

Regret.

I might have said a word of cheer
Before I let him go.
His weary visage haunts me yet;
But how could I foreknow
That alighted chance would be the last
To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearnings cannot send
That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;
My brother had sore need
Of that for which—too shy or proud
He lacked the speech to plead.
But self is near and self is strong,
As I was blind that day;
He sought within my careless eyes
And went, aghast, away.

O word, and look and clasp withheld!
O brother-heart, now stilled!
Dear life forever out of reach,
I might have warned and filled!
Talents misused and seasons lost,
O'er which I mourn in vain—
A waste as barren to my tears
As desert sands to rain.

Two Mothers, Two Methods, Two Men.

BY MARTHA CLARK RANKIN.

In a certain New England town, thirty years ago, there lived two families whose outward circumstances were so similar as to be the occasion for frequent comment. They lived in the same street, in houses of about the same size and value; there could not have been more than a hundred dollars difference in their yearly incomes. Each family consisted of father, mother, two daughters and one son.

If you had entered the two homes you would have noticed that they were about equally well furnished, that the children were about equally well dressed. Yet, in spite of this, you would soon have felt that the two homes were radically unlike. The difference was in the mothers, who were directly opposite in character, and, in each case, the mother's influence gave the home its tone.

Mrs. Brown was an earnest, God-fearing woman, whose motto was, "Do what is right, whether it is easy or hard." Her children were trained to go regularly and punctually to church and school, whenever they were able, whether they felt like it or not. They were taught that each day brought duties which must not be postponed without sufficient reason. They were shown that self-indulgence was weakening and demoralizing, that self-control would strengthen and ennoble their character. I forgot or I don't feel like it were not acceptable excuses in that family.

Mrs. Smith was an indolent woman, who never did anything disagreeable if she could possibly get out of it. She let her children have their own way because it was too much trouble to make them mind. They went to church and school when they felt like it, and lessons and other duties were put off till the last minute and then rushed through in a hurry, the mother never troubling herself to interfere. She loved her children in a selfish, short-sighted way, but she never seemed to think of their future and the trouble and unhappiness which they would surely have to reap as a result of her careless sowing.

It so happened that the two young men, Edward Brown and Henry Smith, were ready to begin their business careers at the same time. They secured similar positions in the two banks of the town, beginning at the bottom of the ladder, with a good chance of climbing if their services proved to be of sufficient value. They started upon their new duties in quite different frames of mind, as would naturally be expected by any one who heard the parting counsels of the two mothers.

Oh, dear! I'm sure you'll have to work too hard, said Mrs. Smith, and it's a shame you couldn't get a higher place; this isn't half good enough for you. And I'm afraid you'll get hungry, working all the morning with no chance to get out at all. You'd better take something to eat in your pocket. And now don't let them impose upon you. You'd better find out the first thing just what you'll be expected to do, and then if they ask you to do anything else, you can just say that wasn't in the agreement. And if you don't like the place, or you have to work too hard, or you get tired, you'd better come right straight home, for there's no use wearing yourself out in that bank.

Mrs. Brown said: Remember, my son, that beginnings are always important, and try to do your best from the start. You know it doesn't so much matter what you do as how you do it. You must expect to get tired, to make mistakes, and to find some things hard and disagreeable. Make up your mind to this at the outset and you won't get discouraged. Don't be afraid to do a little extra work when you can accommodate by so doing, and do your best always. If you can make yourself so useful to

your employer that he won't know how to get along without you, then your success will be assured.

To-day Edward Brown and Henry Smith are still living in the same town, but their homes are no longer side by side, nor at all similar in appearance. One has a large comfortable house on the finest resident street. He is president of the bank, and has attained more than local reputation as a successful business man. His advice is widely sought, his judgment highly prized. He is a great help to his pastor in the church, and one of the town's most valued citizens. His attractive wife and children help him to make their home a centre of enjoyment for many. If you were to talk with Mr. Brown about his career, and ask him to what he attributes his success, his answer would be: To my mother. No one could have better advice than I did when I started out for myself, but it was the years of careful training that preceded which made it possible for me easily to follow that advice.

Henry Smith and his family move frequently. He owns no house, and there is invariably something wrong about every one they rent. Besides, he says they can't afford to travel, and they get variety by moving. One would think they might have variety enough in the frequent changes of business, for, just as Henry, the boy, thought his place in the bank altogether too hard for him, so Henry, the man, can never find any business that suits him. He is always grumbling that luck is against him and everybody down on him. He says there is no reason why he should be poor and Edward Brown rich when they started out even, only somehow Edward was always lucky, while things have always gone against him.

