

TRY IT THIS WEEK.

Let no day pass without personal secret communication with God.

Begin each day by taking counsel from the word of God, if but one verse while you are dressing.

Put away all bitter feelings and broodings over slights or wrongs, no matter from whom received.

Have on your heart some person or some cause for which you are pleading God's blessings each day.

Let no opportunity pass to say a kind word, do some kind deed, or at least smile upon those you meet. Do this, not affectedly, but sincerely, "as unto the Lord."

Guard well the door of your lips that no unchaste word, jest, or story, no slander or cutting remark, no irreverent or untruthful statement, shall pass out.

Remember each day that Christ will surely come, suddenly come, quickly come; and, it may be, this day will determine how his coming will find us, as it must to thousands.—*Way of Faith.*

SHIVERING SAINTS.

"Do you know, Sir, I think there be an amazing lot of shivering saints!"

"Yes, Betty," I replied. "I am afraid this very cold weather must sorely try many of the Lord's poor, and we must see what we can do to help them."

"Lor, Sir," said Betty, "I do not mean that I dare say some on 'em have shivering bodies, but it was their souls I was a-thinking on."

Betty Smith was a veteran in the King's Army. One of the oldest members of the church, though not often able to be present at the services. She was living very contentedly in an almshouse, and always had a word of welcome for me whenever I was able to call upon her in the course of my pastoral visitation.

"Well, Betty," I said, "I dare say I know what you mean, but just for the moment I do not quite see the application of your parable. To what in particular do you refer?"

"Do you remember the glorious day we had last summer at the sea-side?" enquired Betty.

"Yes, perfectly," I replied.

"Well, Sir, I remember seeing some of the young folks going into the water to bathe. Some of them got undressed and plunged right in, and commenced to kick about and have a fine lot of fun, but I minds one lad as had undressed in the machine, yet would not go in, but keep making little jumps in about up to his knees, and said how cold it was. His friends laughed at him and said it would be warm if he would plunge in; but he wouldn't. And it strikes me, Sir, there be a lot of shivering saints like him."

"Bravo, Betty!" I said. "Capital! I see.

Stand lingering, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.

"Wait a bit, Sir," said Betty. "Don't you remember the last social you giv' in the schoolroom? Mrs. Robinson would have me come, and I minds how it was all warm, and beautiful magic-lantern pictures, and hot coffee and buns, and cake, and it was all free, and you wanted the lads to come in, and most of them did, but just one or two of the biggest wouldn't. But though they wouldn't come in, they wouldn't go away from the door, but just hung around and laughed, and made out they didn't like coffee, and buns, and pictures; and while the others were having the warmth and the good things, they shivered outside. Lor, Sir, there

be a lot of shivering saints like the boys!"

"Really, Betty. Now don't you think those boys outside were more like poor sinners who will not come to the Lord Jesus, than like saints? I think so."

"May-be, Sir. But don't you think there be a lot of God's people who gets no more real comfort out of their religion than those boys did out of coffee and buns? They only look and long and shiver all the time."

"I daresay you are right, Betty; we none of us live up to our privileges. But let me know a little more definitely what you mean. We will not talk evil one of another, but whom do you know now that you would describe as a shivering saint?"

"Why, Sir, there be lots on 'em. Why, there is dear Mrs. Robinson. One of the best souls as was ever born. Many a lonely hour she has passed for me, and many a little treat she has brought me; but she is a shiverer. 'O, Betty,' she said to me the other day, 'When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies!' 'Lor' Mrs. Robinson, I said, 'you'll never read no title clear. You ain't got one! The Lord Jesus has got the title, and that's enough for you and me. How do I know, if I got up to heaven and took possession of one them mansions, but what some angel might say, 'Here, you Betty Smith, you get out of this mansion at once; your title's defective?' But the title which Jesus has can never be disputed, for it is his Father's house, and he is appointed heir of all things: and when I get there his title will be good enough for me, for does he not say, 'I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed Me?' But, Sir, she can't see it. Oh, she's a dear saint of God, but she is a shiverer, more's the pity."

I could not help feeling a little chill run down my own spinal column. True, I was sitting with my back to the door, so I only said:

"Go on, Betty; dear Mrs. Robinson is one of the excellent of the earth, but we cannot all be strong in faith like you, you know."

"Well, Sir, there's Deacon Brown. Many a kindness he's shown me, and he never lets his left hand know what his right hand does, but he's a shivering saint, and he is the first to confess it, poor man. How I've heard him pray for the joy of God's salvation."

"Ah, that is what we all want," I observed parenthetically.

"Of course," said Betty, "and 'the joy of the Lord is your strength;' and strong men don't shiver, but are full of life. Well, Deacon Brown always seems to live on the shady side of Mount Sinai. He comes to the shore of the great sea, but he's troubled because he don't just plunge in. Oh, these waters of everlasting love are waters to swim in. Our peace is to be like a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea, but Deacon Brown seems afraid to venture on him, venture wholly, and so he shivers instead of swimming."

"And then," continued Betty, "there is my son Tom. Good, steady lad, fond of his wife and children—feared the Lord from his youth up. I am sure the root of the matter is in him, but he is just like the big boy at the sea-side; he's took off his clothes, and now he won't go in. He's done with the world, and can't get any comfort out of it, and yet he won't put on the Lord Jesus so as to have him for a garment of glory and beauty."

"Did you ever notice, Sir," said Betty, warming to the subject with simple eloquence, "what a lot the Bible says about clothes and being clothed

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upon? Why, Sir, what do we wear clothes for?" Betty answered her own question. "Why, to keep ourselves warm."

I thought of Carlyle, but really when the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero one wonders whether "Sartor Resartus" might not have been written during the tropical summer.

"To keep ourselves warm," repeated Betty, half wondering at my silence; "and when I feel I have put him on I know that, as the apostle says, 'If so being that being clothed upon we shall not be found naked.' Oh, Sir, won't you preach a sermon about it? For there be many as haven't got into the secret place, and it's there under the wings and covered by the feathers that we all know the joy of God's salvation. You'll preach a sermon about it, won't you?" said Betty as I rose to go.

"I'll see, Betty," said I, "but I really think that you have preached me one this afternoon."

Old Betty's words rang in my ears as I went on my way. "There be many shivering saints." Too true, I thought, and I sadly fear I see one most mornings in my shaving glass!—*English Baptist.*

In a certain business house the confidential clerk had been for some time making personal use of his employer's money, and covering it up by false entries. At last the manager discovered the theft, and also came to know that one of the younger clerks knew of these wrong transactions. When the clerk was asked why he did not inform the manager, he replied, "I had not the heart to do it." But the manager turned on him, and said, "You had not the heart to expose your friend's wrongdoings; you had not the heart to rebuke wrong; you had not the heart to insist on righteousness; you had not the heart to honor your own conscience; you had not the heart to serve the interests of your company! Such a weak heart in such a serious crisis is not commendable sympathy, but commendable cowardice." Let us not forget that strength is essential to goodness.

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