

Did You?

You ran away from church last night? The Rev. Dr. Katchem was in the city and you wanted to hear him so much, or was it that sweet singer, Mr. T. Solfa? And you had such a lovely time? There were hundreds present, a good many from our own church. Your pastor looked a little troubled and not exactly pleased about it when you met him the next day, and you almost imagined that when he asked if you were sick he secretly thought you deserved to be. But that only shows how unreasonable the good man can be now and then. Surely he didn't expect you to miss such an opportunity? And then his sermon Sunday night wasn't much of a sermon according to the report of some who were there. It is strange that after preaching all these years he should be so easily affected by the absence of his members, isn't it? How fortunate that you didn't miss your treat for such a sermon. You can hear your pastor any time, and, of course, that is the extent of your obligation to the church. Never mind his cross looks, or his two-faced questions. He is paid to go to church and you are not. And why should you go when you don't feel like it if you are not paid? How foolish it is for him to suppose that loyalty to Christ might influence you to deny yourself a little just for the sake of the Master. Not you. Have a good time and go as you please, and if the church doesn't prosper, get another pastor who can draw a crowd.

Of course you expected that Deacon Jones would be there. He is always at church. He isn't paid? How strange that he should go then. And he likes music and appreciates fine preaching? Oh, well, he must be an old foggy with some old fashioned notion to the effect that it is his duty to keep his covenant and stay by the work of the church. As if duty had anything to do with church going! Perhaps he thinks that he is bound to deny himself a little that the work of the church may be prospered? Deny himself! How can duty and self-denial be dragged down to such a low plane as mere church-going? Have you not prayed that you might see your duty and have the strength to do it? And how you have longed for the opportunity to practice some Christ-like self-denial. But you couldn't think of degrading such Christian virtues in the fashion of those who went to church Sunday night because they thought it duty, and really dared to hint the possibility of self-denial in such a common way. Your understanding of duty and self-denial is much more lofty and dignified of course. If these days were like the old martyr days and there were opportunity for you to seal your faith with your blood, you would soon show such prosaic men as Deacon Jones what self-denial means. It is almost too bad, isn't it, that you cannot be martyred to prove your high appreciation of the spirit of self-sacrifice? But to ask you to prove it by going to church when the weather is disagreeable, or when self-gratification urges you to go somewhere else is really distressing; it is such a low and mean conception of Christian living. Why should you carry such a little bit of an unadorned cross? No! No! you will have a large cross which everybody can see, and if you cannot find such a cross you will go without and wish that you had lived five hundred years ago in the old martyr days. And, after all, it is so much easier to wish that you could have been a martyr in the days of long ago than it is to be just a little bit self-sacrificing now, isn't it?

Not self-gratification? Why no, of course not. You didn't go to hear the great preacher or the noted singer from any such mean motive as self-gratification. You went because you enjoy fine preaching and good music. Just so! And that isn't self-gratification, is it? Self-gratification is—well, let's see, what is self-gratification? Anyway it isn't doing what you like to do when you like something so nice and refined as preaching and music. Ah, now we have it. Self-gratification is when your neighbor neglects his duty and despises his obligation for the mere matter of pleasing himself. Why should your neighbor please himself anyway? No, we can't talk any longer about our neighbor, though it is much pleasanter than talking about self-indulgence last Sunday night. We are so forgetful. Of course we didn't mean self-indulgence. Yes, that is it. You ran away last Sunday night to get a spiritual uplift. Why certainly. A spiritual uplift! The very sound of the word is stimulating. What a pity that the faithful few who stayed by the pastor are so indifferent to their spiritual needs. And your pastor. But of course your absence was spiritual uplift enough for him. Did

it ever occur to you that the greatest spiritual uplift in history was the lifting up of the cross with your Saviour upon it? And don't you sometimes sing, Nearer my God to Thee, Even though it be a cross that raiseth me. But, as we said, going to a church isn't a cross, even when it crucifies self to go. And you wouldn't want to be lifted on that kind of a cross either. You must have a mahogany cross, with gold edging. And it is so much nicer to be lifted up on the wings of song or sermon.

