

## The Week She Died.

She came and leaned against my tired knees,  
—And questioned me of this and then of that;  
Asked if the dark was made to hide the light,  
—And if the little stars were round or flat;  
I felt I had so many troubling cares  
—And worried thoughts, that I could not abide  
Her restless motions and her tireless toils;  
—Ah me, that was the very week she died.  
It seems to-night, as silently I sit,  
—Nothing would rest me like her leaning form;  
And if she gayly sprang and clasped my neck  
—I should not think her arms too close and warm.

I might have answered her more patiently,  
—And bore her noisy glee. Oh, I have cried,  
Thinking of all the things I might have done;  
—That would have made her glad the week she died.

The snow is cold above her little grave—  
—Above the little feet and dear young head;  
The springtime sun will shine, and warm, and bless  
—Alas, alas, it cannot reach my dead.

The birds will come and sing their happy notes,  
—And grass again will green the valleys wide,  
But ne'er can grass and flowers and songs to me  
—Seem what they did before that week she died.

C. A. M. WEBB in Good Housekeeping.  
**Some Sources of Christian Joy.**

True religion has a large element of joyousness in it. A dejected and lugubrious saint is an anomaly. Saints should always be filled with holy joy. To be otherwise is to make a travesty of religion, and to give a repellent rather than an attractive aspect to it. The religion of Jesus Christ is a joyous thing, because its acceptance on the part of the individual signals a victory over the selfishness and sordidness of the world; release from the tyranny of sin and Satan; the renewing of the heart and mind through the knowledge of the divine Redeemer; the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; adoption into the family of God; and the assurance of a blissful eternity. This is cause enough for gladness of heart, and puts a broad and permanent foundation under the apostle's exhortation: "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."

The knowledge of sins forgiven is a source of great happiness to the Christian. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, something of the same joy abides in the repentant sinner's heart, exercises a leavening influence in his life, and fills it with that joy that is "unspeakable and full of glory." This happiness of spirit is based upon an abiding confidence of acceptance with God, and the possessor of it exclaims with rapture: "How happy every child of grace, Who know his sins forgiven! 'This earth,' he cries, 'is not my place, I seek my place in heaven,—A country far from mortal sight; Yet O, by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepared for me.'"

A peculiar quality of spiritual delight comes from the fellowship of God's people. This contributes in no small degree to that cheerfulness of manner and life that should characterize the members of the household of faith. For these find it literally true that the joy of the Lord is their strength. The things that are distinctly of the world have no attraction for them as compared with the things that pertain to the kingdom of God; and being in vital contact with the source of true spiritual strength, and coming day by day into a large spiritual life, their hearts rejoice, and their spirits partake of a natural and beautiful cheerfulness. It is difficult to think of a morose and chronically petulant person as making satisfactory progress in the spiritual life. Those who are going on unto perfection should be among the happiest, most cheerful, and most contented persons in the world; for they are advancing in their quest for spiritual truth, and are coming more and more into the possession of the mysteries of that kingdom which Paul describes as being "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The ability, disposition, and opportunity to be of service for God and humanity are other sources of Christian happiness. The Christian who is not doing anything for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, who sees no fruit, because he sows no seed, is usually found among the fault-finders; but the Christian who "doth sing and rejoice," is generally the one who is putting into effect that holy Gospel of helpfulness. What greater joy can there be than to see which comes

from leading a soul out of darkness into light; from wresting one from the dominion of Satan, and welcoming him into the kingdom of God; from relieving a heavy laden soul of its oppressive burden; from dispelling the gloom of life by letting in the sunlight of God? There is a sweetness and satisfaction in Christian service such as comes from no other source, and only those who are co-workers with Christ are permitted to become partakers of it. To see the shout of the redeemed soul is a ravishing music, the tear of the penitent is a gladdening sight, and the expressions of the grateful soul are but foretokens of the "Well done, good and faithful servant," that is sure to greet their ears on the last day.

