

## A Woman's Prayer.

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine,  
Help me to bear each cross, and not repine;  
Grant me fresh courage every day;  
Help me to do my work all day  
Without complaint.

O Lord, thou knowest well how dark the  
way,  
Guide thou my footsteps, lest they stray.  
Give me fresh faith for every hour,  
Lest I should ever doubt thy power,  
And make complaint.

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure;  
Help me to keep it simple, pure;  
Make me unselfish, helpful, true  
In every act, what'er I do.  
And keep content.

Help me to do my woman's share;  
Be me courageous, strong to bear  
Sunshine or shadow in my life;  
Sustain me in the daily strife  
To keep content.

—Anna B. Baldwin, in Ladies' Home  
Journal.

## The Drunkard's Sermon.

AN UNEXPECTED RESPONSE TO A RE-  
QUEST THAT HE PAY FOR HIS  
DRINK WITH A SPEECH.

It was growing late. The tide of humanity that earlier in the evening had ebbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had swept onward, leaving the strange and almost appalling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed. The electric light flared unnoticed on the corners; the street cars passed at further intervals; now and then a night worker hurried by, his footsteps ringing out loud and clear in the stillness.

In front of a saloon whose lights shone out bright and ruddy across the pavement stood a tramp, unshorn, ragged, dirty, disgusting. He watched with envious eyes the men who passed in and out through the swinging doors, and then he turned his eyes toward two young fellows in evening dress who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

Said one, "Think of having a thirst like that, and not the price of an extinguisher in your pocket! Beats old Tantalus all to pieces, eh? Liquor—liquor everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other young fellow interposed.

"Say," he said, "let's to the good Samaritan act and set Hobo up to a good drink."

The other hilariously consented and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the gilded youths. The barkeeper set before them glasses and liquors, and with a hand that shook the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips.

"Stop!" cried one of the young men drunkenly, "make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to night at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once young and handsome as yours. This shuffling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had a home, and friends and position."

"I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dreams, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup and, Cleopatra like, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard's father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and, at last, strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all, swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut to again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.

—[New Orleans Picayune.

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

## Church-Going Royalty.

It is so natural to think of the "Continental Sunday" as a careless holiday that one reads, with some amazement, the comments of the German newspapers on a recent act of the emperor. His participation in a Sunday hunting party seems to have shocked many of his subjects, and surprised all; and the great organs of public opinion have not failed to tell him so.

The fact is that, of late years, the German Sunday has been more in harmony with the Puritan spirit than the "Continental." William II., his family and his court have always honored the Sabbath. He has repeatedly declined to countenance Sunday sports. He has rarely, if ever, failed to attend church. It is safe to say he always regrets the freakish action that seemed to mark an abandonment of his principles.

Sunday at the German court is generally a quiet day. After service, the emperor visits the headquarters guard, to give the parole and receive the commander's report. In the afternoon he goes for a drive or a sail on the river, and the evening is devoted to his family.

For the time, the emperor puts aside all the cares of office, nor does he take advantage of his station to seek new forms of entertainment. One touch of nature lightens his observance; an order that the sermons preached before him shall never be more than fifteen minutes long!

There was a period, not so many years ago, when all Berlin made merry on Sunday. That the young emperor has set his disapproval on the Sunday theatre and the beer-garden is supposed to be due in part of the influence of his grandmother, Queen Victoria.

At the English court, the day is truly a day of rest, for masters and servants alike. Business of State is forbidden; dinner-parties, arranged for other days, never break in upon this one.

Dinner service is held at eleven o'clock in the palace chapel. In Scotland the Presbyterian service is used, in England the Anglican. The Queen's chaplains officiate in rotation. As a rule, the Princess Beatrice plays the organ, and the Queen, who enters quietly after every one else is seated, joins heartily in the singing.

As for the Prince of Wales, it is said he not only makes it a point to attend church every Sunday morning, but insists that his guests and household shall go. When staying at Sandringham, he is the last to leave the palace, thereby making sure that no one shall avoid the duty!

Of the Continental monarchs in general, it may be said that few of them are indifferent to the claims of religion. None but the tsar is the spiritual and temporal head of the State church, yet none of them wholly fail to yield the church support or reverence. They realize, as all thoughtful persons must, that religion is necessary to the highest development of both individual character and national life. And though religious forms do not always enshrine a religious spirit, the observance of them is a "reasonable tribute" which even a nation's ruler is bound to render to the King of kings.