But you think that your pastor is a little too exacting if he expects you to be always in your place? Of course he is. Just keep your eye on his faults, and never mind your own. He sometimes runs away. Of course he does, and has all the fun of hearing himself preach an old sermon. And he gets somebody to fill his place, doesn't he? Did you get someone to fill your place last Sunday night? But he is responsible for the pulpit. And of course you are not responsible for anything. Why should you be? What have you to do except to look out for yourself? The Sunday evening service isn't yours? If men are not saved that is their own concern. They could be saved if they wanted to be, and if they don't, why should you run after them? True, the Master came to seek and to save that which was lost, and he bade his servants to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that his house might be filled. And you went. Not into the highways and hedges, but still you went somewhere. You didn't compel anybody to come in, or try very hard to get them unless you took some friend with you, but then you went. So did Judas. He went to his own place. You are not like Judas anyway, you didn't go to your own place. Are you sure of it? You went with the self-seeking, self-pleasing crowd. Were you not after all more in your own place than if you had followed the self-denying, soul-seeking law? Brother, where is your place? Is it with the great body of professing Christians who are dreaming away their lives, despising their precious opportunities, indolently going to heaven on flowery beds of ease, or is it with those who walk the narrow ways of duty and self-sacrifice and keep pace with the bleeding feet of Him who pleased not Himself?—Pacific Baptist.

As Told By Himself.

I suppose I am one of the happiest men in Cincinnati to night. Three years ago to-night I was the most miserable—just about this time. Three years ago to-day was one of the most miserable days I ever passed in my life. I think I had become enraged at a man—I became enraged in those days very easily; my brain was almost destroyed from the effects of whisky—I became terribly enraged at a man who had done me a wrong, and it was no wrong worthy of death, either, but I resolved to put the man to death if I could find him. But God kept us apart.

I was not satisfied when I came home in the evening, and after supper started to go up town again. My wife said:

Where are you going?

I am going to the hardware store. Well, said she, Freddie and I will go along (Freddie is my little boy, six years old).

I tell you, the company was not pleasant, but I did not tell her so. They started with me, and sometimes I was ahead and sometimes they were. We did not walk very sociably together. I was a terribly bad humor and had drank a lot of whisky, and that made a pretty bad combination, while the devil was in me big enough to do every thing that was mean. I had my wife crying upon the street. After I left Pickering's store I was mean enough to snub her. Some of you know how mean a drunken man is. But she insisted upon coming up Sixth Street. I didn't know where she was going. She didn't know herself. She heard there was a Rescue Mission on Sixth Street, and started to help me in there, if possible. My dear little boy didn't know why. He knew enough to keep close to his mother and say nothing to me. I wanted to go some other way, but she wanted to go on Sixth Street. I didn't care about having any sensation on the street, not with her. We came along until we came to the alley right there on Sixth Street, and we heard singing. When we came up to where it was, the little fellow ran up and looked into the door, and then for the first time since he had left home he spoke to me. He just let go of his mother and came up and took hold of my hand and said: Let's go in.

That very act was the whole turning point of my life. When I got into the Rescue Mission I heard men telling there that Jesus Christ could save a drunkard. I had been

for years and years trying to get away from the appetite of drink and the terrible sting of sin. I knew the way to God—had been told of the way to God in my youth. When I got into the Rescue Mission that night I heard men stand up and tell stories that I never heard before. I was especially struck with the testimony of Tom Strowbridge, for when I looked at him I saw I had met him down in New Mexico. When I heard him talk there, and tell what Jesus had done for him, there came conviction of sin. I said to myself, if Jesus Christ can save that man, he can save me, and the devil has been a liar all these years. If he can save that man, and take the desire of drink and sin away from him, there is hope for me. I never will leave this place until Jesus Christ saves me. I got down on my knees in the chair where I was sitting, and said I was a poor, miserable sinner, and I was sorry for my sins, and I asked him to take them away—to be merciful to me, a poor, helpless drunkard. He was merciful, and he saved me. I stood on his promises. I heard some of them use this Scripture: Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. I had come. I had always believed the Bible. I said then and there, this is the last for me. If the dear Lord can save that man, he can save me.

That night as we went home there was very little talk on the way. My wife said, after we crossed Central Avenue: That is a good place.

I said, Yes.

A little farther along she said: Those people are friendly.

I answered, Yes.

