

It Matters Much.

It matters little where I was born, Or if my parents were rich or poor; Whether they shrink at the cold world's scorn,

It matters little how long I stay In a world of sorrow, sin and care; Whether in youth I am called away,

It matters little where my grave, If on the land or on the sea, By purling brook or heath stormy wave,

A Revival in a Hotel.

One of our ministers when on his vacation last Summer had a very unusual experience. It was so unlike anything that had heretofore befallen him that he was embarrassed beyond measure.

He had been spending a few weeks in the mountains. On the morning of his departure for home about seventy-five people—men, women and children—accompanied him as an escort of honor along the quiet country road from the hotel to the railway station which was half a mile away.

But who were these people, and what wonderful thing had he done to call forth such an enthusiastic demonstration? Surely some great opportunity such as seldom comes to a minister—and he had been wide awake to make good use of it.

The first Sabbath I spent at the hotel there was, so far as any public or social worship was concerned, no recognition of the day. Eight or ten of the guests went in a mountain wagon to a little Episcopal church about two miles distant, and about half a dozen went to a small Methodist church about five minutes' walk from the house.

I was a stranger to them all, and while I was musing the fire burned. As I was the only minister of the Gospel at the hotel the burden of the Lord seemed to rest upon myself.

On the following Sabbath the proprietor was interviewed and a short religious service was proposed. He cordially consented to have the music room, which seated about one hundred people, made ready for the evening and to post a notice of the service on the piazza. The seats were all occupied. We sang a few familiar hymns. A passage of Scripture was read. Prayer was offered and a few remarks were made, closing with the announcement that family worship would be held in that room every morning at nine o'clock.

I could see by their faces that I had taken them by surprise. I suggested that it would not be a formal prayer meeting, but just a family gathering, that it would be a pleasant way to begin the day, and that although it was an innovation it was none the worse for that. I did not say anything about duty, neither did I urge attendance. My thought was that possibly fifteen or twenty might gather around the little altar for morning worship.

On the first morning there were about forty present, on the second morning sixty, and from that time on, for five weeks, the meetings increased in attendance and interest until the room was well filled, and the service was as much a feature of the day as breakfast, dinner or supper. All who could come seemed to be present. The old people were there. So were the young men and young women and the little children,

You would see them hurrying through breakfast in order to be in time for family worship, as they all learned to call it. You would find them postponing their long morning walks and rides until after family worship.

The little assembly changed from week to week. Some went to their homes, but new comers took their places, and the interest did not wane but rather deepened. The people were of all sorts and conditions, physically, mentally and spiritually. There were Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and I don't know what else, but all differences were for the time forgotten. It was delightful. It was like a little heaven in which each heart seemed to be so far as worship was concerned, in tune with all the rest.

It was my privilege to lead the service every morning for five weeks. Promptly at nine o'clock a familiar hymn was announced, such as: Jesus Lover of my Soul, Rock of Ages Cleft for Me, Nearer My God to Thee. How they did sing in that early morning hour! Then a few helpful verses of Scripture were read—not a long chapter, but just a few verses that would go right to the heart, such as, He was wounded for our transgressions, or Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, or the parable of the lost sheep. Now and then a sentence or two of comment. Then a short prayer—just a home prayer that the children could follow. After that the Lord's Prayer was repeated in concert. Then all stood up and sang, Praise God from whom all blessings flow, and with bowed heads received the apostolic benediction. It was all over in ten minutes.

That was all I did. It was not much. There was nothing unusual or sensational about it, and yet the people were more than generous in their expressions of gratitude and appreciation. Sometimes there were tears in the eyes of those who stopped after worship to tell how helpful the service was to them, and to unburden their hearts a little.

Yes, it was as one called it, a revival—a genuine revival of religion in a hotel on the top of a mountain. Its influence was sure and felt all day long in different ways. The better angels were in control, and there was a kindness in intercourse that was often spoken of. They who sang together and prayed together seemed to be animated by the charity that doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Its fruits will be gathered this Winter in not a few homes that were represented in the early morning assembly. There will be a rekindling of the fires, I think on some household altars, and perhaps more than one new altar will be build-d at which a father or mother will minister.