## How to Give Cheerfully.

There lived in a little village an old man and woman who were very poor. They earned their living by weaving. By working hard they could earn about four shillings a week. By being very careful they managed to live on this sum. They had no debts, but not a penny to spare.

One day they returned home from a missionary meeting feeling very sad—they had nothing to give.

"Wife," said the husband, "doesn't it make you feel bad to think that we haven't a penny to give for the heathen? We both know how blessed it is to have a Saviour, yet we can not help to spread the news."

"I've been thinking about it," she said. "If we only knew a way to earn a little money. There is what we put aside to bury us, but it wouldn't be right to take it, for then somebody else would have to pay our funeral expenses; and as for eating less than we do now, that is impossible, for we would get sick, and other people would have to take care of us. I don't see any way."

"We must tell the Lord about it," the old man said. And as it was time for family worship they knelt down to pray.

Two months afterward, one cold winter morning, there came a knock at the minister's door. When he opened it, there stood the old woman, her face bright with joy.

"I've brought our money for the missionaries," she said. "My husband and I are so glad to show somebody the way to the Saviour."

Then she unwrapped a large piece of paper and carefully counted five pennies.

The minister was surprised, for he knew that these two people were very poor. How could they spare even five pennies? But she had a joyful story to tell:

"Why, we wanted to give something, and we didn't see how; so we asked the Lord about it, and he put it into our hearts to save the potato parings. We have to use a dozen small potatoes a day, for it is all we have to eat. Well, I dried the parings and kept them in a bag until I got a nice lot, and this morning I took them to a neighbor who keeps pigs, and she gave me five pennies. We are so glad to give it!"

Then the old woman, nearly eighty years, limped away leaning on her cane, her face aglow. Her pastor could not keep back the tears as he looked at the five pennies.

"O thou faithful God," said he, "how well these children of thine have understood thee! And by and by thou wilt give them good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over."—Pansy, in Way of Life.

## Turned Him Out of Doors.

One New York husband has been cured of the drink habit by his wife in a novel manner. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Munge lived at 430 West Thirty-sixth street. The couple have not been married long and up to one night last week, their wedded life had been one long, blissful dream. On that fateful night the young wife had a rude shock. Her spouse came home drunk. It was the first time she had seen him under the influence of liquor, and, in fact, it was the first announcement she had that he drank. Her presence of mind came to her, and she was quick to act. Pulling her husband from under the table where he had fallen, she shook him in no gentle manner to wake him.

"Get out of my house. You don't belong here," she said. "I don't know you. My husband is a sober man. Pick up your hat and go. You cannot stay here."

Mrs. Munge picked up his hat and coat, and, after helping him on with them, led him to the door.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are not my wife?" he demanded.

"Why, certainly, I'm not your wife."

"Then I'll go and throw myself into the river," he said. He did not go to the river, though, but to the Thirty-seventh Street station.

"My wife doesn't know me because I'm drunk," he told the sergeant, "and I want to be locked up." He was accommodated, and in the West Side court was discharged. Mrs. Munge was cooking breakfast when there came a knock at the door. There stood her husband, sober but pale.

"Now, you look like yourself again," said Mrs. Munge happily. "It wasn't my Frank who came here drunk Saturday night."

And Munge, as he sat meekly down to breakfast, vowed never to drink again.—Chicago Chronicle.

## Baptism and Circumcision.

If baptism was substituted for circumcision, how comes it that both were practiced at the same time? That is like making a man serve and his substitute, too. When the substitute is murdered in the principal ought to be murdered, too. Now, we find that both circumcision and baptism were simultaneously practiced at the time of Christ and the apostles. If one came in place of the other, where one began the other should have stopped. Nay, more; certainly those who had already actually received the circumcision should not have been baptized. This is to make John, and the apostles virtually guilty of ana-baptism—baptizing those who had already been baptized; if, indeed, the ordinances are one in meaning and one in end, as our brethren contend. We even find that in one case Paul circumcised a man after his baptism, and doubtless the thing was of no done, but in opposition to apostolic authority. The fact is, that so far from the believing Jews laying aside circumcision, they, at first, wanted to have the rite fastened on Gentile Christians; and many of the latter, from a mistaken notion, desired the same thing themselves.—Christian Index.

## For His Mother's Sake.

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter, when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stooped over the pile of mangled flowers, and looking them carefully through, came at last upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest. But as he tenderly picked it up, the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand.

He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy who had been looking at him, said: "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother."

She's sick and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell it might make her feel better."

"Just wait a minute," said the florist's boy, as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-opened rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

"There," he said, "take that to your mother."

