

Weary In Well-Doing.

I would have said; God bade me stay;
I would have worked; God bade me rest;
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said: "I did them nay."

Now I would stay, God bids me go;
Now I would rest, God bids me work.
He broke my heart, tossed to and fro:
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and mull;
But Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with thee?

—Christina Rossetti.

My First Fishing.

It was a beautiful day in the latter part of May. Father had said: Boys, if you be industrious pick the limbs, bark and chips off the meadow, and hurry up the planting of the corn, when the water gets warm enough to wade we will take a day off and go fishing.

Ah, how we looked forward with hope and expectation to that day. It came at last, and we went. Early in the morning we were up, ate breakfast, and with a lunch basket well filled, and plenty of bait dug the day before, and our rude fishing tackle in hand, away we went, across the fields, down through the great pine and hemlock forests, four miles to the beautiful mountain creek with its sparkling crystal waters.

And oh, how we did fish! The tall pines and hemlocks so over-arched the stream that scarcely a glint of sunshine ever kissed its sparkling waters. We crept through the laurel, scrambled over logs, waded the creek, and wended our way up and down the stream all day, and late at night we reached home so tired that we could scarcely get one foot past the other. If ever three boys, ten, eight, and six years old, could sleep without rocking, we three boys could do it that night.

Did we catch any fish? Father did. We boys did not. Why? Well, you see speckled or mountain trout (there were no other fish in the stream) are very shy. We boys had to talk, call to each other, tear through the laurel, and make all sorts of noises. Father understood all this, and early in the day he said: Now, boys, there is good fishing anywhere in the creek along here. So you stay right along the creek and fish. I will go away up the creek and start in and fish down to where you are; but be sure you do not leave the creek, then I will easily find you. He went. We stayed along the creek, fished, talked loud, and tore around like wild. About one o'clock, and when we were terribly hungry, there stood father quietly fishing, with a fine string of speckled trout hanging to his side. He had kept so quiet that we were perfectly oblivious of his approach.

Why, boys, said he, where are your fish? Fish, said we, there isn't a fish in this creek, except some little fellows we have seen about an inch long, too small to take the hook. Father laughed. Ah, my boys, said he, the fish are here, but you don't know how to catch them. Look what a nice string I have.

How our eyes did bulge out. Why how did you catch them, father? He smiled, and in his quiet way replied, just by fishing. Well, said we, we fished, too, but we did not catch any. Oh, no, said he, you did not fish; you only tore around, splashed in the water, and made a noise.

That day's experience fishing has been a lesson to the writer all through his life. The way to succeed in any work is to give your whole mind to it. When father fished, he thought of nothing else. He knew the nature of the fish, and our minds were divided. Now we were thinking of fish, now admiring the tall trees, now calling to each other about the beautiful laurel blossoms—now one thing and now another was in our minds, and occasionally we thought of fish. Of course we could not catch fish in that way.

Now Christians, and especially preachers, are to be fishers of men. Their college and theological education the Bible and other books are their fishing tackle. They are necessary. But something more is indispensable. They must have a thorough knowledge of the nature of the fish and adapt their methods to that nature. There are trout, suckers, catfish, bass, shad, and many other kinds of fish; and the methods must be adapted to the kind the preacher is trying to catch. Bass methods will not catch shad. Bait suitable for catfish will not do for trout. And many preachers fail because of their great deficiency in a knowledge of human nature. They make too much noise either by telling what great things they intend to do or have done. They either scare the fish away or use the wrong bait. They shut out the lessons of

forget that the successful angler wins his fish; he does not drive them to his hook. The preacher who strives to compel his people to come up and chime in with his methods will not succeed. He must so bait his hook with the true spirit of the gospel as to win them. He must not, like the raw Dutch recruit, halt the whole company to compel all the other men to keep step with him as he keeps step with Christ. Christ said, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. The reason some preachers are such poor men catchers is because they are following their own notions and preferences instead of following Christ.—Telescope.

"Dry Bread and Prunes."

There are more people talking about the beauty of simplicity in living than there are practicing simplicity in their own homes.

It is always easier to criticize than it is to do better; and it is easier to tell others how to live wisely than it is to live wisely ourselves. We wonder why our friends, M—and K—, do not live with in their incomes, when we would find it extremely difficult to pay all of our own bills. We talk a great deal about the beauty of simple living, and how the extravagance of all classes has more to do with the all-prevailing hard times than the silver question, or the question of the tariff, has to do with the present state of financial depression and general unrest.

It is undeniably true that the happiness of many homes is being jeopardized by a constant striving for effect, a constant struggle to imitate the style of living obtaining in other homes in which money is no object. So many of us are not brave enough nor wise enough to set up our own standard of living instead of trying to come up to the standard of others whose income is double or treble our own.

In dress, in the furnishing of our homes, in our tables, and in the number of our servants, we seek to emulate those who can easily afford what we cannot afford. We become cheap and vulgar in our feeble imitation of wealth, and home is not home for the spirit.

