

In Disguise

I met Him today in the wintry street,
The Christ in the robes who died,
All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,
With bleeding forehead and hands and feet,
And I blithely thrust Him aside.

Had He only come with the crown of thorn,
Or the nail prints ruby-red;
Had the palms that pleaded for alms but
worn
Their wounds, I had not put by in scorn
His piteous plea for bread.

But idly now I stand in vain
I grieve for the grace gone by,
And I miss, "Might He only come again,
To pity His pain and ease His pain
And hark unto His cry."

Nay, nay for the blind distinguisheth
The King with His robe and crown;
But only the humble eye of faith
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth
In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw Him not in this mendicant,
And I heeded not His cry;
Now Christ in His infinite mercy grant
That the prayer I say in my day of want
Be not in scorn put by.

—British Weekly.

Appreciation.

"Mrs. P.—certainly has the gift of appreciation," said one woman to another who had repeated to her some kind remark which Mrs. P.—had made about a paper she had read at a woman's meeting.

"Yes," said the other, "and the grace of expression."

As I listened I fell to musing how much pleasanter life would be if we all possessed this gift and grace.

A member of our Bible class once repeated the legend of the saint whose life was so holy that the angels were allowed to offer him any gift he might choose.

His answer was, "That I may be always doing good and never know it," and ever after where his shadow fell it brought a blessing.

"I am not like that man," spoke up one lady, quickly, "I should like to be always doing good, but I should want to know it."

"So should I," said a third. "It certainly is one of the greatest pleasures of life to know that we have helped or cheered some one, and I think the knowledge does us good."

"Isn't it strange," said another, "that we do not speak words of kindly appreciation oftener since we enjoy them ourselves so much?"

Thoughtlessness, pre-occupation in one's own affairs, or the fear of being considered flatterers, were suggested as reasons for this neglect.

Thus the talk went on until one lady gave a practical illustration.

"I work hard every day," she said, "to get good meals for my family, and my husbands and sons come home from their work and eat heartily. I know they enjoy their food, but they never say so; I wish they would."

"They never say so," I wish they would. How many housekeepers would echo that wish! A few days after I read Egbert Rydman's account of a visit with Ruskin. He dined at Brantwood and wrote: "During the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted this season, and how delicious it was. The professor was delighted at my appreciation of this rhubarb, and ringing for one of his servants said, 'Please tell Jackson that I want him.' (This was the gardener.)"

"When he came into the room his master said, 'Jackson, I am very pleased to tell you that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success, and my friend here, who has had some pie made of it, says it is delicious.' Jackson, with a true gardener's pride, thanked us both and left the room."

"Soon after the servant came into the room with lighted candles, and after putting them in place, she said, 'Please, sir, there is a beautiful sunset sky just now over the 'Old Man.' Thank you, Kate, for telling us,' the professor said heartily."

The two men sat in an upper window and watched in silence till the sun sank behind the mountain, but the younger man owns that beautiful as was the sunset he "was thinking more of the charming relationship and sympathy manifested between master and servant, and how strange it would seem to most of us that even such a trifling matter as a gardener's first rhubarb should not be left as a common occurrence."

Does not this little glimpse of Ruskin's daily life explain this sentence from Fors Clavigera, "I have got two Davids and a Kate that I wouldn't exchange for anybody else's servants in the world; and I believe the only quarrel they have with me is that I don't give them enough to do for me."

A college student, in explaining why a visiting team had lost a game of football, said: "There were three car-loads of people that came down with them, but they didn't yell worth a cent. Why, they ought to have yelled every good move their team made. We had

out everything in town that could make a noise—tin horns, and bells, and horse fiddles, and a great circular saw that they pounded on. And we had companies organized to yell. I tell you it helps I ts."

We are all familiar with the story of the brave fireman, who, as he emerged from the highest window of the burning building with an unconscious child in his arms, was seen to stagger, and the crowd below held their breath, fearing to see him fall with his precious burden, until one quick-witted man cried, "Cheer him!" Then they sent up a mighty shout. It steadied his nerves and gave him new courage, and the perilous descent was made in safety.

Perhaps few of us fail to express our appreciation of heroic deeds, but it is in the common every day life that words of appreciation are most sorely needed and are too seldom spoken. Let us form the habit of speaking them. Sunday will be a good day to begin. I am sure your pastor's heart will be cheered if you say, "I thank you for that sermon. It has helped me. And don't always forget the organist and members of the choir. After attending services in a strange church, a gentleman stopped and spoke to the organist, telling him how much he had enjoyed the music. The organist thanked him for his kind words and said, 'I have given my services as organist in this church for many years, and you are the first person that has ever spoken an appreciative word about them.'"

Don't let your organist have a chance to say that. Then there is the Sunday-school superintendent and your children's teacher. You know they are doing a good work. Tell them so. They will be happier and work better. Then go home, and through the week to husband or wife, to children, servants, neighbors, and strangers, speak at every opportunity the appreciative words until it becomes second nature, and you will be beloved, because like Mrs. P.—, you have the gift of appreciation and the grace of expression.

