

Who Won the Crown?

BY GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

Before my open study fire,
A drowsy feeling o'er me crept,
And there, curled in an easy chair,
A dream came to me while I slept.
The angels offered—so it seemed—
A star-gemmed crown, as a reward,
To the Dalton woman who this year
Should do best service to her Lord.
Ah, my, but then there was a stir!
Each Christian woman, p'ain or fair,
Resolved to save, and work, and scrimp.
And in the end that crown to wear.
One wore her last year's winter hat,
All out of style and full of flaws;
One gave her new dress up, and sent
The money to the mission cause,
So they devised themselves, each one
Some luxury, without a frown,
And gladly gave, and worked, and saved,
With one eye on that starry crown.

But Susie Brown, a sweet-faced wife,
Heard what was said, with face cast
down:

With eyes tear-dimmed, she thought how
alim

Her chance was for a starry crown.
Five little children at her knees,

With poverty, maybe, at the end;
Her husband's meals to plan and cook

Jackets and frocks to make and mend;
Childish grievances to adjust,

A loving kiss, a gentle tone—
Ah, where from break to end of day

Was moment she could call her own?
And yet her heart was, oh, so full

She cared not for the rich reward,
But surely, in her meagre life,

There must be something for her Lord.

An aged tramp she warmed and cheered
And filled his heart with peace and light;

A cursing lad she wooed in love
Back to his God and paths of right;

A motherless baby, ill and wan,
She huddled at her own warm breast;

And, after supper things were done,
And her own household was at rest,

She plied her busy needle on
With fingers that could not be still,

Working away on a simple frock
For which she'd get a dollar bill.

Her back was tired; her fingers ached;
Her feet were cold, and but half shod,

Yet, what a pleasure filled her soul—
A whole new dollar for her God!

The day had come The mission band,
Each sister fixed up in her best,

Lined up before the Angel's stand
Quite nervous, and in strange unrest;

At length the Angel, white appeared,
And held with steady hand on high

A crown with gems so bright and rare
They dazed with light the human eye.

Then spake the Angel, "Sisters dear,
You've all been loyal, good and true,

Your Master loves you, and he sends
A blessing to each one of you.

He welcomes gladly what you give,
He values more the heart and mind

Which makes you give. Yet more he loves
The prayer and love that lie behind.

To younger woman am I sent,
"Come forward," on this throne sit down,

Let Susie Brown, of Christ's own gift,
Receive this brilliant heavenly crown."

Chris. Observer.

Harsh Mercy.

One day about twenty years ago,
out in the far west of Montana, a stage
coach was making its regular trip. It
was in the winter season, and as is not
uncommon in that region, there had
been a sudden fall in the temperature,
and the weather had changed in a few
hours from comparative mildness to
most intense and bitter cold. A fierce
wind was blowing, which made the
coldness of the atmosphere more diffi-
cult to repel, and rendered all expo-
sure to the outdoor air most trying and
even perilous. No one who could
possibly avoid it ventured to brave the
atmospheric conditions of the day and
the only passenger within the coach
was a woman with her little babe.
Either some stringent necessity must
have forced the mother to venture
upon her journey, or else she was ig-
norant of the danger to which she
exposed herself and her child. But if
the passenger was aware of the peril,
the driver was not, and supplying her
with all extra covering he had at com-
mand, he watched his charges very
intently, and sought by all means in
his power to keep the mother alert and
awake. But as the journey continued
and the dreadful bitter cold penetrated
her coverings, and drowsiness was
stealing over her, the driver became
more and more alarmed for her safety.
Despite all his efforts and precautions,
her eyes closed, and her body swayed
to and fro, and it was evident that the
fatal lethargy was stealing over her,
the sad issue of which would soon be
declared.

There was but one course of pro-
cedure that suggested itself to him in
his extremity, and upon this he re-
solved to act. Suddenly reining up
his horses he left his seat, and descend-
ing to the ground he opened the door
of the coach, grasped the woman rough-
ly by the arm, and dragged her into the
road half dazed with sleep, and be-
fore she could recover from her be-
wildered, rolling the babe into a
safe bundle on the seat he sprang to
his box, gathered up the reins, and
drove on. In an instant the instinct
of motherhood was aroused in the
woman, and as the stage rattled on
over the frozen road, the mother ran
after it, imploring the driver to stop,

and crying out in her anxiety for her
child. "Oh, my baby! my baby!
Give me my baby!" she shouted. But
the driver apparently gave no heed to
her distress. Sometimes he would
slacken pace and allow her to draw
near, and then he would increase the
speed of his horses and leave her
farther than ever behind. He con-
tinued this course of action until he
was assured that the object of his
severe kindness was attained and that
the danger spell was broken, when he
stopped the stage and let her in, with
the life blood pulsating through her
frame and every energy of mind and
body aroused, she was, as he thought,
safe from further peril, and made the
rest of her journey secure and com-
fortable.

