God Save The King

The nation, comforted by prayer, Lifts up its eyes and hearts to Thee, O God, whose ong and gracious care Wade England mis'ress of the sea. And gave her souls, and wealth and fame And dower of a mighty name-A new desire to Thee we bring Hear us once n.ore, -God save our King!

His mother's God, stand Thou by him, As by the Queen, through all his reign; If future days are bright or dim Let not the light of England wane

By goodness make Thy servant great; Anoint him. Thou, for his high state, And help him to all noblest things, This honoured heir of all our kings.

Grant him to rei, n through times of peace, In strenuous days O make him wise, Let war, and strife, and trouble cease, And let our England soar and rise; And nobler, braver, stronger, yet

Uphold the weak, and wrongs forget; So light from out the darkness bring By the King's rule, God Save the King Give him to comfort him, through all The times of strain, his people's love,

The household loves and joys withal And blessings of the heaven above. Give him Thy help and benison, He is our Queen's beloved son, And dear to us. Through everything In life and death, -God Save the King! MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

A Transferred Ticket.

As the 7.40 train began to pull head. away from the Alexandria station. self onto the rear car. He was very | breaking the rules. Ticket, please black and very dusty, and passen-When he reached the opposite end | ticket. he took hold of a seat to steady him- Off at the next station, broke in fruit?—Can. Baptist. scrutiny of a child.

Evidently he was very tired, for excuse, but you! his shoulders began to slope, and every few minutes he shifted his end of the car the speed began to feet as though they hurt him.

he called; you look tired.

eagerly. Yes, sah! t'ank yo', sah! missy, to the woman, who was gaz I'se plum beat. Done walk mons' reus long way dis mawein.' Yo' see, as the young man folded his paper and slipped it into his pocket Marse Henery an' me lib ober in Prince George County, an' last her bewilderment he had left the Dat let' me by myse'f.

to look for work?

came a look of eager expectation, and he stroked the back of the old home in far-away Georgia.

year, he went on, slowly; not sence | Sweet, in Forward. de Linkum men took we all's niggers. Dar was a whole passle of 'em, but dey all done bruk away. Den de sheriff sol' de plantation, and dar wa'n't nutten lef' we all, but de Norf. We's bleeged to hab money to lib.

And you stuck to Marse Henery? simply; I'se de body sarbent, an' I'se 'bleeged to be 'way in de day- ever be anything but an invalid. time, 'case I'se a cyarpenter an' allers bab plenty wuk.

What did Marse Henery do? Marse Henery ! indignantly ; why he's gentleman, I tells yo'. He ain' t'ings like common white fo'ks. He hab niggers fo' dat.

mo' to 'splain.

co'se I wuk for him.

man bought two and handed them Miss Rowe. eyes glistened.

calling for tickets. held it in readiness. The negro his hand on my shoulder now, and But then it was the storm and wind ahead of all other preparations recomfumbled anxiously through several again I see his white face and that made Peter cry, Lord save me, mended for such complaints. The pockets, and finally remembered earnest dark eyes looking into I perish! If it were all smooth little folks like it as it is as pleasant

scrape up to buy dat, he said, How untiringly he worked among the trials and temptations that a uniform brown or black col r by triumphantly, as he produced it. us young men! It cuts me to re- everywhere beset me. You know I using Buckingham's Dye for the Whis-But dat's all right. I kin wuk, an' member what a sadly unresponsive have a hasty spirit and it is difficult kers.

folks don't need money w'en dey's home. Money's fo' trabblin.'

In the seat behind them was a shabbily dressed woman, whose face had an anxious, frightened expr ssion. Crowded on the seat beside her were several bundles, and in her arms was a white-faced, big-eyed baby. When the conductor touched her shoulder, she started uneasily.

Ticket, please! the woman's face; then it disappeared, leaving her white and dogged. I naven't any, she said.

The conductor grew stern. Very well. If you get off at the next station it will save us the trouble of putting you off, and he turned to the opposite seat.

The woman's eyes grew big with terror, as she sprang up and caught sense, I know! him by the arm.

