Not as I Will.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go
That doors are opened, ways are made,
But then are lifted or are laid,
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil—
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late,
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long—so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go;
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still—
"Not as I will"

"Not as I will." The darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness,
"Not as I will" because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill—
"Not as we will."

The Lord's Work.

"I declare, I'm downright discouraged! I work early and late, day and night, and I am never through. It seems as though the Lord just piles work on me. Well, if he does it, I suppose it must be all right, and I'll say nothing more about it.

And the poor, overworked woman dropped her sewing into her lap and leaned back in her chair with a weary sigh.

If it is really the Lord's work, said Aunt Jane.

Now, what do you mean by that, Aunt Jane? It seems as if, by your tone, you doubt whether he does send it.

Well, Eliza, to tell the truth, I do, answered Aunt Jane, laying down her knitting and looking at the tired face before her. I do doubt very much if the Lord sent you all the work that you have done today. I am pretty fully persuaded that you have made a good part of it—the part which tried you the most—and now you are laying it to the Lord's sending.

Well, I never! exclaimed Eliza, sitting bolt upright in her chair and letting her arms fall from her apron, in which she wound them for support—Well, I never did! And her voice was full of indignant protest.

Now, Eliza, don't be angry with me without a cause. You are a just woman, and I want you to listen to what I have to say. I want you to go over the work of today. What first?

First, I got breakfast, said Eliza, who was a just woman and ready to listen to reason; then I cleared up and got the children off to school.

The Lord's work, sure enough, said Aunt Jane.

After that I made my cake for to-morrow. Well, what of that? as Aunt Jane shook her head.

How many kinds, Eliza?

Six. But what of it?

Why six? Would not two, or at the most three, have been enough, with all the other things you are going to have?

Mrs. Simpson had six at her tea party, and I'm not going to be outdone by her, said Eliza.

Again Aunt Jane shook her head; but her time was not yet.

Then it was time to get dinner and clear that up; and after that I had the trimming to rip off Mary's dress. That took me till supper time, and I have been ever since sewing it on again; and my eyes ache like the toothache, and I'm so beat out that I sha'n't get to sleep for hours after I go to bed.

And so you will not get half the rest you will need for all that extra work tomorrow. But why could not that dress have done as it was? I thought it was neat and pretty.

Well, I thought so myself until I saw Abby Smith's new one, and then I saw that the trimming was put on in an old fashioned way, and I wasn't going to have Mary look old style tomorrow just because her mother was too lazy to do a ittle sewing.

And you call that the Lord's work! Well, I don't. Now, Eliza, I'm going to have my say, and you musn't interrupt me till I am done. I don't call spending your precious time and strength making six kinds of cake when two would answer as well, for the sake of not being outdone by Mrs. Simpson, the Lord's work. I don't call straining your eyes and using up two hours, when you might have been resting, in taking off and putting on trimming, so that some silly girl might not be able to call Mary's dress old-fashioned, the Lord's work; if for no other reason than because it made you nervous and unreasonable, so that you spoke sharply to John and sent Mary to bed crying. Sha'l I tell you what I heard your little girl saying just now as I sat in my room?

Oh! said Kitty, I wish mamma would take us on her lap and kiss us once in a while, like Mollie's mother.

So do I, said Ella; but mother is always so busy, you know, Kitty; she doesn't have time.

I tell you Eliza, it made my heart ache to think how you are neglecting some of the Lord's work for the sake of that which you have made. One part of the work which the Lord has given you is the care of your health; for how can you be what you might be, what you ought to be, to your family, if you are always tired and nervous? What does Mary care that the trimming is sewed on her dress in the newest style, when her mother has broken her heart with sharp, unloving words? What is it to your little children that your table is loaded with cake, if you are always too busy to hold them in your lap or to give them a loving kiss? If necessary—which it never will be—let the dust lie thick on your furniture rather than have your children grow up without a mother! You need not open your eyes. You are an excellent housekeeper, but not much of a mother yet, Eliza. And now I don't want you to speak one word or answer me for ten minutes by the clock. You are awfully angry now, but when you have thought over what I have said for that time you won't do anything but thank me; for you're a just woman, Eliza, and you are going to be one of the best mothers the Lord ever made, after tonight.

The ten minutes were not quite up when Eliza rose and left the room. Silently she entered her daughters' room. All was quiet, but when she came to the bedside, she heard a little sob. In a moment she was on her knees beside the bed, and Mary was gathered in her mother's arms as she never had been since she could walk alone. What passed between them they only knew; but if any more tears were shed in the little room that night, they were tears of joy. The little girls were fast asleep in each other's arms and did not feel the longed for kisses, but they would tomorrow.