But Edward Brown only says: Poor Henry! he never had any bringing up. If he had had such a home as mine he never could have been such a shiftless inefficient man, and I am heartily sorry for him.

In the town where these two men live, the contrast of their lives is a constant reminder to mothers of the power of their influence over their children. It is an object lesson which may well arrest the attention of mothers everywhere.—Christian Work.

"Too Tired To Try Again."

My friend, the R. V. Y. Pounder, has just told me a personal experience that may be of value to others beside preachers. He says that, on Sunday night, after he has delivered his second sermon, he sinks to the lowest possible ebb of physical and mental vitality. He creeps home in a state of mortification at his failures, which borders upon despair; is afraid to meet a member of his Official Board; dare not look his children in the face for fear they will laugh at him; dreads to retire to his room lest his wife should tell him that she had overheard a trustee saying that one or two more such sermons as those would empty the church—and the treasury!

On Monday morning his terror has vanished, but his despair remains. I can never make another sermon. I cannot think of another thing to talk about. My head is as empty as a last year's bird nest. No—I can never make another sermon.

Tuesday—he feels that he must Wednesday—he believes that he can.

Thursday—he begins to try.

Friday—he sees a prospect of success.

Saturday—He thinks he has produced a sermon that will turn the world upside down!

An individual experience that possesses many elements of the universal—I should think.

If I know anything about the laws of life, a reaction sets in after every great effort.

All the vital powers having been temporarily exhausted, the mind becomes conscious of its own emptiness, and a panic ensues. I have for a long time thought that the remarks which are delivered from the edge of a nest by an old hen who had just laid an egg have been misunderstood. Most people regard them as exclamations of triumph. To my ear, they are the utterances of despair. I heard her saying, as plainly as the hen language permits, I've done it this time; but I can never do it again—never, never, never!

And yet, at about the same hour the next day, she slides slowly and cautiously up to the nest with an ever-increasing confidence that, given a fair chance, she can perform this noble function of life at least once more!

And she does—and so on until the whole setting of eggs lies safely in the nest.

Learn a lesson from the old brown Leghorn hen! How many bread winners will go home from their stores and offices and shops at the end of the month, look upon the faces of their loved ones, and moan to their sad hearts, I have

stood off my creditors, or my critics or the disease that is destroying me this month; but I cannot hold out through the next!

My dear fellow you are tired now. Go to sleep. Nature is not dead yet. She will recover her tone; the wonderful machine will go grinding on, and make another egg, or another dress, or another picture, or another sermon; and when it comes time for you to lay it in the nest, it will be ready.

You have your work to do. God has cut it out for you. He will give you the eggs! Do not worry about the one that will be expected for you to-morrow. It will come.

Ah, but there is always a last one, you say. Yes, to be sure; but not until God wills it. When it comes, your work will be done, and then you can depart. No one else will blame you. God will not blame you. Why should you blame yourself?

Perhaps there is another function. After we have placed all our eggs in the nest, we may be permitted somehow and somewhere to brood over them and hatch them out.—Charles Gross, in S. S. Times.

Systematic Benevolence.

A little plan to enable each one to carry out a system of giving, and also how to gain money.

On receiving any portion of your income, at once take out a certain part (one tenth or more, as you best can), and have a box marked "The Lord's money, to be used in charity, to keep it in safely."

Get the money in different sums, small and larger, to have for the various ways of giving. Try to get new money when you can, so that the first using of it will be for the Lord.

You will find true joy in keeping such a box, enabling you to take out from week to week, for every offering, always with right thoughts as to the amount to be given to each cause. Place this in your Lord's money pocket book, to have ready when you go to his house, giving your offering with an inward prayer for a blessing, thus making it golden money in his sight. Looking out first for the Lord, giving him one-tenth, you may be sure he will look out for you, blessing your nine-tenths, making it suffice for your needs, as he did with the widow's crust of oil. Try it!

For children and others having no income, trade with a little money, even with ten or twenty five cents. With ten cents a little girl bought one yard of bed-ticking, made it into iron-holders, which, sold for five cents each, netted sixty cents. Money may be gained by selling flowers or vegetables raised from seed; from gathering fruit, nuts, or eggs, or making toys, fancy articles, garments, or whatever can best be disposed of.

To make the plan continuous, after trading divide the money into three parts, one third for the Lord, one-third for further trading, one-third for self.

This plan has been tried in classes and schools in order to collect money to help build churches, pay off church debts, etc.

A poor country Sabbath school is told of, with no library, no papers, which could only keep up the school six months of the year. Three dollars, in five-cent pieces, were given around to trade upon, September 1. At Christmas sixty-seven dollars were brought in as the result of this plan, enabling them to buy a fine library; and, best of all, the school was kept open every Sunday in the year. This plan has given good results to each and every one trying it, having their own offering at all times.