He had meant to put that rose on his mother's grave, and yet he knew that he had done the better thing. "She'll understand," he said to himself; "and I know this will please her most."—Epworth Era.

## "Chapel of the Seas."

The most wonderful cave in the world is in the island of Tonga, in the South Pacific. Byron called it, "a chapel of the seas." It is formed in a rock that is almost surrounded by the ocean. The rock is about sixty feet high, and broad proportionately.

Many years ago a boy, says the London Weekly Telegraph, the son of a native chief, was chasing a huge turtle, when his game seemed to sink into the rock. The lad watched and waited until the tide fell, disclosing a small opening in the rock about six feet under low water mark.

Diving boldly, the young hunter entered the aperture, and, to his surprise, came to the surface inside the rock. The rock was hollow, and its interior was found afterward, when the natives explored it with torches, to contain many beautiful stalactites.

When attacked and followed by enemies the natives, who know the secret, leave their canoes, plunge into the water, and disappear. Their foes linger, astonished at their disappearance, for no person not acquainted with it would suspect that the rock was hollow.

## The Last Kiss.

Living near my home was a boy who went to his work late one Monday morning. He would have been on time had he not remembered, as he was running to catch the last car that would bring him to town, that he had forgotten to kiss his mother good-bye. He let that car go, went home again and tenderly kissed his mother.

In the awful fire he was killed. When she looked into his face a few hours afterward, and kissed his cold lips, there was no response. But there was a sweet memory that softened the deep sorrow. It was the recollection of the last kiss upon which his affectionate heart had put such a premium. All through the lingering years of that mother's sad life, her boy will return to her every morning and kiss her again. The broken heart will be healed, and by-and-by she will look forward and wait and long and pray for the first kiss in "the far-away home of the soul," where the good byes never spoken. There is a lesson in this for you, dear friend. Take it to your heart.—Epworth Herald.

## How the Children Kept the Bible.

In reading the History of the Waldenses, it is most wonderful how these persecuted people preserved the Bible. You young people who have a Bible at your elbow to read from at any time, can hardly imagine what struggles "the Israel of the Alps," as a writer calls them, had to worship God according to the teachings of the Word.

Amid the terrible persecutions and destitutions of their life in the Alpine mountains, they taught their children to memorize chapters, so that, whatever might befall the written copies of the Bible, large portions of it might be secure in the memories of their youths and maidens. In secret meetings, when they went by night barefooted or with shoes bound with rags, so that they might not be heard in passing, it was their custom to listen to the Gospels recited in turn by the young, each one responsible for a certain portion.

## Will You Try?

Will you try to get rid of constipation if we tell you how? The remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. It puts the stomach, liver and bowels in perfect order. We prove what we print: "I think there is no equal to B. B. B. for consumption," says Mrs. Thomas Tamblin, Oshawa, Ont. "It cured both my husband and myself after using only five bottles in all."

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We have all heard of the old minister who preached the same sermon for three Sundays in succession, and when a fresh one was demanded inquired interestedly, "And have you lived up to all of that one?" And yet, as a matter of fact, we all demand a great deal more of the preacher in the way of sermons than we are apt to demand of ourselves in the way of living. It would be worth our while to ask ourselves, when we become imperative in our cry for "something new," how much of the old we have really taken in and lived out.

Some women have cast fine brick houses into the refuse barrel; and some men have swallowed big farms.

Public duty demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known, but made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected, but defeated.



The story is told of a young married woman who asked another young married woman how she managed to get along so amicably with her husband. The answer was, "I feed the brute—his stomach with food and his mind with flattery." Even a man will have to admit that this young woman had solved about two-thirds of the art of making the average man happy. The other third consists of keeping his body in such condition that he will enjoy his food and his mind in this respect, and when he is susceptible to flattery. It isn't much use, to put tempting food before a man who hasn't an appetite. It doesn't pay to lavish smiles on a man whose nerves are racked and overworked.

The average man pays very little attention to his health, and won't take medicine of his own accord until he is flat on his back. A shrewd wife will keep an eye on her husband's welfare in this respect, and when she sees that he is bilious or suffering from indigestion, or is generally out of sorts, will see that he resorts to that most wonderful of all investigators, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best of all appetite-sharpeners, blood-makers and flesh-builders. It corrects all disorders of the digestion and makes the liver active and the blood pure. It tones the nerves and cures all cases of nervous exhaustion and prostration. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, throat and kindred ailments. Medicine dealers sell it.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 80 pounds. I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as ever and weigh 125 pounds."

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