

The Century.

There was no tread of martial feet.
No sound of gun, no clash of sword.
The Century, through moonlight sweet,
Came in the name of God the Lord,
And the world's welcome filled the air
In words of praise and whispered prayer.

Our guest is silent; his veiled face
Prophesies nothing where he stands,
His power half hidden in fair grace,
Master of men, king of all lands,
He claims the whole world for his own.
And takes in quietness his throne.

O, Century, what hast thou brought?
Life more abundant, love more strong?
A deeper meaning, graver thought?
The hero's deed, the poet's song?
And wilt thou bid all wars to cease,
And give the world its guerdon—Peace?

Ah, Century, thou wilt not tell
Thy secrets yet, and men must wait;
But the stars promise, 'All is well.'
Thou comest as man's friend, though late,
And what God gives thee thou shalt bring;
Thou art a servant, though a king.

Grave, silent, masterful! We take
Thy hand unfeared; though we know
How solemnly our way we make
Beside thee whither we must go,
And thou shalt see us live and die,
But no one fears thee, Century!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Sleeping Hearts.

Old Farmer Pettigrew was driving
along the pike toward the
country town, his grays going at a
brisk rate.

There's that young Evans walking,
he said to himself; he's dressed
up like he's goin' to catch the
train.

Goin' up the road, Bob? he said,
as he passed the younger man; I'm
bound for the burg.

I was going down by train, but
don't mind riding behind your
grays, laughed the other, climbing
in; that is, if you'll agree to bring
my stuff back.

So 'tain't two wagon loads, was
the retort. He liked Bob Evans
because he joked and laughed, and
was go'd company. College boy,
too. Education had never hurt
him. Fine farmer, steady and
smart.

What'll your load be? he asked
Bob, as the hard mud flew under
the horses' feet.

Not much weight, laughed his
companion. Christmas gifts. This
is the time when a little money
buys a lot of things to warm the
heart.

Sho! said Farmer Pettigrew,
when you're old as I am, you won't
be spending money for Christmas.
There's no one but me and mother
now. We'd look fine making
Christmas presents.

That you would, said Evans,
heartily, and it would make good
old Aunt Pettigrew feel ten years
younger. I wish you would.

Now, Bob! exclaimed the old
man, sir you in earnest?

Never was more so. She is often
lonesome since your daughter moved
West. She would be not only
surprised, but happy. Try it once,
he added.

What are you going to get
Addie?

Me! Oh, I've been planning
for months. A new dress for one.
Books she wanted. Some little
knickknacks. Nothing is too good
for my wife. She deserves more
than I can give her. We'll go
over to-morrow afternoon and see
how happy she'll be over our
presents.

I never did give anything 'cept a
little candy to the children on
Christmas said the old man, but he
didn't discuss crops, clear to town.

About the middle of the afternoon
Bob Evans hurried into the big
dry goods store after numerous
bundles. He was surprised to see
old Farmer Pettigrew sitting at a
counter near the front, while an
obsequious clerk was holding up
folds of gray silk.

Bob was so glad, he stopped to
help in the selection, and then went
on his way. It was nearly dark
when the two men met at the
livery stable. Old Farmer Pettigrew
was as excited as a boy.

Say, Bob, I bought a cheer, too;
and a gold comb, and candy, and
I'm kind of 'shamed to give them
to her. And I sent Minnie ten
dollars, registered letter, you know.

Bob shook the old man's hand.
I'm glad I came with you. I
just wish I could see auntie when
you give those things to her.

I'll tell you about it, Bob.
But he did not introduce the
subject when Bob went over the
next week. The young man fol-
lowed him out to the barn lot and
asked him about the gifts. Old
Farmer Pettigrew looked at him
long and solemnly, a sort of quiver
about his mouth.

Well, when I laid 'em out Christ-
mas mornin' by her bed, Bob, I
jest stepped out. She didn't come
out, an' I got skeered. I peeked
in through the crack an'—an'—she
was on 'er knees by 'em sobbin'. I
didn't calculate it was going to
have no sech effect, Bob.

Bob's eyes grew misty.

Well, he said.

I went in then, an' she riz up an'
kim' to me, an' she said Pa, an'
kissed me, fur the first time in ten
years, Bob—American Farmer.

A Beautiful Home Life.

A temperance speaker relates a
bit of experience that is as interest-
ing as it is suggestive. She was to
speak at a certain small town, where
she arrived in the afternoon. At
the station the visitor was met by
the president of the local Woman's
Christian Temperance Union, a
soft-voiced woman with a young
face beneath silver hair.

As the two ladies were riding
along the shady street, pupils from
the public school began to throng
the sidewalks.

At a crossing a bright-faced boy
stood waiting for the ladies to pass,
and lifted his cap with a courteous
gesture and sunny smile.

The hostess leaned from the car-
riage with a pleasant greeting, and
the gray cap covered the brown
curls again as they drove on. One
of your Sunday-school class? I
ventured the speaker. No, replied
the hostess, my only son, Harry.

As they approached the home,
they nearly overtook a young girl
of about fourteen and a middle-aged
man, walking briskly. The man
was listening in a deferential way
to the girl's merry chatter. At the
gate they paused, the man lifted
his hat in a parting salutation, as
he held the gate for the girl to
precede him, then, bowing, he
passed on.

This is our home; that is my
husband.

And you have another guest, or
is the young lady a caller? asked
the speaker.

That is our Margaret, our eldest
child. She and her father are
great chums.

