

Little Kindnesses.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to
bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
stumbling and losing foothold here and
there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their
way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the
day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which
tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you
strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, and aim and
move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest
was past?

There is no little and there is no much;
We weigh and measure and define in
vain.
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch,
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger
breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or
death.

—Sunday School Times.

The Secret Sins of The Heart.

A young lady who has been a
Christian for many years, and who
has had many despondent seasons
in her Christian life, came to her
pastor one day and said: "I must
talk with you—Oh, tell me, what
shall I do when I feel that I have
lost all my Christianity?"

The other young lady said to her
pastor's wife: "I think I ought to
give up my class of girls in the
Sunday-school. I feel hypocritical
about it. I teach them always that
they must forgive every one, and
hate no one; yet all the time I know
in my heart that there is one person
in this city whom I hate, and can't
forgive for an offence to my sister.
I feel that I ought to confess it all
to my girls, and tell them I am not
fit to teach them. I hate to be a
hypocrite."

Oh, what infinite harm she might
do those young girls if she confessed
to them that she who had been
teaching them all that was good and
pure, felt that she could not forgive
an enemy!

That teacher is one of the kindest
most unselfish girls I know. She
is always ready to do a favor for any
one, whether friend, or mere ac-
quaintance, or stranger. Her pupils
love her, and to every one her life
seems earnest and consistent, and
her influence tells for Christ. No
one knows of this hatred (as she calls
it) in her heart, not even the unfor-
given offender herself. Yet she has
brooded over this secret sin, and
instead of taking it to the Great
Master and asking him to remove
it, and then leaving it, believing
that it is forgiven, she has thought,
"Oh, because of this, I am not
worthy to work for my Master!"

She had spent too much time on
herself. There is such a tendency
now-a-days to cultivate self-analysis.
The stories in our papers and maga-
zines deal, not with men's acts, but
with their motives. Entire books
are written about questions of right
and wrong which exist only in the
minds of the characters. Stories
are told of lives that are wrecked,
because of wicked thoughts which
never ripen into action. Authors
gripe among spiritual things for
their stories which lead us to ques-
tion our own motives and the most
private thoughts of those with whom
we come in contact. We have every
encouragement to become morbid
self-analysts. For those who have
nothing better to do, these vague
questionings and wasted thoughts
may pass their time; but for a young
man or woman who belongs to
Christ, it is a sinful waste of time.

Bishop Hall said: "Every day is
a little life, and our whole life is but
a day repeated." As Christians,
we have promised that our "whole
life" shall be filled with work for
Christ. If Bishop Hall was right,
how much of "each day" can we
afford to spend in criticising our
lives and examining our hearts? I

do not mean that we should never
inspect our lives, our hearts and
our motives. In the Bible is this
verse, "Examine yourselves, whether
ye be in the faith; prove your own-
selves." A little self-condemnation
is good. But when I hear a Chris-
tian say, "I feel as if I had lost all
my Christianity," there comes to my
mind this verse of the fourth Psalm,
"Commune with your own heart
upon your bed, and be still." Can
we not realize that the sins of our
hearts belong to ourselves and our
God alone? Man looketh on the
outward appearance, but the Lord
looketh on the heart. If our sins
are outbreathing sins, which every
man's eye can see, then we ought to
express to men our sorrow and re-
pentance that we may not be

"stumbling blocks" in their way.
But if our sins are those of thought,
let us remember that the "Lord
looketh on the heart;" and that the
faults of Christians never lead any
one to Christ.

Bishop Hall said: "Call yourself
to often reckonings," while you are
within yourself there is no danger,
but thoughts once uttered must
stand to hazard." "Do not hear
from yourself what you would be
loath to hear from others." It is a
fact that a confession of secret sin
from the heart of any one loved and
honored as one of Christ's truest
disciples does great harm to those
young Christians who have just
started their new life, with their
hearts full of love and reverence for
those who have led them into this
blessed life. Their fresh new faith
in Christ's people, and Christ's
cleansing and purifying power is
shocked by a thoughtless confession
of sins which otherwise they could
never know and which are no con-
cern of theirs, after all. For we
Christians are not Catholics, we
need confess to no earthly priest.
We have a "High Priest, who can
be touched with the feeling of our
infirmities, and was in all points
tempted like as we are, yet without
sin," and "if we confess our sins, he
is faithful and just to forgive us our
sins and to cleanse us from all un-
righteousness."

