

Waiting For Mother.

The old man sits in his easy chair,
Slumbering the moments away,
Dreaming a dream that is all his own,
On this glad some peaceful day.
His children have gathered from far and
near,
His children's children beside—
And merry voices are echoing through
The "homestead's" hall so wide.

But far away in the years that have flown
Grandfather lives again;
And his heart forgets that he ever knew
A shadow of grief or pain,
For he sees his wife as he saw her then—
A matron comely and fair.
When her children gathered around her
board,
And never a vacant chair.

Oh! happy this dream of the "Auld Lang
Syne,"
Of the years longed slipped away!
And the old man's lips have gathered a
smile,
And his heart grows young and gay.
But a kiss falls gently upon his brow
From his daughter's lips so true;
"Dinner is ready, and, father dear,
We are only waiting for you."

The old man wakes at his daughter's call,
And he looks at the table near—
"There's one of us missing, my child," he
says,
"We will wait till mother is here."
There are tears in the eyes of his children
then,
As they gaze on an empty chair;
For many a lonely year has passed.
Since "mother" sat with them there.

But the old man pleads still wistfully:
"We must wait for mother you know!"
And they let him rest in the old arm-chair
Till the sun at last sinks low;
Then leaving a smile for the children here,
He turns from the earth away,
And had gone to "mother" beyond the skies,
With the close of the quiet day.

Getting Into Society.

She was a young woman who had
married six months before, and she
had gone to live in a great city.
Her husband was employed on a
salary not any too large, therefore
their apartments and housekeeping
must be of a sort suited to modest
means. This bride of six months
was now on her first visit to her
father's house. Of course, every
detail of the new life was interest-
ing to the dear home friends, but
only the wise, tender maiden sister
was allowed to see a faint shadow
over the joy.

"What is it, dear?"

"O, Dorothy, there oughtn't to be
any it about it. I ought to be per-
fectly happy. Jack is perfect! You
needn't think he's to blame; indeed,
he doesn't know how I feel. And
when he's at home it's all right. But
there's the trouble. He has to go
down town early, and he can't
come home to lunch. All day long
I'm there by myself, and I am so
lonely it seems as if I should die.
There, Dorothy, that's my skelton
in the closet. You may not think
his bones rattle very much but he's
an uncoquy object to sit down with
day after day." She laughed and
cried.

"This will grow better as you get
acquainted with your neighbors."
"Get acquainted! We've been
there six months, and I don't see
that we are one bit nearer any social
life than at first. People with no
more money than we have don't get
acquainted in a large city, not at
least with anybody worth while."
This was said, with a touch of bit-
terness.

The wise maiden sister said a few
kind words, but suffered the talk to
drift away with a speed quite un-
like her sympathetic self. A little
later she said:

"Alice, you and Jack have never
presented your church letters. Don't
you think you ought to do so?"

"Yes—perhaps," with some hesita-
tion. "You see, we wanted to go
around and hear the great preachers.
Then, as we don't own our apart-
ments, it isn't certain we'll stay
where we are. We might move to
quite another part of the city. It's
forlorn, too, in those big, rich
churches. I'd feel as if I was going
uninvited into one of the handsome
houses."

"But that isn't true, my dear. A
church letter is really a letter of in-
troduction. You ought to be iden-
tified with Christian people, to have
your part in Christ's work. This
drifting about is bad for you; it
will be especially bad for Jack.
Talk with him, Alice, as soon as
you go back, and present your let-
ters at once to the church of our
own order which is nearest to you.
Then go into the Sunday school and
attend the weekly prayer meeting.
You can't afford to do otherwise.
Though you may be 'poor in this
world,' make up your mind to be
'rich in faith.'" Dorothy spoke
earnestly.

Alice finished her visit and went
back to her home with that new
stock of courage which sympathy
and appreciative companionship
give. Some months later she wrote
a letter to Dorothy, a part of which
may be quoted:

"You know we followed your ad-
vice and joined Church, because
that seemed the right thing to do.
I didn't dream, though, that it
would take your lonely sister and
set her down in a circle of lovely
friends. That is just what happen-
ed. The day our letters were re-
ceived so many stopped to shake
hands with us. I remember you
said a church letter ought to be a
letter of introduction. Then in
Sunday school they soon found out
I could sing and that Jack is good
at sketching, and they set us at
work. I teach the infant class to
sing their dear little hymns, while
Jack often illustrates lessons or
draws maps. The very best people
in the church come to see us and in-
vite us. The ladies seem just as
well pleased to take my afternoon
cup of tea as if I lived in a mansion
and kept a retinue of servants. You
dear old Dorothy, we are actually
in society! Maybe not in the 'four
hundred,' but in the really best.
There are no more forlorn, lonely
days. Some friend is always liable
to drop in or take me to drive. I
don't mean that I am in a round of
gayety, but there are many whole-
some pleasures to which this social
life introduces us. Besides, there
is the church work to send my
thoughts away from self. You did
not dream all this would follow
when you insisted we should present
our letters; you only thought about
the 'ought,' and the blessing on that
for us, but we thank you for the
double blessing, dear sister Dorothy.
Dorothy read, and smiled as she
thought, "Yes, that was exactly
what I did dream. I would not
present it as a motive for confessing
Christ, but I thought of the 'promise
of the life that now is.'" Wise
Dorothy!—N. Y. Ch. Advocate.

