

Be Not Weary.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary, Knows the weakness of our frame; Knows that hand and heart are weary; He "in all points" felt the same. He is near to help and bless; Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing All his glory to resign. That for thee the law fulfilling, All his merits might be thine. Strive to follow day by day Where his footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of glory, Tasting death to win thy life; Gazing on that "wondrous story," Canst thou falter in the strife? Is it not new life to know That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to Him who ever liveth, Interceding for his own; Seek, ye, claim the grace He giveth Freely from his priestly throne. Will he not thy strength renew With his Spirit's quickening dew? Look to Him, and faith shall brighten, Hope shall soar, and love shall burn; Peace once more thy heart shall lighten; Rise! He calleth thee; return! Be not weary on thy way; Jesus is thy strength and stay. —Francis Ridley Havergal.

She.

She is away—absent. When a man says she he is understood. To every he there is but one she, or should be. And she is away, leaving us to thought and good resolutions. Like Hawthorne, we have been washing dishes. Says he:

The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I every undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean forever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is), there would be less occasion to grumble, but no sooner is it done than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal.

The quiet fidelity with which she will dish-wash her life away for him is a marvel of endurance and grace. Just here is the servitude of woman heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Man works up jobs, ends them, and takes his pay. The pay can be translated into something else desirable. A man works all day and draws pay for his day's work. This pay allures him, as oats a horse homeward bound. Thus men work by terms and jobs, and, although the work is endless as to quantity, yet, when cut up thus into terms and jobs, we men go heartily on our journey and count the milestones.

Not so with our mates. She mends our socks and we put our irrepressible toe upon the darned spot, and she darns it again. She washes for the family, and the family makes haste to send back the same garments to be washed again. She puts the room in order, and we get it ready to be rid up again. The same socks, the same washing, the same room every time. She has no successive jobs, no terms, no pay-day, no tally-stick of life. She washes the same dishes three hundred and sixty-five times every year. No wonder she breaks it and is glad of it! What a relief to say: I've done that dish!

Not only have we, like Hawthorne, washed dishes, but also we cooked and served and helped eat a meal (with bated appetite because of cooking), and now we are astonished at the number of thoughts, and steps, and acts, and processes involved in a very plain supper. Only two of us, jolly cronies, caring nothing for style, and needing only a very plain supper. And we had it, and with it came wisdom.

Gentlemen, all! We go into a room and see a table ready set. It seems to us one thing—a supper. It is, in fact, from fifty to two hundred separate things, taken down one by one for us to use, and for her to wash and put back whence they came. There is a plate of biscuit. To that plate of simplicity, we with our hands and feet, brought together a new quick fire for baking, viz: kindling wood, raking out stove, and hod of coal. Flour from the bin, shortening from the gravy-dip down cellar, salt from one box, sugar from another, soda from the jar, acid (tartaric) from a bottle, a spoon, a pitcher of water, a dripping pan, and a tin pan for mixing up these ingredients, and after all, happening to forget the things for ten minutes, we burned the biscuit half through in a way which we men reckon quite unpardonable in a cook. Meanwhile that one plate of biscuit added to the eternal dish-wash two spoons, two pans, one plate, and a little cup. Just a little piece of steak contributed eight pieces to the dish-wash. A few strawberries sent in six pieces to be got ready to soil again. Four eggs impressed themselves on six separate articles.

Gentlemen, we began at ten minutes of six, and at a quarter of eight

we found ourselves triumphant—everything cleared away except the dishcloth. You see, we washed up the breadpan, the dishpan and the sink, scalding them all (and our fingers, too), and dried them off with the dishcloth. Now, where on earth can we go to wash out that dishrag? Not in the clean pan! Not in the clean, dry sink! We stood aghast for five minutes, and then wadded up the rag, round like a snowball, and tucked it into the far corner of the sink, and shut down the cover. Our sink has a cover. But the rag though hidden was heavy on our conscience. She never would have done so. We have seen dishcloths, but how they wash them passes our skill.

And so, as we said, she is away, leaving us to thought and good resolutions. We shall be a wiser and a better man for at least two days after her return. And, whenever we stop to think, shall rank a successful housekeeper and home maker as a worker second to none on the scale of achievement and deserving. Her services are like the air, the rain and the sunshine, indispensable, yet too often enjoyed without thanksgiving. — Boston Transcript.

Saved in Three Minutes.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D. D.

Coming out of church not long since at the close of the morning service, a messenger met me, requesting that I would go at once to a neighboring house to see a young man who was considered to be near his end. I hurried to the place accordingly, and, being ushered into the room, I sat down by the bed of the dying youth. Knowing the time was short, I came at once to the all-important subject, and said:

My dear friend, I see that you are very ill. Are you prepared for what may be before you?

Oh, if I only were! he replied, giving me a look in which despair and impotency seemed strangely blended, and if I could be spared two or three weeks I believe I might be prepared; but the doctor tells me I can only live a few hours.

So saying he caught hold of my hand, and held it as a drowning man might hold to a plank or an overhanging limb.