Let us be happy, earnest workers
for Christ, so busy in his vineyard
that we have no time to brood over
past sins, or to confess them in the
presence of those whom they may
injure. Let us cheerfully leave the
past with Christ, "being confident
of this very thing, that he which
hath begun a good work in us will
perform it until the day of Jesus
Christ." In His name.—Journal.

Household Religion.

Surely this is the only kind worth
mentioning. That is, the religion
which is not felt in the household
from day to day, the religion which
confines itself to the church and to
Sunday or to a certain round of out-
ward observances, must be spurious.
It certainly will not pass muster as
genuine Christianity.

That sort of piety on which Christ
puts His stamp studies the comfort
of all around. It is full of sympa-
thy, brotherly kindness, and friend-
ly aid. It is considerate for others'
feelings, and scrupulous about others'
rights. It carries a cheerful coun-
tenance, speaks pleasant words, and
abounds in little deeds of love. It
does not forget that happiness is
made up mainly of trifles, being not
a single, magnificent gem, but a
mosaic composed of a thousand
pieces. And it resolves to enroll
itself in the number of happiness-
makers, burden-bearers, who scatter
flowers, diffuse sunshine, and take
all possible pains to give pleasure.

Of what vital importance it is to
every household that it be a shrine
of this religion. How otherwise
can the children grow up good? Of
what use is right instruction by the
preacher one day in the week if it
offset by bad example at home six
days? What avails a formal lec-
ture from the parent now and then
if it be not emphasized by a consist-
ent life?

Blessed are the children of true
Christian parents, day by day drink-
ing in wholesome spiritual food and
strengthening moral nutriment! Blessed
are the parents of Christian
children, sending forth into the
future prolonged influences for good,
permanently represented on the
earth by intelligence and virtue
years after they themselves have as-
cended to heaven! How miserable
the estate of those whose names
must go down to posterity linked
with creatures of wretchedness, vice
and crime! Too late for repentance
do such behold the legitimate out-
come of the absence of household
religion.

Such have we seen whose own
parents had left in their hearts and
lives a precious legacy of Christian
faith and love divine. Yet they
themselves were not pious, and so
were making a break in the chain,
and defrauding their children of
that boon which should have passed
on without diminution. Those chil-
dren had no godly influences around
them, and hence in the hour of
temptation would have no sweet
memories to hold them fast, and in
the stress of the world's conflicts
they would be almost sure to deteri-
orate. An impaired vitality of
virtue would probably be passed on
in turn to their children, and so
the stock would degenerate. How
sad!

Let every man that is a man,
every woman that is a woman, re-
flect very seriously on these things,
and in some moment of sacred si-
lence answer honestly one or two
questions: Will your children have
as good a chance as you had, not
merely in temporal, but in spiritual
matters? Or will they reproach
you some day, and say that they
have been robbed of the best part of
what should have been theirs? Are
you doing by them as you would
wish to be done by? They have a
right to receive from you an exam-

ple of positive piety. It will be
worth to them more than lands and
gold.

Household religion—something
that shall brighten the eye, sweeten
the voice, check the hasty word,
alter the impatient tone, make the
brow smoother, the heart happier,
and the home a paradise! This is
what we need. May it grow and
prevail mightily throughout the land
in this year of our Lord 1894!

By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray,
faded or discolored hair assumes the
natural color of youth, and grows
luxuriant and strong, pleasing every-
body.

The Unknown Quantity.

