They had a old folks' meetin' to the old church, nigh the town,

Whar they preach the old religion like the Bible's got it down : The old church that's been standin' seno

I disremember when. But longer than the sexton, an' he's three score year an' ten.

"Twuz thar when they wuz Injuns, an' I've hearn the old folks say That sometimes, when the brotherin wuz kneelin' down to pray,

bow, an' then Thar'd be no benediction, but a mighty quick "Amen!"

An' the broth rin' an' the sisters, they'd | falsely. they'd git down to business, an' Thar'd be a little shootin'-maybe fightin, han' to han';

An' when they'd whipped the battle-that's the way I've hearn it said-They'd file back into mee in', thank the

Lord an' go ahead! But, talkin' 'bout the old folks an' their meetin'-forty strong-(I most fergot about it when the Injuns

come along!) It wuz jest the happiest meetin' that the

old church knowed. With the old religion takin' o' the middle o' the road !

Thar was forty as I tell you - not a young un' in the crowd; An' it made the old church happy to hear prayin' done so loud.

An' all o' them a-talkin' o' the times o' long ago, When their sins waz jest like crimson, an' He made 'em white as snow.

How they all got up an' told it! Fast as one 'ud take his seat An' they'd sing fer jest a minute, be au-

other on his feet ! It warn't like preachin' sermonts, when a feller falls to sleep But like folks a-tellin' stories that wuz jest too good to keep.

It wuz good to hearl'em tellin' how the promises come true;

How the Lord wuz faithful to 'em an' done what he said He'd do: How His love come in the night time,

when the evenin' shadows fall: In the valley o' the shadow He wuz with 'em, one 'an all.

An' that old "Firm a foundation" went asoarin' up on high An' "From Greenlan's icy mountains"

shook the big gates in the sky! Tell I wondered of the angels warn't acomin' out to see,

An' I almost felt the "spicy breezes" blowin' over me!

They wuz happy-them old brotherin'; they was right on Jordan's banks, With a wishful eye to Canaan, whar they seen the shinin' ranks; They wuz ready for the journey-fer the

crossin' o' the tide, An' was coutin' their possessions that was on the other side.

Most of 'em's crost the river now, fer all its stormy foam,

An'sometimes I kin hear the bells that rung their welcome home: An' I sit thar, in the old church an' cast a wishful eye

I hear the sweet bells ringin' for my welcome, by an' by!

-Frank L. Stanton.

Value of Character.

Wherewith shall we do good? Multitudes are asking this question. sorrow and sin. They sincerely dethey might do good. If they were all I know.

his steps. Simon Peter had caught | ever since. fish not only with a net in the deep My sakes, ten tables! Say 'em of the Sabbath, who paid no honour sea, but also with a hook near the slow, so I can remember. Now, to God and no respect to religion. shore. Peter knew that many kinds I'll say them. Cornball, candy, Thus the years passed on. The boys, of fishes are very timid. The noise eake and cocoa tables-where folks growing up in this unholy atmosof a footfall or of conversation will eat. Then doll, apron and cap, phere, departed from the innocency frighten them away. They will flower and cushion tables, and old of their childhood and from God restore and keep the hair a natural hide in the dark waters amid the folks', children's and remnant and drifted into sin. craggy rocks, and no bait, however | tables. What a sight it will be! delicious, can entice them from their Brings to mind a fair for the influence of religion, and became hiding place. The fisherman must soldiers we had in Civil War time an earnest Christian. At once he safe and reliable antidote for all afmind his steps. So must the fisher at the town hall. My Mary was began to try to undo the harm of men. Christians sometimes jes' eighteen, and pretty as a robin. which he had done in his children's sumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegedrive away those whom they should Sarab, my eldest girl, had a big lives. He began to tell his boys, table Compound, and acts promptly save. The Christian who does not flower table, and made up lots of now growing toward young man- and magically in subduing all coughs, walk circumspectly before those wonderful crosses and stars, besides hood, of Christ and of his redemp- colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the who are without cannot win them. bouquets. Folks bought 'em to tion. He tried to impress upon lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a Talk to that young man about for put in the grave-yard. She want- them the great mistake he had made child will not refuse it, and is put at saking his sins and becoming a ed Mary to help her, but la, no; in living without God and in sin so Christian, and he will answer; "Do Mary said twould make her dream many years. He also told them of you want me to be like Mr. A --- ? of tombstones. Then what did the the Saviour's love, and tried in He is a prominent church member, witch do but fix a little table all every way to bring them under the but he is not honest nor truthful her own, and nobody knew what same power which had so blessed his & L." Emulsion are the finest the but he is not honest nor truthful her own, and hobody knew what rame power which had so diessed his nor pure," Such charges are some-she'd have on it till the night the lown life. But it was too late. He Taken in cases of wasting diseases, times nothing more than flimsy ex- fair opened. Then I found she'd could not undo the evil he had loss of weight, or loss of appetite, with cuses. They are not justified by cut all up a good red satin petticoat | wrought in their lives in infancy and great benefit. Davis & Lawrence Co., the facts.

