

God Save The King.

The nation, comforted by prayer,
Lifts up its eyes and hearts to Thee,
O God, whose on and gracious care
Made England mistress of the sea.
And gave her soul, and wealth and fame,
And dower of a mighty name—
A new desire to Thee we bring
Hear us once more,—God save our King!

His mother's God, stand Thou by him,
As by the Queen, through all his reign;
If future days are bright or dim
Let not the light of England wane
By goodness make Thy servant great;
Anoint him, Thou, for his high state,
And help him to all nobler things,
This honored heir of all our kings.

Grant him to reign through times of peace,
In strenuous days O make him wise,
Let war, and strife, and trouble cease,
And let our England soar and rise;
And nobler, braver, stronger, yet
Uphold the weak, and wrongs bring;
So light from out the darkness bring
By the King's rule, God Save the King!

Give him to comfort him, through all
The times of strain, his people's love,
The household loves and joys withal
And blessings of the heaven above.
Give him Thy help and benison,
He is our Queen's beloved son,
And dear to us. Through everything
In life and death,—God Save the King!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A Transferred Ticket.

As the 7.40 train began to pull away from the Alexandria station, an old white-haired negro hurried across the platform and swung himself onto the rear car. He was very black and very dusty, and passengers, who had seats to themselves looked a little apprehensive as he shuffled diffidently through the car. But he did not offer to sit down. When he reached the opposite end he took hold of a seat to steady himself, and gazed round curiously, his big, wondering eyes roving from one face to another with the eager scrutiny of a child.

Evidently he was very tired, for his shoulders began to slope, and every few minutes he shifted his feet as though they hurt him.

At last a young man lowered his newspaper. Here's a seat, uncle, he called; you look tired.

The negro shuffled forward eagerly. Yes, sah! tank yo', sah! he said gratefully, as he sank down. I've plum beat. Done walk mon's rus long way dis mawin'. Yo' see, as the young man folded his paper and slipped it into his pocket, Marse Henry an' me lib ober in Prince George County, an' last week Marse Henry he up and die. Dat let me by myself.

I see; and you are going South to look for work?
No, sah; goin' back home—goin' back to ole Georgy. Into his eyes came a look of eager expectation, and he stroked the back of the seat softly, as though it were his old home in far-away Georgia.

I ain't been dar in mos' thutty year, he went on, slowly; not sence de Linkum men took we all's niggers. Dar was a whole pottle of 'em, but dey all done bruk away. Den de sheriff sol' de plantation, and dar wa'n't nutten lef' we all, but de Norf. We's bleeged to hab money to lib.

And you stuck to Marse Henry?
The old negro looked at him in surprise. Ob co'se, he answered, simply; I'se de body sarbent, an' Marse Henry couldn't git 'long 'thout me. He's a gentleman, and 'peared on bein' tuk car' ob. But I'se 'bleeged to be 'way in de day-time, 'case I'se a carpenter an' allers bab plenty wuk.

What did Marse Henry do?
Marse Henry! indignant; why he's gentleman, I tells yo'. He ain't no nutten. He ain't nebbel leard no t'ings like common white fo'ks. He hab niggers fo' dat.

You don't mean that you have supported him ever since the war?
The old negro drew himself up with unconquered dignity. Yo' goin' talk like dat I ain't got nutten mo' to 'splain.

I beg your pardon, said the young man, hastily; Please go on. The black face relaxed. Yo' ain't know Marse Henry, commiseratingly; so yo' don't 'nstan. Ob co'se I wuk for him.

A boy came through the car with a basket of sandwiches. The young man bought two and handed them to his companion. The old negro's eyes glistened.

Tank you, massa! tank yo', sah! he said, gratefully. I didn't hab no breakfas', and money's too scarce to buy t'ings on de road. I was low'in to fill up arter I done reach Georgy.

A few minutes later there was a slight ripple through the car. The conductor had entered, and was calling for tickets.

The young man produced his and held it in readiness. The negro fumbled anxiously through several pockets, and finally remembered that he had pinned his to his hat lining.