Don't do that, sir! Don't put me off! she implored hoarsely. I've got to go. My husband has written for me to come. He's-he's dying, and a great sob rose to her white lips, but was resolutely choked influence of one life yielded to back. I tried to raise money, Christ. So often he had said, It lowering her voice, so the other passengers could not hear, but couldn't. We sold everything we had so he could go South, as the doctor ordered. Now, he's-he'soh, my God! my God! She turned plished that whereunto is was sent. from him and sank weakly into her seat. The conductor shook his

I'm sorry, madam, he said, kindly an old white-haired negro hurried but we have only one rule. You across the platform and swung him- fourt pay or get off. I can't risk

The old negro rose slowly to his gers, who had seats to themselves feet. I'se feared yo'll hab to put looked a little apprehensive as he me off, too, boss, he said, humbly. proved a fragrant ministry to her. shuffled diffi lently through the car. Hit's mons'rous hard wuk fo' pore But he did not offer to sit down, nigger like me to raise money fo'

self, and gazed round curiously, his the conductor, harshly. We'll be big, wondering eyes roving from there in a minute. If it was not one face to another with the eager so near I'd slow the train and put you off-this poor woman has some

Before the conductor reached the slacken. The old negro rose and At last a young man lowered his turned to his companion. R ckon did you a moment ago, by demand- grandmother, as he sat at her knitnewspaper. Here's a seat, uncle, I better be leabin', he said. T'ank yo' for dem san'wickes, and I hope The negro shuffled forward yo'll member me kin'ly. Here, he said gratefully, as he sank down. | ing stonily from the window, and dropping his ticket into her lap here's yo' ticket. I reckon yo' done drap hit. I hope you'll find dat husband ain't so bad as yo' t'ink, and before she could recover from week Marse Henery he up and die, car and was shuffling down the platform. The young man half I see; and you are going South rose to call him back, then a remembrance of his own resources, or, No, sah; goin' back home-goin' perhaps, of some one waiting for back to ole Georgy. Into his eyes him, caused him to sink back on his seat and stare blankly at the window. As the train moved out he seat softly, as though it were his saw the old negro trudging along beside the track, evidently stil I ain' been dar in mos' thutty bound for Georgia. - Frank H

Abiding Influence.

How is your wife, Mr. Williams The scene of my story is a shop of England.

The manaddressed looked up from The old negro looked at him in the counter, where he was packing surprise. Ob co'se, he answered, together the purchases the speaker had just made. His face wore an Marse Henery couldn't git 'long anxious look and he sighed as he 'thout me. He's a gentleman, and said, No better, thank you, and the 'pended on bein' tuk car' ob. But doctor gives no hope that she will

> Well, I am grieved, that is a heavy trial, I had no idea that the other. case was so serious as that.

and tone brought a gleam to the do nutten. He ain' nebber learn do man's face and even the anxious

cok vanished. You don't mean that you have more ways than one, I can assure above them. I have found, if I ment. Life is hard for most and supported bim ever since the war! you, Miss Rowe. I've had a bad take a smiling visage to the glass I The old negro drew himself up month of it. Beside the trial of the always meet a smile. Don't go with unconscious dignity. Yo' suffering, there are heavy doctor's around looking for wrong and evil, inspires us to do better, to do our goin' talk like dat I ain' got nutten fees for us to meet, all sorts of other but let your endeavor be to make best. bills, and the home that was kept somebody happy. There is so much I beg your pardon, said the as nice as any in the town, all of sin and sorrow in the world, so the making of the truest manliness. young man, hastily; Please go on. sixes and sevens. But there, it many souls tempted and tried in Two good rules for life are: The black face relaxed. Yo' ain' might have been worse; and would ways we know not of, so many bur- Never be discouraged; never be a know Marse Henery, commiserat. have been but for that child's dened hearts uttering the wailing discourager. ingly; so yo' don't un'stan. Ob father! and at this point in the cy of David over Saul and Jora. conversation the speaker nodded than, How are the mighty fallen! Enduring it with courage and per A boy came through the car with his head violently in the direction that one of the most blessed mis sistence makes as strong.—J. R.

