

His Way is Best.

The snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn; Long patient months produce the harvest fair; The darkling clouds the sunset's throne prepare; Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born; The tempest tracks the mountain's face adorn; In deepest mines are treasured gems most rare; The port is calmer reached through storms of care; The night of weeping melts in joyful morn; Events are not as first they meet the sight; The sons of God by passing griefs are blest; Amid the dark He ever leads to light; His purposes and plans are always right; Commit thy way to Him, His way is best; O, wait for Him—wait patiently and rest!

—Christopher Newman Hall.

Mr. Tomlin's Experiment.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

I remember him very well—Mr. John Tomlin—and was deeply interested in his experiment. He and I lived in the same city during the time of our acquaintance. Until he had reached middle life he was a worldly and wicked man high-tempered and profane, and had no use for churches and ministers. However, a young pastor held a series of evangelistic services at one of the churches of the neighborhood in which Mr. Tomlin lived, and at this meeting the man and his wife were converted. A sad calamity was, in part, the cause of this sudden change in their lives. Two sweet little girls, their only children, had been smitten a few weeks before by diphtheria and died, leaving the home desolate indeed, and the parents were so heart-broken over their loss that they turned to God for help and comfort. No one could doubt the sincerity of their professions. No worldly gain could come to them on account of their attachment to the church, and so they were accorded the confidence of all their fellow-members. In the special meetings and afterward in the prayer meetings it was good to listen to their testimony to the power of converting grace. Everyone was especially impressed when Mr. Tomlin spoke in public for he always expressed himself with deep feeling, and many persons were always melted to tears by his forcible and humble witness-bearing. Matters went very well for a year or more. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlin were faithful in their attendance on the means of grace, and lived consistent lives, so far as could be seen, and were a standing miracle of regenerating grace in the community. But Satan attacks the convert sooner or later, and always at the most vulnerable point. He knew how to direct his shafts when he made his assault on our friend. It was noised around presently that Mr. Tomlin was finding fault with the church and the pastor. This was wrong and that was wrong, he declared, and this person in the church was a stumbling-block to him, and somebody else was trying to "run the church," and still some one else had slighted him or mistreated him in some other way. At first he selected a pew a little farther back in the church, and his look during the service was not as open and clear as it had previously been. He would glance up askance at the minister while the sermon was going on, and several times complained that the pastor had "preached right at him!" Gradually he came to absent himself more and more from the services of the sanctuary. When the pastor gently inquired about his absenteeism Mr. Tomlin replied evasively. It is so hard for one who is admitting evil into his heart and life to be perfectly frank with his pastor. Haven't you often noticed that? "A few months later one of the officers of the church came to the pastor and said: "Mr. Rainer, I fear we shall lose our one-time enthusiastic friend, John Tomlin. He has become very bitter against the church."

Indeed, what is the trouble? inquired the minister. Well, he says there are too many hypocrites in the church; too many people who want to run things and don't know how." It seems to me then, he should come and show us how to carry on the Lord's work. He declares it's no use; the pastor himself, he says, is in the hand of the clique. I'm sorry Mr. Tomlin has those mistaken notions. But what can be done for him? Can you suggest a remedy for his troubles? A man who has been in the church only a little over a year ought to be modest and humble enough to

