

The Stray Seed.

A faithful worker in the Master's vineyard
Tended a little plot with loving care;
But, as he sowed, one tiny seed was wafted
And borne far distant through the sweet
air.

When, after months of toil he sought his
harvest,
Naught but a barren field his work repaid;
Not one fair bloom nor sign of golden fruit
age
Had blessed the spot where he had toiled
and prayed.

But, all unknown to him, the only stray
seedling
In wondrous beauty bloomed a hundred-
fold;
And barren fields were clothed with richest
verdure
And myriad flowers blown from its cups
of gold.

"Tis ours to sow—'tis God's to give the in-
crease
In His own gracious time and place and
way:
No work for God is lost. Take heart faint
toiler,
You'll bring the harvest home some golden
day!"

Zion's Herald.

He Made a Discovery.

The moral of this little tale
which the *Chicago Tribune* tells is
so evident that it needs no elabo-
ration:

After dinner had been finished,
the woman of fashion seated herself
comfortably in an easy chair and
said:

"Well, we will have a quiet even-
ing."
"No one expected?" asked her
husband.

"Not a soul," replied the wife.
"Every one is at the Browns, and I
sent regrets, you know."

"Where are the children?" he
asked.

"Upstairs in the nursery," she
replied, languidly.

"I'd like to see them," he said.

"Suppose you let them come down."

"O, dear, no," she exclaimed.

"They're not dressed to come down
stairs. They have their nursery
clothes on, you know, and they'd
want to play here and get every-
thing topsy-turvy. It wouldn't do
at all."

"But no one is expected," he pro-
tested.

"Yes, dear, but some one might
drop in, and, besides, we mustn't
get them in the habit of coming
down here when they are not pro-
perly dressed and prepared to behave
themselves as well-trained children
should."

"When they are on parade," he
suggested.

"Joseph!" she said sharply.
"Don't talk like that! They have
a nurse and a room to themselves,
and you certainly cannot expect me
to let them come down here except
when they have been properly at-
tired. Besides, they enjoy them-
selves more in the nursery."

"I presume they do," he said
quietly.

"If you had seen what I saw to-
day," she went on, "you would
understand. I called on little Mrs.
Fernwood, and when I went in the
floor of the library was just covered
with blocks and toys, and her two
children were playing on the floor.
Why, she had to have the folding
doors shut when she came into the
reception room, and then some of
the blocks and toys were left on our
side of the door, and we could hear
the children laughing and talking
all the time I was there. Why, it
looked—"

"It must have looked like a home
and not one of the parlors of a
fashionable hotel," he interrupted,
as he got up from his chair. "Per-
haps she went a little too much to
one extreme, but it is better than
going too much too—"

A person who does this may be—
mind, I say may be—real good, but
if so his goodness is too much of the
earthly, and needs cleaning up.

How many good opportunities for
doing good to others he would find
if he would make free use of soap
and water, and brush and comb, and
clean up and tidy up. His useful-
ness would be doubled right away.

And yet, goodness is the prime es-
sential. But a goodness that does
not show through is open to the sus-
picion of being a counterfeit.—*Ch.
Standard.*

Sitting Still.

"It is so easy to sit still," said the
minister in one of his prayer-meet-
ing talks; "to sit still and let some-
body else do the work, and then to
criticize the manner in which or the
spirit with which some one else
does it. Now don't sit still! Do
something; if it's only a little thing.
But have a part in the work that is
going on."

This exhortation haunted quiet
Mrs. Lowe, who was afraid of the
sound of her own voice in prayer-
meeting, and when there was a call
for provisions and second-hand
clothing to be sent to the frontier
for the Home Missionary workers,
she thought: "I can do something
for that, if only a little." So she
went through her storeroom and

made up a basketful of whatever she
had on hand—flour, sugar, soap,
starch, canned goods, etc. She went
through the clothing of the family
and selected such garments as could
be spared, had them washed or
sponged, and made them into a
parcel and took them to the church
to be packed in barrels and sent to
the frontier.

Now this wasn't very much to
do, but it took some time and some
strength, and was of some intrinsic
pecuniary value. And while she
was doing it she wasn't sitting still
and leaving every thing for some-
body else to do.

