

Forbid Them Not.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng
Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say;
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Sazuel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well,
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel—"

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel, her brothers between;
"Mong the people who hang on His teach-
ing,
Or wait'd His touch or His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees
hastening,
She pressed to the feet of her Lord."

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the
Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
See'st not how, from morn'g till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children.
Permit them to come unto Me."
And he took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He placed on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

The Redemption of Freetown.

O mother, this is such an interesting book I have just finished.
What is it, Laura? asked Mrs. Rush, who was busy writing.

It is one of Charles Sheldon's, The Redemption of Freetown. The plot is clever and the language beautiful. I got so fascinated with it that I could not stop till I had finished the book.

And what have you learned from it, Laura? her mother inquired.

Well, it seems to me, if our religion is real, we shall help the needy. Freetown had its waifs and its toughs, its slums and saloons. Some of the aristocrats waked up to their duty toward fallen humanity, and they actually went to live and work among the slums. Some of the wealthy ones founded a charitable institution which ministered to the needs of the poor and trained the children for future usefulness. Such a wonderful transformation came upon the settlement through the large-hearted efforts of this noble band of Christian workers that the author is free to remark, the same thing might be done in every city where the need is as great as the world will give itself to redeem itself.

Just then a visitor was announced, and the conversation for the present was ended. Next day was Sunday. Laura had a severe headache, and did not attend church in the morning. Her mother said that Dr. Price seemed to have caught Sheldon's spirit, for he spoke with unusual fervor and deep pathos of the needs of the poor and how the wealthy ones might sacrifice for the uplifting of the needy in our town. And by the way, Laura, added Mrs. Rush, we are to have a change in the evening.

In deed, changes are lightsome. I don't know about that to night. The doctor has actually arranged to exchange with that old Baptist preacher that holds forth in the West End. Likely enough we'll get a cold water bath.

Oh, perhaps not, said Laura, smiling, but we'll go and see.

It was a beautiful summer evening as the fashionable audience of Oak Street Church sat waiting the arrival of the preacher. Promptly at the hour for commencing he entered by the door near the pulpit, a young man of perhaps twenty-five. (Let not the reader blame the author for Mrs. Rush's mistake, for many say old when they mean disagreeable.) Plain in his dress, of medium height, there was nothing striking in his features nor attractive in his appearance, and a look of disappointment seemed to overspread the audience that had been accustomed to polished man and stately eloquence.

After a few moments of silent prayer, the preacher rose and said, Let us sing a war song to night, friends, to stir us up to battle for the Lord. Then he announced the hymn beginning, Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the Cross. Then followed the reading of Isaiah liii. and so earnestly that many of the hearers could not help

seeing the reality of the preacher's religion. After singing another hymn, prayer was offered. It was so different from the eloquent invocations of Dr. Price. As one of the learners afterwards remarked, He seemed like a little child that had hold of his father's hand, and nothing could make him let go.

After the usual offering, the preacher announced for his text Galatians iii. 13. The theme was Redemption, the need of it, the nature of it, and the blessings enjoyed by the redeemed. Man's state by nature was most truthfully pictured in a dark and dismal panorama of word pictures. Man infested with original sin man overburdened with sins of omission and commission, man condemned by God's holy law, man liable to eternal death, man pursued by Divine Justice, man hardening his heart against his Maker, all passed in bold relief before the minds of an audience that, for the most part, believed in natural goodness as the basis of salvation. But there were some here and there who felt the pangs of conscience and could not help showing it in their troubled faces. Then the preacher went on to describe the wonderful Redemption, God's remedy for sin. His tones now melted away into a chime of silver bells as the old, old story of the Cross was told as it had never been told before to that fashionable congregation. Make much of the Blood, seemed to be the preacher's motto as he set before the people Jesus offering himself to God for man's sin, the Shepherd baring His heart to the sword of Divine Justice that otherwise would have fallen upon the lost sheep; the Mediator possessing the nature of God and man and assuming man's liabilities, that by fulfilling God's holy law which the sinner had broken He might pay the debt required by the justice of God and let whosoever will go free.

And there were some in that audience who for years had been striving to quench the voice of conscience, and now that faithful monitor spoke out louder than ever. And there were some who looked up to the preacher through their tears, and then and there gave up their will to God and accepted the gift of life.

