(Found in the Bible of a Northfield girl a her death.)

I have a Friend so precious, So very dear to me, He loves me with such tender love, He loves so faithfully, I could not live apart from him.

I love to feel him nigh, And so we dwell together, My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary; He knows that I am weak, And as he bids me lean on him, His help I gladly seek; He leads me in the paths of light Beneath a sunny sky, And so we walk together, My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well, But with what love he loveth me My tongue can never tell. It is an everlasting love In ever rich supply, And so we love each other, My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows, I tell him all my joys, I tell him all that pleases me, I tell him what annoys. He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try, And so we walk together My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing Some weary soul to win, And so he bids me go and speak The loving word for him. He bids me tell his wondrous love, And why he came to die, And so we work together, My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me, And easy 'tis to bear; In the burden which he carries I gladly take a share; For then it is my happiness To have him always nigh; We bear the yoke together, My Lord and I.

The Point of View.

Lena Madison looked round her studio and sighed heavily. What on earth is the good of it down now and agin'

all, she said, aloud, struggle, struggle, struggle, and only this at the started incredulously. end?

clude the whole of the little room ; clean, and I managed-ch! 1

thing it contained bore traces of a rang in her voice. ugly, the sordid, the disagreeable a struggle like that? You can't be as you elp a body you com's by- happy. had been carefully excluded. If happy. two rich draperies gave a delicious down our way. It ain't riches other folks as makes appiness in feel that she is one of the family, were beautiful. Outside the win- 'eart. dow a lilac bush was bursting into leaf; in the faint spring sunshine Lena flashed round on the old streamed into the ward; a long ray her make her own bed, and yours, the buds showed a vivid green. Lena tapped impatiently upon the window. She saw the lilac bush ome—'tis only one room, but I and the bursting green leaves, but keeps it like a new pin, and I've through the girl's troubled mind, his word and found the remedy as the sight only made her long for the got me little bits o' things what I'm and strange humility wrapped her he had prophesied. It will work in site her studio; she did not observe me being friendly-and you week! The thought of her own comthe pale loveliness of the strip of wouldn't never believe 'ow I loves paratively luxurious life smote her blue sky above them, the soft them plants. They call to me mind with a sense of shame. radiance of the April sunshine up- the time when I was a girl and If I get well, she said, suddenly, on the lilac bush. The song of a lived in the country. I'll watch turning to her neighbor again, I-I caged blackbird in her neighbour's them plants a-getting green and the shall remember all that you have back yard fretted her.

want, nothing but toil and weari- useter live. ness. I am sick to death of it all. success. Life cannot give me what got them any more? and ashes.

on a hat and coat.

What good does one get out of stocks, a lyin' 'ere in me bed. apringtime here? I do abominate London. And how all my friends out of doors, and no one to see, un- London ? less I go and see that unfortunate whistled his song of love and joy, there's bin neither. the lilac leaves shone in the sunshine, but Lena forgot to notice though. Lena spoke abruptly. these things.

way, wrapped in her own moody Jem, what was courtin' me, went school, nor can they without home purifies and invigorates the blood, thoughts, heedless that the passers off to another girl. Nothin' ain't duties and responsibilities ever make tones up the system, and restores lost by jostled her, unobservant of the bin as bad as that since, but I ain't her helpful and happy. sweet spring breezes, noticing noth- 'ad nothin' else to complain of much. In every Christian family especing of the busy life through which The worst was when I lived in the ially, where an idle or useless life is she went. She turned, still with corner of a room whas ad two other considered unchristlike, the home she went. She turned, still with corner of a room whas ad two other considered unchristlike, the home unseeing eyes and thoughts wrapped families in it, we was a bit squeezed duties and responsibilities evidently stiffness and soreness of the muscles, in herself, to cross the street like, and the kids got fightin some- have the first claim upon every one. sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. A clean where a tangle of vehicles struggled times, but since I got me own room None need to go abroad for work, preparation. will not stain clothing in the roadway. A shout from the I'm like a queen.

driver smote dimly on her ears, something struck her a fearful blow, she was aware of patting out her hand to ward off somethingsomething that was overwhelming she could not help saying them. ever our hands find to do. Even if her, suffocating her—and then came Her voice dropped at the close of we feel that we are capable of doblack darkness and a sensation of the sentence. intolerable pain.

Lena lay in bed in a hospital old eyes that watched her. ward. They had picked her out from under the wheels of the great was now on the high road to convalescence.

Oh, dear, oh, dear, she muttered turning her head restlessly on the pillow.

Her eyes met the serene gaze of another pair of eyes—a kindly old face in the next bed smiled at her. a weak old voice asked her.

Oh, I don't know. I don't think I much want to feel better. Lena's voice was hard. It seems almost a pity I survived that accident. There now, my dear, her fellow patient said, softly; don't yer go

talkin' that way-and you a young | to find people who love me. thing, too, with life in front of yer. Life's a rare good gift, as it seems to me.

and bright smile.

say so, too. Shall I? Lena laughed. I am love the happier you are.

not likely to live seventy years. don't want to live so long. I should | seren old face. be more bored than ever. My life is poky and dull as it is, and-She stopped short, wondering,

with a faint touch of humour, why she was talking thus to an old woman in an hospital ward.

