Lord, I would be Through toil and rest drawn ever nearer In passing days

Live on Thy bounty, and with happy Out of a true heart's gratitude Confess Thy mercy's good.

In weary hours, When memory wakes desire and sorrow lowers With wintry skies,

Help my weak faith above these clouds to Till in some quiet, sunlit space I meet Thee face to face.

Teach me to take My joy in other's joy, for Thy dear sake Whose life I share:

To keep a merry heart in spite of care. So, by Thy presence, let there be Light for the world through me.

Teach me content, Where gifts of earth's delight are only meant

To cheer the read Thy pilgrims take to reach their fixed abode,

Having a deeper joy within Than aught earth's toils can win. -ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.

A Holy Life Has a Voice.

What very humble instruments our Lord uses for the conversion of sinners, the upbuilding of saints. and the comfort of those who our charity! mourn!

I ever saw of this was in the person Jew's bargain, and be he ever so of an old woman who lived to the well intentioned, and be his sub great age of 113 years. Her home, scriptions to a church ever so genyears of her life, was in the city of many to its folds. Moreover, all built for her by a Christian the eyes of the world. Charity physician some years before his undoubtedly covers a multitude of

a low couch or a chair which stood | charity we should have less sin to beside it, not being able, from heart cover. Let us take for example a trouble and asthma, to lie down. She was cared for by a poor woman Alfred Smith, an adherent of a was many hours alone.

illness and sorrow of my own, by the poor-a man ought to do somethe advice of a Christian friend, thing for the poor. I wonder how who urged me to go to see her. found her alone, told her who I was, and who had sent me. Having received her second sight, she just finished the fourth chapter, requested me to read a fifth, which lars a month, thirty-six dollars a regular Bible reading. A large volume of Bunyan's works lay on her little cot, beside her Bible.

After singing Safe in the Arms of Jesus, I left her smiling and happy, and went to my home feeling more thankful for every bless ing, and realizing as never before, how little of this world's goods dollar a month on tending the fur- brook into a wider channel is not some of God's chosen ones had, and nace, and Mrs. Smith must get a an obstruction. Defeat is as differhow unnece sary they were to hap- charwoman a trifle cheaper. This ent from failure as the two points piness of a ransomed soul.

At her earnest request I atten- per annum. ded, nearly every Sunday afternoon, a little prayer meeting held in her room. Her invariable answer (no twenty-four dollars a year to charit- Christian Advocate. matter what she had been suffering) able purposes. to those who said, How are you today, auntie? was, I am just as the their surroundings, realizing only from the angel's pen: that this was none other than the gate of heaven.

Among the many whom I influenced to visit her, even those gave fifty dollars this year! who went doubtingly, all came heaven was not far off.

I shall never forget my last visit | man and thy charwoman. to her. She always had some me one day, after saying, My Father will bless you for your kindness, gate, waiting and watching for me; hearts and truly generous hands. but on that last visit, when I sang, she just feebly clapped her hands and pointed upward.

In a few days, when left alone by one who was caring for her, for a few minutes, apparently without a struggle she left her earthly tabernacle for the glorious home on high.

I think no one realized what her influence had been until the day of the funeral, when, gathered in the large room to which she had been carried, rich and poor came to show the last tribute of respect. Among his questions the captive king adthe number was the minister of a leading congregation in the city, who said, Often, when depressed, as I sat at my study, I have said to myself, I'll go and see Auntie Baker, and I always came away feeling better for the visit. Truly, in her case, a holy life had a voice. -Phil. Standard.

doing something that belongs to to him. Tigranes, how much into the air, the drummer each time suffer, to pray when we cannot act | back again? is acceptable to God.

Justice or Charity, Which.

our smaller towns a kind-hearted and to entertain them royally bewoman related, in a meeting of the fore they departed. missionary auxiliary, the struggle speaker solicited clothing for her.