It was effectively said the other
night in a church gathering, by a
layman who has a knack of putting
truth in terse forms, that in a pray-
er-meeting two and two do not al-
ways make four—they sometimes
make seven; and fifteen and fifteen
do not always make thirty—they
sometimes make a hundred and
thirty. This is the Unknown
Quantity which gives to the devo-
tional meeting its real value. "Where
two or three are gathered together,
there am I in the midst of them."
It is this fourth Person who makes
the company a sacred company, and
the occasion a sacred occasion. If
by the natural is meant the human,
we do not have to go to Galilee or
back nineteen centuries for evi-
dences of the supernatural. There is
an Unknown Quantity in the true
devotional meeting which is super-
natural, or if the reader prefers
superhuman. There is an eloquence
not in the speakers; a music not in
the songs; a love not in the hearts
of those assembling. They carry
away what they did not bring; and
each gives to his neighbor what he
did not himself possess before he
came hither. A score of tired Chris-
tians get from the meeting rest;
dispirited, they get courage; cold-
hearted, they are kindled to a flame.
It is the Unknown Quantity which
does this.

To day this is the great need of
our churches. New theologies or
old theologies, new methods or old
methods, are of no consequence
compared with this Unknown
Quantity. It may make the ancient
ritual to blossom like Aaron's rod,
without it the ancient ritual is but
a dead thing. It may make the
humblest music sweet with celestial
tones; without it the best church
music is as tinkling brass and sound-
ing cymbals, which may tingle the
nerves, but does not stir the blood.
It may make the homeliest talker
eloquent; without it his words
may charm, but not inspire. The
larger the church, the more elab-
orate its mechanism, the less can it
dispense with the Unknown Quan-
tity. Without it the church is an
automaton; with it the church is the
body of a living Christ. With it
the weakest church is strong; with-
out it the strongest church is weak.
To be equipped with it should be
the first object of preacher in sermon
and of priest in service, teacher in
lesson and of layman in prayer.—
The Outlook.

A Girl's Influence.

Mrs. Sangster, in the *Epworth
Herald*, gives this instance: "A
young girl went from home to a large
school where more than freedom of
action and less than customary re-
straints were characteristics of the
management. She found very lit-
tle decided religious life there—an
atmosphere, upon the whole, unfav-
orable to Christian culture. But
she had given herself to the Lord
for all that she was worth, and she
could live nowhere without letting
her light shine. In a very short
time she found two or three con-
genial spirits, more timid than her-
self, but equally devoted. A little
prayer-meeting began to be held
once a week in her room. On Sab-
baths, in the afternoon, a few of the
girls came together to study the Bi-
ble. Before the half year was over,
the hallowed flame had swept from
heart to heart, and there was a re-
vival in that school."

Young Man, This is For You.

Save a part of your weekly earn-
ings, even if it be no more than a
quarter of a dollar, and put your
savings monthly into a savings
bank.

Buy nothing until you can pay
for it, and buy nothing you do not
need.

A young man who has grit
enough to follow these rules will
have taken the first step upward to
success in business. He may be
compelled to wear a coat a year
longer, even if it be unfashionable;
he may have to live in a smaller
house than some of his acquaintances;
his wife may not sparkle with dia-
monds, nor be resplendent in silk
or satin just yet; his children may
not be dressed as dolls or popinjays;
his table may be plain and whole-
some, and the whiz of the beer or

champagne cork may never be heard
in his dwelling; he may have to get
along without the earliest fruits and
vegetables; he may have to abjure
the club-room, the theatre and the
gambling-hell, and to reverence the
Sabbath day and read and follow
the precepts of the Bible instead;
but he will be better off in every
way for this self-discipline. Yes,
he may do all these without detri-
ment to his manhood or health or
character. True, empty-headed folk
may sneer at him and affect to pity
him, but he will find that he has
grown stronger-hearted and brave
enough to stand the laugh of the
foolish. He has become an inde-
pendent man. He never owes any-
body, and so he is no man's slave.
He has become master of himself;
and a master of himself will become
a leader among men, and prosperity
will crown his every enterprise.

Young man, life's discipline and
life's success come from hard work
and early self-denial; and hard-earned
success is all the sweeter at the
time when old years climb upon
your shoulder and you need prop-
ing up.—Mid-Continent.

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cated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all
rheumatism and stiffness soon disap-
pears. Get only Hood's.

The Charm of Good Manners.