A Precious Promise.

It was evening, and Paul Henson
sat beside the scanty fire, after a
day spent in a vain search after
work, feeling gloomy and disheart-
ened.

"I wonder if God really does care
for us poor fellows, who are out of
work?" he said, at length, looking
up at his wife, who sat patiently
mending the well-worn garments
for her husband and little ones.
"There are at least a dozen other
families as bad off as ourselves, right
in sight; and I know not how many
more"; and then Mr. Henson sighed
and turned to look at the bed, where
their three young children were
sleeping.

Mrs. Henson dropped her work
for a moment, and took the Bible
from off the stand, and read:
"Trust in the Lord and do good:
so shalt thou dwell in the land, and
verily thou shalt be fed."
Commit thy way unto the Lord;
trust also in him, and he shall bring
it to pass. Rest in the Lord and
wait patiently for him," and then
said: "These are strong words,
Paul, dear, and you know God's
words are true, for He can not lie.
I do not think the Lord will supply
our needs, until we fully trust Him;
I think the Lord requires faith and
submission to his will. You remem-
ber I read: 'Rest in the Lord and
wait patiently for him.'"

"I feel condemned; I have been
laying the blame of our hardships
upon the Lord, while I had not
placed myself in a condition for Him
to bless me," said Mr. Henson.

"Then let us make confession,
and begin trusting Him," said the
wife as she knelt beside her chair.
It was a prayer full of deep peni-
tence and reaching out after larger
faith, which Mr. Henson made that
night.

"I feel better than I have for a
long time," said Mr. Henson, as
they were about to retire, "although
I know the flour is gone, and there
is only bread enough for to-morrow."
"And I know we have a rich
Father, one who says: 'All things
work together for good to them that
love God,'" said his wife.

Mr. Henson had a refreshing night's
rest and in the early morning was
awakened by a man who came to
hire him for some length of time.
"There is a little money to get
necessaries for your family before
you leave," said the man, handing
him five dollars. Mr. Henson was
deeply moved, as he went and gave
the money to his wife.

"You read in the Word, 'Verily
thou shalt be fed,' and it has proved
true. I do not think I shall ever
distrust the Lord's goodness again." *Selected.*

The Story of The Chain.

Did you ever read the story that
Dr. Miller tells about the chain that
an old blacksmith made? He lived
in a heart of a great city, and all
day long people could hear the
clanging of his hammer upon the
anvil, and they knew that he was
forging a chain. Now and then
idlers dropped in to watch his work,
and as they saw how faithful and
patient he was and how he would
never pass over a link until it was
absolutely perfect, they laughed at
him and told him he would get ever
so much more accomplished if he
did not take so much pains. But

the old smith only shook his head
and kept on doing his best, making
every link as strong as if the whole
chain depended on it. At last he
died, and was laid away in the
churchyard, and the great chain
which lay in his shop was put on
board a ship. It was coiled up out
of the way, and for a long time no
one noticed it.

But there came a fierce, wild night
in the winter when the wind blew a
gale, the rain dashed down in tor-
rents, and vivid flashes of lightning
darted through the sky. The ship
toiled through the waves and strain-
ed and groaned as she obeyed her
helm. It took three men at the
wheel to guide her. They let go
her anchor, and the great chain
went rattling over the side of the
deck into the gloomy waves. At
last the anchor touched the bottom,
and the chain, made by the old
blacksmith, grew as taut and stiff
as a bar of iron. Would it hold?

That was the question every one
asked as the gale increased. If one
link, just one link, was imperfect
and weak, they were lost. But the
faithful old smith had done his best
in each link. Each had been per-
fect, and this night his work defied
the tempest, and when, at length,
the waves were stilled and the sun
arose, the vessel, with all her pre-
cious lives, was safe.

What had saved her? The claim,
you say. Well, yes, but what was
the quality that had been wrought
into the chain? FIDELITY. Yes,
that was it. And don't you see
what a parable it is of our daily
character building? Link by link,
hour by hour, deed by deed, we
fashion it, and when temptation
comes it will test our work. One
weak spot and we shall be wrecked
by that one imperfect link. But
if we have been faithful in all, we
can withstand temptation and hold
fast to the anchor of our souls.—
Mrs. George A. Paull.

The Two Brands.

If you will allow me, I will tell
you what happened to me the first
morning after we (Fannie and I)
were married, and began to keep
house. We were not blessed with a
great deal of this world's goods, and
had no servants. I rose early to
make the fire, and, raking open the
ashes, found just one brand alive!

It won't burn alone, thought I,
and I broke it in two, laid the two
parts together to produce a blaze,
and soon there was a glowing fire.
Just so it will be with wife and me
about religion, thought I. Wife
was a whole-hearted Christian, a
member of the church, but timid and
retiring, and the hope I once cher-
ished was about dead. I couldn't
eat my breakfast for thinking, and
wife said:

"What ails you, Richard? isn't the
breakfast cooked to suit you?"

