

Growing Old.

are growing old together, John and I; We have seen youth's precious morning Swiftly fly; We have seen life's summer bloom Quick from autumn shade make room; We have watched the rustling flight Of life's song birds out of sight; We have known the hopes and fears Crowding full life's busy years; All the changes who can tell. Since Love rang our wedding bell, Life's great joy, that came, we know, 'Five-and-twenty years ago!'

We have planned and hoped together, John and I; We have sowed to reap together By and by; Not the good for which we grieved, Not the harvest that, we hoped, Always waited; but the frost O'er home's threshold never crossed, Come what might, of good or ill, Mutual love kept shining still; And when life some joy denied Love still found us side by side. With the trust we learned to know 'Five-and-twenty years ago!'

We have lived and toiled together, John and I; We have mourned and wept together, John and I; We have clasped in tender arms Babyhood's sweet, winsome charms; And the churchyard holds a name Only John and I claim; While from childhood homes we miss A father's smile, a mother's kiss; Yet our clinging hearts still say, 'We must walk life's chosen way— Just the way we learned to know 'Five-and-twenty years ago!'

We must walk life's shadowy valley, John and I; Locks of brown will turn to silver By and by; Lines will mark the once smooth face, Care and grief will leave their trace, Hands will not so lightly move, Love by tender tasks to prove, Feet will stow and slower take Countless steps, for love's sweet sake, But, dear heart, what can we ask More than this—that age may bask In love's rays, that brightened so 'Five-and-twenty years ago!'

Chopping the Church into Bits.

Brothers A. and B. were accustomed to speak very freely to each other, and the vital question of church life received vigorous treatment at their hands. They were resting just after their weekly spin, and brother A. looked rather glum for a man who had enjoyed ten good miles of the glad, open air life of a per- or summer day.

"No, I am not as happy as I ought to be on this glorious morning, but fact is, things are not all right with my church. There is a want of reality and spiritual power, in spite of our numbers, wealth and superficial success, that causes me grave misgiving. A. was evidently deeply in earnest, and B. let him talk on. I have a large church, my people are generous, and the Sunday morning congregation is all a pastor's heart could wish. But there is a formality, an inertia, a want of enthusiasm, a coldness to certain kinds of appeal that makes me tremble when I look below the surface.

Brother B. expressed his surprise at this revelation, for A.'s was one of the leading churches of the body, and an outsider would have pronounced it a paradise for a pastor. But, thought B., each foot knows where its own shoe pinches. B. sympathetically expressed a wish for particulars, and A. continued:

To begin with, I don't get more than a baker's dozen to my evening service; my prayer meeting is attended by one little set as to age and sentiment; the Y. P. S. C. E. have their own weekly meetings, and even they reach but a section of the young people; the Woman's Missionary Society is divided into two separate water-tight compartments and does its grand work all by itself; the Sunday-school, though effective, is also a separate institution, and so on through all the church life—the King's Daughters, the Boys' Brigade and the Young Men's Club, the mothers' meeting, the deacons, the trustees are all taking on separate organizations and expressions of life, and we are chopping the church up into little bits.

Let me give you an instance, continued Brother A. You remember our late State Association meeting. It was one of the finest in our history, and the crowning day was when the women's societies met in the afternoon with the ministers and delegates. The house was crowded; the air was electric; a divine enthusiasm spoke in every voice and eye. The addresses inspired one to go back home to work and pray as never before. As I looked over that throng of young and old, of men and women, of thinkers and workers, I realized what a power the united church was.

What was my chagrin and dismay when next week, instead of the delegates bringing the reports of that grand convocation before the united church, they were ex-

pected to report severally to their separate meetings, and so this concentrated energy of a year's life was scattered and minimized over half a dozen small meetings, each interested on y in one phase of the great whole. Each one got, no doubt, a little of the information and a little of the fire, but the impressiveness and power of a united church was lost. In a word, I believe my church is cold, formal and ineffective as a spiritual agency because of this vicious division of our sympathies and work according to sizes, sexes, sentiments and specialties—these sibilants of separation, let us call them.

But Brother A., exclaimed B. in astonishment, you would not abolish our Y. P. S. C. E. and Woman's Missionary Societies, two of the most distinctive and successful institutions of our century.

I don't want to abolish anything; I simply want to point out a tendency of our time in all our societies which, if it goes much farther, will split the church of Jesus Christ into a dozen little churchlings.

