

The Lesson of Content.

Never fret yourself to see
All things that others have;
Take, or let contentedly.
It is better to be brave,
Cheerful, self-reliant, strong,
Craving naught by God denied,
Than to join the restless throng,
Sated, yet unsatisfied.

Never fret yourself to do
More than lies within your power;
Let your work be always true,
Steady, patient, hour by hour.
It is better far to build
Good foundations, slow and sure,
Than to rear in haste unskilled
Towers whose strength is insecure.
—Priscilla Leonard.

Speech of the Contribution Box

An agent had addressed the congregation, a contribution had been taken, and the pastor was about to pronounce the benediction, when all were startled by a voice from the Contribution Box, which the deacon had just placed on the table:

"Wait a moment, good friends, and give me a chance to speak. I have long had something on my mind, and must unburden myself. The truth is, I am much abused. Sometimes for weeks together I am allowed no part at all in your Sunday services, though prayers and alms should come up together for a 'memorial before God.' But I am tucked away out of sight, where I get only dust and cobwebs.

"Worse still are my grievances, when I am allowed to come around from pew to pew in aid of your devotions. I always come with a heart full of good will ready to confer on you all the great blessing of giving. Yet, O, what treatment! I don't mean now the tricks of fun-loving boys, who give me old buttons for pennies. I can put up with their mischief, especially as I never get so full but that I can carry a few buttons extra.

"But I do mean you, for one, Mr. Blind. Why do you never see me when I come? Your face is turned toward the orchestra, or you are hunting for something in the hymn book, or your head is down, as though you had just then an extra touch of devotion. If it had been by accident, you would have sought me after service. But you hurried out right after the benediction. How much of the benediction did you carry home? You're rightly named Blind, for none are so blind as those who won't see." (Mr. Blind here put his head down out of sight.)

"And what were you doing last night, Mr. Keptight, after your clerks left the store? Why did you look over the money drawer for that counterfeit bill, in anticipation of the collection to-day? You thought nobody would know who put it in. But I saw you, and I'm not bound to keep your secret. I wonder if you think God doesn't know counterfeit money and counterfeit charity too. I shall give your bill to the church-mouse for his nest. That's all its good for. No, stay; I'll keep it as a witness when God shall put you on trial for passing counterfeit money." (Mr. Keptight turned very pale when the box spoke of a trial.)

"Closest, you put in this torn bill. You knew it would be at a discount at the bank. Don't tell me it was accidental. You have done the same thing before, and it isn't for want of whole ones, either. You had better go home and read what Rev. Dr. Malachi says in one of his discourses, about the man who brought that which was torn as an offering to the Lord."

"Have you lost your large pocket-book, Brother Prudence?" (Prudence clasps his hand suddenly on his pocket.) "Don't be alarmed. You left it at home, and brought only a little wallet, for fear, as you said, that your feelings would get the better of your judgment. You needn't be so prudent. Your benevolent feelings are the last things to get beyond your control."

"Whose turn next?" whispered the excited crowd.

"Loveself, why did you instinctively feel for your cigar case first when I came? Confess the truth, now, that you have spent more for cigars the last three months than you have contributed during the whole year."

"Where's Demas, Jr.? O! he isn't here to-day. He is generally missing when a collection is expected. His father, I remember, forsook Paul for the love of the world."

"Drop that rich veil over your face, Mrs. Display. You'll need it to hide your blushes, while I tell the congregation that you have not given me so much this year as you have paid out for those ear-rings and that point lace handkerchief; and here, to-day, you have been thinking about buying a \$500 diamond ring. And you profess to love the Saviour, and the heathen who are perishing for want of His gospel?"

"What now shall be said to you, the richest man in the whole society, a member of the church, a teacher in the Sunday-school, a

regular attendant at the prayer meeting? I see I don't need to name you." (Dr. Penurious is hitching nervously in his pew in the broad aisle.) "You speak and pray well. You have much to say of sound doctrine and liberality, and consecration to Christ. But whenever you are asked to give, you always say, I have too many calls, too many calls. Yes, but they get no answers. If you answered any of them liberally, I could excuse you. To-day, you have given me one dollar, when fifty dollars would be nearer your share. You have a call to study that book which says, 'Covetousness is idolatry.' And soon you'll have another call which you must answer, to leave those money bags, and go and settle accounts with Him who owns them all." (The perspiration starts out on the doctor's face, he wipes it vigorously, but has nothing to say.)

"Now I have something for you all to hear. When, at the end of last year, you footed up the contributions of the church, and said it was quite a fair sum, I ached to tell you that your pastor and another in the church, from their slender incomes, had given fully one-third of the whole. It would have been still more but for Brother Whole-souled and Brother Generous, who are always liberal. And Mrs. Humble, too, dear good woman, let me not forget her; the five dollar bill she put in was fragrant with prayer and love and self-denial, and shed a sweet perfume through the whole. She hath done what she could. There was a quarter, too, that dropped most lovingly from little fingers that had made themselves weary in earning it. Ah! dear Mary, we shall want you for a missionary by and by.