Do not defraud yourself in not having a Lord's money-box. It enables you ever to have a right system of systematic benevolence, helping along each good cause all you can, bringing to yourself true pleasure in the giving, and laying up treasures in the Lord's bank, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through to steal. (See Mal. 3:10)—M. P. H., in Sunday School World.

Jedediah's Prayers.

I hadn't 'en Father Jed's bride a six month 'er I larned he wuz decidedly near an' close. W'y, it's be'n a mortal struggle fur me to get properly clothed in these forty-seven years' wedded life—many times I've envied servant gals their hire!

Of course, he's grow'd more'n more savin' every year, an' this, together 'ith my thrift, he's made him forehanded—sum say he's rich!

Believe it's claimed that averice is a terrible failin', a besett'n sin, as it were, 'cause o' its amazin' tendency to master a body arter a spell, like it did pore Judas, yeh know!

But Father Jed wan't never spar'n' o' one thing, an' that wuz his time spent a prayin'. W'y his grace at table was longer'n t'other people's prayers!

At dai'y family worship he'd spend a good half hour prayin' fur

the pore, benighted heathen; yet he seemed to think God could do fur 'em 'thout eny o' his help, or money. When the contribution box comes 'round fur hum missions, his sympathies air all fur furrin missions, and when he's called 'pon to donate for furrin missions, he allus tells 'em at his money must go for hum missions.

Bit when he gits to prayin' fur the pore, he's the most elegant an' gifted. 'E 'twas a very cold an' stormy spell of weather, he'd wrastle the longest while with the Lord, implorin' him to pervide 'em plenty of vittels and sich. Then the good Lord answers them fervent petitions—ho, ho,—in a w-y Jed'd surely object to, ef he know'd about it; fur I'm the humble instrument in answerin' 'em, an' tween you and me, I've allus felt it pleasant, enough sight on't, then to do the prayin'!

Ye see, I goes right off to the store room, an' fills baskets and bags plum full of meat, taters, flour, apples, an' sich, then unbeknownst to Father Jed, I'd send 'em to the Widder Jones, crippled Dan Brown, an' t'others we know'd to be most needy. Egg an' butter money, which I sumtimes claim, often goes in this way. No! mercy on ye, I'm too sharp to let him find out about it, so he never dreams how soon, an' how often, his prayers air answered!

Right thankful am I I've be'n able to do it; fur, as I said afore, it's lots pleasant, more to my likin', then to be doin' so much prayin'. But some must hev the gift o' prayer, an' sum the gift o' work! Now, I'm thinkin' ef I give cheerfully the product o' my labor to the pore, in all conscience I'm lendin' to the Lord, an' answerin' Father Jed's beseechin' prayers in the bargain; a-killin' two birds 'ith one stun ye know!—Selected.

Put Out Your Tongue.

Dr. Gill, the commentator, wore a gown, and one of the women of his church complained about the great length of the bands.

Well, said the doctor, clip them to suit yourself.

This lady did.

Now, said the doctor, you have something about you which is a deal too long, also. It causes me no end of trouble.

Well, said she, here are the scissors; use them as you please.

Come then, said he, put out your tongue.

The result is not known, but an abbreviation of this sort would save many a church squabble, and the surgical operation wouldn't be confined altogether to the sisters.

How to Conquer Temptations.

Many by endeavoring to fly from temptations have fallen precipitately into them; for it is not by flight, but by patience and humility, that we become superior to all our enemies. He who only declines the outward occasion, and strives not to eradicate the inward principle, is so far from conquest that the temptation will recur sooner and with greater violence, and he will feel the conflict still more severe. It is by gradual advances rather than impetuous efforts that victory is obtained; rather by patient suffering than looks up to God for support, than by impatient solicitude and rigorous austerity.—Thomas a Kempis.

Welcome New Scholars.—Give a new scholar a welcome. Be on the lookout for him. Don't let him come in and experience the misery of not knowing where to go or what to do. If he waits long, he will like'y turn away, and you won't get him again. Therefore, have some one appointed to be on the watch for newcomers. Make them instantly feel at home. Do not be in too much of a hurry to assign them to classes. Find out about them first by questioning, and in this way make up your mind where they should go. It will make considerable difference in the behavior of a scholar if upon first coming in he is received in a way to excite his gratitude.

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Baldness is often preceded or accompanied by grayness of the hair. To prevent both baldness and grayness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if you had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickles' Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

The Teetotaler.