The story carries its own comment.
It is a striking and suggestive illus-
tration of the way a loving Heavenly
Father often deals with his children.
Many life experiences are analogous
to that mother's stage coach ride. Cold
temptations are more dangerous than
hot ones oftentimes. When salt water
freezes the salt is eliminated. The
chilling, benumbing influences of the
world cause the salt of character and
soul life to lose its savor, and nothing
but strong, vigorous counter agents
can prevent and restore the tone.
Loss of property has saved souls.
Children caught in the grasp of disease
and snatched away have led parents'
feet to follow them to the arms of
Jesus, where both child and parent
were safe.

Why just this? many a soul tried,
troubled, tantalized with some peculiar
form of discipline, has often said.
Think it not strange. It may be the
rough grasp of love and mercy saying,
"Awake thou that sleepest!" Our
sluggard souls would sleep on in
fancied security and careless ease, and
life's journey end in the dark gloom
of eternity's night, were it not for
those rough mercies that shake us out
of slumber and quicken us to run in
the way of life.

By and by there will be sweet notes
in the new song, traced by the sharp
engravings of our harshest earthly
trials.—Chris. Intelligencer.

Some Things We Know About Heaven.

Heaven belongs to the unseen. It
belongs to the spiritual, and therefore
cannot be fully known as long as we
are in the material. It belongs to the
perfectly holy, and therefore much of
what might be known cannot be per-
ceived or comprehended, for the
natural man cannot know things of
the Spirit of God, for they are spiri-
tually discerned. No one returns to
tell his experience or describe to us
what he has seen. Angels' feet are
always upon the ladder going from us
to God, and returning to minister to
us, but they minister in silence; we
hear no voice as they serve. There
are many questions we would like to
ask, many questions we do ask, but
neither by the written Word, nor by
vision in the night is an answer given.
Heaven lies beyond the domain of the
present life, and we must wait until
we come into the fulness of the Spirit,
until we enter the higher sphere of
being, before we can so or compre-
hend its realities, and glories, and
blessings. Such knowledge is as yet
too wonderful for us; it is high, we
cannot attain it.

But some of the best things of
heaven we do know, and know them
with certainty. We cannot know
where heaven is, but we know that it
is a blessed reality. It is not a dream,
an undefined hope; it is as real as
earth. Christ so speaks of it: "I go
to prepare a place for you; and if I go
and prepare a place for you I will
come again that I may receive you
unto myself; that where I am, there
ye may be also." "My father's house,"
"Thou shalt be with me in Paradise."
"I go to my Father." And so every-
where; heaven is spoken of as definite-
ly as earth. There is no uncertainty.
The emigrant is not more certain of a
land beyond the sea on which he sails,
than are believers in Christ that beyond
the range of our present vision there
is the "better country." "A city that
hath foundations," towards which we
are going. With this confidence we
wait for what shall be revealed to us
when we enter there.

We know that in heaven there is
the fullness of life. At present we
live under many limitations. We are
limited to earth. Our range of knowl-
edge is very small compared with the
universe in which we live. We see
through a glass darkly; we see the
outlines of glorious things, the summits
of the mountains on the distant
horizon, but only to see how immeas-
urable is the sea on which we look.
Here there are infirmities and weak-
nesses which set bounds to the enjoy-
ment of life. There are antagonisms
and perils, and, finally, the dissolution
of all things terrestrial. But there is
the growth of life in Christ. Uncon-
sciously to ourselves, it may be, we

are growing into a strength of life
in which these limitations and re-
straints must be removed. Earth be-
comes too small for us, and we enter
the larger sphere. The dissolution of
the body is the severing of the bonds
which have held us within these
limitations; that we may enter into
the unlimited; the passing of the child
into the completeness of the mature
life, with its boundless possibilities.
Paul in vision saw things he could not
tell, and heard "unutterable words."
When Jesus would sum up in a word
the purpose of his coming, he said:
"I am come that they might have life,
and that they might have it more
abundantly." "I give unto them
eternal life." All that goes into mak-
ing life, thought, action, power, love,
service, all will be purified from all
defilements, be lifted above all present
limitations, and enlarged indefinitely
and forever. The tree of life bears
twelve manner of fruits, fruit for every
season and adapted to it, for the per-
petual nourishment of life. There
will be no limit at which we must say,
"I can know no more;" no time at
which one can say, "There is nothing
higher or better for me; henceforth
my years decline." Life, everlasting
life, life evermore abundant awaits us.

