RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

The Old Hymns.

There's lots o' music in 'em, the hymna of long ago : An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know, I sorter want to take a hand-I think o days gone by. "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye."

There's lots o' music In 'em--those dear, sweet hymns of old. With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold ; And I hear 'em ringing-einging, where memory dreaming stands "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweet. er days, When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways; And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetin's rise,

Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.'

We hardly needed singin' books in them old days; we knew The words, the tunes of every one the dear old hymn book through I We had no blaring trumpets then, no on gans built for show; We only sang to praise the Lord, "from whom all blessings flow.

An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come-Before the light has left me and my sing ing lips are dumb-If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass some thin guilts. On the bare without a sigh,

"To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie !" -Atlanta Constitution.

John's Other Place.

Yes, he is certainly getting too old for the position, and cannot expect us to keep on paying him for without waiting for his notice of work that he does not do properly, said Mr. Harper, as he sat in the brightly lighted vestry of the church where he was one of the influential members. Of course he has done pretty well all along, but is now slow and old fashioned, and what we want here is a smart, active man. The object of the above remark was old John McClure, the caretaker of St. Matthew's church for the previous twenty years who had been as faithful in his work as a man could well be. No one could remember when John had missed one Sabbath from the house of God, and his bent figure and solemn face were as much a part of the church, as the very pulpit itself. Needless to say, John was Scotch, and not a man to be trifled with. The care of the church was his work, and he did it ; taking his time it is true, but doing everything thoroughly. He would almost as soon bave thought of taking money from the collection box as of leaving any duty undone, so winter and summer his place was never found empty. And now he was to go; or such was the decision of those influential members of the church, whose pews John kept so spotlessly clean, and for whose souls he so conscientiously prayed night and morning by the side of his humble bed in his tiny room. Not a man dropped to sleep dur ing the sermon for one instant, or failed to respond when the collection plate was passed, but John McClure knew it ; and yet he never seemed to let his gaze wander for one instant from the minister's face. He always sat stiffly in his pew with a hard, set look upon his face. which greatly belied the kind heart beneath his faded coat, and made him the terror of all the offending small boys in the congregation. No, went on Mr. Harper, we cannot be expected to put up with his slow ways any longer, we want a young man for the position, and old John will have to go. Very true, brother, answered M. Roberts, the richest member of the congregation, as he complacently rubbed his shapely hands together. John is getting much too old, and though he means well, and all that, he will have to give

repeated, the latch was lifted and a thin careworn woman appeared, wiping the soap suds from her hands and clearly showing that she had just left her wash-tub.

Come in, sirs. Come in and set down, she said, as soon as she could overcome her surprise enough to speak. Be there anything I can do for ve?

No, madam, answered the pompous elder. We have come to see John McClure ; he has a room here, I believe?

Yes, sir; that's his room across the hall ; but I have not seen him about this morning. His month is up to-day, too, and 1 have been expecting of him in every minute to pay his rent. He always pays up on time. too. By this time Mrs. Brown had

ashered them into the dim room, which old John had called his home for so long, and making an other bow to the gentlemen, she hurried back to her tubs, for time was money to her and her little ones.

At first the visitors could scarcely distinguish anything in the darkened room, coming in, as they had done, from the bright sun-lit street, but when their eyes grew more accustomed to the place, they could make out several articles of furniture, set neatly about upon a spotlessly clean, but bare, floor. In one corner stood a plain narrow bed, neatly made and covered with white table were set a few poor dishes, but nothing more. And seated in an old armchair, his head bowed and his open Bible on the table before him, was John McClure. He neither moved nor spoke when Mr. Harper addressed him, for the poor old man, had spoken his last word upon this earth, and had gone to find his other place

Pleasant People. Somewhere in a country church

yard, there is a gravestone, on which is this ephitab;-She was so pleasant.

It is a ealogy which tells its own story. Whoever it was whose passing is recorded, we may be sure that her departure wastruly lamen'. ed, and that she was much missed. That is all we know, for who she was, how old, how situated, and the rest of her history is not indicated. Perhaps she was a little child whose winsome ways and merry smile made the sunshine and gladness of her home; perhaps a mother who kept her family in peace and cheered the burden bearers with the sympathy of love ; perhaps even an old woman whose eyes were not so dim but that she could see the needs of others. In any case, she knew how to make the even greater ! world more easy and fair, and did that which she knew how to do happily and with no self-conscious-Dese,

In the winters of our lives we are all the better if some one whe is pleasant shares with us the dark days. What would our world be without those friends of us all who do not claim to be smart or clever, or highly gifted or intellectual, who do not, indeed, claim anything, but are content to be just themselves. cheery, hopeful, kindly and naturai? Even the worst people are not proof against them; they can make the very sourest tempers to be sometime amiable and the most hopeless and depressed are cheered by their sunny optimism. The curious influence which we have upon one another is not always taken into account, but we all know how the very atmosphere itself is affected by some people, who perhaps only call upon us for half an hour, but who leave some force behind them which lasts all day.

more depressed and cheerless than] pecially while the winter lasts, be as pleasant as it is in us to be. And there is only one way ; it is to dwell in the presence of Him who is the light and gladness of the world. Surely He would have up to rejoice and bring His joy into the lives of our brothers and sisters who have more to make them sad than WO have, and whose need of cheer is

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

The Reward of Giving.

