

My Daily Care.

I do not think that I could bear My daily weight of woman's care, If it were not for this: That Jesus seemeth always near, Unseen, but whispering in my ear Some tender word of love and cheer, To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares, That no one knows and no one shares, Too small for me to tell, Things e'en my husband cannot see, Nor his dear love uplift for me— Each hour's unnamed perplexity That no one knows so well.

The failure of some household scheme, The ending of some pleasant dream Deep hidden in my breast; The weariness of children's noise, The yearning for that subtle peace That turneth duties into joys, And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small, Are known to Jesus, each and all. And this thought gives me peace, I do not need to say one word; He knows what thought my heart hath stirred, And by divine caress my Lord Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then, upon his loving breast My weary head is laid at rest, In speechless ecstacy; Until it seemeth all in vain That care, fatigue, or mortal pain Should hope to drive me forth again From such felicity!

—Selected.

A Ten-Dollar Bill From Heaven.

I had a lesson in faith early in my ministry that did me a world of good, and I think it will always abide with me. Some things we could not forget if we would; some we would not if we could. This incident fits both of these propositions.

In our Conference we had organized a simple sort of mutual insurance company among the preachers. The plan was this: If one of the preachers should die during the year each member of the society was to send to the secretary of the society ten dollars for the widow and family of our departed brother.

I think I was in the second year in my ministry, traveling a small circuit, and living in a very pretty little Ohio valley town. At the time of this event I was engaged in conducting special revival services in a little country school-house about a dozen miles from home. I had made a trip to my home to visit my family, provide for their wants, and go the postoffice for my mail.

After an hour or two at the parsonage with my family I walked down to the postoffice and procured my mail. I sat down under a tree and read my letters. One of them deeply moved me. It was from the secretary of our little conference insurance society, informing me of the death of Rev. Mr. H., an intimate friend and a member of our society.

When I recovered from the shock received from the death of my friend I came around to think of the sad condition of the young widow and her fatherless children. I was urged to at once send in my ten dollars to meet her need.

I had just about \$10.35 all told, in the world. It really looked as if I needed every bit of it for my family. I just could not spare it at this time; that was all there was about it. I was to be away from home for a week or ten days, at my meeting out in the country. What could my family do without that money?

Then the other side of the case came up for a hearing. What would poor Mrs. H. do? That helpless family was now left without a head. Did they not need the ten dollars worse than my own family needed it? I could look elsewhere; they could not.

The last side of the case won. I determined to trust God. So I sat down in the postoffice and wrote a letter, in which was inclosed the money order, for which I paid almost all the money I had in my purse. The letter mailed, I felt better and stronger. With about twenty-five cents in my pocket I stepped out into the sunlight and started up the street toward my home. The thought that melodiously swelled in my heart was:

In some way or other The Lord will provide.

As I walked along the shaded street, with my eyes half shut, working out my plans as to just what I should do before I started for the country, a gentleman halted me with a cheery Good-morning, parson. I responded and grasped his hand warmly. It was Judge R., a cultivated Presbyterian gentleman, that stood in front of me. He lived out in the country, close to a pretty white Presbyterian church, where I had frequently preached. He smiled into my eyes, and in a genial manner stated his case, as he put it, in lawyer fashion.

Mr. W., for several months you have been preaching occasionally in our little church, and we Presbyterians all like to hear you. Just now, as I saw you coming up the street, something told me that I should not be benefited by you without making some return for your good service. So I suppose I'd better pay my quarterage—I think that is what you Methodists called it.

With that he reached me a new ten-dollar bill, and moved on. As I thanked him I could scarcely keep from bursting into tears. Had not God put the case of His servant on the heart of this kind man? It was his first and his last offering to me. He never again referred to the matter of paying me for preaching. He was heavily taxed for the support of his own pastor. I shall always feel that God's Spirit deeply moved him on this special occasion.

My faith was honored. I had a most signal victory. After a pleasant hour at the parsonage I mounted my horse, and rode out through the glories of that early Autumnal day with a heart in full harmony with the beauty of God's world spread about me.—Selected.

When Grandmother Woke Up.

For a long time I did not understand it at all. I thought that, because grandmothers were often feeble and old-fashioned, they could never really feel as we children do; that they needed no particular notice or enjoyment, for it was their nature to sit in rocking chairs and knit. They seemed quite different from the rest of the world and not to be especially thought about—that is, by girls who were as full of merry plans as we were.