allow those who have been Christians for many years, and who have had long experience in church work, to have the chief say in ecclesiastical matters. If Mr. Tomlin would remain loyal to Christ for a few years, and prove himself a faithful and well-balanced church member, the time would come when he would be able to wield a powerful influence in the control of affairs in the church; but he is proving himself headstrong, finical, and unreliable by his present course, and is forfeiting the confidence of his fellow-members, who will not hereafter feel disposed to trust him. But what can be done? Nothing I fear. Everyone who knows Tomlin in the shop where he works says he is extremely obstinate. When he sets his head he can't be moved from his course. I must tell you the conclusion to which he has come in regard to religion. I heard him announce it in this way the other day: I don't need to go to church and take a preacher's say-so; I can pray and read my Bible at home. Hereafter he intends to follow that plan; so he says. I fear his experiment won't be a success, said the pastor, thoughtfully. It won't be tried with the proper motive, and is contrary to the teaching of the Gospel. In spite of all the appeals of his Christian friends John Tomlin undertook his hazardous experiment, replying to every overture: O, I have no need of preachers and churches; I can pray and read my Bible at home. It was at this time that I moved away from the city, to make my home in another State. Some eight years passed, and then I found opportunity to visit my former home, enjoying for a few days the renewal of old friendships. One day I met one of the principal members of the church, and put to him the following questions: What has become of John Tomlin? Has he succeeded in his experiment of trying to be a Christian all by himself, by praying and reading his Bible at home? I regret to say he has made a sad failure of it, was the reply. In what way? In the most vital way possible. The fact is, he has lost his religious principles entirely. He makes no pretension any more to being a Christian. Any of his acquaintances will tell you that he is one of the wickedest men in the shop where he works, punctuating every remark with the vilest oaths, and flying into a rage on the slightest provocation. And whenever he has occasion he denounces the churches and the Bible with a bitterness that makes a reverent man's blood run cold. His poor wife has also forsaken the church, although she continued to attend the services a year or two after he stopped. It is generally thought that he simply wore out her patience by his constant jibes at the church. It is very sad, was all I could reply; but it is precisely the result I expected. Feeling a deep interest in Mr. Tomlin's case, I sought him out one day, and claimed the privilege of an old friend; but when I broached the subject of religion he turned upon me so fiercely and muttered so vile an oath that I felt it was useless to attempt to discuss the question with him. However, afterward I found him one day in a calmer mood, disposed to be candid in his confession, and the following is the story he told me, which I will recite in almost the words that fell from his lips: Well, as you know I got out of sorts with the preacher and the church—but no matter about that now. You want to know simply how my backsliding came about, and so I'll try to stick to the text. I thought I could be a Christian just as well outside of the church, could pray and read my Bible at home, as I said so often, and wouldn't need to be provoked by the sight of the people I disliked so much. So I tried that plan for a while. Yes, sir, I gave it a fair trial. But it wouldn't work, sir, it wouldn't work! It won't work for anybody—that is, for anybody who stays away from church for the reason I did. Why not, Mr. Tomlin? I questioned. Well, sir, for a very good reason. Just take my own case. I said I could pray at home. So I could have done, if my heart had been right; but it wasn't. Do you want to know how it worked? Every time I got down on my knees to pray the whole crowd of those church people I had d so bitterly preacher and all, would come right between me and God, and something would seem to say within me: If you don't love your brethren whom you can see, how can you love God whom you cannot see? And that just made my private prayers a mockery. Again and again, when I kneeled at the family altar, something seemed to strike me in the face, and say, God is love

but you have no love in your heart. How dare you approach God with such feelings in your heart?

It was the same thing, sir, when I tried to read the Bible, Mr. Tomlin continued. Almost every time I opened its lids it rebuked me, actually flew up into my face. In the Old Testament my favorite book was the Psalms, but—would you believe it?—almost every time I undertook to read them I would find David saying I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord; or, How admirable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; or, I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. You see I remember some things the Bible says, even if I haven't looked into it for a good many years. When I read in the New Testament my experience was the same. I was sure to stumble upon the statement that Christ was wont to go into the synagogue on the Sabbath day; or Paul would say, Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, or Christ loved the church and gave himself for it. All these passages told me that I was wrong, was out of harmony with the teaching of the Bible. They made me angry. If I couldn't read the Bible without being slapped in the face, I said I wouldn't read it at all, and so I stopped reading it. I stopped praying too. My plan wouldn't work. It never will work, I don't care who tries it. Of course, I had to give up all idea of being a Christian. But why not come back to God and His Church? I asked. A fierce light gleamed in his eyes for a moment, and I had aroused the demon in him; but he controlled himself, and then a look of despair settled on his creased face as he replied: It's too late; I've sinned away my day of grace. No amount of argument or persuasion has thus far availed to rouse him from his spiritual apathy.—N.Y. Advocate.