Aunt Jane had fallen into a gentle doze when Eliza returned, but started broad awake to find her standing at her side

Aunt Jane, she said, you said some pretty severe things to me, but not too severe. I was in a desperate way, and needed desperate remedies. You were right; I thank you from my heart. Good night.

For some time Aunt Jane sat with her hands folded, her lips moving as though in prayer.

It seemed as though the Lord had laid it on me to do it, she murmured finally, and I did not dare shirk it, though it was desperate hard to do; and now I can never be thankful enough that I did!—American Messenger.

The Power of Love.

A good woman took in a boy from the penitentiary. Her friends were disgusted. She was talked to, scolded and sneered at; but when every one had said his say, she looked up and smiled.

Isn't Frank's soul worth saving? she asked.

There was no answer. The days and weeks went by. Once Frank took a little money from Miss Arnold's pocketbook. It was not much—only fifty cents—but it showed the boy's weakness, and Miss Arnold was grieved. She did not let him know that she knew he had taken the money, but patiently waited. Meanwhile she was kinder than ever, if that was possible, to the poor boy whom no one else cared for. She prayed for him, too, as regularly as she prayed for herself. One day her prayer was answered. She was sitting before the fire when Frank came in. He was very pale—his hat was in his hands.

I'm going away, Miss Arnold, he said hoarsely. I wasn't going to say anything—just slip off, you know,—but I couldn't bear to do it. I'm a mean fellow. I don't know what makes me so, but I am. I stole a half dollar out of your purse, Miss Arnold. I wanted some cigars, and I got 'em, but I couldn't smoke 'em after I got 'em. I just couldn't, because I kept thinking how I promised you I never would. But the money was gone, your money; I'm the meanest fellow in the world; but I don't—

He stopped there, for Miss Arnold looked at him in a way that made his lips quiver and his eyes fill with tears. He knelt down beside her, and she laid her hand caressingly on his head.

Don't call yourself names, Frankie, she said gently, you are a brave laddie, I think!

What could she mean? He looked at her wonderingly. She would not mock him he knew, but what did she mean?

You are a brave laddie because you have won a great victory. You did a great wrong, but you have owned your sin and are truly sorry.

She slipped down on her knees beside the boy, and with her arms around him asked God to bless him and forgive him for Christ's sake. He was another boy from that moment. Only a few days later he cut a quantity of kindling and piled it up for old Squire Dawes, who paid him fifty cents for his work. He rushed home almost out of breath, and gave the fifty cents to Miss Arnold.

I've paid the money back, he said to himself with great joy, but the—the—loving kindness I can't ever pay that—I can't ever.—American Messenger.

A Blessing in the Home.

Mrs. Carey, your brother must be a real blessing in your home, said the deaconess, who had been upstairs visiting the invalid. It does me good to see his sunshiny face.

Yes, he is indeed a blessing to any family, Miss Deming.

He seems to be always rejoicing in the Lord.

Yes, brother Henry is always happy. How thankful I am that he ever came to live with us! And yet, added Mrs. Carey, with a little sigh, I was not willing at first to take charge of him, helpless as I knew he would always be. It was a trial for me to promise my mother, now in heaven, that I would take brother into my home and do for him as she had done.

You have had him many years, Mrs Carey?

He has lived with me seventeen years, Miss Deming. He has been a helpless paralytic since his early childhood, when he had a fall which brought him to the condition you see him in now. A few months before her death, I was visiting my mother, and she said to me: Maria, I haven't much longer to live, and my only anxiety is for Henry. I haven't the heart to put him into a home for incurables while he has a sister living. Will you promise to take him, Maria? I did not answer at once. My whole nature rebelled against voluntarily taking up such a burden.

Henry was then, as now, as helpless as a baby, and could not be left alone long at a time. The having him in my home would necessitate the giving up of many pleasures—could I do it? No, of myself I could not. I left mother, and went home with a heavy heart, and for days had no peace or rest.

I felt that I ought to say yes to mother's request, and this I was unwilling to do. Oh, Miss Deming, how foolish it is for us to fight and struggle against the convictions of duty and the promptings of the Holy Spirit!

At last, in despair, I went to the Lord, and said to Him, Dear Lord Jesus, you know I don't want to do this thing, but if it is what you want me to do, put a willingness into my heart, and make me glad to take up this burden which just now seems so hard for me.

