

## Long Did I Toil.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;  
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,  
Who opens His arms and bids the weary come;

With Him I found a home, a rest divine,  
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His store supplied;  
The ill is only what He deems the best;  
He for my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside,  
And poor without Him tho' of all posses'd;

Changes may come—I take, or I resign,  
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whatever may change, in Him no change is seen,  
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines;

Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,  
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines;

All may depart—I fret not nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love—  
But half discern Him, and but half adore;  
But when I meet Him in the realms above,  
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,

And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

Henry F. Lyte (1839)

## The Fourth Commandment for Ministers' Wives and Other Women.

Mrs. Leyden had been watching the storm come up from the northern horizon one Sunday evening, as she swung in the hammock on the front piazza, until she became nervous and anxious about her children. It seemed as though it took but very little of late to make her nervous and anxious, but she had not thought of putting cause and effect together, until the family physician said that she must rest on Sundays.

Queer doctor he was that he did not tell her to rest six week days; but he never said a word about those only about the very day God gave in which all His children were expected to rest.

Mrs. Leyden was a minister's wife, and the doctor knew that she went to a six o'clock consecration meeting every Sunday morning, and then came home to get the breakfast for her family, and had to wash the dishes and put her house in order, although she had done everything on Saturday that could be done for the coming Sabbath. She saw her husband off to church, and was sure to think for him that he had on the right necktie, and that it was fastened so as not to fly above his collar when preaching; sure that he had one of his two best handkerchiefs; had his notices and the hymns; was told the names of the new people who sat in the back pew, and informed regarding various other matters over which the average man would be sure to blunder unless his wife was an animated, reasoning calendar for him, posting him each Sunday morning right up to date.

After the husband was well started off the children must be looked after, for Jamie always forgot his finger nails, and was sure to have his pockets full of beetles and butterflies, and Clara could never remember to take her Bible and fan.

It is easy enough to sympathize with the weaknesses of those we love; easier than sympathizing with their strength and thus strengthening them, and that was why Mrs. Leyden always turned pale, or, if she was unusually tired, figures wavered before her eyes, when her husband seemed perplexed when preaching or forgot a word or fact that he proposed to use. And if the congregation was small, the choir looked as though it was dwindling to Gideon's band, or some family absent that the minister had been carrying as he would a basket of eggs, this poor woman's heart was so heavy that she was physically weak at her wrists, and elbows, and knees, and stomach.

But after the morning service those weak knees took this resolute, helpful wife to her Sunday-school class, where she threw herself into her work, hardly realizing at all that she had a body. But the body had to take the soul home to get dinner for the hungry household. By the time the dinner was cleared away, some of the children on their way to Junior League dropped in to go with their leader to the place of meeting. After the early supper was another sermon to which she listened with a tired child, all elbows and nerves, each side of her; and if she then left the church to go home with the children, all the Epworth League felt the loss of her presence, and feared it set a bad example to others.

Mrs. Leyden had never told any one that she could not sleep on a Sunday night, until her doctor asked if she slept well, and it came out how she was breaking the Fourth Commandment, neither keeping the Sabbath holy nor resting on the hallowed day.

We left Mrs. Leyden swinging in the hammock, a storm coming up, and the mysterious something produced by the alchemy of life, and called "nerve force," in a wretched condition. She berated herself that she was so upset because it looked as though it might storm; she repeated Bible verses about God's love and care for the sparrow, and the steps of the good men ordered by the Almighty; but, do what she could, it was impossible to bring enough will power to bear on this matter to make herself quiet, and calm, and restful, and peaceful.

"What am I worrying about?" she thought, as she figuratively shook herself for her folly. "I do not see why I have lost the perfect rest and peace I have had all these years. What have I done or what have I left undone? I am sure I have tried to do all that was required of me. Mrs. Stormer told Mrs. Russ that I was a pretty minister's wife, lying in a hammock on Sunday and letting her poor children go to church alone. Poor little Jennie never dreamed she was gossiping when she repeated the remark to my Clara. But I am so tired. And when people ask me if I am sick, and they know that I do my work—only they don't know what I leave undone or my husband does on the sly—and I can only say that I am tired, it does look queer. But the doctor said that I must do just as he told me, and may be nature would let me pay my debt by instalments. He said I must lie in the hammock, for I rest twice as much as in any other way; the instinct of the human race was all right when it swung babies to tree branches and put rockers on cradles and began life by living in a garden. Yet, when I try to explain this to Mrs. Stormer, she says it is very nice to stay at home for fear one will be sick. And all this worry and fear about the storm! Mrs. Stormer told me just after the last cyclone that she was no more moved by it than if a lark had been singing, and she thought if a person was anxious and fearful about anything, that person had better look to the state of her soul; for herself she knew that perfect love casts out fear."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Leyden, as her thoughts ran on, "I never can get to be such a perfect woman as Mrs. Stormer. She can do so much and never get tired. And she is always so sure of her duty—and mine, too!"

