

Night On Olivet.

Every man went unto his own house,
Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.
Where was the great King's palace-home?
He had not where to lay His head!
No friendly voice invited Him,
None cared to offer board and bed:
Small share had He of warmth or mirth,
Whose love lights all the homes of earth.

The lonely Christ! He went away
From clustering homes; and, through the
shale
Of menacing Gethsemane,
With patient feet His way He made,
God only measuring His hopes,
As silently He climbed the slopes.

But space and welcome met Him there!
The meek flowers covered up His feet,
And all the silver olive leaves
Soothed Him with whispers low and sweet
The soft winds murmured a glad psalm,
The hush heavens gave Him rest and calm.

It was the joyous summer-time,
And God's fair world, in love with Him,
Received Him into sheltering arms,
And all night long no star grew dim,
No harsh rains fell, no cold winds blew,
But Nature's heart was warm and true.

And all that passed on Olivet
Between the Father and the Son
Is kept a secret even yet!
Only we know God's will was done,
And Christ, refreshed and strong, again
Sought His beloved world of men.

Some of His grace seems lingering yet
Upon the green and tree-crowned height.
Ah! happy hill, that so might serve
The Christ, upon that strenuous night.
Precious and revered, even yet,
For His sake art thou, Olivet!

MARRIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Aunt Zanie's Prayer.

Did you ever hear of Lucy Henry?
We knew of her first as a little girl
In one of Miss Jackson's Industrial
Schools for colored children in Rich-
mond. Well, Lucy grew to woman-
hood, with a good education re-
ceived at Hartshorn Memorial
Institute, and a practical knowledge
of Christian work learned as a pupil
and helper of Miss Jackson. By
and by she was employed by the
Women's Baptist Home Mission
Society; and shortly after there
appeared on the scene Rev. J. J.
Coles, a missionary from Africa,
and he said, "That's the woman,
and that's the work needed in
Africa," and he married Lucy and
took her back with him. Nobly
they toiled together, for the people
in the land of their fathers, their
hearts burdened with the vastness
of the field and the scarcity of
laborers. In a few years, in the
Providence of God, Mrs. Coles re-
turned to the United States to plead
for reinforcements. She went from
state to state and from church to
church among the colored people of
the South, and in course of time she
came to Houston, Tex., and in the
Shiloh church, told the thrilling
story of Africa's need.

"Come in," said Miss Peck, the
missionary, in response to a knock
at her door the following morning.
The door opened and revealed a
neat little brown-faced woman, in
clean calico gown and long gingham
apron, her head wrapped in a plaid
cotton bandana. The face wore a
troubled expression, so unusual that
the missionary exclaimed:

"Why, Aunt Zanie, what's the
matter? Come in."

"No, honey, I hasn't time to
come in; just stopped a minute to
ask you to pray to de Lord, dat he
show me how to do mo' fo' Africa."
The missionary grasped the situ-
ation. Aunt Zanie was poor. On
her arm hung implements by which
she earned a living for herself and
a little grandchild, a wooden pail in
which she carried scrubbing brush
and cloths. She was noted for
honesty, thrift, piety and gene-osity.
Never was a good cause presented
and a collection taken, but what
Aunt Zanie, with quick step and
beaming face, was ready with her
offering. Everybody who knew
wondered how she could give so
much.

"Oh, Aunt Zanie! don't be
troubled! The dear Lord knows
what you can give and he does not
wish you to grieve because you can
not do more. I am sure you give
enough."

"Sister Peck, I didn't come dis
mornin' to have you tell me I do
nuff; I jes come to ask you to pray
to de Lord dat he show me how I
can give mo'."

"Well, well, Aunt Zanie, I will;
and if there's any way, I'm sure the
Lord will make it plain to you."
The little woman turned and
went on her way to her daily toil.
Several days passed and again Aunt
Zanie appeared at the door of the
missionary home. This time with
beaming face to say, "Good mornin'
Sister Peck. I've come to tell you
the Lo'd done arsewer prayer."

"How, Aunt Zanie?"

"Well, Sister Peck, I jest went
about all dese days with a heavy
heart a praying to de Lo'd to show
me how to do something mo' fo'
Africa. But pears like he dunno
no way, fo' not a bit of answer did

he give me. But last night I came
home from my wo'k, and I kneeled
down by a cha'r and I poured out
my heart to de Lo'd, and I said, 'O
Lo'd, isn't der no way I can do
somethin' mo' fo' Africa?' For a
long time I prayed, then I stopped,
and everything was jest as still!—
and I heard a voice speak right to
my heart—"Zanie, child, lay down
that pipe."

