

## My Mither's Bed

My mither's bed, my mither's bed,  
Though mither's weary ye has fled,  
There's nae sic place, what'er betide,  
I find in a' the warl sae wi'e,  
As mither's bed, as mither's bed.

Were it the carache's tearin pain,  
The thunder in the midnight rain,  
Or ither pains wi' nerves a-throbbin',  
Or frighted dreams, wi' startled sobbin',  
It soothed them a', my mither's bed.

The generation next to me  
Grown into womanhood I see;  
Their bairnies cry, in my bairn's stead,  
"O tak' me into mither's bed."

O, little bairnies sweet and wee,  
There is nae mither's bed for me.  
For kirkyard beds they hold but ain,  
Lang hath she slept, alane, alane;  
Nae cosy warmth for me; instead,  
A cold stane s'auin' at her heid,  
My mither's bed.

—Mrs. ISABEL D. BRUSH.

## Conversion of Obadiah Brown to Giving for Missions.

"When I first joined the church," said Obadiah, "I didn't know much about this 'ere talk of Christian givin'. I knowed I was a miserable sinner, but I wasn't thinkin' about the rest of the world's miserable sinners. 'Peared like as if I just wanted to make sure of heaven for myself. I felt real comfortable like after I had my name written in the church book. I'm sure of gettin' there, anyway, I thought."

"Our preacher is a powerful good man, but he gits all stirred up when he talks about Christian givin'. When I joined the church I didn't know nothin' about missionary societies and the disabled funds of the Board—fact is, I didn't want to know—and when the preacher said to me, 'Obadiah, how much kin we expect from you to help with missionary work?'—I'm a plain speakin' man, so I just said right out, 'Domine, I don't think you kin expect anythin' from me. I'm a hard-workin' man, and the little I git has got to go to support my own.'"

"My daughter, Sarah Ann, is a missionary collector. I never said nothin' agin her collectin', but sort of thought I would have that to stand in the sight of the Lord for my share of givin' in the work. When I attended the convention last fall one of the members said, 'Of course you are a supporter of missions,' and I replied, 'Sartinly, sir; my daughter, Sarah Ann, is a missionary collector.'"

"Things went on this way for two or three years. I was pretty regular in attendin' the church, but I didn't seem to get much joy out of religion. Sometimes when the preacher would make an extra appeal for missions, I'd just ease my conscience by sayin', 'Balance that ag' in Sarah Ann's account.' Wall, it just went on till I got to growin' closer and closer, and even grudin' Sarah Ann her time to the Lord. I said to myself, 'I can't afford to have Sarah Ann spend so much of her time collectin'.'"

"One day I was sittin in the chimney corner, smokin'. Sarah Ann was movin' silently around, and I'd noticed for some time there was some hing sort of strange about her looks. Says I, 'How much time do you spend collectin' for missionary work in a year, Sarah Ann?' Says she, 'Countin' by the calendar, father, two days would cover it all—but countin' by the throbs of the heart, there is never an hour in which I do not dwell upon the blessedness of the work in which I am engaged.' 'Don't you think it's consumin' too much of your time, Sarah Ann?' I added.

"A strange light came into her eyes, 'Father,' she cried, 'what kind of a heaven do you expect to go to?' 'Why, real bleesful like,' I said; 'streets of gold, and the like.' 'What are you doin' to earn it?' she continued. 'Wall, I don't know that I'm doin' anything in particular; but you know the book says, 'We're saved by faith, not by works,' and I've lots of faith, Sarah Ann, that I'm going to git there when I die.' 'Father,' said Sarah Ann, and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke, 'as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.' 'By their fruits ye shall know them!' O father, what are you doin'?"

"I was startled. 'Wall, I ain't a-goin' to hinder you from workin', am I?' said I. 'Father, dear father,' she said, 'we must each work out our own salvation. No deed of mine, however worthy in the sight of God, can stand for the debt you owe the Master.' I was startled anew. I'd kinder thought in the day of reckonin' when the Lord should say, 'Obadiah, what have you done?' I'd make answer, 'Not much of anything' Lord; but my daughter, Sarah Ann was a powerful hand in the Church, and I supported her."