The very thought of Mrs. Stormer as energy and perfection brought a sense of physical weariness to Mrs. Leyden that was almost overpowering. When she thought of the amount of work this woman could do at home, and how she worked in literary, charitable and church work, besides caring for her seven children, Mrs. Leyden gave a great sigh of exhaustion and dropped her hands down by her side in utter abandonment.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to learn not to chafe against each day's condition in life in which we find ourselves, and equally difficult is it to learn to live our own life as it is marked out for us without feeling obliged to ask Mrs. Stormer's permission. We are not like the woodbine to throw out tendrils and spend our strength and energies climbing on any mortal, but it is our business, the one great business of our lives, to lay hold on God, and grow, and rest, and be strong in Him; to work out our own salvation, for soul and body, according to our own good sense and judgment, and not according to another's dictation.

The saints in Mr. Leyden's church instead of being a help and an inspiration to the burdened pastor's wife, were sometimes a snare and delusion. They were conscientious people. They would not have done wrong for a right hand or foot, but their consciences were diffusive; they had so much conscience that it had to spread all around and cover all the people, especially the minister's wife. Was she not, in a certain sense, their property? Did not they hire her husband to fill their pulpit and—I was going to say—do their religious work for them? Souls must be saved, the church made to prosper, and, of course, the minister's wife must prove no shirk.

Poor Mrs. Leyden had had snatches of Scripture hurled at her to prove that she ought to do this or she ought not to do that; that she ought to feel this way, or she ought not to feel that; until she was in danger of finding all the help and sweetness of God's Word fading away.

She had worried quite a little about the fact that she was afraid in a storm, especially since Mrs. Stormer told her that she had "the blessed experience of knowing that perfect love casts out fear." Mrs. Leyden had thought that she loved God; that she had a "perfect" love because it was God-given, and must therefore be "perfect." But she was afraid in a cyclone!

We do not know how it happened that it never had come to Mrs.

Leyden that the fear might be caused by the state of her nerves, the condition of the atmosphere, or because she was delicate and sensitive by nature. We do not know how it happened that Mrs. Leyden never had thought to specially examine the verses where John talks about the perfect love that casts out fear, and found out that John is talking about the love that casts out fear of the day of judgment, and he never says one single word about its taking away that sense of fear that is essential to the preservation of life, and teaches one to flee from danger. All one's life one may have envied Elijah his marvelous opportunity of going to heaven in a whirlwind, but even Elijah himself, unless he changed from what he was when he sat under the juniper tree, may have had at times a feeling of dread and even fear about that upward journey. I never fully understood his reticence during that last walk with his friend, Elisha.

The overpowering sense of weariness that came to Mrs. Leyden at the thought of Mrs. Stormer's vitality, zeal and perfection, made her close her eyes in sheer physical weariness, and every muscle relaxed as though she were dying. This was what cheated nature wanted, and the overworked woman as soon as she put herself into that condition of passivity began to actually rest.

There is rest—and rest. Nature knows who are her debtors, and she exacts full payment, even to the pound of flesh.

The sighing of the wind through the trees; the slight motion of the hammock; the giving up all purpose of ever entertaining by much labor any portion of a perfection like Mrs. Stormer's perfection; the stopping all action of the brain and the closing of the eyes, sent the weary woman into a most refreshing sleep.

When her children, whom her husband had taken with him to church, that his wife might have the perfect quiet of the home, with their father, came in at the gate, Mrs. Leyden awoke.

