

If We Knew Each Other Better.

Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives; See the naked heart and spirit, Know what spur the action gives— Often we would find it better, Purer than we judged we would. We would love each other better If we only understood.

If we knew the cares and trials, Knew the efforts all in vain, And the bitter disappointment: Understood the loss and gain: Would the grim external roughness Seem, I wonder, just the same? Would we help where now we hinder, Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly Knowing not life's hidden force; Knowing not the fount of action Is less turbid at its source; Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of good; Oh! we'd love each other better If we only understood.

The One Who Looks Down.

By MRS. HELENA H. THOMAS.

The subject under discussion was Helpers in the Home, and the ever-present difficulty of securing such as would not slight work unless closely watched, when one of our number, turning to me, said, I occasionally employ as faithful a creature as you could find if you were to hunt the world over; but she is no longer young, and consequently cannot do two days work in one, as so many seem to expect transient help to do.

Just such a person as I have been looking for, said I, one who will do her best when she is not watched. So I will secure her address before I leave, as some left-over fall cleaning remains to be done.

This I did, and soon found by experience that helpers who are not eye servants are not extinct. But this woman, who was past middle life, seemed so entirely lost to all but doing faithfully what she was told to do, that after noting what to me seemed unnecessary painstaking, I resolved to tell her that some kinds of work would bear slighting. This opportunity presented itself when I put her to cleaning a rarely used room, and later on saw her mounted on the top of the step-ladder so that she could look down upon the door-casing, which she was as diligently cleaning as the visible parts of the room. And so I said,

I like my work well done, but I think some things will bear a little slighting. For instance, no one ever sees the top of that door, and it hardly seems worth while to give it such a scouring, especially as you seem so liable to fall.

Perhaps you are right, ma'am, said she from her lofty height, but I couldn't rest if I did any different. I made some laughing reply, as I left her to her own way, but I puzzled over her words until the speaker was about to leave me for the night, and then I asked her what she meant by her remark.

Well, ma'am, replied she, I don't mind telling you, but some ladies would laugh at me if I told 'em why I said that. But I just couldn't rest if I didn't leave the out-of-sight places as clean, every bit, as the rest, for when I'm washing 'em, like you saw me the top of the door, I think always of the One who looks down, not the folks that look up. You understand what I want to say.

Yes, I did understand, and I felt rebuked by the humble serving-woman, whose thoughts of Him evidently made men's work other than drudgery—for, in spite of poverty and a crippled husband, she always seemed light of heart, but I could not rest without knowing more, and so put the query, Was it natural for you to be so painstaking?

Oh, no, no, she made haste to say, but I'll tell you how it came about, if you care to hear. And then she took the proffered seat, and began her story: My folks were poor, and mother knew that I would have to go out to service as soon as I was strong enough, and so she tried to bring me up to do everything just as she did, but I was that heedless that I slighted my work whenever I thought she wouldn't find it out. But one day just before I went out to service, to try me, like I knew after, mother set me to cleaning a room, and says she:

Now, Sarah, I'm not going to watch you or tell you, as I always have, for I want you to make believe you are working for your new mistress.

So mother left me alone, and I did just as she had always told me, except that I slighted over the doors and windows. But she knew that her unfaithful girl would bear watching, and so, after she had glanced about she stepped into a chair, we didn't have step-ladders then, didn't need 'em either, in a little low house like ours—and then—and then she saw the dirt I had

left. Poor, dear mother, how sorry and discouraged she did look when she sat down in the chair. It seems just as if I can see her now when she said,

Oh, Sarah, Sarah, you'll make a no account servant if you don't mend your ways.

And then I tried to excuse it off by saying there wasn't any use of being so particular about cleaning what folks couldn't see if they looked up, even. Then mother talked to me, Oh, so good.

Here the girl grown old covered her face with her hands and wept silently for a few moments, before she said:

It happened 'most forty years ago, but it breaks my heart yet to think how bad I made my good mother feel, and it 'most seems like I can hear her now when she said,

Oh, my child, if you would learn always to think that the eye of the One who looks down is upon you, you wouldn't ever slight your work.

You see I never forgot those words, for the next day I came to the city to work, and the next time I saw mother she was beyond speaking. So you can't wonder that I always tried to do like she wanted me to; nor that, when I work, I don't think so much about what you and other ladies think of my work, but that God sees me. So you see, ma'am, that I just can't slight what I do.

I appreciate your feelings, said I, taking the toil-worn hand of this sister in Christ, and I thank you for telling me this. Your mother's words will help me too, to be more faithful in homely duties.

But I must tell you, too, added the poor woman, as she was about to go to her humble home and crippled husband, that now I don't think of Father's eye being upon me, because of what mother said, only, but because it rests me, and makes everything go sort of easy like.

Thinking of the faithfulness of this daughter of the King, and the cause of it, the thought suggested itself that the injunction which fell from that mother's lips in the long ago, might be helpful to both old and young, rich and poor, if passed along.