One hour later, as Laura and her mother sat in the library, Mrs. Rush happened to notice one of Sheldon's books, and exclaimed, Why, Laura, I forgot. We did not finish our chat about The Redemption of Freetown. Laura had been looking out through the open window that commanded a view of the beautiful flower-garden. She turned her eyes toward her mother. They were filled with tears, and she could not speak.

Is anything wrong, Laura? asked her mother anxiously, as she rose and went to where her daughter was sitting.

Yes, mother, said Laura, as soon as she could speak, it's all wrong with those who try to redeem themselves or others, but it's all right with me now, for I have given up my will to God to night, and I see Jesus as my Redeemer as I never saw Him before—Can. Baptist.

A Matrimonial Snag.

I call it a matrimonial snag because the matrimonial bark is always going to pieces on it. It does mischief to other things, interferes with the smooth current of innumerable friendship, and mars many a close intimacy. But it is to the bark in which a man and his wife have been launched together that it does the greatest harm. Now this snag in itself is not a formidable affair. It is made up simply of two diverse opinions about resting. Yet no jagged reef is more dangerous, and all those who can not sail over it must inevitably be wrecked on it.

A man, for instance, has worked all day out of doors—in the fields maybe. He has had the air and the sun, and converse with men of his kind. Resting to him means coming home, stretching out his limbs, and breathing in domestic peace. The woman, however, has been in all day, without the air, and without the sun—dusting, sweeping, cooking, sewing, disciplining children; seeing no one with whom an idea could be interchanged, or from whom a new direction for her thoughts could be gained. When night comes her greatest rest would seem to lie in a change of scene, the bringing in of outside interests, or a more sympathetic and enlivening intercourse with her husband.

He, however, can not understand this. You are restless, he says to her, discontented. But you can not find anything better than this, wherever you go. Take my word for it; I have seen them all. And he folds his hands and puffs at his pipe, and basks in the quiet contentment of a soul that has been satisfied.

It is the same thing when a man goes down town all day and leaves the woman at home. His idea of resting is a cheerful fireside at

night; a wife as bright, as gay and responsive as when she received in her mother's house, and all care was spared her.

I'm so tired, I would like to go to sleep with the children at 6 o'clock, many a wife sighs. But it is just the time my husband likes me to be at my best. It bothers him to have me tired, and he has such different ideas of resting from mine. Duties on the other hand, may have called the woman out of doors all day, and duties may have kept the man in an office. Then it may rest him to go out at night. He may crave amusement and diversion, some entertainment for the mind. These distract his thoughts and rest his brain, and make him fresher for the morrow's work. But the thousand demands of the day, the obligations and requirements of some position she must fill, have used the woman up. The thought of new excitements and diversions only wearies her. The efforts she makes to respond to her husband's wishes seem spiritless, and no pleasure is given or felt. He can not understand why he does not see. He grows discontented, she dissatisfied. The need of another kind of sympathy is suggested. Interests begin to diverge, and two paths are made, growing every day wider apart.—Harper's Bazar.

How Christ Makes Something of Us.

An English preacher used the following illustration: Once there was a briar growing in a ditch and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug round it, and lifted it out the briar said to itself, What is he doing that for? Doesn't he know that I am only an old worthless briar? But the gardener took it into the garden and planted it amid his flowers, while the briar said, What a mistake he has made, planting an old briar like myself among such rose trees as these! But the gardener came once more with his keen-edged knife, made a slit in the briar, and as we say in England, budded it with a rose, and by and by when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old briar. Then the gardener said, Your beauty is not due to that which came out, but to that which I put into you.

That is just what Christ is doing all the time with poor human lives. They seem to be of no use, with no hope that they will ever be of use. Then Christ takes them in hand, pours his love upon them, lifts them up out of the dust, puts something of his own life into them, and by and by they begin to be like him, little branches of his own beautiful life.—Ex.

The Wise Spider.

Four spiders journeyed together to learn something about the world. On their trip they came to a beautiful church in a Christian city. Here they liked it so well that they decided to take a rest, and each one looked for a suitable place to put up her web. After some days they came together to tell one another of their experiences.

I fared badly, said the first spider. I wove my net in a corner of the pulpit. Yesterday the sexton came with a feather duster and swept it away.

I fared no better, said the second spider. I hung my net from a large book on the altar, but a man with a long, black gown on came and destroyed my work.

The same thing happened to me, said the third. I spun my net over the baptismal font. Yesterday there was baptism, and my net was torn.

I was wiser than you all, said the fourth. I put mine over the opening of the contribution box. Many people passed by, but none deigned even to look at my work. It is still intact, and you can depend on it, it will remain thus a long time yet.—The Presbyterian.

