

Living.

I am often so tired and disheartened
I hardly know what to do,
Tis baking, and sweeping, and dusting,
And working the whole day through,
And each day is so like its brother
That I scarce can tell one from another
And even the Sunday, so blest,
Is broken and marred like the rest,
With the work that I just need to do.
So I wish I could be like Mary,
Yet remember the serving of Martha,
And know that the Lord loved her too.

My evenings are filled with the mending,
For there's little to make that is new.
The children are busy with lessons,
And John has his late chores to do;
And each evening is so like its brother
I can scarce tell one from another;
But the Word and the hymn are a rest,
And the hour of our prayer is so blest
To us who have so much to do.
Though I wish I could be like Mary,
I remember the housework of Martha,
And know that our Lord loved her too.

And so we must go on just serving,
If serving is given us to do;
But our hearts can be loving like Mary,
And our worship be tender and true.
If each day is so like its brother
That we can scarce tell one from another
Our hearts can make milestones of hours
Set thick on our journey like towers
On the highway of holiness true;
And we can be loving like Mary,
While working and serving like Martha,
And be sure that our Lord loves us too.

Sweetening The Home.

If there is a place on earth
where we should be, uniformly at our
best behaviour, and make the maximum
of our acceptability, our general
average, that place is home. There
we find the best market for our most
complete stock of all "the things
that make for peace," and to meet
the demand it should be our earnest
endeavor to keep a full line of that
class of goods, and display and serve
them to the best possible effect.
Our homes are where we really live,
and where we can least afford to im-
posed upon. We may resort to our
philosophy and make the best of bad
bargains in other directions and de-
partments, but for home failure
there can be no compensation. It
is the worst species of heart failure.

There is little to show for all the
toil and struggle and sharp competi-
tion for the world's prizes, even
though large success should crown
our efforts, if they were not digested
and assimilated into our home com-
forts and satisfaction. Home is our
refuge and our asylum after our
conflicts with the opposing forces of
the outside world. Home is the
sweet harbor where we drop anchor
after stemming adverse currents and
encountering the baffling blasts to
which on life's seas we are exposed
in all their force. So, "whatever
brawls disturb the street," or the
market, or office, or shop, or what-
ever may be the point of our contact
or conflict with our fellow men,
"there should be peace at home."
Truly, "there is no place like home."

But the "sweet home" we sing of
and the real homes we live in are
sometimes quite distinct. In this,
as on some other lines, the song
standard is often in advance of actual
realization and the "no place like
home" sentiment is susceptible of
some very variant prose translations.
There is opportunity for consider-
able practical difference between
"only home," or "home only," as the
standard of estimation. The differ-
ence is the same in character and
effect as between surveying an ob-
ject through a field-glass directly or
inversely.

There are some people who put
on their best manners, as they do
their best clothes, when they go
visiting, but entirely modify their
garb and bearing at home. Many
who are very impressive abroad are
very oppressive at home. Mr.
Beecher used to say: "Some men
have about the same conception of
home that a certain domestic animal
has of its pen. It is the place to eat
and sleep, and grunt in." "Grunt"
—aye, "there's the rub." It is that
which does the mischief. It is that
which so often transforms the home
into a sort of range for battery
practice, where each one feels privi-
leged to discharge whatever stock of
ill-humor may be in store.

Your bread may not be good, but
sour looks are worse, and crusty
tones and manners are more serious
impediments to home health and
happiness than undone or overdone
meats or pastry.

If in the family life, in the
assembling of parents and children
around the hearth and board, all
would put themselves "under bonds
to keep the peace," then the peace
would keep itself. Home is an
evolution which depends upon the
involution. The dividend is in pro-
portion to the investment. A good
many people fall naturally and easi-
ly into the habit of making a note
of every little adverse condition and
circumstance. They emphasize every
contretemps, and as there is no lack
of such opportunity, there is a con-
stant buzz, like swarming gnats,
of trifling annoyances flying around.
The simple remedy for this is in one
word—"Don't!" It is just as easy

to turn on the faucets of kindness
and good humor as to hiss out petu-
lence and irritability. Old John
Wesley used to say that he "would
as soon swear as fret and worry."
And we believe his moral estimate
of the proportionate evils was cor-
rect. Badness is profanity, vulgar,
cowardly and wicked; it does not
accomplish the harm, it is not as
great a disturbing force as the con-
stant subjection to the fine worry-
ing and fretfulness in which many
good people indulge, and which is
answerable for the sin of much home
discomfort.

The Wise Man says that he who
ruleth his spirit is greater than he
who taketh a city. Very many
people can bear great trials with
fortitude and resignation, and yet
are unable to resist the minor pro-
vocations and petty annoyances
which are as innumerable as the
sources from which they spring. Of
a certain eminent theologian and
teacher it was said, that he would
have gone grandly to stake or block
but could not endure the buzzing of
a fly.

These little ambushed foes which
spring upon us at unawares and
capture us before we know it are
perhaps the greatest disturbing ele-
ment in our homes. Home, like life,
consists not in the abundance of the
possessions. It is not so much the
objective attainment as the subjective
condition which decides its
character, and the way to make
home sweet is to be sweet ourselves.
—Christian Intelligencer.

