

The Company Who Try.

Yes, I love the little winner,
With the medal and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyful as a lark.
Everyone will have to praise him,
He is on the honor list;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried and missed.

One? Ah! they count by thousands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel,
Many see their chance flit by;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

Is the trying that is noble,
If you're made of sterner stuff
Then the saggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough,
All will praise the happy winners,
But when they have hurried by,
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

Harper's Round Table.

The New Minister.

MARY R. P. HATCH.

I finished cleanin' house Friday,
an' a Saturday I says to Timothy,
says I:—

'It would be a grand good time
to have the sewin' circle to our
house.'

'Seems as if I wouldn't, Clarindy,
till you git rested up,' says Timothy.

'Restin'?' says I. 'Why, I'm
rested jest the very minute I get
through. There ain't nothin' to
restin', s'curely, as a clean house
from top to bottom, Timothy.'

'How about the sullen, Clarindy?'

I wanted to say turribly that
there wa'n't no need of a dirt bot-
tom there, if he'd only had it
cemented over as he talked of doin'
for ten years, but I didn't. I find,
as I live longer, that them things
you don't say is a sight easier to git
over than them you do, so I jest
says:—

'Won't be no great job to have
the circle. We ain't lowed to have
but three kinds of cake for supper.
I'll speak to the elder tomorrow, an'
have him give it out in meetin'.'

'Don't seem as if our new elder
was any great shakes,' says Timothy.
'He can't hold a candle to Elder
Snow.'

'Well, maybe he don't wanten',
says I. 'Elder Snow can hold his
own candle, an' so can Elder Perkins.
They're both on 'em bright an'
shinin' lights, though they ain't a
mite alike. Folks ain't. They're
born different, an' they have differ-
ent fetchin' up.'

'Them sermons on Christian per-
fections, Clarindy, of Elder Snow's.
Do you expect Elder Perkins is cap-
able of preachin' anything like 'em?'

'No,' says I. 'I don't. There
can't nobody beat them. Elder
Snow was a dreadful preacher. He
ploughed, dug and harrowed agin
and agin, and it actilly seemed to
me the rain was a beatin' inter every
heart when he was a preachin', but
the sun s'curely ever come out.
You know, Timothy, one Sunday
he'd tell us we'd got ter be perfect,
even as Christ was perfect, an' he'd
build it up beautiful, an' the nex'
he'd say there wa'n't no one per-
fect, no, not one, an' we'd be clear
discouraged.'

'Wall, them's Bible tex', Clar-
indy.'

'I know it, and they mean 'em
mu't go on strivin' an' strivin' to
be perfect, jest as if we was somethin'
better'n poor miserable critters, but
not to go to settin' ourselves up, cos
our poor human natur' couldn't be
perfect now. But then he'd say
we must know, actilly know, that
we was excepted of God, an' Tim-
othy, even Paul, was afraid sometimes
he'd be a castaway, you know.
Elder Snow's preachin' was jest like
a rainy time. 'Twas a growin'
season. The roots took a good holt
and shot up through the ground, but
the next thing needed was the sun-
shine. Now Elder Snow wa'n't no
great on sunshine, Timothy.'

'Wall, Elder Perkins is all sun-
shine. I s'pose you think with his
kid gloves and his smiles and them
red roses on his wife's bunnit—'

'Yes, Elder Perkins an' Mis'
Perkins is as good as a tonic to our
meetings. They are going to be a
dreadful sight of help to our young
folks, too. We old folks liked
settin' under sech preaching as
Elder Snow's but the children
couldn't understand it. We had
oughter not be selfish.'

'Wall, I'm glad if somebody likes
him, says Timothy. But don't you
go to thinkin' that I don't think
Elder Perkins is a good man; but
he ain't Elder Snow, not by a good
deal, and Timothy went out to
plantin'.

Well, we had the sewing circle to
our house, and lots come up, but
Elder and Miss Perkins sent word
that they could not be there, cos
Mis' Perkins' mother had stopped
over one train to their house on her
way to S'instead, and they didn't
feel, of course, like leaving her, even
to go to a circle, so the women folks
had a first-rate time to talk about
them, and when the men folks come
to tea, why, they joined in, and the

two elders was held up an' com-
pared, till there didn't seem to be
nothin' left of Elder Perkins. The
general idea was that Elder Perkins
was jest nowhere beside of Elder
Snow.

'But don't you recollect,' says I,
'how we didn't like Elder Snow
when he first come here? We didn't
like the way he read the hymns off,
an' we said he orter visit more.'

'Well, how could he with a sick
wife, an' everything to hinder?' says
Timothy's cousin, Mis' Silas Green.
'An' after we got used to his way
of readin' off the hymns, we liked it
best.'

'You know our other minister,
Elder Bartlett, helped the choir sing,
an' we sorter missed that when
Elder Snow first come.'

