I asked the Lord to let me do Some mighty work for Him; To fight amidst His battle hosts, Then sing the victor's hymn; I longed my ardent love to show, But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home, Whose life was calm and still, And gave me little things to do, My daily round to fill; I could not think it good to be Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered 'round my way, They seemed of earth alone; I, who had longed for conquest bright, To lay before His throne, Had common things to do and bear, To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard, And asked the Lord once more That He would give me work for Him, And open wide the door-Forgetting that my Master knew Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came; "My child, I hear thy cry; Think not that mighty deeds alone Will bring the victory; The battle has been planned by Me, Let daily life thy conquests see." -The Quiet Hour.

The Wife Of Elder Hamilton.

She was pretty-quite too pretty some of our girls thought,-this new Mrs. Hamilton, with her golden hair and violet eyes and dimples; and we older ones gave to Mr. Hamilton, a double portion of pity; the one, for his lack of common sense, the other for the consequences sure to follow.

Looking at the slight girlish figure, in its perfect-fitting gown and jaunty seal-skin coat; at the winsome, laughing face beneath the big blue hat, and catching the faint perfume of the wood violet as she passed, we shook our heads and frowned in silent disapproval. She was pretty-she dressed exquisitely; as Mrs. Banker Raynolds, we would have smiled at her airy graces and called her perfection, but—the wife of an elder in our said Presbyterian fold! What could he have been thinking of !

Still, it was pleasant to see the big house up on the hill wake out of its long sleep and op n its eyes upon the world again; to hear the sound of music and oftentimes a blithe, merry laugh; to catch a glimpse of cheery, rollicking fires, and peep into the conservatory all agle w with bloom. She had a funny fashion or turning all the bright blossoms every morning toward the street. A little bit of vanity, akin to all the rest, we thought, and there were some who would not deign to look that way. Absurd, was it? Well, you see, it did seem too bad for dignified Robert Hamil ton to place first in that golden heart of his, and then in his beautiful home, this pretty gay butterfly, who would only flutter through life in her graceful, airy, aimless fashion. little grandson were on their way We knew so well how it would be. to church. She had slipped on an She would make him careless, in- icy crossing, and trying to save her, different, fickle and unstable of purpose. We knew it! And when head against the stone curbing. six months had rolled by, we felt a triumphant sorrow in our prophetic | and fear, she had lif ed the still wisdom. Three prayer meetings, form in her feeble arms, and halfand two church services had he staggering, half-blind with dread, missed—the first in many years — she was startled when a hand was and there were those who saw the laid on her shoulder and a sweet trap with its prancing bays dash by, just as the church bells were ringing out their morning invitation, and there were others who had heard the sounds of lively music on a certain Wednesday night.

Do you wonder that we were indignant?—that the pastor bowed gravely and unsmilingly to the

slowly down the street.

in their places that night at prayer | warning, slowly and distinctly.

For whatsoever a man soweth, heart. that shall he also reap.

her, yet a little more.

And she was unwise in her small have pleased the young people? want and fear. She made me see money, and preaching doctrines Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

moments, years. There were so thought he was. And then she might have had the honor of receivmany things!

blind, and there were none of us paintings -she brought me flowers To meet our Savier; but if he had who would have cared to make him to copy. I had never had real ones come uttering his sublime precepts see. He was a good man, and he before. And oh! I want to tell and denouncing the Pharisees, and had deserved that greatest gift of her that the beautiful pink roses associating with the publicans and God-a good wife, but, he had she brought me last month-that the lower orders, as he did, you made a mistake, like many a wise great sweet bunch—have won the would have treated him much as the man before him, and he must suffer. | prize! She would be glad, I know

