

Living.

"How to make lives worth living?"
The questions haunt us every day;
It colors the first blush of sunrise,
It deepens the twilight's last ray.
There is nothing that brings us drearier
pain
Than the thought "We have lived, we are
living, in vain."

We need each and all to be needed,
To feel we have something to give
Towards soothing the moan of earth's
hunger;
And we know that then only we live
When we feed one another as we have been
fed
From the hand that gives body and spirit
their bread.

Our lives, they are well worth the living
When we lose our small selves in the
whole,
And feel the strong surges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one
soul.
Eternity bows up each honest endeavor;
The life lost for love is life saved forever.
—Lucy Larcom.

Farmer John.

"The old farmers and farmers," said
the dear old wife of one of them, as
we sat on the veranda of the quaint
old farm-house one summer evening.
The red gold light of the setting
sun streamed over us. Tall holly-
hocks nodded to us from the high
side fence. Sweet old-fashioned
pinks wafted their fragrance to us.
There were cabbage roses beside the
steps, and over on the western
slope a mass of tangled shrubbery.
Over all was the red gold glimmer,
tinging the face of nature and mak-
ing it glow with beauty.

Now there was Farmer John—
he was a farmer worth the name.

Is he dead?
Dead! said she, why no, such a
man as Farmer John couldn't die.
He sleeps in Jesus. That's what it
says on his tombstone, and that's
what Farmer John is doing—sleep-
ing in Jesus. He sleeps—that is
well, he needs the rest, but some
day he'll awaken and then—

And then?
Well—well—I hardly know how
to put it, but that day—you know,
when He makes up His jewels, why
Farmer John'll be there. I'm
sure of it; I wish I was as sure of
my bein' there. She sighed, think-
ing of herself, then she smiled,
thinking of Farmer John.

You see it wasn't 'cause he was
any richer than the other farmers
'round here; he wasn't, but it was
because he could see better, that he
managed to lift so many burdens
for folks that weren't able to bear
'em.

See?
Why, I don't mean just seein'
with the eyes. You might know
there's other ways of seein' 'cordin'
to my thinkin'. Mebbe its seein'
with the soul. I dunno—anyway
its seein'. Now there was Almury
Crane. Some folks thought 'twas
all clear sailin' with Almury, for he
had that pride he wouldn't let on
but 'twas. Now I don't mean that
Almury was uppish, 'cause she never
was. The pride she had was the
kind that keeps folks' affairs to
themselves. Almury kept her pov-
erty to herself. Most folks knew or
thought they knew, that she was as
well off as she'd ever been, an' she
let them think so, but Farmer John
knew better. She'd had some money
in the bank, but it had dwindled
away, and Almury used to lie awake
nights, wonderin' what would be
come of her. Mebbe you're think-
ing that Almury was a deft lookin',
but 'twas so. She was as cheerful
and chipper, apparently as any one.

But there was one person who
could read between the lines, as it
were. He saw the lines deepening
around the thin lips, and he knew
what it meant. This was Farmer
John. Almury had a little garden.
She had sowed and planted and
cared for it herself, notwithstanding
her weakness and lameness and the
burden of her sixty-five years. She
raised herbs, too, peppermint, cat-
nip, tansy and thoroughwort. One
day toward evenin', Almury put up
her knitting and fell upon her knees.
She didn't pray her usual prayer;
she couldn't, but she wailed forth:

I don't know what I'm going to
do. Oh, Lord; I don't know.

The sun peered into the western
window to say good night, touching
the thin, white hair, of the bowed
Almury tenderly; then it vanished
and the shadows deepened around
her. She was still on her knees,
but her prayer was now voiceless.
The light died out. The darkness
wrapped her in a winding cloak.
She tried in her grateful way to
thank the Lord for her little home,
her dear old home with its precious
memories, and the things, but she
was faint from hunger. She couldn't
eat the house, you know, nor the
things, and she had no work or
money. The vegetables were all
gone long ago. As for meat, she
had most forgotten the taste of it.

Again came the words, I don't
know what I'm going to do, Oh,
Lord; I don't know, and then there
fell a perfect storm of weeping. In
the midst of it some horses drew up
to the door, and then came a rap.