There was a soldier down in Tennessee when I was there—a great, strong hearty fellow, who was a teetotaler. One day, when the army was going on a long march, a man offered him a drink of whiskey.

I am a teetotaler was the reply. Never mind that. You're in the army now; besides, you need some stimulant to help you on this long march.

Taking out a pocket Bible, he held it up before the face of his tempter, and said:

This is all the stimulant I want.—Moody.

Salvation is conditioned upon our being willing to receive it through Christ.

There is nothing against which the Bible warns us that is not a way to death.

God can say things to the poor that He cannot even hint at to the rich.—Raman's Horn.

"If any one present knows of any just cause or impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him now speak."



That is the challenge of the old marriage service. It is the challenge of church and state, and rarely is answered. But if that challenge were offered to Science how often would she forbid the banns, in the interest of woman's health and happiness?

Thousands of happy maidens who have looked to marriage as the consummation of their earthly happiness, have found it a blight to the body, a martyrdom to the mind. The irregular and painful periods of maidenhood were looked upon as a part of the common lot of woman, and so neglected. Wifehood brought with it debilitating drains, and the trial of motherhood left an inflamed and ulcerated condition of the womanly organs. Then followed the slow decay of body and mind; the one tormented with pain; the other irritable, or despondent. Science which cannot forbid the banns of marriage, can undo these sad consequences. It is the hand of science which offers afflicted women that marvelous medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It positively cures irregularities, female weakness and disagreeable drains on the system. It allays inflammation and heals ulceration. It makes the trial of motherhood easy and brief. It brings back lost health and beauty. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, whisky or other stimulant. Nothing is "just as good" for women as the "Prescription." Accept no substitute. Women single or married will find invaluable advice in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Sent free on receipt of stamps to defray cost of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for paper edition. For cloth edition 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Hard life the plucky lead; out in all sorts of losing sleep, catching and straining their backs. Hard to have strong kidneys under such conditions. That's why firemen, and others, who are exposed to the weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Troubles.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills are helping hundreds of such to Mr. John Robinson, chief of department, Dresden, Ont., says:

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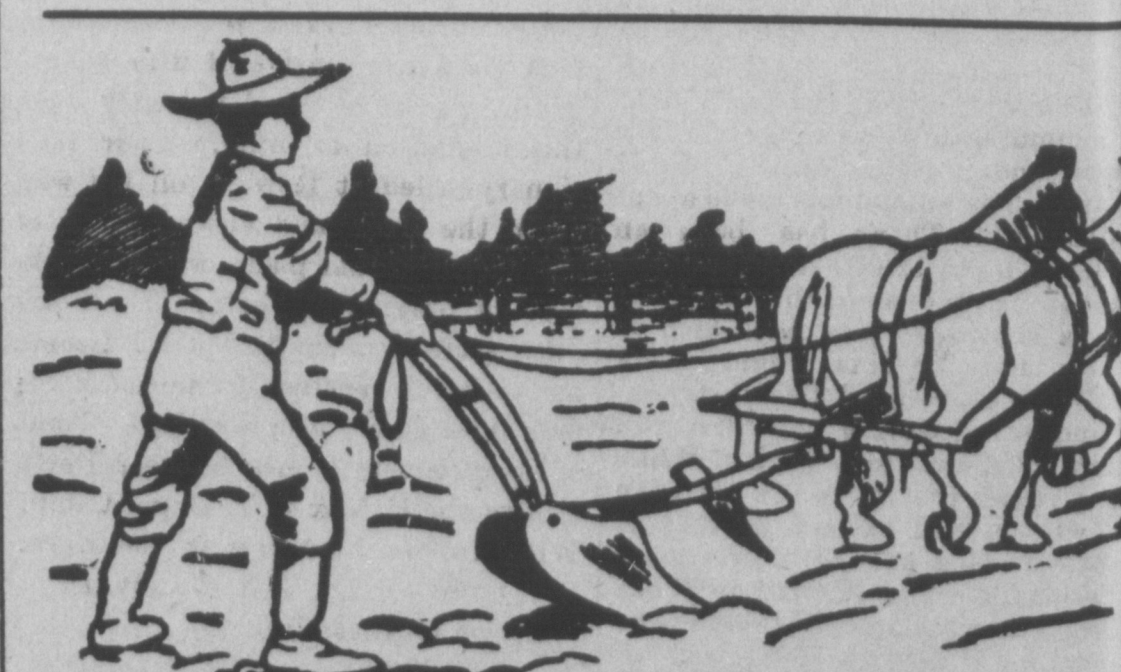
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I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. So I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a half 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, as 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 and have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints 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 as 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?"

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