Great happiness comes to the Christian from the hope and prospect of a spiritual life to be spent in the presence of the Father. A sincere and marvelously helpful Christian lay dying the other day, and with her last breath she said: "How beautiful it is to be with God!" This testimony represents the longing of the Christian soul, for whatever the disappointments, vexations, and distresses of this present life may be, he rejoices that his name is "written in heaven;" that he is an heir of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ; and that he will be among those to whom the King shall say: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Rejoicing in this glorious prospect, he sings:

"Safe through this world of night,  
—Lead to the blissful plains,  
The regions of unclouded light,  
—Where joy forever reigns."  
—Chris. Advocate.

## "Brother Joe."

Possibly he is a member of your congregation; he is of ours. You may not call him "Joe." We call him "Joe" because of his plain everyday way, and he is a plain, common, unassuming, everyday man, 365 days in the year.

He attends all church services when in his power to do so, but doesn't go much on outside issues—societies. He says he really has not time after giving the church its just demands on his time and talents.

Another reason is, he believes the "love of the Lord is perfect," and that God our Father, by "his divine power hath given us all things that pertain (belong) to life and godliness," and we are commanded that "whatever we do, do all in the name (authority) of the Lord Jesus."—Col. 3:17. So whatever is not authorized we had best "touch not, taste not, handle not."

But when any brother or sister is sick or in need "Bro. Joe" is always on hand to administer relief and comfort them in their afflictions; and when there is a special or business meeting of the church "Bro. Joe" is at his post to see if the house and lights are in good repair, and everything that he can do necessary to success is willingly and cheerfully contributed. And "Bro. Joe" is always on time and in his place, ready to do his part in the cause so near his heart. Still, all the time, under any and all circumstances, he is the same plain, common, unassuming "Joe," always doing good.

Although he has never been honored with an official position it seems to never have occurred to them that such a plain, practical, everyday man as "Joe" was deserving such a position; yet he is just the same plain, faithful "Joe," faithfully discharging his duty, perfectly contented, asking no reward; and when some gifted, talented, visiting minister showers praise on the officers for the delightful, splendid condition of the church, "Bro. Joe's" countenance may be seen to brighten, and a wistful expression creep over his pleasant face, till one might think he, too, was expecting some words of praise, or a compliment for what he had done. But oh, no, no, poor "Joe" was only glorying in the church—not in "Joe;" and then he is such a sensible man he knows that such words of praise are not for such plain, common men as poor "Joe," but for the prominent, leading, influential members. No doubt poor "Joe" is happy and rejoicing that he is just a simple plain, common servant of the Master.

Thus he goes through life, never murmuring or complaining, but always doing in his plain, unassuming way what he can for lost, fallen humanity and the cause he loves so well, "looking for the blessed and glorious appearing of his Savior," till at last something unusual occurs. "Bro. Joe" is absent on the Lord's day, and you know he is quickly and badly missed. But says one in a criticising way: "Oh, he's not an angel, he is like the rest of us; he's just pouting, he'll come again all right." But another meeting, and poor, faithful "Joe" is not there. Now says one: "Something must be wrong; 'Bro. Joe' is not here," so they call

around to see what the trouble is, and when they visit poor "Joe's" home they find him on the bed of affliction almost ready to cross the "silent river." Still, while he is suffering untold misery, his head bursting with pain, his sacred lips scorched with fever, his body racked with misery, he is the same plain, faithful, uncomplaining, contented, happy "Joe." But at last the long-looked for day comes, when poor faithful "Joe" meets his last enemy, fights his last battle, and passes into the "rest remaining for the people of God." Possibly if he could have spoken he would have said, "I think I see the city and the light upon the shore. I can hear my Savior calling, 'Come, welcome, welcome; rich and poor.'"

Then as "Joe" was such a plain, common man, they prepare a very plain, common casket, and a few plain people bear poor faithful "Joe" to the silent city of the dead.

There is another meeting, but when the congregation gathers for worship the house is not unlocked, the floor not swept, the lamps not cleaned or filled. "Oh," says one, "how we do miss poor 'Joe'!"