The voice was weak, the eyes that summat to like in most o' me room, and make her own bed? went with the voice were strong neighbours; and, bless ver. I make and serene, p'raps times 'ave been a fair fool o' meself over the child a bit bad for yer. Her tone grew ren, I'd a liked fer to ave one or gentler. Times isn't always good. two 'o me own; but, there, I ain't child. When I was a-tryin' to get along on | never 'ad chick nor child, so I makes three-and-six a week, before I got the most I can 'o other people's. one little job what brings me up to There ain't notin' to come near to a seven shillings, I useter feel a bit | child for healin' a sore heart.

'Twasn't much; but, bless yer, I | humility was audible in it. She threw out her arms to in- got a corner in a room what was there was a sort of despair in her managed. Now I'm getting seven begin. You believe a old woman shillings, and I got me own little what's seen seventy years o' life. The studio was small, but every- room. The pride of a millionaire Love other folks all you can, and if of a gymnasium in which to spend

there was little furniture, what | Not happy? Me? Why, there sure and certain thing what I'm the mother weakly. there was satisfied the eye. One or ain't a happier ole woman than me tellin' you. 'Tis 'elpin and lovin' tone of colour; the few pictures what makes folks 'appy, bless yer this world and in the Better Land.

Well, me dear, I've got me little peaceful face of her neighbours. country, for gardens, for wide fond of. Outside o' the wider I've round. She was learning wonder- every such case. - Christian Work. spaces. Her line of vision seemed got a few plants what was given me ful new lessons from an old woman bounded by the grey houses oppo- off of a coster's barrer-'is wife and | who lived upon seven shillings a buds a-coming out, and then the said. I-I think your point of What is the good of life? she flowers, and I shut me eyes and view is right, and-mine-wrong. cried; it brings nothing that you seem to see the village where I | There, me dear, the old woman

I want. I hate it all. She laughed I ain't a good one at puttin' em, to, as you goes along. It'il a little scornfully. I hate my things nice-not so as a young lady come too you as it's come to me, work, I hate my success, I want-I like you'ud do, but it seems to me that it ain'o no use gettin' impatient don't know what I want! Again as though the rememberin'o' the with life, nor nothin'o' that; you've her eyes wandered discontentedly old things what was beautiful and got to take life as it comes, and round her room. Nothing seems 'appy made me feel sort o' happier make the best of it, and the way to worth doing, and life tastes of dust now. Why I've only got ter shut do that is by workin' and lovin', me eyes lyin' 'ere in me bed and I (lovin' and workin'; there ain's no She gathered her painting things see the green lane where me father's other way for makin' the best of bogether, tidied her table and threw cottage use ter be-the little bit o' life ceptin' work and love. -Chris. garden where there was Lent lilies | World. I shall go out, she muttered, not in spring time, and wallflowers and that it is much good to do that. stocks. Bless ver, I can smell them

Wouldn't you like to go into the country again, then? Don't you do bore me! I've nothing to do long to get away from this hateful years of discretion and remains at

old invalid in Kensington, but she like to get out of town and inter duties and be made to feel that she would bore me beyond all words. country lanes agin; but, bless yer, has a part and a place in the home Bah! I'm not inclined for invalids I don't never think about what I'd life; that its duties must be borne to-day. Spring has got into my like to do and can't. I just think by all the members of the family in ted, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's brain, and yet—and I can't enjoy about all the good things what's common, and that she must do her Hair Renewer is the best preventive. it! She flung open the window come to me in me life, and you part toward contributing to the violently. Outside, the blackbird would'nt never believe what a lot general comfort of the home. A girl

She walked along a great high- folks. It made me feel bad when tending a gymnasinm or a dancing is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters

And I got so sick of my room | reach. The daily round, the comand everything, that I felt as if I | mon task, provides ample opporshould like to end it sometimes.

Lena's words burst out as though | the home happy by doing whatso-

A softness came into the kind

pered, pore lamb, and you with life and make others happy as well as van, and for days she had lain un- before you and all. P'raps you ourselves. conscious, hovering between life was a bit down on yer luck through and death-and life had won. She not 'avin enough work, she ventured with some hesitation.

more than I could do.

feel terrible lonesome when she ain't got anybody to love.

Nobody cares much about me | she is us ful and helpful to others. There was a note of sullenness in the girl's voice. I don't even seem about my daughter Mary, said a

could love? the other asked, seems sician for advice. She seems so Bless yer, yes, me dear. When it ain't so much the folks what to know what you think about my

Lena lay and looked into the

Do you love a lot of people, then ? she asked, shortly.

