

Action.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unmingled glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a' brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay;
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—Mackay.

A Consecrated Life.

Mollie Turner picked her way along the shore of the sea, stopping now and then to watch the glistening water as it flashed in the sunlight. That morning there was no trace of the terrible storm which had raged the night before; yet it had been fierce, and had wrought much mischief.

During the storm a raft had been washed ashore, and clinging to it, almost dead, was a woman. She had been taken in by the kind-hearted fisherman, and was resting comfortably, so the fisherman's wife told Mollie, as she reached her destination.

The poor dear was 'most gone, Miss Turner, she said; but now she is restin' easy, and has told us of the terrible wreck at sea and the loss of her loved ones.

She says she had two sweet children, twin girls, but her husband she does not seem to care to talk about. But come into her room, Miss Turner; if aught will do her good the sight of your sweet face will.

Mollie followed the good woman softly into the room where the strange lady lay so white and still. She was asleep, and her arms were thrown above her head, and her abundant black hair lay scattered over the pillow, enhancing the pallor of her face. Silently the two gazed intently at her, then turned and left the room as they had come.

It would be such a pity to awaken her, said Mollie, when they reached the other room. I will come every day to see her.

Do you know, Miss Turner, there is something about her that reminds me of you.

Her face seems very like the face of one whom I knew years ago, but I cannot be, I should think, that one. It surely must be fancy on my part.

Mollie Turner had come to the little seaside town fifteen years before. No one there knew her history, but since she had lived there all knew her to be an earnest, whole-souled Christian. How many men, women and children she had nursed in sickness and led to a purer, better life, only the simple fisher folk knew. Her face told its tale of deep and lasting sorrow, but Mollie had conquered its bitterness, and with the poet Longfellow she could say:

"For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life seemed full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear."

"But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me."

Ah, how hot and restless had been her heart in those old days when her trouble came upon her, for then she had not learned to lay her burden at Jesus' feet. Now all was different. Her life was spent for others, and the peace which passeth all understanding was ever in her heart and face.

The next day it was late when Mollie Turner, with her basket of dainties, reached the bedside of the stranger. She had been detained at the side of a sick child, who clung to her until he fell into a deep sleep. When she entered the room its occupant was awake, and as her eyes rested upon Mollie's quiet face, she became deathly pale, and when she spoke, her voice was low and tremulous.

away. Mollie quickly bathed her face, and as consciousness once more returned to the woman she sat down by her side.

Mollie, sister, is it really you? Yes, Bessie, it is I; but I did not know you yesterday, when I was here.

O Mollie, can you ever forgive the wrong I have done?

Yes, dear Bessie; I forgive you freely and entirely.

Yes, Mollie, God only knows how I have suffered because of my sins; and, sister, he wasn't good to me; he was very cruel, and not worthy of our love. It was not what he was, but what he was not, that we both loved; yet, now that he is dead, may God forgive him as freely as I do.

Amen. They sat silently clasping each other's hands for a time, then Bessie said:

Mollie, you are so changed; so different from the high-spirited, restless girl you used to be.

Yes, sister; but the greatest change is in my heart and life, for I have found a Friend in whom I can safely trust.

One year has passed. It is Sunday morning. The church bell is ringing, and the people of the little seaside town are assembling for morning service. A group of fishermen are standing, watching the different ones as they enter the church. Two black-robed ladies pass them, smiling kindly to them as they go.

God bless the Turner sisters, says one man, as they disappear in the doorway.

Amen, amen! the others say in chorus.—Chris. Standard.

A Magnetized Watch.

Men are sinners not because they transgress the law, but they transgress the law because they are sinners. The other day I was surprised to find that my watch was running too fast. It had been good, and keeping correct time; but here it was, transgressing the law. I knew that the fault wasn't with the hands. It hadn't suddenly become unreliable because the hands were sinners, but the watch itself had in some way become deranged, and hence the erratic movement of the hands. To set them back I knew would not correct the difficulty; the trouble was inside. I took the ticker to a competent jeweler for inspection. He subjected it to some sort of a test, and in a minute said to me:

The trouble is, it has been magnetized, it is charged with too much electricity.

Why, I don't know how that could have been, I protested.

Oh, it was probably the result of an electric car ride, and stole in unawares; but that is neither here nor there, how it got in; the problem now is to get it out.

But can't you regulate it—slow the hair-spring a bit? I suggested. No, you would have it forever running too fast or too slow; the only thing to do is to demagnetize it, was the reply.

Presuming that he knew, I trusted him with it, confidently expecting that he would return it to me rectified. I was not disappointed. The next day I was timing all my movements by it, on time. Since then it has met its obligations to the second.