No one who has any appreciation
of grace and beauty in nature or in
art can fail to recognize the charm
of fine manners in an individual.
We rejoice in them as we do in a
lovely sunset view, or a beautiful
piece of architecture, or a fascinating
poem, for their own sake and for
what they express; but even beyond
this they have another attraction in
the magnetic power they exert upon
all beholders in setting them at
ease, in sweeping away shyness,
awkwardness, and restraint, and in
stimulating them to the expression
of whatever is best worth cherishing
within them. It is undoubtedly
true that the presence of fine man-
ners, whether it be in the home or
social circle, in the workshop or the
counting-room, in the visit of char-
ity or the halls of legislature, has an
immediate effect in reproducing it-
self, in diffusing happiness, in devel-
oping the faculties, and in eliciting
the best that is in everybody.—
Selected.

Are You Losing It.

Are you frittering away your life
by devoting your time mainly to the
gratification of your natural inclina-
tions? If so, then whatever may
be your profession as to religious
matters, you are actually losing your
life. You save your life, not by ex-
pending its energies on self interest,
but by devoting it to the welfare of
those around you. A man lay on
his death-bed. He had been a
Christian only a few months. After
expressing to his wife and friends
his assurance of salvation, on the
merits of Christ's atoning work, he
closed his eyes for a short time, fell
into serious thought, and then with
opened eyes turned his head away
and exclaimed in a tone of despair,
"Lost! lost! lost!" His amazed
wife asked: "What do you mean?
I thought you had told us that you
had no doubt of your salvation." He
replied: "I have not. I am
saved; but my life is lost, my life is
lost!" Nearly all of his years had
been wasted on self. He that would
save his life must give it nobly and
well to God and humanity.

It is probably not the coldest
weather you ever knew in your life;
but that is how you feel just now, be-
cause past sufferings are soon forgotten
and because your blood needs the en-
riching, invigorating influence of Ayer's
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altogether disappeared. I think it is
a grand medicine.

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Massey Station, Ont.

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"I have great pleasure in testifying to
the good effects which I have experi-
enced from the use of Northrop &
Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dys-
pepsia. For several years nearly all
kinds of foods fermented on my stom-
ach so that after eating I had very
distressing sensations, but from the
time I commenced the use of the Vege-
table Discovery I obtained relief."

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DEAR SIRS.—I had a very sore throat
for over a week and tried several med-
icines without relief until I heard of
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which
I tried with great success. I think it
a fine medicine for sore throat, pain in
the chest, asthma, bronchitis, and
throat and lung troubles.

MARIA MIDDLETON,
Bobbsygon, Ont.

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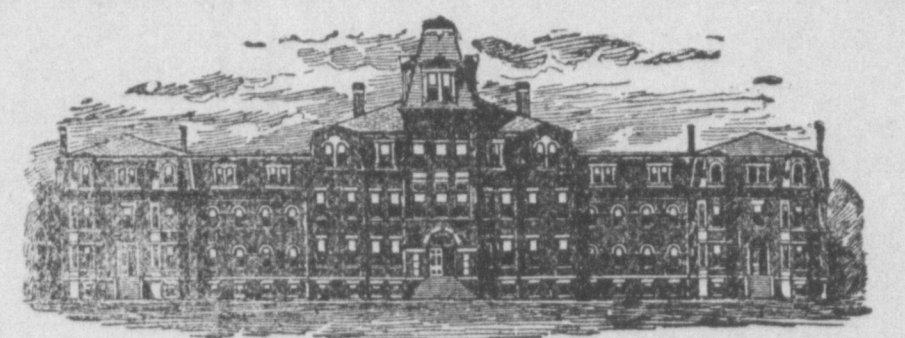
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GENTLEMEN.—For a number of years I
was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. Medi-
cal doctors treated me with no success
whatever. In fact I grew worse. Various
remedies were tried, among them the ce-
lebrated Warner's Safe Cure, of which I drank
the contents of sixty bottles. I seemed to
be getting better while I kept taking it,
but as soon as I gave up taking it I was as
bad as ever. For eight months I was con-
fined to the house. Hearing your remedies
highly recommended I procured a few
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bottles had been taken I began to feel like
another person. Now I can attend to my
work every day without annoyance from
my old disease. I have also used your Lin-
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