

Fame, Wealth, Life, Death.

What is fame?
Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain,
Spreading brightly ere it flies;
Tis the bubble on the fountain,
Rising lightly ere it dies;
Or if here and there a hero
Be remembered through the years,
Yet to him the gain is zero;
If but only in the air
May be heard some eager mention of their
name,
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis
much the same.

What is wealth?
Tis a rainbow still receding;
As the panting fool pursues;
Or a toy that youth, unheeding,
Seeks the readier way to lose;
But the wise man keeps due measure,
Neither out of breath nor base;
But he holds in trust his treasure
For the welfare of the race.
Yet what crimes men will do
But to gain their tender share
In some profit, though with loss of name
or health
In some plunder spent on vices or by stealth.

What is life?
Tis the earthly hour of trial
For the life that's just begun;
When the prize of self-denial
May be quickly lost or won;
Tis the hour when love may burgeon
To the everlasting flower;
Or when lusts their victims urge on
To defy immortal power.
Yet how lightly men ignore
All the future holds in store,
Spending brief but golden moments all in
strife,
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife!

What is death?
Past its dark, mysterious portal
Human eyes may never roam;
Yet the hope still springs immortal
That it leads the wanderer home.
Oh, the bliss that lives before as
When the secret shall be known,
And the vast, angelic chorus
Sings that hymn before the throne!
What is fame, or wealth, or life;
Past are praises, fortune, strife;
All but love, that lives forever, cast be
neath,
When the good and faithful servant takes
this wreath.

—The Academy.

How a Christian Life Began.

BY EDWARD KIMBALL.

Looking backward along the years
of struggle with church finance, I
recall the following:

In one of the five largest American cities, a chronically hardened church debt, old and venerable—and by some almost venerated—required for its effectual extinction four full consecutive Sabbaths, with two long services on each Sabbath; that is, eight in all.

It was a mortgage of \$50,000, and had been considered hopeless. When we had the amount about half subscribed, a gentleman, who had held back thus far from giving anything gave two hundred dollars, and at the next opportunity added one hundred more.

At the close of the following Sabbath evening a man, in early middle life, waited, with his wife, near the workers and church officers after the congregation had left the building, while we were ascertaining the amount yet to be raised. One of the brethren said to me: "There is a new face among those whose interest in the work causes them to tarry here thus late." I said: "Yes, I noticed him, the man wearing the light overcoat?" He answered: "Yes, that is the man." I asked his name; he told me, and added: "Mr. W. is very much interested."

I then asked: "Is that the Mr. W. who subscribed two hundred dollars and has since added another hundred, and concerning whom I have been severely cautioned and admonished about leading people to give beyond their ability, and also told that that family can afford no such sum, and that the children need the money, and are obliged to help their mother in the household work?"

He answered: "Yes, and the father of Mrs. W. says his son-in-law had neither the right nor the ability to give so much!"

I replied: "I thank you, Mr. H.; will you now excuse me for I have business elsewhere."

I crossed the auditorium instantly and went to Mr. W.'s side. Gently calling his attention, I said: "Excuse me, are you Mr. W.?" He answered: "Yes, sir." I said: "Perhaps I hardly need a personal introduction to you, as we have been face to face in God's house for over two weeks."

He smiled and, kindly extending his hand, said: "No, Mr. Kimball, we are all getting to know you." I said: "You are feeling a deepening interest in these things, are you not?" He gave me a steady, strong look, and then answered: "Yes, sir; I am." I said: "Pardon a closer question, Mr. W. Will you please now, as well as you can, define for me that deeper and deepening interest?"

He hesitated a few seconds, and then said: "Mr. Kimball, I do not want to neglect the salvation of my soul any longer." I said: "Thank God for that. Is this Mrs. W.?" "Yes, sir," he replied; and I added:

"Please introduce me." He did so, and I said: "Mrs. W. your husband tells me he does not wish to neglect the salvation of his soul any longer; how is it with you?"

She glanced quickly and tenderly into his face, and with quivering lips said, earnestly: "I feel just the same way." I said: "When shall I call at your home?" "We are very sorry, but Monday evening is engaged, for we wish it could be to-morrow; but Mr. Kimball, please be sure and come Tuesday evening." I took the address, and Tuesday evening was at the door.

A young man opened it and said: "Is this Mr. Kimball? My father and mother are both out. My mother's mother was taken suddenly ill after tea to-night, and they were both sent for."

I answered: "It is right; and they could have had no time to inform me either—six miles away. Are you Mr. W.'s son?" "Yes, sir." "And is this your brother?" I asked. They gave me their names and ages—twenty-one and nineteen respectively—and I said: "Young gentleman, it is rare to find two young men like you at home in the evening, under such circumstances as these, and in a great and pleasure-loving city like this. You must be studying, or preparing for recitation or examination?" They answered, that they were both at work, and I found that each was in a business position of worthy trust; and they told me what and where. "Are you both at leisure to-night?" "Yes, sir, entirely so." I then asked: "Do you know, young gentlemen, for what purpose I was to see your parents to-night?" Each answered, "No, I have no idea." I said: "I am quite willing to tell you. Each of your parents desires to become a Christian without any further delay."