In Bad Company.

One often hears of the propensity for travelling third-class of 'the prime of all England,' and it would appear from the following story that his fellow 'working man' of the see of York occasionally does the same.

During one of his journeys about the diocese Dr. MacLagan found himself in a railway carriage with two drunken men. One of them complained that he had been robbed of a five pound note, and was determined to search the pockets of his fellow passengers.

I began to feel very uncomfortable, says the Archbishop, as I happened to have a five-pound note in my pocket. However I determined to sit quietly and feign sleep. Presently came the challenge, I say, neighbor, but I made no answer. Then the man grabbed me by the arm and shook me violently, but I did not wake up. He kept on shaking, but still I remained impassive. Then his friend interfered with, I say, Bill, leave him alone, can't you? He's drunk; in you are.

The Way They Are Made.

I've always said 'twas queer to call men folks the strongest sect, when they're forever and always holdin' on to some woman the fust minute trouble teches 'em. I make no doubt but when Scripser talks about Aaron and Hur holdin' up Moses' hands, 'twas a mistake in the printin' that Hur wasn't spelt with an e. Why, there's deacon Hopkins—take him days when everything goes right and he's as pompous and capable and self sufficient as an old turkey gobbler; he's the top of the heap, and crown' on it, too. But let him get a touch of the rheumatiz, say, or a crick in the back, or come a spell of rain in hayin' or a dry time for growin' corn, and, mercy, me! he ketches holt of my sperr string, so to speak, just as if I was Goliath of Gath. It's the way they're made from the beginnin'; but most of 'em act as though the Lord had said, I will make a hindrance for him, instead of a helpmate for him.—Rose Terry Cooke.

Making The World Better.

A deaconess, carrying a huge bundle, entered a street-car and found a seat beside a man with a hooked nose and a business-like grey eye. He coolly proceeded to 'take her in,' his reflections evidently running somewhat as follows:

Black dress and bonnet—widow probably; dress rather rusty—poor, of course; bundle; works for the shops; looks like a good worker—it's a big bundle. Then aloud: What do you make, madam?

Make, said the deaconess, somewhat startled, why, nothing. Then, as the situation dawned upon her, she added, I am trying to make the world better.

It was the man's turn to look confused. Oh, beg pardon, I thought maybe you wanted work; but—grinny—I see you've already got a big contract on hand.—The Epworth Herald.

What the Spider Said.

I was spinning a web in the rose vine, said the spider, and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, her needle broke and her eyes were full of tears. I can't do it, she said; I can't! I can't!

Then her mother came and bade her look at me. Now, every time I spun a nice, silky thread and tried to fasten it from one branch to another the wind blew and tore it away.

This happened many times; but at last I made one that did not break and fastened it close and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

What a patient spider! she said. The little girl smiled too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step.—Northwestern Advocate.

A certain mother in one of our smaller cities was very fond of playing progressive euchre. One evening she received a fine silver cup for being the most successful player. She was much delighted with her success and, on showing it to her family the next morning, her son, in his early teens, said, Huh! I can beat that, for I made \$10 at the pool table last night! Immediately the eyes of the mother were opened in more senses than one, for, in the first place, she had no idea that her son had thus been spending his time, and, in the next place, partners in sin, how could she condemn him! It taught her a lesson once for all.—Exchange.

A Safe Method of Removing Warts

Get from the druggist a solution of chromic acid two drachms to one fluid ounce of water. Dip a sliver of wood, as a match or a toothpick, in the solution and touch the warts with it. The process may be repeated every day or two for three or four times. Warts sometimes disappear without treatment, which accounts for the supposed efficacy of some of the charms used to remove them.—September Ladies' Home Journal.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentlemen's favorite.

The well of salvation is not fed by an intermittent spring.

The preacher who can't keep the devil awake better quit preaching.

Big Ships and Little Boats.

Do you know the story of the child who lived by the seashore, who, when the storms blew and beat about her casement and she thought how many ships on the wide waters were in deadly danger, called out from her little cot, Mamma, mamma, if you will pray to God for the big ships, I will speak a word to Him for the little boats.

Perhaps you think, as all our big churches in all our big land are busy praying for Thy kingdom come, your prayers are not needed. But don't you notice how they all pray for the big ships, for the preaching and Bible reading and such things? Do you often hear them pray for the boys and girls in the mission schools?

