

TOO LATE.

What silence we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear,
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of my lad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close familiar friends, who loved us so;
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did, to those undone,
And small the service spent, to treasure won,
And undesired the praise, for word and deed
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space,
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the might have been!

Different Points of View.

JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

They had had a good meeting, so every one felt. The district secretary had met with the Elsworth chapter, and had given them a plain, earnest talk on self-denial, founded on the words of the Master: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me." He had urged the necessity of self-denial, not only that the character may attain the highest Christian culture, but also that by it each may become more like Him who went about doing good to others in His life and bore the cross for others in His death.

Irvin Wellsley, who never before had given the subject serious thought for five consecutive minutes, had been deeply interested in these remarks. Dr. Willard, from his prominent position as leader of the singing, noticed the thoughtful expression on Irvin's handsome face. "I am glad he has heard this talk," he thought; "it will do him good; for what does he know about self-denial in the life he lives? Perhaps it would be as well, though, if I listened for myself instead of my neighbor. I need the lesson as much as any one. Irvin is a fine fellow; I should be spoiled in his place," and Dr. Willard's voice rang out sweet and clear in the closing hymn,—

I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

As soon as meeting was closed, Irvin went immediately out without waiting for his companions as usual, but he had not gone far before he heard Dr. Willard's voice at his elbow. Irvin admired young Dr. Willard immensely, otherwise he would have felt annoyed, as he preferred to be alone.

"Grand meeting to-night," said Dr. Willard, after a few commonplace remarks.

"Very," replied Irvin; "but I must say I don't understand it all." "Why, I'm sure Mr. Brown made it all very plain," said Dr. Willard.

"Yes, I know," said Irvin, a little impatiently. "I can see how it might be necessary for a person to practice self-denial, to make a sacrifice of self even; but is it necessary for every one? If a fellow sees no need of self-denial, has no opportunity for seeing it, is he to blame for it? Of course I know one must not be selfish in his speech or manners to be a true gentleman, a true Christian—I don't mean trifles like those—but some of the illustrations he gave to-night, for instance."

"You remind me of what old Skinner told Grey last winter," laughed the doctor. "Grey was solicited aid for those people who were so destitute after the fire, you remember. I was with him when he asked Skinner to give something. Skinner said he did not see why he should help them. When he saw a real charitable object, he was willing to give to it, but he did not know these people, and did not see his way clear to help them. Grey is hot-headed, you know, and replied that 'None are so blind as those who won't see.' He ought not to have said it, and was sorry for it afterward, but Skinner's face was a sight worth seeing, as you may imagine."

Irvin's face flushed, and he drew himself up proudly. Dr. Willard could not see his face, but he felt the motion.

"You think I am wilfully blind, then, do you?" asked Irvin, in a low voice.

"No, indeed, nothing of the kind," replied his friend, pressing his arm warmly; then adding half playfully: "Your eyes have been operated upon, you see, and are coming out all right, only just now the light is dazzling and you can't see plainly. Men as trees walking, you know."

Irvin made no reply, and they walked on in silence.

"I must call here," said the doctor, pausing before a cheerless boarding-house. "Will you wait or go on?"

"I'll wait," said Irvin; so Dr. Willard led the way in.

"I won't detain you long," he said, as they went up the dirty stairs. "I have not seen Jewell before to-day, though. You know Jewell, book-keeper in Marsh & Spofford's? He has had a hard time of it, but is getting better fast now. Come in; it will do him good to see some one else."

Irvin would far rather not have gone in, but Dr. Willard waited for no refusal, so he followed him into the room. Young Jewell was sitting bolted up in a wooden rocker. He was thin and pale, but his eyes were very bright.

"I am better," he said eagerly, after the doctor had made a few professional remarks.

"Decidedly so," said the doctor heartily. "Two or three weeks more will set you on your feet again as good as new."

"Two or three weeks!" repeated Jewell. "I must go back into the office next Monday morning."

"Wait until you are out from under my control before you say 'must,'" said Dr. Willard playfully. "But I really must go. They have kept my place for me all this time, and that is more than some men would have done; but to-day they sent word to know if I could be there Monday. They will put some one else in my place if I don't go, I feel sure."

"It would be very imprudent for you to go to work now, in your condition," said Dr. Willard seriously. "You are doing finely, but are not strong enough for work yet. Go home to your mother for a few weeks; a mother's care and country air will do you more good than medicine."

"It is not to be thought of," cried Jewell, excitedly. "There are three days yet before Monday, and I shall gain a great deal in that time. I went into the hall to-day, and to-morrow I am going downstairs. I'll try to be careful and not overdo, but I cannot lose my place."

"Well, we won't decide that matter tonight," said the doctor soothingly. "We'll see how you are Saturday." And, after chatting a few minutes on different subjects, they went away.

"Is the fellow insane? He is no more fit to work than a six months' old baby!" exclaimed Irvin, as soon as they reached the street again.