We know also that heaven is the
home of love. It is love that crowns
life with blessedness. Without love
all is a cold, dreary wilderness, with
love there is beauty all around and
sweet fragrance fills the air. There
perfect love reigns. Heaven is a home
where only the language of love is
spoken. It is our father's house, and
he is love. It is where Christ, whose
hands tell his love for us. Our fellow-
ship will be with the Father, and his
Son Jesus Christ, the fellowship of
perfect freedom because in perfect
love is absolute holiness. It is the
home into which are gathered the
children of God, of every age, and
each one borne thither by the angels
of God is welcomed by those who have
gone before. Heaven is not a land of
strangers to us. We will hear Moses
and Elijah talk with Jesus, as the
apostles on the mount heard them.
Paul will speak to us in words once
unspeakable, but now understood.
John will talk with us of the love
which eternal years cannot measure.
There are fathers and mothers, and
other loved ones, who have been
waiting for us. And all will sing the
song of redemption, as Christ leads
us to the Father and says, "Behold,
the children thou hast given me." "In
my Father's house," the words answer
the heart, they speak joy and peace.
"I will come again that I may receive
you unto myself, that where I am ye
may be also." We wait and listen for
the footsteps at the door.—United
Presbyterian.

Kinds of Faith.

BY REV. JOSEPH D. BURRELL.

"Many men, many minds." We
may also say, "Many men, many
varieties of faith." Life is life, yet no
two men are alike. Faith is faith;
yet no two examples of it are the
same. There is comfort for us in this.
That we are not able conscientiously
to assert that our faith is like that of
some saint, whose uplifting, and, at
the same time, discouraging, biography
we have just been reading, is no
ground for disquietude. The good
Lord made us all, and He made our
faith ("it is the gift of God"), and He
has room enough in his household for
us every one.

Even the writers of the New Testa-
ment felt differently about faith. In-
deed, if they had not, that would have
been a wonder indeed. To James,
faith is trust in the revelation of God's
will made in Jesus Christ as a means
of righteousness. To Paul (back of
all of those thinking we may ever find
the thrilling memory of that day on
the Damascus road), faith is trust in
the risen, and now living, Jesus as a
Saviour from sin. To the writer of
the Hebrews, faith is trust in God as
a means of introduction to the realities
of the spiritual world. To John, faith
is trust in the eternal Son of God as
the way to life. They all believe, and
believe unto salvation, though it be
different in ways. Yet, after all, their
trust is one.

When we read in the Epistle to the
Hebrews, "Now faith is the substance
of things hoped for, the evidence of
things not seen," we are hardly to un-
derstand this as a formal definition of
faith. It is the aspect of faith which
appeals to the writer. And it is the
very aspect which seems to be suited
peculiarly to a materialistic age like
ours, when religion comes hard. A
paraphrase might read: "Now faith is
the confidence that we shall get what
we hope for; it is the proof by experi-
ence of the reality of invisible things."
That is, faith is optimism justified by
facts. It is optimism, hope, confidence
that the promises of the covenant-
keeping God shall not fail.

What do faithful Christians to-day
want? To grow better, to have
strength for duty, to find comfort in
trial, to see God's work prospering,
and to enter one day into "the rest
which remaineth for the people of
God." Fortified with this hope, this
optimism, good men go out into the
world to live their life. So in experi-
ence they find the reality of invisible
things—of God, "the giver of every
good and perfect gift;" of the Holy
Spirit, the Comforter; of Christ, the
Saviour; of the whole spiritual world.
So hope is justified by fact. So faith,
standing upon the known, reaches out
to the unknown, and life is enlarged
and spiritualized, because man,
through faith, has "eternity in his
heart."—New York Observer.

Seek God With All Your Heart.

"And ye shall seek me and find me,
when ye shall search for me with all
your hearts." This promise of God to
Israel is applicable to every wanderer
from him. The only purpose of man's
existence in this world is to find God.
Paul said, God "hath made of one
blood all nations of men for to dwell
on all the face of the earth, and hath
determined the time before appointed,
and the bounds of their habitation;
that they should seek the Lord, if
haply they might feel after him and
find him, though he be not far from
every one of us." Man was created
to be raised from the plane of this
mortal existence into the position of
sons of God by a voluntary subjection
of himself to his Maker. He is to
"feel after God." And God is not far
away. Every sincere desire toward
him will meet with a response, and if
one seeks for him with all his heart he
will surely find him. God can read
our thoughts; he knows when we
reach out after him; and if our yearn-
ings for him transcend all other de-
sires he will surely make himself
known to us by his Spirit and his
Word.