And, Miss Deming, it wasn't long until He put a yes into my heart, and I could go to my mother and tell her that henceforth Henry was to be my charge until death should separate us. I shall never forget the expression on her face when I told her, and the words of love and encouragement she gave me. She went to heaven soon after—my dear mother!—and Henry came home with me.

My dear friend, the presence of my brother has been a continual benediction in our home! He is always sweet tempered, as you see him. Many a time when the trials of my every-day life have seemed heavy, I have gone up to his room, and together we have told Jesus about them.

Then Henry sings a hymn of praise, and before long I am singing too, and go back to the kitchen strengthened and able to bear the burden.

Oh, how much to me has meant the perfect surrender of my will to God! Since that day, seventeen years ago, I have each morning put my all on the altar, and know that I am all the Lord's. Praise His name, for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever.—Christian Standard.

Spurgeon's Lost Ticket.

Charles H. Spurgeon watched for God's providence and did not watch in vain. In his autobiography prepared by Mrs. Spurgeon is the following account:

On one of my early journeys by the Eastern Counties railway—as the Great Eastern railway was then called—I had a singular adventure, upon which I have often looked back with pleasurable recollections. I had been into the country to preach and was returning to London. All at once I discovered that my ticket was gone; and a gentleman, the only other occupant of the compartment, noticing that I was fumbling about in my pockets, as though in search of something I could not find, said to me: I hope you have not lost anything, sir? I thanked him and told him that it was my ticket that was missing and that by a remarkable coincidence I had neither watch nor money with me. I seldom wear a watch and probably the brother whom I had gone to help had seemed to me in need of any coin that I might have had in my possession before I started on my homeward journey. But, I added, I am not at all troubled, for I have been on my Master's business and I am quite sure all will be well. I have had so many interpositions of divine providence, in small matters as well as great ones, that I feel as if whatever happens to me I am bound to fall on my feet like the man on the Manx penny.

The gentleman seemed interested and said that no doubt it would be all right; and we had a very pleasant and, I hope, profitable conversation until the train had nearly reached Bishopgate station and the collector came for the tickets. As the official opened the door of our compartment, he touched his hat to my traveling companion, who simply said: All right, William! whereupon the man saluted and retired. After he had gone I said to the gentleman: It is very strange that the collector did not ask for my ticket. No; Mr. Spurgeon, he replied, calling me by my name for the first time—it is only another illustration of what you told me about the providence of God watching over you even in little things; I am the general manager of this line and it was no doubt divinely arranged that I should be your companion just when I could be of service to you. I knew you were all right and it has been a great pleasure to meet you under such happy circumstances.

Praying Without Watching.

I don't know how it is, said a servant girl on her way to the Bible class; my temper is always getting the better of me. Then my mistress scolds. Yet I never run downstairs without asking God for grace to be meek all day.

Oh, dear, sighed a fair faced maiden, just returned from church Another service over, and I haven't brought a single word away. I made such good resolves this morning when I said my prayers; but Kate's and Mary's bonnets put them all to flight.

It seems as if the public house is stronger than the Lord Himself. complained a man who rarely started to his work without a sense of shame at having spent so much of his hard-earned money overnight on beer. The parson bids us ask the Lord to lead us past the door. I don't know what He does for other folk; He never did it yet for me. And it hasn't been for want of askin' Him.

I never meant to have wasted such a long time gossiping, sighed a woman; for what are Mrs. Brown's affairs to me? It's my besetting sin, I know. I thought of it, too, yesterday at church, when I said, Lead us not into temptation; but now I'm all behind again.

The girl who let those precious hours of the service slip had thought of little else but dress and vanity the whole week through. What wonder then if new bonnets drove out of her head the resolutions that she made upon her knee.

The man who prayed that God would lead him past the public-house never tried to help himself; and so with the woman and her besetting sin of gossiping.

God has little help for those who do not strive against their sins as well as say their prayers

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Psalmist says—if I delight in it, that is to say, the Lord will not hear me. (Psalm 66: 18.)—Young People's Paper.

Does every housekeeper know that milk is an excellent substitute for soap in washing dishes? Its usefulness is varied; for it not only softens the hardest water and gives the dishes a clear, polished look, but preserves the hands from chapping. It also prevents a greasy scum from appearing on the top of the water. The quantity of milk to use is a half cupful to a dishpan half full of very hot water.—Southwestern Christian Advocate.

A life of pleasure makes even the strongest mind frivolous at last.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the skin that spreads and dries, forming scurf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it.

"Catch the opportunity." By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now you may build up your health and prevent serious illness.

Divine Keeping.