Grandmother lived with us, as father was her only son. We had a vague idea that she helped mother mend the clothes and knitted all father's stockings, besides some pairs for the church society. We were supposed to love her, of course, and were never openly rude, for, indeed, we had been taught to be polite to all aged persons. As for grandmother, she was one of those peaceful souls who never makes any trouble, but just go on their own way so quietly that you hardly know they are in the house. Mother sat with her sometimes, but we girls, in our gay, busy pursuits, rarely thought of such a thing. She seemed to have no part in our existence. It went on so for some time, till one day I happened at sundown to go into the sitting room and there sat grandmother alone. She had fallen asleep in her chair by the window. The sun was just sinking out of sight, leaving a glory of light, as he went down and in this glory I saw my grandmother saw her really for the first time in my life. She had been reading her Bible, and then, as if there had been no need of reading more, since its treasure already lay shining in her soul, she had turned the book over upon her lap and leaned back to enjoy the evening. I saw it all in a moment—her gentleness, her patience, her holiness. Then, while her love and beautiful dignity seemed to fold about me like a bright cloud, the sweet, every-day lines in her face told me a secret, that even then in the wonderful sunset of life she was oh, how human! So human that she missed the old faces and old scenes; so human that she needed a share of what God was giving us—friends, home, interests, little surprises and expectations, loving offices, and, above all, a recognition in the details of our fresh young lives.

Girls! when grandmother woke up, she found us all three stealing softly into the room, for God helped me when I went to tell my sisters about it. Mary only kissed her and asked if she had had a good nap; Susie picked her ball of yarn off the carpet, where it had rolled, and began to wind it, all the while telling her a pleasant bit of news about one of the school girls; and I—well, I knelt down at grandmother's feet, and, just as I was going to cry, I gave her knees a good, hard hug, and told her she was a darling.

That's all, girl's. But it's been different ever since from what it was before.—Home Topics.

The Missionary Branch.

I had occasion to call upon a young business man in his office not long since, and found him as usual up to his ears in work. Sit down a moment, he said, and I will be at liberty. You are always working, I said. How many hours do you put in each day? Twenty-four, he replied, with a smile.

I presume my face expressed my astonishment. Yes, he said, I work ten or twelve hours here; the rest of the time I am working in the antipodes—by proxy, of course.

I don't understand, I said.

Let me explain, he returned more seriously. When I was at school I became deeply interested in the mission cause. I determined to go out to China and work in the field. But my father died before my plans were fully matured. His business here was in such a state that no outsider—no man without a personal interest—could successfully carry it on. There were a mother, sisters, and younger brothers dependent upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here.

But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field, and I took up the support of a native preacher in China. Here my friend took down a much-thumbed map of southern China, and pointed out a certain town. That is where my man is at work, he said. He has formed a church and gathered a school. We have representatives of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our missionary branch.

My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there.—Forward.

The Tinkers Sermon.

The old tinker sat out under a tree mending the kitchen ware, and we children stood around him in breathless interest. We lived in a quiet country place, and his visit each summer was a great event to us.

Mother brought out an old tin dipper full of holes. The tinker looked it over and shook his head.

"What you need is a new dipper, ma'am, he said; 'there's some things that it's better not to fuss to mend. It's just wasting time and money. You'd better throw them away and get new. Don't forget that, children,' he went on after mother had gone into the house. It's a good thing to know how to mend and patch, but there's some things that have got so old and rusty and full of holes that it isn't worth while trying. There's some folks go on trying to patch up a bad temper all their lives. As fast as one place is fixed, another one gives out and they're as bad as ever. What they ought to do is to throw the old one away and ask the Lord to give them a new one.

And would he do it? questioned my little brother, eagerly.

Of course he would, said the tinker. Don't it say in the good Book that he'll make us new creatures? Well, that's what it means, and I know he'll do it, because he gave me a new temper and made me contented where I used to be sour and sad.

Will the Lord give us new dresses when the old ones are too bad to mend? asked sister in a wistful way.

I guess he always has, hasn't he? said the tinker. While you're little, he gives you a ma and pa to get them for you, and he's given you two good hands to work with when you get big. So, don't think the Lord forgot you, sissy.

The homely little sermon has come to my mind many times since I was old enough to know the meaning of "the new life. Let us leave off mending and patching the old, unsatisfying way of living. If we but trust our Father, there is a better way of life, with all the old worries and failures left out. Let us learn to pray in perfect faith David's prayer. Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me.

Moody's First Meeting With Sankey.

Mr. Moody led a six o'clock morning prayer meeting at the Indianapolis International Y. M. C. A. convention in 1870.

There was some difficulty in starting the singing until a friend of Mr. Sankey, who had come with him, urged him to begin a hymn. He started There is a Fountain Filled with Blood, in which all the congregation joined.

At the close of the service Mr. Sankey was introduced to Mr. Moody by his companion and was recognized as the leader of the singing. A few inquiries were made as to Mr. Sankey's family ties and occupation, and then Mr. Moody said:

Well, you'll have to give that up! You are the man I have been looking for and I want you to come to Chicago and help me in my work.

Later in the day Mr. Sankey made an appointment to assist Mr. Moody in an open-air service. Mr. Moody procured an empty box from a store, and standing upon it, asked Mr. Sankey to sing Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

After a service of fifteen or twenty minutes, Mr. Moody announced another meeting at the Academy of Music. The crowd sang Shall we Gather at the River!

Wanting Him Near

The other day I was leaving home and I heard my little girl call her mother: Come, mamma! Watch me undress my doll and put her to bed. I saw my wife give up some important work she was doing, and get down beside the child, just to watch her play with her doll. Mildred is perfectly happy when her mother is just looking on, watching her do things.