A little girl whose mother was sick widow stopped a young man on the street, and begged him to buy

her chestnuts. He was poor, but could not withstand her pitiful look. He handed her a coin, and said, I can not use your chesinute, but you are welcome to this. She tranked him and then burried away. Twenty years passed. The little girl grew to womanhood and became the wife of a banker. Passing the library one day she saw a man with her husband, whom she recognized as the man who years before had been kind to her. When he had gone she inquired his errand.

He came to see if I would give him a vacant position in the bank. Will you ?

I don't know. I wish you would, she said, and

BUILDING, AND TESTING, -- When we ought to be, for years should the great Brooklyn bridge was bcteach us gratitude and faith. We ling built, every strand of wire was wrong others, and we are postively tasted. If it had not been, some cruel to the young, if our lack of | time or other that bridge would joy should bring the shadow of test come down, for bad wire would have and misgiving upon them. Trouble? | bren in it. The strands were tested | Of course, they will have trouble, one by one. Thank God, if the but if they have also truit it will do storm has come into your life, and them no harm. Care 7 Yes, but some of the single strands that you there as One who cares for u-, and are putting into your life have who invites us to cast burdens up- br ken, it is better to find it out on Him. Lat us, therefore, es- now than to find it by and by.

> London eats 180,000 tons a year of fish-more than half the fish caught by British.

Religion is eternal in the soul of man. Like this ever recurring hunger of the body, there is a soul hunger that seeks through various forms and in all ages for satisfaction .--

Over 2,000,000 miners are required to produce the world's supp'y of coal. Of this number 603,660 are employed in Great Britain, and 401,220 are employed in the United States

WOMAN'S PRAYER.

It is notable that in the despondency caused by womanly diseases, there seems to many a suffering woman no way of escape from pain except at the price of life itself. It would be sad to record such a story of struggle and suffering except for the fact

that in such dire distress many a woman has found a way back to health and happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This great rem-

edy for womanly ills has well been called "A godPOCKET MONEY

People in your town are constantly Sending for Bubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make

The profit. We want to tell you

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The most chronic diseases the Stomach, Liver, bowels and Blood.

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Thousands of testimonials from those who have been permanent ly cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters speak of its unfail ing efficacy in Dyspepsia, Bilious ness, Sick Headache, Liver Com plaint, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scro fula, Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples Hives, Ringworms, and all blood humors.

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Commencing May 31st, the steamers his company will leave St John for East port, Lubec, Portland and Boston even MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FEL DAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard Returning, leave Boston every MONDAS WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning

clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. onnection made at Eastport with steam or St. Andrews, Calais and St Stepher Freight received daily up to 5 o clock, C. E. LAECHLER

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dismissal. God in His pity had been more kind than these men to whom the world looked for an example of goodness.

The verdict of death was heart failure, but everyone knew better. The faithful old caretaker had starved to death, and neither food nor money was to be found in his little room.

But the searchers did find something, a crumpled letter, bearing a strange post-mark, the contents of which was:

"John McClure,-Send me at once fifty dollars, or you know the consequence. I need the money more than you do, and if it is not here inside of three days, I shall publish the story of your son's crime. Send to the same address as before.

"Bob."

That was all ; and yet was it not enough? This was where John's hard earnings had gone. But who was this son ? Surely no one had ever heard of John McClure having a family, in fact, no one had ever had interest enough in the old man to enquire. He had come to the town some twenty years before, and had never made any friends. It was all a mystery, which no one could solve. John McClure was laid for his last sleep in a quiet corner of the little churchyard, with a simply painted little board to mark the spot, and it was not long before he was almost forgotten in the town where he had spent so many years of his life. Almost a year had passed when one bright morning a stranger arriving in the little town enquired for Mr. McClure, and

was told as much of his history as was known there.

It was his son, William McClure -the son to shield whom John had given his last penny. The son William, who, years before, in a drunken brawl, had almost taken the

life of a companion, and then fled the country. His poor old father, left behind to pay his debts and bear the disgrace had to lose his farm and had, after the death of

his wife, drifted to this little western town, where be had, for the last twenty years, lived a solitary and broken life; his one object being to shield his wayward son his one hope and prayer for the reformation of the boy for whom he suffered so much.

The house is the better and my room the sweeter because she had stayed in it, we say sometimes, when a friend of gracious personality has visited us.

A lady told me that in the days of her early girlhood, when she went on her way to perform difficult tasks, she frequently met a friend of her family whose face was beaming and whose voice was kind when he spoke to her. There was something in him, she said, which always braced and nerved me for the day.