The rap was repeated, two or three
times before the door opened, for
Almury had to wash her tearful
face first and summon a smile to her
blue lips. She lit the lamp, too;
then she opened the door. There
stood Farmer John with his sunshiny
face and cheery greeting. He shook
hands in his warm-hearted way, but
he declined Almury's invitation to
come in.

I can't, he said, the horses are out
here, and it's getting late. I just
stopped to leave this basket. We've
been killin' up to our house and I've
brought you a taste. And now
Almury could you give me a little
catnip? Our folks didn't gather any
and there's that baby.

He was pretendin'—you see—
that he wanted that catnip as a
favor. And then when he carried
that big basket in, he managed to
get a good look into Almury's face.
That was enough. He knew the
Lord had led him there that night.
After he'd gone, Almury looked into
the basket, then she set down and
cried, but this time it was for joy.
What was in the basket, do you say?
Why, there was sage, and tender-
loin, and spare rib and a ham. And
the very next day, there came a bag
of flour from Farmer John's mill at
the Corners.

I want you to try it, Almury, was
Farmer John's excuse for sending it.
I want to get your opinion.
And so it went; sometimes it was
chickens, sometimes eggs or potatoes
or apples, and he always wanted
something in payment, peppermint
or thoroughwort or some caraway
seeds, a pretending you know, so as
not to hurt her feelings.

But my, Almury wasn't the only
one Farmer John helped in his
loving hearty way, just going 'round
quietly, not letting his left hand
know what his right hand was
doing. Now when poor Hetty
Snow's baby died, and there wasn't
a cent to buy a coffin for the dead
or bread for the livin', Farmer John
knew he was wanted, and there he
was. And then that night when
Drunken Joe died, there was poor
little Sue, white and scared and
miserable until Farmer John came
along. He lifted her up and carried
her off to his home, where she still
is. Then there's Burt Havens, his
father was in prison, and because of
that, people give the cold shoulder
to the poor boy.

Tisn't right, said Farmer John.
What's the use of baning the poor
boy for what he can't help? and
then he took him in, and if I do
say it, there ain't a better boy any
where than Burt Havens. It's all
because of Farmer John.

When did you say he died?
The old lady smiled. He isn't
dead, you know, I told you, he's
asleep in Jesus. He will be awake
in that day when 'He maketh up
His jewels.'—N. Y. Observer.

A Lesson For Parents.

The greatest institution upon
earth is the home. First, the home
of the family of God, the church;
then our earthly home. All the
good in the church, state, society
and world at large must be nurtured
and fostered in some home.

The home is a kingdom at whose
throne literature, pleasure, good and
evil, beg for recognition. It is the
garden in which the seeds of after-
governments and dynasties are
planted, and where the flowers of
truth and nobility blossom. If ever
God's angels leave their celestial
dwellings, and hover with anxious
care over human labors, it is to
guard and guide and protect the
builders of home.

No more responsible office is en-
trusted to any government official,
and no greater privilege is granted
to royal guests than the privilege
and responsibility that comes to
parents.

Desired or undesired, the little
babe comes to nestle its tiny head
upon its mother's bosom, and to
slowly twine its little life around
two hearts and make two souls one.
Then the problem of how to care
for and train this encased immort-
ality confronts us. Young, very
young indeed, must the little will
be governed, and the lesson of
parental authority be learned.
Ignorant of the best plans, we turn
to God for guidance.

The race is but a family. In its
infancy God walked and talked with
his children. So when evening came
and the Father came to spend his
accustomed twilight hour with his
little ones, he walked up and down
the garden, and when his guilty
children failed to meet him he
lovingly called: Adam, where art
thou? They were young and in-
capable of understanding or remem-
bering much, so God gave unto
them but one command, but he
punished severely a disobedience so
apparently trifling. Every deed of
his young children was rewarded.
Quarrelsome, vicious Cain was
bereft of friends; spiritual Enoch was
taken to walk with him; obedient
Noah was saved from destruction;
faithful Abraham became the father
of the faithful, and worldly-minded
Lot lost his possessions.

