

As Ye Would.

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless.

When I might be
A messenger of home and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day—

How could I dare,
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and set apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I find the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down in sweet content.

—Nashville Advocate.

"I Didn't Think."

How often is the above offered
as an excuse for unwise, even
wicked, fatal action. I didn't think
it was loaded is the wail of one as
he stands over the dead body of his
victim, at whom a few moments
before he recklessly aimed a gun
and pulled the trigger!

I didn't think; it is the most
foolish act of my life, despairingly
gasped a great lawyer as he lay
dying from a wound inflicted by
his own hand, in an attempt to de-
monstrate how another man might
have shot himself.

I didn't think, says the young
man whose life of lawlessness had
landed him in prison and broken
his mother's heart.

I didn't think, says the girl
who, by pouring oil on the fire to
start it, produced an explosion, in
which she was fatally burned.

I didn't think, says the young
man who, last night, was mortally
wounded in a drunken debauch,
and now lies on the verge of eter-
nal death.

I didn't think death would
come so suddenly, says the man
who lies stricken by a fatal dis-
ease and is told by his physician he
can live but a few hours. A few
weeks ago, at the revival meeting,
he was pungently convicted. Both
the Spirit and the Word said to
him, Now is the accepted time;
but he said, Not now; I will wait.

Alas, how much sorrow and woe
there is in this world—how many
thousands even now are with the
rich man lifting their eyes in the
lake of everlasting torment because
of that fatal I didn't think! That
excuse, so readily offered in this
life, has no power to exempt from
the eternal consequences of an
earthly career of indifference or
positive wickedness. It does not
even exempt from the physical
consequences of a shot recklessly
fired. How much less shall it ex-
empt from the consequences of a
life lived in open defiance of God's
reasonable, righteous requirements.

I didn't think. But why did
you not think? What right have
you to live and act without think-
ing? God has not created you a
brute or an idiot. For him to have
done so would have been for you a
great calamity. He has crowned
you with that highest of all crown-
ings possible to life in this world—
the power to think, to will, and to
do. For this inestimable crowning
you should give him thanks every
day. Plato, the great pagan philo-
sopher, who had no access to the
Bible, said that he thanked the
divine Being every day for having
created him a rational man, and
not a brute. He thought of this
daily and was grateful. If a pagan
could thus think of and appreciate
this great gift of God, the ability
to think, how much more should
you do so, living in the blazing
light of the gospel at the close of
the nineteenth century.

But the only proper way to man-
ifest appreciation of a precious gift
is to make a proper use of it. The
man who buried his talent was con-
demned because, by his not using
it, he clearly showed that he did
not appreciate the gift. So he
who does not think and act ration-
ally thereby treats with contempt
the great gift with which his Cre-
ator has crowned him—namely, the
power to think.

The divine Word says, "Come
now, let us reason together. Be not
as the horse or the mule whose
mouth must be held in with bit and
bridle. That is, think, reason, act
rationally, and not as the dumb
brute. Effects are produced by
causes. God has given you the
power to think, to calculate as to
the effects that will follow causes,
and to choose what causes you will
set in motion; and he appeals to
you to think, to choose, and to act
wisely, for the causes you set in
motion must produce their legiti-

mate effects, despite all your cries,
sighs, and tears thereafter.

Would you, then, be happy? Do
justly, love mercy, and walk humbly
with thy God. Have you sinned? Then,
like an honest man, go before the
Lord Jesus, humbly confess your
sins, seek and secure his pardon,
and live an honest, upright life
before God and men. This will
give you a clear conscience and the
assurance of everlasting life in
heaven, and, having all this, you
can but be happy. Think of these
things. Think daily; think hard;
think honestly; and do not forfeit
your power to think and act intelli-
gently by refusing to exercise
properly this highest, noblest of all
your God-given powers. The
psalmist says: I thought on my
way, and turned my feet unto thy
testimonies. I made haste, and
delayed not to keep thy command-
ments.—The Tel-scope.

Sharing Our Homes.

Well, why don't we do something
for this army of students, then?
said an energetic young matron,
one of a group of ladies among
whom a discussion of the needs of
students had arisen. Let's do
something.

That's what I say, came promptly
from another of the group. I'm
tired and sick of hearing that the
world in general needs reforming.
What I want to find out is how I
can put a practical hand to help-
ing the small corner in which I
find myself. You know I'm noth-
ing if not practical, with a half-
apologetic laugh.

But my dear, are we not doing
that in planning and working for
home-like college residences? said
an elderly lady.

