

## Poetry.

## THE LAST WORDS OF OUR LORD.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth,"  
The risen Saviour said,  
Speed forth, O friends, as my witnesses,  
Proclaim that I left the dead  
And ascended up on high,  
Remission of all sins to give,  
And repentance, too, and faith,  
That perishing men may live.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth,"  
Speed forth, O friends, and tell  
Of the need of a new, second birth,  
To save mankind from hell.  
Go tell all men I was lifted up  
On Calvary's cursed tree;  
Go tell what I have seen and heard,  
And draw all men to me.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth,"  
Oh, mark ye well the sound!  
The distant hills of the Gentiles—all  
Must hear the joyful sound!  
To my murderers preach it first,  
At Jerusalem begin;  
But linger not at starting point,  
For the world lies dead in sin.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth,"  
Eternal life I've won;  
On the gloom of universal death  
Shines now the risen sun.  
Go forth! I let every creature hear,  
Let all the world be told,  
That the woman's suffering need has crushed  
The head of the serpent old.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth,"  
Friends, 'tis my last command,  
My parting charge, that ye bear the words  
Of salvation to every land.  
Let every erring child of man  
Be assured that God is love,  
And freely offered to each and all  
Is a house with me above.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth,"  
O Lord, the words unfold!  
Thy heart how large, Thy love how warm!  
Our hearts how cramped and cold!  
Full eighteen hundred years have passed,  
Since Thy final accents fell,  
But uttermost parts of the earth are left  
In death and darkness still.

—Helping Hand.

## The Fireside.

## WHAT KINNESS WILL DO.

About four years ago a British merchantman might be seen at anchor in one of the bays of Bermuda. The cargo was nearly all stowed away, and preparations were being made to sail for England; but one portion of its cargo had not been spoken of even to the captain. You might have seen a tall gentleman walking down to the beach, setting himself in a small boat, he was soon making his way toward the ship. His commanding appearance, combined with his military uniform, soon drew the attention of the ship's crew. Information was given to the captain of the vessel, and with his usual frankness he came and met the officer at the gangway.

"Captain P." says the military gentleman, with a semi-military salute.  
"Yes, sir," replied the captain.  
"Then Captain P., I have the honor to inform you that you must prepare to take two prisoners to England, prisoners of H. M. — regiment."

"Two soldiers!" said the captain of the ship in utter amazement.  
"Yes," answered the military gentleman, "and the two worst men on the island; they are in chains, and you must keep them so all the voyage."

"Then," said the blunt captain, "I won't take them."  
"There's no option; here are your orders, signed by the governor," said the military gentleman, handing him an official document.

The captain took it, read it, and rubbed his bald forehead, and, as there was no way to escape, he did what most men would do under the circumstances—made the best of it.

"When will they be here?" asked the captain.  
"As soon as ever the ship is ready to sail," was the reply.

"Then I start at noon to-morrow."  
"They shall be here in time, and, bidding him adieu, he gave the semi-military salute and departed.

The evening shadows were beginning to deepen, and by this time the crew had given over work. The captain retired to his cabin. What to do? To resume his writing? No! but to reflect upon the charge imposed upon him. And so he began to ask himself some questions. "Why am I to take the two worst characters in the island to make the harmony of my ship? Suppose they escape? These and various other things floated through his mind, but, like a good man as he was, he said to himself, "Here is a responsibility; I must go to my Master and seek assistance from Him." If you had been near his cabin door, you might have heard an earnest prayer to the throne of God, pleading for guidance and strength.

The night wore away, and morning broke. The golden sun was courting his heavenly wife, and all was gladness in the bright sunshine. But very soon the scene was changed, and the two men were marched down in irons between their fellow-men, and handed over to the captain of the ship, who put them in a place of safety and strongly secured the door.

Noon came; the ship sailed away with a promising wind over the bosom of the water, with her richly laden cargo of merchandise, but a much more valuable cargo of human souls.