God never—notice, parents—

never falsified to his children, either
with threats or promises. As his
family grew older and more capable
of understanding, he gave to them
commandments of thou shalt, and
thou shalt not. Not wishy-washy
exhortations and after-scooldings,
but rigid commands, exacting much
and giving much. It was not until
the world was older, and had
learned of God's faithfulness, truth-
fulness and goodness that he said,
If ye love me, ye will keep my com-
mandments. Even so a child does
not obey a parent from love until
they have learned that the parent is
a capable, truthful and wise ruler.
Ever-indulgent and unexacting
parents never receive the respect
and obedience from their children
that come to the firm, yet kind
parent.

It seemed hard to the Jews that
God was always so exacting. At
times he even appeared unsympa-
thetic, but notice, there were
always times of disobedience or
neglect on the part of Israel. Israel
never drew nigh unto God, but what
God drew nigh unto them, and gave
protection, food, guidance, or sym-
pathy as the need demanded.

God never forgot a promise nor
excused a wrong. He promised
death to the offender who should
lay hands upon the tables of stone
containing the engraved ten com-
mandments, and death came, al-
though the deed was done to protect
God's property. He did that which
was for the lasting good of his chil-
dren. He denied when he knew
best, excepting in cases when knowl-
edge would teach a valuable lesson.
He warned, admonished, rewarded
and punished all for Israel's good.
When his children were old enough
he entrusted them with the most
responsible labors, and left their
acts to their judgment with his
counsel, guidance and warning, to-
gether with their love. Even so,
should we. It takes time, trouble,
patience and wisdom; but combine
God's wisdom, had for the asking,
with our love, and we can guide
rightly.

Take time to guide rightly these souls
from on high,
God will ask back the spirit of these
by and by;
The respect of our children, their
homage and love,
Will shine like a halo around and
above.

They'll be life's benediction, and in
heaven we shall wear
A rich crown resplendent with gems
bright and fair.

—Christian Standard.

At the Prison Gate.

Passing the State prison in
Wethersfield on foot, one spring
morning, thirty years ago, said an
old gentleman recently—one of the
prison commissioners of the State
of Connecticut—I saw the gate
open, a man came out, and the gate
close again. The man looked pale
and worn and sad. He stood by
the gate, in a perplexed, undecided
way, and I noticed that the tears
were streaming down his cheeks.
He looked up and down the road,
up at the sky, then stood with
bowed head.

Where now, my friend? I asked
cheerfully.

I don't know, good sir, replied
the man sadly. I was just thinking
that I would throw my hat straight
up into the air and go the way the
wind blew it. I would rather go
back into the prison, but they won't
have me now that I have worked
out my sentence. They won't have
me there, and I don't suppose they
will have me anywhere, he went on
in a broken voice, but I have got to
be somewhere. I don't know what
will become of me; foresight isn't as
good as hindsight, sir.

I am walking to Hartford; take
passage with me, I said.
You won't care to be in such
company he replied, looking at me
incredulously. Perhaps you don't
understand that I have just worked
out a sentence in the State prison
here.

I understand, I said. We are all
wayfarers; come along; and we will
talk the matter over, and decide as
we go what can be done for you.
It was a lovely, warm day. We
walked slowly and talked a good
deal, or, rather, my companion
talked, and I encouraged him to do
so. He answered my questions
frankly, clutching hungrily at my
ready sympathy. He was very free
to talk of himself, and said at last,
as I smiled at some unimportant
disclosure:

Reserve was never one of my fail-
ings, sir. If I tell any thing, I tell
all. That is the way I came to get
into prison. Had I kept silent, I
should have gone free; but by this
time, my heart, full of pent-up sin,
would have been a mass of corrup-
tion.

I found that he had made shoes
in the prison. I never had a trade
before, he said. I think if I had, I
would not have fallen into errors.
Had I had a legitimate way of
getting a living, I would not have
been tempted as I was. I have a
good trade to begin on now, how-

ever. I have brought that away
with me, as well as a bitter memory
and a lasting disgrace.

It is not the fact of your being
in prison, but the crime that carried
you there, wherein lies the sin, I
said.

