

Courage.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Bind me with the burning tears, but look
beyond
Its tumults and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad
breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kiss
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's
pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me?
Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds
are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me
be:
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness—
me
The power of light befriended.
—CELIA THAXTER.

Revenues of the Wicked.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

Money from bad sources seems to be a curse instead of a blessing. I always thought so and especially after reading the following words: "In the revenues of the wicked is trouble."

Money obtained from men of doubtful character for even good purposes generally brings trouble, for it often happens that such money seems to be somewhat like those who gave it—crooked.

A gentleman in the State of New Jersey made a fortune in the lottery business, after which he became a very prominent religious character. He was a good man, and gave very liberally to all good objects, especially to the spread of the Word of God among the people.

But his money was a curse to his sons. He had about the worst boys I ever came in contact with.

A steamboat plying on the Hudson river was named after the ex lottery man; but that steamboat did not keep his name before the public as much as did the wicked acts of one of his sons.

It is the revenue from the liquor traffic that gives the saloons so much power. The larger the revenue derived from such a source the greater will be the destruction brought about.

Good money is bad money when wrongfully acquired. It does not change the matter if the money is applied to some good purpose.

When a man is given an official position in a church because of his wealth and not because he is a devout Christian, that is the hour when trouble begins to brew in that church.

Clean money for the house of the Lord is the only kind that is pleasing in the sight of God.

There is generally trouble when a combination of bad men put their money together for even business purposes. There is power in money, and when it is held in the grasp of wicked men there is no end to the bad things that may result.

Young men should be careful as to the business ventures they engage in. Ill-gotten gains will come home to roost in this world, to say not a word about the next world.

Those who acquire money in ways that they should not, will find out that such money will burn holes in their pockets and also singe and harden their hearts.

Men who get money wrongfully seem to catch a kind of disease that takes hold of them from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet. The disease cannot be cured except by one doctor, and that one is the Great Physician.

A nation that receives money from a wrong source does not go unpunished. The way of the wicked is an abomination, and God is faithful in His punishment as well as in His rewards.

I always feel sorry to hear of children who have come into possession of ill-gotten wealth. What a load they have to carry. What a wonderful amount of grace they need to carry such a burden.

What we want—whether we have it or not—is a good heart, clean money, and a disposition to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

The intense love of money in these days is the cause of much misery, and keeps thousands strangers to Christ.

The man who lives only to make money should stop and think that when he dies he cannot take even a cent away with him. It is well that men have to die—especially

those who live only for the purpose of accumulating wealth. A certain amount of money is a necessity; but that amount should not be acquired at the expense of our soul's interests. Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith.

The revenues of the wicked are a curse to those who get them and a curse to those who do not. What hurts a few also hurts the many. It is almost useless to talk against the saloons in a high-license town. The consciences of the people of such a town have become hardened by the devilish money that the town officials have received.

Both taxpayers and the public officials have got to themselves such stony hearts that the pleadings of widows and the cries of orphans seem to have no effect. What can we do if deprived of the revenue from the liquor traffic? has more influence over them than the question, What will become of them at the Judgment Day?

I know a man who takes pride in showing the only dollar his father left him, because that dollar was earned by mending shoes.

An honest dollar is a dollar honestly earned. All others are not up to the standard.—Sabbath Reading.

Brushing off the Bloom.

There are many ways of brushing off the radiant bloom of girlhood, says Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, in The Christian Endeavor World.

Not long ago I entered a large department store. On one counter I saw some dainty waists marked at so low a price that I paused to examine them. Why are these sold so cheaply? I asked of the clerk. Oh, she replied, they are shop-worn you would not notice it at a glance, but their freshness is gone; so we have to put down the price. After a while, if they get more soiled, we will toss them over there, and she pointed to a table whereon lay a pile of waists with a placard above, telling that they were to be sold below even the cost of material. Around this table stood a crowd of people pulling over the pile of waists soiling them still more, then leaving them a tumbled heap upon the floor. Those are of the same material as these on the counter, said the clerk and both are the same as these, pointing to dainty waists in boxes marked at prices more than quadruple those upon the table.

You see, she explained, people who are particular don't want to buy goods that are not fresh. They'd rather pay more for the same article that has not been handled by so many.

I looked at the clerk. She seemed so sweet and dainty that I thought her bloom had not been sullied; but just then a fellow clerk spoke to her, and she replied, You bet your sweet life I won't. The bloom had been brushed off at least a little. Then a young fellow crowded through behind the counter, and, laying his hand rudely on her shoulder, said, Get out of my way, Jess.

Oh, go long; you're too fresh, replied the girl saucily.

Poor child, I said to myself as I passed out of the store. She does not know how well her soiled goods represent the sifting of a girl's nature. She does not know that every rude, irreverent touch brushes off the bloom of innocence and purity.

Through unsuspected crevices may steal in the influences that brush off the perfect bloom. And not alone in actual deeds is this result attained. Thoughts, words, imaginings, are often full of devastating power.