As the day began to wear away some small clouds began to rise, which were soon noticed. Sail was shortened, and everything prepared for a storm. The wind gradually rose, the rain came down fast in smart showers, then in torrents, soon the lightning gleamed forth from the heavens, which were black overhead, and the booming of heaven's artillery sounded far and wide.

The captain might have thought that such a storm was taken of ill-luck on the voyage; but he knew in his heart that he was the recipient of a special providence, and he felt safe beneath his Father's protection.

That evening's prayers, which were wont to be offered up at the close of each day, were omitted; but we may be sure that many a silent breathing went up to God during the darkness of that night. Near morning the storm abated, and the next day things were pretty much in their ordinary way.

The sun was just setting. A signal from the boatman of the crew, except those who are prevented by duty, assemble. The captain comes on deck, his bare forehead and gray locks kissing the wind as it passes by. Under his arm he has his chart—the Bible. His face is radiant with contentment, and sweet peace is settled on his countenance. He looks around him; he misses some one. Turning to the chief officer he says, "Where are the prisoners?" "Looked up, sir," is the answer given. "Fetch them here," says the captain. All in dead silence they appear, except the wind and waves. "Take those chains off," his order is obeyed. Then, taking hold of one in each hand, he led them on either side of him, and said, "Let us pray." All with one consent fell on their knees, and the captain offered up an earnest prayer to Him who never fails to perceive, and who always hears the prayers of those that are His. It was an humble but fervent prayer, asking the God of all mercies to watch over them, to give them all new hearts, and that the precious blood of Christ might wash away all stains from their guilty hearts.

A short period elapsed, when they arose, but O

what a change! Each of the crew seemed as if he had felt some comforting assurance from the prayer just offered up. But the poor fellows who had come aboard with chains on, and, as represented by the official, with hearts as hard as the chain itself, how low they were! Why, they arose with tears and sobs.

Yes, that prayer had penetrated those hard hearts, and led them to think of Him whom they had so long slighted, and it roused up memories of childhood which had long since been forgotten. Yet, they thought of the prayers offered up to the throne of grace by their own mothers when they were boys, free from the trammels of sin; when it was their delight to listen to the words of love as they fell from their mother's lips. Alas! they had strayed from the truth, and grown in sin, until they were the worst men on the island.

The captain noticed their tears and heard their sobs, but he proceeded without saying a word to them. They read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, verse and verse about. One of the prisoners had to read the eighteenth verse. He began, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned.' " But he could go no further. So after sobbing followed up to his emotions. His hands he gave himself up to his emotions. His companion was as much troubled as himself, and in that little company there was scarce a dry eye. After a few moments the captain finished the chapter himself, and with a few well-timed remarks, spoke of the angels in heaven, of God himself, and of the returning penitent, assuring them that their heavenly Father always has compassion on even the most vile; and he exhorted all who had wandered away from Christ to return at once and receive pardon through Him.

The crew were dismissed, but the prisoners were taken into the captain's cabin, where he kindly inquired into their state and eventually consoled his fatherly advice to them, telling them that so long as they behaved themselves on board his ship they should be free from the irons. He liberated them on parole of honor, a thing it might be very much doubted if they had in their possession when on shore, but which the captain was going to put to the test.

Day after day followed with the usual events of a voyage, but at the close of each day the Bible was brought forth, and the united prayer made for the grace to help them over the voyage of life; to go forth to the two worst characters on the island, which led them to eternal life. At last the voyage came to an end, and the ship was lying quietly in the Thames. The captain proceeded to finish his mission by handing his prisoners over to the proper authorities. He accordingly hired a cab, in which to convey them, and after a short drive they arrived at their destination.

