

The Old Pastor's Dismissal.

"We need a young man to stir the people,
And lead them to the fold."
The vestry said: "We ask your resignation,
Because you're growing old."

The pastor bowed them out in silence,
And tenderly the gloom,
Of twilight hid him and his bitter
anguish
Within his lonely room.

Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory
Hung like a crown of gold,
And from the great church-spire the bells
Sweetly sang their song,
A down the stillness rolled.

Assembled were the people for their wor-
ship;
But in his study-chair
The pastor sat unheeded, while the south
wind
Caressed his snow-white hair

A smile lay on his lips. His was the
secret
Of sorrow's glad surcease.
Upon his forehead shone the benediction
Of everlasting peace.

"The ways of Providence are most
mysterious,"
The people gravely said,
As wondering-eyed, and scared, the people
crowded
About their pastor dead.

"We loved him," wrote the people on the
coffin,
In words of shining gold;
And above the broken heart they set a
statue
Of marble, white and cold.

The Wrong End of the String.

Oh, dear! I can never, never
get it open.
You have hold of the wrong end
of the string, dear.
Why, there is no other end.
What a strange string it must
be!

There was a moment's silence.
Grandma took up her knitting
and Marge bent lower over the
dainty box, her fingers working
nervously at the bow of rose-pink
ribbon. Suddenly the missing end
was drawn out from under the band
and a deft movement untied the bow.

Oh, oh! How lovely! Look,
grandma, and a dainty, cobwebby,
lace handkerchief was held up for
the other's inspection. How lovely
of Aunt Blanche to send it to me
for my birthday! Her own work,
too!

After the two had duly admired
the pretty gift, Marge exclaimed:
How petulant I was grandma!
What makes me always so
impatient?

You get hold of the wrong end
of the string.

Marge sat for a moment, looking
thoughtfully out at the lawn where
the May sunshine lay, warm and
bright. Then she turned her dark
brown eyes to the dear wrinkled
face upon the other side of the
table.

I don't understand, grandma.
You and Ray had—well, some
cross words about his wearing his
muddy rubbers in on the carpet
last night.

You know it was wrong in him,
grandma, for mother had forbidden
it.

It was thoughtless. A gentle
reminder would have proved a pull
upon the right end of the string.
Marge's face grew very red. She
might have been hasty, but Ray
was so trying!

Then there was your misunder-
standing with May Graves. It was
not you of whom she was speaking,
but a third party thought it was,
and repeated the words to you.
Instead of waiting to learn the
truth, you gave a pull at the wrong
end of the string and spoiled what
had been a beautiful friendship.

Marge caught up her embroidery
and began pulling hasty stitches in
a half complete yellow violet.

Yesterday there was another pull
at the wrong end of the string—the
hasty words when your dear mother
gently spoke to you of your untidy
room. You were sorry the next
moment. You found the right end,
but the tears had come into your
mother's eyes. Last week a
shower forced you to give up a
promised ride. You were vexed
and the twitch you gave the wrong
end of the string slammed the door
you were closing so violently that
a dearly prized cut-glass vase fell
from a shelf and was broken.

It was only by a great effort that
Marge refrained from then giving
a hasty pull to the wrong end of the
string. She conquered, though. A
moment later she was kneeling by
her grandmother's chair, asking:

What is wrong, grandma? Why
do I always get hold of the wrong
end of the string? I try; indeed I
do.

You get hold of the wrong end of
the string, then, dear. You have
given yourself to Jesus, but instead
of trusting him to help you, you
insist on trying to help yourself.

Sure'y, I must cure myself. I

can't ask Jesus to do such things
for me.

Ab, dear child, you must trust
him for all things. Take his
presence unreservedly into your
heart. Then there will be no room
for doubts and misgivings.

A thoughtful look rested upon
the girl's face. She began to see.
Is it s-l-f—the wrong end of the
string, grandma?
If so, Marge, the right end is
love—love for God and for our
fellows.

Do not you and I sometimes get
hold of the wrong end of the string?
—Hope Daring in Midland
Christian Advocate.

One of The Sweet Old Chapters.