The carpenter's wife strives to dress and to regulate her household affairs like the wife of the doctor; the doctor's wife strives in her dress to imitate the wife of the merchant; the merchant's wife imitates the wife of the millionaire, and the wife of the millionaire strives to imitate the wife of the multi-millionaire. The result is that the true spirit of kindly hospitality does not abide in any of these homes.

The remedy for this state of affairs is largely within the power of the women of the land. They have far more to do with the regulation of the home-life than the men have. If every woman who is mistress of a home had her own standard of living governed by her husband's income, and calmly and courageously lived up to the standard, regardless of all other standards in the world, both home and social life would gain in beauty and value.

The writer, not long ago, heard a lady say: Oh, dear me! I have a letter from the Browns, insisting on my staying a few days with them on my way out West, and I don't want to do it!

Why not? I asked another lady, you have plenty of time, and the Browns are great friends of yours. Yes, I know that, but I dread to visit them. They impose such a foolish and useless burden on themselves when they entertain any one. They have but a limited income, but Mrs. Brown will feel that she must entertain me just as I have been entertained here in the homes of my wealthy friends. She will want to give luncheons and receptions and parties for me, and feed me on dainty viands that leave a taste of bitterness in my mouth because I know that the family will have to live on dry bread and prunes for weeks afterward to pay for it all.

It is the dry bread and prunes folly that is at the bottom of the unhappiness in many of our American homes. The remedy is in our hands, and all that we lack is the moral force to apply it.—The Standard.

The Best Sermon.

An English clergyman of eminence was asked by a group of London friends whose was the best sermon he had ever heard.

If you mean, he answered, the sermon which has influenced me most directly and never been forgotten. I can tell you at once. It was preached in the streets of Boston many years ago by a blind man. He had been preaching, he said, in Phillips Brooks's church, and had started to walk back to the house where he was staying. Being a stranger to Boston he became confused, and turning to a man who

Why, it is the preacher! exclaimed his companion. I know you by your voice, for I was in the church and heard you preach. I am blind, but I can show you the way. I can take you to the door.

The clergyman protested that he could not think of troubling the blind man, and that he could find his way by himself.

Surely, said his new acquaintance, you will not refuse me the pleasure of conducting you. I am not a beggar. Every one is so kind to me, and it is seldom indeed that I can render any one a service.

So the two men went on arm in arm, and in ten minutes they were at the right door and had parted. During that short walk the best sermon which the clergyman had ever heard was preached.

It was simply, he said to his English friends, the story of a man blind from his birth, whose face was shining with contentment and peace, and whose heart was thrilled with a sense of his mercies and blessings. His parents had sent him to a school for the blind where he had been taught to read by raised letters, and they had left him a small income which sufficed for his wants. He lived alone, but could go about the streets without a guide. He told me that he considered that he ought to be thankful for being born blind, because he had so much leisure for quiet thought. There would be time enough in another world for him to see everything. I have never forgotten that sermon, added the clergyman. His example of contentment and serenity of mind has never ceased to be helpful to me. I have told the story often to my English congregations, and it has a ways deeply affected them.

So true is it that moral influence is never wasted.

In the Race.

The story is told of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, the champion story-teller of the Senate, who has a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back, though he is not a communicant of the church, that, riding along in Buncombe County, one day, he overtook a venerable darkey, with whom he thought he would have a little fun.

Uncle, said the governor, are you going to church?

No, sah, not exactly—I'm gwine tuck from church.

You're a Baptist, I reckon—ain't you?

No, sah, I ain't no Baptist, do most of the breedin' an' sistern about here has been under de water. Methodist, then?

No, sah; I ain't no Mefodis, nudder.

Campbellite.

No, sah; I can't errogate to myself de Camelite way of thinkin'.

Well, what in the name of goodness are you, then? rejoined the governor, remembering the narrow range of choice in religions among North Carolina negroes.

Well, de fac' is sah, my old marster was a herud of the cross in the Presbyterian Church, and I was fotch' up in dat faith.

What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my church.

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again.

And do you believe in all of the Presbyterian creed?

Yes, sah, dat I does.

Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?

I dunno dat I recognize de name, sah.

Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and if he is elec ed to be lost he will be lost?

Oh, yes, boss, I believe dat. It's gospel talk, dat is.

Well, now take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

Come, now, answer my question, pressed the governor. What do you say?

Well, I tell you what 't is, Mars Zeb; I've been libin' in dis hyar world nigh on sixty years, and I nebber yit hyard of any man bein' lected 'bout he was a candidate.

Waiting for Her Boy.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation, and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility and many a time did she look upward toward the heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older, this became a severe tax both on her time

and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music and became a skilful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day. Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting room, he saw a sight that can never be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged mother, fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as snow, covered her gray hair; the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candlestick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man exclaimed:

Why, mother! What are you doing here?