But those who are not found out
escape the disgrace, he replied
bitterly with a deep sigh, and I
hastened to say:

I think I know a man here in the
city who will hire you. He is a
large shoe manufacturer, and I am
sure he will make a place for you as
a favor to me, even if he does not
really need a man.

The more I thought about it, the
more confident I felt that my friend
would take him into his manu-
factury.

If I were in your place, I said, as
we entered the city, I would not
lose a word about having been in
prison.

The poor fellow stopped short
and looked at me. The hopeful
look dropped out of his face, his
eyes filled with tears, and he said
in a broken voice:

You have been very kind, but I
had better bid you good-bye, sir. I
cannot live and lie. I promised my
God last night in my cell, that was
so dark at first, but so light at last
when Jesus came to me there, that
I would be true whatever befell me,
and I will keep my word.

Forgive me for tempting you at
the outset, I said. Come on.
I saw my friend, and told him
the whole story. He had a little
talk with my man, and made a bar-
gain with him. That night just at
the hour for the shop to close, we
three went into the work room.

Here is a poor fellow who was
discharged this morning from the
Connecticut State prison, said the
proprietor, I am going to give him a
start in life by taking him into the
shop; he will begin work to-morrow.

There were indignant glances
among the men, and one spoke up
hastily:

I shall leave if he stays. I will
not work with a jail bird.

Very well, said the employer,
any one who wishes to leave can
bring in a bill of his time in the
morning.

Only one man—the man who had
constituted himself spokesman—
left.

Ten years later that discharged
convict was the owner of that man
ufactory, and the man who would
not work with a jail-bird was one
of his journeymen. As I said to
begin with, that was thirty years
ago. The man whom I met at the
prison door is now a Senator in the
Legislature of one of our New Eng-
land States. He said to me the
other day:

I tremble when I think what the
result might have been, had an
evil, instead of a good, friend met
me outside of the prison door.—
Advocate and Guardian.

Boy Character.

It is the greatest delusion in the
world for a boy to get the idea that
his life is of no consequence and
that the character of it will not be
noticed. A manly, truthful boy
will shine like a star in any com-
munity. A boy may possess as
much of noble character as a man.
He may so speak and live the truth
that there shall be no discount on
his word. And there are such
noble Christian boys, and wider and
deeper than they are apt to think is
their influence. They are the king
boys among their fellows, having an
immense influence for good, and
loved and respected because of the
simple fact of living truth. Dear
boys, do be truthful. Keep your
word as absolutely sacred. Keep
your appointments at the house of
God. Be known for your fidelity
to the interests of the church and
Sunday-school. Be true in every
friendship. Help others to be and
do good.—Child's Paper.

Contentment has one advantage
over wealth; people don't try to
borrow it from you.

Sores Gone. Skin Clear.

Mrs. Phillip M. Webb, St. Mary's
Ont., says:—"My little boy, aged 10,
was a complete mass of sores, caused
by bad blood. We could find nothing
to cure him. Finally I got a bottle of
Burdock Blood Bitters, and before half
the bottle was gone he began to im-
prove, and by the time the bottle was
finished he had not a sore on him."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup
stands at the head of the list for all
diseases of the throat and lungs. It
acts like magic in breaking up a cold.
A cough is soon subdued, tightness of
the chest is relieved, even the worst
case of consumption is relieved, while
in recent cases it may be said never to
fail. It is a medicine prepared from
the active principles or virtues of sev-
eral medicinal herbs, and can be de-
pended upon for all pulmonary com-
plaints.

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

The Glory of the Resurrection

My satisfaction is to come. I do
not look for it as yet. I shall sleep
awhile, but I shall awake at the
sound of the trumpet, wake to ever-
lasting joy, because I rise in Thy
likeness, O my God and my King.
Glimpses of glory good men have
here below to stay their sacred hun-
ger, but the full feast awaits them
in the upper skies. Compared with
this deep, ineffable, eternal fullness
of delight, the joys of the worldlings
are as a glow-worm to the sun, or a
drop to the ocean.

Duty is the thing a man tries to
avoid doing by asking advice.