"How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The last morning had been one of great surprises. First of all the proprietor kindly tendered me the hospitalities of his house, has begged me to stay at least another week as his special guest. He based his plea on the good that had been done by the morning meetings. Then, while I was busy here and there I was summoned to the music room. Imagine my feelings when I found my little congregation gathered there to bid me a formal farewell. Kind words were spoken by one for all, a dainty souvenir was presented, two stanzas of Bless Be the Tie That Binds were sung, and with the benediction it was all over. The scene on the way to the train you have witnessed. To the loving Master, who has made so much out of such a commonplace little service, belongs all the glory. It was a revival, and it followed the building of a family altar.

"Close would I keep to the Master, Empty would I remain; And perhaps, some day, He may use me To water His flowers again."

—Presbyterian Journal.

Only a Handshake.

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

The prayer meeting in a certain city church I know of is held up stairs in the Sunday-school room. The entrance is into the vestibule below, and the stairs go up on either hand.

One evening a man sorely tempted to fall back into evil, and yet fighting against it in a half-discouraged way, came into the vestibule. No one else was there, though it was lighted, and he could hear the singing up-stairs. He waited for a moment before going up, and then seemed to change his mind, and concluded not to go up to the meeting, and started with the evident purpose of going out at the door. Just then another man, a travelling man, who gets around to that church only once in several months, came in, and divin-

ing the purpose of the other man to go away, grasped him by the hand, and with a warm smile and an encouraging manner said: Come up-stairs to the prayer meeting; I have been here before, and it's the right sort.

The kindness and the good cheer of the man's manner turned the balance in favor of the meeting, and the two men went up into the prayer meeting together. The next day the man who had been going away met the travelling man by accident again, and went up to him and said: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the prayer meeting last night, and how much good I got from it, and that I owe it all to you. I was very much discouraged and if I had not seen you, or if you had not spoken to me, I was going out to hunt up some of my old companions of sin. But, just as the devil was taking me out into the darkness, you shook hands with me, and I intend to make another grand effort to keep in the narrow way. God bless you for that handshake!—C. E. World.

A Very Busy Man.

It is said that a friend once asked an aged man what caused him so often to complain of pain and weariness in the evening.

Also, said he, I have every day so much to do; for I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon.

Why, you must be joking, said his friend; surely no man can have all these things to do at once.

I indeed, I am not joking, said the old man, but what I have told you is the sad and sober truth.

The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard lest something should please them which may be hurtful to my salvation; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back lest they should run after evil objects, and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work in order that I may be able to provide for myself and for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care.

All this daily wears out my strength.—Selected.

Helps To Patience.

A woman whose life has been long checked with many reverses, said, lately: Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my old father. He was a village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

What is the matter, Mary? I'm tired! I've been making beds and washing dishes all day and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again.

Look, my child, he said, do you see these empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine.

Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry which kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or unwashed or the floors swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life.

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful. The wise builder, says Bolton, watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them.

A Cure For Gossiping.

A good woman, Jane Parsons, was anxious to be at peace with all, and particularly wished to be on good terms with those who lived near. But Agnes Sausdry was such a great newsbag, that her calls on Jane were neither few nor far between. Nor did she appear to know the way out when she got in.

Jane found Agnes' conversation both unprofitable and disagreeable, for she made so free with other people's names. This made Jane unhappy; so much so that she dreaded Agnes' coming. She resolved to lay the matter before her

leader, who was not long in prescribing a remedy.

Jane, said he, keep your family Bible on the table, and when she has been in the house long enough, ask her to read a chapter or a Psalm, and pray with you. Jane followed this excellent advice.

Agnes excused herself on the ground that she was very busy. She would gladly do so another time when she could stay. We need scarcely say that Jane had no farther cause to complain of Agnes gossiping in her house.—Kansas Advocate.

Wrong Amusements.

1. Those of doubtful propriety, (Rom. 14: 23)

2. Which, followed by others, might lead them into sin. (1 Cor. 8: 8; Mark 9: 42)

3. Which grieve fellow-Christians. (Rom. 14: 15, f. e.)

4. Which the holiest Christians condemn. (Heb. 5: 14)

5. Where time is selfishly was ed. (Eph. 2: 10; 1 Cor. 10: 33)

6. Which would lead a stranger to place you with the enemies of Christ. (James 4: 4)

7. Which are essentially worldly. (2 Cor. 6: 15, 17)

8. Which are liable to gain the mastery over you. (Eph. 5: 18)

9. Where prayer or praise to God would seem wholly incongruous. (1 Cor. 10: 31)

10. On which you cannot ask the blessing of God. (C. J. 3: 17)

11. Where you have no opportunity to be a light in the world. (Phil. 2: 15)

12. Which you cannot conscientiously recommend to every other. (Phil. 4: 8)

13. Which you would not like to be engaged in at the Lord's coming. (Luke 12: 37)

14. That are inconsistent with the profession of renouncing the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world. (Phil. 1: 27, f. c.; Gal. 6: 14).—Word and Work.