must be some mistake, we told ourselves. At Robert Hamilton's home! A dinner! On prayer dared not say a word. meeting evening-and a special service too! It could not be! But Jenkins, the caterer, had an order for ten covers. And who were the shadows began to creep over the were if one should come claiming to guests? None of the church people, still land, the big door swung be a teacher and leder and yet surely! We asked each other noiselessly open, and a young man dress and live as Jesus did? Fallen wonderingly, indignantly, and at with ashen face stood before him. human nature is the same in all last we knew! Five clerks from Mr. Hamilton's office, two young |-let-her die? The words were of those who crucify the Son of God men from the bank, and-Donald fierce, and there was a look almost afresh. Do W. A. Butler says Sanford! Handsome, impulsive, of menace in the brown eyes not There are apostasies of the social foolish Don, bartering his birth good to see. The pastor answered table, of the fireside and the market right for a mess of pottage. And gavely : those were the guests! At Robert Hamilton's old home! And caterer to serve them! I think we t e young man's arm. I will send council chamber; they are all echoes wondered if the stately old mansion | you word; you would better go with its pride of name and place, would really open its doors to free from the detaining hand, with receive them? And Robert Hamil- a low bitter laugh. ton! Was he bewitched-had be taken leave of his senses?

The pastor sighed heavily, on his way from prayer meeting that night, and his thoughts were more he turned and faced the pastor, with the straying sheep than those and his voice was low and tense. that were safe in the fold, and as No, I am not dounk, nor shall I he passed the big house and the sweet strains of music floated out to because of you! not because of the round the world. A young relative him, his heart was very bitter

It was time for him to speakthere were things that Robert the truest, the noblest little woman veil over her bonnet that she gave Hamilton should know-and his in the world! You walked by on it scant notice. face grew stern and hard. He the other side, she stopped. Do would go to him tomorrow; but you know all she has done for us? get everything fixed all right, I'm when the morrow came, and he Listen! And there was something goin' to sit back and enjoy myself, stood by Robert Hamilton's side, in the face before him that stopped she said. I always have been lottin' and laid his hand on the bowed the protest on the pastor's lips and on a ride in the cars. head, the hardness had fled, and in made him listen. Who was it that its place there was a deep and discovered F.ank Dean's love for tender pity; for in the darkened flowers, and sent him every day a ling and the forty mile ride was brief. room above, the young mistress of little bunch, and levery morning the house lay, burt unto death. The turned the bright blossoms toward name of her destination was called. big black had been treacherous to the street, to speak to him of home Why, I've hardly had a mite of his trust-they were doing their as he went by? Who was it that pleasure from the journey yet? If best, the two physicions, but there found out Jack Foster's passion for I'd thought we were goin to stop so was only a chance, they said.

broken whisper, and the pastor choir? And do you know Jack stayed. And there, in that quiet goes every Sunday, now! Who doubtless some of them were taking library, he had a revelation.

She was small, and bent, and old, and her hands were knotted and wrinkled, but there was love light in her eyes and a tender tremble in her voice,

The little mistress? And the pastor answered gently:

We cannot tell yet. And then, with the tears rolling over the furrowed cheeks, she told him; just a little thing, but ob, so sweet-a story the angels love to hear. 'Twas one Sabbath morning -a cold, raw day-she and the the little man had fallen, hitting his With the strength borne of love

Why do you carry such a burden? He is too heavy for your arms.

Then the voice changed: Oh, he is hurt! And you are carrying him to the doctor's! Quick as a flash, the clear voice gave its orders, and the owner stepped into the waiting trap. Hand me the little fellow bright little figure which drew up | Robert; easy, that's it. I'll hold the big black beside the curbing, him, my arms are young and strong; and proffered him a seat in the he must not feel the jar. Now, quickly, to Dr. Bennett's.