I then called the eldest by name. "C., if your father and mother want to be Christians, both of them, do you not want them to be?" he hesitated, and said: "I never thought of it so before that I know of. Well, perhaps not, but now, as you do think of it so, what do you say?" He hesitatingly answered: "M—m—yes, sir, I suppose so." I said: "C., if I should ask you if you wanted a good bargain for a suit of clothes or a hat or a pair of shoes, you would not answer so, would you? If you really wanted it, you would say: 'Yes, Mr. Kimball, what is it?' would not you?"

He thought a moment, and looking me full in the face, said: "Yes, Mr. Kimball, that question does deserve a better answer than I gave, and it shall have one. Yes, sir; if my father and mother want to be Christians, I do want them to be." Turning to his brother I asked: "What do you say, my dear boy?" He promptly said: "I say so, too."

I then said: "Another question: If your father and mother both wish to become Christians and you both wish them both to be so, do not they want you both to be?" The answers came easier then: "Yes, sir; they must, of course." "Once more," I said: "If your father and mother both desire to be Christians and you want them to be, and if they both desire you both to be, do not you both want to be yourselves?"

Here was a hesitation, and I met it thus: "C., down, deep in your heart—deeper—deeper yet, C.—down—at the very bottom of your soul, would you not be glad if this great question between Christ and yourself were settled, and if you were in Christ and knew it?" He was deeply moved, and soon answered strongly: "Yes, sir; I would." His brother was equally intent, and said earnestly: "And so would I." All this had taken place in the hall. I placed my hat upon the rack, and commenced removing my overcoat, when C. said: "That is right come into the back parlor, Mr. Kimball; it is cooler here, leading the way."

I then took a solemn promise from each of them, that in the further conversation which lay before us, as we three sat down together, they would answer as candidly and fully as they had in the hall—avoiding all cavils, evasions or generalities, in replying to such questions and facts as I might lay before them.

They promised, and with loyal "truth in the inward parts," they frankly and freely responded. Before long, on our knees one on each side of me, they audibly gave themselves to Christ, offering gratitude and obedience to him as Savior and Lord.

Suitably, this was somewhat broken praying, so far as the utterances went; but in a moment or two each broke loose in praying for his father and mother!

No hesitancy now; but clear and strong came the pleading; and how they prayed for those two absent loved and loving parents!

Few ever heard just such praying as that, under similar circumstances, I am sure.

I thanked God I was there, just then, and oh! the joy of it! After we rose from our knees, our faces smiling, our dim eyes all suffused with tears, and took our seats, the

younger asked in a few minutes: "Mr. Kimball, now what—for young people like us—what about the cards, the theater and the dancing, and all that?" I said: "R., you can best answer your own question, I think; you are now a servant of Christ, you have chosen him as your Redeemer, Master and Lord. You know I am not a minister nor a preacher, but a business man like you; but were I now known as a theater-going man, or a leader in the German, or a skillful player of progressive euchre, could I have stood in the congregation for all these Sundays, with my Bible in my hand, and raised that debt of \$50,000?"

"No, sir; never."

Again, could I to night have led you two brothers to Christ?

No, sir; you couldn't, he intensely said. (Nor do I think I could; does my reader?)

I soon left the parlor, and was saying "Good-night" in the vestibule, when the latch-key touched the door, and instantly the father and mother stood with us in the hall. They expressed regrets at my long trip, my disappointment, and my wasted evening; but I said the evening had been most delightful, and added: "I think the boys have each something to tell you. C. stood, leaning easily against the casing of the front parlor door, and, looking at his parents as he never had before, said: 'Yes, Father, we have gotten ahead of you on that.'"

I said: "The boys will tell you all about it, and left the house immediately, only asking: 'How is your mother, Mrs. W., and when shall I call upon you and your husband?'"

I was told that the older lady was relieved, and would probably sleep quietly and safely, but that her health was frail and she was likely to pass away some day with a similar attack; also, that I would be welcome on the following Thursday evening. At that time I called, but "God is faithful," and the Holy Spirit had done his work, and I could rejoice over the conversion of both parents and both sons.

Nor was this all; for a few months later, while laboring in the city of Pueblo, Col., I received a letter from a business man in an office of that church, which contained the following:

"The \$50,000 debt is dead—\$35,000 of it being in the treasury in cash, all the smaller or weaker subscriptions having been lovingly, faithfully and carefully collected first, while the interest was warm, and soon after you left. The balance of \$15,000 consists entirely of the obligations of the largest and safest subscribers, and every dollar of it is good beyond a doubt."