Yes, but look at the time, and
above all, the money, that will re-
quire. I'm afraid that solution of
the question is far in the future
yet. Meanwhile numbers of these
young people come and go, and live
or exist, as best they may or can in
boarding houses, with no one spe-
cially interested in them, practically
without counsel or restraint, and
that too, at a most impressive pe-
riod of their lives. What a lonely
student needs is a touch of real
personal interest, and a breath of
a real home atmosphere occasion-
ally.

Besides, said another speaker,
what is true of the larger cities is
true in a measure of the whole
country. Almost every town of
any importance has its educational
centre, to attend which young
people must leave their homes in
the surrounding country for a con-
siderable part of the year.

I have done a good deal of enter-
taining of students, said a professor's
wife, but I always felt this difficulty;
there were so many of them that it
was almost impossible to become
well enough acquainted with them
individually to give them the bene-
fit of personal sympathy which they
need. If there were only half a
dozen or so, one could get to know
and take an individual interest in
them.

Why, that suggests a simple
solution of the whole matter, broke
in the first speaker again. Suppose
each woman interested in students
in general takes four or five of
them under her special care, and
makes them feel that her home is
open to them at any and all times,
and that she is always sufficiently
interested in them to be interested
in what they are doing, or to give
freely counsel and help in difficul-
ties or perplexities. Don't you
think some absent mother would
bless her for it?

In short, you mean, give them a
corner in your life and home, that
they may consider specially their
own?

Exactly.
Would it not be a good thing to
extend this idea of sharing our
homes beyond even the student
circles. There are a great many
people who long for a touch of
home-life.

Yes, it would, agreed another
speaker, heartily; you see, it re-
quires no organization, no equip-
ment beyond that of tact and a
home and a kind heart back of it
all. The idea is capable of endless
adaptation to different needs and
circumstances.

Well, said the young matron,
with bright emphasis, I've got a
glimpse of something to do, and I'm
going to do it!

I was a stranger and ye took me
in, quoted the quiet little woman
softly.—Guardian.

Inasmuch As Ye Did It Not.

Master, I have this day broken
no law of the ten, have hurt no one.
Is it enough?

Child, there stood one by thy
side burdened with heavy tasks of
lowly, earthly labor. For a little
help, a little easing of the burden,
he looked to thee. Thou hadst
time and strength.

Master, I did not see.

Thine eyes were turned within.
There was an ignorant one crying

from his darkness, Will none teach
me? I have given thee knowl-
dige.

Master, I did not hear.
Thine ear was dull. There came
a guest to seek thy converse, a
human friend in quest of fellowship.
I marked thy sigh, thy frown. Why
was thy heart not glad?

I was reading. I hate to be dis-
turbed, to be called from great
thoughts to trifling talk.

The children would have had
three some few moments in their
play. Without thee they went
wringing—how far wrong thou wilt
not know. It is too late.

Child's play? But I was search-
ing for a hidden truth of spiritual
import.

Thou didst not turn aside to lift
that lame one who had fallen by
the way.

I was in haste to do what I had
planned. I meant to help him
when I should return.

Another lifted him. And shall
I question further? Dost thou not
yet see? Child, my heart yearns
over thee. Dost say thou hast hurt
me to day? Thou hast hurt many,
and thyself not least. Not one of
the ten laws hast thou broken?

Thou hast robbed these thy brothers
of that which I did give to thee in
trust for them. In all thy eager
grasping to save thy life, thou hast
this day lost it. Thou art smaller,
poorer, blinder than this morn thou
wert, after all thy reading, think-
ing, planning, doing. Where, where
this day has been thy loving?
When thou dost ask, Is it enough?
there thou dost hurt me. Enough?
Dost thou then grudge? Wilt thou
weigh and measure? Wilt thou bar-
gain with me? Art thou looking for
a least requirement? Child, thou
grievest me much.

Master, love me still and teach
me, for I have the more need.

Fear not, I will not leave thee.
Thou shalt one day know what it
is to love.—From The Love of the
World, by Mary Emily Case.

The Squeaker in Church.

He comes a little late, and he
wears the shoes that are sacred
to the sanctuary, the boots that re-
member the Sabbath day to keep it
noisy. His pew is away down in
front, close to the pulpit, and squeak-
ing he tramps discordantly down
the long aisle. If he walks flat-
footed the dismal thump of his heels
minges dejectedly with the shrill
dissonance of the squeaking sole.
And if he endeavors to improve
matters by teetering along on his
toes, the result is a strident hor-
ror of squeak and grumble that
frightens even the most hardened
squeaker.