"If you think a word will please, Say it, if it be but true, Words may give delight with ease, When no act is asked from you. Words may often Soothe and soften, Gild a joy or heal a pain; They are treasures Yielding pleasures It is wicked to retain!" Ex.

Grandma Deering's Foretaste.

"How is she this evening?" asked the neighbor who had run in the back way, with a shawl over her head.

"She's been restless all day," Mary Deering replied. "To tell the truth, she's gathered from our looks and something which the doctor said that we don't expect her to get better, and she's mortally afraid to die. I can't understand it, either, such a Christian as she's always been; but she has worried and grieved until she's all unstrung."

"Poor old soul. I expect it's just the physical part she dreads," replied the neighbor sympathetically. "We all dread death more or less, I fancy, though few of us are so well prepared to go as she is. Asleep, is she?"

"Yes, she dropped off a few minutes ago."

The two women stole softly into the bedroom and stood by the bed side. An aged face, swathed deeply with a network of carelines, lay upon the snowy pillow. The breeze from the open window stirred softly a lock of snowy hair upon her forehead, and her wrinkled hands were folded upon her sunken breast. The old face, which had been beautiful in its time, wore a troubled look, and the moisture of a tear still lingered upon the cheek. The evening breeze wafted in a sound of song: "They'll sing their welcome home to me, They'll sing their welcome home to me, The angels will stand on the hallelujah strand, And sing me a welcome home."

The old lady's lips quivered, and she moved a little as if the strains disturbed her.

"O those people do distress me so with their noise and their everlasting singing," whispered Mary Deering impatiently. "I would close the window, but she must have air."

"It's the Salvation Army, isn't it?" "Yes. They've just rented the hall across the way."

"Welcome home, welcome home, Welcome home, welcome home, O, the angels will stand on the hallelujah strand, And sing me a welcome home."

The troubled lines on the aged face were smoothing out as her inner consciousness seemed to absorb the cheering strain, and the two stood and watched her in wonder.

"It seems almost as if she understood what they were singing," whispered the neighbor, as a peaceful look stole over the sleeping face.

"She is dreaming I think," replied the daughter softly. They

watched her in silence. Gently, as the sunbeams steal across the morning landscape, the reflection of the glorious vision within threw its beams of joy and hope over the aged mother's face. At length she awoke and looked into the awed faces beside her with a look of bewilderment. Then a sobbing cry broke from her trembling lips. "Am I still here? I thought I had got home."

"You've been dreamin', mother," said Mary, gently smoothing back the stray white lock with a tender hand. "The singing over at the hall disturbed you."

"O no, it didn't disturb me, Mary," the mother replied with eagerness; "such singing as I've heard couldn't disturb anyone. I was just on the brink of a river. Mary, and over the other shore there was such a throng waiting for me. Your father was there, stretching out his arms to greet me, with little Nellie and Bennie beside him. O, I can't tell you how glorious they looked, Mary, and so natural. I knew them among all the throng of old friends and neighbors who were there. There was another one, too, whom I have longed to see—my Saviour—coming down to the very brink of the river to meet me," she continued, tears of rapture stealing down her aged face at the remembrance; "and such music, songs of rejoicing and welcome. O Mary, I shall never dread death any more."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Mary fervently, as she bent to kiss the beaming old face her own, wet with tears.

"Jesus can make a dying bed Seem soft as downy pillows are," quoted the neighbor softly. "God will surely give abundant dying grace to one who has had living grace so long as you have, Grandma Deering."

"I know it, dear, but I hadn't sensed it before. I've always had a dreadful fear of dying, but it's all gone now. Praise God, I can hardly wait for his summons."

"Mother witnessed a very painful deathbed scene when she was quite young," explained Mary, as she lighted the neighbor out, "and I think that has helped to give her this life-long dread of her dying hour."

A few more peaceful, painless days, and grandma lay one morning upon her pillow, one withered hand tucked under her head and her aged face beaming with a holy smile of rapture. Mary stole in softly to see if she was awake. Her heart bounded with alarm at the sight of that joyous smile, and she hastened to touch the hand that lay outside upon the counterpane. It had been cold for hours. "She's had her welcome home," murmured Mary through her tears, "and I can never be thankful enough that she had the foretaste of this, her first day in heaven."

At the funeral a quiet, serene faced girl in Salvation Army uniform stepped to the side of the open grave and sang the 'Welcome Home' song.

People looked on in wonder and said to each other that it was strange and irregular, but the song comforted Mary as no studied eulogy or solemn funeral hymn could have done, and the neighbor and the captain who sang understood. —Cumberland Presbyterian.

Scandal-Mongers.