He alighted and rang a bell, which was answered by a tuxedoed looking man as if any turnkey can look. The captain said, "I have brought two prisoners." "Wrong door—round the corner, second door to the left," "Thank ye," and bang went the ponderous door. He went to the place as directed, leaving the keeper the document. At the same time handing the keeper the document. It was scrutinized from top to bottom. "Ah! and where are your prisoners?" he inquired. "Guarded, of course?" "Not at all," said the captain. "No, they will not," was the rejoinder. "Well, bring them in."

So, at the conclusion of this little dialogue, Captain P. went round to the cab, and said to the prisoners, "How was it you did not make your escape while I have been away?"

One of them made answer, "If we had done such a thing, you would have been punished for leaving us without irons."

And the other said, "How could we do so, when you have been so kind to us? We have done wrong, we will now go to prison and suffer the punishment, and I trust when we come out again we shall make a good and new start in life."

"Amen," said the captain; "I believe you will." He then took them in, and they were formally released. After shaking hands with them, and speaking a few words of encouragement, they parted. The keeper and himself had left the cells, when he said, "Now I want you to promise me that you will be kind to those lads for my sake, encourage them in their good intentions, and I am sure you will be repaid for your kindness."

The promise was given, and the captain then gave an account of their conduct on the voyage. Before he had finished the captain's good keeper's heart was warmed towards the captain's portages, and there was every reason to believe that the warmth was felt by themselves. With an anxious heart for their welfare Captain P. left them, not to themselves, but commended them again and again to their heavenly Father for his protection.

Now let us see what made these men the two worst on the island. Where they were stationed went to be had very cheap; secondarily they gave way to the use of it, until the habit had become so firmly fixed they could not break off it; it led them into all sorts of excesses, and at one of these times, when mad with the rum they had drunk, they committed an assault on one of their comrades who was trying to warn them from doing so, and inflicted such blows upon him that for some time after his life was despaired of.

They were sent on board ship where they got no liquor, for the captain was a total abstainer of twenty-five years' standing. While under their compulsory abstinence it pleased God to bring them under the power of that grace which, we have seen, was able to penetrate even their hard hearts. The captain treated them as human beings with souls to save; they appreciated his kindness, and through the kindness of circumstances they were brought as penitents to the foot of their mothers' prayers which had so long turned away, but when to all appearances they were lost, God answered them in a most remarkable manner.—British Workman.

## STANDING THE TRIAL.

It was the hardest hour of Harry Goodnow's life as his poor widowed mother and three fond sons drew around him to say the last "good-bye," now that he was about to leave the home of his childhood, and brave the world, to gain a livelihood for them.

Harry's mother had the last embrace (which was fatherly), her Ruah's words, the dear sister, who stood next to him in age, his constant companion, and the recipient of all his ambitious projects, were the last in his memory.

In the midst of all the things to be thought of for his comfort (for he was going to the great metropolis from a small, unpretending town in Vermont), Ruah had left so much unsaid, and now she had only time and chance to say, in a voice broken and very low, "Do not forget God, Harry, and always remember, dear brother, if any harm comes to you, I shall suffer too, and as you go I want you to make me one promise. Will you do it?"

"Surely, anything you ask, my sister," Harry replied, "for I know you will not be unreasonable with me."

Then putting her own little well-worn Bible into his hands, she begged him earnestly to let no day pass without reading it, no matter what the hurry of business might be, even if but a single passage; it would help him in any doubtful decision he might be called upon to make.

"Yes, I'll promise you to that, dear Ruah," and so saying, he took the precious keepsake, in its common brown binding, with his own name now flashing across the cover, and stowed it away in the corner of his satchel.

Thus fortified, he went out, not seeing very clearly, from the old homestead where so many happy hours had been passed, and where, for the

last year, through the death of his father, he had stood, in his boyhood, strong manhood, at his head.

Nearly a year had passed away since the hurry and din of city life. On leaving home, he had entered a law office to study for the profession he had chosen. Talented, ambitious, and, withal, social and generous in the extreme, he soon made plenty of friends.

