

The Rights of Women.

The rights of women, what are they? The right to labor, love and pray; The right to weep with those that weep; The right to wake while others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear; The right to quell the rising fear; The right to smooth the brow of care, And whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath, To soothe and cheer the bed of death; The right, when earthly hopes all fail, To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim And win the lost from paths of shame; The right to comfort and to bless The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide In simple faith to Him who died; With earnest love and gentle praise, To bless and cherish their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train, And guide the soul to noble aim; Teach it to rise above earth's toys, And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love, The right to die that love to prove; The right to brighten earthly homes With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well; Thy silent influence none can tell. If these are thine, why ask for more? Thou hast enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not, That woman's mission is thy lot. Improve the talents God has given; Thy duty done, thy rest in heaven.

If It Be Possible.

What a sunny face Mrs. Brown always wears! was the remark of one who had not known her long. It is plain to be seen that hers has been a care free life, thus far.

The long-time friend of the one regarded as so fortunate was silent a moment, and then said:

Living next door to Mrs. Brown, as you do, you will learn, sooner or later, that she is the reverse of care-free; indeed, I cannot recall one of my circle of friends who would have a better excuse for wearing an unsmiling face than she.

No further mention was made of this subject until, several months later, the same woman chanced to be speaking of Mrs. Brown, and then the old neighbor said to her:

I have no reason to change my first opinion of her. True, she seems to have little time to call her own, but she is quite neighborly and is always bright and sunny.

What is the subject of her conversation, usually? was the evasive answer.

Why, her mind seems to run on the Bible continually; she is unlike any one I ever saw, in that respect. It does not matter whether the subject under discussion is servants or health, she is sure to wind up with what seems to lie nearest her heart. I think she takes a text of Scripture as a guide for each day.

I know she does, was the rejoinder and I know, too, that if it were not for the peace that passeth understanding, she would have little peace of any sort.

Why, you surprise me! I cannot conceive of a skeleton in that home.

Has Mrs. Brown never told you anything of her aged maiden aunts, who have made their home with her since her mother died, some ten years ago?

Oo, yes, she often mentions them, and I sometimes wondered that she did not invite me to go up to their rooms. I am sure she would, if she knew how I love old ladies.

You would find nothing in them to love, I assure you, for two more unlovely old ladies never lived. They are both as helpless as babies, and the most fault-finding creatures I ever saw. Mrs. Brown is always sweet and gentle with them, but her only reward is a continual nagging. Such a life would land me in an insane asylum.

Why does she not take them to some home for the aged, if they do not appreciate what she does for them? It seems a shame for so lovable a woman to devote her life to so thankless a task.

That is what I have often suggested, but it is always met by, It is my cross, and Christ is giving me grace to bear it. But it breaks my heart to know that such loving care is only met by faultfinding. I understand the situation perfectly, as I have known the family intimately since my girlhood, and I well know that grace alone enables my friend to lead so peaceful a life in the midst of so much to annoy. I tell you this that you may be the better appreciate your good neighbor.

A few days after the foregoing conversation, Mrs. Brown rapped at her neighbor's door, saying:

I wanted to run away from—everything, for a little while, so I have inflicted myself upon you.

The one thus greeted made some laughing rejoinder.

glance that the cross was pressing so heavily upon the one who had so long borne it that it was an effort for her to hide it, and tried to divert her by bringing up one topic after another. But, as usual, these neighbors soon found themselves talking on the subject which even Christians are inclined to avoid—the higher life, and how to attain it.

What a wonderful inspiration Paul is! among other things said Mrs. Brown. I think when I have reached heaven and feasted my eyes on the King in his beauty, I shall not rest until I have seen the one who, next to my Saviour, helped me to fight a good fight. But if life's darkest day looms up before me, I shall first thank him for the words, If it be possible.

Why it is strange that of all his wonderful words you should single out those, was the unthinking comment, as Mrs. Brown ended with a sigh.

I will likely think so, too, when I clasp the immortal hand, but to day, in the thick-st of the fight, those words are my salvation; for if as great and good a man as Paul knew from experience that there were people with whom it was impossible to live in peace at all times, and so left us the loophole, if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men, I will not be overcome by what is beyond my control.—Zion's Herald.

The Lawyer Preaches To The Parsons.

A Denver lawyer recently gave an address on The Kind of Preaching Needed To-day, saying some things which it were well for ministers to heed. Among other things he said:

What in my judgment the pews want first and foremost is that you preach a living and abiding faith. We want men in the pulpit who can say from experience, I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him. The pulpit is no place to ventilate your doubts. The pews have enough of their own to contend with.