When you seek for God "with all
your heart," you will find him. "All
the fitness he requireth is to feel your
need of him." Blessed promise! To
find God; to be conscious of him be-
cause he fills you with a knowledge of
himself! Wonderful! And yet this is
the sublime privilege of all; yea,
more than this, it is the very purpose
of our existence; and this purpose can
only be frustrated by our own indiffer-
ence to the strivings of God's Spirit in
us, directing us to him.

Many are the assurances of the
Word that all who seek after God with
all their hearts shall find him. "Ask,
and ye shall receive," said Christ;
"seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it
shall be opened unto you. For every
one that asketh receiveth; and he that
seeketh findeth; and to him that
knocketh it shall be opened." "Who-
soever shall call on the name of the
Lord shall be saved." "Him that
cometh unto me I will in no wise cast
out."

And he is "not far from every one
of us." Just a heartfelt whisper will
reach him. Strange that any one
should neglect this transcendent oppor-
tunity of coming into vital connection
with the eternal God! Sinner, feel
after God. Reach out for him; call
upon him with all your heart. He
will make you conscious of his forgiv-
ing mercy and keeping power, and in
the end you shall receive immortal
life and endless blessedness.—Herald
of Life.

"WE ARE ALL EVE'S DAUGHTERS,"
sighed a pretty woman, whose husband
had just scolded her for catching cold
by attending a Christmas dance in a
low-necked dress. "Then Adam's
son's Cough Balsam must be the very
thing to cure you," said a witty by-
stander. 25c. all Druggists.

Faith Healing.

It is well known that Dr. P. S.
Henson, of Chicago, has a defective
eye. A good man and his wife, mem-
bers of the Henson household of faith,
have felt for some time that their
pastor would be much improved if the
lame eye could be made like unto the
other. These persons are firm be-
lievers in the faith-cure theory. They
went to see him about it.

"We have been praying for you that
you may have two perfect eyes," they
said to the doctor, "and have now
come to pray with you. Will you not
ask the Lord right here and now to
give you a new eye?"

Dr. Henson's reply was startling.
"What kind of teeth have you?" he
suddenly asked the brother.

"Why—why, that's a strange ques-
tion," he stammered, "but I don't
mind telling you that my teeth are
mostly false."

"What kind of teeth do you use,
sister?" he asked of the other.

"Same kind," she frankly admitted.
"Well, good friends," rejoined the
doctor, "you go and ask God to grow
some new teeth in your mouths. Ac-
cording to your theory he will do it
without delay. When you get your

teeth, come around, and we will see
what can be done about that new eye!"

This happened some time ago, but
the good people are still grinding on
artificial molars, and Dr. Henson still
looks down on his great congregation
with one eye. Epworth Herald.

Partake Not In Their Sins.

When God's people are in Babylon,
they have need to take special care
that they partake not in her sins.
Providence seemed to lay this meat
before them; being captives, they must
eat what they could get, and must not
disoblige their masters. Yet if the
command be against it, they must
abide by that. They were jealous
over themselves, lest, though it should
not be sinful in itself, it should be an
occasion of sin to them; lest, by indulg-
ing their appetites with these dainties,
they should grow sinful and voluptu-
ous, and in love with the pleasures of
Babylon. They had learned David's
prayer, "Let me not eat of their
dainties" (Psa. cxi. 4), and Solomon's
precept, "Be not desirous of dainties,
for they are deceitful meat" (Prov.
xxiii. 3), and accordingly they form
their resolution. Note, it is very
much to the praise of all, and especi-
ally of young people, to be deaf to the
delights of sense, not to covet them,
not to relish them, but to look upon
them with indifference. Those who
would excel in wisdom and piety must
learn betimes to keep under the body
and bring it into subjection. . . . It
will be easier to keep the temptation
at a distance than to suffer it to come
near, and then be forced to put a
knife to our throat.—Matthew Henry.

SORE THROAT.

Mr. Chas. Johnston, Bear River,
N. S., says: "I was troubled with
hoarseness and sore throat and after
taking three bottles of Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely
cured."

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on convulsions and death. If your
child is suffering from them, adminis-
ter Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup
which is safe and always effectual.
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a multitude of pains and



How often
give out
day's work
begin and
chair uncer-
out.
But the
must be
though the
ache, and
feels ready
These
understand
are never
the night
bring rest,
are always
no appetite
all over.
As a rule the real cause of the
the last one thought of.
It all comes from the kidneys
delicate little filters of the blood
order, and as a result the uric acid
poisons that they ought to carry
back into the system.
There's no use trying to get rid
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The easiest, safest, quickest way
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