Mother was dying, and we, her
grown-up children, were gathered in
the old-fashioned room to witness
the closing scene. We had known
for some time that it was coming,
or she walked with a feeble step
each day, and a sweeter smile
rested upon her face every time we
looked into it. Mother's smile had
always been very sweet to us, but
it seemed to become more tender
and heavenly as the days went on
and we sometimes thought that she
was looking right into the glory of
the better life. Her eyes grew
brighter at times, just as though
unseen hands had lifted the thin
veil between this world and the
one to which she was going.

All that day we sat or stood
around her couch of death, although
it did not seem like death at all.
The smile lingered constantly on
her face, and her eyes were as clear
and bright as the summer sky. She
was evidently too happy to talk to
us, and too much absorbed in
heavenly things to notice earthly
scenes. Sometimes her thin lips
moved as if in prayer, and once she
sang in a tremulous voice, Nearer,
my God, to Thee.

None of us dared to weep in
mother's presence, even if we had
felt like it, for we had caught, too,
something of her holy joy and
peace. So we could do nothing
but smile also, as we stood around
her bed.

Just as the light of the setting
sun crept into the west window and
fell upon her pillow, she suddenly
said:

Read to me one of the sweet old
chapters.

Which one, mother? we all asked
in unison as the old family Bible
was brought out.

She did not answer, and one of
our number began to read the last
chapter in the book that she loved
so well. When the fifth verse was
read she repeated the words.

And there shall be no night there,
and they need no candle, neither
light of the sun, for the Lord God
giveth them light and they shall
reign forever and ever.

We thought that mother did not
notice any more of the chapter as it
was read, for a far-away absent
look crept over her face, and she
kept repeating that one verse.

Soon a sweet, solemn stillness
settled down upon her, and we
knew that her happy soul had gone
home. At first we thought that
the sunlight upon the pillow had
stolen up to her face and thus
glorified it, but we soon saw that it
was a fairer light than of setting
sun. The peace of heaven was hers
at last, and she would never need
to listen again to one of the sweet
old chapters, for all of its precious
promises had been fulfilled and
blossomed out into eternal joy.

How sweet to meet the Master
with the wedding garment on—how
blessed to drift out upon the pulsing
sea with every white sail unfurled
in the pure breeze! Mother was
ready to go, and this was why she
went so sweetly away with the
King of Glory.—American Messen-
ger.

Converted By Telegraph.

I suppose you know that the
operators at the telegraph offices
along any line of road do a great
deal of talking back and forth over
the wire, said the man who had
served his time at the key. You
take it at night when only a few of
the offices are open and the wires
are clear most of the time and the
operators will joke back and forth
just to keep themselves awake.

I used to be a night operator at
a good-sized town down in Illinois.
There was a junction about twenty
miles away, and the night man
there was named Joe something or
other. I never saw him, but I was
well acquainted with him. That
is, we used to chin over the wire a
good deal, and he used to say some
clever things. Whenever I would
be sitting in the office at night and
some funny crack would come
clicking over the instrument, I'd
know it came from Joe down at
the junction. Besides, after you
listen to a man's sending every
night you come to know his style,
just as you come to know a man's
voice or his handwriting.

Well, it seems they had a big
revival or protracted meeting down

at the junction. Joe would attend
these meetings early in the evening
before going on watch, and about
the third time he went they had
him up to the mourner's bench, and
he professed religion.

From the minute that Joe joined
the church he became a missionary.
No more frivolous jokes went over
the line. I should say not. I would
be sitting in the office at one o'clock
in the morning—and you know the
deadly stillness of one o'clock in
the morning in a country town.
You can hear yourself breathe. As
I say, I would be sitting at the
table, and then the sounder would
begin to click: F-l-e-s-f-r-o-m-t-h-e-
w-r-a-t-h-t-o-c-o-m-m-e.

It would come very slowly, so as
to make it more solemn and impres-
sive. Then in a little while I'd
hear, Young man, be sure thy
sin will find thee out, or else, The
wages of sin is death. Then perhaps
a half hour later I'd get this query,
Where will you spend eternity?

Do you know that's an embar-
rassing question to ask a man at
one or two o'clock in the morning
when he is sitting up all alone. It
makes him think of his past life.
He imagines that the ghosts of all
his good resolutions are looking in
the windows at him. I used to get
up and get a drink of water, shake
down the fire and rattle the stove
so as to relieve the tension.