When we went into the house I got a light and went to the stand where an old, large Bible was, nearly as big as a big Bible. I sat down on a chair and put my feet on another one, and put the Bible on my lap. I said to her: We might just as well commence this thing right. I remembered the old family altar at home. I did not know where to commence, but I opened the Bible at the Twenty-third Psalm, and I read this much: The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. I had heard them singing a song there in the Mission, I've Anchored My Soul in the Haven of Rest. That is all I knew, and the Lord blessed my soul. I put the Bible down, and got up and walked up and down the floor, and I sang as hard as I could. I have never been in the habit of singing much, and that is all I knew, and I sang it over and over. My wife would cry a while, and then laugh.

As soon as I stood on God's promises, and was willing to take him at his word, the joy came, and the joy has been with me ever since, only it has increased. I expect it will grow and grow and grow, until some day the Lord may say: That will do, Miltenberger.

I had become such a slave to drink that I sold the carpets off the floor and drank them up. I sold the bed from under my dear wife and boy, and drank it up. I sold my carpenter tools for drink, and even sold the stove out of the house, and drank it up. When there was nothing more left I went to my little boy's bank and robbed him of the last nickel and drank it up. I would do these things, and cry as if my heart would break because I hadn't the power to resist the desire.

When I came to the Lord Jesus Christ I didn't say anything about the drink. I said I was a lost sinner. Drink went with the rest of the sins.

The devil has told me to take a drink several times since. One instance I give you. About two years ago I had business over in Covington, and I hadn't been very well for a while. I was delivering some goods I had sold in Covington. They would not let me get on the street cars. It was a long curtain pole I had. I got somewhat out of fix about it, and I had to walk over there, almost five miles. I hadn't been very well. After I got on the Kentucky side the devil said: Well, now you are over here in Kentucky, and nobody knows you, and it won't hurt you to go into a first-class saloon and take a first-class drink of good, old, first-class Kentucky whisky.

I looked up, and right in front of me was a saloon. It had beveled glass doors. Don't you know, I started and walked into the middle of the street, and then I realized what it was. No you don't! I know you! I am going on the other side of the street. I walked away from there, and three or four ladies were looking at me. I guess they thought I was crazy. I praised the Lord I had sense enough to know the face of the devil. He has never bothered me very much on that line since. I am quite sure I am kept. Jesus Christ alone has done this wonderful, wonderful miracle of saving a man like me. That load of remorse is gone.

My soul goes out to the poor lost drunkard, and it has been going out ever since I was taken out of

that horrible pit. Oh, friends, and especially you, wives and mothers, I will tell you when you are living in a drunkard's home you are living about as near hell as you can get on this earth.—Herald and Presbyter.

The King's Plan.

A long time ago there lived a king who took great delight in teaching his people good habits. One night he put a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace, and then watched to see what the people who passed that way would do.

Early in the morning a sturdy old farmer, named Peter, came along with his heavy ox cart loaded with corn. Oh! these lazy people, he cried, driving his oxen to one side of the road. Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and nobody will take the trouble to move it. And he went on his way scolding about the laziness of other people, but never thinking of touching the stone himself.

Then came a young soldier, singing a merry song as he walked along. A gay feather was stuck in his hat, and a big sword hung at his side; and he was fond of telling great stories of what he had done in the war. He held his head so high that he did not see the stone, but stumbled over it and fell flat in the dust. This put an end to his merry song; and as he rose to his feet he began to stomp at the country people. Silly drones! he said, to have no more sense than to leave a stone like that in the middle of the road! Then he passed on, but did not sing any more.

An hour later there came down the road six merchants with their goods on pack horses, going to the fair that was to be held near the village. When they reached the stone the road was so narrow that they could hardly drive their horses between it and the wall. Did you ever see the like? they said. There is that big stone in the road, and not a man in all the country but that is too lazy to move it!

And so the stone lay for three weeks; it was in everybody's way, and yet everybody left it for some body else to move. Then the king sent word to all his people to meet together on a certain day near his palace, as he had something to tell them. The day came, and a great crowd of men and women gathered in the road.

Old Peter, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants and the young soldier. I hope the king will not find out what a lazy set of people he has around him, said Peter.

And then the sound of the horn was heard and the king was seen coming towards them. He rode up to the stone, got down from his horse, and said:

My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. It has been seen by every one of you; and yet every one has left it just where it was, and scolded his neighbor for not moving it out of the way.

