

The King's Daughter.

C. MAY SPENCER.

She is not fair to mortal eyes
In form and mien;
She is a princess in disguise,
Glorious within.
In alien garments meanly clad,
Her hands all worn
With toil for those who else were sad,
And most forlorn.

Her face is marred with care and pain,
Borne for His sake,
But tho' her tears may fall like rain,
The King doth make
The bow of promise in her sky
With splendor glow;
And heavenly comfort doth supply,
Earth cannot know.

When He shall bring His banished home,
In that glad day
The daughter of the King shall come
In bright array;
In robes of gold and needlework,
Perfumed with myrrh;
And glorious beauty from the Lord
Shall rest on her.

Because, through all the heaviness
Of earthly lot,
To be the daughter of the King
She ne'er forgot.
In word and deed, in everything
His life did frame,
She wrought to glorify her King—
And "in His Name."

"I'll No Do It."

THE STORY OF A CONSISTENT MAN.

More than fifty years ago, a family from Scotland settled in one of the backwoods districts of Canada. In those days the use of strong drink was a prevailing custom, and no little courage was needed by him who dared oppose it. At barn raisings, logging bees, and the like, grog was freely supplied to the workmen, and was betide the settler who thought to pit his house up without a dram.

The Wyses were teetotalers; and when the fact became known, there was no little speculation among the neighbors as to what the upshot would be, should they presume to take a stand against the usage of the day.

They'll find out this settlement isn't going to be bossed by no teetotal nonsense, I tell you, said Donald Frazer to a group of men in the little log building that served as general store and post-office.

He's thinking a glass of hale won't hurt anybody, said Henry Hodges, the only Englishman of the party; our Enery 'ad it since 'e were a baby, and 'e can swing a haxe with any lad in the township. Get awa' wi' yir hale, said Peter Forbes; gi' us whusky, good Scotch whusky, wi' the smell o' the peat reek in it. I'm no sayin' but that new foulk ha'e a richt to their opinion, gin they only keep it at hame; but it winna do to let them stop frae a warmin' th'gither when we're out by.

That's it, said Frazer; no job goes on here without grog, and, mind my word, we'll have a horn all round out of old Wylie yet before the summer's through.

To avoid a rupture of the good feeling that in spite of everything had existed since his arrival in the settlement, George Wylie with no other help than that of his boys put up the little cabin that was to serve as a temporary home; but the day came when a barn was needed, and outside help must be called in. The logs were all prepared, and the day set for rising came round. The neighbors assembled in force, intent for the most part, on forcing conformity with the prevailing custom.

When the building was breast high, the men with one accord quit work and refused to proceed until liquor was brought. They sat among the timbers, or lounged in groups under the neighboring trees, chaffing one another in a good-natured way, but evidently bent on forcing an issue, in which they had made up their minds to win.

A kindly neighbor approached the old man as he stood perplexed and apparently undecided, and advised him to send for a bottle of rum, as all the men wanted was a mere taste to keep up the custom.

If any one thought George Wylie wavered, it was because the man was not yet fully known. I'll no do it, he said. God forbid that I should pit the bottle to my neebor's mood; every stick can lie on the ground till it rots first.

Presently, climbing upon the low walls of what he had hoped would be a barn to house his few cattle and shelter his little harvest when it was ripe, he bared his grizzled head and beckoned attention.

Listen tae me, he said. I want every man o' y' that wunna wark without whusky to gae into the house and get his supper an' then gae hame. Up, every man o' y'; into the house wi' y', then hame tae yir beds.

Whether the words or the bearing of the man had the greater influence, it is difficult to say, but the men one after another rose to their feet and resumed their work. Before night the rafters were all in place; and Donald Frazer, standing on a corner of the building, led in three hearty cheers for Uncle George's pluck.

Some weeks later a neighbor thought to profit by the experience of the Wyses, and so save the cost of a gallon or two of rum. As before the men struck work and demanded strong drink, Young George Wylie sought to rally them, saying You put up our barn without grog; come on, let us put up Jim's too.

Peter Forbes laid his big, broad palm on the young man's shoulder, and said: Ye need na spend yir wind, ma man. It's different wi' you foulk, nane o' ye iver drinks when yir oot by, but James aye has his dram; na, we'll na gae forrit till he brings it on.

This time the men gained their point, and James Thomson had to yield; but the custom began to die out from that time, and to day men meet together for work and never so much as think that strong drink is required.

The fourth generation of Wyses bright eyed and sturdy limbed, is growing up on the old homestead, which has been transformed into smooth and verdant fields without the aid of so much as a glass of strong drink; and, although for nearly forty years his busy has slept beneath the willows, the memory of George Wylie is fragrant to day among the fields and lanes of Carlingford.—C. E. World.

