

Be Thorough.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of men;
So in all things
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no one speak their surface dim;
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue,
In each duty
Lies a beauty!
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eyes and tear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
Tis the glory
Of the story,
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun.

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words will give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures—
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true,
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

A Parable for To-Day.

What Christianity needs to-day is not a re-statement, but men and churches who will live up to it just as it is. Why does the world listen to the story of the cross? The reason is that God has so builded man that there is a place in his heart that nothing but the cross of Christ can fill. The author of Christianity is the author of the human heart; they must fit each other. A voyage round the world is planned. Two ships are in the offing of the harbor. Each one is recommended by those who have an interest in them and a personal interest in us. We are invited on board to examine, inquire and decide for ourselves. The first ship is under the command of an advanced theologian. He believes in progressiveness, in the apostle John rather than in Paul, and in preaching of smooth things. His greetings are cordial and polite. His ship appears to be in the completest trim, and it appears to be unnecessary to visit the other ships in the harbor. Still, for some reason, unaccountable perhaps, you decide to go on board the second ship. You find her under the command of an old-school Christian. He believes in an inspired Bible, salvation through the blood of Christ, in life and death everlasting. As you reach the deck he is pleased to greet you, but has no succession of smiles like those on the face of the liberal captain. Often he seems sober, sometimes depressed.

This second ship is less inviting than the first. Outside there is no varnish; the cordage and canvas look as though they had seen more than one voyage and had encountered more than one storm. The men on board have no gloves on their hands, or rings on their fingers, and their faces look as though they were made of copper. There is no tapestry and no lace. You look down into the fore-castle. It is not over and above inviting, for there are in it the poor, the sick, the lame, the blind, the immigrant. You look down into the hold and you miss the odor of lavender which you breathed on board the other ship, and you say: "This is enough," and back to the other ship you go—the lavender and chloroform ship. You are on the point of saying to the captain: "I will take passage with you, sir," but for some reason you hesitate. During this hesitation the wind is freshening from the east. Soon there comes in a swell from the sea. It strikes the ship quartering, and she appears to have faulty joints, with nothing firm about her.

The seams open, the pumps are set to work. You say to the captain: "What does this mean?" "Ah!", he replies, "this is nothing."

The worst disease—Dyspepsia.
The Best Cure—K.D.C.

"But ought a seaway ship like this shake under such seas?"
"O, yes; we're all right."

"Captain, how many times did you say this ship had been round the world?"

"Round the world! O, she's never been round the world. She's hardly finished yet."

"Well, then, are you perfectly sure she can double Cape Horn in a gale of wind?"

"O, yes; there's no trouble. The stories about doubling Cape Horn are all exaggerated; the difficulties are imaginary."

And when the captain has said this you still think there is some danger in doubling Cape Horn. And there is, not far off, a rough, bold cape which we must all double some day or some night.

At the risk of being thought fickle, you ask to be rowed back to the orthodox ship. The wind has increased meanwhile, and quite a sea is rolling into the harbor. You are on board. A swell strikes her; another and another strikes her, but they seem under her stalwart bows to be nothing but gentle thuds. With that heavy anchor and that big, rough, rusty iron cable reaching down into the heart of the sea the staunch ship does not seem to mind at all the thump and the thump of the sea swell. The thoughtful captain, as if by force of habit, has his eye meanwhile upon the rigging and the sky. At length you venture to say:

"Captain, this vessel seems well-built."

"Yes, sir."

"Has she ever been round the world?"

"Yes, sir; this is her tenth voyage."

"Is there any danger in doubling Cape Horn?"

"Danger! You will find out when you double it." And then the captain is tender and gentle, and says: "My friend, we always dread to double that Cape. The seas are often heavy and angry and dark, but you need have no fear; for every plank and every yard of canvas and every inch of cordage in the ship is made to meet the storms encountered while doubling that cape."

You are to take passage to-morrow for a voyage around the world. Which shall be the ship?—*Professor Townsend.*

"Where is Mother?"

When the tired father returns at night from the office or the shop, when the children come home from school, the first question is always, unless she stands in the very hall before their eyes, "Where is mother?" It is often said that the mother is the home. This question is one of the many proofs of the truth of this proverb. Unless the mother is in the house, the vital principle of the home seems to be lacking. She comes, and comfort, love and joy seem to enter with her. She goes, and there is a sort of breathless and uneasy waiting until she comes back again.

To the true mother, the knowledge that she is thus indispensable to the loved ones should be one of the choicest possessions. It is only by cherishing the spirit which prompts the question, "Where is mother?" that she can properly instill into the hearts of her children that "passion for home" which one of our great writers has called the "first characteristic of manly natures."

And yet not infrequently a tired mother will exclaim impatiently, "I wish that I could stir without having an outcry, 'Where's mother?'" To one who sets true value upon life and its duties and pleasures, such words come with an awful shock. Pearls seem to have been cast wastefully before the feet of such a woman.