Always think that the eye of the One who looks down is upon you — N. Y. Observer.

Which Duty.

Two neighbors were standing at the top of the steps that led to Mrs. Benson's broad vine wreathed veranda. Mrs. McNair, who had just run in for a minute call, and was now taking her leave, paused and looked to the east, where the hills were glowing with autumn's russet and gold, and beyond a rim of blue water sparkled in the sun.

How lovely! she exclaimed. Yes, answered Mrs. Benson, some say it is a pretty view. I don't get much chance to notice it myself. Takes most all my time looking after the inside of the house.

Oh, but you mustn't forget to look outside now and then, too, laughed the visitor. One gets shortsighted living indoors all the time.

Well, I don't know; the work has been given us to do, and I guess we've intended to do it. There isn't much gained by shirking or complaining.

No, indeed; but there are a good many little things in a house, you know, that have to be done over and over, and one doesn't want to get little-minded doing them.

I often say to myself when I go about my work, or when I settle down to a heap of darning. This is what has been given me to do—it is for the Master's service, and it helps to keep me contented, replied Mrs. Benson.

But are you not afraid of becoming too contented? persisted Mrs. McNair.

What do you mean? Why, the Master might have some other service for you to do, and you would be so contented with the darning that you'd never know it.

Mrs. Benson looked into the bright face half smiling, half serious with a somewhat puzzled air.

I try to do the duty that comes first, she said, somewhat vaguely.

But suppose the second one is the more important, said her visitor. You know people sometimes get holes in their minds or hearts as well as in their stockings, and I'm always afraid if I put too much care on the one I may overlook the other. I believe in doing our duty, too; but I often have to stop and ask myself, Which duty? There are so many, you know.

But you surely do not think a woman ought to neglect her house-keeping? said Mrs. Benson.

Oh, no; we must be thorough housekeepers; but, as we are more than machines, machine labor, it seems to me, does not clear us of responsibilities.

Mrs. Benson looked off into space,

and a slight shade crossed the colorless face.

My mother was a good woman, she said, presently. She was faithful to her household duties and to her children. She brought us up in the fear of the Lord, and to do humbly and thankfully the duty that was set before us. I don't know that I can improve on her way or service.

No, replied Mrs. McNair heartily we cannot improve on the spirit of our mother's training, but the letter of it may need some alteration. As times change, needs change. Our children are open to some dangers that our mother's children were not—changes that come of different social standards and aims, and of less firmly rooted beliefs. We must be alive to these things, and to our increased responsibilities, or we shall not have the success our mothers had.

She ran lightly down the steps. Oh, may I have one of your pretty pink asters? What a mere hint of color! One cannot help wanting to smell it, it looks so fragrant, but I suppose we mustn't ask everything of one plant.

Mrs. Benson was more deliberate in her movements. She followed her guest down the steps, and, gathering some pale-purple and pink asters, stood thoughtfully with them in her hand.

There must be something in what you say, she began, but it often seems to me there's too much running after this and that nowadays—conventions, and societies, and ladies' aid, and no knowing what all. I often say I find enough to do to keep things straight at home, and I don't see how other women find time for so much running about.

I know, replied Mrs. McNair, there is danger both ways; but there is a golden mean for everything, and I'm trying to find it for this; and when I do, I'm going to stick to it.

At the gate she turned back. I have a little poem at home that I came across a while ago. It says exactly what I mean, and I'm going to send you a copy. Good-bye.

This was the poem she sent:—

The Plodder's Petition.

By HELEN GILBERT Lord, let me be not too content With life in trifling service spent— Make me aspire; When days with petty cares are filled, Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace To struggle with the commonplace I daily find; May little deeds not bring to fruit A crop of little thoughts to suit A shriveled mind.

I do not ask for place among Great thinkers who have taught and sung, And scorned to bend Under the trifles of the hour—I only would not lose the power To comprehend.

The Dance.

Enamored of the dance is what an exchange quotes a pastor as saying of his young people. They are neglecting their duties as Christians, and are obliterating the distinction between Christians and the ungodly. Consequently the church is weak, and few souls can be gathered into the kingdom of grace and glory.

It is a very serious matter notwithstanding the levity with which most people treat it nowadays. The point to be established, however, is that which was expressed by a pastor who said to a young girl, My friend, it is not a question whether you give up dancing, nor whether you unite with this or any other church; it is a question of the salvation of your soul. The young woman saw the point and, giving her heart to Christ, she found that she no longer desired to dance, but found far more pleasure in the things that accompany salvation.

I was once told, says another preacher of a Christian brother who pleaded with his Christian sister not to dance, but to her it all seemed innocent enough, and he was unable to convince her that it was inconsistent with her profession. She, in reply to his questions, said she could pray as sincerely and consistently in the whirl of the ballroom as at home, and that she could speak to the unconverted about giving their hearts to Christ as freely there as in church or anywhere else. At his suggestion she agreed to speak to the first unconverted man she danced with about his spiritual welfare, and she kept her word.

