out.

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father when she offered up her petitions to the Lord. Suddenly that father was removed by death.

Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side for an evening prayer, the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and glancing into her mother's eyes she sobbed:

Oh, mother, I cannot leave him out. Let me say, Thank God I had a dear father once, so I can keep him in my prayers.

How sweetly this dear child honored her father by her tender love.

The parent who fails to develop in his child a fondness for good books and religious papers, is making one of the most serious mistakes of his life. It is a ruinous economy to deny the family the weekly visit of the church paper, even though its purchase may call for the exercise of some self-denial; for the paper will prove an invaluable helper in inculcating right principles and developing noble characters.

POWER OF CHRIST'S GRACE.—The world darkens the soul like ink poured into a cup of clear water, but the grace of Christ brightens it, as quicksilver will the cup of ink water when poured into it.—Rev. Dr. E. P. Davis, Presbyterian Montgomery, Ala.

The largest bog in Ireland is the bog of Alan, which stretches across the centre of the island east of the Shannon and covers nearly 25,000 acres.

There are difficulties in Christianity, but there are more without Christianity.

THE D. & L. MENTHOL PLASTER is the most largely sold in Canada. For backache and all muscular pains there is nothing equal to it. Each plaster is in an air-tight tin, 25c. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

Washers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all other in coloring brown or black.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption used 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 Block's A-T-O-C-Umpive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. The medicine has no equal in curing coughs, colds, and all other affections of the throat and lungs.

One never knows a man till he has refused him something and studied the effect of the refusal. One never knows himself till he has denied himself. The altar of sacrifice is the touchstone of character. The cross compels a choice for or against Christ.—O. P. Gifford.

Sunday Work.

A Christian man was once urged by his employer to work on Sunday. Does not your Bible say that if your ass falls into a pit on the Sabbath, you may pull him out. Yes, replied the other, but if the ass had the habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath, I would either fill up the pit or sell the ass.—Moody's Stories.

Those who are near to Christ do not let Christ out of their thoughts and heart; they live in Him; He is their breath, food, drink, dwelling—everything.—Father John.

It is something besides bad air that makes a woman faint in a close theatre. A

well woman wouldn't faint. The woman who easily grows faint and dizzy—who has palpitation of the heart—a "stuffy" feeling—hot flushes—nervous troubles, better look for the cause in her digestive system or in the distinctly feminine organism—maybe in both.

Women who are not quite well and don't know just what is the matter, and women who are really sick and don't know exactly what is the matter should write at once to Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., stating their symptoms in detail. They will be advised by Dr. Pierce without charge.

Dr. Pierce is, and for over thirty years has been, chief consulting physician in the world-renowned Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. He has treated and cured more suffering women than any other physician in the world, and more of his "Favorite Prescription," for the correction and cure of all disorders and diseases of the feminine organs, except cancer, has been sold than of all other similar medicines.

Write to Dr. Pierce. If his medicines are what you need he will tell you so, if they are not what you need he will honestly say so and will tell you what to do. Dr. Pierce's advice will not be biased by the hope of selling you a few bottles of medicine.

If you wish to study up your own case Dr. Pierce will send you, free of all cost, a paper-bound copy of his great 1000-page book, the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," of which over 750,000 were sold at \$1.50 a copy. All that Dr. Pierce asks is that you send 3¢ cent stamps, to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. For the book in fine French cloth send 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well.

years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a box of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most severe attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have not been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complete Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in my condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N'S will not benefit. They banish pain and soothe the nerves. One gives relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.N'S on the package and accept no substitutes. R.I.P.A.N'S is made of twelve packets for 50 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Agents, Chamberlain & Co., New York.

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(Signed) MRS. A. W. IRISH, Kingston.

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Our H... a hand to the... Do to what he know... and he falls in the... He has a hard battle... who strives against... Will find a most po... honor to him if he... A cheer to the boy...

There's many a battle... The world knows n... There's many a brave... Whose strength... and he who fight... Is more a hero, I... than he leads... And conquers by a...

steadfast, my boy... and firm by the c... And you will c... the right, 'be you... In waging the war... and God, who know... Will give you the...

Two Lit

Tom Clark and... ere little men of... rans for the... good for anybody... out in coal, carried... for the milkman...

to fact, did any... turs by which th... ents to help pay... 'We're getting... to help all we... marked to his b... eply always was...

Tom was elev... 's, he proudly... as nine years of... One day Mr. ... looking very grav... turned from scho...

'Anything the... Tom inquired an... 'Well, I call it any... might be worse;... got to move.'...

'Got to move!... a tone which im... think it any gre... move.

'Yes, the peop... want to live in i... 'Where are w... asked Tom.

'Ah that's th... Clark 'we do th... th house-hun... 'But seems... be plenty of hou... Tom encourag... of 'lo let' sig...

'Yes, but wh... houses they are... Mrs. Clark retu... And that was...

be. Soie of... small, there... which might d... paid. Bt fina... hunting tip, M... looking very... though she ha... wanted The h... the res reason... all about it fro... The omer was... would go the n...

The followin... boys sent hom... their parents a... 'Did you see... Tom asked the... 'Yes.'

'Not quite... from Jamie.

'Oh, yes, th... want, but they... any one with... 'Why, we w... Jamie.

'Of course w... I know that... make stranger... man's wife, an... the house, and... pleased at the... When I menti... her face chang... told me that s... band would co... in the house... call this after... me very little... any good.'

'What is th... and where is... 'The house... Grand avenue... Ryder.'

'Why, we... we've taken u... 'Yes, and p... Jamie.

That after... see the owner... 'You see... Ryder, 'I ha... times to fami... time they ha... were careful... nearly destroy... the rule. I a...

like trying it... Mr. Ryder... with Mrs. C.