

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful faces are those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro—  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.  
—Selected.

Three Nineteenth-Century Boys.

BY MARY FENTON BIGELOW.

One of these boys had a father so methodical that the absence of his son at dusk, when the door was always closed for the night, did not prevent the usual use of the key. David found the door barred as no doubt he expected, but he neither knocked nor made an outcry. Producing a bit of bread from some pocket or other, he seated himself on the door-stone for the night. He found it a serviceable rule then, as later, to make the best of the least pleasant situation. He was a persevering little fellow, for at nine years he had learned the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm so thoroughly that in repeating it in two evenings he made but five unimportant errors. He was at work in a factory at ten, his assistance in the support of the family being needed, but very soon his wages were divided between his mother's lap and the bookstall. Later he worked from six in the morning until eight at night; studied in an evening school from eight to ten; continuing his studies until midnight or after unless his mother snatched his books from his hands.

A wise mother, but—  
"Little knew my mother,  
The day she cradled me,  
The lands that I should wander o'er,  
The death that I should see."

He never forgot her in all his wanderings, until the night he was found kneeling beside his bed, alone, dead, in his own dear Africa. He set up a stone over her and his father's grave:  
To show the resting-place....  
and to express the thankfulness to God of their children for poor and pious parents.

But David was a genuine boy, fond of expeditions for fun and spoils, and not afraid of risky adventures. Poachers had not an enviable reputation in his time, and were subject to pains and penalties; but he thought for himself, and considered the salmon that came in his way as fair game as the trout he was fishing for. A suitable bag for transporting the large fish not being at hand, he used the leg of his brother's trousers for the purpose, and all the neighbors were very sorry for the swollen leg which poor Charlie dragged home!

There was a tradition that no member of David's family for many generations, had ever been guilty of dishonesty; neither had every one of them been a donkey. David was careful not to break the record thus made by a good name; and when he restored its final e, which had been dropped in the course of years, he felt the name's insignificance. An old school-mate, now a man of some distinction, wrote the hope that his name might prove propitious: In all your long and weary journeys may the Living half of your title outweigh the other, till, after long and blessed labours, the white stone is given you in the other land.

One of David's teachers gave him advice from his deathbed, which he so accepted that it coloured all his future:

Now, lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts, for if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you.

He became a physician, a minister, a missionary, a traveller, an explorer; he was a statesman as well, though he had no place in the parliament of the world; and the foundation of all his success and fame was the fact that religion was his everyday business. Was not David Livingstone as boy and man a worthy example?

There was another, a boy of moods of dogged obstinacy and passionate outbursts, he himself records of natural indolence. But he had the grace of many such lovable, quick tempered boys; he repented quickly and sincerely.

When a little fellow he told his mother that of all things he would like to be a clergyman. But why, Coley? And being pressed for a reason, he said he would like to say the Absolution; it made the people look so happy. He had learned the sweetness of pardon granted by his mother and his heavenly Father.

The little Bible given him on his fifth birthday by his father, as distinguished judge, was read, and even then, studied. He found some problems, such as What became of all the fish during the flood? and once, when called by the other children to join in some nursery game, he wished to wait a minute to finish binding Satan for a thousand years.

One thing about Coley's boyhood specially delights me. He was full of boyish spirits, overrunning with fun and play as any normally healthy boy should be, but he was never careless or flippant in church or at any place or time of religious worship. A nurse remembered that when he was seven he stood opposite his younger brother saying his prayers at her knee, telling him to think about it Jemmy; think about it! He did not lose this reverent spirit or respectful manner when he was at school; nor a righteous indignation with open disapproval of the too frequent faults of schoolboys and college men. He was an enthusiastic cricket player, and soon making a decided reputation at Eton, was elected captain of the college eleven—a coveted honour. He won some glorious matches, and though temptation is not far from such or any popularity, he was strong enough to meet it, because he was religious—with a boy's religion, to be sure; but what other kind should a boy possess? It had long been the custom for certain songs, offensive to pure ears and clean hearts, to be sung at the annual dinner of the Eton eleven. When Coley came to his place at the head of the table he gave plain notice that he would not allow it. One daring fellow presumed to defy the captain, and began an objectionable song.

I shall leave the room, and suiting his action to his words as the singing continued, he went out and sent back his resignation. His comrades, however, compelled his return to the room and the position on his own terms, and one pure, brave boy worked a moral revolution.

Had these traits and deeds, the outcome of an active purpose to overcome natural faults by divine grace, any bearing on the character and career of the future Bishop Patterson, the glorious missionary martyr?

One more nineteenth century boy confessed that he was naturally idle and would not learn of himself. And unfortunately I was always sent to places (private schools or the instruction of tutors) where I was not driven to learn.