Done tuk ebery cent I could scrape up to buy dat, he said, triumphantly, as he produced it. But dat's all right. I kin wuk, an'

folks don't need money w'en dey's home. Money's fo' trabblin'.

In the seat behind them was a shabbily dressed woman, whose face had an anxious, frightened expression. Crowded on the seat beside her were several bundles, and in her arms was a white-faced, big-eyed baby. When the conductor touched her shoulder, she started uneasily.

Ticket, please!
A red flush of shame spread over the woman's face; then it disappeared, leaving her white and dogged. I haven't any, she said.

The conductor grew stern. Very well. If you get off at the next station it will save us the trouble of putting you off, and he turned to the opposite seat.

The woman's eyes grew big with terror, as she sprang up and caught him by the arm.

Don't do that, sir! Don't put me off! she implored hoarsely. I've got to go. My husband has written for me to come. He's—he's dying, and a great sob rose to her white lips, but was resolutely choked back. I tried to raise money, lowering her voice, so the other passengers could not hear, but couldn't. We sold everything we had so he could go South, as the doctor ordered. Now, he's—he's—oh, my God! my God! She turned from him and sank weakly into her seat. The conductor shook his head.

I'm sorry, madam, he said, kindly but we have only one rule. You must pay or get off. I can't risk breaking the rules. Ticket, please!

The old negro rose slowly to his feet. I'se feared yo'll hab to put me off, too, boss, he said, humbly. Hit's mon's rous hard wuk fo' pore nigger like me to raise money fo' ticket.

Off at the next station, broke in the conductor, harshly. We'll be there in a minute. If it was not so near I'd slow the train and put you off—this poor woman has some excuse, but you!

Before the conductor reached the end of the car the speed began to slacken. The old negro rose and turned to his companion. R'kon I better be leavin', he said. Tank yo' for dem san'wiches, and I hope yo'll member me kinly. Here, missy, to the woman, who was gazing stonily from the window, and dropping his ticket into her lap; here's yo' ticket. I reckon yo' done drap hit. I hope yo'll find dat husband ain't so bad as yo' tink, and before she could recover from her bewilderment he had left the car and was shuffling down the platform. The young man half rose to call him back, then a remembrance of his own resources, or, perhaps, of some one waiting for him, caused him to sink back on his seat and stare blankly at the window. As the train moved out he saw the old negro trudging along beside the track, evidently still bound for Georgia.—Frank H. Sweet, in Forward.

Abiding Influence.

How is your wife, Mr. Williams?
The scene of my story is a shop in a little town on the south coast of England.

The man addressed looked up from the counter, where he was packing together the purchases the speaker had just made. His face wore an anxious look and he sighed as he said, No better, thank you, and the doctor gives no hope that she will ever be anything but an invalid.

Well, I am grieved, that is a heavy trial, I had no idea that the case was so serious as that.

The sympathy expressed in look and tone brought a gleam to the man's face and even the anxious look vanished.

Yes, it is serious, serious in more ways than one, I can assure you, Miss Rowe. I've had a bad month of it. Beside the trial of the suffering, there are heavy doctor's fees for us to meet, all sorts of other bills, and the home that was kept as nice as any in the town, all sixes and sevens. But there, it might have been worse; and would have been but for that child's father! and at this point in the conversation the speaker nodded his head violently in the direction of a little girl who had come in with Miss Rowe.

You look surprised, ma'am, I'll tell you what I mean: You see if I was not a Christian I just could not bear it; but I am glad to say I am a Christian, and that makes all the difference. Every trial has helped me forward, and do you know I never come close to the Master without realizing that the prayers of that child's father brought me there. What a man Mr. George was! The speaker's face was now radiant. I can feel his hand on my shoulder now, and again I see his white face and earnest dark eyes looking into mine, as he urged me to come to Christ, to give my life to the noblest and grandest of causes! How untiringly he worked among us young men! It cuts me to remember what a sadly unresponsive

lot we were. He little knew how deeply he was tiring us. Yes, he stirred us to the depths, but we never gave in until he was gone. I was only reckoning it up yesterday. He died about eight years ago, didn't he? And to-day I can lay my hand on twelve men living for God in this place and working for Him with all their hearts, too, and every one of those men will tell you that it was in response to Mr. George's call that they sought Christ. And that is only a part of the influence of his life in this place. I call that speaking after you are dead, don't you? Speaking with effect! What a great reward he will get!

