

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years. Like a leaf on the current cast; With never a break in their rapid flow, We watch them as one by one they go Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as the weaver's thread, Or an arrow's flying gleam; As soft as the languorous breezes hid, That lift the willow's golden lid And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down; As fond as lover's dream; As pure as the flush of the sea shell's throat As sweet as the wood-bird's cooing note, So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass Down the dim-lighted stair; We hear the sound of their steady tread, In the steps of the centuries long since dead As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to live; Shall we waste them in idle strife; Shall we trample under our ruthless feet Those beautiful blossoms fair and sweet, By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let No envious taunts be heard; Make life's fair pattern of rare design, And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine, But never an angry word!

An the Blind Kordan Preacher.

In his recently published compendium of Presbyterian Foreign Missions, Robert E. Speer describes one whom he met in Korea:

The first time I saw him he was coming up the path from the gate to Mr. Lee's house. He did not carry a cane, but felt his way along with his great wooden shoes, with turned-up toes. There was no light in his eyes, but on his face was the peace of God, and he brought an air of quietness and rest into the room, where he sat down and clasped his hands and lifted his sightless eyes to the two visitors from a far country, who had come several ten thousands of miles to see his people and bring to them the greetings of their fellow-Christians in a strange land.

Shepherd, said he to the missionary, it is good that these visitors have come. They have come through many troubles. Our hearts are encouraged by them. And this was An's story: I am twenty-four years old, and lost my sight when I was three years old. For two and a half years I have been a Christian. When I first heard the gospel I said: This is Catholic doctrine. If I believe it I shall die. But as I heard it over and over I lost my fear that I would be crazed by it, and soon I awakened to the sense of my sins.

Life is very different now to me. The words of Jesus are very sweet. What ones do I like best? Ye cannot serve two masters, and Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart. And of all the incidents of Jesus' life I love most the story of the healing of the man who was born blind. It is in the ninth chapter of John.

Do you know all your Bible so well? I asked.

I know it well answered An. Do you know what is in the fifteenth chapter of Luke?

O yes, he replied; the parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son.

And do you know in which chapter in Matthew is the story of the feeding of the five thousand?

Yes; in the fourteenth was his instant reply.

You see, he said, I think of the gospels all the time. In my little room at the gate others read them to me. Is it possible that anything else could be so sweet to me?

And do you have in your mind a picture of Jesus? was inquired.

Yes, he answered; I think of him as a man, but full of color, of brightness and glory.

Does Jesus help you?

If Jesus did not help me, I could not live!

The evening before we left the Pyeng Yang An came to say good-bye. We should never meet him again here, he said, but we would above. He had been tarred out of his home when he became a Christian, but there was a home of many mansions there. He could not remember the sight of us when we were gone, but he wanted something by which to recall us. So I gave him my card that he might feel that, if he should write to us in America, would we be able to get any one to read it to us? Soon, he went on, he would be laying aside his poor body and in heaven he would see.

What would he wish to see first? we asked. First Jesus, he answered, then God, then all the believers I must see Jesus first, for he has been the mediator between my soul and God.

I see dear An still, as early in the morning of the next day he stood in the path that led down to

his little room by the gate, gently waving his hand to us as we walked off toward Seoul and smiling after us with that quiet, patient smile which I hope to see again some day, beaming with new joy, in the land where the eyes of the blind are opened and the Lamb is their everlasting light.

A Story of a Thief.

Do you know Jesus? was a question which to unaccustomed ears may seem abrupt and irreverent. And who is he?

The reply, expressing as much defiance as ignorance, was uttered by a fierce-looking woman on the stairs of a dirty tenement house at 17 Cherry Hill, New York City twenty-seven years ago.

The questioner was Mr. Little, a visitor from an uptown church. The woman had placed herself in his way and disputed his passage.

In the room near by lay a drunkard just awaking from his sudden sleep. Through the partly open door he heard the stranger's voice, and gathering himself up from the floor came out to see who it was. The apparition of the unshaven "rough" in his red shirt and high-legged boots was so threatening that Mr. Little retreated downstairs; but the man followed him.

Say, he called, hoarsely, "what name was it you asked that woman about?"

Mr. Little believed he meant to make trouble, and his surprise may be imagined when the fellow added:

I used to love that name, years ago—when I was in prison—but I lost him, I wish I knew where I could find him.

It was a fact that this drunkard was one of the convicts who had been influenced by the preaching of Orville Gardner, the converted prize-fighter, twelve years before in one of the state prisons. His reformed life and docile behavior had shortened his sentence, and Governor Dix, before his term had expired, pardoned him.

With no offered opening to encourage the jailbird in honest living, his relapse into his old ways was almost inevitable. If he had friends of the truer sort, they lost sight of him. Mr. Little at once returned to the man and took him to a room in New Bowery, listened to his story, treated him as a brother, and saw him sign the pledge.