But this boy woke up to a perception of his faults, and whither they would lead him; he so conquered them that later it was recorded of him that his industry and application were immense and unwearied. No one could accuse him of trifling with his time, or with the smallest degree of self-indulgence. He was scrupulously painstaking in the execution of any work he undertook.

He says, too, that if he had any natural moral courage, it was nearly destroyed in his boyhood by the old-fashioned severity with which his faults were punished. He had marked physical courage, and coming to feel the straits into which his lack of the more necessary quality of bravery brought his soul, he reclaimed it nobly. One of his early friends said that he sometimes called himself Mr. Ready-to-Halt, but to us he appeared rather Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, with his sword ever in hand.

His grandfather was a man of prodigious strength. James tells in his journal that the old man was once passing a cart stuck fast in the mud, from which six men were striving in vain to remove it; he bade them stand aside and lifted it out by himself.

The young man had much of the same unusual strength, and could never resist bearing a hand where muscle was required.

Then, he was a born naturalist; the secrets of flowers and moss, of insect and bird, of stone and tree, were his natural prey. He always hoped for many beetles and much moss, wherever his holidays took him. Of course he was an eager collector of specimens, but his mother's intelligent aid in judicious selection and classification made it more than a passing fad.

Such a boy could not fail to be fond of adventure; the more dangerous the more attractive. He lost a thumb in one wild affair with a wasp's nest and gunpowder, and narrowly escaped disaster in other cases.

One has to spend so many years in learning to be happy, but James Hanington learned the art early. He was in some subtle way the life

and soul of our set, a fellow-undergraduate wrote. He possessed what the Scotchman calls wrect (weight) which made him a force. He was sound at the core, and had the principles which tell in college life to great purpose. By and by the consecration of his varied talents and powers to Christ and his service pulled out all the stops of the organ.

"And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ did move,  
That he might lean upon his arm and say,  
Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

I hope that the boys who read this little sketch will hunt out The Life of Bishop Hanington, to find it as fascinating as any story of adventure. He was a traveller and ardent yachtsman before he went over sea to what was then darkest Africa indeed. He died an awful death, but he joined the glorious company of apostles and martyrs so many of whom have found their way from the Dark Continent. Only a brief life of thirty-eight years, a little longer than our Master's, but long enough for much gallant fighting and many great victories.

These were three delightfully interesting boys. The world will need such heroes in the next century; the boys of whom these are to be made are living now and getting ready for their place in history and heaven. God bless and speed them!—Classmate.

How to Speak in Prayer Meeting.

How shall I speak in prayer meeting? Would you really like to know? Are you anxious to express what is in your heart? Here are three rules, as simple as A. B. C. First, speak to God about the matter. This must come first, of course. It is more necessary than all your reading or thinking, even though it may be in the best of books, the Bible. It precedes all else. It will clear your way for reading and thinking. Some of this higher criticism would have been side-tracked long ago, or would never have found a track, if there had been more talking to God, and less talking to men, when they begin to search the Scriptures; and there would be fewer young men, and older men, who are floundering around in the slough of despond.

Second, have something to say. In other words, have a purpose in your speaking. You might soar like a Demosthenes, and have said nothing. If you have spoken to God first about the matter, He will tell you where to find the something. He has promised to do it, and He never fails. I do not mean to infer that it is not necessary to study, but I do mean that if you want to be prepared to take part in the prayer service, or to lead a meeting, preface it with remarks, if you will give you something to say if God will Him, or the promises are void. It may not come in a moment. It may require much searching of God's word and your own heart.

Diamonds are made beautiful by polishing. We dig for gold. It takes a patient angler at times to land the trout. Be not discouraged. God will help find the something and the right something.

Third, say it in straight, plain English, to God's glory.

You may not be cultured, as culture comes from the schools of learning. You may not know a word of Latin, and Euclid may be as dead to you as the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian obelisk, but if God gives you the message, use the tongue God has given you to express it.

There is a man whom I know, who must go through the dictionary and pick out all the long words he can find, and people smile when he speaks.

This is not speaking to edification any more than the poor fellow who knocks the king's English down at every blow.

Both can improve, and make the right preparation.—Selected.

At Last It Paid.

How many runs this month, captain? I asked a friendly fireman. We didn't turn a wheel came the positive reply.

Didn't turn a wheel this month! I exclaimed. Well, well! As I went on my way I mused: The city has fed two great horses for one month and paid \$300 or \$400 in wages to five men for the same time, and all for what? Nothing. Didn't turn a wheel. That \$400 might have been given to the city's poor; it might have been invested in some manner so as to bring the taxpayers a return. Why, children could have— Listen! As I mused deep clanging bells send out a fearful peal.