'Yes, but come to think on't we
hire our minister to preach, not to
sing, says Mis' Judge Holmes.

'Jest so,' says I. 'We'd jest got
them things we didn't like 'bout
Elder Snow all narrowed down and
whittled off. It would be a dread-
ful savin' if we didn't expect our
elders is all got to be run in the
same mold, but jest take 'em as
they come. Now I like Elder
Perkins first-rate, an' I liked Elder
Snow an' Elder Bartlett. I never
see a preacher so poor yit but I
could git some good from their
preachin', to make my work go
easier through the week. An' if we
would all look at our own failin's
instid of those of other folks, 't would
be a sight better for all of us.'

Mis' Judge Holmes got a little
red, I see, so I jest laid my hand on
hers and I says, says I: 'Now don't
you go to thinkin' I mean anybody
or anything in pertickler, cos I
don't. But s'pose we was elders,
s'pose we had a brand new place as
often as three or five years, an'
tried to suit all sorts of people, suit
'em all, an' preach the Gospel.
Wouldn't that be hard enough with-
out havin' the other elders held up
as patterns for us?'

'You do beat all, Mis' Brown, for
talkin', says Mis' Silas Green, kinder
sarcastic; 'but what do you think
'bout Mis' Perkinses gold watch-
chain an' red roses on her bunnit?
She's got a whole garden of roses on
it.'

'Wall, I think with them black
eyes of her'n they look first-rate,'
says I, 'an' if she wants to wear a
gold chain, I'm glad she's got one to
wear.'

'She's dreadful stuck up,' says
Mis' Joslyn.

'Why, Mis' Allison told me last
night she wa'n't dignified enough
for a minister's wife.'

'Yes, I did say so,' says Mis'
Allison, 'an' I thought so. I don't
see how Mis' Joslyn can think she
is stuck up. She seems too smilin'
an' easy in her ways, to my notion,
for a minister's wife. For a lawyer's,
or a storekeeper's, now, 't would be
different.'

'Wall, Elder Perkins seems to
be satisfied. That is the main thing.'
And then they tried to change the
subject, but they was at it ag'in as
soon as the men folks come.

It don't matter, not a mite, un-
less the elder hears on't. If he
dooz, most likely his feelings will
be hurt, but it actilly ain't the
leastest mite of consequence. Punkin-
ville Holler is Punkinville Holler
the world over, an' alluz will be,
an' them very folks that give the
minister sech a haulin' over will
like enuff like him fust-rate by and
by, and if they dont, there is them
that didn't jest like Elder Snow, and
they'll be apt to be suited with
Elder Perkins, you see.

That is a curious, fault-findin'
world anyway. When it rains we
want sunshine, and when we git
that, we are longin' for rain; but
rain an' shine come to all jest as the
good Lord wills; an' though lots of
folks think they could run the world
better, Clarindy Brown don't think
she could. The world is fixed as it
oughter be as far as we know, an'
everything is for the best. When
the Lord sends preachers into His
vineyard He sends one man to
plough, an' another to reap, one
man to break up the fallow ground
of the heart, an' another to gather
the abundant harvest. To my
notion Elder Snow done his work
an' done it well in Punkinville
Holler, an' I judge that the elder
we have got now will do his'n if we
don't hinder him too much. A
little help would be a dreadful good
thing, an' that will be sure to come
by an' by. The folks to Punkinville
Holler my folks an' everybody's is
good, but they are dreadful cur'ous
and dre dful contr'ry.—Z. Herald.

Praying and Paying.

Dr. William M. Taylor said to
his people at a prayer meeting:
Brethren, I am tired, tired out, and
I want you to carry on this service
and thus rest me. The request was
promptly and heartily complied
with. Unexpectedly, however, those
who participated thus took occasion
to refer to some word or deed of
their pastor which had helped some-
body; either the speaker himself or
some one of whom he personally
knew.

The tired look on the minister's
face faded as he heard one after
another of these testimonies. There
were tears in his eyes when he
closed the service, which told even
more than his words how his
brethren had helped him by making
it plain that he had helped others.
Every one got a blessing at that
meeting.

The prayer-meeting is the pulse
of the church, we have been told
again and again. That is true
enough. But the pulse indicated
that the blood is circulating through
all the members of the body. Each
part of the body is getting its share
of nourishment and doing its share
of work. A prayer-meeting is a place
where church members are not only
to get a blessing, but give a blessing.

Hard times are hardening times,
they tell us. There is money enough,
but it is not in circulation. It has
been said that if at such a time
persons, as far as practicable, would
pay their debts, financial stringency
would be in large degree averted
because money would be in circulation.