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Underneath the stone was a round hollow place, in which was a small iron box. The king held up the box so that all the people might see what was written on a piece of paper fastened to it. These were the words: For him who lifts the stone. He opened the box, turned it upside down, and out of it fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins.

Then every one wished that he had only thought of moving the stone instead of going around it and finding fault with his neighbor. There are many people still who lose prizes because they think it easier to find fault than to do the work which lies before them.

The pleasures of the world are like the kiss of Judas, given but to betray; the pleasures of heaven make the soul bright and beautiful, as when the face of Moses was transformed by the vision of God.

A generous, upright nature is always more sensitive to blame than another—sensitive in proportion to the amount of its reverence for good.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Tobacco Heart.

Mr. J. W. Judson, Curtis St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: I had trouble with my heart for two years, caused by excessive use of Tobacco. I used one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and have not suffered from palpitation since.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is a 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.

A QUIET CONFESSION OF FAITH.—A Scotch-Irish woman, one hundred and two years of age, whose mental powers are still well preserved, recently sustained a serious injury by falling down the stairs at her home.

Some days afterward, being in a reflective mood, she thus expressed herself in reference to the Providence that had brought her so much suffering: Well, I know that a this was also'd for m' afore I had shift or goon to me back, and wherefore should I flee in the face o' the A'migh' when it's come on me? Freely translated this dialect means: Well, I know that this was appointed for me, before I was born; and why should I rebel against the Lord when it has come to me? Could there be a more quaint and concise statement of the belief in Divine Sovereignty, and the believer's trustful submission to the Heavenly Father's will?



There is a world of romance in the picture of a young girl reading her sweetheart's love-letters. In a multitude of cases, if her future could also be pictured, the picture would contain a world of pathos. To the healthy, robust woman a marriage means happiness, the supreme joy of motherhood and the promise of a long, healthy life of helpfulness with the man of her choice. To the woman who suffers from disease or weakness of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood, wedlock means suffering and maternity death. Dr. R. V. Pierce is an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During that time, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for thousands of women. The institute of which he is the head is one of the greatest in the world. He is a regularly graduated physician and has practiced right in one place for thirty years. The esteem in which he is held by his neighbors is shown by the fact that they chose him for their representative in the National Congress. The regard in which he is held by those whom he has treated is shown by the thousands of letters printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, telling of the benefits derived from his treatment.

Dr. Pierce is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine for women, known as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all that are afflicted with the feminine organs. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones the nerves. Taken during the interesting period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest druggist won't advise a substitute. The profit side of life is health. The balance is written in the rich, red, pure blood of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and make the blood rich and pure. They never gripe. By druggists.

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I felt better from the very first one I took. I had taken them for about a month, and was feeling so much better that I had forgotten about the bad things I used to have. The doctors called my trouble dyspepsia. I had it for seven years, and had never in all my life been able to eat rich food or a hearty meal. I often wondered why I should have so much dyspepsia. I would have what I call waterbrash sometimes four or five times a day, when even a terrible for a minute, or else I would have pains at times in my stomach that would fairly double me up or pains in my shoulders and legs and all over me that I would wish I was dead. I would send for the doctor, and when he came in he would say: "Well what is the matter now?" The best way to describe how I felt was just to say that everything was the matter with me and I felt everywhere. I think everybody who is troubled with their stomach ought to try Ripans Tablets and they will soon know how valuable they are. My age is fifty-one years.

WANTED:—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send five cents to Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials. R-I-P-A-N-S, 10¢ for 5 cents, or 15¢ for 10 cents, may be had of all druggists who are willing to sell a standard medicine at a moderate profit. Ripans Tablets and capsules. One gives relief. Note the name R-I-P-A-N-S on the packet. Always get genuine.

Could Only Whisper.

Often Colds settle on the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and make the voice hoarse and husky, and an effort to speak is distressing. It may be reduced to a whisper or lost entirely for a while. In cases of this kind nothing will so soon give relief and restore the voice.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

This is what Thos. J. Smith, Caladonia, N. Y., writes:—"A year ago I had a very severe cold which settled on my lungs and throat. I tried several cough medicines but got no relief until I used two and one-half bottles of Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me." Price 25c.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure constipation without any griping, weakening or after eating. Price 25c., all druggists.

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