He had grown manlier in appearance than when he had left home, and moved with the firmer step and more confident air. The usual temptations of city life were new and unknown to him, and though he had no charmed home-circle to draw him away from their false enticements, there was even an unseen influence at work, that those who gave him credit for great self-control and the ability to stop at the point where danger threatened him, knew nothing of.

"Oh, if only had Harry's firm will to be able to resist temptation," said one of his friends. But of himself, Harry was not strong. It was not his firm will that saved him. It was a holier, more blessed influence than that; and you, my young friend, to whom I have already confided the secret, can guess what it was! Ever in his ears rang those earnest, loving words of his sister Ruah, "Do not forget God; and if any harm comes to you, I shall suffer too;" and then his promise had been nobly kept; not a day had passed that, at the hour of bed-time, the little book with the brown cover had not been read.

At first he had turned over the leaves listlessly, only desiring to keep his promise, for as yet Harry had never given a thought to Christian things. What to read or understand, he knew not; but ever as he read, so little marking of that dear hand would arrest his attention, and cause him to read over those particular verses, until he looked for the pencil marks, and became more and more interested. The experience of that first year, the dangers and escapes he had passed, the new aspect of life revealed to Harry, all testified to this devoted service, and the comfort and assistance he derived from it.

One day, while sitting in his office busily poring over his books, a young man of very superior talents, and one whom Harry had often met among his associates came in. His face was pale, his eyes blurred from the effects of recent dissipation, and his flesh hot and trembling as he took the hand of his friend. "I have come to ask you a question, Harry. How can you stand so firmly in the midst of temptation, when others fall?"

"Not in my own strength, I can assure you, Tom!" for Harry had long ago recognized his sister's God; "there is One who is mighty to save. To Him I have committed my life, my all. A dear sister's love and teaching has been like an armor about me in the midst of all these evil associations. You have seen me push aside the wine and the sneers and ridicule of those whom I thought my friends; and, if ever I was enticed for one moment to do wrong, a vision of that tender, pleading face would rise up before me, and the very thought of proving recreant to the trust she had imposed in me would make me start back with a shudder! Ah, my dear friend, if I could only do it for you what she has done for me, how gladly would I do it! Christ is now my comforter, and he will help you, and be very sure that he will help you. Read your Bible, Tom; and it may be a lamp unto your feet, and a light to your path; as it has been to mine, giving you strength in every hour of temptation."

"God bless you, Harry. No one has ever talked so to me before, or encouraged me. My feet are already on firmer ground," said Tom, whose face beamed all over with his new-found hope. Within the last few moments he had gained three blessings which he had never known before: a Christian friend, an earnest prayer, and a sweet hope. Only those who know dark life no one of these good gifts has ever come to him to understand what they were to this wretched youth.

That night a much-misguided Bible, that had long lain in his room, was opened; and there he learned even in that one reading, that there is no trouble in life that we may not cast upon the Lord, and be sustained, no burden that we need bear alone, and that he is ever ready to forgive all sin and iniquity, if we are only repentant.

A month later you would not have known Tom Goodnow. In due time, he was gathered into the arms of the Good Shepherd, who more tenderly cares for just such as he than the ninety and nine that would not stray.

Harry Goodnow has long ago given up the law, and become a minister of the Gospel, and many souls have been born into the new life through his instrumentality. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" Brothers and sisters, who read this simplicity, forget not that it is in your power to do what Ruah did, and God has promised, "thou shalt find it after many days."—N. Y. Observer.

## THE WORD OF THE LORD.

BY EDWIN HODDER.

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,  
With flowers bright and rare,  
And every one who seeks, may pluck  
A lovely nosegay there.

Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,  
And jewels rich and rare  
Are hidden in its mighty depths,  
For every searcher there.

Thy Word is like the stary host;  
A thousand rays of light  
Are seen to guide the traveler,  
And make his pathway bright.