Some brothers are sick, and when their neglect is discovered you hear again "poor 'Joe' is gone, and how we do miss him; our church is crippled for life, I fear. I did not know he was so much help; but, oh, how we do miss him."

Had I words to do justice I would like to describe poor faithful "Joe's" reception as he enters the "home of the soul; the Palace Royal of the universe." Brethren, if we have anything good to say of a poor faithful child of God, would it not be best to say it while he is here, rather than put it on his tombstone?

I don't like too much "taffy," yet I think more "taffy" and less epitaphy would be better.

Brother, don't you think we need more faithful "Joes" than we have to-day?—J. T. Bays, in Christian Leader.

## The Valley of Baca.

Every true Christian will find his valley of Baca ending on the mount of God. "They go from strength to strength, every one of them appeareth before God." They increase in faith; they luxuriate in fruitage; they vanish in fruition. "Thou wilt guide me by Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." Gaining as he goes, the steady believer recruits as he rests and sings as he suffers. By and by he reaches his goal. The valley of Baca is "passed through." Then he stands in the full light of God, and shines as he enters.

One supreme moment there is to each faithful Christian's existence, forward to which he may often with profit even now summon himself to look. It will be the finest moment of his earthly life, and it will be the final one. Through one valley, and over one hill after another, he will journey, oftentimes shining, oftentimes shadowed, perhaps worn and weary all the difficult way. But he will, one sweet sunlit morning, really reach the beautiful gates "on golden hinges turning." It would not be a wonder if, amid even the rejoicing he hears from the near throng that welcomes him, he should ask one flashing instant of review to look behind him over the long, devious path he has trodden. Then he will understand it at last. It may not have been what he would have chosen, but its discipline was profitable, and now its end is peace, eternal, sacred peace.

"Along my earthly way how many clouds are spread!  
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,  
seems gathering o'er my head.  
Yet, Father, Thou art Love; O, hide not from my view!  
But when I look, in prayer, above,  
appear in mercy through.  
My pathway is not hid; Thou knowest all my need;  
And I would do as Israel did—follow where Thou wilt lead.  
Lead me, and then my feet shall never, never stray;  
But safely I shall reach the seat of happiness and day.  
And, O, from that bright throne I shall look back and see  
The path I went, and that alone was the right path for me."  
—C. S. Robinson, D. D.

## Praying for More Faith.

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayer, very often it is not more faith at all they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight.

"What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"  
"Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out of it."  
"Ah, if I only knew what blessing there was in it, I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it."

"What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"  
"Do it, and grow by doing it."  
"Ah, yes, if I could only see that it

would make me grow."  
In both these cases do you not see that what you are pegging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight?

You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task.  
Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it;" but, "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith walking in the dark with God only prays Him to clasp its hand more closely; does not even ask Him for the lighting of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself.—Phillips Brooks.

## The Dying Girl.

I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father, she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poorhouse, her couch the hospital cot, and yet, as she staggered in her weakness there, she picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the crossing.

"Oh, sir," she said, "God sends His angels. I have read in His Word: 'Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?' And when I am lying in my cot they stand about me on this floor, and when the heavy darkness comes and this poor side aches so severely, He comes, for He says, 'Lo, I am with you,' and I sleep, I rest."—Bishop C. H. Fowler.

## A Story of Phillips Brooks.

Every story that sheds light on the personality of Phillips Brooks should be made current coin. Hence we quote the tale told by Bishop McVickar of Rhode Island to the guests at a dinner given in his honor last week. Bishop McVickar was Bishop Brooks' most intimate friend. He says:—

"I was sauntering with him from church in Lucerne in Switzerland; and he said something so boyish and fresh, just as he was ever wont to do. I stopped and looked at him, and said, 'Brooks, it seems so strange that you should be a bishop.' He looked at me with almost a startled expression; and he said, 'McVickar, it seems so strange to me that sometimes, when I am putting on my clothes, I have to stop and laugh.' It was just the freshness of that man which always kept him young, and which I am sure you will understand as I give it; for I venture to say there has never been such a bishop in our or any other church."—Congregationalist.

