

The Final Struggle.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour! For the day is passing by; See the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh;

Lonely seems the vale of shadow, Sinks my heart with troubled fear; Give me faith for clearer vision, Speak, Thou, Lord, in words of cheer;

Feeble, trembling, fainting dying, Lord, I cast myself on Thee; Tarry with me through the darkness, While I sleep still watch by me.

—Caroline Sprague Smith.

The Strange Experience of Tom Walker.

BY DAVID REED MILLER.

Some years ago when I was a traveling salesman, said Tom Walker, rambling on in a reminiscent way, my business called me to Blue Rapids, a beautiful little city with every indication of prosperity.

But when I alighted at the station a strange surprise awaited me. Almost every man on the platform had an arm bandaged and his head tied up. Railway smash-up? I inquired of the first man I met; but he stared straight at the train and paid no attention to me.

At my hotel everything indicated thrift. The clerk pushed the register toward me and I wrote my name. Where will I find John S. Walker & Co.? I asked. Huh? he ejaculated, and raised his hand to his ear.

The foregoing parable carries its own interpretation.—The United Presbyterian.

Consecrated Motherhood.

Consecrated motherhood is one of the needs of the day. The mothers of our land do more to formulate the sentiment of a nation than all things else.

We do want purity in the home, and there are many things to be considered to secure this. It behooves us to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

In our books and periodicals of the present day, false sentiment is so woven into and mixed up with true sentiment that it requires eternal vigilance on the part of the parent to prevent the tender mind of the child from being contaminated with pernicious sentiment.

We must ever remember that only the pure in heart shall see God. Jesus is the altar and we must put our all upon the altar, and the altar sanctifies the gift.

You mothers need pure hearts to be qualified to direct and lead the little ones committed to your teaching. You may take a piece of soapstone when it is soft, and with your hands can mould it into any shape you desire, lay it away, and when it has become hardened with age every finger-print made years ago is still there, but it cannot be remoulded, it will only crumble if you succeed in making any change.

An amiable gentleman, seeing my confusion, kindly beckoned me

We need all the pollution of sin eradicated from our hearts by the blood of the Lamb, that we may be able to see with a clear vision and discern the truth as it is in Jesus. To secure purity in the home the parents must have pure hearts; be choicé about the reading matter allowed in the home; be select about the pictures on the walls; be watchful about the music your child is being taught, have light parlors; avoid late hours by the opposite sexes; keep the children from off the streets, that is, congregating to play on streets, and so on, suppress that love of dress backed by a fondness for admiration. Oh, how absolutely necessary it is to have the family devotions regularly during the day. We can have no assurance that our children will be impressed with our Christianity unless we have family devotion.

Mothers, you must be the one to tell the young child about its physical conditions and the functions of its body, constantly keeping before it that its body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. Mothers often have a false modesty, and do not tell their children about themselves, and permit some foul-mouthed playmate to tell them, and that it is a great secret, and not to be mentioned before mother. A child can be dressed in such an unhealthy way, scientists tell us, that it results in loose morals. How sad it is that any mother would rather the babe in her arms should look pretty than to be dressed according to the laws of hygiene. Mother, have it a standing rule in your home, equal purity for boys and girls. Ever inculcate, by example and precept, chaste language.—Selected.

A Single Idle Word.

I was not a bad young man, said an elderly gentleman lately, but was given to fun, enjoyed a good time, and while not usually vulgar or low in my conversation, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and could not always resist the temptation to make an apt rejoinder, even when it involved some coarseness.

A party of us were camping, mostly young fellows, but one or two were middle-aged men. We had a good time, and there was only one thing to regret, and that I have regretted all my life. We sat around the fire the first evening, telling stories, and a story which one of the older men told suggested an obscene comment, which I uttered before I thought twice.

I could have bitten my tongue off the next instant. The man simply looked straight at me for a moment across the fire, and I knew he judged me by that remark. I knew that I did not deserve the opinion which in that instant he formed of me, but I knew also that I had given him just cause to estimate me as he did. That one careless word did not fairly represent me, but I could not deny that it was my own.

All that night I lay looking up at the stars and thinking over what I had said. I could almost have counted on my fingers all the other sentences of like character that I had ever spoken. I was not habitually vulgar, but for that one word, and all like words and thoughts, I despised myself.

I determined to be so careful during the remainder of the week as to redeem myself in the sight of that man; the others knew me better. But a telegram called him back to the city next morning, and I saw him infrequently after that.

He always treated me civilly when we met, but I never saw him without feeling that he still measured me by that word. I had opportunities to show him that I was not wholly bad, but they were too few to give a comprehensive view of my character, or really to influence his opinion of me.

In a strange way, after a year or two had passed, my name was mentioned for a position which was desirable, and which I seemed likely to secure, but this man was one of the three to decide the matter. Without positively knowing how it came about, I could never doubt that a quiet intimation that he considered me unfit was what defeated me.

Later I found a situation which, although a good one, was in a very different line of work from what I had chosen, and I have never doubted that my whole life was changed by that idle word.

Did I learn the lesson? Yes I did! My habit, now almost lifelong, has made impurity, even in its milder forms, repulsive. The memory of that incident has stopped many a hasty utterance, and in the years that followed it the warning of the Divine Teacher had added a sense of responsibility to the sense of shame. I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give good account thereof in the day of judgment.—Youth's Companion.

You can never go to be with Christ, where he is, unless you take Christ with you, where you are.

The Dane and His Enemy.