Lights in Olden Times. BY WALTER PALMER. In this busy and progressive age of electric lights and gas lights, it is well to look back occasionally to the days of our grandfathers. Not many years ago the best lamps were little tin ones, which held a half pint or so of whale oil, and which had one or two tubes for the wicks. They were generally egg-shaped, and some of them had a tin base like a dress skirt, which gave them the name of petticoat lamps. Others had a pipe soldered under the bottom, into which a stick was put. These were called peg lamps. Often our grandmothers would cut a slice off a potato to make it stand steady and then stick the peg lamp into it. These lamps gave a dim, uncertain light, and when one read it was customary to hold the lamp in one hand, and the book or letter in the other close to it. Nor were the methods of striking a light any better than the lamps. Flint and steel and tinder were first used. Tinder was made by lighting a piece of cotton cloth in the fireplace and allowing it to smoulder until it was charred. This was put into a flat, round, tin box, something like the boxes now used for shoe-blackening. Matches were made by splitting thin pieces of wood into many pieces and tying them together in round bundles. Then when the brimstone, the old name for sulphur, was broken up and melted, both ends of these bundles of sticks were dipped into it. Thus, the old-fashioned matches were burned at both ends. In lighting a lamp or candle, the tinder box was opened, then the flint and steel were struck together, so that a spark might drop upon the tinder, into which one end of a match was put as quickly as possible and the candle lighted. This done, the cover was shut on the tinder box to smother the lighted tinder and so save it. The match was also extinguished at once, that the good end might be saved until next time. The common method of lighting was by tallow dip. To make them, our grandmothers put some beef tallow into a big kettle hanging on the crane in the old fireplace and melted it down. Then a piece of wick yarn, about twenty inches long, was doubled over a stick. The wick was dipped into the hot tallow, drawn out and allowed to harden. When cool, it was dipped again, and so on, until it was the size wished. Often, dozens were made at once by the aid of a rude frame which held a number of wicks. These were then dipped in rotation, the first being ready for a second dip by the time the dipper got round to it again, and so no time was lost. The dip is still to be met with in out-of-the-way country places,

and is the crudest form of candle, being so soft that it wastes rapidly in draughts, guttering and sputtering in an annoying way. To make them firmer, bayberry wax is often put in the tallow. An old custom of burning the entire candle prevailed in France. This was made possible by means of a short piece of white marble, round, like a candle, with a spike in it. It was set in the candle stick, and the real candle was stuck upon it, thus saving the candle end usually set into the candle stick. These are still in use and are called brule bouts, or burn ends. King Alfred the Great is credited with originating the lantern. He was so bothered by the blowing of the candle flames in the wind, that he protected them by putting the candles in cow horns, which he ordered to be scraped thin. Our grandfathers made lanterns by punching holes in properly shaped pieces of tin, which were then soldered together. The light which came through the little holes was always very dim and flickering. It was this kind of lantern which the old town watchmen used to carry when they went about calling the hours and the weather in rhymes: 'Tis one o' the clock—midnight is past: Sleep on, good friends, the time thou hast, For rise ye must at early dawn: 'Tis one o' the clock, and Tuesday morn.

Later, candles improved; they came to be made in molds of polished pewter and tin, which came singly and in sets of two, four, six or eight. When the tallow was melted, the loop of a double-wick was put over a stick across the top of the mold and let down through a hole in the lower end of it; then a knot was tied to prevent the tallow from dripping out and the wick was held taut. The molds were a little larger at the upper part than at the base, which let the candle slip out easily. If it stuck, the mold was put into hot water for a moment, which quickly loosened the candle.—Morning Star.

A Deaconess Heroine. A woman is a born heroine, says a writer in an exchange. Under the inspiration of the cross she instinctively rises into that divine region which in all times has united great souls to admiration, courage, benevolence and power. We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves. Every illustration of self-abnegation for the weal of others, commands our utmost admiration and praise. A few years ago, in a certain deaconess hospital, fire was suddenly discovered in the frail wooden structure which contained the patients. All from the first and second floors had made their escape. Suddenly a girl's white face appeared at the third-story window. It was the nurse, Minnie Baumer, in whose charge was a man strapped to the bedstead under treatment for a broken hip. Help me save my patient! she cried. But the lower part of the house was a mass of flames and no one could help. Jump, and save yourself! they shouted. She could have dropped to the broad roof of the veranda. Eager hands were waiting to assist her, but she only replied, I can't leave my patient, and disappeared. When it was all over, they found the poor charred body fallen by the bedside, the hands still clutching the cruel fastenings which bound her charge, in a last attempt, in blindness and pain, to undo them.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

AT ALL TIMES OF YEAR Pain-Killer will be found a useful household remedy. Cures cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c and 25c. Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as best medicine for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it favourite with ladies and children. By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray faded, or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