Men women and children come to your pews on Sunday tired, and heart-sick with the struggles against the meanness and cupidity of others, and disheartened over their own failures to maintain their integrity. They come to you to be told how they may overcome the world, the flesh and the devil; they want to be spiritually refreshed and heartened for the struggle that comes on the morrow. Are you going to fill that want with a scientific lecture? are you going to fill it with pious platitudes? do you think that a lecture upon the cliff dwellers of Arizona, or stereopticon views of your travels in the Holy Land, all very good in their place, are going to meet that need?

Brethren, we do not fill your pews on Sunday to hear a lecture on science. We are not vitally interested in the authorship of the Book of Job, or even whether there ever was any Job; but we would like to know how we may be patient under our daily trials, as Job was said to have been. We would like to know how we may meet the tempter, who comes to us when we fail, and says to us, Curse God and die, and come out conquerors.

We do not much care whether Paul did or did not write all the so-called Pauline Epistles, but we would like to say, when the struggle is nearing its end, like Paul, I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith. We don't care whether you do or do not believe in evolution. But we do want to know how out of our imperfect and sin-stained lives may be evolved a Christ-likeness.

I think the good minister should be much like the good physician. I want my physician to be thoroughly educated. I want him to know the anatomy of my body. I want him to be able to diagnose my complaint accurately and to know what is the proper remedy, and to have the courage to apply it, and if my complaint needs the surgeon's knife, I want him to know where, when and how deep to make the incision. I may not enjoy the process, but when the cure is accomplished I shall love and respect the one who caused the pain that health might come.

I want him also to teach me how to keep in good health, and when I am sick and call him to minister to my needs, I don't want him to deliver me a lecture on materia medica. I am not much interested just then regarding the kind of microbes that are holding a convention in my body. I want to be cured. If I have appendicitis, I don't want a lecture on surgery. I am not then interested in the question whether the appendix is or is not of any use to my system, but I want a knife applied quickly and accurately.

So it is with the pews. We want our clergy educated; we want you

to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in you. We want you to study sociology that you may know what is morally wrong with the body politic. But we come to the pews on Sunday, not to hear a lecture on sociology, psychology, but we want you to tell us how to apply the remedy.

What then, is the need of the pews to-day? I would answer, The spirit of the Master. How can the pulpit meet that need? I would answer, By preaching his Gospel of peace on earth and good will among men.

A Christmas Dream.

Paul Tyson, a young medical student, took home with him last Christmas Eve a book written by one who professed to doubt Christianity. He read its pages until past midnight, and then laid down the book with a sharp doubt stabbing his heart.

What if this author is right? What if there is no Saviour, no merciful Father in Heaven?

He fell asleep and dreamed that his doubt was true. There was no God, no Christ, no future life, and the world knew it.

He dreamed that he rose and went out into the street. The churches were tumbling into ruin, or had been turned into halls for pleasure seekers or for riotous gatherings. Mechanically he made his way to the hospital in which he attended the free clinics, but it was closed. He met one of the physicians a man whose grave, benignant manner and lofty character he had always revered.

All the asylums, hospitals, free schools and other charitable institutions were closed, he said. Why should the rich care for the poor, or any man put out a hand to help another? That was the doctrine said to have been taught by Christ. There is no Christ now. Our motto is, Every man for himself! Paul saw that the man had been drinking heavily.

Why should I not drink? the old physician demanded, answering the suspicion in the younger man's face. It is a pleasure to me. Why should I not indulge myself? Because vice must be hateful to a man like you, and virtue dear.

Ah, you forget! There is no vice and no virtue. There is no God to make laws, or to make one action right and another wrong.

Paul dreamed that he walked down the street. At every turn he found proof that men no longer believed in right and wrong.

A stout young fellow, reeling out of a scotch bottle, was met by his gray-haired mother, who threw her arms about him, begging him to come home. He struck her to the ground and went his way. The crowd passed by, heedlessly of the white head lying at their feet.

Little children passed him speaking blasphemous words. Paul thought in his dream that he hurried to his home. There at least would be peace and comfort. He found a strange woman with a bold, sensual face in his mother's place by the fire. His father met him.

I found that I preferred another woman to your mother, and I sent her away. The marriage of one man to one woman is a Christian institution, he said. I do not accept it. It makes no difference, however, in your mother's case; she died a few days after she left me.

Then she at least is happy! cried her son. She was a saint. Thank God she is with Him.

Thank God, you say! exclaimed the father. There is no God! There is no future life! Your mother is but a lump of decaying matter! Go, enjoy yourself, for you, too, at the end will be as she is.