When he reaches his pew there
are strangers sitting there. The
Squeaker is the soul of hospitality,
and he wouldn't disturb a stranger
for a hat full of money, so, modest-
ly ignoring all the pew doors held
open for him, he squeaks all the
way back to a retired seat under
the gallery. Then he remembers
that he has a notice for the pastor
to read. He squeaks up to the
pulpit, hands the minister the
wrong notice and doesn't discover
his mistake until he is half way
down the aisle again, and back to
the pulpit he goes. And the more
smiling grows the rest of the con-
gregation, the more impressively
solemn looks the Squeaker.

He is invariably a good man, too;
one of the best men in your church;
so good you cannot endure to re-
prove him on account of his boots,
which are essentially pedotapists
in this economical use of water, and
their loud protests against immer-
sion as an ordinance of efficacy.—
Burdette, in the Standard.

Giving, She Still Had.

In Connecticut, a few years ago,
there lived a lady who had a beau-
tiful flower garden in which she
took great pride. The whole neigh-
borhood was proud of it, too, and
people drove miles to see it. She
fastened two large baskets on the
outside of her fence next to the
road, and every morning these were
filled with cut flowers—the large,
showy kinds in one basket, and the
delicate, fragile kinds in the other.
All the school children going by
helped themselves, and studied the
better for it; and business men
took a breath of fragrance into
their dusty offices which helped the
day along. Even the tramps were
welcome to all the beauty they
could get into their forlorn lives.

You cut such quantities, some
one said to her; aren't you afraid
you will rob yourself?

The more I cut the more I have,
she answered. Don't you know
that if plants are allowed to go to
seed they stop blooming? I love to
give pleasure, and it is profit as
well, for my liberal cutting is the
secret of my beautiful garden. I
am like the man in Pilgrim's Pro-
gress—the more I give away, the
more I have.

It is not alone in the garden that
this rule holds good. We are con-
stantly learning that giving does
not make us poor, but rich; that

the more we give to our fellow men
of love and sympathy and kindness,
the higher swell the fountains of
these feelings within our hearts.—
Ex.

Speak To Jane To-Night.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A very singular thing happened
to a good sister, a member of my
church. I said I felt so concerned
that mothers should look to their
children. I exhorted them, when
they went home, to speak individu-
ally with their sons and daughters;
and I used these words: I said Go
home, dear mother, and speak to
Jane this very night. Perhaps she
will be in bed; but nevertheless
wake her up and say, Jane, I am
sorry I have not spoken to you
about the things of God personally
and I must do it before I go to
sleep. Never mind about waking
her up.

There was one good old lady who
had a daughter by the name of
Jane. To my great surprise and
delight, on Monday evening she
was with Jane in my vestry, asking
me to see Jane that she might join
the church; for, sir said she, I had
never spoken to my dear child, per-
sonally about her state; but last
night, when I woke her and began
to speak to her, she threw her arms
around my neck and burst into
tears, saying, Why, mother, I have
known the Lord for six months,
and wanted so much to speak to
you; but I didn't seem as if I could
manage it. She said, What a joy
there was in store for me, that I
had never known, all through ne-
glect of duty!

Suppose you were to do so to-
night, dear friends, and if it should
turn out that your Jane is not saved
then there will have been all the
more urgent necessity for your
having spoken. Take your children
one by one, and in quiet silence,
when nobody is near, pray with
each separately. You can't tell,
God might bless it.

Gift Of Love.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says that
one day when she was feeling keenly
her failures and discouragements,
and wondering if she really was
wasting anything in her Father's
vineyard, her little boy came in
from a walk in the city park, and
running up to her with great de-
light, he put into her lap a little
handful of wilted chickweed. She
picked up the worthless weeds with
a cry of gratitude and kissed the
little hand which had brought
them to her. They were in them-
selves of absolutely no account, but
they were all the flowers he had,
and his loving thought and plan
to bring mamma his only bouquet
lifted the burden from her heart.
Ah! she said, shall not my Father
take my little service, which ofen-
times seem so worthless and un-
availing, and count it precious be-
cause in my heart I longed to do
great and beautiful things for him?
—Missionary Review of the World.

A MOTHER'S KISS.—A girl in
New York confessed to a magis-
trate the other day: My mother
never kissed me, so far as I can re-
member. An exchange aptly and
forcefully says, Hear that, ye
mothers, and go home and kiss
every one of your children, even if
it wakes them from their sleep.
Why a mother's kiss is one of the
sweetest means of grace God has
given to this world!