But even if a mother hold most dear this precious tribute of love, how many are there who take pains to be at home when the children come? Or, if she must be absent, to leave word for them, or to tell them before they go in the morning or at noon that she expects to be gone when they return, with the reasons and regrets? It is only by mutual thoughtfulness in these so-called trifles that the harmony of the home-life can be preserved, and we to her who does not appreciate them at their true value. It is impossible that the busy mother of a family, with shopping to do, calls to make and meetings of various kinds to attend, should always be in when the children come home from school. It would show an undue regard for sentiment if she were to shut herself away from the outside life which every woman needs so much, and which she needs especially for the benefit of her family. But by following this rule: to tell the children in the morning, whenever she can, just where she is to be, and how soon she will be at home—she may keep alive and still foster, though she

K. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating

is absent, the sacred flame which she so highly prizes.

A lady was calling recently upon a friend, when a small boy came bounding in at the basement door about four o'clock in the afternoon, with the usual inquiry, "Where is mother?" "Oh, I remember," he added immediately; "she said she was going to the mothers' meeting this afternoon. I wish she would hurry up and come back!"

"She didn't go," said the good-natured Irish girl to whom he had been speaking; "she had word there wouldn't be any meeting."

"Oh, goody!" cried the urchin, leaping up the stairs two at a time, and bursting into the room where the ladies were sitting. His face was wreathed in smiles—but his shoes were muddy. "Oh, Tommy!" exclaimed his mother, in a reproachful voice, as she pointed to the tracks which he had left behind him.

"Well, I was so glad you were home," he explained, as he saluted her visitor in boyish fashion, and imprinted a resounding kiss upon his mother's cheek. "I'm sorry about the mud, but here's my ball for you to sew up, and here's the geography you were going to cover; and may I go over to Will Smith's corner with my roller-skates? There's such a daisy sidewalk over there!"

Verily, well may the mother forgive much in such a case. And blessed is she who can answer the children's question with a glad "Here I am!" and hear their sweet words of joy in her presence.—*The Congregationalist.*

Young Converts Holding On.

Very much depends upon starting right, as we tried to show a week ago, but the start is not the finish, and many that make a most hopeful beginning come after all to an ignominious end. The apostle Paul, writing to the Galatians, says, "Ye did run well; who did hinder?" Something hindered, and hence they halted who awhile ago had been so eager in the race. There are many things that hinder, as any pilgrim who sets out for "the celestial city" will very soon discover. Bunyan's pilgrim set out on a run, with his fingers thrust in his ears, and shouting "Eternal life, eternal life!" at the top of his voice, but he had not gone far before he plunged into the "Slough of Despond," where he wallowed in a dreadful way. Many never get any farther than the slough, and they crawl out on the side on which they fall in and go back to "the weak and beggarly elements of the world."

This is the crowning test of discipleship. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." Almost anybody can make a spurt, but only those who are soundly principled can stand the long stretch of heroic effort. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and this language implies that there is constant waste and wear and tear, making constant renewal necessary. And this is true alike of our physical and intellectual and religious nature. We need perpetually fresh impulses of power or presently we shall come to a dead stop. And this is the meaning of that other Scripture: "He hath saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." The first refers to the change that is wrought once for all, and the other to that constant impartation of fresh grace and strength to repair the loss of power that comes from contact with the world. And this we must have and this we may have if we will only keep up our connection with our base of supplies. "My grace is sufficient," saith the Lord. Only let the golden pipes be unobstructed and the grace will flow steadily in. And steady flow is what we want. Enthusiasm is beautiful, but "patient continuance in well doing"—this, after all, is the thing that wins.

To "mount upon wings as eagles" is doubtless very fine, but to "run and not be weary" finer still, while to "walk and not faint" on the long, long tramp is the highest of all tests of true soldierly quality. There is no "hurrah" about that. Beautiful and enjoyable is the flush of feeling, but there will be times when feeling is faint, and if we simply "go by our feelings" we shall presently cease to go at all.

In times of revival it is easy enough to be religious, for the current sweeps powerfully in the direction of religion, and even things without life may be borne along by it. But when the revival is over and the current sets the other way, then it takes life to stem it.

Not that all who temporarily lose their interest lose their souls, or are to be counted as spurious professors because they do not go constantly and rejoicingly forward. Alas! who of us has not had his sad season of declension? And after mountain-top experiences, such as some of us have been enjoying, we are apt to go down for a time into the valley.