Mother's Way.

In answer to my ring, the door
was opened by my neighbor, and I
was greeted by, "I am glad it is
you, for now I can go on with my
ironing," adding, "I am ashamed to
have even you find me with my
work undone at this hour, but I
have had so many hindrances!"

The speaker led the way, and
having seen me comfortably seated
in her neat kitchen, resumed her
ironing, saying with a sigh of wear-
iness: "How I wish it was done; I
am just ready to drop!"

"Well, you look as if it was your
next duty to drop into an easy chair.
Do, and leave the rest of your iron-
ing until to-morrow," was my plead-
ing rejoinder, and I saw her put her
hand to her side, and knew that will
alone made her persevere.

"Don't tempt me!" was the de-
termined reply. "Mother always
made it a rule to finish her ironing
Tuesday, and I shall do as she did
if it takes until midnight."

Being a privileged friend, I de-
termined to remind her that the
cases were not parallel; that her
mother was always a robust woman,
and living on a farm, could execute
as well as plan, knowing nothing
of the hindrances that come to the
city housewife.

"Yes, I know; do the best I can,
I can not be such a housekeeper as
mother was; but I will not shrink if
I can help it," was the reply in a
rueful tone.

So we talked while she ironed,
but I could not reconcile myself to
the sight of the weary frame before
me, thus overtaxing herself; and
try as I might, as I watched her
iron a pile of stockings as carefully
as the rest, I could not refrain from
saying:

"Why don't you slight such
things? Life is too short to spend
one's strength pressing stockings."

With martyr-like air the one ad-
dressed replied:

"Yes; many think as you do, and
I wish, for the sake of my failing
strength, I could learn to slight
a little; but mother never did, and
it would seem disloyal to her if I
did not follow her teachings as far
as possible."

By way of contrast let me cite
another case. It was "sweeping
day," but a matter of business ob-
liged me to make a morning call on
one not in the habit of keeping help.
But instead of the turmoil I ex-
pected to find, the trim little house-
wife ushered me into her cozy sitting
room, saying in reply to my apology:

"I was simply resting, in spite of
the fact that it is other women's
sweeping day. I plan my work
according to my strength."

Knowing her to be a model house
keeper, I congratulated her on her
independence, when the semi-invalid
sweetly said:

"I passed a restless night, and
knew if I did not keep quiet this
morning a sick headache would
follow; so you see of the two evils I
have chosen the least; but once I
would have swept Friday, regardless
of results, but I am learning to
neglect my early training in many
ways. In fact, I seem to be un-
learning many of the lessons so
carefully instilled into me by my
dear mother. Her rules were cast-
iron, and her constitution seemed
likewise. When I first had a home
of my own I tried to faithfully live
up to mother's way, but naving the
reverse of her constitution I broke
down under it."

"For a time I was laid aside, for-
ever, as I then thought. And how
bitterly I had regretted that I had

had no mercy on myself. After
years of suffering I was restored to
partial health. But I had learned
a lesson, and that was, that mother's
way was not a safe rule for me to
follow, in some respects, and so I
commenced to unlearn.

"But it was a hard battle. From
my earliest recollection nothing had
been allowed to interfere with fixed
days for washing, ironing and bak-
ing. But after a time I learned to
consult my health rather than my
home training or what 'they say.'
If Monday finds me strong enough
to wash, I am glad enough to do as
others do; but if not, I defer it, and
so on.

I cite the cases of these two women
because they are in many ways
parallel. Both are daughters of
robust, careful housewives. And
both semi-invalids and physically
unequal to doing as mother did. To
day they are middle-aged women.
One is still a slave to mother's way,
but looks older at forty-five than
her mother did at sixty-five. She
frets continually at her inability to
do exactly as her mother did, mak-
ing life a burden to herself, yes, and
those about her. The other, though
a tidy housewife, never appears over-
taxed, and her sweet, sunny face is
a benediction to her family; when,
as she rightly says, "Had I persisted
in following mother's way I should
have been in my grave long ago."—
Christian Work.

A Story from the Alps.

There is a touching story told in
the Temple Magazine by Rev. Dr.
R. H. Conwell of a visit to the
Hospice of St. Bernard, where are
kept the wonderful St. Bernard dogs,
of whose work of rescuing perishing
travelers overtaken by the Alpine
storms so many tales are familiar to
all. "One morning after a storm,"
says Dr. Conwell, "one of those
great, honest looking creatures came
struggling through snow, hampered
greatly in his exhausted condition
by the miniature barrel of brandy
that hung to his collar. I waded
deep in the drifts following the
floundering old fellow around the
hospice of the kennel, which was a
room of considerable size. When
the door was opened to the wander-
er, the other dogs within set up a
chorus of barks and whines, and fell
over one another as they crowded
about him and eagerly followed him
around with wags of their tails and
inquisitive looks in their eyes, which
were just as intelligent questionings
as so many interrogation points. But
the crestfallen beast held his
head and tail to the floor, and sneak-
ed about from corner to corner, and
finally lay down panting in a dark
niche in the stone basement. He
lay there with his eyes glancing out
at the corners in a most shamefaced
way. The young monk called the
weary dog by name, and when the
beast would not leave his slodowy
retreat, the priest tried to induce
him to come forth by showing him
a dish containing scraps of meat.
But, hungry as he was, he merely
opened his eyes a little wider, rapped
the floor once or twice lightly
as he gave a feeble wag to his tail,
and then shrank back and seemed
not to hear or see the invitation.
The impatient keeper turned away
with an angry gesture, and said that
the dog would 'get over his sulks
very soon,' and that the creature
probably felt ashamed that he had
not found anyone."