The nervous strain had passed away. The clouds were dark, the trees tossed in the wind, and the lightning was almost incessant, but there was no undue anxiety and fear. And when Clara injudiciously remarked that Mrs. Stormer had said she "was sorry that Mrs. Leyden could not see it her duty to come to church," Mrs. Leyden only felt sorry that Mrs. Stormer's horizon was so small and her knowledge so limited. When she went with her dear ones into the quiet house, and realized what a great, blessed, heavenly rest had come into her soul, and how refreshed were body and nerves, she said to her husband: "I do believe, for the first time in my life, I have remembered the Fourth Commandment and kept holy this blessed day, made as much for the help and comfort of a minister's wife as for any of God's children."—Selected.

## Spoiling Children.

Sacrifice appears to be the predominating element in a mother's nature. She is willing to deprive herself of actual necessities for the sake of giving to her children, and when taxed by others with the too great self-denial will plead as her excuse that it is for the children.

Parents save and skimp themselves of many comforts, they toil from morning until night, with but one object in view—the future happiness of the sons and daughters. God has given them; and in how many cases does their sacrifice result in fostering in the hearts and minds of those for whom they slave a selfishness that causes them to accept all that is done for them as their due, and complain because greater favors are not in the power of the parents to bestow?

We know how the great mother heart has no boundary in its loving desires and earnest wishes for life's best gift to be showered upon the children that lip her name; but after all, is this continual subjugation of self the best training for those that are in time to be turned loose upon the world and fight the battle for daily bread and earthly preference?

The children who have been accustomed to get all that they desired, even though they crippled the purse of father and mother in the accomplishment of their wishes, will find that the great world is not so willing to bend to their slightest whim, and strangers are not prone to give up the best places and greatest good to them as mother and father have always done.

Life will be much harder for them if they have been spoiled at home, and the selfish nature which has been encouraged there will materially work against when they come in contact with all sorts of men. Remember this, all ye dear, kind-hearted fathers and mothers, when you feel tempted to forego some personal benefit and plead that the sacrifice is made for the sake of the children.—Commercial Advertiser.

## Lowly Fidelity.

A tender and beautiful story of lowly faithfulness is told by a late writer. It was on one of the Orkney Islands where a great rock—Lonely Rock—dangerous to vessels, juts out into the sea. In a fisherman's hut, on this island coast, one night long ago, sat a young girl, busy at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds. All night she toiled and watched, and when morning came one fishing boat, her father's was missing. Half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found washed upon the shore; his boat had been wrecked on Lonely Rock.

The girl watched her father's body, after the manner of her people, till it was laid in the grave. Then when night came she arose and set the candle in her casement, that the fishermen out on the waves might see. All night long she sat in the little room spinning, trimming the candle when its light grew dim. After that, in the wild storms of winter, in the quiet calm of summer, through driving mists, illusive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that coast was never one night without the light of that one little candle. As many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one more to pay for her nightly candle.

The men on the sea, however far out they had gone, were sure always of seeing that quiet light shining to give them safe guidance. Who can tell how many hearts were cheered, and lives saved from peril and death by that tiny flame which love, and devotion, and self-sacrifice kept there through the long years?

This is but a leaf out of the story of millions of faithful lives that yet go unpraised among men. The things they do are not the same in all, but the spirit is the same. These humble ones keep the light of love burning where it guides, and cheers, and blesses others. By the simple beauty of their own lives, by their quiet deeds of self-sacrifice, by the songs of their cheerful faith, and by the ministries of their helpful hands, they make one little spot of this sad earth brighter and happier.—J. E. Miller.

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

## It Altered the Case.

The late French senator, Renaud, was an earnest Christian, and some one tells a good story of his practical application of Christianity to daily life:

When Renaud first came to Paris from his home in Pyrenees, he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—one hundred and fifty francs—in advance.

The proprietor asked him if he would have a receipt.

"It is not necessary," replied Renaud.

"God has witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the host.

"Most assuredly," replied Renaud.

"don't you?"

"Not I monsieur."

"Ah," said the senator, "in that case, please make me out a receipt."

We cannot quit sin too soon.

A courtesy postponed is a joy de-throned.

Idleness travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her.

Do you always use "clear judgment instead of often acting upon impulse?"

"The man who is doing nothing to help support missions is hindering God's work in his heart."

There is but one way for the soul to escape from the ills of life; it is to escape from its pleasures, and to seek enjoyment higher up.—Foubert

Many of God's gifts are delayed by love; but the soul that truly desires him has never long to wait for a gift that equals its desire.—Maclaren.

Mr. Joab Seales, of Toronto writes: "I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

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