The romance that paints sin with a dainty touch poisons the heart and undermines the judgment, and in the tolerance of the thought of evil the bloom is brushed from the heart. And evil tolerated in thought can more easily be crystallized into deed.

The companionship that is only a little below the best opens the way for companionship that is actually evil. The jest that plays with the brilliancy of wit around a hidden shame, or that transforms a sacred theme into an open vulgarity, leaves its taint upon the heart, and makes it more receptive to a coarser witicism.

Anything that lowers the ideal of manhood or womanhood, that decks vice with flowers, that makes infidelity in love or marriage a thing to be looked upon pardonably, these all brush off the bloom and taint the purity.

Books may be written by those who have great reputation; but, if they make one think less worthy of life, they are bad books, no matter how much the critics may praise them. They may be full of poetic imagery; but, if they arouse voluptuous imaginings until the mind revels in daydreams of sensuous pleasures, they are destroying the power of self-protection and weakening the barrier of virtue.

We shrink from the bold touch that actually destroys, and yet per-

haps delight in the gentle caresses that brush off the bloom; and herein lies the greatest danger.

If all impurity were bold and aggressive, we should recognize and repel it. But we often do not see the worm at the root of the flower, and only know, when the blossom is tainted and broken, that an evil influence has been insidiously at work. Remember, girls, the only amarantine flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.

The Hoarding Habit.

Is there a woman who can cross her heart, as the children say, and affirm that her make-up is wholly free from any streak of miserliness? What is the meaning, then, of those bundles upon bundles of things stored away in the garret, and of the evidences of this unlvely trait revealed by the button bag? We call it prevision, thrift, economy—any thing but that which acknowledged as kinship with any one so detestable as a person given to saving and hoarding unduly. But a better name is the hoarding habit—a habit which, on the surface, seems housewifely and judicious, but at the last analysis is often a selfish and unwise economy.

For instance, a young girl owned a fine ulster, which she had outgrown. She looked around to find a worthy poor child to whom she could give it. The ulster had beautiful buttons, which its prudent owner at first decided to replace by less expensive ones, thinking a time might come when she could use them.

She boggled with her conscience before she came to a conclusion. They will surely come in some day, said the hoarding habit; take them off. While conscience said: You are giving this to a young girl who, though poor, no doubt enjoys pretty buttons as much as you do. You have had them two years already. Why be selfish and deprive the other girl of what may be a keen pleasure?

Five years have since passed and there has not been a time when she would have used the buttons had the hoarding habit conquered.

This may seem a very small matter. Few of us, however, have the opportunity for anything bigger than a petty self-sacrifice, thought for others and cheerful giving. Aside from this aspect of the question, is there real economy in saving every odd end and end for some doubtful contingency? Without question there are some things we ought to save, buttons off garments fit for the rag-bag, old muslin, linen—but what of those old coats and trousers those dresses, that broken chair which might some day be useful? Those trimmings off hats—how often it would be kinder and truer economy to give to some poor person the well trimmed hat than to denude it, and throw it, an unsightly spectacle on the ash heap! There, too, is that box of old ribbons, which would delight the heart of any child. Magazines accumulate so rapidly, yet we hoard them, thinking that we may bind them some time, and the years pass while they grow yellow and mouse-eaten and the hospitals and prisons are cry-out for reading matter.

Among the possessions of the sacred past much is saved from mere habit. We have had them so long that we have not the heart to destroy them even long after all deeper, sweeter feelings have faded into ghostly proportions. Even the tokens of deathless remembrance may sometimes fall under callous eyes, into careless hands, so would it not be more becoming for us to bury the dead past than to leave it to the unloving?

Time spent in overhauling our hoarding spring and autumn is no small item in the argument against laid-up treasures. Not only is time money, but space, too, is precious—microbes many. The poor we have always with us. Can we afford the hoarding habit!—The Congregationalist.

Singing Away the Pain.

A party of tourists were driving along the country road leading to Killarney, that fine old town among the Irish lakes. As they came within sight of a cottage standing back from the road, with a lovely garden of flowers in front, there reached them the sound of singing.

The voice was full of sweetness, rich and strong, now and then rising into such lofty strains it seemed like an angel's song, then dropping to the mellow softness of a mother soothing her babe to sleep.

The little company was entranced. What genius in obscurity was here? Some, one, surely, born to win fame and fortune when brought forward and trained by suitable teachers.

If I could ever hope to sing like that! exclaimed the young man who was driving, himself a student of music; and then stopping his horses, he said, Let us find who he is, perhaps I might be of help; but here he paused as a young girl came

out of the garden gate toward them. She had a basket on her arm as if going to market. As she was passing, dropping a slight courtesy as she did so, he asked, "Will you please tell me who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?"

Yes, indeed, said the girl, turning a bright face toward them. It is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singing the pain away the while.