I thank you, Mrs. Hamilton, but | And as in a dream the dazed, -the King's business requireth wondering woman found herself haste, and lifting his hat, he passed speeding down the street, a pair of firm hands guiding the fleet horses; are clean! Then his voice broke, The fair cheek flushed, a gleam | she saw the little figure, in its old of indignation made the violet eyes | rough, coarse winter garments, held | toward the pastor, Pray, Mr. Hillis, a darker hue, then a puzzled, tenderly and firmly against a soft pray! troubled look came into her face, sealskin coat, a pair of violet eyes and the big, black horse went under a big, blue hat smiled into her troub'ed ones, and a voice said The rebuke must have winged sofely, Don't fear-God is good-he its way home, though, for they were | will spare him to you. And he did.

meeting, and Sabbath morning the turned away his face and his hand pastor looked down into her up- trembled as he opened the door for turned face and spoke his second | the bent figure which slipped quietly out, a prayer on her lips and in her

And then there came another; a Ram's Horn. How could she be so unmoved! tall, slim girl, whose white cheeks And our hearts hardened toward | and heavy eyes told of midnight | toil and daily hardship.

Oh, sir, she must die! How can selfishness. To send us carnations I spare her? She brought me life cruelty of the Jews who rejected for our flower-table, and then carry and hope and courage. I had no and crucified our Lord, in the presa large bunch of exquisite roses claim upon her, but she knew I was ence of Thomas Carlyle. into the city to the concert the very hungry-starving-for love, and How delighted, said she, we next evening! Wasn't that selfish? she gave it to me. She found me, should all have been to throw our For she knew-knew that her alone in a great city-alone and doors open to him, and listen to his quaint old rose bowl, filled with desperate! She fed me-she divine precepts! Don't you think those pink roses, would have been clothed me-she took me out into so, Mr. Carlyle? Thus appealed to. a crown of beauty. Now, wouldn't the country for long drives in the Carlyle said, No, madam. I don't. it have been wiser to have denied | cool, fresh air. I was burning up I think that had he come very fash. herself that one small vanity and with fever-the fever of care and ionably dressed, with plenty of Manufactured by the proprietors of

Small things—but trifles make the that God was go d—not cruel, as I palatable to the higher orders, I found me a home, where I am in no ling from you a card of invitation, on Of course, Robert Hamilton was danger. She sold some of my little the back of which would be written, Still we were not prepared! We Oh, sir, I would give my life for to Newgate, and hang him! just could not believe it! There her! She must not-oh, she must not die!

He could only bow his head-he

And still he had not learned his

Donald Sanford shook himse'f ify him, crucify him.

You think I have been drinking, Mr. Hillis, and I'm not fit to be in this place, but I have not. I shall never touch another drop! Then ever be again! And why? Not longings as if she expected to travel men for whom I work ! - not be-Stay with me, Hillis, was the the city to hear the wonderful boy time tussin.

> hungry. So did others-but that was her way. Who was it that saw me staggering along the street one night, and turned back from her prayer meeting to take me, a in your part of the vineyard? drunken fool, into her home-her Wouldn't know them if you saw sweet, pure home? And I promised | them? Nonsense! Here are some to her the next day—that for God | character outlines: The man of and my mother's sake, I would try; the only tongue, The systematic and when I've been tempted, I've flatterer. The woman of of superfelt the touch of her little hand, ficial smile. The friend who neglects and I've heard her say again-And, to tell you of your faults. The Donald, I'll pray. And many a citizen who straddles the political time she has slipped into my hand fence. The business man who is a little verse, or a word of praise, always on your side, even if you and it's helped me to win. And do change sides every other day. The you know what she did last night? editor who makes his sentiments Do you know that there was in | fit his subscription list. The minister town a show —a show with damnna | tion in it? Do you know that

saloon on his way home-cold and

any twenty ordinary shows? little dinner last night kept seven boys from the very gates of hell? | weakly, shoddy, sugar coated crowd! They could not refu e the pretty Give us people that are genuine, invitation—they heard of the music robust, out and out, true blue, even and flowers-that a caterer was to though they do not look and tak serve—they went, and today they so well!—Epworth Herald. and he stretched out both hands

And with one arm thrown ten derly around the bowed figure, the pastor did pray-prayed as he had never prayed before, and when at last the message came-She will Why was it that the pastor live,—the joyful tears rained down over that pastor's radiant face, and he was not ashamed, for oh! he had learned his lesson, and please God! he would never need another. I know-for I was that pastor,-

Crucify Him.