There are two classes of scandal-mongers or back-biters. First, the "whisperers" as designated by the Apostle Paul. They never make a direct charge against a person aloud, but they use hints and innuendoes and phrases that suggest to the hearer something very dreadful. They will not vouch for the truth of the report, but they fear it may be all too true. With a very solemn countenance, they express their regret and sorrow that such should be the case, while in their hearts they are exceedingly rejoiced that to them has been given the first opportunity of publishing the scandal or suspicion to the world. Such whisperers scent a slander further than a hound does a fox. They run a dagger-like suspicion through a person's character as quietly and as quickly as they do the needle through the cloth they work upon, and look as saintly all the while, as if they were not stabbing some one to the heart."

Then there are, Secondly, The regular scandal-mongers or back-biters who pride themselves upon the number of scandals they collect and the diligence with which they scatter them around. They glory in defamation and outstrip the newspapers in giving to the world the latest gossip.

Mr. So-and-so is reported to have done this or that. Did you hear it? Or Mr. So-and-so says this about so-and-so, and the man straightway goes to his partner, and both run to their wives, and the news goes all over the city with the speed of lightning. Such conduct is heathenish. Cannibals only eat the flesh of men, but such people's take men's reputations and cut and carve them

as we do a piece of meat. It is what you think and others think of a neighbor's reputation. And when you destroy by back biting a man's name and credit and honorable standing in society, you take from him all that is worth living for.

"Good name in man and woman Is the immediate jewel of their souls. Who steals my purse steals trash; But he that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which neither enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

The receiver of stolen goods is held in law as guilty as the thief. And the man who helps to circulate a slander, is as bad as the one who originates it. No constraint is put upon any man to act thus. It is wilful and atrocious. To out one's hand into a barrel of pitch, and then go round shaking hands with everybody, is a small offence compared with this. I have frequently found that people, who are given to scandal, are not the most perfect or most transparent in their actions. It is to hide their own defects that they endeavor to bespatter their neighbor's character. If you go back far enough in their own history, or that of their family, you will find some "skeleton in the cupboard," that had better be kept out of sight. Had they been dealt with as they treat their fellow-men, their name would long ere this have been consigned to eternal infamy.—Dr. Cochrane in Presbyterian.

Christian Heroism and its Reward.

It is nearly two generations since a boat's crew left their ship to reach the Hervey Islands. One of the passengers upon that boat desired to land, but the boat's crew feared to do so, as the cannibals were gathered together on the shore; but holding up the Bible in his hand, he said: Live or die put me ashore. They would not go near the land; he plunged into the surf and held high the book. The cannibals did not kill him, but he won their favor, and lived among them, and, for aught I know he died among them.

Thirty years afterward another ship reached the same Hervey Islands, bringing literally a cargo of Bibles. They were all wanted, and were taken with the greatest eagerness, and paid for by these people. This was the result of the labors of that heroic young man who said: Live or die, put me ashore. I was preaching to my people some time ago on behalf of the Bible Society. I mentioned this circumstance in illustration of the fact it is not so long, after all, between the sowing and the reaping. When I came down from the pulpit and was standing in the middle aisle, there came up to me a tall, manly-looking gentleman, a man that looked as if he might be a descendant of the old Vikings, and said: You will excuse me for coming up to speak to you and introducing myself; I am Captain so-and-so—I need not give you his name—I am in command of Her Majesty's frigate so-and-so, and I take the liberty of coming to speak to you in reference to what you said about these islands. I was there with my ship; I saw these people, and I saw the circulation of the Bibles among them, and I never saw such Christianity in all my life as among the people of these islands. Said he: They reminded me of those people of whom you read in the Acts of the Apostles.—Dr. John Hall.

Troubles spring from idleness and grievous toils from needless ease.

Kind words cannot annihilate unkind deeds, but they can do something toward smoothing them over.

When the hair has fallen out leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

An Ill-Fated Train.

Mr. J. Plimmer, of Windsor, Ont., was on the train which went through the bridge at St. George, Ont., in 1888. In the accident his kidneys and back were seriously injured, and have since caused him great suffering. Mr. Plimmer says: "Until I obtained Doan's Kidney Pills I never knew what it was to be free from pain. They have entirely removed the pain, and I am able to work every day now. They have produced better results than all the other medicines combined which I have used in all my years of suffering. I regard them as a specific for kidney trouble."

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

This is always true—that the people who do not make worldly good their first object are the people who can be most safely trusted with it, and who get most enjoyment out of it. Whether in the precise form of the gift to Solomon or not, outward good does attend a life which postpones pleasure to duty, and desires most to be able to do it. All earthly good is exalted by being put second, and degraded as well as corrupted by being put first. The water lapped up in the palm, as the soldier marches, is sweeter than the abundant draughts swilled down by self-indulgence. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God . . . and all those things shall be added unto you."—Dr. Maclaren.

Simon Selfishness says: "Partially is all right, so long as it is only shown toward me."

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