"Money a mickle mak's a muckle."
The million and a half dollars that
has been raised by the Women's
Foreign Missionary Society in the
last twenty years has been raised, a
very large part of it, by subscrip-
tions of two cents a week by the
members of the society. What
woman that reads this cannot afford
to join that society on those terms
and have her part in the great work
of evangelizing the world?

"What do you expect to make out
of that boy?" said a gentleman
to his wife, who taught a mission
class. The urchin in question was
ragged and dirty, and very un-
promising in appearance. His
freckled face was never clean, and
his shock of red hair never combed,
or so it seemed. "I don't know was
the reply. "The most I can do for
him now is to wipe his nose." But
she kept on in her gentle, refined,
and loving way trying to bring her
class nearer her until she moved to
another city. When she had turned
to dust, her husband, on a visit to
his former home, was accosted by a
very gentlemanly appearing young
man, whom, as he raised his hat, he
recognized by the red hair to be the
former pupil of his now sainted
wife. The lad had breathed in the
atmosphere of Christian benevolence
and intelligence that she carried
with her, and it had held and lifted
him into respectability and compe-
tence.

Instead of sitting still at home,
she had sat in the mission school, in
the presence of her class, and the
emanations of her character, her
soul, had wrought upon them, and
certainly saved one of them.

APPEARANCES.

Appearances are important. The
outside is nearest to us, is first seen,
makes the first impression upon us.
If it is repulsive we turn away in
disgust. We are not greatly in-
clined to dig in a heap of refuse
upon the mere suspicion that some-
thing valuable is hidden under it.

And yet it should be stated most
emphatically that it is much pleas-
anter to hunt for goodness through
refuse than to find refuse under
goodness. One can make shift to
get through a bog when it is plainly
to be seen that it is a bog. But
what language has vigor enough to
express the profound disgust that
fills the soul when what seemed
solid ground is found, by sad ex-
perience, to be but thinly coated,
nasty slime!

Nevertheless we ought to appear
well. We owe it to ourselves to be
as neat and tidy in dress as possible.
For very few people have grace
enough to wear a shabby, ill-fitting
suit of clothing agreeably, and no
amount of goodness can make a
boorish retailer of slang tolerable.
For the sake of others we should be
inviting, not offensive; attractive in
word and deed, not repulsive; for
we ought to get as near as we can
to them, and as quickly as possible.
Time is too precious to be wasted.

We have no right to ask busy people
to overlook our uncombed hair, un-
washed teeth, dirty linen, uncleaned
finger-nails, unbrushed clothes, and
unpolished shoes.

A person who does this may be—
mind, I say may be—real good, but
if so his goodness is too much of the
earthly, and needs cleaning up.
How many good opportunities for
doing good to others he would find
if he would make free use of soap
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not show through is open to the sus-
picion of being a counterfeit.—*Ch.
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Where to Find Heaven.

A minister one day preached on
heaven. Next morning he was
going down town, and he met one
of his old wealthy members. The
brother stopped the preacher and
said:

"Pastor, you preached a good
sermon about heaven. You told
me all about heaven, but you never
told where heaven is."

"Ah!" said the pastor, "I am
glad of an opportunity this morning.
I have just come from the hill-top
yonder. In that cottage there is a
member of your church. She is
sick in bed with a fever, her two
little children are sick in the other
bed; and she has not got a bit of
coal nor a stick of wood nor flour
nor sugar nor any bread. If you

will go down town and buy five dol-
lars' worth of things—nice provi-
sions—and send them up to her and
then go up there and say, "My
sister, I have brought you these nice
provisions in the name of our Lord
and Saviour," then ask for a little
and read the twenty-third Psalm,
and then get down on your knees
and pray—if you don't see heaven
before you get all through, I'll pay
the bill."

The next morning he said:
"Pastor, I saw heaven, and I
spent fifteen minutes in heaven as
certainly as you are listening."

A Mother's Argument.

How SHE REPROVED HER SON WHO
WAS INCLINED TO BE BIG-HEADED.