to his certain knowledge leading with them in church fellowship. He | he fair in uniform. Bless the boys, confessed that he was wrong. He soldier boys jes' swarmed round said that his judgment was founded her table, and bought every one of on prejudice and not on facts, the little hearts, A arrow'd come a whizzin' from a Injun's Many Christians are condemned You've all got a piece of my and denounced by those who are beart, boys, you see, Mary said, and without when they are as pure as there were tears in her eyes. They the light. They expect men to say were mostly schoolmates, every one. all manner of evil against them When her red hearts were gone, she

cusations are justified by the facts. her little hearts had earned twenty who are not upright. They do not was doing well. practice what they profess. They are stumbling blocks in the way of sinners. They give occasion to the enemies of Christ to b'aspheme. Woe unto him by whom the offense cometh! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

But true godlicess will win souls. The world profits more by the life of one holy man than by all the eloquence and all the wealth in the world. Good men are the salt of the earth. He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord. His name is like ointment poured forth. His presence creates an atmosphere which to talk of fairs and May. Seems imparts spiritual health to the community. When Simon Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost his she? shadow carried healing to the sick. The very shadow of a good man is a blessing to the people. Out from spare bed, and nobody scarcely has back, t e surgeon said pitingly, Cry him there goes an unconscious in ever slept on it, nor ever will now, all you want. my little man. Yell fluence for good which men feel and I suppose ; for mine last me through, by which their lives are affected. Wicked men may despise him and now-a-days. And there's some old seek to destroy him, but, without silk skirts of Mary's and S.rah's up knowing why, his neighbors will in the garret-real full ones, too. be influenced for good by his life. Mabbe they would make soft cush-He is a savor of life unto life.

Those who think that godliness inside. makes men disagreeable and unlovely are altogether mistaken. There have been men and women who believed that separation from the world means a long face, a sour dis- get the sizes right, and fix ruffles position, and a melancholy spirit. to them; but they'll be my cush-Such Christians take a one-ided ions and Mary's jes' the same. view of religion. Their piety is distorted. Their godliness is a miserable caricature. True godliness is beautiful. Jesus was altogether lovely. His disciples are where a sign announced: Pillows partakers of His Spirit. They shine made by Mrs. Pulsifer, aged eightyas lights in the world.

There is no better means of doing purchased, so that the next day good than a good character. This one of the girls ran into the Pulsi is the Gospel translated into every- fer house to say: We sold every day life and exhibited before the single pillow for five dollars apiece. eyes of men. We need neither Just think-fifty dollars from you riches, nor learning, nor g nius to and Mary! enable us to do good. There is power in all these. But the mightiest force under the sun is a ders ought to help the orphans.good life.

Mrs. Pulsifer's Featherbed.

BY GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN.

