

The Girl Who Smiles.

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked, And the old brown house seemed dreary, For nobody smile and nobody joked.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in, Oh, she was homely—very!

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp, Nor yet of the gloom about her;

Her dress, which was something in sober brown, And with dampness nearly dripping

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing, And make all glad together!

MARY A. GILLETTE, in Youth's Companion.

A Lesson From Real Life.

A young merchant intent on business, while rushing across the city on his wheel, met with a collision.

It would not have been so hard, he said, if I could have been let down easy, but this sudden stoppage from a point of intense activity to a state of enforced quiescence is almost unbearable.

One evening, while lying upon his sofa, he noticed that his little boy, a bright little fellow of four years, was remaining up after his usual bedtime, and, calling the nurse, he commanded her to take the child to bed.

I declare, said the father, that child is getting to be incorrigible. I shall certainly have to take him severely in hand.

This remark was addressed to a friend, a woman of experience, who, sitting in the room, had been a witness of the proceeding.

Did you notice what the child was doing when you ordered him to bed?

Why, no, not particularly. He was playing, I believe.

He was very busy, said the friend. He had a grocery store in one corner of the room, a telephone in another and a magnificent train of cars with a coal scuttle engine.

He was taking orders from the telephone, doing up packages in the grocery store and delivering them by train.

He resented, and probably if he could have put his thoughts into words, would have said just what you did a short time ago, that if he could have been let down easy, it wouldn't have been so hard, but to be stopped suddenly, right in the midst of business, was unbearable.

Now he knows that tomorrow the grocery store will have to be demolished, the telephone will have disappeared, the train will have been wrecked; and if he goes into business again, he will have to begin at the foundation.

On, well, said the father, but that is business. The boy was only playing.

The boy's occupation to him was business just as much as yours is to you. His mental activities were just as intense; the sudden checking of his currents of thought was just as hard to bear; and his kicks and screams were no more censurable in him than have been your exclamations and frettings during

the time that you have been ignominiously sent to bed. You have been worrying over plans that were suddenly confused because of your accident; he goes to bed feeling that Mrs. Brown will be disappointed because she did not get her rice pudding, and it is just as hard for him to bear this as for you to bear your experience.

Well, what would you have me do? said the father. Would you let the child sit up all night because he is interested in his play?

No, but you might have let him do as you wish. Suppose you had given him fifteen minutes in which to rearrange his thoughts. Suppose you had called him to you, and said, Well, Mr. Grocer, I would like to give you some orders, but I see that it is about time for your store to close.

I shall have to wait until to-morrow. No doubt the little grocer would have been willing to have filled your orders at once, but you could have said, Oh, no! Stores must close on time so that the clerks can go home.

There will be plenty of time to-morrow. I see you still have some goods to deliver, and your engineer is getting very anxious to reach the end of his run.

In about fifteen minutes the engine must go into the roundhouse and the engineer must go home and go to bed so as to be ready for work to-morrow.

Do you not see that this would have turned the thoughts of the child into just the line that you wanted him to go? He would have been glad to close up his store, because that is the way men do; and as a little engineer at the end of a run, he would have been very glad to go to bed and rest.

Instead of a rebellious child, sobbing himself sulkily to sleep with an indefinable feeling of injustice ranking in his heart, as a happy little engineer he would have gone willingly to bed, to think with loving kindness of the father who had sympathized with him and helped him to close his day's labors satisfactorily.

I see, said the father, and I am ashamed of myself. If I could walk, I'd go to him and ask him to forgive me. Sarah, bring Robbie here.

He's asleep, was the reply. Never mind, bring him anyhow.

The girl lifted the sleeping boy and carried him to his father's arms. The child's face was flushed and tear-stained, his little fists were clenched, and the long-drawn, shuddering breath showed with what a perturbed spirit he had entered into sleep.

Poor little chap! said the father, penitently. He kissed the moist forehead and whispered, Can you forgive your father, my boy?

The child did not awaken, but his hands gently unclosed, his whole body relaxed, and, nestling his head more closely against his father's breast, he raised one chubby hand and patted the father's cheek.

It was as if the loving voice had penetrated through the incasing flesh to the child's spirit, and he had answered love with love.—New Crusade.