"The most-to-be-regretted act of
my life," says a lieutenant command-
er in the navy, "was a letter which I
wrote home to my mother when I
was about seventeen years of age.
She always addressed her letters to
me as 'my dear boy' I felt at that
time I was a man or very near it;
and wrote saying that her constant
addressing me as a 'boy' made me
feel displeased. I received in reply
a letter full of reproaches and tears.
Among other things she said: 'You
might grow to be as big as Goliath,
as strong as Samson, and as wise as
Solomon. You might become ruler
of a nation, or emperor of many
nations, and the world might revere
you and fear you, but to your de-
voted mother, you would always
appear, in memory, in your innocent,
unpretentious, unself-conceited un-
pampered babyhood. In those days,
when I washed and dressed, and
kissed, and worshiped you, you were
my idol. Nowadays, you are be-
coming part of a gross world, by
contact with it, and I cannot bow
down to you and worship you. But,
if there is manhood, and maternal
love transmitted to you, you will
understand that the highest compli-
ment that mother love can pay you
is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

She couldn't Get Married.

A Leominster housekeeper, while
looking over some old letters of her
great grandmother, ran across the
following:

"Dear, Good John: We shall
have to put off our marriage, mother
is making such an awful fuss about
it. I don't want to a bit, now we
are published, but I have to. She
says you ain't old enough and I don't
know anything, and then there is so
much expense about it. Now, John,
just think of it. My dress will be
only nine shillings (\$1.50), and my
new calf-skin shoes would do. She
says you shan't marry me until you
can keep two cows of your own.
Father is willing, and says he will
give us the sheep, but mother says
he shan't and you know she always
carries the day. I wish she could
never have got married herself.
Now, John, let us stick to each
other. I shall be eighteen in about
ten months more. Now, you will
hold on, won't you, John? Come
Sunday night with the gray horse
and shay and we will ride out and
talk it over. Good night. Mary."

—*Boston Herald.*

Poverty A Blessing.

Rev. Mr. Reid a very pious Scotch
minister, visited one of his poor
parishioners, who had been taken ill.
When about to take his leave he
held out his hand to the object of
his visit, who pressed it affectionately
at the same time thanking the
pastor for his kind solicitude about
his soul's welfare, and in conclusion
said: "God grant ye, sir, great
abundance o' poverty here, and a
double portion o' through 'a etern-
ity." "What!" said the astonish-
ed minister, "do you wish me to
become poor?"

"Wia'a my heart, sir," answered
the old man seriously; "ye ken, a
hundred times an' mair ye hae taird
me that poverty was a great blessing,
an' I'm sure there's nae I could
wish to see better blessed than your-
sel." A solemn pause ensued. At
length the minister said with an air
of touching humility which showed
he felt the full force of the cutting
reproof: "Well, James, I confess
I never thought seriously on that
point till this moment. Poverty
cannot be a blessing; it is at best a
misfortune."

POLITENESS.—Never be econo-
mical with politeness. It pays to
be courteous, especially to children
and servants, who can catch your
tone and manner, and reveal you to
your friends in a way that you hard-
ly dream of as possible. The man-
ner of good society does not denote
or imply insincerity, nor need the
sincere person be brusque or boorish.
Tact is a gift worth striving for, if
it have been denied to that unsatis-
factory being, the "natural man."
Indeed, the natural man or woman
is not always the most agreeable of
associates. It is the disciplined,
cultivated man or woman whom we
enjoy meeting and are generally
the better for living with.—*Chris-
tian Intelligencer.*

A WORD IN SEASON.—We are to
plead for our friends with God in
prayer. We are to plead for God
with our friends as we invite them
to come and be saved. Nothing
will take the place of earnest words
for Christ. We may talk all we
want to about living so that others
will see that we love him. Suppose
we have a friend visiting us, and
we never introduce any one to that
friend, but say: "I will honor my
friend by letting every one see that
I esteem him." No; this would be
rude discourtesy, of which we would
not be guilty. The following little
incident, taken from the *Pansy*,
will enable us to see this:

Margaret, who is six years old,
heard brother Harold reproved one
day for neglecting to introduce a
young friend to his mother. Not
long afterwards she heard a gentle-
man say to her father:

"I do not profess to be acquaint-
ed with Jesus Christ."

"Did you introduce that man,
papa?" she asked.

"What man, darling?" said her
father.