Take the Woman's Missionary Societies first. Ably conducted, devoted, enthusiastic and resourceful, yet by virtue of these very qualities they have drawn to their separate organizations the missionary interest of the churches. I have known many instances in which the members, in their excessive zeal to swell the treasury of the Woman's Board, have got their husbands to give their annual missionary subscription through the woman's society instead of the church. Indeed, this separation of the benevolences into the separate heads of church, Y. P. S. C. E., Sunday-school and Woman's Board is a thoroughly schismatic and unscriptural method. It is bad enough that we should have to work and pray separately, but it is simply suicidal to have separate treasuries and separate acknowledgments of that work and its gifts; for this is an acknowledgment, in our administrative life, that these societies are of co-ordinate authority and influence with the church. Our woman's societies are a great power deserving of the most careful administrative consideration, but in religion as in government one principle prevails—the power of the purse; where money is collected and voted there is supreme authority. The woman's societies, therefore, should pay their moneys into the treasuries of the local churches, and thus act towards all external organizations as a part of the church of which they are vital members.

At this point Brother B., became strongly excited, for he is a strong supporter and warm admirer of the women and their work. The women are surely not to be blamed for doing their duty if the men neglect theirs. Let the men rather imitate their example and not hinder their zeal.

That's it, retorted A. You see, Brother B. you are separating the church into men and women, into classes and ages. This is the ecclesiastical vice of the day. In Christ there is neither male nor female, young nor old, learned or illiterate. The glory and power of the church is its comprehensiveness in discarding the accidents of age, temperament, social position and sex. It is the only institution that includes and satisfies all life. Yet this splendid distinction we are lightly sacrificing to the false ideas of our time. Verily we are separating what God hath joined together, the men are losing the tenderness of the women, and the women the breadth and deep grasp of the men; while the old are losing the simplicity and fervor of the young, and the young the maturity and vigor of the old.

O stop right there, Brother A., you must not say a word about the young people's society. They have done a wonderful thing at least.

That's my next point, quickly replied A. Have you not noticed, when a company of ministers are talking confidentially, the shaking of the head when the Y. P. S. C. E. work is discussed? Well, the reason is that we ministers are finding out that the Endeavor Society is becoming a church within a church. It has its officers, its meetings, its interests and its ambitions, and above all its congenial and helpful friendships, and without any intention on the part of its promoters or leaders, it is performing the functions of a church. Look at the matter of its system of membership; it transfers members from one society to another, and that membership is quite satisfying to many of the young people, and is taking the place of the membership of the church. I do not think its leaders are false to the pledges of loyalty to the church, I simply point out the trend of the movement.

Brother B., looked sober at this, for he had thought only of the devotional and missionary aspect of the Endeavor movement, and it was a beautiful sight to him to see those fair young faces touched with the air of devotion and hear their

warm testimony to the grace of Christ. So the thought of a separate church with its prayers and endeavors and certificates of membership came as a thunderbolt out of clear sky.

Now, Brother B., don't be frightened, exclaimed A., seeing the glum look on B.'s face; it will all come right if we have courage to look the facts in the face and humility enough to acknowledge our mistakes. I am not talking of the inherent weakness of the society just now, merely of its methods. It is ominous to me that the age which has seen the rise of this society has also seen the decline of the reading of the Bible. It may be coincidence merely, but it is a singular one. But that must wait for another time. But if human nature and social life require separate meetings for devotion and friendship and work, as perhaps they do to a limited extent, then we must so coordinate and arrange them that all their zeal and piety and service will flow like so many streams into the great river of the church's life. Some way must be found by which the church, as the local expression of the divine life, shall control the offices, the finances, the interests and the work of the various societies and thus share in the responsibility and joy of their gifts and blessings. This note of reality and power alone can save the church from disintegration.—Congregationalist.

"Speak Like You Do When You Laugh"

A baby of three years, says a recent writer, once preached me a sermon, and I pass it on for the benefit of other downcast and despondent ones who need to learn to rejoice evermore.

How is the baby? I asked, drearily, standing at the foot of the staircase leading up to a chamber where the little one lay ill. I was tired and unhopful; my mood came out; in my tone.

Peak like you do when you laugh called the weak little voice upstairs, and if ever I felt rebuked by an angel, that was the moment. It has come to me a hundred times since; I hope I am the brighter and cheerier for it.

Speak like you do when you laugh. That means sparkle and gladness and good will. Those fretful lines at the mouth corners don't come from laughing. The weary ones around the eyes have another origin. But the plainest outward sign of despondency is that in the tone. The sick feel it; that is why visitors are forbidden. Little children are infallible weather prophets; they will not take to you. And you and I—just common working men and women, neither sick nor young nor old, but busy and often tired—we love—yes, that is the word—we love the bright, loving, laughing, happy voice. Speak like you do when you laugh.—Sel.

Sweet Voices.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice; but it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, while at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart.

But this is the time when a sharp voice is more apt to be acquired. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed, you hear a voice which sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows ill will more in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone which is sharp, and which sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the listener. Some people have a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those whom they meet elsewhere. We would say to all girls and boys, Use your best voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—Boston Journal.

Count the Cost.