How much did she get a day? | Cyrus was handsome. some one whispered. Fifty cents, was the answer. God ordained that six days' labor should supply the needs of a family. Then could not husband, in great surprise. Pray, five be made to do it with a little | then, whom were you looking at economy? Not at that rate. Then her mistress, instead of receiving it I saw was the one who said he worn garments? To be sure, the bondage. woman who spoke was thoroughly That was simply the price paid in Christian Observer. her town. She did not stop to see if it agreed with the standard of good measure, pressed down and running over. The others who engaged this woman were worldlyminded people. It did not occur to her to set the example of a just recompense for labor. Alas, that we should be charitable to people when, if we but gave them justice, they would be beyond the need of

Let a man once become known One of the most striking examples as a close dealer, one who drives a when I knew her, during the last erous, that man is not likely to add Allegheny. She lived in a small the gifts of his more open-hearted house of one room, which had been | brethren will not atone for him in sins, but charity there means love, Day and night she sat either on and had we more of that kind of successful business man, say Mr. who had to earn her daily bread, prominent church. He sits down and so, during her absence, Auntie to his desk. Let me see. I must Baker, as everybody called her, subscribe to the pastor's salary. I suppose, about twenty five a year My first visit to her was after an | will be expected of me, and there's

I can manage it? And he sits down and calculates. I can get three new clerks at twenty-five cents a week less than read without glasses, and, having Jones pays, by a little bit of persuading. Total gain of three dolwould finish that Gospel in her year. Seems a pity. They get scarcely enough for a living now. Somebody has hinted last election that that accounted for the immoral this age of competition. Then I submerged piers, support the bridge think I can beat Billy down a of life. The stone which turns the

Now, Mr. Smith was not a badhearted man-did many good Lord would have me! She was things, in fact—but one night, in particularly fond of singing, and his dreams, the Recording Angel her joy during the singing of some | wrote at his bedside, and the Master familiar hymns made one forget came and stooped to read the record

Kind words, 81; cheering smiles, 103; dollars and cents, 0; kind-But, interrupted Mr. Smith, I

Ah! said the angel, but that was away better, and feeling as though | not thine thou gavest. It belonged justly to thy clerks, thy furnace-

May our gifts represent sacrifice grateful word at parting-assured on the part of ourselves, not the enforced sacrifice of others. Happily there are, at every turn in life's that she would be at the beautiful pathway, many souls with open

An Ancient Love Story

One of Xenophon's work tells about the exploits of Cyrus the is found in it.

Cyrus has captured an Armen-Among the captives was the king's family, including his wife, son and which has been previously opened. son's wife. Cyrus had them all brought before him, and in reply to national colors, and a signal-man mitted that by the fortune of war he and his family rightfully belonged to the conqueror, and bondage

was what they had not expected. Cyrus asked the king.

replyed. Then, turning to the king's tilt it upward, and the body falls mended for such complaints. The son, who was newly married and into the waters. We cannot always be doing a was passionately in love with his The marines then form upon the great work, but we can always be wife, Cyrus put the same question gangway, and three volleys are fired our condition. To be silent, to would you give to get your wife sounds the salute for the dead, the

The young prince said: Cyrus, ceremony is over. - Columbian.

I would give my very life to save her from servitude. It is pleasant One might easily weave many to be able to record that the conillustrations, but this one from real | queror was magnanimous enough to

of her washerwoman, with three were loud in their praise of the five days in the week, and the and handsome person, and Tigranes

not looking at him. You were not! exclaimed her

Her answer must have thrilled was that rate just? Was not the him with joy as she replied, her washer woman who worked all day eyes overflowing with love and

sincere and good-hearted, but it | that the Christian's heart can make was anything unjust in the matter. | no words are needed to enforce it .-

The Smile of Defeat,

A young Englishman once failed to pass the medical examination on which he thought his future de-

Never mind, he said to himself, What is the next thing to be done? and he found the policy of never minding and going on to the next thing the most important of all policies for practical life. When he had become one of the greatest back upon his early defeat and

must lose the race.

highest living authority.

means a gain of about fifty dollars | in the adventure of the diver: One when, a beggar, he prepares to Then he subscribed fifty cents a plunge; one when, a prince, he rises week to his pastor's salary, and with his pearl.—Southwestern

When a Sailor Dies at Sea.