"The thoughtless remark shot in-
to my deepest soul with a thrill.
That noble old fellow seemed to have
felt so bad, so ashamed, or so guilty
because he had returned without
saving anyone that he would not eat.
It was not his fault that no benight-
ed wanderer had been out benumb-
ed and dying on the mountain road
that awful night. He had grandly
done his duty; but he was just dog
enough not to reason so far, and just
human enough to feel that it was
his imperative duty to save some
one. Grand old fellow! How he
ought to put to shame many a
human soul who knows there are
travelers going down in the bitter
cold and the overwhelming storms
on life's mountainous highways, and
yet who never saved even one such!"

Counsel To Converts.

Be sure that you have turned
away from every sin.

Be sure that you have accepted
Christ, not only as your Savior, but
also as exemplar, pattern and guide.

It you have wronged any one,
take every possible step to make it
right.

Pray much. Take all doubtful
things to God in prayer. Have set
times for prayer.

Be especially guarded against your
besetting faults.

Avoid temptation if possible; if
not, bravely meet it, trusting in God's
grace.

Seek the society and counsel of
experienced Christians, especially
your pastor.

Be unselfish. Do not think too
much about yourself.

By all means have your Church
home. Attend upon its services.
Help sustain them.

Bear testimony for Christ in
public and private. Seek some
Christian work. Learn to love it.

Never be satisfied until you have
won some soul to Christ and the
Christian life.

Study the Bible. Learn to
love it. Let the teaching of the
New Testament be sufficient author-
ity for you.

Avoid trashy literature. Read
the best.

Be earnest and content with the
work in hand.

Remember that he that ruleth
his own spirit is greater than he that
taketh a city.

The Longest Day.

It is quite important, when speak-
ing of the longest day in the year,
to say what part of the world we
are talking about, as will be seen by
reading the following list, which
tells the length of the longest day in
several places. How unfortunate
are the children in Tornea, Finland,
where Christmas day is less than
three hours in length!

At Stockholm, Sweden the long-
est day is eighteen and one half
hours in length.

At Spitzbergen, the longest day
is three and one half months.

At London, England, and Bremen
Prussia, the longest day has sixteen
and one half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and
Danzig, in Prussia, the longest day
has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the long-
est day lasts from May 21 to July 22,
without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and
Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is
nineteen hours, and the shortest five
hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21
brings a day nearly twenty-two
hours long, and Christmas one less
than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is
about fifteen hours, and at Montreal
Canada, it is sixteen.

But the longest day of all will be
in New Jerusalem; for "there shall
be no night there."

A Story of Two Words.

"Oh, if I were lucky enough to
call this estate mine, I should be a
happy fellow," said a young man.

"And then?" said a friend.

"Why then, I'd pull down the old
house and build a palace, have lots
of prime fellows about me, keep the
best wines, and the finest horses and
dogs in the country."

"And then?"

"Then I'd hunt, and ride, and
smoke, and drink, and dance, and
keep open house, and enjoy life
gloriously."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose, like other
people I should grow old, and not
care so much for those things."

"And then?"

"O bother your 'thens!' I must
be off."

Many years after the friend was
accosted by:

"God bless you! I owe my hap-
piness to you!"

"How?"

"By two words spoken in season
long ago!"—The Quiver.

Look Out for the Rocks.

A gentleman crossing the English
Channel stood near the helmsman.
It was a calm and pleasant evening
and no one dreamed of a possible
danger to their good ship, but a
sudden flapping of a sail, as if the
wind had shifted, caught the ear of
the officer on watch, and he sprang
at once to the wheel, examining
closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course!"
he said sharply to the man at the
wheel. The deviation was corrected
and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately,"
said the looker-on, "when only half
a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places
might bring us directly on the rocks,"
he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from
strict truthfulness strands us upon
the rocks of falsehood. Half a point
from perfect honesty, and we are
steering for the rocks of crime.
And so of all kindred vices. The
beginnings are always small. No
one climbs to the summit at one
bound, but goes the one little step
at a time. Children think lightly
of what they call small sins. These
rocks do not look so fearful to them.
—Sailors' Magazine.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Re-
newer has restored gray hair to its or-
iginal color and prevented baldness in
thousands of cases. It will do so to you!

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creation—when suffering from a cut,
abrasion, or sore, derives as much
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ament, from the healing, soothing action
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