Was it true, then, that the Christ the Heaven that his mother believed in, were lies? The Christ that had lifted this modern world out of brutality, that had filled countless myriads of struggling souls with strength, and made their lives pure, had been a lie—a fraud?

Paul started up from his dream cold with a sweat of horror. The sun was shining on the snow-covered roofs. From every church spire came the glad sounds of Christmas bells. In the streets were happy children, their arms loaded with gifts. In every face, even of the lowest and most vicious, was the sign of great thought, which the day had brought that of the God-man who came on earth to redeem mankind.

There was a tap at the door. His mother came in, her pure face bright with happiness. As she stooped to kiss him, he heard the peal of an anthem in the neighboring cathedral.

Glory to God in the highest, they sang, peace on earth and good-will toward men.—Christian Budget.

Rich, warm, healthy blood is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus coughs, colds, and pneumonia are prevented. Take it, too.

A Common Difficulty With Young Workers.

I cannot be a soul winner, as you say, replied a young woman to a request to take up the subject of training for personal work.

Why not? I cannot talk to people about religion.

This doubtless is the feeling of a great many young Christians, and they have, unfortunately, the example of a great many older Christians to keep them in this attitude.

But you can tell a school friend that you want her to join your literary society, can you not?

Oo, yes but religion is different.

It is true that religion is different but the greatest difference is in the fact that it is infinitely more important, and that the consequences of a failure to speak to a friend are of eternal moment.

Let me urge a few considerations upon you. You are a Christian. You ought to be interested in the salvation of others. But I am not, is the secret admission of many. That is the starting point for you. You must become interested. Once interested, you will find ways to manifest that interest.

You will be faithful to your religious duties in order that you may influence your unsaved friend.

You will look well to your own life, that your spirit and conduct may recommend Jesus Christ.

You will pray for the unsaved friend. Prayer will link you with God in bringing about the conversion of the unsaved. You will be loving word—yes, you will make it known that you are concerned about the salvation of the one who has been upon your heart.—The Watchword.

Do Everything Well.

He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well.

A young student whom we knew was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship, he could go on with his course. A well-known professor was interested in the lad's success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

Nobody gets perfect marks for everything, the boy objected.

That is nothing to the point, said the teacher. You are perfect in my recitations; do as well in others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever you form a word, either with the pen or tongue, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly, and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence.

The student went resolutely to work, and before the year was far on its way was the leader in his class; he gained his scholarship; and, more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—Selected.

My Children Still.

A young preacher recently called upon an eminent divine, and in the course of conversation asked him how many children. Four, sir, was the reply.

At the supper-table, the visitor perceived two beautiful children seated by the side of the mother. Turning to his host he said, I thought you had four children, sir; where are the other two?

Lifting his eyes the holy man of God pointed upwards, while a sweet smile broke over his countenance. They are in Heaven, he repeated slowly and calmly; yet my children still not dead but gone before.—Christian Life.

CHILDREN WILL GO SLIPPING. They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

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 Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and affections of the throat and lungs.

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Sleeping in Church.

The favourite Scottish method of dealing with sleepers in church was publicly to denounce the delinquents. When the Rev. Walter Dunlop, minister of a U. P. Church in Dumries, saw a member of his flock nodding while he was preaching, he suddenly stopped in his sermon, and observed: I doot some o' ye hae taen ower mony wey porridge the day; sit up! or I'll name ye out—a threat which was probably effective at any rate during the remainder of that sermon. Another Caledonian preacher on like provocation, cried out: Hold up your head, my friends, and mind that neither sunts nor sinners are sleeping in the next world. And then, finding that this general exhortation was insufficient to deter a certain well-known member of the church from obviously getting his night's rest forward, the reverend gentleman turned towards the offender and said impressively, James Stewart, this is the second time I have stopped to waken ye. If I need to stop a third time, I'll expose ye by name to the whole congregation.—Christian Leader.

The greatest men are not those who despise the day of small things, but those who improve them the most carefully.—Samuel Smiles.

Muscle

Does not make the man. "The blood is the life," the vital force of the body. So it not infrequently happens that the man who looks to be a picture of physical strength falls a sudden victim to disease.

A proper care for the blood would prevent many a serious sickness. The cleansing of the blood is perfectly accomplished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It drives out the impurities and poisonous substances which corrupt the blood and breed disease. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, and so increases the supply of pure blood. It builds up the entire body with good sound flesh.

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"I took five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' for my blood," writes Mr. William D. Shamblin, of Keno, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. "I had 'riding worms' on me and I would burn them off and they would come right back, and they were on me when I commenced using 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and they went away and I haven't been bothered any more."

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A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 33 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.:

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

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