"O father, Sarah Ann continued, 'I cannot be r to think of the dangers to which you expose your soul. Should the Lord's work be less precious to you than your own?'"

Did not your Master say, "Deny yourself! take up your cross and follow me?" Father, what are you doin' for the dear Lord, who has done so much for you? 'Not much of anything,' I said 'but provin' a stumblin'-block in the way of other.' I'd no sort of idea when I joined the Church that the Lord wanted me and my money too. I've spent considerable of my life in smokin' and self ease. Now, if I want to git to heaven I've got to begin to exercise myself."

"Domine," I said, the next Sunday at church, 'I'm converted, a new man!' A pleased smile came into his eyes. 'Yes; my heart and pocketbook are both converted this time, and when you want any extra gift for missionary work, don't forget me, Domine, for I owe lots of back dues to the Master.'—Presbyterian.

## "With Loving Kindness"

It was an early spring evening. The air was alive with quickening power, the grass had grown velvety in sheltered nooks, and the leaves had begun to marshal their hosts on all the branches of the trees that shaded the Barkum road.

Yet the solitary traveller on that road seemed to see none of these pleasant sights. She allowed her old horse to take his own gait. Her thin lips were tightly compressed, and there was a stern look on her face. At the top of a hill the horse turned and, passing up a drive, paused. Mrs. Ketcham started to find herself in her own yard.

A tall, blonde youth came from the barn to care for the horse. "Never mind the bundles, mother," he said cheerily. "I will bring them in. You have company."

Company to-night, when she had so much to bear. Her face darkened, but just then she caught sight of a face peering out of the window. "Aunt Polly Hawkins," she exclaimed. "If I've got to have company, I'm glad it happened to be Aunt Polly."

Do things happen? Or was the coming of Mrs. Hawkins to the farm house on that day a part of God's great plan? We shall see.

It's too bad you had to entertain yourself, Aunt Polly, Mrs. Ketcham said, as he carefully laid aside her bonnet and tied a gingham apron around her waist.

Didn't mind it a bit, Aunt Polly declared briskly.

She was short and plump, with kindly gray eyes and soft white hair. She wore a cap of black lace trimmed with pink ribbons and a snowy kerchief was crossed over her bosom.

Where's Inez? she asked, following her hostess to the kitchen. I thought Fred said she went to Barkum with you.

Mrs. Ketcham paused in her work of filling the shining tea kettle. I gave her permission to spend the afternoon with Kittie Bagley," she said stiffly, while the hard look came back to her face. The boys are going over this evening, and she'll come home with them.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Ketcham, Aunt Polly began abruptly, somethin' is troublin' you. Is it somethin' you can tell, or do you want me to keep still?

Mrs. Ketcham's face flushed. I didn't believe I could tell another livin' soul, but I've got to tell you. Wait until after supper and the boys are gone.

Aunt Polly obeyed unquestioningly. She helped set the table and chatted with Frank and Fred. They were twins, and, at twenty, were sons of whom a mother might well be proud. Their father had died when they were small boys. After a few years there had come another master to the farm, a dreamy, Italian faced man, who had lived only two years after his marriage. With his dying breath he committed his only child, Inez, to the care of her stepmother.

Love her, dear he whispered, for my sake.

That was ten years ago. Inez was sixteen now. She had inherited her father's dark beauty, and there was something entirely foreign to the farmer folk among whom she dwelt in the girl's strange nature.

Mrs. Polly had noticed the shadow that settled on her friend's face at the mention of Inez. She asked no questions, but thought the matter over as she sipped the fragrant tea and enjoyed the biscuits, boiled ham, honey, and peach pickles. At last the two women found themselves alone. A cheerful fire burned in the sitting room stove, for the air had grown chilly. Mrs. Ketcham lighted a shaded lamp, and sat down opposite her guest.