"That's too true," said the doctor, shaking his head soberly. "Still, I do not wonder he feels as he does. I have learned much about him since he has been sick, and I know it would be a sad thing for him to lose his place. He supports, or helps support rather, his mother and a crippled brother in the old home."

"That is noble in him; I respect him for that; but isn't he the fellow who has made so much sport of our League and sneered about the 'dudes' who belong? I suppose I am one he means."

"Oh, he doesn't understand about the League, that is all; that is his misfortune. I spoke to some of the members, though, about his sickness, and they have sent him fruit and flowers and would gladly help him financially, as it is expensive business being sick away from home; but when I hinted it to him, he resented it, and uttered so many sharp things about the League that I said no more."

"He is an ungrateful fellow," began Irvin hotly.

"Hold! hold!" cried the doctor. "Just put yourself in his place. I rather admire his independence, and his self-denial for the sake of his mother and brother is certainly commendable. Don't condemn him utterly; he views life from one standpoint, and you from another, that is all. Put yourself in his place for a time, and see how things would look to you there."

Just then Irvin's home was reached, and he gladly bade his friend good-night.

"How disagreeable Dr. Willard can be when he chooses," he said to himself as he went directly to his room. He was glad to be alone at last, that he might think. The discourse of the evening, Dr. Willard's subsequent remarks, and their call upon Jewell, had all made a deep impression upon his mind, and troublesome thoughts, which at other times he could have banished at will, persisted now in having an audience.

At length an idea, which had vaguely suggested itself before he had reached home, began to take

form and to shape itself into definite plans.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed at last, with unusual energy. "Thanking Dr. Willard for his suggestion, I'll prove one thing to myself, and perhaps another to Jewell."

The next night Arthur Jewell, tired, feverish and irritable as the result of over-exertion, was tossing on his uncomfortable bed when a note was brought up to him. It bore the stamp of Marsh & Spofford and he shook with apprehension as he opened it, and read:—

A. T. JEWELL—DEAR SIR: A friend has volunteered to take your place in the office for a month, so you are to go home to your mother to-morrow, according to your doctor's orders. At your friend's suggestion I send check in advance for the month, as you may wish to settle some bills before you go; and I also send up your ticket, so you need not stop for that in the morning. Get strong and come back at the end of the month to serve us as faithfully in the future as you have in the past, and all will be satisfactory.

Yours, etc.,

W. H. SPOFFORD.

The letter fell from Jewell's weak fingers, and he lay very still on his pillow, the glad tears stealing under his closed eyelids and down his thin cheeks. All pride and resentment were lost in the thought of home and mother. Dr. Willard found him thus when he came in to call.

"I'm going home," he said tremulously, holding up the precious check and ticket. "I am better already, just thinking of it."

"Yes, I know," said Dr. Willard, scarcely less excited over what he had seen and heard the last hour than the sick man himself. "I expect the change and a mother's care will do wonders for you."

"But who is it?" asked Jewell, as the doctor arose to go a half-hour later. "Spofford said a friend was in my place."

"Irvin Wellsley," "What!" exclaimed Jewell, raising himself on his elbow in his astonishment. "That—that dude?" "The same," said Dr. Willard smiling. "Perhaps there is more in him and in his religion than you have ever thought."

Jewell dropped back upon his pillow, closed his eyes and turned away his head, and Dr. Willard, saying only, "I'll be around in the morning to see you off," went softly out.

Arthur Jewell had a praying mother, and long years ago she had taught him to pray at her knee; and now, softened by his sickness and wholly overcome by the kindness and generosity of one whom he had ridiculed as an excuse for his own neglect of duty, he was going home a child again, and she would teach him to pray once more.

He was not the only one, however, who was benefited by this month's experience. Earnestness of purpose and the dignity of labor made Irvin Wellsley more attractive than ever, and this opportunity of seeing life from the other side proved of inestimable benefit to him all his life. Though he received more censure than commendation for his self-denial, he never regretted it, nor did he ever know the amount of good set in motion by this little break in the smooth surface of his life.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY. The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Be Courteous.

A girl had come here to visit from the country, and had brought a letter to a very fashionable family, by whom she was soon after invited to a party. She was staying with quiet old people, who did not realize the lateness of the hours at which an affair of that kind begins at present, as compared with those observed by society in their own youth.

"If I go at half-past eight, it won't be too late, will it?" the girl, with her country habits in her mind, asked of the old lady whom she was visiting.

"O, no," the old lady said, "and I will send Jane with you."

Jane was the madam's maid, as venerable, respectable and solemn as madam herself. It was about a quarter to nine when the carriage deposited the old maid and the young maiden at the door of a stately house on Commonwealth Avenue.

The house door opened, and they went up to the dressing room. Not a cloak nor a wrap of any sort, only a well trained person who took off our country girl's wrappings, and then disappeared.

"O, I dare not go down," the poor little thing said, pitifully. "I can't; I'm the very, very first." But instantly appeared a radiant, white vision—the daughter of the house.