His voice startled her, and upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, O, so tenderly looking up into his face, said, I am waiting for my boy.

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and, throwing his arms around her, he said:

Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me.

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.—Classmate.

Don't Forget

That anxiety is easier to bear than sorrow.

That talent is sometimes hid in napkins, audacity never.

That good brains are often kept in a poor-looking vessel.

That the time to bury a hatchet is before blood is found upon it.

That mistakes are often bought at a big price and sold at a small one.

That if it were not for emergencies but little progress would be made in the world.

That it is often better to go a good ways round than to take a short cut across lots.

That the statement so often made in print that "rest makes rust," is the veriest rot.

That tears shed upon a coffin will not blot out the stains that may have been cast in life upon the stilled heart within it.

That many a man sets up a carriage only to find less of enjoyment in it than he has had in holding the ribbons from "his one-hoss shay."

That if we do more for others while we may, we should have less regrets when too late, that more had not been done when "it might have been."—Good Housekeeping.

Wanted.

The following advertisement once appeared in a newspaper, and it is still appropriate:

Wanted—in one hundred households, a willing, sunny daughter, who will not fret when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smother away her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her own brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem and a more honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, Mother, Home Office.

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie.

The height of some men's ambition is to pull some other man down.

What are Christians put into the world for, except to do the impossible in the strength of God?—General Armstrong.

Diarrhoea

Is too dangerous to neglect. Have it promptly checked by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures Diarrhoea, Colic, Cramps and all bowel complaints.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

Lack of vitality and color-matter in the bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.

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 everlasting 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 hunger, 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.

Some men are so miserly that they won't even pay another a compliment.

The missionary knows he will find victory where he finds God, and he will find God in the place God wants him to go.

To live for others is greater than to live for self; a benefactor is greater than a depot; integrity is better than gold or genius.



When a young girl develops the first evidences of womanhood, it is as if she were starting alone upon a strange journey beset with rough and dangerous places. A wise and loving mother will not allow any false delicacy to prevent her from giving her daughter the plainest information and advice at this critical stage of her existence.

Young girls suffer a vast amount of unnecessary pain and misery for lack of frank and confidential instruction about their own physical selves.

The special weaknesses and diseases incident to woman's organic development are completely and permanently remedied by the "Favorite Prescription," prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

More than 92,000 cases of obstinate female difficulties have been absolutely cured by this wonderful "Prescription." It heals, strengthens and completely rejuvenates the tissues and nerve-centers of the feminine organism. It is the only medicine devised for this special purpose by a regularly graduated experienced physician. It is the one authorized preparation which may be positively relied upon to cure.

Mothers and daughters may consult Dr. Pierce by letter without charge and in the most absolute confidence. Their letters will be answered not by any mere nurse, but by an educated skilled physician. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser will be sent free if 31 one-cent stamps are inclosed to defray the cost of customs and mailing only.

Miss Edith Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., writes: "I take pleasure in expressing my faith in your 'Favorite Prescription.' After two years of suffering I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine and now I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with female weakness for some time and also with a troublesome drain on the system, but now I am happy and well. I will cheerfully recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to all invalid ladies."

Like a whirlwind, experienced canvassers reaping the richest harvest of their life new beginners doing wonders. No 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 earned \$1.50 a day is clearing \$3.00 a day. We want more agents. Canvassing at 25 cts., worth \$1.00.

JUNE 14TH.

GREAT VALUE

—IN—

Black Dress Goods

—AT—

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 pleas ure 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 cts each

CONSTIPATION.

In the summer especially should the bowels be kept free, so that no poisonous material shall remain in the system to ferment and decay and infect the whole body. No remedy has yet been found equal to B.B.B. for curing Constipation, even the most chronic and stubborn cases yield to its influence.

"I cannot say too much in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters, as there is remedy equal to it for the Cure of Constipation. We always keep it in our house as a general family medicine, and would not be without it." MRS. JACOB MOSHER, Pictou Landing, N.S.

B.B.B. not only cures Constipation, but is the best remedy known for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and Blood Humors.

Burdock Blood Bitters

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

trips a week from

BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamer this company will leave St. John for Boston, Lowell, Portland and Boston on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard time), leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m.

Commodious, made at Eastport with staterooms for St. Andrews, Galati 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 Bells, 10 Anvils, 12 Solid box English Vices, 1 car Horse shoes, light pattern, 2500 lbs. Ties, 5000 lbs. Steel Shoes, 50 Kegs of Smith Coal, Raps, Files, Drills, Taps, Dies.

For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

Agents Sell "Klondike Gold Fields"

Like a whirlwind, experienced canvassers reaping the richest harvest of their life new beginners doing wonders. No 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 earned \$1.50 a day is clearing \$3.00 a day. We want more agents. Canvassing at 25 cts., worth \$1.00.

Tell
Somebody asked
What did I tell him
I told
Somebody gave me
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Somebody laughed
And he stole
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Somebody asked
On the Sabbath
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