Sakes alive, girls, me make something for a fancy fair! Why, I never did such a thing in all my young man near death. Can I do

They earnestly desire to be useful. now-1-days. Going to have an old answer to a kindly word he opened They see that the world is full of ladies' table, and Granny Wood his heart and unburdened his soul! sire to comfort those that mourn, ever! And Aunt Mari knits mit- led this companion and that one miner who was to act as a guide to to restore those that wander, and tens, and Mrs. Cutter crochets astray, how he had ruined this pure the party. to relieve those who are in distress. lamp mats. Well, well! Din't life and that one. Ob, sir, can you But they do not consider themselves seem as it I ought to be left out. | undo this awful work that I have | into the mine? she asked petulantly. equipped for such a mission. If We're the oldest women in Med- done? Can God undo it? No one

But they have none of these things, said? Widders and orphans', the shame of the old sin. They do not understand that the Scripter says, and I guess it's ex

a certain community declared that o' hearts! I could 'a' shock her.

A company from our town was members of a church in that place going to join their regiment next children. He pitifully warned all where he lived were base hypo- day, and start straight for the fathers that the time to save the crites, and he would not associate front, so all the boys came out to children was in childhood. would be ashamed to belong to the how grand they looked! My Mary same church with them. After- had on a red dress, and red flowers leading their children away from ward, when his eyes were opened, in her hair, so she 'n' her little red G.d. By and by it will be too late and his soul converted, he frankly table looked all of a piece. The to save them.

went, as sober as could be, and Sometimes, however, such ac. helped Sarah sell her flowers; but Professing Christians may be found | dollars for sick soldiers, and that

I guess you'd be tired out if I tried to tell all the story of those hearts-how they were found in poor dying boys' pockets, how sick boys clung to them in hospitals, how one saved brave Sam Marsten's life by helping stay a spent bullet, and how one, all worn and frayed, was brought back to Mary by a lad who wanted her own beart as well. Twas a captain brought it back, and Mary obeyed his orders all her life long after that, till they died together in an accident way out

There, there, what a rambling old woman I am, wearing out your time and patience! But it stirs he had borne it nobly, but to him me up as I haven't been for years as if she'd like to have me take some part in this one, wouldn'o

Do you suppess 'twould do any to give a featherbed? Twas mother's and everybody is for mattresses ions, with the feather bed feathers

Why, girls, you're squeezing the breath out o' me! Loveliest things you've had given yet?-oh, that can't be! One of you can help me

When the night of the bazar came, many gathered around that corner of the Old People's Table, eight. They not only admired, but

M s. Pulsifer nodded gently. Yes, from Mary and me. Wid-

Can You Undo?

BY J. R. MILLER

A visitor in a hospital found

anything for you? he inquired, as Yes, certain I used to knit years he bent over the cot. Oh, sir, cried of friends to explore a coal mine. ago; but my old fingers are stiff the young man, can you undo? In will make a dozen holders! Did I to the visitor. He told how he had they had wealth they can see how field, and mebbe the smartest, for can undo, even God himself cannot There's nothin' to keep you from educated, if they had gifts, if they Now, draw up to the fire and God will forgive the penitent, and but there'll be considerable to keep were eloquent, if they had influence tell me all you can. For the one who has sinned may live to do you from wearin' one back. they could make the world better. benefit of the Orphans' Home, you something at least to burn out the

chief means of making the world pected we old widders will help the when the subject was Our Homes ship of that which is unclean, but better is within the reach of all. A orphans all we can. I jes' would and Our Children, a middle-aged there is a good deal to prevent him godly life is more powerful for good like to go; but I hain't left this man, a s'ranger, told this story: from wearing white garments. than any other gift. The chief con- room in five year, except that Old He had a family with several sideration in doing good is charac- People's Sunday, when they total boys. He was not a Christian. me to church, chair and all. Seems There was no prayer in his home, A fisherman must be careful of as if I'd lived over that Sunday no Bible, no holy teaching. He was a godless man, profane, a desecrator

At last the father came under the

Some years ago a young man in little fat pin cushions in the shape | father's heart was almost br ken | F. R Mothers -To bring up a with the thought of the rain he had child in the way he should go, travel wrought in the lives of his own that wa, yourself.