He would say he had it, if he was here this morning, Mr. Williams, and that in an overwhelming sense, I know!

Other customers came in and Miss Rowe turned homeward with her little niece. She was not a woman given to tears, but she had to brush some aside this morning as she pondered over the far-reaching influence of one life yielded to Christ. So often he had said, It seems as though the tide runs so hard against me. Yet how insignificant appeared all the struggles and tests in face of the knowledge that the message given had accomplished that whereunto it was sent. That it had triumphed!

The reward was even greater than Miss Rowe realized. The little daughter had been reached; the impress on then was only faint but it lasted, and when she became a Christian, and could more fully understand all that she had heard, the influence of her father's life proved a fragrant ministry to her. How could she fail to believe that He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit!—Can. Baptist.

Forgive and Forget.

Oh, dear, sighed Florence Randolph to her friend Jennie Dobree, I wish I could always be calm and happy like you are. Why if Emma D. an' had offered me the insult she did you a moment ago, by demanding an explanation and an apology where none was merited, I should have shown her the door instead of politely explaining to her and then inviting her to stay to lunch. I know she wanted to stay, and she would have done so, doubtless, had she not seen my repellant face.

Jennie laughed softly. Florence, it is better to blame to little than too much, and there comes a time to all when kindly words are remembered with much pleasure, even if faults have been apparent and seemed to merit rebuke. When our Saviour was upon earth He was tempted and tried as we have never been and bitterly treated by those whom He strove to help; yet how gentle were His words of admonition and how tender his invitation to all. When I feel tempted to be impatient with anyone, I think of the patience of the Lord and am rebuked.

Well, Jennie, I can forgive an injustice but I cannot forget it. It rankles in my memory, strive as I may.

Oh, but that was not the way the Lord forgave a world of suffering sinners. What does He say, Florence? For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. It is well that the Lord does not deal with us as we sometimes deal with one another.

But what are we to do with the trials and insults that sometimes come to us?

Just live above them, dear friend. Don't try to live them down, or coldly face them, but calmly rise above them. I have found, if I take a smiling visage to the glass I always meet a smile. Don't go around looking for wrong and evil, but let your endeavor be to make somebody happy. There is so much of sin and sorrow in the world, so many souls tempted and tried in ways we know not of, so many burdened hearts uttering the wailing cry of David over Saul and Jonathan, How are the mighty fallen! that one of the most blessed missions of the child of God is to make gleams of sunshine break through the rifts in the clouds of sorrow.

We are too apt to look upon the tempted and fallen as objects beneath our notice. We should question ourselves as to how much we should have been able to withstand had we been placed as many a fallen soul has been. It is hard to realize one's own weakness when one is not specially tried. It is easy enough sailing in the sunshine with a light breeze. The rousing storm is what makes us feel how helpless we are. But then it was the storm and wind that made Peter cry, Lord save me, I perish! If it were all smooth sailing, Florence, we should never learn to need Divine help.

But Jennie what am I to do with the trials and temptations that everywhere beset me. You know I have a hasty spirit and it is difficult

for me to be resigned under adverse circumstances.

Accept life as it comes, in quiet submission and unfaltering faith in Him who rules it. Take hold of the promises of the Lord as a staff, and no storm, however adverse, can sway you from the path of duty.

No wonder you never envy others their gifts, or utter harsh words, for you are too richly endowed by the grace of God to have any but kindly thoughts for all.