Here is an old, old story of the battle-field, but one worth repeating. There was war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten and driven from the field. A soldier of the Danes, who had been slightly wounded, was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink from a flask. All at once he heard some one say, Oh, sir! give me a drink, for I am dying!

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt down beside his fallen foe, and pressed the flask to his lips. Drink, said he; thy need is great.

Hardly had he spoken these words, when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket and shot at the man who would have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder, but did not do him much harm.

Ah! you rascal! he cried; I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. Now I will punish you. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half. With that he drank half of it and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the king of the Danes heard about this, he sent for the soldier, and had him tell the story just as it was.

Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he tried to kill you? asked the king.

Because, sir, said the soldier, I could never kill a wounded enemy. Then you deserve to be a nobleman, said the king. And he rewarded him by making him a knight and giving him a noble title.

An Important Society Forgotten.

John, I would like to invite my friend, Mrs. Smalley, this evening. Will you be able to be in?

No, my dear; I must attend the meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters to-night.

Well, to-morrow evening. I have the Royal Arcanum, and you know—

What about Wednesday evening? Oh, the Odd Fellows meet that night; on Thursday, I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday, the Royal Templars of Temperance; on Saturday, there's a special meeting of the Masonic Lodge, and I couldn't miss that; and then Sunday evening—let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?

The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fellowship.

Why, I had forgotten. Am I a member of that? Let me see—But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member.

What's that?

Your wife's.—The Candidate.

Matrimonial Commandments.

Matrimony has ten commandments. They were studied out by Theodore Parker shortly before his wedding day. They took the form of ten beautiful resolutions, which he inscribed in his journal. They are as follows:

- 1. Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will. 2. To discharge all duties for her sake freely. 3. Never to scold. 4. Never to look cross at her. 5. Never to worry her with commandments. 6. To promote her piety. 7. To bear her burdens. 8. To overlook her foibles. 9. To save, cherish, and forever defend her. 10. To remember her always in my prayer. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.

People read infidel books and wonder why they are unbelievers. Why do they read such books? They say that to form an unprejudiced opinion they must read both sides. If a book is a lie, how can it be one side? Infidel books are not one side.—D. L. Moody.

If the pillar of the church did not uphold the theater, it would long ago have fallen, crushed by its own weight of evil.

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 of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

If the care of the hair was made a part of a lady's education, we should not see so many gray heads, and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer would be unnecessary.

His Inheritance.

A great writer once said half in jest and half in earnest that his inheritance had won him his way in the world. The friend to whom he spoke was not a little puzzled, for he knew that the writer had been blessed with neither wealth nor influential relatives at the beginning of his career. The author smiled at his perplexity as he made answer to the unspoken question.

My father and mother were diligent, hard working people. They dowered me at my birth with the one gift they possessed, and by precept and example they encouraged its growth within me.

The friend's face grew more thoughtful when he learned that the magic power had been simply love of industry. Think of it, idling boys and purposeless girls, for the precious possession, if not yours by birth, can by steady persevering effort yet be won.—Sabbath Reading.

If you would have more men in the church, keep more boys in the Sunday school.

The evil in the heart never grows less by letting it out of the lips.

He who rejoices in other's failures will have the greater sorrow for his own.



In Two Minutes

There will be another car. But the man can't wait. He chases the car and swings on, panting and hot, but satisfied. He keeps this gait up all day. He works that way, he lunches that way. He continues this until his stomach "breaks down" and nature compels him to "go slow."

Business men who have impaired their digestion by hasty eating will find in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a cure for dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It does not give mere temporary relief, but it effects a radical cure. It strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves and purifies the blood.

"For six long years I suffered with my liver, kidneys, and with indigestion, which baffled the best doctors in our country," writes E. L. Ransell, Esq., of Woolsey, Prince William Co., Va. "I suffered with my stomach and back for a long time, and after taking a 'cart-load' of medicine from three doctors, I grew so bad I could hardly do a day's work. Would have death-like pains in the side, and blind spells, and thought life was hardly worth living. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' as advised. Before I had taken half of the second bottle I began to feel relieved. I got six bottles and used them, and am happy to say I owe my life to Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

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BY E... 'Oh, M... For j... You t... I wis... 'Mamm... I'm r... And if... 'I'll t... 'I'd ha... He go... I wishe... An... 'I can... Master... played a... ment... 'Not fo... drawing... 'Why... 'What... manded... on him... such imp... gard my... Johnny's... 'Why... ful patien... the missi... 'Ho, h... dabble in... ing of gir... the South... 'I gues... missions... Maxwell... 'Maybe... Our so... China an... replied J... Burmese... interfere... The job... and laug... measles o... sionary in... not as coo... got 'em pr... be out in... 'But I'... my dolla... 'What... 'Why... of us agr... the Burm... have a m... we got th... ourselves... a good de... mine, so... week; an... 'How a... quired th... his eye... 'I prom... market-m... met-af-... hed give... doctor, if... can't keep... 'Hump... your pock... 'Oh, ye... earning it... 'I loo... have to fu... ing that... keeps you... measles c... 'Oh, ne... eried Joh... 'Of coo... doctor, w... out and b... But as yo... store, I'll... puzzle h... Johnny... doubt... 'I'll pa... too,' said... let you us... hands. I... can earn... 'But wi... patient... 'It's a p... to work it... was a gro... quart jug... had an ord... only a th... measure in... to get fou... customer... pour out a... and he h... him but t... he do it?... Johnny... the doctor... 'Well... the boy... 'Think... boy did it... some time... such thin... got twenty... Good-bye... The doc... laughing... let him on... and asked... stepping i... doctor! it... really do i...