Aunt Zanie had learned to smoke
that pipe when she was a little
slave-girl, lighting the pipe for her
mistress, and now she had passed
her three-score years, and for a long,
long time it had been her one per-
sonal indulgence, her one luxury.
Is there wonder that the missionary
asked,

"Aunt Zanie, do you think you
can?"

"If the Lo'd says so?" was the
wondering response.

"Yes, Aunt Zanie; if the Lord
says so, he will enable you."
Again the blessed little woman
was gone, and again days went by,
until one morning she came to the
missionary, and laying twenty-five
cents in her hand, exclaimed joyfully,
"Here, Sister Peck, here's Aunt
Zanie's first bacco money for Africa."

The days have grown into years
since we gazed upon that bit of
silver in Miss Peck's hand and heard
her tell this story, but from then
until now, Aunt Zanie's tobacco
money has been conscientiously and
joyously devoted to the nobler pur-
pose of sending gospel light into
dark places.

Reader, do you hear the repeated
calls for help? Are you doing all
you can to relieve the need? Have
you a pipe? Some carnal pleasure?
Some cherished indulgence? Can
you give it up, and let the Lord
use the money it costs? Will you?

Do you pray, dare you pray as
did Aunt Zanie, with honest pur-
pose to obey. "Lord, show me how
to give more?" Then wait upon Him
as she did, with strong pleadings
for the answer, and "Whatsoever
he saith unto you, do it."

When Christians thus pray and
give, then will the treasury over-
flow, sowers and reapers be multi-
plied, deserts blossom, parched
ground become a pool and thirsty
land springs of water. How does
the sacrifice compare with the boon?
Will you lay down your pipe?

A Revolutionary Heroine.

One of the most heroic actions in
the history of the Revolutionary
times was that of Marion Gibbs, a
thirteen-year-old girl, who lived on
a plantation near Charleston, in the
state of South Carolina. Marion's
father had been a brave soldier in
the Continental army, and had been
horribly wounded by a cannon-ball,
which left him a cripple for life.

Shortly after the invasion of Char-
leston, the British soldiers under
Colonel Tarleton ravaged the sur-
rounding country, stealing the horses
of the planters, and setting fire to
their barns and homes. One morn-
ing while Marion was busily em-
ployed with her spinning-wheel, one
of the plantation slaves made his
appearance in the room where the
young housekeeper was at work,
and in great excitement begged his
mistress to hurry to the swamp, as
the English soldiers were nearing
the house, adding that they had al-
ready fired some of the bull i g
and shot several of the negroes who
attempted to escape.

Hastily summoning the servants
Marion had her father and the chil-
dren conveyed to a hiding-place in
the swamp but a short distance
away, and directed the negro nurse
to get the baby, a boy two years
old, and join them while she should
get together a few needed articles.
As soon as the red-coats of the sol-
diers were observed approaching
through the orchard, Marion slip-
ped out of the rear door, and sped
away to the retreat provided for
this emergency.

Upon joining the frightened group
our little heroine discovered that
the nurse and the baby had not been
seen by any one in the party. With-
out uttering a word she darted back
along the intricate path that led
through the lonely morass, fear and
distress adding wings to her feet.
Upon emerging from the gloomy
forest she beheld the house in flames,
and surrounded by the soldiers,
while flying towards her and wring-
ing her hands in a only came Aunt
Dinah, who sobbed out:

"Honey, honey! is you got de
baby? Aunt Dinah jes stop o me
minute ter go ter de wash-house fo'
de babby's clo'es, an' when she sho
bak de house all on fire! Oh! tell
me, honey, is you got de babby?"

The next moment a lithe form
flashed between the ranks of
dragons, and disappeared within
the structure, from which greedy
tongues of flame were spite-
fully thrust out of doors and
windows, accompanied by rolling
volumes of black smoke. Before
the startled soldiers had finished
their cries of consternation, Marion
reappeared, bearing in her bunt,
brave little arms a white bundle,
from which a child's frightened cry
was heard as the heroic girl once

more rushed away in the direction
of the swamp. Instead of impeding
the flight, the English soldiers
swung their hats and cheered her
until the dark forest hid her from
their view.—*Harper's Young People*

Silent Influence.