For an instant the company was speechless; then the young man asked: Is he young? Can he ever get over the trouble? Tell these ladies about it, please?

Oh, he is getting a bit old now, was the answer. No, the doctors say he'll never be the better of it in this world, but—and her voice dropped into tender pathos—he's that heavenly good, it would come nigh to making you cry sometimes to see him, with the tears running down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest.

Amen, said the young men reverently; and with a Thank you, dear, from the ladies they drove slowly on.

And there shall be no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away, said Aunt Myra, softly.—Christian Life.

Nothing According to Our Ideas

Though the early converts in the Hawaiian Islands were earnest, true-hearted Christians, many amusing things happened among them, owing to the fact that they advanced in Christianity more rapidly than in the manners and customs of civilization. The "Transformation of Hawaii" gives several instances where missionaries found it difficult to preserve their gravity.

One afternoon a wedding occurred in the church at Kihala. Half a dozen couples came to be married at the same time. They presented themselves in a long time before the missionary, but when their names were called and their hands joined, one of the brides was found to be missing. In answer to the missionary's question as to what had become of her, the bridegroom replied, without the slightest embarrassment, O, she's at the door putting on her dress! She had probably carried her costume for miles under her arm. In a few moments she appeared, and the ceremony proceeded in due form.

The natives had an especial fondness for squeaking shoes, thinking it added to their elegance. The louder the noise a pair of shoes made, the more they were willing to pay for them. A missionary who had a foreign shoemaker in his congregation tells of a native who came to leave an order with him for a pair of shoes, saying he wanted them made "with a squeak!" The missionary, curious to hear what he would say, asked how much squeak he desired—a half, or a quarter dollar's worth? The man replied that he wanted the largest squeak that could be made, even if it cost a dollar!

According to Hawaiian ideas of etiquette, it was the woman's privilege to make a proposal of marriage. One fine-looking young native, who was asked why he had not married, frankly replied that "none of the girls had asked him yet!"

If Mamma Isn't a Christian.

An influential lady, the wife of a promising lawyer, who had been under deep conviction for several days, gave the following account of her conversion.

"Mamma are you a Christian?" "No, I am not."

As she walked off I heard her say:

"If mamma isn't a Christian, I don't want to be one."

It went to my heart. I gave myself to Christ.

Mother, do you want your children to be what you are—to go where you are going?—Echoes.

He who begs for praise is not likely to get it. The soul shrinks from the man who is a "mediocant in a way so disgusting. But he who does his duty, thinking not of himself, but of the Lord, will not be without commendation.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickley's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

Baldness is either hereditary or caused by sickness, mental exhaustion wearing tight-fitting hats, and by over work and troubles.

"Safe bind, safe find." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now and be sure of good health for months to come.

The Boss Knows

A building was being torn down, and a laborer, who was noted among the workmen for his lack of intelligence, was set to pull at a rope attached to the top of a wall. Do you think, a passer-by asked that you are going to pull that thick wall down in that way? The man continued his tugs as he replied, It don't seem so to me, but I guess the boss knows what he is about.

After an hour's pulling the man felt a slight vibratory response to his tug, and at last the wall swayed and fell. It had been undermined, and the man who gave the order knew that, although the man who pulled the rope did not. He obeyed as Peter obeyed Christ's commands to let down the net. Perhaps, if more faith were exercised in Christ's commands now, we should be as much astonished at the result as Peter was.—The Christian Herald.

What is the value of this estate? said one gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

I don't know what it is valued I know what it cost its late possessor.

How much?
His soul.

There is no policeman to enforce the laws of health and to call "stop!"



when you are in danger from disease. But Nature has her own danger signals. When pain shoots like a lightning flash along the nerves, when the heart beats feebly or irregularly, when there is unnatural fullness after eating, sour risings, headache, coated tongue or irritable temper, then Nature is plucking you by the sleeve and calling "stop!" To neglect these warnings is dangerous. Derangement of the stomach and the beginning of trouble for the whole body.

As a complete cure for disease of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands without an equal. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system of poisonous accumulations, nourishes the starved nerves and builds up the entire body, blood and bone, muscle and nerve.

"It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pell's' have done for me," writes Mrs. T. M. Palmer, of Peede, Kaufman Co., Texas. "Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me—one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me (one at a time) for one year. I stopped taking their medicine and tried patent medicine; got no better, and I grew so weak and nervous my heart would flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now I can do my house work very well, am gaining in flesh and strength, and can eat anything."

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Women's Ailments.



Women's ailments are the most reliable remedy for kidney complaint. They do not only relieve the pains and aches, make women happy—able to enjoy life to the full. Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Brimley St. John, N. B., says: "I had severe kidney trouble, treated by a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received no relief. I then used Doan's Kidney Pills, and in a few days my trouble was cured. Before taking them I was stoop to tie my shoes, and at times such torture that I could not turn without assistance. Doan's Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and removed every pain and

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