A lady was talking about the

Jews did, and cried out, Take him

That reads like a severe arraignment of the class of Christians to which the lady belonged. But would not many of our good people, who go to church to hear el quent sermons and artistic music be as in-Just at dusk, as the evening dignant as the scribes and Pharisees I have—just heard. Have you ages, and we read in Hebrews vi. 6 place. To every one of them the We shall know soon, now, same impress belongs. They are all Donald. Then he laid his hand on alike rife with the spirit of Caiphas of the voice that cried aloud : Cruc

Getting Ready To Enjoy

She was a little old woman who come on at a country station for her first journey by railroad. Tue other passenger, smiled as they watched while she settled herself and her bewho was with her called her attencarse of the people in your church! tion to a beautiful view of the lake, but because of her-the best, but she was so busy with tucking a

Pretty soon, John. As soon as I

But her satche, basket and box were not easily arranged to her lik Already? she exclaimed as the

music, and took him one Sunday to soon I wouldn't have wasted all my

The passengers smiled again, yet was it that gave Howard Russell a their lif - j urney in much the same key to this library, and put on the fashion. The world holds many who table the best and brightest books spend their days in getting ready to and papers, and left a light at night live, who sacrifice the sweetnesses, to tempt him in? Who was it that ties and pleasures of the present to sent a little lunch down to Phil amass goods for a time when they Holbrook those cold nights when can sit back comfortable, and enjoy he worked so late at the bank? themselves, but before it comes the She knew that he would pass the journey in ended .- Wellspring.

Sugar-Coated People.

Are there any sugar coated people whose sermons suit sinners. The girl who is sunny in company and it has ruined more young men than cloudy at home. The young man whose morality is laid aside with Yes, we knew, and had weskly his Sunday clothes. The Christian prayed the Lord that he would keep | who when in Rome does as the our boys from being tempted by it. Romans do. The Christian whose Oh, yes we knew-and the patr loyalty in the devotional meeting groaned as he listened to the law weighs a thousand pounds, but out voice. Do you know that that in the world shrinks to an ounce.

Away with the whole insincere,

Faith will intensify effort instead of leading to shirk it; and the more we trust Him, the more we should ourselves work .- Alexander Mc Laren, D. D.

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 Bickle'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.

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

CROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by Pyny Balsam. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold.

A LITTLE GIRL was permitted one bright Sunday to go with her mamma to hear papa preach. Now, it chanced that on this special occasion papa's sermon was of the warning order. After a moment of breathless surprise and horror, the little listener's soul was wrought pon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending. She rose excitedly to her feet, and, her wide, reproachful eye: just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet, childish tones: What f r you scolding all the people so pap .

A woman advertised her ef as a pro'essional cherrer. She goes around cheering people up. She is making money at it Se is doing, too, a vast amount of good Why not every Christian be an actuas well a professional cheerer? G d will pay such as one well whether others do or not

Be sure that straightforwardness is more than a match at last for all the involved windings of deceit. In your daily If do what you feel right, see what you fe-l true, and leave, with faith and holdness, the consequence to God. - F. W. R. bert

F ery duty ommited obscures some trut; that we should kn-w.

The disfiguration caused by skin disease, even more than the tormenting irritation which is so commonly associated with it. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery generally results



in an impure condition of the blood. Golden Medical Discovery" absolutely purges the and poisons, and so cures the cutaneous diseases which bad blood preeds and feeds. There is no alcohol in the "Golden Medical Discovery" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other nar-"I was troubled

a complete

with eczema from the to see friends at Christmas time and there heard of the good that Dr. Pierce's Golden Med ical Discovery had done for them, and was advised to try it at once. For fear that I migh neglect it my friends sent to the village and got a bottle and made me promise that I would take it. I had been getting worse all the time I took thirteen bottles of the 'Golden Medica Discovery 'and ten vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and used the 'All Healing Salve,' which made a complete cure. It was slow, but sure. I was taking the medicine about eight months.
"I would say to all who read this: Try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before wasting time and money,"

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