## Take Time.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.

Take time to read a few verses from God's Word each day.

Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile or a pleasant word falls like sunbeams upon the hearts of those around us.

Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "If you please," "Excuse me," etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity, and, you know,

True politeness is to do or say the kindest things in the kindest way.

Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over almost any child.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.—Christian Observer.

## Value of a Happy Home.

"Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices and strife."

A home may be crowded with good things, if strife has its abode there, it is an unhappy home. On the other hand, there may be only a dry morsel, but if quietness reigns there it is a happy home.

You may live in a mansion finely furnished; your table may be furnished with the richest provisions that the markets can afford; you may have servants and all else that this world can afford, but what do all these things amount to if there be contention and strife in that home? What a luxury is a happy home!—Christian Standard.

## Dr. Pentecost's Plan.

Write down the ten names of unconverted acquaintances. Ask God to direct your thought to the right ones, to lay them on your heart and conscience. Pray for their conversion

by name. Set your whole heart to win them to Christ. Tell them you are concerned for them. Endeavor to interest them in their own salvation. Bring them to the meetings. If you cannot speak with them, write to them, tell them God has laid their souls upon your heart, and lovingly plead with them to consider. The unconverted are more surprised that we do not speak to them than that we do.—Selected.

REMARKABLE HINDU WILL.—The Free Church Monthly gives the following instance of the gratitude of Hindu students: R. Chandra Chandra, a caste Hindu, was converted to Christ in the Duff College, and baptized by the late Rev. Dr. Mackay. He passed into the Bengal Medical Service, and distinguished himself both as a regimental surgeon and a medical professor. Surgeon-Major R. Chandra Chandra married the late sister of the present Lord Chancellor, now Earl Halsbury. On her death, and his return to India, Dr. Chandra Chandra made a will, under which, after providing for his Hindu brother and sister and three sisters' sons, and for a small hospital in memory of his wife, he bequeathed £500 to our foreign missions, and a capital Chandra Fund of Rs. 3,750 (say £230), the interest to go to our Calcutta Bengali Church's Sustentation Fund, to the mission, and to the girls' school. The will was declared informal by the court, and the whole passed to the nearest Hindu heirs. They have most generously resolved to carry out their Christian brother's intention, and have paid over the amounts left for our missionary purposes.

LIVING ELOQUENTLY.—Speaking eloquently is the gift of a few; living eloquently is within the reach of all. Our lives can utter wonderful things in witness of our Master. William the Silent of lip was William the Eloquent of life. Those who are, to their own dismay, faltering and dumb in the prayer-meeting, may give forth in their daily life words of power and of praise. Indeed, life fervor is an essential element in all eloquence. Who would be won by the strongest appeal of the man he believed to be a hypocrite? Life eloquence is, after all, what counts for most. Well is it if we be gifted with the power of speaking to the point; but above all things is the message brought to the understandings of men by those who "with their lives express the holy gospel they profess."—S. S. Times.

The Christians that withhold the one-tenth of their income from the Lord, the devil will work them almost to death, and they will be hard run at last.—Rev. W. H. Fisher.

## When You Are Tired

Without exertion, languid, dull and listless, your blood is failing to supply to your muscles and other organs the vitalizing and strengthening properties they require. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling by enriching and purifying the blood. It will give you energy and vigor.

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## Grippe's Legacy.

Grippe too often leaves behind it weakened heart, shattered nerves and undermined health. Nothing will restore the system to its old time vigor so quickly and perfectly as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mrs. John Quigley, 300 Sheriff Street, St. John, says:—"Since I had an attack of Grippe I have been weak, nervous and run down. I doctored with some of the best Physicians, but got no relief until I commenced using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which have completely cured me."

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## A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. J. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her case as follows: "For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make my heart flutter, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all these symptoms are gone and I am completely cured."



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