The cooking is all right, said I,
but I'll tell you what isn't. We
didn't have any family prayers last
night or this morning. Now, if I
never get into the kingdom, I don't
want to keep you out of the highest
seat you can have. I found out
this morning, kindling the fire, that
one brand would not burn alone.
So bring out the Bible. I'll read it
aloud, morning and evening, and
kneel down and hear you pray for
yourself and me.

Wife came and put her arm
around me, and tried to coax me to
do the praying, saying she was afraid
she couldn't. I would not, and so
she did, and we were both in tears
before she got through.

I could not stand out against
those prayers, and soon after I con-
fessed Christ before men by uniting
with the church.

Wife and I have been trying ever
since to serve God together. I don't
see how I ever could have got on
alone, and wife says she is sure she
couldn't.—*Christian at Work.*

What to Read and How.

A young man found that he could
read with interest nothing but sen-
sational stories. The best books
were placed in his hands, but they
were not interesting. One after-
noon, as he was reading a foolish
story, he overheard one say, "That
boy is a great reader; does he read
anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind
will run out, if he keep on reading
after his present fashion. He used
to be a sensible boy till he took to
reading nonsense and nothing."

The boy sat still for a time, then
rose, threw the book into the ditch,
went up to the man who said that
his mind would run out, and asked
him if he would let him have a good
book to read.

"Will you read a good book, if I
will let you have one?"
"Yes, sir."
"It will be hard work for you."
"I will do it."
"Well, come home with me, and
I will lend you a good book."
He went with him and received a
volume of Franklin's works.
"There," said the man, "read that
and come and tell me what you have
read."

The lad kept his promise. He
found it hard work to read the
simple and wise sentences of the
philosopher, but he persevered. The
more he read, and the more he talk-
ed with his friend about what he
read, the more interested he be-
came. Ere long he felt no desire to
read the feeble and foolish books,
in which he had formerly delighted.
He derived a great deal more pleas-
ure from reading good books, than
he had ever derived from reading
poor ones. Besides, his mind be-
gan to grow. He began to be
spoken of as an intelligent, promis-
ing young man.

The Deacon's Remonstrance.

There lived down in Cambridge,
Ind., a well-known old gentleman by
the name of Josiah Nixon, who in
early boyhood had acquired the
habit of gross exaggeration. The
habit had grown upon him so that
he believed everything he said was
the truth, no matter how great the
exaggeration. After he had reached
the ripe old age of threescore and
ten, some of the deacons in the
church thought his peculiarity was
too much like lying to pass unnot-
iced, and it was decided, after a
great deal of consideration, that the
old gentleman must be churched.

One evening while he was seated
in front of his door telling a small
circle of neighbors about the way
pioneers had to live, the gate opened
and the delegation of deacons filed
in.

Yes, the old gentleman was saying,
We had hard times then. I lived
two years on grass and hickory-bark
on Sundays. We used to call
Sundays 'bark days' on that account,
and that's the only way we could
tell when Sunday came. Bears! I
see twelve hundred great big var-
mints on't around our camp, and I
killed—

Uncle Josiah, broke in one of the
deacons, we have come to see you
about this habit of yours. You have
the unpleasant habit of forgetting
the truth when talking, and we have
come to remonstrate with you.

I know it, deacon, replied the old
man, as he looked around. I know
it, and I want to tell you that I have
grieved over that fallin' of mine five
hundred thousand times a day for
the past two hundred years.—
Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Jewish Maid.

A little Jewish girl in Russia
learned large portions of the New
Testament from a boy who had
committed them to memory. One
day upon the arrival of her father
after an absence she ran to meet
him, and said, "I do love Jesus; he
loved little children." This angered
the father and he forbade her to
speak on the subject again. Soon
the child was stricken with scarlet
fever, and the medical attendant
gave no hope of her recovery. A
Gentile woman was called to nurse
the child, as the Jews feared the
fever. The woman quoted a verse
of a hymn; and the father of little
Deborah offered the death-bed pray-
er of the Jews. Then the child
opened her eyes and repeated ac-
curately the story of Jairus' daughter.
When she finished her head fell
back, and to all appearance she was
gone. In an agony of mind the
father fell down at the feet of Jesus
and besought him saying: "O
Jesus, thou who didst raise up the
daughter of Jairus, raise up little
Deborah, and I will believe in thee
as Israel's Messiah!" That cry of
agony was heard, and the child rose
from her couch of death and the
Jewish family was converted to
Christianity.

"It's not so much where you are
as what you are that makes your
heaven." The bright, cherry soul
who lives the life of trust only sees
the sunny side of everything; she
has learned to endure cheerfully and
wear a bright face when everything
look dark.—*Exchange.*

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but he failed to cure me. I had three
running sores on my neck which could
not be healed until I tried B. B. B.,
which healed them completely, leaving
the skin and flesh sound and whole.
As long as I live I shall speak of
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