Fire! Fire! they cry on every hand, and a great business block gives indication of fire within. A few minutes more and \$10,000 worth of property will be doomed,

when from down the street sounds a rattling speed, the horses plunging madly, the department that didn't turn a wheel for thirty days. There was the captain holding the reins, his hat off, and shirt sleeves ripping in the wind. They are the first on the scene, and within three minutes a line of hose is laid, and these same men are ascending ladders and diving into windows that belch with smoke and flame. Though we have lost sight of the fire, we know they are fighting the fiend, and soon they come out again covered with smoke, ash, and—glory. The fire is conquered, the beautiful building saved, and as the sweating horses and exhausted men go slowly back to their retreat I muse again: For thirty days the city paid out a total of \$400. On the thirty-first day it saved \$10,000. It paid the city to be ready, to watch.

Watch ye! the Master says. Yes, if for thirty days the tempter does not come, do not close the eyes. It pays to be on the look out. It may take time and attention, but it pays.—Robert Zaring.

What Followed.

The old minister closed the book and looked around the village church. You are told, he said, when you make a feast to call to it not your rich neighbors, but the poor, the maimed, and the blind. I want each one of you when you go home to consider what God has given to you beside food with which to make a feast, and who are the poor folk whom you should bid to it.

People glanced, smiling, at each other, for the good man was full of queer suggestions. The idea remained in the minds of some of his hearers.

It bothered Phil Durrance as he sat alone in his room. Phil was the blacksmith's son, whom his father, by dint of years of hard work and saving, had sent to college. He was grateful to his father, but he felt that his education had made a great gulf between him and the old man. His companions were his classmates. He had meant to spend this afternoon with some of them, discussing a paper he had written on the history of his native State. Instead, he took it downstairs to the kitchen, where his father and mother, in their Sunday clothes, sat nodding over the fire.

I want to read you something I have written, he said cheerily.

They drew up their chairs, their eyes sparkling with pride and delight, and listened with a keen, shrewd intelligence that surprised him. They were able, too, to correct some mistakes that he had made, and to give him some facts new to him.

"I haven't had as pleasant a day for years, Phil, said the old man, when the paper was finished. His old mother said nothing, but kissed him, her eyes full of tears.

So the minister's question was answered.

A Sunshiny Husband.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth working in and for. If the man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her pudding and her mending basket, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic and cordial of companionship of a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment and how fully he deferred to her opinion.—Christian Work.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—John Bunyan.

A soul deaf to God's voice is very easily charmed by the voice of the tempter.—Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Do you read what people say about Hood's Sarsaparilla? It is a wonderful tonic and invigorator. It will help you.

If you desire a luxurious growth of healthy hair of natural color, nature's growing ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Buller in His Home.

Sir Redvers Buller is not a person who will allow any ordinary consideration to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty. At a dinner in his house not long ago a certain well known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so "off color" that the ladies were excitedly distressed.

When dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell "Mr. A's carriage," he ordered, when the butler appeared. I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A, and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes.

Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm and led him gently into the hall. "It is time for you to go," he said, quietly, and his guest went.—San Francisco Wave.

FAULT FINDING AT HOME.—The home is no place for the scold. It ought ever to be the scene of forbearance, love, charity and affluity. Husband and wife, parents and children, should be kind, gentle, responsive and helpful. Thus will be realized the sweetest of joys, the noblest of confidences and the dearest and most enduring of relations saips.—The Pre-byterian.

What Motherhood Means



Motherhood means either happiness or misery. There is scant happiness for the mother, who in pain and weakness brings into the world a weakling babe which she can neither nurse nor nourish. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription fits women for motherhood. It strengthens the maternal organism. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and brings refreshing sleep. It makes the birth hour practically painless and gives the mother the nourishment to give her child.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics. "Words cannot express how grateful I am for your kind advice and your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. D. B. Barrieks, of Perrows, Campbell Co., Va. "I feel that it has cured me. I had been in poor health for four years. Suffering greatly with my right side, also with bearing-down pains, and my nerves were in a dreadful state. After using four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' I am now well. I am the mother of two children. With the first child I suffered twenty-eight hours, and with the second I used your medicine and was sick only three hours. I believe Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to be the best medicine in the world for suffering females. I wish you great success, and hope that God will bless you in your noble work."

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IN

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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.

A SARNIA LAD

Tells How Milburn's Heart Nerve Pills Cured Her Nervous Troubles and Strengthened Her Weak System

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are an inestimable boon to anyone suffering from nervousness or derangement of the nerves or whose blood is thin and pale. Mrs. E. Horning, of 115 George St. Sarnia, Ont., is one of those whose experience with this remedy is well worth considering.

It is as follows:—"I am pleased to commend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nervous trouble, matter how severe or of how long standing. For years my nerves have been terribly weak condition, but Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got from Geary's Pharmacy, have strengthened them greatly and invigorated my system, leaving me no excuse for not making the most of my virtues. "I cannot refrain from recommending these pills to all sufferers as a splendid remedy for nervousness and weakness."

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