I may not of wonderful gifts be possessed, Nor can I great victories gain by the sword,

But my spirit to rule and my tongue to Is the one little thing I can do for my

Lord.

All my goods to bestow that the poor may

be fed. Is perhaps more than honestly I can

afford, But the cup of cold water to give in his

Is the one little thing I can do for my Lord.

It may not be mine to do wonderful deeds; But to draw back the stray sheep with

love's gentle cord,

Shepherd's fold,

ful word; But to speak the kind whisper, to give the

kind look, Is the one little thing all can do for the Lord.

And then 'twill be seen, when the reck'ning day comes, And the Master apportions to each his

reward, That the one improved talent, though

ever so small. Was the one thing that all could have done for the Lord.

-- Christian Missionary Gleaner.

# I Call That Religion.

BY MARGARET SPENCER DELAND,

Yes, captain, religion; old time coming up the river?

taking his last trip on these rivers; his next sail will be right into the kingdom of heaven. I tell you, he's all ready, and his Captain's on board, waiting for him.

the cholera swept through cities and and wonderful; a courage and a towns on the Illinois river that the strength which was not of the frail young pastor of a large church was body or of the world. He laughed suddenly stricken with hemorr- and told them odd stories of West ages of the lungs. The last Sab- ern life and a new country, of their bath in August there had been the songs and colleges and schools. One usual services, four funerals, and evening as the twilight fell, he askmany visits to the sick and dying, ed the beautiful singer of a famous

you are killing yourself.

soon; every house has sick and Weston's face was luminous. In dying, and many are without Christ; the silence and the night he said we must help them. Let us pray Can these dear young people sing together for more strength.

was awakened by strange gurgling other home. Many knew it, and sounds, and her husband's life seem- sang it as they never had sung ed to be flowing away. For days before. he lay between life and death. In They brought him flowers and a month he could walk about the books, fruits and luxuries, while in house. Physicians consulted, and a low voice he told them about his decided he must go to the great pine church, his home and his little tar works in Baton Rouge for the children. winter.

church, with their beloved pastor, separation from all you most love, had labored and struggled together. from your life plans?

broken-hearted wife, little ones, and derly by the gay and wealthy and his beloved people. The money was beautiful and young? See how the raised for the journey; a dear young Lord journeys with me. Can I brother in the church was chosen to doubt his love? I may never see for him when she returned home, children.

tween men and women than in the poor and sorrowful and sinful.

especial care; see that he has every God was grand in his clear, broad comfort and luxury and attention | v sion of life.

kindness. a son, held him tightly, and wept. down stairs, hey? Oh, how can we let you go, he !

said. beautiful everything is. It will be to tell about. I'd like to carry him well either way, dear boy. Be all the year up and down this river! came and took him home. faithful in the work; help my little There'd be a change, and the family to bear this blow, and God Mississippi river needs one. go with you.

good-bye, and one to the South, the look severe enough for a preacher. cerning his promise. He will come other to the West, for what future, who could tell?

the crowded dock, passed all smaller craft, and steamed out into the wide river. She was loaded with freight, and crowded with passengers. Her now. Going South to get well? decks were gay with color and alive with ringing, merry voices. Fashion, wealth beauty and youth thronged in those days the fine M ssissippi boats. Rich planters with their families, people of ease and indolence, faultless dress, careless habits, extravagance and high living, went up and down the river in the early spring and autumn. Gentlemen gambled and drank and made merry in the lower cabin and bar, and fine horses were bought and sold as pastime or business.

The captain, wrapping his invalid passenger carefully, seated him in And to bid it return to the Good the most sheltered and retired corner. Mr. Weston sat with closed Is the one little thing I can do for my eyes as the city passed out of sight. Home was left behind, precious wife and children, beloved, helpful True love is not shown by great actions comrades and people. All dearer than life. The angel of the Lord Nor the eloquent speech, nor the power- stood close beside him, a smile crept over his face, and he said softly:

Lo, I am with thee alway. Fear not, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee; the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

Captain, can you tell me anything about the sick gentleman over there? Where did he get on?

Nothing particular, only be's put in my care, bound for Baton Rouge got on at St. Louis, off Illinois river boat. Young man was all broke up to leave him, cried like a boy, and kissed him as his own son. Consumption, plain enough, but be's ready if anybody ever was! A feller couldn't cuss or swear with that face on deck.