The Judge's Mother.

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, How can women uplift the coming generation?

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many ways which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

I can only give you my experience, he said, I was one of five brothers. All were men who exercised a strong influence in the world, and each one of us owed his bent and force of character to our mother.

Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were gray-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. Mother we would say, what is the right thing to do in this case? She knew nothing of law or politics, but she always knew the right. I think, said the judge gravely, that my mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I ever have known.

She no doubt had a powerful mind and a broad education? asked Mrs. Smith.

No. The judge smiled. She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days, mother was sure to be waiting beside a big fire. Off came our wet shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet warm with her own hands. Then there was always a huge brown jug waiting before the fire with roasted apples and sugar and hot water in it, and each one had his mug of the delicious stuff, and we sat and grew warm, and joked and laughed, and no doubt opened our little hearts to the dear wise woman.

All day long she was our comrade. We carried to her all our secrets and miseries when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new States, but I doubt if one of us ever took an important step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that one good woman.

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper on which she had scribbled artists, lecturers, civil and political reformers.

You think, then, she said, that woman's strongest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?

The judge's eyes twinkled. I can tell you only what I know. I cannot decide for the world, he said.—Youth's Companion.

A Family Ailment.

It was not among people of mean and vicious lives that this strange disease showed itself, but in a family born to ease and refinement and scholarly habits of thought. A clergyman's family, noted for their active piety—the father a keen logician, the mother a leader in church work, the daughter and son energetic members of many charitable and civic organizations for the betterment of the degraded classes.

The old doctor, coming up to the city to spend the day with his old classmate, saw the symptoms of his disorder at the breakfast table. There was no smiling greeting; no morning kiss from the children. Dr. X. gave a curt nod as wife and children entered, which was returned in kind.

The sun shone brilliantly, the roses outside smiled joyously in the windows. The old doctor spoke

place; and Donald Frazer, standing on a corner of the building, led in three hearty cheers for Uncle George's pluck.

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of them as he would of children who brought him a welcome. The family stared at him with amused contempt.

I believe the chambermaid takes care of the flowers, said Mrs. X. severely. Life is to busy and serious a thing for me to spend it in growing posies.

The family had a talent for unpleasant sarcasm. Dr. X. was noted among his brethren for satire in debate that stung like a poisoned lash. His children each flourished such a little whip and used it incessantly upon each other. No matter how petty the occasion, the gibe was ready.

John had just come from the barber, who had cut his hair too short. Father, mother and sister jeered at him until the young man flushed with anger.

Jane had read a paper before the girls' church society the previous night. The family secretly was proud of it, but each one now had some scathing comment to make on it. The leading articles in the morning paper, Dr. X's dyspepsia, his wife's cap, the steak, every subject or thing brought to notice was attacked with this dry, bitter wit.

The old doctor looked from one refined, intelligent face to the other. They are like a nest of hornets let loose, he thought. Is there nothing better for them to do than to sing?

These people at heart were loyal, they would have given their lives for each other; but to gratify the poor vanity of making a biting jest they made home life sour and mean and hard.

The old doctor did not spend the day. He made an excuse and hurried out of the house. He shook his head as he looked back at it.

It's a common disease, though it has no name, he said to himself; but there's none harder to cure, and none that does more deadly work to body and soul!—The Household.

The Debt of Honor.

Every son when he goes away from home carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either enhance it or dissipate it. If he does well, his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents. There is nothing in this world more touching than the pride of a father or mother in a son's success. Many a student, in the rivalries of academic life, is thinking about this more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hundreds, he is thinking chiefly of hearts far away that are glorying in his honor. In the battles of life in a city like this, there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the temper, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far off whose hearts will be cheered by their well-doing and would be broken by their ill-doing. I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth, who has been away in another city or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well-doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts that love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen, or a disgrace so poignant, as he inflicts, who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or the distant city soiled his good name, and rolled the honor of his home in the dust!—Selected.

Good Advice For Preachers.

And preachers are not only ones that might profit from the following collection of bright hints, printed in The Volunteer's Gazette.

Mind your illustrations are correct. It will never do to describe Noah as one did, sitting outside the ark reading his Bible.

Mind your figures of speech are not cracked. Don't talk like the brother who said, I fly from star to star, from cherry-beam to cherry-beam.

Get among your people, or somebody may be saying of you, as one old lady said of her minister, that he was invisible all the week and incomprehensible on Sundays.

Shun all affectation on the platform, and mind you never get into the goody-goody style. One of this sort said, I was reading this morning in dear Hebrews.

Mind the theme of your discourse suits yourself. A beardless boy should not preach from, I have been young and now am old.