I dare say Joe has calculated the
effect on men along the line. They
used to ask him to let up, Don't
roast me in this way, and some of
them were even more emphatic in
their messages, but Joe simply came
back with Now is the accepted time,
or What if you should die to-night?
He was determined to convert all
of us. I stood it for a week, but
the nervous strain was too much
for me. I demanded a day job. I
understand that Joe did convert
two or three of the boys. Think of
that! Converted by telegraph!—
Railroad Record.

The Influence of a Mother.

Not long ago an old man lay
dying. For days he had lain almost
unconscious, only rousing himself
to take a little nourishment. Sudden-
ly his strength seemed to return.
He raised up in bed. Mother, he
called. Oh, I thought I heard my
mother, and frequently thereafter
until his death he talked to those
about him of the personal appear-
ance, manner and life of the mother
who had died when he was nine
years of age.

Think how strong an impression
was made by that mother in the
brief years, her boy had been under
her control. He had grown to
manhood without her, had taken
part in the business, social and
political life of his native place, yet
at the last, business cares, social
pleasures, political triumphs, were
forgotten. His mother and his
early life at home alone remained
in his thoughts. It seemed remark-
able that mothers so often fail to
realize the impressions they are
making on their children.

He will never remember, said a
mother lately when her conscience
smote her over some acts of injus-
tice to her seven-year old boy. But
that boy will remember, and his
mother's influence will be weakened
by just so much.

A young officer was asked
recently how it was he was able to
live so noble a life in the midst of
such tremendous temptations. His
answer was, I had a good mother.

Another well-known man in
London society was remarked upon
as taking a strong line of his own,
both moral and religious, and the
question was one day put to him,
By whose preaching did you become
the man you are?

It was nobody's preaching, but
my mother's practicing, he replied.
Her daily teaching and example
were enough to influence her
children.

This magic power of influence is
one of the greatest of God's gifts—
and it is in a special manner granted
to mothers—only they cannot exer-
cise it if they are giving too much
time to society, to visiting, to
traveling, or to philanthropic work,
which takes them away from their
homes, and if they decline to give
up many pleasures for the elemen-
tary duty of devoting themselves to
their children's training in the first
years of life.—Presbyterian Record.

Dissolve The Partnership.

A Buffalo man had a dishonest
partner who almost wrecked the
business of the firm by his question-
able financial methods. The only
way to win seemed to be to buy
out the scamp's interest, and get a
more reliable partner. But even
after this was done, business did
not pick up. One day an old
business man came along, and the
remaining member of the firm com-
plained of the way fate had used
him.

Well, I can explain that, said the
visitor. You haven't let the world
know that you changed partners.

They still think that Smith is in
your firm. The old sign still hangs
over the door. You must take
down Smith & Jones and put up
one reading, Brown & Jones.

The next day the new sign was
put up. The old sign came down.
A notice was put in the windows,
and on the doors, and into the
newspapers. It read as follows:
John Smith and George Jones have
dissolved partnership, John Smith
retiring from the business. Charles
Brown has been admitted to the
firm, and Brown & Jones will con-
tinue at the old stand. Everybody
read it, and trade picked up.

Has your repentance found words?
Have you let the world know that
you have renounced the Devil and
all his works? It must be done.
Proclaim it, brother, in word and
deed, and in whatever way you
say it, the world will read it.—The
Lookout.

The Better Way.

Richard Morton and Samuel
Whitfield were well-to-do farmers,
who lived on adjoining tracts of land.
One morning Richard saw his neigh-
bor coming slowly up a lane near the
house, seemingly in search of some-
thing, and hastened out to meet him.
Good-morning, neighbor Whitfield,
was his salutation; it's your gray
horse you're looking for, is it? An
affirmative answer having been given
he went on: Well, then, listen to
me. I caught the beast yesterday
evening wandering in the lane close
to the gate of clover pasture. I
thought to myself, He'll push his
way inside next. So I shut him up
in the pound, and told the village
constable. You can get him out
whenever you are willing to pay the
fine, but I give you fair warning
that I shall always do the same
when I find your horse loose in the
lane.

Samuel Whitfield's answer was a
very quiet one. Listen to me now,
Richard. This morning from my
window I saw your cows stamping in
my garden. I ran down stairs,
tarned them out, and drove them to
your yard, carefully shutting them
in and fastening the gate. And
look you, friend. I give you fair
warning I shall do the same thing if
I ever find those cows straying again.
Is there any question as to which of
the two was the better way.—The
Baptist Commonwealth.