The Dying Girl.

I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father; she never knew her mother; her home had been the poor house, her couch the hospital cot; and yet, as she staggered in her weakness there, she picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the N-w Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the crossing.

Oh, sir, she said, God sends his angels. I read in his Word, Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation? And when I am lying in my cot they stand about me on this floor, and when the heavy darkness comes and this poor side aches so severely He comes, for he says, Lo, I am with you, and I sleep, I rest.—Bishop C. H. Fowler.

Homely Women.

One comfort the homely woman may take, and that is that she will probably be handsome when she grows old. For our inner lives tell upon our faces, our kind thoughts, our self-control, our gentleness, our communion with God, and a beautiful spiritual life writes its story on the plainest face. Then, gray hair is as softening as an aureole to a rough skin or rugged features, and a woman gains in presence, as she advances in years, and she who was not noted for beauty in girlhood, in middle life and in age may be very charming. An entrancingly beautiful girl may lose her looks and her figure in the wear and tear of time, and having been extraordinary for carriage and complexion and hair and eyes, may be merely commonplace at the far end of life's day. Charm is a more enduring gift than beauty, and goodness is better than either.

A PHYSICIAN is not always at hand. Guard yourself against sudden coughs and colds by keeping a bottle of Pain-Killer in the house. A void substitute there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The great lung healer is that excellent medicine sold as Bickle'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.

Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific, Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Mother's Loving Eyes.

One of the greatest artists tells a story of his school days. He was the only son of a widow, and only once a month could he see and speak to his mother. But she loved him so dearly, and so desired to be near him, that she took a house which overlooked the school playground, and, every day, when the boys were at their games, she was watching at the window. He soon found it out, and from that time he was ashamed to do anything wrong or mean. He always thought of those loving eyes; they seemed to be watching him even in his chamber, and it helped to keep him straight and true. By God's love is stronger than a mother's, and if we were to go to Africa or China, his love would still follow us. He is always watching us. Let us not do anything that we cannot ask his blessing on. It seems a wonderful power, does it not, to know all and see all and hear all? One of the grand attributes of our Heavenly Father is his omniscience; that is, knowing all things. Another is, his omnipresence; that is, present in all places. Another is, his omnipotence; that is, possessing unlimited power.—National Advocate.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreamt of



"Crying for the Moon"

Has become a proverbial phrase to express the futility of mere desire. There are a great many people who think it as useless to hope for health as to cry for the moon. They have tried many medicines and many doctors, but all in vain.

A great many hopeless men and women have been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; people with obstinate coughs, bleeding lungs, night-sweats and other symptoms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption.

"Golden Medical Discovery" has a wonderful healing power. It increases the nutrition of the body, and so gives strength to throw off disease. It cleanses the blood from poisonous impurities and enriches it with the red corpuscles of health. It is not a stimulant, but a strength giving medicine. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic.

Sometimes the extra profit paid by inferior medicines tempts the dealer to offer a substitute as "just as good" as "Discovery." If you are convinced that "Discovery" will cure you accept nothing else. "I was in poor health when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mr. Elmer Lawler, of Volga, Jefferson Co., Indiana. "I had stomach, kidney, heart, and lung trouble. I was not able to do any work. I had a severe cough and hemorrhage of the lungs, but after using your medicine a while I commenced to gain in strength and flesh, and stopped coughing right away. Took about six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' then, and last spring I had Grippe, and it settled on my lungs, leaving me with a severe cough. I had the doctor, but he didn't seem to help me any; so I commenced your medicine again and took three or four bottles of the 'Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure, and that straightened me up. I feel like a different person. I gladly recommend your medicine to all sufferers, for I know it cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation by curing its cause.

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Mr. Stephen Wescott, F. N. S., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Bitters. "I was very much run down health and employed our local physician who attended me three times finally my leg broke out in sores with fearful burning, thirteen running sores at once from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did good, so I threw it aside and B.B.B. When one-half the was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved.

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