"I have no influence," said Elsie
Lee to her old friend, Miss Tomasin.
"Why, I am so timid when in com-
pany with others that I hardly dare
raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the old
lady, "and yet you are always ex-
erting your influence wherever you
go. You cannot help yourself. An
hour ago I bought a little bunch of
violets from a German flower girl,
and I set them on yonder shelf, be-
side my dear mother's picture. It
is a very tiny bunch, and a person
entering the room would very likely
not see them, for they do not chal-
lenge attention. But every nook
and corner of the apartment feels
their presence, for their fragrance is
pervading the atmosphere. So it is
with you my dear. You love your
Saviour, and you try to serve Him.
You think you cannot speak for
Him, but if you live for Him, and
with Him, in gentleness, patience
and self-denial, that is better than
talking. It does more good. The
other evening young Halcomb, who
is thoughtless and giddy, made a
jest of a verse of Scripture in your
hearing. You wished, I saw, to
protest against his act, and tried to
do so but the words would not come.

Yet your pained look, your quick
blush, your instinctive indignant
gesture, spoke for you, and the
young man turned and said: 'I beg
your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not
this a proof that he saw and felt
your condemnation?"

Silent influence is stronger than
we sometimes think, for good and
for evil. Let us not underestimate it.
The light of day, the warmth of
spring, the nightly dew, and the
snow, unshielded tree and flower,
are all voiceless; yet have their in-
fluence—the influence of loving
deeds.

Last Days.

A year ago, at this time, two who
loved one another dearly were spend-
ing their last sweet days together.
They did not dream that any part-
ing was near. No shadow of death
projected itself over their sunny
pathway, and they went gaily on,
the whole life of the household set
to the melody of their unclouded
happiness.

Suddenly one chill wintry morn-
ing the bolt fell. There was a hus-
band desolate; there were little
children motherless; there was a
wee baby, like a rose leaf blown
from a faded rose, lying in utter
helplessness on the nurse's lap. The
world went on just as before, but
the clock of time seemed for awhile
to have run down in that house
which had been so bright and all in
a moment grew so dark.

They never dreamed they were
spending their last earthly days
together, the two who drank the
cup of love's bliss, with hearts so
light and smiles so cherry. And
this is the point of the reflection.
Very many of us are spending our
last days with some of our dear ones,
or they are getting ready perhaps un-
wittingly, to go away and leave us.
Are these days being spent in so
sweet and tender and loving a fash-
ion that we shall have naught to
regret when they are past?

Tobacco-Poisoning in Infants.

A medical journal calls attention
to the danger that the infants of the
poor are often poisoned by having
to inhale an atmosphere saturated
with tobacco smoke. It is suggest-
ed with the limited accommoda-
tion at their disposal, it is quite
conceivable that men, after coming
home from work and in the early
morning, poison the air of the room
in which the family live. A corres-
pondent of the *Medical Press and
Circular* goes so far as to say that
he has met with many such cases,
the correctness of his diagnosis being
proved by the recovery of the infants
when the cause was removed. In
infants a few days old, the writer
adds, are naturally very sensitive
to the effects of a pollution which
would inconvenience even grown-up
persons, and although there is a
tendency for tolerance to be estab-
lished, it can only be at the expense
of health. The symptoms are loss
of appetite, sunken eyes, listless
ways, and restless nights, with
nausea and vomiting. Nor is this
danger to health and life itself con-
fined by any means to the young
children of the very poor. We have
heard the late Dr. Willard Parker,
of this city, say that he had been
cognizant in his practice of cases not
a few in which thoughtless smoking
by fathers, of the well-to-do class,
had undoubtedly sacrificed the lives
of their sick and enfeebled little
ones. They were unable to with-
stand the insidious and overpower-
ing tobacco poison.

LET US TAKE TIME.—Let us take
time for the good bye kiss. We
shall go to the day's work with a
sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening
prayer. Our sleep will be more
restful if we have claimed the guar-
dianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet,
foolish words to those we love. By
and by, when they can no longer
hear us, our foolishness will seem
more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read our Bible.
Its treasures will last when we shall
have ceased to care for the war of
political parties, and rise and fall of
stocks, or the petty happenings of
the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant.
The small courtesies which we often
omit because they are small, will
some day look larger to us than the
wealth, which we have coveted, or
the fame for which we have strug-
gled.