A funeral service at sea is a most impressive scene.

All bands are dressed in white, called funeral rig, consisting of blue cloth trousers, a white frock, and cloth tunic over the frock, with a black silk handkerchief bound around the left arm.

The officers wear frock coats and swords, while twelve marines form a firing party.

When everything is ready the ship's engines are stopped, the ensign is hoisted half-mast at the peak or ensign-staff, and the ship's bell is tolled.

The hands are mustered on the quarter-deck, and the four bearers, usually the mess-mates of the dead man, bring up the body, which is sewed up in a canvas hammock and laid out on a wooden grating.

The chaplain reads the funerol Great, and the following love story | service, and then the bearers, followed by their messmates, walk slowly on to the quarter-deck with ian king who had been in revolt. the body. On arriving there the grating is rested on the gangway,

> The body is wrapped in the attends to holding firmly to the covering to prevent it going overboard with the body.

The bearers, with the exception of two, let go their hold upon the How much money would you grating and step back. When the give to get your wife back again? chaplain comes to the words, And Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. now we commit his body to the Those who have used it think it is far All the money I could give, he deep, the two holding the grating ahead of all other preparations recom-

hands are dismissed, and the awful

Too Busy to be Kind.

I sometimes think we women, nowadays, are in danger of being life will answer better. In one of release his captives without ransom, too busy to be really useful, said an old lay, thoughtfully. We hear so much about making every minute When they got back home they count, and always having some work or course of study for spare children to support. She washed generosity of Cyrus and of his noble hours, and having our activities all systematized, that there is no place asked his wife if she did not think | 1-ft for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor and I can't say, she replied, for I was relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common, every day neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see, we haven't a minute to spare. But every-body who needs a cup of cold water isn't calling the fact out to the world, and there are a great many little for fifty cents, giving charity to perhaps with tears: The only man pauses by the way which are no waste of time. The old-fashioned play of his religion to be seen of men at her hands in the shape of half- would give his life to save me from exchange of garden flowers over the back fence, and friendly chats about There is a beautiful application domestic matters, helped to brighten neighbors while performing his weary days, and brought more cheer never occurred to her that there of this-an application so plain that than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to inquire for be seen or heard praying. No other the girl away at school, or to be interested in the letter from the place of a consistent life. Actions boy at sea. It's a comfort to the speak louder than words.-N. Y. mother's lonely heart to feel that somebody else cares for that which means so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive kindness in our own home. May no one be able to say of us

that we are too bisy to be kind -Wesleyan Methodist Church Re-

Take Courage.

We make an unfortunate mistake scientists of the age, Huxley looked if we let the failures and disappointments of the past cloud our horizon Many lives are like century plants. It does not matter how many They burst into bloom only after a tumbles you have in life, so long as long and tedious interval. The you do not get dirty when you hard work, the patient endurance, tumble. It is only the people who the courage in bearing losses and have to stop and be washed who trials, at length on some favored day bring forth their result; and Twenty years ago Lindon Bates, the man is suddenly overwhelmed at of Chicago, was compelled through the transformation of his life in the lack of funds to discontinue his fruition of long cherished hopes. course at the Sheffield scientific No one of us can tell when we are school and begin work for a rail- standing on the verge of such a road. Some years later he secured crisis. Many a man, like Saul at the contract for building two miles Gilgal, has become discouraged just of the Chicago drainage canal, and too soon; and, lo! a little after he invented for use there a dredging has committed himself to a false and machine which attracted immedi- weak policy, the prophet has come, ate attention. Tc-day the Volga and he finds that he has missed the River is being dredged by his prize that was almost within his machine, a dozen rivers and ports grasp. No matter how dark of Australia and Tasmania, the and discouraging the outlook may difficult harbor at Calcutta and an- be, have faith in yourselves and in other at Antwerp. The inter- the good providence of God; and national congress of navigation may this year bring you the fruitage recently awarded him a gold medal of your hopes, the transformation of and upon hydraulic engineering in life, which is as wonderful and yet navigation he is ranked as the as possible as the change which comes to the earth in May, when To assert that present defeat is the warm rains and the mounting lives of some of his girl clerks. But - not incompatible with future success | sun suddenly work the miracle of but er-er-business is business you is merely to repeat one of those the spring-time, when the cold and know. A man must do his best in fundamental truths which, like barren earth, as in response to the touch of an invisible wand, blooms with verdure. - Watchman.