Three weeks? I said; why do you want three weeks? And then he went on to give his idea of conversion. There must be first conviction; and in order that this should be genuine and thorough-going time must be had for a careful weighing of its sins. And then there must be repentance; and the experience of godly sorrow must be long and deep to be acceptable to the Lord; and then, faith and the new-birth must come when the heart, by this process, had been made ready. All of which he declared would occupy weeks in its accomplishment.

Having given me this detailed account of the plan of salvation, as it lay in his mind, he sank back exhausted, and with a look that told how hopeless he regarded his condition he looked imploringly into my eyes as though to say, You see that you can do nothing for me.

Three weeks in order to be saved! I exclaimed; let me tell you how you may be saved in three minutes. So saying, I opened the Word of God and read: As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name. If I give you this gold watch, I asked, how long would it take you to receive it? Could you not take it at once? He assented that he could. The gift of God is eternal life, I said, reading again from the Bible. What have you to do with a gift? Do you buy it, or wait a long time to be prepared to accept it? Now, God has given you His Son a d eternal life in Him, so that the Scripture declares, He that hath the Son of God hath life. In order to have a gift, you must take it, or, in order to have the Son of God, you must take Him.

But how can I take Him? Tell me actually the way to do it, he exclaimed. Turning to Romans 10: 9, I said, Here we have the way told exactly: If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

Now, I said, if you want to be saved, just accept Jesus as your Saviour, and tell Him that you do so. So saying, I knelt by his side and bade him follow me in a simple prayer of acceptance: Lord Jesus, I come to Thee. I am a sinner, Thou art the Saviour. I take Thee now to be my Saviour. I trust Thee, I receive Thee. I put my soul in Thy hands. That was all. I went away to attend to other duties, confident that saving faith had been exercised; and in the early evening I called again. I was shown into the room where the conversation had taken place, and there lay the young man in the still sleep of death, but with the calm of heaven on his face.

Oh, if you could only have heard him talk after you went away! said the lady of the house. He called us all in and said, Isn't it wonderful? That minister showed me how I could be saved in three minutes, when I thought I must have weeks to prepare to die. And calling upon the man of the house, who had been for some time a back-slidden Christian, he said, Oh, come and kneel down here and praise God that He has saved me. And when the man demurred, he pressed him with great earnestness, till he gave in, and the cold Christian was melted in the warmth of the young convert's love.

Such a triumphant death, said the lady. I never witnessed before. Instantaneous conversion is a term which is a great stumbling-block to many. As though one could be a sinner one moment and a saint the next! exclaimed the objector.

But, without fear of contradiction, we do assert that many may be without eternal life at one moment, and possess eternal life at the next. He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life—has it the moment he believes. That is to say, he has it in principle and in germ. As, by taking the acorn in my hand, I have the oak that is to be, because the tree is wrapped up in the seed, so the moment I accept Christ, I have eternal life, which is in Christ. "And this is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. Instantaneous conversion is no more incredible than instantaneous enlistment. In the British army, a recruit is enlisted by accepting an English shilling. The moment the coin touches his palm he is a soldier. He may be a very raw recruit, and many months may be required for his perfecting in the drill and tactics of the army, but instantaneously he becomes a soldier. So sure the moment he receives the Lord Jesus and is a disciple he is passed from death unto life. The perfecting and developing of his Christian life, is quite another matter. That may take years. I am come that they might have life, says Jesus, and that they may have it more abundantly. He that believeth on the Son hath life. He continues in the faith and grows in grace will have life more abundantly.

Blessed be God for a Gospel that can save us in three minutes—yes, in one minute, when we simply believe on God's Son. As God's Word warns us against proposing what we will do to-morrow. Whereas thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow, it will not surely offer us a way of salvation which it will take many to-morrows to accomplish. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. And, reader, be assured that now, if you accept Christ, this day is salvation come to thy house.

Keeping in Touch With The Neighborhood.

BY PHILIP E. HOWARD.

One thing is certain,—the Sunday-school that isn't talked about and known familiarly in its own neighborhood is breathing hard, if not expiring. When the neighbors find no topic of conversation, no cause for criticism, no reason for praise, in the work of a Sunday-school, it needs a tonic.

And how many good ways shine out, wherein a school may walk in honor and honorable prominence! Any neighborhood will have a sense of pride in its Sunday-school, if the school authorities will not quench that spirit.

One school has a corps of workers who agree to watch vacant houses in a city parish, and report the incoming of a new family. Another employs a devoted woman in its younger department to have special shepherding of the flock, afield and in the fold. When death comes into a school family, this shepherdess is there to comfort and cheer. When illness is abroad, the shadow is fainter because of her watchful care; when birthdays come, so also come personal letters from this faithful worker. She feels the pulse of the neighborhood; she knows it through and through, and her name is a household word. Of course, she is known as representing her school, and, of course, the school is thronged.

Still another school employs a visitor for two days in the week. They cannot afford to pay for all her time, so they do what they can. After the school session on Sunday, she consults with the superintendent, advises with him as to special visits that ought to be made during the week, and tells him of any suggestions regarding the work of the school coming to her as she moves about among the people. She calls on new families, reclaims wandering scholars, keeps tab on the school records, and keeps the superintendents posted. Her school is the largest by far in a large city district, though not entirely because of such work.