Hard times in a church are hard-
ening times. The members fail to
communicate to one another helpful
thoughts, experiences, Bible prom-
ises, consolations, counsels. The
church prayer-meeting should be a
church clearing house, where the
members not only get their due,
but pay their debts to one another,
utilizing thus God's mercies and
ministries of which each one has
personal and peculiar knowledge.

Bene orasse est, bene studiisse
is a good motto when we open the
Bible and seek to know God's truth
therein. Ever do we study well
when we have prayed well. Bene
orasse est, bene studiisse is a good
motto for a prayer-meeting. To
have prayed well is to have paid
well. We have prayed to purpose
when we seek to pay our due of de-
votion to our God, and our due of
brotherly helpfulness to our brethren
in Christ, yielding to a keen and
insistent sense of obligation, with
careful computation of our resources,
and prompt recognition of opportu-
nity thus afforded.

Getting is the secret of happiness
and success to the worldly man.
Getting and giving is the secret of
happiness and success to a Christian;
we learn it first in the sphere of
material good, as we realize the
duty and privilege of contributing
to the material welfare of others.

But we need the baptism of the
Spirit to see the same truth in the
higher sphere of spiritual blessings,
in the getting and giving of which
we learn what the communion of
saints means.

A prayer-meeting should be a
power meeting, and it will be if this
spirit is shown. Mutuality is the
keyword of that precious prayer-
meeting hymn, Blest be the tie that
binds. The sanctuary service is for
worship and meditation. The
Sabbath-school service is for worship
and instruction. The prayer meet-
ing is for worship and mutual edifi-
cation, as was the case in the meet-
ing referred to at the outset.

I cannot do anything of the kind,
exclaims the lay member. That re-
mains to be seen after you have
tried. Let the Scriptures read, a
hymn sung, the remarks of the
leader, a recent sermon by the pas-
tor suggest some illustrative and
corroborative thoughts out of your
own experience, observation, read-
ing, reflection. In simple words
state these, or embody them proper-
ly in prayer, or suggest them by
quoting a stanza or two of a hymn,
an apt verse of Scripture, or passage
from some gifted writer. Thus
others have helped you. Now pay
your debt by trying to help some
one. Oh, how weary and discour-
aged ministers are; how lacking in
interest prayer-meeting are, because,
for the most part, church members
come thither if they come at all, to
hear and not to pray, to get and
not to give.—N. Y. Observer.

Jay Birds or Men.

Recently in Dayton, Montgomery
County, Ohio, a man was fined \$25
for killing a jay bird.

The purpose of this article is not
to controvert the righteousness of
this decision; for I believe that all
creatures useful to man ought to be
protected from wanton destruction.
The ground for contention is not
that the killing of a jay bird is
wrong in itself considered, but that
the killing is a wrong against
humanity.

This leads me to the questions,
Why do governments exist? What
is the ultimate warrant for the
enactment of any law? Govern-
ments exist for the conservation
and promotion of human interests.
The ultimate warrant for the enact-
ment of any law on any statute
book in the world is for the pro-
tection of human welfare.

The State of Ohio in her sovereign
majesty has enacted a law for the
protection of jay birds. This is wise
legislation. The ultimate warrant
for its enactment is not the sacred-
ness of bird life, but the sacredness
of human well being.

The whole machinery of state
government has been set in motion

for the protection of jay birds. My
personal interests will not be allowed
to nullify this wise law. The jay
bird will be protected at any cost.
He may commit a thousand depreda-
tions upon my property. He may
steal my ripening cherries, yet he
is protected. I may drive him
away if I can, but kill him I must
not under a penalty of \$25 fine.

My individual good must be sacri-
ficed for the general good. No man
of intelligence will deny this propo-
sition. It is the basis for all legis-
lation where the rights of man are
respected.

Mr. Jay Bird robbed my children
of their birthright when he stole my
cherries. For this offense against
my personal interests I pursue and
kill him, no matter how. I secretly
and silently bury him from sight,
and imagine that no one knows
what I have done. I come in from
my garden rejoicing because I have
protected my children's interests in
those ripening cherries. I sit down
in my easy chair the possessor of a
conscience void of offense. The door
bell rings. The game warden is at
my door demanding entrance with
a warrant for my arrest. I am
hurried to the courts of justice. I
am tried, convicted, and fined \$25
for killing that jay bird.

There may be a broad in my
house, no coal in the grate, no
clothing for my shivering wife and
children, no shoes for their cold and
aching feet. Sickness and death
may be lingering near. No differ-
ence. I am fined \$25 for killing
that jay bird. I cannot pay it. I
am sent to the workhouse for sixty
days to be the companion of jail
birds, to grovel in an atmosphere
of crime, to taint the good name of
my family, and fix forever upon my
children the odious stigma that their
father was once in the work-
house for crime committed and con-
fessed, because I killed that jay
bird.