"Why, that tall man in the
library who said he did not know
Jesus; you said it was rude not to
introduce your friends to one another,
and Jesus is your best friend,
you know. I listened to hear you
introduce him, did you, papa?"

"I am afraid not," said her father,
and he looked very grave.

Why do you suppose his little
girl's question made him sad?

WE'LL SAID.—In an interview
with a representative of the *Madras
Mail*, General Booth is reported to
have said: "Yes, respectability is
the curse of nearly every depart-
ment in the world. Everybody ap-
pears to be above the condition of
life for which God has designed him.
Dig you fruit out of your earth,
praise God, and live happily with
your wife and children. This is
most favourable to health and hap-
piness. What do you find every-
where instead of this? There is a
rush to the towns everywhere. Go
to Australia, or even Africa, and
the cry is just the same. Popula-
tion is aggregating and surging in
the cities, and all sorts of miseries
are prevalent. I come to India, and
here it is again. It is all education.
Make your people good, and show
them how to earn their bread on the
land, and then, if you have anything
left, cultivate your intellect and
count the stars."

MOTHERS show the value they
place on their children by their un-
willingness to part with them. No
amount of money is sufficient to
purchase even a deformed or blind
child from a sensible mother.
When a child is lost or stolen, so
deep is the interest taken in the
little creature that all the great
papers publish the calamity, and all
the mothers in the land sympathize
with the one who has been bereaved.
Yet many sons go out from homes
where such love has been lavished
on them and sell themselves for
nothing. Thousands of young men
among us have canceled, so far as
they can do so, all the claims of
their parents, and all their own
claims on themselves, and surren-
dered themselves fully to the devil
for the consideration of a little tem-
porary gratification.

The blessing of God is not given
at random, or without relation to
character and life. "He hath re-
warded me according to my righte-
ousness." Who desires the great
things of God, must himself be great.

Minard's Liniment cures

Diphtheria.

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES—"Lotus
of the Nile."

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

Burdock Blood Bitters is a house-
hold remedy for dyspepsia, it expels
rheumatism and neuralgia from the
system, acts as an antibilious agent on
the stomach, liver and bowels, antago-
nizes blood poison, builds up and re-
vitalizes the bodily functions and re-
stores and purifies the entire system.

You hardly realize that it is medi-
cine, when taking Carter's Little Liver
Pills: they are very small; no bad
effects; all troubles from torpid liver
are relieved by their use.

CABINET RECONSTRUCTION.

A popular topic is cabinet recon-
struction, which really does not con-
cern the public so much as the recon-
struction and cleansing of the human
system against the approach of spring.
The premier medicine for this purpose
is Burdock Blood Bitters, and both
parties recognize it as the best blood
purifier and general system regulator
known.

H. F. MacCarthy, Wholesale and Re-
tail Druggist, Ottawa, writes:—"I was
afflicted with Chronic Bronchitis for
some years, but have been completely
cured by the use of Dr. Thomas' Elec-
tric Oil in doses of five drops on sugar.
I have also pleasure in recommending
it as an embrocation for external use.

The public should bear in mind that
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing
in common with the impure, deterior-
ating class of so-called medicinal oils.
It is eminently pure and really effica-
cious.

August Lawn Tennis!

Perhaps you do not believe these
statements concerning Green's Aug-
ust Flower. Well, we can't make
you. We can't force conviction in-
to your head or medi-

citine into your
throat. We don't
want to. The money
is yours, and the

misery is yours; and until you are
willing to believe, and spend the one
for the relief of the other, they will
stay so. John H. Foster, 1122
Brown Street, Philadelphia, says:
"My wife is a little Scotch woman,
thirty years of age and of a naturally
delicate disposition. For five or six
years past she has been suffering
from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last
that she could not sit
down to a meal but
she had to vomit it
as soon as she had eaten it. Two
bottles of your August Flower have
cured her, after many doctors failed.
She can now eat anything, and enjoy
it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not
know that she ever had it."

Vomit

Every Meal.

ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT
LANDING.

Permanent and Transient Boarders Ac-
commodated. Terms reasonable.

Street Cars for and from all Railway
stations and Steamboat Landings pass this
hotel every five minutes.

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