I Open the Door, Come in

At a recent missionary gathering at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Rev. Mr. Chaney, a missionary to India, told this incident in regard to a Moslem who, twenty years ago, hearing a missionary say that God was in the village, and knocking at the door of each heart, came to know if it was true. Yes, I have just been talking with him.

Can I talk with him, too? Yes, I will first talk with him about you. Then followed an earnest prayer. After this, the young man said: May I speak, too?

Receiving an assent, he prostrated himself on the floor: Oh, Jesus Christ, I do not know you, but this man says you know me, and are knocking at the door of my heart, and willing to come in and live with me. Oh, Jesus Christ, I open the door, come in.

There was a moment's silence, and he rose, saying: He has come, I am at peace.

Eighteen years later he died, having led 10,000 souls to Christ.

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There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction little folks like it as it is as pleasant as

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness. do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Confessing Christ,

The Christians may confess Christ in many ways. With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." It is vain to say that the heart is all right if we never speak a word in honor of our Lord for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Men may contess Christ by uniting with His church. Many wish te live a Christian life secretly, but this is impossible, for a city set on a hill cannot be hid. A light under a bushel will expire. Sosoon as one sees clearly the impossibility of living a Christian life secretly, all real objection, to uniting with the church is taken away. We must confess Chris: by engaging openly in His service. The hypocrite makes a disand the moral coward omits his prayers or hides bimself from his devotions to escape criticisu. The Christian must not be ashamed to mode of confession will take the

Tis looking downward makes ne dizzy.-Browning.

Are a benefit to healthy women. But to women who are suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex they are an injury. When there is weak back or bearingdown pains, sideache or other indications of womanly weakness, exercise can

only aggravate the condition. The womanly health must be first restored before strength can be developed by exer-

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It does this by healing the womanly diseases which undermine the general health. It stops the drains that weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. "When I first com-menced using Doctor Pierce's medicines, writes Mrs. George A. Strong, of Gansevoort,

was suffering from fe-

male weakness, a dis agreeable drain, bearingdown pains, weak and tired feeling all the time. I dragged around in that way for two years, and I began taking your medicine. After taking first bottle I began to feel better. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, two of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' one vial of 'Pleasant Pellets,' also used one bottle of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Now I feel like a new person. I can't thank you enough for your kind advice and the good your medicine has done me. "I have a sister who is taking your medicine and it is helping her."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets promote regularity of the bowels, and assist the action of "Favorite Prescription." No other laxative should be used with Dr. Pierce's Medicines.

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Some time ago my blood got order and nine large boils appe my neck, besides numerous small my shoulders and arms. Four sores appeared on my foot and les was in a terrible state. A friend Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procure bottles. After finishing the first bo boils started to disappear and the heal up. After taking the third there was not a boil or sore to b Besides this, the headaches from sie's fathe suffered left me and I improved so the between two little that I am now strong and robust as Yours truly.

MISS MAGGIE WORTH day, alas ! Feb. 3rd, 1901.

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