Then these are just the very little boats for you to speak a word to the Lord for.

A religion that isn't catching is not worth much.

Some people think that even the devil can be conquered by love.

A THIN DISGUISE.

The cuttle fish has a tricky habit of covering his tracks by exuding an inky fluid which discolors the water and keeps him out of view. There's a good deal of the cuttle fish about some advertisements, notably those purporting to offer medical advice by a woman to women. An examination of the advertisement will show that no offer of a doctor's advice is really made. And all the clamor about "writing to a woman" is merely raised to divert attention from the fact that a doctor's advice is not really offered and cannot be given. The real question is not of writing to a woman or a man but of writing to a doctor.

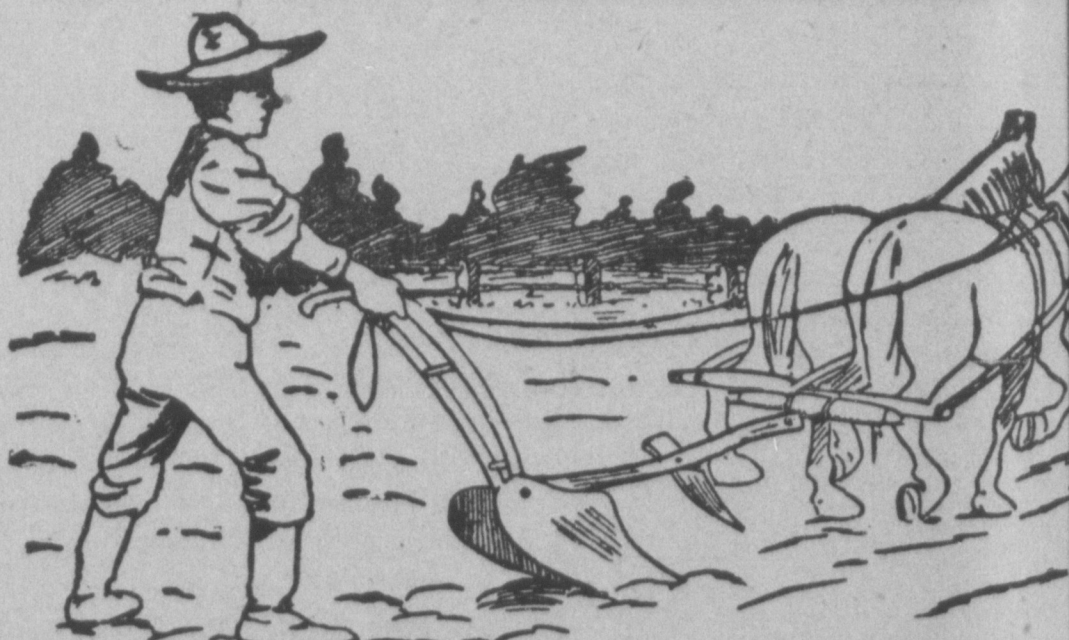
For the advice of an unqualified woman is just as dangerous as the advice of an unqualified man.

Every day adds to the number of women who take advantage of Dr. Pierce's genuine offer of a consultation by letter free of cost. As chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. R. V. Pierce has, in a practice of over thirty years, treated more than half-a-million women for female troubles with the remarkable record of ninety-eight per cent. of cures. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, without fear and without fee. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers are mailed sealed in plain envelopes without printing of any kind upon them.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

OAK HALL.

Headquarters for High Art Ready-to-wear
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, VALISES, BAGS, ETC, ETC
The Fit Reform Wardrobe
C. H. THOMAS & CO.
187 Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a dozen of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most severe attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tablets, a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take two a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular, have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache, commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and was more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many come to Ripans Tablets will help, but I do know they will cure any one in condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world. They are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to use. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall. My neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that RIFANS will not benefit. They banish pain and give long relief. Note the word RIFANS on the package and accept no substitute. Send testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Japanese Chemical Co., 25 Spruce St., New York.

Didn't Dare Eat Meat

What dyspeptics need is not official digestants but something will put their stomach right and will manufacture its own digestants.

For twenty years now Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia, indigestion that other remedies powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Kings Co., N.B., says:

"I suffered with dyspepsia for years. I tried everything I heard of, but no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I only used three bottles and now, well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B.B.B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine."

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BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamer "International" will leave St. John's, N.B., for Boston, Monday, May 31st, at 8 o'clock; and return, leave Boston every Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m. Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

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