Beautiful women sat beside him, religion! I wish I had it; and mean groups of children gathered about to try for it. When is that man his chair, lovely merry girls brought cushions and sat near him, and told Don't know, judge; I think he's him about their gay homes in New Orleans, their people and customs

In the clear, gray eyes, almost transparent face, and beautiful smile, they seemed to find a new something in life beyond them, but which possessed their hearts like a It was the dreadful summer when strong, full, sweet song, satisfying His wife had entreated him to rest. opera troupe to sing Home, Sweet John, she said, the Master does Home" for him. The deck was not call upon you to do all this; crowded, and the sweet voice dropped its refrain like the music No dear, I'm not, but I will stop of a thousand precious homes. Mr. for me I wonder, Jerusalem, the Before daylight Mary Weston Golden? You know that's our-

Can you, Mr. Weston, truly re-For four years this Western joice through this great trial, illness,

God had wonderfully blessed them I can and do rejoice in the Lord in granting conversions, and in alway, even though he slay me. It almost miraculous ways had given is not my plan; it was dark in the them success. A new building was valley, but God was there. If I finished and dedicated, and of the made a mistake and wasted my earnest, consecrated pastor it was strength, it was ignorantly done, enthusiastically said, And the com- and Jesus knows it all. But, he of duty is far better than life in the mon people heard him gladly! His added to the handsome woman, who security of idle disobedience .work and people were unspeakably was eager to learn the secret of his Chris. Observer. precious to his heart. It seemed joy, but see God's wonderful good-God's chosen place for his life's best ness to me now. What am I, to be so cared for? A poor, plain man, The blow fell heavily upon the ick and alone, waited upon tengo with his pastor down the Illinois your face again in this world, but which she expected would be by river to St. Louis, there to put him I want to meet you over there. I 6 o'clock. on the Mississippi boat. The wife bless you for your love to me a must keep the home and the stranger, and shall pray for you. Never was there greater love be Master, and his great work to the night.

hearts of this man and his people. The greatness and simplicity of Tearful, prayerful, earnest good byes the religion of Christ was told in a said: fo'lowed him to the steamer: human few words and in great weakness, love reached out to him all that but to the listening throng was the not come for you to night. human speech could utter or eyes strongest, sweetest story of love Captain, this man I put in your modest, humble, loving servant of for her.

that money can buy. Friends will Look here, captain, said Judge his mother would not come, and he meet him at the Baton Rouge land- Bradley: I hear the sick man leaves | would stay all night with her. ing. I trust him to your love and to-night. Been quite a drawing card on this trip; holds a reception The young man laid his arms most of the time. Tom says he's about the sick man, kissed him like been praying for us poor sinners tive asked his grandmo her.

Don't worry about me. See how one of the elect my old mother used mother never told me a lie.

Has he money? Cloth rather lesson for doubting Christians to The plank was drawn in, another shiny; minister, did you say? Don't whom the Lord seems slack con-Yes, judge, a preacher, without again. Our Saviour never told us money, c'othes, home, family or a lie.

The great, handsome steamer left, church, for he's dying away off here alone; but judge, I'd give a thousand lives like yours and mine to be as happy and joyous as be is Never. Going South-to de.

It was the last day before the larding at Baton Rouge. Mr. Weston sat waiting the call. Everything had been made easy for him and his simp'e luggage ready.

Judge Bradley stood apart for good-bye to the sick man. At last

ters; have never prayed or cared nursed him. to; I want you to use this check | As the case grew more serious for yourself and your family; try to the man became fearful that he get well, buy everything you need, was going to die. One day while and if I could pray, I'd ask God to his hostess was alone with him he spare you one hundred years to asked for his old coat, and when it work for him! The world needs was handed to him he to k from such; I am a better man for seeing | beneath the lining a greasy packyou. Good-bye, sir.

ley, I was sick and ye visited me, and for the least of his children he will reward you. Thank you, oh he died he wished ner to keep it. thank you, my good friend. Serve the dear Lord, and let us meet here week afterwards he was dead. Then again; if not-in heaven. Such was the package was opened, and in it the response.

The captain and Judge Bradley carried Mr. Weston to the waiting carriage; his gray eyes were wet with tears as he shook hands at parting. The great steamer puffed and whistled and tugged at her ropes, and was gone on her way down the river towards the sea.

I say, captain that's what I call religion-old time religion! I'm going to try for it, too! Dying awa from home, alone, poor and lonely, giving up his life's work, and can smile like that! I cal! that religion.

Judge, they are calling you. I dont care to go down just now. -New York Observer.

# I Will Start Tomorrow.

Garabed Kevoekian is an Armen ian of remarkable consecration. He would not move a hair's breadth from the right, or from what he deemed the right, for his life. For thirteen years he has labored in the heart of Asia, ministering to the miserable of his race with a meekness and consecration that would have been worthy of a Paul. Again and again he has seen his people cut down by the sword of an assassin soldiery, barely escaping with his own life, and power less to render aid except in silent prayer and sympathy or by heroic example. Once he was called by important business to Constantinople. The government gave him a travelling permit, without which he could not have gone in safety, but on his arrival ordered that his permit be taken away. Without it he could not return, and so for months he was held in the city from his beloved work and people

Why do you want to go back? asked one of the officials of him. Do you not know that you will be killed if you go?

Yes, I may be killed, said he but get me my permit, and I will start tomorrow.