The old woman laughed softly. Well, there, my dear, every one down our way 'ud tell yer as old Molly-that's me-has a dreadful ling. Well, now, you do surprise me! soft heart. Seems as if I could find

I don't think I care about people Three-and-six a week? Lana much. The confident tone has died sponsibilities, no sense of obligation out of Lena's voice, a new note of no part in the work to be done and

Well, well, me dear, you're your household? young; you got a lot o' time to and by to love that body; 'cis a

Silence fell over the two speakers;

Unaccustomed thoughts swept

said gently, it ain't so much you But that isn't very interesting, is bein' wrong and me bein' right, as I wanted love and happiness, and I it? Oaly to remember nice things it is you bein' young and me bein' have only got work-and some one used to have when you haven't old. I've learnt a power o' things in me seventy years, and you'll learn

Home Responsibility.

Every girl who has arrived at home should assume some respon-I ain'b denyin' as sometimes I'd sibility, and interest herself in home be far advanced in consumption. in her teens, at home, but with no You must of had lots of troubles, home duties, no responsibilities, and no interest in her home, can never blood gets over heated, the drain on I've 'ad me share, same as other become fitted for life by simply at.

when God places work within her

tunities for serving God and making

ing better things, we should remember that if the Lord has put us in the home, while there it is the Pore lamb, the old woman whis- place where we can serve him best

But aside from the requirements of religion, even where no profession of Christianity is made, home and I had lots of work, Lena faltered | home duties commend themselves to every inmate—the baby as well as Well, I never-then you'd got the more advanced in life; and one the first thing as we all wants, of the most common mistakes, espec-When I've got a bit o' work, I feels | ially in well-to-do families, nowathat light 'earted I could sing days, is to bring up a girl to do knowin' as the rent 'ud be paid. nothing for the home-making. Feelin a bit better at last, dearie? Then if it ain't work as you wants, Aside from the good she could do me dear, p'raps you ain,t got no- others by making herself useful, she body to love. It do make a body acquires habits in this way which will make her contented with life, and happy in the consciousness that

I really don't know what to do perplexed mother who had come to And ain't you got nobody as you ar out-spoken but kindly old phyto me the longer I live-if you'll listless, and does not seem to have Does it? Lena looked curiously forgive me sp-akin' plain to a young any interest in life, and she's so at the old face, with its serene eyes lady what's very different from a irritable at times. I don't think Speer. old woman like me-seems to me as | she has exercise enough, and I want yer comes to look back over seventy loves you as makes you happy. It's sending her to a gymnasium or to and odd years, same as I do, you'll the folks what you love as does it. | dancing-school. Sue's tired of her Seems to me as the more folks you bicycle, and the lawn tennis season is past. What would you advise? How old is she? asked the doctor.

> Nearly nineteen. Can she cook ?

Oh, no; she knows nothing about cooking.

Can she sweep? No: my maid does all the sweep-

Does she take care of her own

No; I do all that. Her room is next to mine, and I've always attended to that since she was a Doesn's she have any part

whatever in the household duties? Well, really, no, I cannot say that she has.

Then she has no duties, no rethat you and others are doing in

Well, no. Then, madam, said the doctor, frankly, your daughter has no need tis hard to begin by lovin' of 'em | her pent-up energies. I don't won refined and cultivated taste. The What's the good of living if it's then begin by 'elpin' 'em. As sure der that she is irritable and un-

What would you advise? asked

I would advise you to make her and as such is responsible for her part of the home-making. Give What does make you happy? the afternoon sunshine of April her a definite part to perform; let fell across Lena's bed, and upon the | too, if necessary, and she will soon become interested in life.

The mother took the doctor at

A Chinese Story.

This pretty story is told of a spelling class in China:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, No, me not go; me not

make Ah Fun's heart solly. That little act implied great selfdenial yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark-He do all same as Jesus.—Golden Rule.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and if neglec.

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot summer season the the system is severe and the appetite appetite.

ATHLETES, BICYCLISTS and others should always keep HAGYARD'S YELLOW What Children Cost.

Do you suppose I'm worth it? a bright girl exclaimed, as she handed me a neatly-bound account book From June 10, 1880, it said on the cover. Opening to the first page I found a list of expenses, including such articles as rubber rings, patent food, etc. That is the record of every cent that has been spent for yours truly since the date of her birth, she exclaimed. Mamma started the books for both Fred and me, and kept them tlil we were sixteen, then she made us do it. You see, turning the leaves, she put down everything, even to our baby photographs, and it's been a wholesome revelation for us to count up the totals cnoe in a while, It tells the story of a boy's and glrl's expenses to compare. There was a time when it was about even, and I remember how glad I was Fred had to have his teeth filed first. I wouldn't part with my expense-book for anything, and I wonder more mothers don't start them for their children.

There is no success in all this world which is so to be dreaded as the success of getting away from Ga's purpose for us.—Robert E

Of a woman in perfect health attracts the eye at once. Such a woman is all too rarely seen. The most of women bear scars of suffering on their faces which no smiles

can hide, and often in their very carriage betray the womanly weakness which oppresses them.

There can be no perfect health for the woman who suffers from disease of the delicate womanly organism. Her general health is so intimately related to the local health of the womanly organs that these must be cured before the general health can be established.

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vorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It cures womanly disorders and diseases; brightens the dull eve. rounds out the hollow cheek and gives strength for wifely duties and maternal cares.

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