Now it is this way with you, and you, and you. Why do you go wrong? Why do your appetites and passions and propensities and inclinations run too fast? At times, you know, they have the momentum of a mill race. You say, Now I will regulate this matter, I must; and so you proceed to take hold of yourself, and say, I will, and I won't. But your will power simply swings you past the normal standard one way or the other; you are never exactly right. Your whole moral nature has been magnetized. A subtle influence of wickedness and worldliness has somehow, it matters not how, stolen into your soul and given it a wrong moral bias, and nothing will ever make it go right until that is expelled.

Ah, this is the awful secret of your transgression. This is why you do not do right in your business, and you in your family, and you at your school, and you in society. This is the secret of your blazing temper, and your angry words, and your love of display, and your failure to pay your debts, and your impure desires and acts, and your profanity, and your contempt of God's Word, and your drunken spree, and your back-biting tongue. The trouble is, you are wrong; and until you are made right, you will always be a sinner. You must be changed; you must get rid of that old self.

You have sought a thousand times by expedients of your own, and have failed. In your own strength you can no more escape this sinful self than you can escape God. If you take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea; if you ascend into heaven, and sit upon the clouds, or descend into hell, it is

all alike unavailing. The psalmist understood it when he cried out, Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, there is One who can demagnetize the soul. Why not commit it to him? He will rectify it in a moment, and then it will do right because it is right, whereas now it does wrong because it is wrong.—Western Advocate.

Stand Firm!

On the part of the convert either of two courses is possible: First, steady, straightforward, persistent adherence to the right, constant attendance upon the means of grace and faithful discharge of duty, or neglect of the word of God and prayer, irregular attendance upon the services of the church, inconsistency in the discharge of duty. The first course will assure success, the other failure. By pursuing the first the young Christian will become strong in all Christian graces, an ornament to the church, and helpful to others. By following the second the religious life will be unsatisfactory to the person himself, his influence on others will be indifferent, the subsequent life be that of a nominal professor who is a burden to the church; or, giving up all hope in God, he will go back to the world. Each must determine for himself which he will choose. If he be faithful he will find grace to help in time of need, but if he be indifferent and careless he will not only not find divine grace but will fail to develop strength of character in himself.

One of the most essential things is a steady and persistent adherence to the right in all things and under all circumstances. Suggestions to turn from it will often seem very spacious.

A young wife had come into the joy of salvation and was very solicitous for the conversion of her husband. Invitations were out to a card party. The suggestion came to her that if she would go with him and gratify him in this she might have greater influence over him. She yielded to the suggestion and went. On their return home the husband upbraided her for inconsistency, and told her he had no faith in her profession. Not until she had repented and confessed her fault, and proven herself by a consistent life, did she have any power to bring him to Christ.

A young lady was converted and soon after was invited to attend a ball. Her young friends said to her, Go this time and we will not ask you to go again. She yielded to their solicitations and went. Those who had used this seductive argument to lead her astray said of her, as they saw her whirling in the dance, What a pity she did not have strength to remain true to her profession! She was so mortified over her inconsistent course that she gave up her religion and went back to the world.

When Israel went out from bondage they soon found themselves hemmed in by mountains on either side, enemies in their rear, and a deep sea before them; and the joy of their first deliverance died within them. But the command came, Fear not. Stand still and see the salvation of God. Blessed is he who will stand still with God and wait his time.—Rev. W. H. Sweet.

A Story of a Hymn.

A beautiful story is told by the late Professor Drummond concerning Wesley's hymn, 'Jesus Lover of my soul.' Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, 'Jesus Lover of my soul,' one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and although he did not know the face, he thought he knew the voice; so when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had not been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. Were you at such a place on such a night? asked the first. Yes, he replied, and a curious thing happened that night, which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and wea-y, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:—

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear. Now, said the other, listen to my story. I was a Union

soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focussed upon you, waiting the word to fire; but when you sang out,

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

I said, Boys, lower your rifles! We will go home.

A Father's Voice.

When labouring among the lepers abroad, a missionary was one day called to visit a dying man. On the threshold of a room, off the general ward, he paused with a cold shiver and momentary dread. On the bed was a form past recognition, the upper part of the face entirely hidden, but the power of speech left. Then a hollow voice spoke:

I suppose I am repulsive to human sight, but there is a beautiful spirit within, made white in the blood of the Lamb, which you may one day love to meet.

Soon after, the leper's little daughter, about eight years old, came to bid her father a last farewell. At the close of the interview the missionary, wishing to test the child, gently asked:

My dear, how do you know he is your father?

Looking up through her tears, she exclaimed,

Oh, sir, do you not think I know my father's voice?