Now we are real cozy like, Mrs. Hawkins said, producing her knitting.

For once the hands of her hostess were idle. She leaned her head against the cushioned back of her rocking chair, shading her face with her hand.

Aunt Polly's fingers flew, but her tongue was silent. She had learned the rare gift, that of knowing when to speak.

It's Inez, Mrs. Ketcham said at last.

Yes, Aunt Polly assented. You know the whole story. I promised her father I'd do by her as if she was my own, and I have.

Yes, you have, Sary, interrupted her companion.

Everybody knows that. But Inez has queer ways. Still, my boys get no better than she does. I had planned, if the crops turned out well, to let her go to Barkum to school next fall. I never sent the boys there, but they want Inez to go. They think there is nothing too good for her.

A brief pause. Aunt Polly thought how much poetry and sunshine the young girl had brought to the narrow lives within that home.

Mrs. Ketcham sat bolt upright and went on in a hard voice. When I was in Barkum to day I found out that Inez had promised to go work for the Widow Skinner as soon as school is out. She is to have a dollar a week and be Mrs. Skinner's companion. You and I know that she will have to work far harder than she ever did, but I suppose Kate Skinner's pretty house and soft words will make it all right.

Mrs. Hawkins folded her knitting and laid it in her lap. Without waiting for her guest to speak, Mrs. Ketcham went on.

All without one word to me. And I've shown her every kindness. Aunt Polly, why don't you say something?

I was thinkin', and a tender light came into the gray eyes, of that place in Psalms where it asks: Who crowneth you with lovin' kindness. You've been doin' the Lord's work toward that orphan girl, Sary, but not in just the Lord's way.

The old woman reached out her wrinkled hand and laid it on that of her friend. Sary, I know all 'bout how you've loved her. It is 'cause she is true image of her father. You won't mind me sayin' that John Graham, the father of your boys, never come as nigh your heart as did Philip Ketcham. Don't you remember how he used to pet you and want you to show your love for him? But I needn't ask you that. Women don't forget such things. Its thirty years since I heard my husband's voice, and my poor old heart is hungry for the sound of it now. Well, Inez is hungry for love. Its her nature, like it was her father's to want pettin'. Do you ever kiss her?

I—I—Why she must know that I love her.

How does she know it? You have done more'n your duty by her in some respects, but you have denied her something her soul craved, and she thinks it is not in your heart. I've studied that, girl.

There was a long silence, then Aunt Polly went on: As for Kate Skinner, I've seen for a long time that she was gettin' a powerful influence over Inez. But it won't last. She, Kate, I mean, is all on the outside, and Inez will soon see her in another light. She shows Inez pictures, calls her dearie and kisses her little brown hands. Land sakes. It hain't the dollar a week Inez is thinkin' 'bout. It is the love she hopes to find.

I don't see, began Mrs. Ketcham. Then she paused, and, after a minute, cried out hotly, while the tears coursed down her cheeks: She ought to know that I love her. Why is she so different from me and my children?

The good Lord made her so, Mrs. Hawkins replied reverently. There's only one thing you've lacked in your doin' for the child; your kindness hain't been lovin' kindness, or if it has Inez never found it out. Mrs. Ketcham was busy in the pantry the next morning when Inez came down stairs. The dark, piquant face of the girl was overcast, for she feared the result of her stepmother's visit to the village.

I don't care, she said to herself. Oh, I do care, for this is all the home I ever knew.

Mrs. Ketcham hurried forward when she heard the girl's light step. Inez, I can't spare you to Mrs. Skinner, she began tremulously O, child, you are the sunshine of my home. Don't go, Inez. I love you too well to give you up.

Inez stood for a moment, her lips trembling, and the color slowly fading from her face. At last she sprang to her mother's side. Say it again, mother, she exclaimed. Say it again, and I will never leave you. I have so wanted to hear you say that you loved me. I thought you didn't care. Now things will be different.