Be careful of your emphasis. One read, He spoke to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass; and they saddled him.

Don't imitate the peculiarities of great preachers. Thomas Binney used to pull his thoughts out of the palm of his left hand with two fingers, and very wonderful thoughts they often were. The students of New College, who often heard him,

used to try the same dodge, but most of them found the palm of their hand had nothing in it, so they looked rather ridiculous.

Keep from wandering in your discourse. I am wandering in my mind, said one. Well, said a friend, you won't have far to go.

Audience of One.

Many a preacher and Sunday-school teacher has become disheartened by reason of a small congregation or class. Large numbers impress us deeply. Discouragement often comes to us when we are only privileged to work with or for the few. We are impatient of large results. How Jesus rebukes us! Not that he did not long for a wide outreach of his ministry, for his heart was set upon world conquest; but he recognized the principle of the heaven is operative in the spiritual realm, and knew full well that the whole lump of human kind awaited the working of individual lives consecrated to his service. Jesus has been called the Discoverer of the Individual. Every creature was before his mind. Not races, nor vast multitudes, but individual men and women, were the object of his seeking. This, we can all see, is the right place of beginning; but it is not always easy for us to act upon this plan. We hope to sway multitudes, not fully realizing how quickly circles widen when but a few earnest lives are thrilled.

It is to be remembered, too, that the one who listened to Jesus at this time was a degraded woman. Many a tired teacher would have felt justified in "not seeing" such an opportunity for work. Not so with Jesus. Men would have said, Little can be done for her, and she would have no influence. Jesus saw an immortal soul whom he had come to save, and the record reveals the error in human judgment as to the influence of the most lowly. Oh that we might catch the value of one soul as it appears to Jesus! Oh that we would trust God more fully as to the influence of a single life consecrated to the Master! How rich are the revelations of the mission field! Patiently, through years, a few lives are taught, and by and by light dawns. Thrill with glad new truth, a strange tongue tells the old, old story, and though it is but one voice among the millions, the heathen superstition and darkness begins to give way.—Selected.

Was It You?

There was somebody who said an unkind word which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was thoughtless and selfish in her manner and mode of living. Was it you?

There was somebody who harshly criticized the actions of somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but fault in the belongings of her friend. Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who never stopped to think who was hurt by the sarcastic word. Was it you?

There was somebody who, day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?—Selected.

Little Things for God.

A man was once asked why he took so much pains to oblige others in trifles.

His answer was in substance; I have neither the wealth, nor the intellect, nor the learning, nor the position to do big things for God or man, and so I take delight in doing any little thing to promote another's interest or enjoyment. In this way I may add to the sum of human happiness, and also recommend my Saviour to the attention of those who know Him not.—Christian Intelligencer.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Your best friend can give you no better advice than this: "For impure blood, bad stomach and weak nerves take Hood's Sarsaparilla."

INSTANT RELIEF.

Mr. Robert Jennings, Mansfield, Ont., writes: "I have used one bottle of Dr. Low's Toothache Gum for severe toothache, and received instant relief. Besides this, it acted as a splendid temporary filling. Price 10c."

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

Marrying to Reform.

Our advice in the selection of a husband is never to marry a man with the idea of reforming him. If now, under the re-trait of courtship, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so.

You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it; you might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be schooner and ship destroyed together. The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If, by twenty-five years, a man has been grappled by intemperance, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up a track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train.—Christian Herald.

In finding your work in the world you may find that your first work should be to do up some odd chores around home.

Who dares do all that may become a man and dare no more, he is a man indeed.—Shakespeare.

To owe an obligation to a worthy friend is a happiness and can be no disparagement.—Charron.

Is a good thing for the young husband to give the young wife. But sympathy will not abate one jot of her nervousness or lift her to that plane of sound health where alone the wife and mother can find happiness.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription meets every womanly want and need. It tranquilizes the nerves, restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. Its use previous to maternity makes the baby's advent practically painless and easy.

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Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." No other medicine is "just as good" for weak and sick women.

"It affords me great pleasure to be able to say a few words in regard to the merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' writes Mrs. Flora Arn, of Dallas, Jackson Co., Mo. 'I was tempted to try these medicines after seeing the effect upon my mother. At an early age of married life I was troubled with painful periods, also a habit of work of any kind. I became so nervous that I was unable to do any work. My husband became alarmed and got me a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription.' After he saw the wonderful effects of that one he got 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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Burdock Blood Bitters.

CURES SCROFULA.

dition and suffered a great scrofulous sores. My husband bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and gave it to him, and by the time he had finished the second bottle the sores to be seen. On account of the B.B.B. to all who suffer from arising from bad blood.

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could get nothing to cure me, resort I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and it completely rid me of boils. My health was never better than at

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