The next time he met the convict—three nights afterwards—the man was in liquor, and making his way to the river in company with a Water Street thief. The missionary begged him to turn back and go to his home with him, but he headed that he couldn't starve.

I'll pawn the coat I have on, said Mr. Little before I'll see you steal.

The poor fellow looked at his friend. If you are that kind of a man I'll die before I'll steal, he said.

Seek first the kingdom of God—and all the rest will be given to you, Jerry, that's Bible.

I'll take it, said Jerry; and regardless of his profane companion's abuse, he left him and walked off with the missionary.

Not only once, but five times after this the "reformed" convict fell—and began again, for Mr. Little would not leave him. He followed him with his friendly help, and the summoned aid of his Christian allies, until he saw him safely on his feet, and standing out boldly as a professed follower of Christ.

Jerry Macaulay did not fall again. The mission founded by him at 316 Water Street, New York, and which bears his name, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary at Carnegie Hall last year.

It is a health spot in the purlieus of sin. It has brought life and blessing to hundreds of darkened and debased souls who else would have known no God and no divine teacher.

Against the evil he once did, a grateful community will set the gracious later influence of the sometime thief and outcast, Jerry Macaulay.

Temper.

Keeping one's temper is an old phrase. We speak of a person having great temper, as if it were a weakness and then point out one who keeps his temper as a wise man. Why keep that which is undesirable?

In this sense, keeping means controlling. There is all the difference between a controlled and uncontrolled temper as there is between a horse that has been trained to bit and bridle, and one which is wild.

Now horses are all born with the spirit. Some are easily broken in while others need the most careful training in order to be manageable at all. The same thing is true with people. Some are naturally mild, others quick and hasty, and still others dogged and obstinate.

Yet we need not be discouraged. Any temper may be trained, and

often the worst can be turned into the best. The spirited colt makes the finest horse. It is possible, if you begin early enough, to change a balky animal into a steady, faithful roadster.

A high temper under good control usually goes with a strong character. Such a person is quick, full of life and energy. He can do what is impossible to the slower, milder man.

It all depends on the keeping. A temper controlled is one's slave, uncontrolled is one's master. Which would you rather be, master or slave?

What you keep is your own, to be used as you wish. A man keeps a cow that he may have her milk; a servant to do his work; a garden that he may eat the vegetables.

You are keeping your temper when you use it to benefit yourself—when it brings you pleasure and happiness. It can make you high spirited and gay, but when it disturbs other people, it is like an animal that escapes from your pasture, and destroys your neighbor's garden.

When your face grows red, and your lips tremble, and you say words you would gladly take back after they are spoken, then it is that your temper is keeping you and making you do as it pleases.

When you answer a cross, hateful remark gently, or receive a blow without striking back, or smile when it is far easier to frown than it is that you are keeping your temper, making of it an obedient servant.

An exhibition of trained animals is interesting, because it shows what a wonderful power man has over brutes. An exhibition of a trained temper is more wonderful as it shows what a power man has over his lower self.—The Pilgrim Visitor.

Good Advice to Young Men.

The following epigrammatic periods are from President Porter, Yale College: Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes; rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, Luck is a fool. Pluck is a hero. Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, go over a rough road and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws.

The Deaf Churchgoer

Why did he come to service every Sunday, that old man, of whom every one knew that he was totally deaf? Was it mere habit? Was it to see the people? Was it mere curiosity? Oh, no! The old man with the quiet, solemn face looked neither right nor left. His eyes were generally turned upwards, as if he saw something lovely there, as if he were conversing with a friend who was bringing him good tidings, and to whom he sent up thanks in return. Of course, this spiritual joy was not always expressed by his looks; sometimes he sat in his place with drooping head, as if very tired.

On one occasion a friend came to him and wrote the following question on a slip of paper: Do not the services fatigue you greatly, as you are not able to understand anything?

Sometimes, yes; but, nevertheless, I should not like to miss one. I attend for three reasons: First, because I can express my reverence towards God by my presence in his house; secondly, I can worship him in spirit, even if my ear does not catch anything of the sermon—in spirit I can sing with the congregation by repeating the hymns I learned in my childhood; thirdly, even a deaf churchgoer, if he is faithful in heart, may influence another to attend services regularly.

How much we may learn of this deaf churchgoer, to whom God had given such a fine spiritual ear! Is not this a fact. Whoever draws near to God, he will experience that God draws near to him and gives him a taste of what eye hath not seen nor ear heard!—Exchange.

You are not as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself.—Robertson.

A New Amusement.

She was an invalid, lying all day on her couch by the dining-room window, unable to do anything except a few hours of light reading a day, and that only by resting at intervals. It was true the room where she lay was pleasant enough, a few bright though inexpensive pictures on the walls, cosy chairs, and a prettily designed carpet. But it was a lonely room, too, for her widowed sister had to be down town in an office all day to earn the living for both. But the luminous eyes in that shallow, invalid face seldom lost their brightness, though she was dependent for amusement for the most part upon the chance visits of neighbors. It was one of these who had just dropped in.