You grow older every day; if
you have bad habits, they grow
older too; and the older both grow
together, the harder they are to
separate.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, caused by a per-
sistent rasping cough. Pny-Pectoral
quickly cures the most severe coughs.
It soothes, heals, never fails to cure.
Manufactured by the proprietors of
Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

There is danger in neglecting a
cold. Many who have died of con-
sumption dated their troubles from ex-
posure, followed by a cold which settled
on their lungs, and in a short time
they were beyond the skill of the best
physician. Had they tried Bickel's
Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it
was too late, their lives would have
been spared. This medicine has no
equal for curing coughs, colds and all
affections of the throat and lungs.

A stimulant is often needed to
nourish and strengthen the roots and
to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's
Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the
hair.

"Persevere and prosper." If you
take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully for
scrofula, salt rheum, boils, eruptions,
dyspepsia, it will cure you.

Passed Blood.

Mrs. Travis, Fennells P. O., Ont.,
writes: My husband was so bad with
Diarrhoea that he passed blood and
could get nothing to cure him until he
tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild
Strawberry. He says it saved his life.

Talking Or Saying Something.

Rev. H. W. Pope, of the North
fields Extension, writing in the
Record of Christian Work on The
Ministry of the Twentieth Century,
gives the following illustration:

Here is an operator in a tel-
graph office. He is reading his
paper intently, while all around
him the machines are going clickety
click-click click. Suddenly another
machine starts up clickety click-
click-click. Instantly he drops his
paper: snatches his pencil, and be-
gins to write as for his life. What
is the difference? Those machines
are making a noise, talking to
somebody, perhaps, but this one
is speaking to him, and he is
anxious to get the message. There
is the same difference in preachers.
Some of them talk and others say
something. They represent some-
body, and that somebody is God.
The people yawn through one ser-
vice and hold their breath through
the other.

Christ was a home missionary.
in the house of Lazarus.

Christ was a foreign missionary,
when the Greeks came to him.

Christ was a city missionary,
when he taught in Samaria.

Christ was a Sunday school mis-
sionary, when he opened up the
Scriptures and set men to studying
the word of God.

Christ was a missionary to the
poor, when he opened the eyes of
the blind beggar.

If "coming events cast their shadows
before," those shadows on the blind
presage a wedding in the
near future.

The young
lady may even
be "all ready"
to marry, that
is, she thinks
she's "all
ready" for her
trousseau's pre-
pared, the
"trip" has
been planned,
and the house
picked out and
"everything."

When we see a young woman go out to
meet fate that way it brings to mind the
Frenchman's saying of the Charge of
the Light Brigade. "It was magnificent
but it was not war." It is magnificent
to see the young girl face the future so
fearlessly, but it is not life. No young
woman is ready for married life unless
her physical condition is up to the stand-
ard of marriage, in the health of all the
delicate womanly organs, and rarely is
that the case.

Young women entering upon the
state of marriage will find no friend so
helpful as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion. It gives vigor and elasticity to the
organs peculiarly feminine, prevents the
drains that ruin the health, and makes
the ordeal of motherhood so easy that it
is practically almost painless.

"At an early stage of married life," writes
Mrs. Flora Arn, of Dallas, Jackson Co., Mo.: "I
was greatly bothered with painful periods, also
a troublesome drain which rendered me very
weak and unfit for work of any kind. I became
so thin there was nothing left of me but skin and
bone. My husband became alarmed and got me
a bottle of Favorite Prescription. After he
saw the wonderful effects of that one he got me
two more, and after I used those up there was no
more pain, and I began to gain in flesh very
rapidly."

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viser answers every question. It is sent
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MARITIME MANAGER.

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NIGHT GOWNS, DRAWERS,
CORSET COVERS

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

JOHN J. WEDDALL

A LITTLE COL
LET R

A little tickling in the throat—
then a dry, hacking cough—
enough to bother about you say.
But every hack makes a breach
system, strains the lungs and pre-
pares way for more serious trouble.

"Would be wise for you to take
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup now, be-
fore the cold becomes permanently affected.
It is the most certain and satis-
fying remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bron-
chitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,
Whooping Cough.

Mrs. Geo. E. Foster, Lansdowne,
has this to say: "I was taken sudden-
ly by a cold which settled on my lungs,
a terrible cough and it gave me great
trouble. All the remedies I tried seemed of
no avail. I then started taking
Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup, which
cured me so promptly
that it was a pleasant
surprise. I shall
always keep it in the
house during the winter
season."

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