"My good friends, the agents [turning toward the pulpit] often mortify me. They are dry—don't give fresh facts—don't feel the facts they do give, or effect to feel them so much they whine and disgust folks. Or they don't know to stop—talk an hour or more, when forty minutes would open purses wider. I've seen many an X at forty minutes, changed for a V at fifty, and for a I at sixty.

"The pastor is sometimes too timid, and instead of seconding the agent's appeal with all his eloquence will say that he hopes the people, though they have given to so many objects, have a little left for this good cause, when the truth is, few of them have denied themselves a pin for their contributions.

"I have one secret more to tell. I am some thing more than I seem to be. You think me only a wooden box—a convenience for gathering up your donations. Know, then, that a messenger from your Saviour is here. Yes, I represent His pierced hand outstretched toward you, and your returns to me are registered as an index of your love for Him. As I pass from pew to pew, I gather something more than money. These tales of your secret history, and a thousand others, are all put on record, and will be read 'in that day' before the great congregation."

The voice ceased, and the good pastor, in tones trembling with emotion, said: "Let us pray for pardon before the benediction." Advance.

"In Good Standing."

The ice cold Christian is a member of the church 'in good and regular standing.' Yes, indeed, he is, and he is a contributing member too. It may be he contributes real liberally. Moreover, he attends church quite regularly—when convenient. It may be he sings in the choir. When he gets his 'Sunday best' on he looks like a Christian. 'But,' says a writer in The Awakener, 'looks are sometimes deceiving.' How does he live? Let us see:

No daily Bible reading.
No blessing asked at the table.
No family prayers.
No Bible instruction to the children.
No religious conversation in the home.
No private closet prayer.
No audible prayer in the prayer-meeting.
No attendance at the Sunday school.
No Christ in his business methods.
No Christ in his choice of reading matter.
No Christ in his favorite amusement.
No Christ in his inmost heart.
And only a little of Christ in his head.

Well, what has he, then, which the commonest sinner has not? First, he has his name in the church book.

Second, he has his name on the list of contributing members.

Third, he has a pew or an occasional sitting in the church.

These three things, and nothing more, to entitle him to the glorious name of Christian!

If he should suddenly die, he would be given a Christian burial, and these three things about him would be sure to be mentioned in

the funeral sermon, and held out to the bereaved family as reasons for a blessed assurance that he has gone straight to glory, with 'an abundant entrance.' And yet there is not a sinner living within ten miles of him who cannot do as much for the church, as much for the Sunday school, as much to advance Christ's kingdom on earth, as he does, without ever once being suspected of being a Christian.—Ram's Horn.

Barials: Graveyard Morality.

Different nations have different ways of dealing with their dead. The Ethiopians according to Herodotus and Thucydides preserved their dead, placing them in glass coffins. The Romans burned their dead after they were sure they were dead. The Chaldeans thought it sacrilege to the sun to burn the dead, and consequently adopted the sweeter mode of embalming them in honey. The Bactrians suffered the corpses of their friends and relatives to be eaten by dogs, and the older or more enfeebled the parties the savager were the dogs engaged to devour them. The Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, acted on the principle that one good turn deserves another. They derived their food from the sea, and when they themselves died they gave their bodies as diet to the inhabitants of the deep. The Scythians neither buried nor burned their dead, but hung them in mid-air—sent them up a stage higher. The Heruli women, when their husbands died, hanged themselves up alongside their departed husbands. This was not looked upon as a mark of affection, but strict conformance to fashion. Another tribe of the Scythians testified their grief and affection by eating their dead friends the extent of their love being measured by the extent of their appetite. We bury the dead in the earth, erect a stone or marble slab containing particulars of name, age, date of death, and a verse of scripture or poetry.

We are, however, not without our serious fault. If the departed has led a very ungodly life, been a participant in every evil custom, a patronizer of every unworthy pursuit, a rogue in trade, a libertine in morals, a knave and a scoundrel, his living friends not unfrequently inscribe on his tombstone, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," or with still more arrogant assumption, "Here lies . . . in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Unfortunately our very tombstones are made to perpetuate falsehoods, and our cemeteries to teem with lies in black and white. We sadly need reform in graveyard morality.—London Baptist.

Companionship in Married Life.

If you wish to be a good companion to your husband study to make each "Good morning" that you say to him an incentive to a better life. Learn to make each "Good-night" a benediction of love for the day's work, the day's loving and the day's sympathy. Look for his good qualities. He is like you in having faults; with very little trouble you can find these faults, and by talking about them and reminding him of them you can make your married life unendurable. You can bring about heartburnings, you can cause strife, and before you know it hatred may take the place of love. Look for his virtues, and seeking always for goodness, you will grow better every day just as certainly as you would grow bad if you looked only for that which was wicked. Remember there is much that will have to be forgiven in you, and whenever you feel inclined to remind Tom of a weakness read the book in which is set down your foibles and your follies. A woman who, even after her marriage, carefully studies her profession, can make her husband what she wishes him to be. Everything that is good is contagious, and the right kind of a wife makes the right kind of a husband.