Why, Margaret, how bright you are looking to-day! said she to her invalid host.

You must have had a number of callers this afternoon!

"No, I haven't had any."

"I don't see how you stand it, you poor dear, and you look so happy, happier than I do, I know."

"Oh, I've had a really pleasant day," said the invalid. "I've just thought of such a delightful way of amusing myself. I've been naming over all the good points in the characters of all the people I know, and, really, I had no idea there were so many in each one. It took ever so long to go over the people I knew well. I shall look at those people quite differently now. My mind has really been delightfully busy all day."

Oh, Margaret, you dear, unselfish soul!

Living it Down.

It is easy to suspect a man of being a rascal, to charge him with being a rascal, and even to prove him a rascal, provided that there is good evidence, and he has no opportunity of contradicting or disproving them.

But suppose when you have proved that a man is a rascal, the man himself refuses to be a rascal. What can be done then? Proving a man a rascal, does not make him one,—it only shows the rascality of those who have tried to blacken and defame an honest man.

A while ago an honest mechanic did a day's work in one of the houses of a Massachusetts town. That night the house was robbed. The workman was at once suspected, and his house searched. Though no evidence of his guilt could be found he was put under the ban of the community; his friends shunned him, his employers gave him no work. A large family of children depended upon him for support, but his hands could find nothing to do. He asked for a trial. No one would bring charges against him. He was advised to leave the town, and that course seemed the only means of relief. That, however, would be construed as a confession of guilt. He determined to remain and live down suspicion. Unlike many in similar situations, he neither took to drinking, lost his religion, became sour, nor blamed men for regarding him as they did, since he would have done likewise under similar circumstances. He just remained firm and kept hoping. After two years the real thief was found, and the persecuted man was vindicated.

The first and almost the only book deserving universal attention is the Bible. It is a book which neither the most learned and intelligent mind can read without improvement.—John Quincy Adams.

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The man who does most good is the man who has looked difficulty in the face, yet who comes to me with a word of cheer. I meet ten men who tell me how hard it is to live right for one who encourages me to do it. Sympathy is coming to mean little more than commiseration, and that weakens the arm that should be nerved to do its best. Come to me, and speak with me of the way by which I must pass, but do not leave me looking at the dark clouds and the steep mountain side; show me the beaten path and the guiding light, or at least lead me to hope that I shall see them farther on.

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

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.—Shenstone.

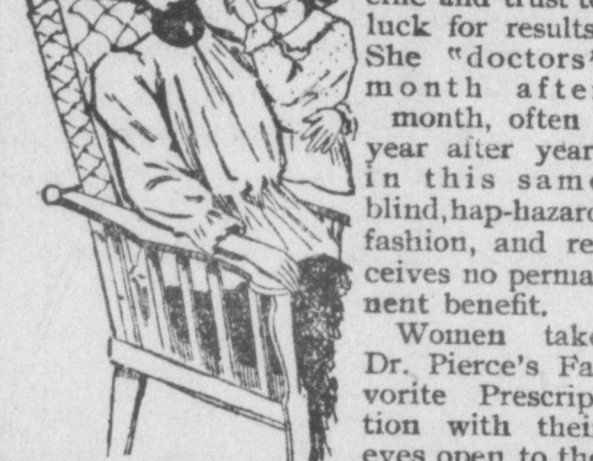
An engine of one cat power running all the time is more effective than one of forty horse-power standing idle.—George William Curtis

"Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

The mother smiles at the childish game, and doesn't realize that it is a game she as a woman has perhaps played for a great many years.

Many a woman is weak and sick, nervous and discouraged. She suffers from headache, backache and other ills. She wants to be well, but all she does is to shut her eyes and open her mouth for medicine and trust to luck for results. She "doctors" month after month, often year after year, in this same blind, hap-hazard fashion, and receives no permanent benefit.

Women take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with their eyes open to the fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity. It dries debilitating drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. There is no trusting to luck by those who use "Favorite Prescription."



"My disease was displacement and ulceration of the uterus, and I was in a terrible condition with pain and weakness and had given up all hopes of ever being well again," writes Mrs. Harry A. Brown, of Orono, Penobscot Co., Me. "I had doctored with four different doctors within four months, and instead of getting better was growing weaker all the time. I decided to try your 'Favorite Prescription.' Golden Medical Discovery, and 'Pleasant Pellets,' as I had heard of the many cures resulting from their use. I bought five bottles and felt so much better after taking them that I kept on until I am as well as ever in my life, and to Dr. Pierce all the praise is due. I cannot say enough in favor of his medicines. Before I began taking your twenty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. I gained forty pounds in six months. I shall doctor no more with home doctors, as it is only waste of money. I am now in perfect health, thanks to Dr. Pierce."

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