Duty of Parents

The duty of bringing children to Jesus rests primarily with the parents, and cannot in any sense be transferred to others.

They are the natural guardians of the child, and their interests in the child's highest good ought to be the greatest.

However greatly others may feel interested in children, it is contrary to reason to suppose that they can be as much so as the parents themselves.

Their opportunities of leading the children to Christ are vastly more numerous than those enjoyed by others. The home is a great factor in determining the future of any child.

Every father and mother is burdened with the responsibility of training their children for God, and ought to be even more solicitous for their spiritual than even their temporal interests.

But while this work belongs primarily to parents, the church must also give attention to it. The teachings of Christ, as already described, show that the church as such is morally bound to promote the spiritual interests of the young.

It is not a matter of expediency or of choice, but of holy compulsion. It is an imperative duty, as binding as is the command to go into all the world and preach the gospel.

The prosecution of the work is beset with numerous difficulties. The homes from which many of the children come are hotbeds of sin and unrighteous form of conduct.

A more intimate knowledge of the inner life of some of these homes would intensify the enthusiasm of Christian people to save children. Yet encouragement is received by the thought that from some of these homes there have come individuals who have become ornaments in church life and prominent workers in Christian enterprises.

In these days, when doubts are spreading respecting the Sunday school institution, and when apparently the young are not being gathered in as

in the past, it is of prime importance for Christian people to study Christ's attitude to the young, and to inquire whether all is being done for them that could or should be done. The children have claims upon us which must be recognized, and the church has a duty in relation to them which must not be ignored.—Primitive Methodist.

When Things Go Wrong.

Yes, we own frankly to having had just those days, and more than once we've stuck the pastebrush in the ink. We can recall a worse blunder than that on the part of an old and experienced housekeeper.

Her husband had announced his intention to bring home three or four gentlemen to dine. The time for preparation was short. But the lady set promptly to work, decided what meats she would have and then went about making two of her excellent custard pies.

When the pies came steaming from the oven she exclaimed in a voice of deep concern to her tried and faithful companion of years, O Abbie, do come and see what you think can be the matter with these pies? And Abbie came to see.

What did you put in for flavoring? she asked. A little extract of lemon, as I always do, was the reply.

No, said Abbie calmly, you made a mistake, and put in some of that stuff that is said to remove paint spots.

Then there arose a wail long and loud. O, what shall I do? What shall I do?

Do, said Abbie; why go right to work and make two more pies. You have plenty of time. This was certainly true enough, and worth heeding.

In telling of the incident, a year afterward, when it was easy to laugh over it, the old home matron said, feelingly, And to work I went and soon had two properly made pies in the oven; but it hadn't occurred to me, in my distress at having blundered so, that I could turn about and soon have two more pies cooking. Oh! but I can't tell you how many tight places and how many trying situations that dear good woman has helped me out of, or what a very tower of strength she has been to me during my long years of housekeeping, and in my great family. Her kind cheery, even disposition never failed her, and never failed.

We knew Aunt Abbie well, and knew the praise was well deserved. But the simple truth was she never got flustered no matter how awry things might go. And if housekeepers would only try to remember one very simple thing it would oftentimes prove a great help.

And that is, that the days when every single thing you try to do goes wrong are just the days when you want to keep your temper, put a check on nervousness, and determine to make the best of trying, disappointing or annoying circumstances.

One important fact is not to be overlooked, and that is, that the chief care and responsibility, so far as housekeeping affairs are concerned, devolve on the mother or whoever acts as the home matron. Had Aunt Abbie been at the head of affairs in the large household, she might not always have been as utterly unperturbed as she was able to be. There is a kind of pride and anxiety pertaining to occupying the place of chief, in nearly all places and positions of trust, that act on the sensitive natures and nerves of women to a greater degree than is at all for the best.

Now, these days are bound to come—days when, from the time you try to part your hair even in the morning, until when, later on, the brush goes into the wrong bottle, or the wrong spice goes into the pies, or the fire goes out too soon, you feel as if you were at the mercy of some power of perverse or fantastic witchery bent on pushing you beyond the limit of either prudence or patience.