My wife and children, hungry,
naked, freezing, discouraged, and
branded with criminality, are turned
out into the streets to beg, or
steal, or die—all because I, a poor
man, of good character, of generous
impulse, and paternal instinct, killed
a jay bird. Hunted with cease-
less energy. Every scrap of evi-
dence accumulated against me.
Facts distorted. All the machinery
of chicanery set in motion for my
conviction.

Why all this? Did our fathers
build this mighty common-wealth
as a preserve for jay birds? Why
all this? This and nothing more—
(the game warden gets half the fine!!)

This is nice for the jay bird, but
mighty hard on me and mine. Pro-
tect the jay bird by all means. He
is the friend of man. But while
you protect the friend of man,
please protect the man!—Telescope.

Facing The Foe.

O, please let me do that! begged
Rhoda. I hate cutting out dress
skirts!

Aunt Ruth dropped her shears
on the cutting table and straight-
ened her bent back, to give a sharp
look at the eager face coaxing her.

First time I ever heard hatin' to
do a thing brought forrard as a
reason for doing it! she remarked,
looking the girl over shrewdly.

O, yes, Aunt Ruth! said Rhoda,
mother says that's the very reason!
Face the foe! That's her motto,
that she's always brought us up on.

If you don't, she says you go on
dreading and dreading it forever,
and worse and worse as you put off
trying it, and by and by you are
incapable. She always makes us
try to do everything we hate to do,
and keep at it till we like it!

Your mother's a master sensible
woman! was Aunt Ruth's comment.
Here, take the shears, then. I was
going to let you look on and see me
do it. But you might as well make
your mistakes and profit by 'em.

There! said Rhoda in triumph,
fifteen minutes later. That bug-
bear never will block me again.
Plucky way of doing! muttered
Robert to himself, coming out of
the window seat where he had been
lounging over a Harper's Weekly,
instead of doing what he called
tackling his debating club essay.

Face the foe! Did it too, like a
soldier. Wonder how that rule
would work on some of my bug-
bears! There's that Christian En-
deavor meeting tonight. Dick
wanted I should lead it for him.
Sneaked out of it by telling him I
never did such a thing in my life.

Believe my soul I'll go and try it,
Rhoda-fashion! Wouldn't she be
surprised if she knew what she
made me do with her dressmaking
lesson?—Forward.

You need not cough all night and
disturb your friends; there is no oc-
casion for you running the risk of con-
tracting inflammation of the lungs or
consumption, while you can get Bickle's
Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medi-
cine cures coughs, colds, inflammation
of the lungs and all throat and chest
troubles. It promotes a free and easy
expectoration, which immediately re-
lieves the throat and lungs from viscous
phlegm.

"Home, Sweet Home."

A great singer had just finished
singing "Home Sweet Home," and
many of the audience were in tears.

It is a beautiful song, said a girl to
an older woman who sat next to her.

Yes, was the reply, and the senti-
ment to which it moves all these
people is beautiful. How much
happier the world would be if every-
one had as much principle as senti-
ment on the subject, and followed
out a plain, everyday rule of making
home sweet.

The girl turned thoughtfully away.
She hardly heard the next song.
She was acknowledging to herself
that, in spite of her love for her
home, she made it unhappy every
day of her life by her wilfulness; and
quick temper. How many of us
really do our best to make home
happy?—Selected.

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about the "Home Sweet Home" song,
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The way people eat and
drink has serious conse-
quences. Very few people
know how to treat their
stomachs. Eating too much;
or not enough; or the wrong
kind of food; or at the wrong
time—gets the digestive organs
into such a thoroughly disor-
dered condition that at last noth-
ing whatever can be digested.

When the appetite fails and the
liver becomes sluggish, the whole
system is dragged down and deadened
by imperfect nutrition. There is noth-
ing in the world which restores or-
ganic tone and vigor so quickly and
scientifically as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery.

It acts directly upon the nutritive or-
ganism; it gives the stomach power to extract a
high percentage of nourishment from the
food, and enables the liver to filter all bil-
ious poisons out of the circulation; it puts
the red, vitalizing life-giving elements into
the blood, and builds up solid flesh, mus-
cular force and healthy nerve-power.

In all debilitated conditions and wasting
diseases it is vastly superior to malt extracts
or any mere temporary stimulants. It gives
permanent strength. It is better than nau-
seous emulsions, because it is agreeable to
the weakest stomachs.

Whenever constipation is one of the
complicating causes of disease, the most
perfect remedy is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
Pellets, which are always effective, yet ab-
solutely mild and harmless. There never
was any remedy invented which can take
their place.

"In August, 1895, I was taken down with
what my physician pronounced consumption,"
writes Ira D. Herring, of Needmore, Levy Co.,
Florida. "My trouble continued for several
months. Four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery cured me."

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unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and
removes all the impurities from a common
Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and
CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE,
SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA,
HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH,
DIZZINESS, DROPSY,
RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.
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