I'll be different, dear, Mrs. Ketcham promised. I'll try to keep the spirit as well as the letter of the promise I made your father: Loving kindness.—Can. Baptist.

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no other specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

## "I Cannot Afford It."

Indeed, I cannot afford it, was the frequent reply of a merchant when asked for a contribution to religious or missionary objects. He was doing an extensive and apparently lucrative business, and professed to be warm in his devotion to Christ. Yet his givings were very meager, when he gave at all; and generally his ready excuse was at hand, I cannot afford it, at his apology for refusing even a trifle.

A well known gentleman who lived in the same city, and sometimes acted as an unpaid collector for a very important missionary society, called one day at the merchant's dwelling house to solicit a contribution. Often had he been denied at the office with the words, I cannot afford it; and in the grand residence, as his eyes rested on the magnificence which several open doors unveiled, he began to discern that there was some truth in the apology after all.

The owner of the house shortly appeared. His visitor explained the reason of his call, but immediately added, I see, sir, that you really cannot afford it, and I cannot think of presenting any claim upon you. Such a scale of expenditure as I see indicated by everything around me can indeed leave you little if anything for the cause of Christ. I must look elsewhere for support to our operations. Good morning, sir.

The well-meant reproof did its intended work. The merchant ere long sought an interview with his faithful monitor, and thanked him warmly for his straight forward but brotherly remarks. Handing him a check for £200, as a donation to the missionary society for which he was collecting, he said that henceforth he meant to act as a steward of God and that never again would his style of living prove a hindrance to the exercise of ardent piety and practical love.

There are too many Christians, among both the richer and the poorer classes of society, who, like the merchant, cannot afford to give for the advancement of the gospel, simply because they spend so much upon themselves and their families. We were not created, we were not upholden and prospered from day to day, merely that we may eat and drink and dress and glorify our eyes by dazzling the eyes of our neighbors. The proper object and the true enjoyment of existence are to be found not in self-display, but in self sacrifice, under the constraining love of Jesus, living for the glory of God and the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-creatures.—Messenger.

## What Mr. Moody has said.

In all my travels I have never seen a man succeed in life who treated his parents with contempt. I don't know of any evil to-day that this country is more guilty of than the way sons and daughters are treating their parents. If we are untrue to God, we shall find that our children will be untrue to us.

I believe many a man that is out of work would find work if he would follow God's way. Let a man turn from his sins and call on God, honestly, you know, and I believe God will open a way.

Love will give, but never will steal. Love will not slander or lie. If I love a man there is no danger of my starting a false report about him, and instead of publishing a slander I will do all I can to keep it from the public. Love's eye is not covetous. If the heart is filled with love, there is no room in it for covetousness.

Most women think when they have captured a heart they have conquered the world.

Now is the time for our preachers to encourage the readers to renew. Will you do this heartily, brethren?

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten boxes of Pills. We are selling more of Parolee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lincoln, writes: "Parolee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

## An Antidote for Asthma.

Mr. Albert Reid, Angus, Ont., was for over two years a sufferer from Asthma. A half bottle of Yellow Oil cured him completely, and although that was some time ago, he has never since been troubled with the same complaint.

## Others Fail—It Cures.

DEAR SIRS,—From my own experience I can confidently say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry possesses true merit. It was the means of saving my little girl's life last summer. She was teething and took violent diarrhoea. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cured her, and I feel that I cannot say enough in its favor.

MRS. WILLIAM ARTHUR, Teeterville, Ont.

The sunniest of lives have seasons of shadows.—Lutheran Observer.

What men call a failure may often be what angels call a success.—The Evangelist.

Strength alone knows conflict. Weakness is below even defeat, and is born vanquished.

Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning, but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.

The man who stays out of the church just because there are hypocrites in it, may expect to have hypocrites for neighbors in the next world.—Gospel Messenger.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again.



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