There is so much besides the recipes of the cook book that enters into the duties and requirements of the successful housekeeper, that a good, broad look all around will prove of benefit to all upon whom devolve housekeeping cares. One skillful cook among women said, not long ago, that whenever she made a serious mistake in cooking she went to work immediately, if there was time, and tried over again. And she made the sage remark that, sorry as she was ever to have wasted good material, she yet felt there was more harm in blaming one's self too severely, and feeling too great regret over a spoiled loaf, than there was in quietly disposing of it, and trying to do better next time.

Make up your mind, dear young housekeeper, that there will come days when the oven won't bake, when your brain can not be brought around to think, when the market man will forget your order, when

you'll leave out the sugar or spice from the pie, when the cloth will tear the wrong way or the pattern be pinned on wrong, and the little garment be spoiled, when Bridget's only sister will be taken sick just as company is expected, or myriad other minor annoyances may come to destroy the peace.

But bless your heart, such days are the exceptions; they soon pass away. Don't stop to worry over them, and, of all things, don't brood over mere casualties. Remember the time comes when older housekeepers laugh over their mistakes, and many the youthful house matron who has profited richly over the some-time woes of older women.—Christian Work.

Stick to Your Work.

Many great men, men of splendid talents have failed in their life-work, because they lacked continuity of purpose. Instead of selecting some line of work adapted to their taste and their ability, and persevering in it, they have attempted many things, and because of their diversified labors, have failed in accomplishing their purpose in anything.

Their abilities being wrongly directed, have, to a great extent, been wasted. Breadth has no advantage if attained at the expense of shallowness.

A given force diffused over a large surface, is lessened at every point in proportion to the amount of surface covered, but when concentrated on a particular point, its intensity is proportionately increased.

When a man attempts too much, he generally effects but little; but when he brings all his powers to bear on one work, and perseveres in it, he is sure to succeed, if success is possible.

There are people who have a great dread of being thought narrow, but in these days of wide-reaching thought and investigation men, to insure success, must be specialists. It is impossible for one man to know everything, and do everything, and, in order to succeed, he needs to know a few things thoroughly, and be able to do some one thing better than any other man can do it. Hence, it is important that a man cultivate a breadth of view which will enable him to fill his own true position, and, following the lead and guidance of the Lord, fulfill his own mission, working with all his might and all his soul.

If a man is really where he should be, and is doing what he should do, he will work more successfully with the consciousness that he is helped and guided of the Lord than he can under any other circumstances. Let each man find his own place and his own duty, and do his own work in the sight of God, and he will be blessed in his labors; and, while he is ready for every good word and work, yet he will not be given to change, nor squander his life in useless and unprofitable beginning, but will rather have to show for his labors, some glorious and completed work.—H. L. H., in the Christian.

The story is told of a little girl in England who, when rain-water was scarce, saved up as much as she could, and then sold it for a cent a bucket. In this way she earned nearly five dollars, which she brought to the missionary society. She was a modest little girl, and when the secretary of the missionary society asked for her name, she hesitated and failed to answer. But I must put down where the money came from, said the secretary. Call it rain from heaven, replied the little girl.—Ram's Horn.

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Fault-Finding Helps Nobody

Contumely helps nobody; least of all the one who administers it. Pessimistic remarks dampen the enthusiasm of others, discourage honest effort, and react on the grumbler. Chronic faultfinders command no favor with employers or fellow-employees, and are not the ones selected for advancement.

Talking failure makes failure easy. A gloomy, melancholy disposition is largely a matter of habit and mentally retards one's advancement. It does not matter if one is unconscious of these habits, they all figure in the final result of life-work, just the same. Watch your chance remarks. Make them count for hope and encouragement.—Success.

There is always room at the top, because multitudes are too lazy to climb.

Be patient. Keep sweet. Do not fret or worry. Do your best, and leave results with God.

To bewail that which cannot be bettered is to feed calamity with attention.—S. Weir Mitchell.



EYES SPEAK

Volumes, at times, of woman's happiness or misery. The dull, sunken eye, with its dark circles almost surely speaks of womanly ill-health, and its attendant suffering. With the dull eye goes usually the sallow, sunken cheek, the drawn mouth, the shrunken form—the whole glory of woman's beauty marred by the effects of disease.

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