But, Mr. Kimball, best of all—and you should have been with us last Sabbath; for C. W. and his wife, and their two sons and their daughter next in age, seventeen years old, and the gray-haired old grandfather, too, three generations at once, stood before the congregation and communion table, and became members of our church.

I know I was humbled and filled with joy, and I trust made more tender and grateful. I thanked God, and took courage.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Suspicious Man.

Paul is translated thus: "Love thinketh no evil." It would be a better translation to say: "Love imputeth no evil." Love doth not impute evil to anyone. Here we have a very important lesson taught with great vividness. There are two tendencies of the mind which are here rebuked, namely that which surmises evil, and that which is suspicious.

A surmise is a thought that something may be of which there is no certain evidence. It is the imagination of the existence of something especially wrong, without any proof, or with insufficient proof. In the letter to Timothy, Paul warns against evil surmising. A surmise may arise from an inward, particular state of feeling, and have no fact or inference from any fact, upon which to rest. It is an act of the fancy, and is directed to some person. "It is the gossamer that malice blows on the fair reputation of others."

A suspicious man is one who is inclined to suspect others, or to imagine evil. He does impute evil to others. The suspicious habit is deplorable. It makes its possessor unhappy, restless, miserable, hateful. It is described in some persons by the energetic phrase, "He smells a rat;" in others by the criticism that he takes everything "with some grains of allowance."

These persons never know whether or not some dark design may not be behind this or that suggestion. They are full of doubts, suspicions, evil surmising. It is a condition of heart to be deplored, and from which there is deliverance in love. We suspect a man's intentions, and then see in a thousand unconscious motions and ways of his the evidence which satisfies us that we are right. We suspect his motives, and

then little things which are innocent confirm our opinion. We suspect his good faith, and then his jokes and smiles become damning proof of the correctness of our suspicions. We suspect his purposes and his honesty, and then as we eagerly watch him we find ample occasion to conclude that we are right. It is so easy to believe what we at first suspect. If a brother is out of our esteem, let him do what he will, our suspicions will try to interpret all his acts. No man can love the person he suspects.

This is not the affliction of weak minds; one can see it in all classes. It creeps into the church, and warps the judgement of brethren and sisters; it checks social freedom; it separates friends; it hinders all kinds of work; it keeps persons away from worship, and paralyzes our usefulness. It fastens on the mind of a member that his pastor has a poor opinion of him, and even every act of the pastor confirms the suspicion. It cuts the nerve of all work. The man who is suspicious soon ceases to work for others, and falling away, back-slides and becomes lost. It not only destroys the suspicious man, but it sometimes destroys the one who is suspected. Love is not suspicious. The discovery of these evil surmising or suspicious in the heart is the discovery of positive sins. They must be repented of, and eradicated by the blood of Jesus, as are other sins. They do not dwell in a heart where love reigns. Love and suspicion cannot live together. A Christian has no right to be suspicious. Perhaps he is not a Christian, if he is. It is strange that so many people act as if they believe that these evil surmising, suspicious of others, are consistent with Christian character. To have a suspicion of another, to impute evil to another, to surmise evil in another, is to have a heart with sin and uncleanness, unsaved, and needing the purification of the blood. Love doth not impute evil to anyone.—H. W. Bennet, D. D.

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Order a dinner from a bill of fare?
Tie a "four-in-hand"?
Understand a game of baseball?
Or a game of football?

OR, CAN A MAN

build a grate fire, and make a suc of it at the first attempt?

Sit in a chair without taking the tidy with him when he gets up?
Refrain from tying the pillow shams into knots and throwing them into corners?

Abstain from drawing the curtains back as far as they will go and sending the window shades skyward with a bang?—Chicago Record.

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MRS. SARAH HAMILTON,
Montreal, Que.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half a bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25 cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one-half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen, and I never felt better in my life."

"Shorter" Pastry
and
"Shorter" Bills.

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using

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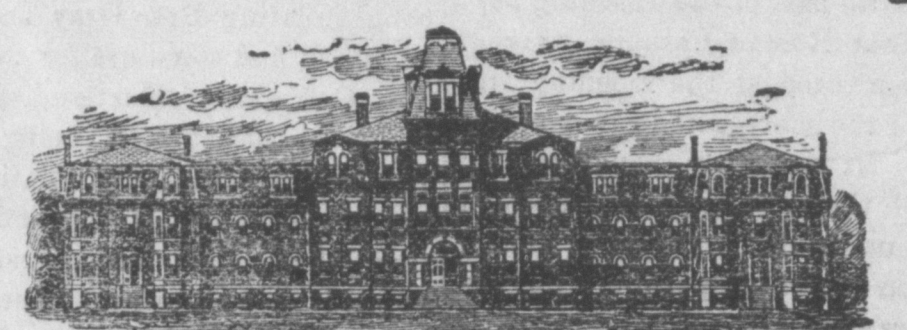
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