I think it should be that way between us and God. We should like to have him watch us. We think often about getting him to do things for us; we should find a joy even higher in doing things for him, and being sure that he is looking on in loving sympathy. That is one way to make it certain that in the day of his final coming we shall be glad.—John Willis Bair.

Mistakes of Women.

One of the mistakes of women is in not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea and anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. A woman will choose ice-cream instead of beefsteak and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she is tired, she may sit down but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. She doesn't know that hard work tires. If she is exhausted, she will write letters, or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospital flourish because women do not know how to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosoms. Women cross bridges before they come to them, and even build bridges. They imagine misfortune and run out to meet it.

Women are not jolly enough. They make too serious business of life and laugh at its little humors too seldom. Men can stop in the midst of perplexities and have a hearty laugh. And it keeps them young. Women cannot, and that is one reason why they fade so early—there are other reasons, but we will pass them now. Worry not only wrinkles the face, but it wrinkles and withers the mind.

Have a hearty laugh once in a while, it is a good antiseptic, and will purify the mental atmosphere, drive away evil imaginings, bad temper and other ills.—Buffalo Times.

Start Soon Enough.

You didn't run fast enough, said a by-stander to a belated Irishman who had been left behind by a railway train which glided away as he came puffing to the station.

Yes, said he, I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough. There are many persons who by a similar delay fail to accomplish that which they desire. Some great undertaking is before them. They are sensible of its importance. They talk, discuss, argue, plan and finally begin to work, and at last put forth herculean efforts only to find in the end that their time is lost and their labor wasted and that they have missed the end they sought because they did not start soon enough.—Selected.

A Child's Love For Mother.

A small lad lay upon a sick bed, weary and hungry. The parish deaconess carried him some delicacies. Expressing gratitude to the deaconess, he said, I will not eat this. Mamma will need it when she comes home so tired and hungry.

You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself.—Robertson.

If you take a Laxa-Liver Pill tonight before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

PASSED 15 WORMS. I gave Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days.

Mrs. B. ROY, Kilmnagh, Ont.

When the hair has fallen out, leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, here is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure followed by a cold which settled on their lungs and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for spring coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

JAMES R. HOWE 150 Queen Street. Women's Tailored Suits

Vogue, Style, Fashion, call it you will, in the general run of make high prices. Chances in ments may, if the merchant will turned to selling advantage and raised, not so here. We pride selves on our selections. We ferreted out some stylish cloths are prepared to manufacture into Stylish Suits and at very prices.

Jas. R. Howe

INTERNATIONAL S. S. BOSTON

3 trips a week from Commencing May 31st, the steamer this company will leave St. John for port, Lubec, Portland and Boston MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and DAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (star return, leave Boston every MON WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. Connection made at Eastport with for St. Andrews, Colais and St. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

"Save the Child!"

That is the heartfelt cry of many a mother who sees her beloved child wasting and fading day by day. Sometimes it's too late for medical aid to help the child. It is so weak, so lacking in stamina that there is no vantage ground of help.

One of the results of the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription preceding maternity is a strong, healthy child. Thousands of mothers testify to this. Frequently mothers write, "I was never able to raise a child before using 'Favorite Prescription,' or 'All my other children are sickly except this one, and I took your 'Favorite Prescription' this time."

All the child's strength comes from the mother. "Favorite Prescription" gives the mother strength to give her child. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription"; it contains neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless medicine in any condition of the female system.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing "just as good" for woman's ills.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. Correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I am so thankful for what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for me," writes Mrs. John T. Smith of Slocan, British Columbia (Box 50). "It helped me through the long months of pregnancy and I have a big, strong baby girl, the most healthy of all my three, and it cured me of a disease which was taking away all my strength."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 50 one-cent stamps for the book in cloth binding, or 31 one-cent stamps for paper covered. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

For the grandest and fastest-selling book ever published.

Memories of D. L. MOODY

By his son, W. R. Moody, assisted by Ira D. Sankey. A splendid life-story of the evangelist's high unselfish service the cause of fellow-man. Published with the authorization of Mrs. Moody and the family. Only authorized, authentic biography. Beautifully Illustrated. Large, some Volume. 1000 more wanted, men and women. Sales immense; a harvest of agents. Freight paid, credit given. Address at once, The Dominion Company, Dept. M. 82, Chicago.

Our Experience

Has shown beyond a doubt that Abstainers are better risks than Non-Abstainers.

The Temperance and General Life

Therefore, offers total abstainers Special terms that are of great advantage to them. They should invariably consult an Agent of the Company before insuring their lives.

HEAD OFFICE: Globe Building, Toronto.

The E. R. Machum Co. Ltd, St. John N. B.

Agents for Maritime Provinces.

JUST OPENED

FRENCH

FLANNELS

IN

Military Red, Cardinal Navy, Black and Red Stripes, Royal Blue and White Stripes, Navy Stripes, White Stripes, Old Rose and Green and Black and Red Mottled Pattern

JOHN J. WEDDALL