to his companion. The old negro's You look surprised, ma'am, I'll the rifts in the clouds of sorrow. tell you what I mean: You see We are too apt to look upon the T'ank you', massa! t'ank yo', sah! if I was not a Christian I just tempted and fallen as objects behe said, gratefully. I didn't hab could not bear it; but I am glad to neath our notice. We should quesno breakfas', and money's too scase say I am a Christian, and that tion ourselves as to how much we Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and to buy t'ings on de road. I was makes all the difference. Every should have been able to withstood 50c. low'in to fill up arter I done reach trial has helped me forward, and had we been placed as many a fallen do you know I never come close to soul has been. It is hard to realize A few minutes later there was a the Master without realizing that one's own weakness when one is slight ripple through the car. The the prayers of that child's father not specially tried. It is easy enough difficult to tell which to buy; but if conductor had entered, and was brought me there. What a man sailing in the sunshine with a light Mr. George was! The speaker's gale. The rousing storm is what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. The young man produced his and face was now radiant. I can feel makes us feel how helpless we are. Those who have used it think it is far that he had pinned his to his hat mine, as he urged me to come to sailing, Florence, we should never as syrup. Christ, to give my life to the learn to need Divine help. Done tak ebery cent I could noblest and grandest of causes! But Jennie what am I to do with

deeply he was tirring us. Yes, he circumstances. stirred us to the depths, but we never gave in until he was gone. I was only reckoning it up yesterday. Him who rules it. Take hold of the He died about eight years ago, promises of the Lord as a staff, and didn't he? And to-day I can lay no storm, however adverse, can hand, he said, Well, my brother, my hand on twelve men living for sway you from the path of duty. God in this place and working for Him with all their hearts, too, and their gifts, or utter harsh words, every one of those men will tell for you are too richly endowed by you that it was in response to Mr. | the grace of God to have any but A red flush of shame spread over George's call that they sought kindly thoughts for all. Christ. And that is only a part of the influence of his life in this place. I call that speaking after you are there is a cause in which it is dead, don't you? Speaking with

> will get! He would say he had it, if he was here this morning, Mr. Wil-

woman given to tears, but she had | Forgive and forget. to brush some aside this morning as she pondered over the far-reaching seems as though the tide runs so hard against me. Yet how insignificant appeared all the struggles and tests in face of the knowledge that the message given had accom-Tuat it had triumphed!

Tue reward was even greater than Miss Rowe realized. The little daughter had been reached the impress on then was only faint but it lasted, and when she became a Christian, and could more fully understand all that she had heard, the influence of her father's life How could she fail to believe that He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much

Forgive and Forget.

Oh, dear, sighed Florence Randolph to her friend Jennie Dobree, happy like you are. Why if Emma about in their coaches. D an had offered me the insult she inviting her to stay to lunch. I she not seen my repellant face.

Jennie laughed softly. Florence, it is better to blame to little than too much, and there comes a time to all when kindly words are remembered with much pleasure, even if faults have been apparent and seemed to merit rebuke. When our Saviour was upon earth He was tempted and tried as we have never been and bitterly treated by those whom Hestroveto help; yet how gentlewere His words of admonition and Journal, how tender his invitation to all When I feel tempted to be impatient with anyone, I think of the patience of the Lord and am re-

in a little town on the south coast rankles in my memory, strive as I

the Lord forgave a world of suffer- had strength to get him there. ing sinners. What does He say, sins and their iniquities will I rewe sometimes deal with one an-

But what are we to do with the Standard. The sympathy expressed in look trias and insults that sometimes

Just live above them, dear friend. Don't try to live them down, or Yes, it is serious, serious in coldly face them, but calmly rise much as good cheer and encouragea basket of sandwiches. The young of a little gir) who had come in with sions of the child of God is to make Miller. gleams of sunshine break through

lot we were. He little knew how for me to be resigned nder adverse

Accept life as it comes, in quiet submission and unfaltering faith in

No wonder you never eavy others

Oh, Florence, it is not that would parade my feeling, but if cut a lock of hair for my mother; glorious to serve, it is the religion kneel down and return chanks to effect! What a great reward he of Jesus Christ. As often as I think, God for me. He died for me, then the desire comes anew to serve Him more and better. I count the years of | Her teachings are my comfort now. liams, and that in an overwhelming my life from the day I gave my And then, chaplain, thank God heart to the Lord. And if I were | that by his grace I am a Coristian. Other customers came in and asked to give the secret of happiness What would I do now if I were Miss Rowe burned homeward with here upon ear h, I could give no rot a Christian? And thank him her little niece. She was not a better answer than those two words, for giving me dying grace. He

"Every day hath toils and troubles Every heart hath care; Meekly bear thine own full measure

And thy brother's share. Fear not, shrink not, though the burde Heavy to them prove;

God shall fill thy heart with gladness, And thy mouth with love. Labor! wait! though mid-ight shadow Gather round thee here,

And the storm above thee, lowering, Fill thy heart with fear. Wait in hope! The morning dawneth

When the night is gone, And a peaceful rest awaits thee When thy work is done."