"Christine said you had come," she cried, flustering in, as if it were the pleasantest and most charming surprise in the world. "I am so glad, Maamma and I were wishing we had some one to help us receive."

And you didn't see papa the other day. You must come right down and see him, and be one of us."

There were tears in the country girl's eyes when she told me this little story.

"Don't you think it was the very loveliest thing?" she said. "There I was, half an hour before every one else; and they made it seem as if I was their special friend, and belonged to them; and everybody was introduced to me; and, don't you know, I could quite fancy what it would really be to be a belle—people were so lovely."

Does it seem a little thing? I believe many shining deeds recorded in the biographies of good women have had less real sweetness in them than this fashionable Boston beauty showed to the girl whose evening she turned from a mortification into a triumph.—Mrs. L. C. Moulton.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY. The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

People Who Are Not Soul-Winners.

People who never make any sacrifices for God. People who never get religion in their hands and feet. People who feel good on Sundays and behave very bad on week days. People who dishonor the name of Christ by professing to be his followers. The mothers who tell white lies before their children, and think nothing of it. The people who never feel very religious except when there is sickness in the house. People who read the Sunday paper before the sermon and criticize the preacher afterward. The man who thinks the preacher ought to do all the preaching and praying, because he is paid for doing it. The sound brass and tinkling cymbal who is always professing that he wants to see the whole world saved, yet never gives a dollar to missions. The two old saints who have been "at the out" with each other for ten years, both so puffed up with pride they can't behave as Christians should and be reconciled.—Ran's Horn.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY. The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

It is never safe to disobey those who are wiser than ourselves. A traveler tells us he once went up a mountain more than ten thousand feet high.

On the way, his guide pointed out a place where a man met with a severe accident a few years before.

"How did it happen?" asked the traveler.

The reply was, "He did not obey his guide. He would go by a way against which I had warned him."

Even so, reader, we must obey our Heavenly Guide, if we would journey safely on to the promised land.—Selected.

Bits of Things.

If you would be pure in mind, be pure in habit.

The lowliest act of daily life becomes sublime when wrought for Christ.

The same influence that makes men good Christians will also make them good citizens.

Divine consolation is so exceedingly precious as not to admit of a rival in our hearts.—Exchange.

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." With such a King, the heart will be a kingdom of peace.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

CONSIDERED THE BEST.

DEAR SIRS.—I also can bear testimony to the value of your wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. B. B. B. I have used it as well as Burdock Pills for over three years, when necessary and find them the best. I have ever used for constipation.

MRS. GREGOR, Owen Sound, Ont.

TROUBLE AT MELITA.

MRS. W. H. BROWN, of Melita, Mar. states that two of her children and two others belonging to a neighbor, were cured of the worst form of summer complaint by one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, nature's specific for all summer complaints.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Rev. J. B. Huff Florence, writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of foods fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

JUNE 6TH.

In the Leafy Month of June.

"Infants Wardrobe," dainty and useful, "Bridal Trousseau," Wedding Garments, etc., etc. "Mourning Goods" and Funeral Requisites.

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IN its healthful situation, its invigorating atmosphere, and its beautiful surroundings, this school cannot be surpassed. All the courses of instruction are BROAD AND LIBERAL.

The Methods are Thorough and Far-Reaching.

And are in touch with the movement of the times. The teaching is sound, fresh and vigorous. The staff of teachers for the coming year is exceptionally strong. All departments are under the care of specialists.

Calendars and all desired information may be had by applying to

AUSTIN K. DE BLOIS, Principal.

PUTNERS
IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER
EMULSION

SLO OS XINO
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
LIFE OF MAN BITTERS
GATES

Was Sick Over 2 Years.

FRIENDS THOUGHT I COULD NOT LIVE.

GAINED 30 LBS. IN FLESH.

Canada Creek, Dec. 14 1892.

Messrs C. Gates & Son
GENTLEMEN:—This is to certify that I was sick for over two years and was unable to work, having a fearful cough and no appetite, and friends thought I could not live long. In April last I took about six bottles of your Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup. My appetite soon returned, system worked well, and I am now over thirty pounds heavier than when I commenced taking the medicine. I am also able to do my work and feel altogether like another man. I intend taking some more of it now, and believe there is none as good in the market to day.

CHAS. E. EATON, J. P.

Middleton, Feb. 15, 1893.

DEAR SIRS.—I have been using your valuable Life of Man Bitters & No. 1 Invigorating Syrup for Indigestion, etc., since 1885, and have found no other medicine equal to it, and think it my duty to inform you of this fact. I never allow my house to be without it. Wishing you increased success. Yours truly,

CAPT. J. R. HALL.

June 28th, 1893.

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Chi drens Wagons and Cris,
Folding Chairs and r tools,
Bandy Red Rockers,
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Ware for press nts or pizars, beautiful
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Dinner and Tea Setts, all the lead ng lines
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Bicycles. For Spot Cash Goods very
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GENTLEMEN: call and see our
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