Let us take time to get acquaint-
ed with our families. The wealth
you are accumulating, burdened
father, may be a doubtful blessing
to the son who is a stranger to you.
Your beautifully kept house, busy
mother, can never be a home to the
daughter, whom you have no time
to caress.

Let us take time to get acquaint-
ed with Christ. The hour is com-
ing swiftly, for us all, when one
touch of his hand in the darkness
will mean more than all that is
written in the day-book and ledger,
or in the records of our little social
world.

Since we all must take time to
die, why should we not take time
to live—to live in the large sense of
a life begun here for eternity?

KINDLY DONE.—The *Christian
Leader* relates the following: A
lady-in-waiting to the Princess of
Wales told to a friend a touching
little incident which took place soon
after the death of her son, the Duke
of Clarence. The Princess, with
her usual gentle reticence, tried to
hide her grief for her first-born. It
was shown only in her failing health
and increased tender consideration
for all around her. One day, when
walking with one of her ladies in
the quiet lanes near Sandringham,
she met an old woman weeping bit-
terly, and tottering under a load of
packages. On inquiry it appeared
that she was a carrier, and made her
living by shopping and doing errands
in the market town for the country
people. "But the weight is too
heavy at your age," said the Prin-
cess. "Yes, you're right, ma'am.
I'll have to give it up, and if I give
it up I'll starve. Jack carried them
for me—my boy, ma'am." "And
where is he now?" "Jack! He's
dead! Oh, he's dead!" the old
woman cried, wildly. The Princess
without a word, hurried on, draw-
ing her veil over her face to hide
her tears. A few days later a neat
little cart and a stout donkey were
brought to the old carrier's door.
She now travels with them to and
fro, making a comfortable living,
and never has been told the rank
of the friend who has tried to make
her life easier for the sake of her
dead boy.

Do not wear impermeable and tight
fitting hats that constrict the blood-
vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair
Renewer occasionally, and you will
not be bald.

"Breaking a Child's will."

This is a favorite phrase among
some kinds of parents. One might
as well set out to break a child's
back. He who has not the patience
and self-control to direct a child's
will, finds it easier to resort to the
whip, to scolding and angry fussing.
Whole regiments of children have
been spoiled in that way. Now and
then an exceptional child proves
almost incorrigible, but the genuine
saint "comes in" right at that very
point. Half the parents who dis-
cuss about breaking children's
wills never surrendered their own
wills to God or man.

SIRS.—I had such a severe cough
that my throat felt as if scraped with
a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup
I found the first dose gave relief, and
the second bottle completely cured
me.

MISS A. A. POWNEY,
Manotick, Ont.

SKIN DISEASES are more or less
directly occasioned by bad blood. B.
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eases: Scabies, Erythema, Itching
Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head,
Furuncles, Pimples and Blotches, by
removing all impurities from the blood
from a common Pimple to the worst
Scrofulous Sore.

Mrs. M. Stephens, of Albany, N. B.,
writes us as follows: "My stomach
was so weak that I could not eat any
thing sour or very sweet, even fruit
at bedtime would cause Heartburn,
fullness or oppressions of the chest,
short breath, restlessness during sleep,
and frightful dreams of disagreeable
sights, so that I would often dread to
go to sleep. With the use of North-
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this unpleasantness has all been re-
moved, and I can now eat what suits
my taste or fancy."



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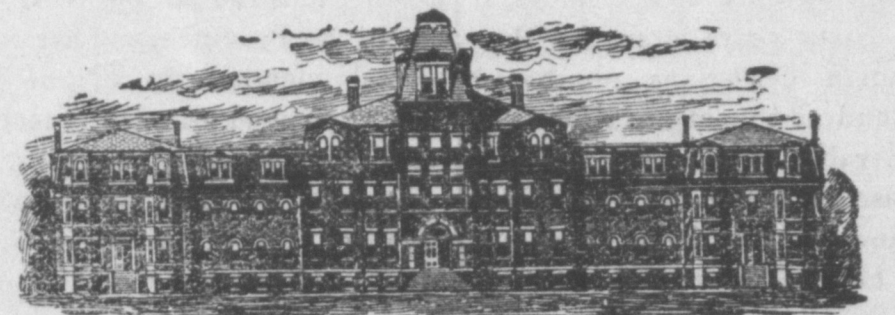
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