Rough Material.

You are building a good wall
there, said a passer-by, stopping to
look at a workman by the roadside.
Some of your material looks rather
poor to work with, too; and he
glanced at a pile of rough, jagged
stones.

I ain't pickin' my material, the
man answered, simply. What I'm
here for is to build as good a wall
as I can, with the stuff that's
brought me.

The same is true with the life we
are building. We can seldom choose
our material. Circumstances we
cannot control; they bring us this
happening or that, bring disap-
pointment instead of the joy we
looked for, weakness instead of the
strength with which we mean to do
so much. Many a rough and unex-
pected thing befalls us; many an
occurrence which we not only did
not desire, but against which we
cry out in bitter protest. Still it
comes to us—material that some
way, for good or ill, must find its
place in our building. We cannot
choose our material; but we can
choose what we will do with it and
what it shall do for us—whether it
shall weaken or strengthen the char-
acter we are forming.—Young
People's Paper.

Harmony at Home.

We may be quite sure that our
will is likely to be crossed during
the day; so let us prepare for it.

1. Every person in the house has
an evil nature, as well as ourselves,
and therefore we are not to expect
too much.

2. When inclined to give an
angry answer, let us lift up the
heart in prayer.

3. If from sickness, pain or in-
firmity we feel irritable, let us keep
a very strict watch over ourselves.

4. Observe when others are suffer-
ing, and drop a word of kindness.

5. Watch for little opportunities
of pleasing, and put little annoy-
ances out of the way.

6. Take a cheerful view of every-
thing, and encourage hope.

The great lung healer is found in
that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's
Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes
and diminishes the sensibility of the
membrane of the throat and air pas-
sages, and is a sovereign remedy for all
coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or
soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc.
It has cured many when supposed to
be far advanced in consumption.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers
can be applied when at home, and is
uniformly successful in coloring a
brown or black. Hence its great
popularity.

The Root of Evil.

A remark fraught with wisdom
was uttered under tragic circum-
stances by a New York physician
a day or two ago. He was called to
the bedside of a young man of a
fine family, who had just ended his
life by putting a bullet through his
heart. The doctor was a family
physician and had known the youth
for years. He shook his head sadly
as he raised the lifeless hand and
let it drop.

He was a boy of brains, he said,
but he had too much money ever to
amount to anything.

That was the root of the evil in
this case, as it is in so many others.
The young man had a "settled in-
come." It turned his mind from
work. He led the life of an idler.
He had no ambition, no pride. He
dwelled here and there, he became
a lounge about theatres, he picked
up acquaintances who were a dis-
grace to him. And finally when he
tired of it all, he resorted to the re-
volver and brought the worthless
game to an end.

He had too much money ever to
amount to anything, said the old
family doctor, and it is a remark
rich in moral warning.—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

The Duke of Argyll is to publish
speedily the life of Queen Victoria.

"I did not sleep a
night for seven long
weeks."

That prolonged period of sleepless-
ness is most expressive of the pain and
suffering caused by womanly diseases.
It is pleasant to contrast the medical in-
efficiency which said "I could not be
cured" with the prompt and perma-
nent cure effected by the use of Doctor
Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This
great medicine for women estab-
lishes regularity, dries en-
feebling drains, heals inflammation and ul-
ceration and cures female weakness.

"I take great pleasure
in recommending Dr.
Pierce's medicines to
other suffering women,"
writes Mrs. Mary Adams,
of Grass Creek, Ashe
Co., N. C. "I had in-
ternal trouble very badly
until it resulted in ulcers
of the uterus. I was
troubled with it so that
I did not sleep a night
for seven long weeks.
The doctors said I could
not be cured, but I com-
menced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
and 'Pleasant Pellets.' After taking two bottles
I could sleep all night, and after taking six
bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of
'Golden Medical Discovery' and three vials of
'Pleasant Pellets' my case was cured. I had
told my husband that I would have to die, as it
seemed I could not live. He told me to put faith
in Dr. Pierce's medicines, for it had cured others
and would cure me. So it did, and I thank God
and your medicine for saving my life."

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