Respect the rights of your husband; he is a man, not a child, and how can the world honor him when you, who are his closest companion, do not? Do not, even in jest, deride or underrate him. People are slow about deciding when one is jesting or when one is earnest. And what you meant to be funny may cause some stupid person to say, "How horrid Tom must be! Why, his wife says dreadful things about him!"—Ruth Ashmore.

The Ministry of Sympathy.

A writer in the United Presbyterian relates the following incident: "There are some natures so constituted that they must have love and sympathy. They never have enough, and they make a large return for what is given. The nobler the nature, the greater is the demand. This is especially manifested in the nearer relations of life. John Paul Richter was upheld by

the mother who entered into his every trial and shared his adversities. The pastor's widow and her boy lived for each other. He sat by her wheel and wrote wonderful pages, which the publishers continued to reject. Four shillings a month was all that mother earned, and when his writings were rejected they wept together over the flax she was spinning. At last the tardy world knocked at the lowly door. All he had written was demanded by an eager public. Fame came just when the old hand was failing and the spinning wheel was running slow. A mother's sympathy made him great and sweetened his wit, while it caused him to write in sober mood, 'I love God, and flowers, and little children.'"

Morality of the Stage.

Mr. Clement Scott, for the past twenty-five years the leading theatrical critic in London, 'no Puritan,' but a 'thorough man of the world,' responds as follows when asked 'whether he considered the stage a place where women could remain moral and respectable?' 'One out of a hundred may be safe, but even then she must hear things that she had better not listen to, and witness things that she had better not see. In every class of life women are exposed to dangers and temptation, but far more in the theatre than elsewhere.' 'This,' says the Pall Mall Gazette, 'is the verdict of the editor of the Theatre and the dramatic critic who, for twenty-five years, has made it his professional business to watch the development of the modern drama.' Such an opinion is of more value, it is fair to suppose, than many rose-water theories of weak-minded apologists for the drama of to-day. And how does it read when contrasted with the opinions and practice of some professed Christians who are always seeking reasons for believing that the theatre is a promoter of good morals, and that opposition to its influence is the offspring of narrow and fanatical prejudice?

A Christian in Youth.

Being a Christian is the most important obligation at any time in life.

Youth is the natural time to decide upon what we are to do and be in life.

Christ sets us the example in his own life.

It is easier to become a Christian in youth, because there are fewer habits of thinking and acting to overcome.

Being a Christian in youth enables a person to spend a longer time in God's service.

Greater skill and power for work can be acquired by beginning the training in early life.

Youth is the best time for training for any effort.

God has revealed it as his will that we should remember him in our youth. Many of the greatest Christian workers and preachers became Christians in early youth.

Being a Christian in youth saves one from innumerable sins which mar the character.

The pleasures and hopes and ambitions of youth are sanctified and ennobled by being a Christian.

There is no time in all the period of mortal existence when one ought not to be a Christian.—The Watchword.

You helped to circulate a rumor against a brother or a sister, a rumor that was wholly false.

You were glad when it turned out that it was false, but it was too late to undo the damage you had done.

Next time give no help to the devil in the work of moral assassination.

The man who seeks his peace in his own perfection will have to wait many days before he finds it.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

Bronchitis Cured.

Mrs. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs,—I have used Hayward's Yellow Oil for my children when they had bronchitis, and always with great success. I use it also for sore throat, and can say there is nothing to equal it as a sure cure.

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Obedience.—The Bible rings with one long demand for obedience. The key-word of the Book of Deuteronomy is, 'Observe and do.' The burden of our Lord's farewell discourse is, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' We must not question or rely or excuse ourselves. We must not pick and choose our way. We must not think that obedience in one direction will compensate for disobedience in some other particular. God gives one command at a time; if we obey this, he will flood our soul with blessing and lead us forward into new paths and pastures. But if we refuse, we shall remain stagnant and water-logged, make no progress in Christian experience and lack both power and joy.—Rev. F. B. Mayer.

It is Dr. Crosby who said, "The poor man should no more omit giving on account of his poverty than the ignorant man should give up praying because of his bad grammar."



The raging lion that ravages the earth, seeking that which it may devour is a fearsome antagonist to fight. Ill-health is a stealthier but much more dangerous enemy. It is always easier and better to avoid it than to fight it. It comes in various guises. At first it is usually as a trifling indigestion or a slight attack of biliousness. Then follow loss of appetite, or headache, or nervousness and sleeplessness, or stupor. These are the advance heralds of consumption, malaria, nervous exhaustion and prostration, and a multitude of other ills.

There is an easy way to avoid, and a sure way to escape from, ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives edge to the appetite, invigorates the liver, makes the digestion perfect and the blood pure. It is the great appetite-sharper, blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic. It cures 93 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It does not make flabby flesh like cod-liver oil, but firm, healthy tissue, without copulency. Honest dealers don't urge substitutes for a little extra profit.

"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery too highly," writes Mrs. Mary A. Seay, of Andersonville, Buckingham Co., Va. "My friends gave me up as dying of consumption. I tried everything, but grew worse, until I became so weak I gave up all my household work. I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have now no more need to take medicine of any kind. I recommend your medicines—the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets'—to my friends with a full belief in their efficiency."

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