Now that the time has come when church societies and entertainments and suppers are being held, for the purpose of raising money for the Lord's work, the following words from one of our exchanges will give food for thought:

A church bought a carpet for eight hundred dollars. The women raised the fund by entertainments. The preacher said: This carpet cost, not eight hundred dollars, but four thousand dollars. To the bill must be added the incidental work, worry, nervous strain, bodily wear-

ness, and heartaches of one hundred women. And, also, the costs, fevers, doctors' bills, and what you have paid to other churches; for when they come to your societies, you must go to theirs.

A man buys groceries. His wife at the expense of fuel, strength, and time, makes a cake and gives it to the sociable; then the man, his wife, and children go to the table and eat the cake and pay for it. Suppers have been given that cost ten dollars, and only netted five dollars.

Demoralization of church, society and other things follow in the train. I am opposed to any more societies as revenue producers. Yet, show I unto you a more excellent way. It is the way of Paul. Now, concerning the collection, . . . 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 gatherings when I come.

A Sunshiny Salm.

Yes, she's just sunshiny in any community she's in. One woman was talking to another behind us as the cars sped over the Atizno desert, with its cactus and sage brush.

I knew her first when they lived in New Mexico, in a forlorn little settlement, where they had a very hard time, and where everybody loved her; and now they are in California. But it doesn't matter where she is, she is always just the same. Her husband is a man who struggles with a very bad temper and invariably looks on the dark side of things, so she has always had a heavy handicap at home. But it would surprise you to see how much she has changed her husband for the better in all these years, and how she smoothes over the quarrels he feels it necessary to have with his neighbors wherever he goes.

How about her children? asked the other woman. I hope they take after her.

There were two, but they are both dead. It was a life sorrow that went deep, but she is so victoriously sunny that, except for the tender manner in which she mothers all the young people that come in her way, you would never think how lonely she is for those who have gone. She turns everything into sweetness, you see. She is the best Christian I know, and the joy of the Lord isn't a figure of speech with her, as it is with most of us.

That was all we heard but it was something to be remembered long after the journey was ended. The brave soul that is like sunshiny—we all have known such a one. The pity of it is that, while admiring such victorious cheerfulness, we feel no responsibility to cultivate it ourselves. We too, can be just sunshiny if we choose.—Forward.

Pure Reading.

The taste for pure reading cannot be too early cultivated. The careful selection of books for the young, and a watchful supervision over their reading matter cannot be too strenuously impressed upon parents and teachers. Books are to the young either a savor of life unto life, or death unto death; either contaminating or purifying, weakening or strengthening to the mind of the reader.

If the first aim of a public school system is to make men better workers, the second should be to make them thinkers, and, to accomplish this, young minds must be brought into correspondence with the thoughts and works of the great men of the past and of to-day.

Nine-tenths of what they have learned, as arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and geography, will pass away as the cares of life come upon them. But the taste for pure reading, when acquired, will never pass away. It will be of use every day and almost every hour. They will find it a refuge and a solace in time of adversity, and be happy when others are sad. It will spread from the father to the third and fourth generation.—The Mother's Magazine.

Guilt is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk and behave itself poorly.—Southey.

Perfectly healthy people have pure rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood and makes people healthy.

The great long healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

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Read This Slowly And Think.

Does my life please God? Am I studying my Bible daily? Am I enjoying my Christian life? Is there anyone I cannot forgive? Have I ever won a soul for Christ?

How much time do I spend in prayer? Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ?

Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer? Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?

Just where am I making my greatest mistake?

How does my life look to those who are not Christian?

How many things do I put before my religious duties?

Have I ever tried giving one-tenth of my income to the Lord?

Is the world made better or worse by my living in it?

Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?—Presbyterian Endeavor.

An old colored preacher was asked to define Christian preservation. He answered, It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to neither leave go.

Search thy friend for his virtues, thine if for thy faults.



IT'S AN ILL OMEN,

Thinks the wife, to have the wedding ring slip from the finger. "Something is going to happen."

That is a common experience with women, unless some friend has shared with them the secret of the strengthening and healing power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the periods, dries the drains which undermine the strength, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes the baby's advent practically painless and gives vigor and vitality to nursing mothers.

"Words cannot tell how grateful I am for your kind advice and good medicines," writes Mrs. John Cooke, of Hastings, Northumberland Co., Ontario. "I have been in poor health for four years back and this spring got so bad I could not do my work. I went to the doctor and he said I had ulceration and falling of the internal organs, but thought I would try your 'Favorite Prescription.' I took five bottles and three of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one vial of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and I can safely say that I never felt better in my life."

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SUMMER REDUCTION IN Blouse Waists.

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 DAUGHTER'S DANGER

A Chatham Mother Tells how her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action, and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter who is suffering from weakness, and whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond St., Chatham, Ont.:

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Century Store for my daughter, who is now years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action to her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to one suffering from weakness, or heart or nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

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The boy were not in the hat thus war their inviolable. "No more going to come to something think of you want from Philadelphia anybody thing."

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