Noble man! He was ready, like other apostles before him, to go, toking his life in his hand. To work in the Armenian field is to court death, but death in the path

# Faith,

A lady went out one afternoon, leaving her little boy with his grandmother, and saying she would call

The time passed till it was nearly 6, and his grandma said perhaps his Oh, consecrate your lives to the mother was not coming for him that

Yes, she will, replied the boy.

Well, I guess your mother will I know she will, said the boy conthey had ever heard. This plain, fidently; and he watched patiently of which stands at the head of the list

It was getting towards his bedtime, and grandma was pretty sure

Well, I know she will come, was still his confident reply. Why, what makes you so posi-

Because, said the boy, she said if Well, judge, you ought to be she was not here by 6 o'clock she saved then! The Lord knows he's should certainly come, and my remedy to have in any house. It is In a few minutes his mother

> What a lesson for mothers in the faith of this child. And what a

### A Tramp's Gratitude.

A lady of Omaha, Neb., has the right to congratulate herself on the results of an act of hospitality One day last mouth a man, ragged and weather-beaten, came to her door begging shelter for the night He had applied at the botels in the city, but none of them would receive so miserable-looking a creature as a guest. Her heart went out to him in pity, for be was homeless in some time, watching the people say a heavy snow-storm, and he looked tired and cold and sick. Eventually he stood by his chair, and said, at some inconvenience, room was found for him for the night. The Mr. Weston, I've never given next day he was too ill to rise, so a much money to churches or minis- doctor was sent for, and his hostess

age, wrapped in a newspap-r. This The Lord loves you, Judge Brad- he gave to his kind friend, with the remark that if he recovered he would like to have it again, but if His fears were justified, for in a was a thousand dollars, apparently the savings of his life. It is not often that benevolence is so highly rewarded in this life, but we are assured that it never misses its reward in the next life. Whoseever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I sav unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. (Matt. 20: 42). - Selected.

# Try Harder,

Those of us who are inclined to give up to discoura ements when some things go wrong might learn a helpful lesson from a young woman who had left home because her father was a drunkard. When she became a Christian, however, she announced her intention of returning and doing what she could do to reclaim him.

But what will you do when he finds fault with all your efforts to please him? some one asked her. Try a little harder, she answered,

with a soft light in her eyes. Yes; but when he is urreasonable and unkind you will be tempted to lose your temper and answer him angrily. What will you do

Pray a little harder, came the answer with a fearless ring in the words.

The discourager had one more arrow in his quiver. Suppose he should strike you as he did before. What could you do but leave him again?

Love him a little harder, said the young Christian, steadily.

It is pleasant to add that her splendid faith conquered. Through love and prayer and patient effort her father was not only reclaimed from his besetting sin, but proved Christ's power to save to the uttermost all that come unto him.

# What Do You See?

A German allegory tells of two little girls. They had been playing together in a strange garden, and soon one ran into her mother full of disappointment.

The garden's a sad place, mother ! Why my child?

I've been all around and every rose tree has cruel long thorns up-

Then the second child came in Oh, mother, the garden's a

beautiful place How so, my child?

Why, I've been all round, and every thorn bush has lovely roses growing on it ? And the mother wondered at the

difference in the two children.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercul·r consumption. Give heed Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung

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Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful good for man or beast. Relieves pain reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc. Price 25c.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's KIDNEY PILLS will not relieve or cure.

If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, use Doan's Pills.

Be Greater Than Your Position.

Barton M. Barch, in Success, gives the following sound advice to young men:

A distinguished theological prcfessor once said: If I had a son, I should tell him many times a day to make himself as big a man as possible.

Young men too often want to be hig men on the outside; to occupy positions which fit them as a turtle's shall fits a clam.

Never mind your position young Mever mind your position young are unexcelled. Ask your 6 man. Whatever it may be, try to them Wholesale only by fill it. The duties which you have to perform may seem trivial, but lecause it is a small position is n reason why you should be a small man. Y u may be big in ide, you know, if you are small u side.

The young man who applies himself to internal growth, as it were, is bound in time to find a place where he will be able to use every power he presesses.

At any rate, better be a big man in a small place than the opposite. A pinch of powder in a small car ridge can make a deal of not e and drive a bullet a long way. What can it do in a Krupp gun?

When a man's chief business is to serve and please the Lord, all he circumstances become his servants. -R C Chapman.

# Are often engaged in doing the work of

a home under the most trying conditions. Nature cries out against the stooping and lifting, the running up and down stairs at times when labor should be as light as possible. It is owing to overstrain or self-



for serious womanly disease. Irregularity is the first step to impaired womanly health. Perfect regularity may be established by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will heal inflammation and ulceration and cure female

neglect under these

conditions that the

foundation is laid

weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss

N. C., "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescrip-tion' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had suffered for three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pains in my back and stomach. I could not stand at all without fainting. Had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better. Now I have taken two bottles of felt better. Now I have taken two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I am entirely cured, and in two months' time when all other medicines had failed."

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

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