A few days after her promise she was at a ball where palms and ferns and orange trees were about the room, the air perfumed by boys overhead spraying a rich white rose extract into the air, and the music such as to appeal to the sensual—everything appealing to the carnal in man. As she whirled and glided about in the arms of a stranger, her face close to his, she suddenly remembered her promise, and

'most in a whisper, asked: Are you a Christian? What? he answered. No; are you? Yes.

Well, he said, what in the world are you doing here? Years ago, in his famous satire, The Potiphar Papers, George William Curtis wrote: We saw a few young men looking upon the dance very soberly, and, upon inquiry, learned that they were engaged to certain of the ladies. Nor did we wonder that the spectacle of a young woman whirling in a decollete state and in the embrace of a warm youth, around a heated room, induced a little sobriety upon her lover's face, if not a sadness in his heart. Amusement, recreation, enjoyment! There are no more beautiful things. But this proceeding falls under another head.—The Star.

They have Bibles at home on the center-table, but prefer to read newspapers or magazines. They pray, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, and then block the way by worldly living. They sing often, I love to tell the story, but pride or selfishness has stifled love, and there is not enough left in the heart to tell.

They seek almost everything else, forgetting that Jesus said, Seek first the kingdom of God. They find plenty of time for business, pleasure, and social engagements, but little or no time for secret prayer or Christian conversation.

They admire the character and life of Jesus, but declare such a life impracticable for times like ours. They stuff their heads and starve their hearts. They pander to pride in dress and the wearing of costly gems, and forget to put on the pearl of great price.

They adorn themselves in purple, and fine linen, and murdered songsters, and forget the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit. They see plenty of personal work to be done for Christ, but their up and down life makes them ashamed to try.

They are first class in serving troubles, but not classed as attending prayer or class meeting. If the lodge and prayer meeting meet the same night, they quite often choose the lodge.

They pray against the saloon, and usually talk and vote against their prayers. They make the Sabbath a day of feasting, prayer, and rest. They commune with each other almost incessantly, but forget to commune with God.

They expect to go straight to heaven, but have little to commend them.—Epworth Herald.

What You Are.

A little boy was on the scales and, being very anxious to outweigh his playmate, he puffed out his cheeks and swelled up like a little frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. 'Oh!' he cried in scorn, 'that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!' How true that is of us bigger children, who try to impress ourselves upon our neighbors and friends, and, even upon ourselves, and, yes—sometimes upon God Almighty, by the virtues we would like to have! It doesn't do any good. You may impose upon your neighbor's judgment and get him to say you are a fine fellow—noble, generous, brave, faithful, loving; but if it is not deeply true, if you are not generous, brave and loving, these fancied qualities are not moving him to be generous, brave and loving. 'You can only weigh what you are.'—The Well-spring.

Never criticize the church in any point until you have done your best to remedy that defect, for after that you will not want to criticize.

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality, based upon eternity. Find out your task; stand to it when no man can work.—Thomas Carlyle.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—R. W. Emerson.

Every man having a beard should keep it an even and natural color, and if it is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure followed by a cold which settled on their lungs and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for spring coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Put It In Your Bible.

Here is a handy table furnished by the Christian World, which it would be well to cut out and copy for reference in your Bible studies:

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly 22 inches. A hand's breadth is equal to 3 1/2 inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to about one inch. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold was \$8. A talent of silver was \$538.30. A talent of gold was \$13,809. A farthing was 3 cents. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent. An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

Do not trust in your own knowledge, nor in the skill of any living being, but rather in the grace of God, who helps the humble, and humbles the self-praising.

Jacob Barker, the English infidel said after his conversion, that his skepticism had been a form of self-conceit. It is often nothing more.



A Lady's Lunch

Has been rudely defined by some cynic as "slops and sweets." And after all there's more truth than poetry in the definition. Ice cream and cake may satisfy the palate, but they are far from satisfying to the stomach, which requires that food be nutritious first and nice afterward. By careless eating women pave the way for stomach "trouble," and its kindred miseries.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is confidently commended as a cure for diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. By curing diseases which prevent the assimilation of food it enables the body to be built up and strengthened in the only way known to nature—by food digested and assimilated.

"For twelve long months I suffered untold misery," writes Mrs. Mollie Colgate, of Randolph, Charlotte Co., Va. "No tongue could express the pain that I endured before I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine. I was not able to do anything at all. Could not eat anything except bread and tea—or if I did the top of my head hurt so it seemed it would kill me; with all that I could do it would burn like fire. But now, since using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' I can eat a little of almost anything I want, and can do a good day's work as well as anybody can. Am better than I have been for years."

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