There are many fathers who, by example, if not by teaching, are in the young unless we cherish what

If Father Holds My Hand.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

It was a bad wound, requiring a severe surgical operation, and on account of an inherited tendency to heart disease, the surgeons did not ever poor they may be, but have it think it safe to administer the sleeping potion, so merciful in cases

Do you think you are brave enough to endure the pain, Roland? asked the elder surgeon, when all was ready to begin the operation

If father holds my hand, answered the little fellow. in a voice so clear and trusting, that the father, who, overcome by his feeling, was about to retire, came back, and taking the toy's hand in his own, stood faithfully by his side until the trying ordeal was over, and R land lay back among his pillows, write and still, but with a look of peaceful happiness upon his face. The awful suf fering was over, and everyone said the best part was, his mother had been shielded from the suspense of waiting for the verdict of the opera

Once, when the agony was terrible, and he thought he would cry out, and he could not keep his tears at the top of your voice if you think it will do you any good. Indeed we all wish you would, and there is no law to prevent you from screaming, and scolding and hollowing to your heart's content.

But you forget that poor mother is upstairs, and my yells would frighten her, explained the little fellow. She is not well or strong and has worried over this eperation -dreading the hour when it should take place, and I don't want her to know anything about it, until you are through, and all signs of it are put out of sight. It will be such a nice surprise for her.

You are certainly a very thought ful boy, said the surgeon gently. And I am sure your mother will appreciate the self-denying love that has led you to the sacrifice in her behalf. Not one man in a thousand would have shown your courage, either in your patient endurance of pain, or unselfish silence for the sake of another; not one man, I say, and you are only a boy of ten years old .- U. Presbyterian.

What You Can Do.

I think a Christian can go any where, said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

Certainly she can, rejoined her friend, but I am reminded of a summer when I went with a party One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old

Can't I wear a white dress down Yes'm, returned the old man. undo, what sin has wrought. Yet wearin' a white frock down there.

There is nothing to prevent the Christian's wearing his white gar-One night in a prayer-meeting, ments when he seeks the fellow-

> Crude p-troleum poured upon a burned surface and covered loosely with cotton will subdue the pain almost at once.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys the confidence and patronage of people all over the civilized world, who use it to

The great demand for a pleasant fections of the throat and lungs is a price that will not exclude the poor

HE MATERIALS USED IN "THE D her great-aunt willed her, and made childhood. In his helplessness he Ltd., manufacturers.

Stories first heard at a mother's kn e are never wholly forgotten, a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years. Children need models more than

We can nev r check what is evil

is good in them Line upon line, precapt upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have remity, peace, and the absence of perty tault finding, it home is to be a nursery fit for

heaven's growing plants. There are no men or women, how in their power by the grace of G d to leave behind hem the grande-r where there was strength to rally thing on earth, cheracter; and the r children mi he rise up af er them and thank God that their mother was a pi us womar, or their father a pious man. - Dr. McLeod.

> Childhood determines character. Character fix s destiny.

Childhood in the hands of the mothers.



Family cares and duties do not weigh down the well woman, and the children are never in her way. But when the womanly health fails, and there is a constant struggle with weakness and pain, household duties are a burden almost past bearing, and children are a ceaseless annoyance and worry.

Weak women are made strong and sick women are made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. Sick women are invited to consult Dr.

Pierce by letter free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. "I had been ailing some time, troubled with female weakness," writes Mrs. Wm. H. Johnson, of Avondale, Chester Co., Pa. "Every month I would have to lie on my back. I tried many different medicines and nothing gave me relief until I began Dr. Pierce's medicines, using two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' These medicines have cured me. When I began your treatment I was not able to do very much, but now I do the work for my family of nine, and feel better to-day than I have for a year. I thank you, doctor, from the bottom of my heart, for well do I know that you are the one who cured me." "I had been ailing some time, troubled with

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the

best laxative for family use.

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Where's n he comfor as love her

What a Tr as 'Labor morning to begin,

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