There are persons who seem to have no faith in pleasant people. They find it impossible themselves to maintain pleasantness of frame or feeling, and they suspect those of the universe. God's essential who are genial and amiable of being | nature is love : all that is in Him insincere. Despair is more natural is love ; there if nothing in Him in them than hope. If they are that is not love. As gold is gold novelists, they make their all the way through, down to its stories to end unhappily, and least particle and last atom, so God say that this is true to life. is love in all His being and there If they are preachers, they send us is in Him no slightest element of away with failing hearts and disap- purpose or power that is not love. pointed longings. And if they are just ordinary, everyday people, one | aspects of His nature and character is very sorry for those who are such as thought, feeling, will, truth obliged to live with them. Nobody justice, retribution, but every one irritates these captions, quaralous, and all of these are but different suspicious people so much as a pleas- forms of His love. Love is a state ant person. They do not believe in of good will, favor and desire of him in the very least. They say good-will towards H's creatures, and that he is shallow, conceited, frivolous and vain. His pleasantness is but a specious sort of self-seeking, and he only pleases others that he may receive their applause.

I wonder why my neighbour hates me i said one woman of another. Does she hate you ? Surely not, said her friend.

I am afraid she does. She has never a kindly word for me, and my advances are received with a quiet scorn that is hard to bear.'

Why make advances, then ? Only because I should like to be friendly, and I think she must be lonely.

Yes, she is solitary, envious and miserable, and that is the real reason wby she resents any approaches from you, said her friend significantly.

This was an estimate that was only partially correct, for the lady who would not be won was high. minded, if not great-hearted, and she had a strong nature, if not a very kindly one. Eventually circumstances arose which helped to

then told him the story of her poverty and the man's generosity.

The man sat that night beside bis sick wife's bed, when a liveried servant brought him a note.

We shall not starve ! he exclaimed ; I have the position ! He open ed the note and found inclosed a two-hundred and-fifty-dollar check. with words, In grateful remembrance of the little silver piece a kind stranger gave the little chestnutgirl twenty years ago .-- Ex.

God is Love.

This is the great splendid truth of the Bible, the most glorious fact

There are different elements or all His thoughts, feelings and energies go out towards them in favor.

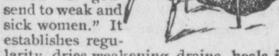
seems to be different from love and even antagonistic to it, such as retribution or wrath, even this is love at its root.-Presbyterian Banner.

The Russian government expects to add 380,000 men to its army this year.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.-Faber.

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 Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

With but little care and no trouble

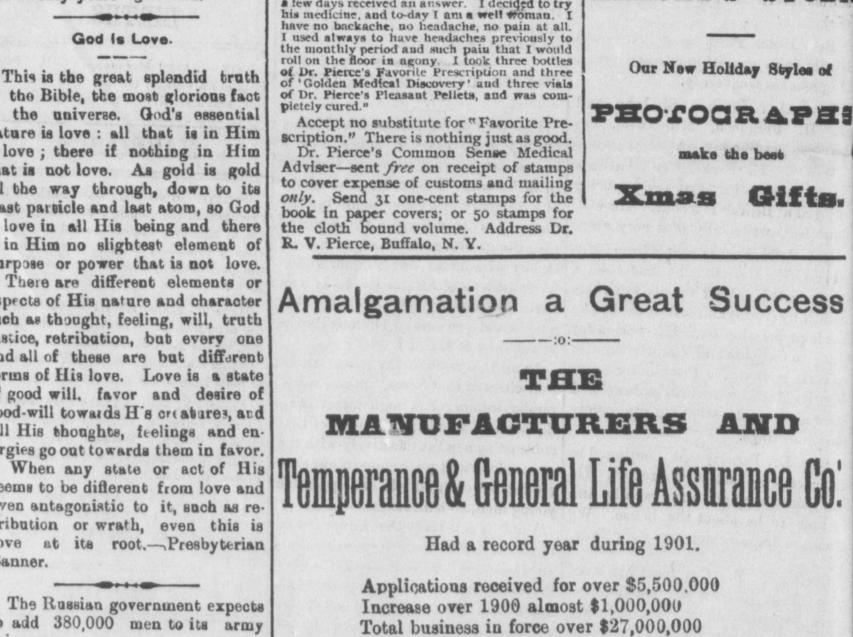


about it ; you will be interested. larity, dries weakening drains, heals in-Sherbrook, P. Q. and Derby Le Agents Wante d in U.S. and Oanada flammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"Your medicine almost raised me from the dead," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, of Egypt, Plymouth Co., Mass., Box 14. "My urine was like brick dust, and I had pain all over me and such a dragging feeling it seemed I could not do my house work. I had to sit down to wash the dishes, even. In the year 1897 I was so sick I did not care to live and prayed many times that God would take me. One day I found a little book. I read it and wrote to Dr. Pierce, and in a few days received an answer. I decided to try

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scription." There is nothing just as good. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser-sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers; or 50 stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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