The Lord is thy keeper. Amid the perils that threaten us, the snares laid for our feet, the enemies that assail, and considering also our infirmities and our natural tendencies to evil, the assurance yielded by these words is most certainly encouraging We need a divine keeper. He never slumbers He is never surprised. He is always at hand. He is never weary; never discouraged. His understanding is infinite. He never fails nor forsakes his people who trust in him.

The Lord keepeth mercy and truth for those who fear him, and for those who keep his covenant. God keepeth the feet of his saints. None of their steps shall slide.

A LIVING EPISTLE.—You may teach arithmetic or geography best by means of books, but you teach your class about Christ as a living epistle of him. You may fret because you cannot teach the lesson better, but the unconscious teaching of your life is what tells most; and that may be the best. Surely you will study to teach the lesson in the best way; but though your pupils are not minding the lesson, they are studying you. Besides, their interpretation of you.

Pandora, so runs the myth, let all the ills of life out of her box to prey upon mankind, but shut the cover soon enough to prevent the escape of hope. Hope remains to every sufferer but it is only an ignis-fatuus unless it takes on some tangible form. The hope of recovery is treasured by every one who suffers from weak or bleeding lungs, obstinate and lingering cough, bronchitis or similar ailments, which, if neglected, or unskilfully treated lead on to consumption. That hope becomes a practical and tangible thing when it is based on the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Such a hope is reasonable because thousands of men and women emaciated and weakened by disease have been made sound and well by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. R.V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., by letter. All letters are carefully and considerately read and answered. Each letter is held as a sacred confidence and every answer is mailed in a plain envelope without any printing upon it. Write without fear and without fee.

"I was taken sick in July last year, and was not able to do any kind of work until November," writes Mr. Noel W. Orvin, of Langley, Aiken Co., S. C. "Had been coughing up small, hard lumps of phlegm for about a year before I was taken down. I then called on a doctor, who attended me for two months, and said that one-half of my left lung was gone, and advised me to leave my home (Charleston, S. C.), and go to the country, but did not say what sort of disease I had. I thought it was consumption, and wrote to you for advice. I took four bottles of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I sincerely believe has done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken."

The use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets does not beget the pill habit.

GRIPPE'S LEGA

Shattered Nerves AND Weakened Sys

A Montreal Gentleman Tells Abo

Mr. F. J. Brophy, a well-known em in the money-order department at th eral post office in Montreal, tells abo case as follows:

"I had a very severe attack o Grippe, which left me all run down nervous, without appetite, and extr weak. Very often I could not sle night, and I was much troubled with fuse perspiration, which naturally c me much annoyance. Learning of good effects of Milburn's Heart and N Pills, I began taking them, and much gratification they have braced me up vigorated my entire system, and mad feel like a new man. I am now all and highly recommend these pills to one suffering as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills palpitation, nervousness, sleeplessn weakness, anæmia and general debility

ACENTS WANTE

For the grandest and fastest sell book ever published.

Memories of D. L. MO

By his son, W. R. Moody, assisted Ira D. Sankey.

A splendid life-story of the g evangelist's high unselfish servic the cause of fellow-man.

Published with the authorization Mrs. Moody and the family.

Only authorized, authentic biogra Beautifully Illustrated. Large, H some Volume. 1000 more age wanted, men and women.

Sales immense; a harvest time agents. Freight paid, credit given. Address at once,

The Dominion Company Dept. M. 82, Chicago.

INTERNATIONAL S. S CO.

3 trips a week from

BOSTON

Commencing May 31st the steamers this company will leave St John for E port, Lubec, Portland and Boston eve MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FR DAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard Returning, leave Boston every MONDA WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morni at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m.

Connection made at Eastport with steam er for St. Andrews, Calais and St Stephe

Freight received daily up to 5 o clock.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agt

FREE TO ALL

A SILVER PLATED TEAPOT.

Consumers of National Blend Tea without doubt the best Blend Tea o the market, when you have bought twenty pounds you will receive a Silver Plated Teapot free of charge.

The cheapest house in town to buy flour.

D. W. Estabrook & Sons

York St. and Westmorland

Temperance and General

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Has just closed the most successful year in its history, making a substantial increase in all important items, and can justly claim to be

THE BEST COMPANY FOR THE BEST RISKS

E. R. MACHUM, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MARITIME MANAGER.

JANUARY 16TH.

Spring Whitewear

JUST RECEIVED

NIGHT GOWNS, DRAWERS, CORSET COVERS

All bought before the advance in price of Cotton and Embroideries, so are of special value.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.