Oh, Florence, it is not that I would parade my feelings, but if there is a cause in which it is glorious to serve, it is the religion of Jesus Christ. As often as I think, He died for me, then the desire comes anew to serve Him more and better. I count the years of my life from the day I gave my heart to the Lord. And if I were asked to give the secret of happiness here upon earth, I could give no better answer than those two words, Forgive and forget.

"Every day hath toils and troubles
Every heart hath care;
Meekly bear thine own full measure
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to them prove;
God shall fill thy heart with gladness,
And thy mouth with love.
Labor! wait! though mid-night shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee, lowering,
Fill thy heart with fear.
Wait in hope! The morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done."
—Chris. Intelligencer.

"It's Very Hard."

It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty, muttered Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of work. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow while others roll about in their coaches.

It's a great blessing, said his grandmother, as he sat at her knitting, to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering!

Why, grandmoher, you seem to think that nothing is hard, said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

No, Dick, there is one thing that I do think very hard.

What's that? cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings.—Phrenological Journal.

Reaping as he Had Sown.

On a cold Winter day a young man, carrying his father to the workhouse, sat him down on what they called milk stones. The father began to weep bitterly. The hard-hearted son told him to weep on; to the workhouse he should go if he had strength to get him there.

His father replied that he was not weeping because he was being taken there, but because of his cruelty to his own father. Twenty-five years ago that very day he was taking his father to the same workhouse and rested on the same broad table of stone.—Christian Standard.

Morning Thoughts

People need from us nothing so much as good cheer and encouragement. Life is hard for most and needs inspiration.

The best friendship is that which inspires us to do better, to do our best.

Strength and beauty combine in the making of the truest manliness. Two good rules for life are: Never be discouraged; never be a discourager.

There is a blessing in hardness. Enduring it with courage and persistence makes us strong.—J. R. Miller.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

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

With but little care and no trouble the beard and mustache can be kept a uniform brown or black color by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Thank God For Mother.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the War, a chaplain in the Southern army was called to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, Well, my brother, what can I do for you?

He supposed, of course, that the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity; but it was not so.

Chaplain, he said, I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me.

For what? asked the chaplain.

For giving me such a mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank him for giving me dying grace. He makes this hard bed feel soft as downy pillows are. And, oh, chaplain, thank him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there.

And so, said the chaplain, I knelt by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory.—Young People's Paper.

The Law

Of health has no uniform guardians of its peace. If it had there would be arrests innumerable in every restaurant every day of the year. Both in the quantity and quality of the food they eat and in the manner of its consumption men and women sin

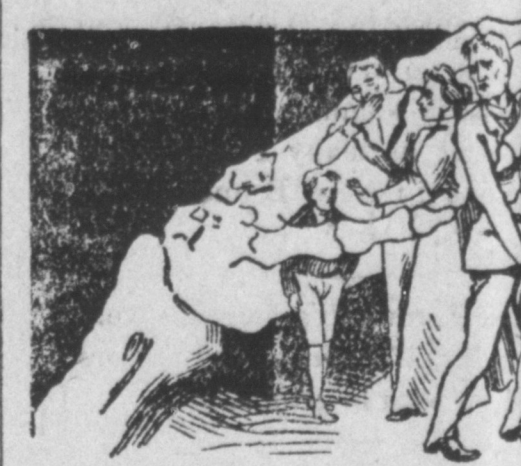
each day against the laws of health. Those who will not heed Nature's warnings cannot escape her punishments, and dyspepsia or stomach "trouble" is the inevitable penalty of careless eating.

There is no other medicine for diseases of the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition which can compare with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures these diseases perfectly and permanently, and enables the building up of the whole body into vigorous health.

"I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carnes, Esq., of Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. There was a gentleman told me of your medicine, how it had cured his wife. I thought I would try a bottle of it. I am glad I did, for I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent cough till you find yourself in the clutches of Consumption. It's an easy matter to cure now by taking

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This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures the chronic coughs when remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Montreal, says: "I honestly believe I have died of consumption only for Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

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