Thy Word is like a glorious choir,  
And loud its anthems ring;  
Though many tongues and parts unite,  
It is one song they sing.

Thy Word is like an army,  
Where soldiers may repair,  
And find, for life's long battle day,  
All needful weapons there.

Oh, may I love thy precious Word,  
May I explore the mine;  
May I its fragrant flowers glean,  
May I light upon mine!

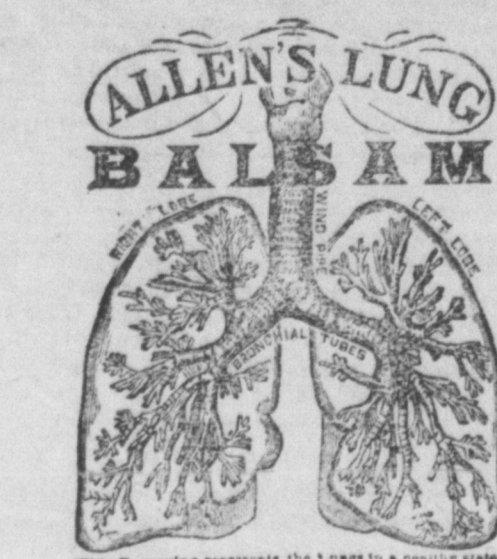
Oh, may I find my armor there—  
Thy Word my trusty sword;  
I'll learn to fight with every foe  
The battle of the Lord!

## HOME HINTS.

To SWELL the currants for cakes, after they are picked, pour boiling water over them, and let them stand, covered over with a plate for two minutes, drain away the water, throw the currants on a cloth to dry them, and do not use until they are cool. Or, after being picked and washed, put them on a dish in a cool oven with the door open; turn about occasionally. Sultanas are to be prepared for cakes in the same way.

A good fertilizer for house plants is a small tea-cupful of Peruvian guano dissolved in a pailful of water, and applied to the soil once or twice a week. Success with house plants depends largely upon keeping them clean and free from dust. Give them a thorough washing in warm water. Plants that are kept in a healthy growing condition, do not as a rule get as easily infested with insects. Do not let the atmosphere of the room get too dry, but a cold dampness is to be avoided.

CLEANING CARPETS AND RUGS.—Sometimes carpets and rugs become badly spotted, and it does not seem advisable to take them up. The following method will then be found excellent: Rub a piece of hard soap upon every spot of grease; then take a hard scouring brush and dip it into a large basin of hot water, in which two table-spoonsful of ammonia have been stirred, or a piece of carbonate of ammonia has been dissolved. Rub hard until the stain has disappeared; then rinse it off with clear water; and if the colors seem dimmed, add enough acid to the last water to make it sour, and this will restore their brightness.



This Balm is sold by all Druggists.

## Perry Davis' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.

april 6-1m

This Celebrated Medicated is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals—in short, everybody, everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

TAKEN INTERNALLY, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Cold, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c. Used externally, it cures Blisters, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Old Sores, and all Swellings, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost-bitten Feet, &c.

THE PAIN-KILLER is sold by medicine dealers throughout the world, Price, 25c, 50c, and 100c per bottle.

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## THE WAY IT WILL AFFECT YOU.

It excites expectation and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus; cleanses the secretions and purifies the blood; breaks the morbid action of the system, and imparts strength to the whole. It is the most powerful and satisfactory remedy that can be given to break up the most dangerous cough in a few hours, it is of too long standing. It is warranted to give EXTENSIVE CURE, EVEN IN THE MOST OBSTINATE CASES OF CONSUMPTION. It is warranted not to produce any ill effects, which is the case with most remedies, or to affect the head, as it contains no opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real remedy for many cases of Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALM will prevent it, or only taken in time. Physicians having consumptive patients, and who, having failed to cure them with their own medicine, we would recommend to give ALLEN'S LUNG BALM a trial. Sold by all Druggists.

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