K. D. C. Cures Midnight Dyspepsia

"Faint, yet pursuing"—this is the thing that was said of Gideon's redoubtable three hundred. Thirty thousand started. Twenty thousand whose hearts failed them dropped out and went back to their homes. At the ford there was a further depletion, and nine thousand and seven hundred faced about and left only a little remnant to go forward to meet the Midianites. But they went forward just the same, with dauntless courage, and they won the day. Our church polity is indeed democratic, but there is no earthly reason why we should allow our conduct to be governed by the majority. Let us not consider what is done by the twenty-nine thousand and seven hundred nominal professors who practically count for nothing in the day of battle, but let us "touch elbows" with the loyal three hundred, "faithful among the faithless," and so be heroes in the strife. "Be ye therefore, steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—*Dr. Henson in Standard.*

Bringing in the Sheaves.

MRS. AMANDA BOSTWICK.

This beautiful imagery, this highly poetic expression for our Father's work was a happy emanation of David's heart. He closes one of his touching poems with it:

They that sow in tears
Shall reap in joy.
He that goeth forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed,
Shall doubtless come again
With rejoicing,
Bringing his sheaves with him.

—*Psalms cxxvi.*

The writers of the New Testament also took up the same strain, and used the harvest imagery to express the idea of the work of spreading the gospel.

This is the chief work for us to do. Both our home and foreign missionary work demands our constant diligence.

Our monthly ten cents is so little to give in such a great work, may we not reasonably fear that it is an abomination in the sight of the Lord? There is no sacrifice, no tears in it. We are not sowing in tears by giving so little. Jesus, the greatest of all missionaries, with a heart full of love and anxiety for the salvation of the world, went forth with the glad tidings, sacrificing every self-interest that he might go about doing good. The poor had the gospel preached to them, and the common people heard him gladly. Such love, such fortitude, such sacrifice is to be known but once in the history of the world. And we as his followers are expected to take him for an example, and give all diligence in doing our part in this great work.

Many of his immediate followers gave themselves wholly to the work at all risks and all sacrifices, going forth sowing the precious seed of the gospel. They sowed in tears, but reaped in joy, counting it all joy that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ. How very dark and thorny were their many diverging pathways, as they went forth tearfully from Jerusalem into all the world preaching the gospel unto every creature, even to the uttermost parts of the earth!

The hardships endured by Paul were most wonderful, yet the Lord gave him grace to bear it for Christ's sake. He sowed the precious seed in tears, and came again to Jerusalem. After years of sowing he came again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves, the news of the success of the gospel among the Gentiles. Perhaps none other of the early Christians brought such a harvest of souls into the kingdom as did Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles.

Are You in Debt?

The pastor of the German Presbyterian Church at Elizabethport, N. J., who was very popular with the young people, but had some trouble with the elders of the church, mysteriously disappeared. He was supposed to have committed suicide because of church troubles, but is still alive, and had a very prosaic and uncommon reason for fleeing. He was a bright young man, and had lived beyond his income. He borrowed a hundred dollars from a druggist, four hundred and ninety from one of the elders, and owed four months' rent to his landlord. The elders had tried to induce him to pay his obligations, but failing, and scandal arising about his extravagance, they decided to lay the case before the Presbytery. Then the pastor fled, being afraid to face the charges.

His salary was one thousand dollars a year—not a large sum; but no man of honesty, sense and spirit need run in debt who has that amount per annum. A minister in debt is a poor, trembling creature, or else worse—in sensible to his obligations, a willing mendicant, or a pious fraud.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

Our church wisely propounds this question to all candidates for reception into the ministry: "Are you in debt?" The bishops are in the habit of adding, "so as to be embarrassed by it." Dr. B. M. Adams, of the New York East Conference, rose on one occasion and said: "I desire to propound an additional question to these young men: 'Are you in debt so that others are embarrassed by it?' for," said he, "I have known of many cases where the debtors were not, while the creditors were, embarrassed by it."

Misfortunes sometimes compel the anticipation of income. Churches often greatly embarrass ministers by not paying what is most justly their due. Rather, however, than run in debt the minister should publicly state the situation.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

Random Readings.

Change is a remedy for poverty. Wisdom finds a way where there is a will.

Grumbling is not heroism, nor is fault-finding piety.

The more a bad man tries to be a saint the worse he is.

Good eyesight is not to be deceived by painted and powdered faces.

The survival of the fittest is a good doctrine when applied to dog fights. He who tries to tell all he knows doesn't know much that is worth telling.

Perspiration is not inspiration, but some boisterous preachers seem to think it is.

Real, active Christians find no time for the theater, the dancing hall, or "progressive euchar."

A certain Frenchman says a wise man, like a nail, has a head on him to prevent his going too far.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

SUDDENLY PROSTRATED.

GENTLEMEN,—I was suddenly prostrated while at work by a severe attack of cholera morbus. We sent at once for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation made every forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of Wild Strawberry, which only made my life.

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10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, Madam Junction.

4.30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

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From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction 6.55, 7.55, a.m.; 11.45, 5.55 p.m.; Madam Junction, 7.00, 10.00, a.m.; 2.00 p.m.; Vanocboro, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen, 5.35, 7.45, a.m.; St. Andrews, 6.10, 12.20.

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