How readily we can tell the voices which make the melody of home. What music so soothing as mother's voice! But have we learned to know the voice of God as of a Father? To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. My sheep hear my voice, says Christ, and they follow me.

An Open Book.

The following story told by Dr. Banks in The Voice, is an excellent illustration of the power of a true Christian life:

Last year a wicked, drunken woman in one of our large cities, was attracted into a church one Sunday evening and converted to Christ. The pastor of the church went to see her husband in the week afterward, and found him a very shrewd mechanic, who, however, was very bitter against Christianity, and professed to be greatly fascinated with Ingessoll's sneers at the Bible. He was full of contempt at his wife's profession of conversion, and said he had no doubt but what she'd soon get over it. Six months passed away, and one evening this same man called to see the minister in great anxiety concerning his own salvation. He said: I have read all the leading books on the evidences of Christianity and I can stand out against their arguments; but for the last six months I have had an open book about my own fireside, in the presence of my wife, that I am not able to answer. I have come to the conclusion that there must be something holy and divine about a religion that could take a woman and change her into the loving, patient, prayerful singing saint that she is now. The best books on Christianity are the men and women who live transformed lives, in fellowship with Christ.—Selected.

Your Troubles.

It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. Do you know, asked Wesley, why that cow looks over that wall? No, replied the one in trouble. I will tell you, said Wesley; because she cannot look through it, and that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them.

If you desire a luxurious growth of healthy hair of a natural color, nature's crowning ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Weak Lungs.

"I was troubled with a Sore Throat and Weak Lungs and was completely cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup." Frank Jennings, Coldwater, Ont.

Mrs. David Labor, Waterford, Ont., says: "I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil for pains of any kind. It cured me of a distressing pain that the doctor could not cure."

Rosalie, after saying her prayers at evening, always murmured after her devout little 'amen' some soft words, whose meaning her aunt could not catch. One evening she questioned the child, Rosalie, what is it that you say every night after you have finished your prayers? Aunt, said Rosalie, solemnly, I just say, Dear Lord, this is Rosalie Pittman praying now. You see so many little girls pray at just this same time, and I thought I'd best say which was me.—Wide Awake.

Small ideas may need lung power or gesture to float them, but large thoughts and lofty ideals can stand of their own weight, they ask not for scaffold or support.

Suffer, if you must; do not quarrel with the dear Lord's appointments for you. Only try, if you are to suffer, to do it splendidly. That's the only way to take up a pleasure or a pain.—Phillips Brooks.



THE WHEELS OF HEALTH.

There is no better exercise for a young woman in thoroughly good health than bicycling. On the contrary, if she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organs, if she rides, at all, such exercise should be very sparingly indulged in. Women are peculiarly constituted and their general health is peculiarly dependent upon the health of the specially feminine organism.

It is the health of these delicate and important parts that "makes the wheels of general health go round." Their strength and vigor are as important to a woman as a man's to a watch, or a sprocket and chain to a bicycle. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for delicate women. It makes them strong where they most need strength. Taken during the "interesting interval," it banishes the usual squeamishness and makes baby's admission to the world easy and almost painless. It fits a woman for in-door work and out-door sports. Honest druggists don't advise substitutes.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as it has undoubtedly saved my life," writes Mrs. Florence Hunter of Corley Logan Co. Ark. "I miscarried four times, could get no medicine to do me any good. I tried the Favorite Prescription and after taking several bottles, I made my husband a present of a fine girl. I think it is the best medicine in the world."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicines dealers.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

is now complete with the

Newest Novelties.

We have opened one case of

Black and Navy Serges,

The best value we have ever shown, and our store has been noted for value in Serges in the past, ask to see them.

LADIES' FALL JACKETS
MAIDS' FALL JACKETSCHILDREN'S FALL JACKETS
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JOHN J. WEDDALL.

NEW CARPETS

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

Space will not allow for description but we take great pleasure in showing our carpets to customers.

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

TENNANT, DAVIES & CLARKE

New Idea Patterns one price 15 c.s. each.

HEARTBURN.

"In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B." MRS. WM. GRATTAN, Indianapolis, N.B.

The universal testimonial from all parts of Canada gives the palm of victory over all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

3 trips a week from

BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lobe, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard). Return, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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 Kegs Tee Weights Steel Shoes, 50 Kegs Common Steel Shoes, 50 Chaldrons Blacksmith Coal, Rasps, Files, Drills Taps and Dies

For sale low by JAMES L. NEILL.

Agents Sell "Klondike 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 type-writer at \$3.00 is clearing \$11.00. A mechanic who has earned \$1.50 a day is clearing \$5.00 a day. We want more agents. Canvassing on 25 cts. worth \$1.00.

Nov. 2 1898

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