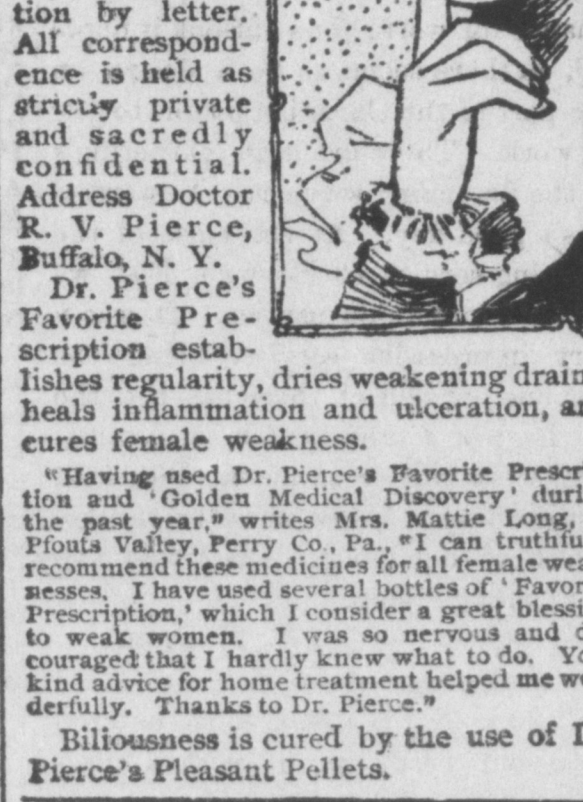
Sowing the Seed

We have seen a young child express the greatest surprise and delight on discovering in a flower-bed its name written in the green of young plants, the seed of which had been sown in that form by a fond father or mother. But by and by, dear children, you will see your name or character as it has been planted by yours—lf, springing up in the opinion people entertain of you, and it will be exactly as you have sown it. Be careful, then, how you sow. Do not spoil your own name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is a seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world. A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon. Distress is a great schoolmaster. It teaches many things; among them the greatest of all attainments—the power to pray.—Glover.

SILENCE! The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse. It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of free consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. "Having used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' during the past year," writes Mrs. Mattie Long, of Plover Valley, Perry Co., Pa., "I can truthfully recommend these medicines for all female weaknesses. I have used several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' which I consider a great blessing to weak women. I was so nervous and discouraged that I hardly knew what to do. Your kind advice for home treatment helped me wonderfully. Thanks to Dr. Pierce." Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Our Experience Has shown beyond a doubt that Abstainers are better Risks than Non-Abstainers. MANUFACTURERS AND Temperance & General Life Association

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: 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 Striped, Royal Blue and White Stripe, Navy Striped, White Stripe, Old Rose and Green and Black and Red Mottled Pattern JOHN J. WEDDALL.



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 to the cause of fellow-man. Published with the authorization of Mrs. Moody and the family. Only authorized, authentic, beautifully illustrated. Large-size volume. 1000 more wanted, men and women. Sales immense; a harvest of agents. Freight paid, credit given. Address at once.

A Terrible Cough



If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer hospital cases. The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption yield readily to this powerful, healing remedy. Read what Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northampton, says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, so that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I tried different remedies but all failed to me any good until I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and the contents of the bottle completely cured me."

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO. 3 trips a week from BOSTON Commencing May 31st, the steamship company will leave St. John for New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Port of Spain, and other ports. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard time). RETURNING, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m. Connections made at Eastport with the St. Andrews, Calais and St. John. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock. C. E. LAECHLER

FREE TO ALL A SILVER PLATED TEAPOT. Consumers of National Blend without doubt the best Blend Tea on the market, when you have but twenty pounds you will receive Silver Plated Teapot free of cost. The cheapest house in town to buy flour. D. W. Estabrook & Son, York St. and Westmorland.

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 to the cause of fellow-man. Published with the authorization of Mrs. Moody and the family. Only authorized, authentic, beautifully illustrated. Large-size volume. 1000 more wanted, men and women. Sales immense; a harvest of agents. Freight paid, credit given. Address at once.

Our Experience Has shown beyond a doubt that Abstainers are better Risks than Non-Abstainers. MANUFACTURERS AND Temperance & General Life Association

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: 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 Striped, Royal Blue and White Stripe, Navy Striped, White Stripe, Old Rose and Green and Black and Red Mottled Pattern JOHN J. WEDDALL.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists. AT ALL TIMES OF YEAR Pain-Killer will be found a useful household remedy. Cures cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c and 25c. Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as best medicine for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it favourite with ladies and children. By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray faded, or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

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 to the cause of fellow-man. Published with the authorization of Mrs. Moody and the family. Only authorized, authentic, beautifully illustrated. Large-size volume. 1000 more wanted, men and women. Sales immense; a harvest of agents. Freight paid, credit given. Address at once.