Years ago, in this same school, a new superintendent was elected. He accepted, on condition that a lady in the school, known for her benevolence and motherly charm, should visit, at least once a year, every family represented in the school. This compact was carried out, and to this day that visitor, now no longer able to perform this service, is the mother of the school, and the school the neighborhood center.

It is hard for the workers in a Sunday School to realize how important a factor the school is in any neighborhood. Persons expect to be visited by the school representatives; they expect to be asked to attend the school sessions, and, whether they are deemed likely to come or not, the invitation ought to be given. One can never tell what influence may be at work among the nonattendants in the neighborhood of a school. It may be the word of a child, or the sound of music through the open windows on a quiet Sunday, or the memory of a day almost forgotten. Go out among the people, and you will find that the way has been prepared. Know the neighborhood home life in its joys and its sorrows, and you will be known as one whose interest is worthy of the response it desires. —Philadelphia.

A Pigmy Watch.

In Berlin there is a timepiece which is considered to be the most marvelous piece of mechanism that human skill ever put together.

It measures less than one quarter of an inch in diameter, or one with a face about the size of the head of a large sized tack or nail. The case is made of the very finest of gold, and the whole watch weighs less than two grains, Troy. It can only be realized how exceedingly light this is when we consider that in Troy weight 5,760 grains are contained in a pound. The numerals on the face of the watch are in Arabic, and if the hands were put end to end they would not measure five-twenty-fourths of an inch in length, the large one being less than one-eighth and the small one less than one-twelfth of an inch long. It has, besides, just as an ordinary watch or clock, a second dial, which is less than one sixteenth of an inch in length.

The works and hands are made of the finest tempered steel, and are set throughout in diamond chips. It is constructed on modern plan, being wound by the stem and set by pulling the stem out a short distance. It is said to be an excellent time-keeper.

Practical Politics at Billville.

A Billville candidate who had but a slim chance of election, received this note from one of his faithful allies:

John, I fully expected to be able to whirl in an' help you win your fight for Coroner, but I'm laid up with the rheumatism an' can't move hand or foot. But I've done give Silas (you know Silas, don't you?) forty cents and a plug of tobacco to disable your opponent an' keep him from sump speaking, an' he has just told me that he has shot him in the left leg—by accident, as you might say—an' he has called in his dates an' two doctors. So go ahead now an' make hay whilst the sun shines, an' you kin pay me back the forty cents an' the plug of tobacco when you're in office safe an' sound. Though I'm on my back, John, you will see by this that I'm still your friend an' well wisher. Go in an' win! —Atlanta Constitution.

Seventy-four men and two women share the government of the world, the two women being Queen Victoria and Queen Wilhelmina, the latter being the youngest head of a nation, born in 1880.

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect — H. W. Beecher.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. 50c.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer has restored gray hair to its original color and prevented baldness in thousands of cases. It will do so to you.

You have read of the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you should have perfect confidence in its merit. It will do you good.

The Christian who is constantly waiting for great opportunities to do good will never be anything more than an unprofitable servant. J. Hudson Taylor tells of a young Christian who had received Christ as his Saviour, but who said to the missionary that he would wait until he learned more about him before making a public profession.

Well, said Mr. Taylor, I have a question to ask you. When you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable? Certainly not, said the other, but in order that it may give more light.

When it is half burnt down, do you expect that it will first become useful? No, as soon as I light it. Very well, said the missionary, promptly; go thou and do likewise; begin at once.

The following should have special interest for young men: A lady in a Western city wrote to thirty of the local leading business firms asking, Is there room in your line of business for an exceptionally capable young man who has every qualification for business except that out-hours he drinks with moderation and with his friends? She says that within five days she had received answers from every one of them, and not one had any time or use for men in their business who drank.

Sewing as a business is an exacting and exhausting occupation. Long hours, fine work, poor light, unhealthy atmosphere—these are only some of the things which fret the nerves and hurt the general health. Often there is a diseased condition of the womanly organism which causes headache or vertigo, and the working of the sewing machine under such conditions is akin to torture.

Thousands of women who work have written grateful letters to Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose "Favorite Prescription" has cured their womanly ills and established their general health. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries unhealthy and offensive drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free, and so avoid the delicate questionings, offensive examinations and obnoxious local treatments deemed necessary by some physicians. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female weakness," writes Mrs. Susannah Permenter, of Pauls Store, Shelby Co., Texas. "I was troubled with beating-down pains in my back and hips for six years, and wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. I tried his 'Favorite Prescription' and six bottles cured me. I feel like a new person and a burden to any one without health. Life is a great many of my friends about the great medicine I took."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Professional Men.



It's the constant strain and worry under which the professional man labors, the irregularity of habits and loss of rest that makes him peculiarly susceptible to kidney troubles. First it's backache, then urinary difficulties, then unless it's attended to Bright's Disease and death.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen and invigorate the kidneys—never fail to give quick relief and cure the most obstinate cases. Rev. M. P. Campbell, pastor of the Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "From my personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Sharon's drug store, I can say they are a most excellent remedy for kidney troubles, and I recommend them to sufferers from such complaints."

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