-Chris. Intelligencer.

"It's Very Hard."

It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty, muttered Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of work. It's very hard to have to trudge along I wish I could always be calm and | through the snow while others roll

It's a great blessing, said his ing an explanation and an apology ting, to have food when so many are where none was merited, I should hungry; it's a great blessing to have have shown her the door justead of a roof over one's head when so many politely explaining to her and then are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and know she wanted to stay, and she strength for daily labor, when so would have done so, doubtless, had many are blind, deaf, or suffering ! Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard, said the

bov, still in a grumbling tone. No, Dick, there is one thing that

I do think very hard. What's that? cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had fourd some cause for complaint.

Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings.—Phrenological

Reaping as he Had Sown.

On a cold Winter day a young man, carrying his father to the Well, Jenrie, I can forgive an workhouse, sat him down on what injustice but I cannot forget it. It | they called mik stones. The father began to weep bitterly. The hard hearted son told him to weep on; Oh, but that was not the way to the workhouse he should go if he

His father replied that he was Florence? For I will be merciful not weeping because he was to their unrighteousness and their being taken there, but because of his cruelity to his own father. member no more. It is well that Twenty five years ago that very day the Lord does not deal with us as be was taking his father to the same workhouse and rested on the same broad table of stone.-Christian

Morning Thoughts

People need from us nothing so needs inspiration.

The best friendship is that which

Strength and beauty combine in

There is a blessing in hardness.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try

With but little care and no trouble

Thank God For Mother.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the War, a chaplain in the Southern army was called to what can I do for you?

He supposed, of course, that the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity; but it was not so.

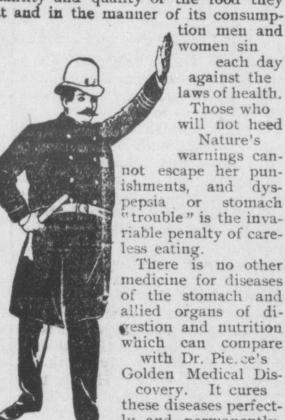
Chaplain, he said, I want you to and then, chaplain, I want you to

For what? asked the chaplain. For giving me such a mother makes this hard bed feel soft as downy pillows are. And, oh, chap lain, thank him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there

And so, said the chaplain, I kneeled by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgivine for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory.-Young People's Paper.

Of health has no uniformed guardians of its peace. If it had there would be arrests innumerable in every restaurant every day of the year. Both in the quantity and quality of the food they eat and in the manner of its consumption men and

each day



medicine for diseases of the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition which can compare with Dr. Pie.ce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures these diseases perfectly and permanently, and enables the building up of the whole body into vigorous health

"I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carnes, Esq., of Taylorstown, I,oudoun Co.. Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. There was a gentleman told me about your medicine, how it had cured his wife. I thought I would try a bottle of it. I am glad I did, for I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

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lingering and chronic coughs when Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Mo Ont., savs: "I honestly believe have died of consumption only Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have it for years and consider it has no for severe colds and throat troubles,

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en their take a sl pound d little fi d whim

through nd into th ask man hard, ut why c you s pos the tre nd find w

ask of th knows a small all this nd now l

> I speak wards, j head ro ere the sembled. · Well, mmy Gr r coming ways doi ady, to g

> > Then h ocked L ptain. But yo aining,' ough le 'Well I an't I?' d

> > ien I'm t 'Oh, le inter What's t 'But h 'He c ind out a how him So, in disconten walked or and calle

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pected a had gon had rise course t parade, and the took par sternation were asl very end came or hotel, th to see t

chair an "Very commar a little this ver But I ha that I h 'We 'Wait 'There

manœu would 1 me reor you a f wooden officers. 'Yes 'Goo movem

each m At t held up 'Tha boy wi the line The Willie

· No and th one w