Teachers will accomplish very
little in securing home study of the
lesson, unless they definitely lay out
the work for the scholars on the
previous Sunday.

A Christian in this world is but
gold in the ore; at death the pure
gold is melted out and separated,
and the dross cast away and con-
sumed.—Flavel.



"YES OR NO."
When a young wo-
man answers "yes"
to the impetuous woo-
ing of an honorable
and ambitious young
man, it depends largely
upon her health
whether she will be a
happy or an unhappy
wife. A young wife
who suffers from weakness and disease of
the delicate and important organs that are
distinctly feminine is sure to fail of happy
wifehood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
imparts health, strength, virility and
elasticity to the womanly organism. It fits
for healthy wifehood and capable mother-
hood. It allays inflammation, heals ulcer-
ation, soothes pain and invigorates and
vitalizes. It banishes the nausea and com-
plaints of the expectant period and makes
the little one's arrival easy and almost
painless. It insures baby's health and a
bountiful supply of nourishment. Thou-
sands of homes that for years had only
needed the added tie of a baby to make
them happy now re-echo with the laughter
of happy, healthy children, as a result of
the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.
Over 60,000 women
have testified to its marvelous results
in writing.

This wonderful medicine is the discovery
of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr.
R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consult-
ing physician to the great Invalids' Hotel
and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. By
writing to Dr. Pierce, asking women can
secure the free advice of a specialist who
has treated more women than any other
physician in the world, and avoid the dis-
gusting examinations and local treatment
insisted upon by obscure doctors. The
"Favorite Prescription" is sold by all good
medicine dealers.

Send thirty-one one-cent stamps, to
cover cost of customs and mailing only,
for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's
Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth
binding fifty cents. Address Dr. R. V.
Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

JULY 4TH.

PRICES TO CLEAR

—IN—

DRESS GOODS

THIS MONTH

—AT—

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

NEW CARPETS

We invite inspection of our NEW
CARPETS, which are a marvel of beauty
and for tasteful combination of colors,
they are excellent.

All Carpets cut and matched free of charge;
Orders by mail promptly attended to.

TENNANT, DAVIES & CLARKE

New Idea Patterns one price 15 cts each F.T.C.

A Martyr to Diarrhoea.

Tells of relief from suffering by
Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There are many people martyrs to
bowel complaints who would find Dr.
Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a
wonderful blessing to them. It not only
checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals
the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that
permanent relief is obtained.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont.,
sends the following letter: "For three
past two or three
years I have been a
martyr to that dread-
ful disease diarrhoea.
I tried every remedy
I heard of and spent
a good deal of money
trying to get cured
but all failed until
I happened to read
of a lady who was
cured by using Dr.
Fowler's Extract of
Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle
and commenced taking it according to
directions and was cured in a very short
time. I cannot praise the remedy too
highly for what it did for me."



Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle
and commenced taking it according to
directions and was cured in a very short
time. I cannot praise the remedy too
highly for what it did for me."

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

trips a week from

BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamers
this company will leave St. John for East
port, Lubec, Portland and Boston every
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY
DAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard).
Returning, leave Boston every MONDAY,
WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning
at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m.
Connections made at Eastport with steam-
ers for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

C. E. LAUREL, A. G.

Notice to Blacksmiths.

2 cars Refined Iron and Steel, 10 Bellow
10 Anvils, 12 Solid box English Vices,
1 car Horse shoes, light pattern, 25 Kags
Toe Weights Steel Shoes, 50 Kags Com-
mon Steel Shoes, 50 Chaldrons Black-
smith Coal, Rasps, Files, Drills Taps and
Dies

For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL

Agents Sell "Klonlike Gold Fields"

Like a whirlwind, experienced canvassers
reaping the richest harvest of their lives
new beginners doing wonders. Nearly
everybody subscribes. One young fellow
on a farm at \$12.00 a month is making
\$75.00. A lady typewriter at \$3.00 a
month is clearing \$11.00. A mechanic who had
earned \$1.50 a day is clearing \$5.00 a day.
We want more agents. Canvassing outfit
25 cts., worth \$1.00.