That evening, at the daintily-
appointed tea-table, the youngest
child, a bashful girl of seven or
eight years, had the misfortune to
drop and break a fragile piece of
china. Her face crimsoned with
distress, and the violet eyes lifted
to her mother's face were large
with gathering tears. The speaker
winced, dreading discordant notes
where all had been harmonious. I
hope they will not send her away
in disgrace—poor little thing! her
thoughts ran.

But even as she thought, with
perfect courtesy the mother spoke
the same conventional words of
reassurance which she would have
used had the honored guest broken
the cup. Seeing the quivering lip
of her cherished child—her guest
from God—she added, softly:
Mother knows you are sorry, dear-
est. Just let it pass and overcome
it, while the father, with ready
tact, engaged the speaker in con-
versation.

The speaker was charmed. That
evening, walking with another
white ribbon, she could not resist
saying, Your president seems
wonderfully blent in her children.

Yes, but she has anxieties as
well as the rest of us, was the un-
expected reply. Margaret has
grown so winning that even the
college boys would walk round by
the high school to walk and talk
with her, until her father quietly
happens to be returning from the
court house to his office, past their
home, every time. Yes, it does
take his time; but he is queer. He
thinks that is one of the things his
time is for. He thinks it pays—
Unidentified.

An Alphabet For 1901.

Attention to, and recognition of
opportunity is one of the secrets of
success in any calling.

Be wise and accept Christ as
your Saviour—the only Saviour of
men.

Cultivate within you the mind
that was in Christ Jesus.

Discard discord and discouragement; God reigns.

Entire submission to the divine
will is the secret of true happiness.

Faithfulness is one of God's at-
tributes. Therefore trust him.

Genuine faith does not fret and
worry, but trusts.

Hungering after a righteous life,
and its holy fruits, peace and joy in
the Holy Ghost, is a good evidence
of conversion.

Inordinate, self-centered desires
are the avenues through which the
devil tempts men to their ruin.

Judging others harshly is evidence
of malice or envy or jealousy in the
heart of the judge. Only by their
fruits are we to know one another.

Know Christ and abide in him.
This is the sum of wisdom.

Look carefully after the little
acts of kindness you are able to
perform. The big ones will take
care of themselves.

More of Christ, more knowledge
of his will concerning us, and more
willingness to do his will are things
most essential now.

No task is burdensome if it is
performed willingly and as unto the
Lord.

Obedience to the commandments,
cheerfully rendered, makes man en-
tially, with God.

Patience, meekness, charity are
Christian graces worthy of special
recognition and cultivation.

Quenching the Spirit by not
witnessing for Christ when we feel
we should is a poor way to acquire
strength to do work for him.

Remember, he never fails who
always does his best.

Strive to be more pleasant, more
useful, more holy than ever.

To be thankful to God for his
mercies is to be happy.

Unbroken communion with the
Lord is possible to you, to all.

Victory over the world, the flesh
and the devil is achieved through
and by that faith which implies
being prompt in the discharge of
duty.

Whatever comes keep on smiling.
Let not the sun go down on your
wrath.

Xerxes had a great army at his
back, but he failed. But no one
doing battle for the Lord fails in
the end.

Youth, early manhood, mature
life, old age, all given to God in
service—and then an eternity of
bliss with him in heaven.

Zeal and devotion are essential
characteristics in the life of all who
are truly triumphant Christians.—
The Telescope.

A Very Lame Excuse.

What hinders you from becoming
a Christian? Though you may not
reply with the lips, yet your inner
man might speak out if it could,
and honestly say, I am afraid of
ridicule. They will laugh at me.

But who will laugh? Will your
parents laugh at you? I hope they
are praying for you. Will your
best friends laugh at you? Then
they do not deserve the name; they
are your enemies. But companions,
shopmates, schoolmates, may sneer
at you. Suppose they do. What
then? Is not every good and noble
act liable to sneers?

Will you always continue to be
shamed out of your eternal happi-
ness by the short-lived laughter of
fools? Was not your Divine Master
scoffed at beyond measure? And
will you refuse to bear a little
harmless ridicule for Him?

But perhaps you say, Youth is
no time for pining and gloom; it
is the time for merriment. I do
not ask you to be gloomy; it is
the very thing I want to deliver
you from. Gloom! Is it a gloomy
thing to have your sins forgiven?
Is it a gloomy thing to have a good
conscience? Is it a melancholy
business to labor for God's glory—
to be busy in doing good—in bless-
ing souls?

Ah! I will tell you what is a
gloomy thing. It is a gloomy sight
to see a son or daughter setting out
on the perilous voyage of life with-
out chart or compass, in hourly
danger of everlasting shipwreck. It
is a gloomy sight to see a young
man despise salvation. It is a sad
sight to see a young maiden quench
the Holy Spirit, and give herself
up head and heart to the senseless
frivolities of the world. It is the
saddest of spectacles to behold the
slow, steady hardening of a heart to
sin—to behold the chains of the
destroyer coiled closer and tighter
every hour about a soul without
God and without hope.

You admit the fact of these brief
suggestions, and say, I ought to be
a Christian; I mean to be a Chris-
tian; but there is time enough yet.
Who told you so? Has God drawn
aside the veil, and revealed to you
a long life ahead? Has He given
you an assurance that next year
will be your accepted time? Your
next year may be spent amid the
wailings of the lost. The shroud
may be already weaving for you.—
Dr. Cuyler.

A Book and a Chance.

Mr. Gibbud told this story in
one of the meetings at Northfield,
and I pass it on:

He was coming from Boston to
Hartford, and was glad to find a
seat in the car alone. Tired from
a busy day's work, speaking at the
convention in Boston, he wanted
time to get ready for his evening
address at Hartford. So with a
sigh of relief, he opened McNeill's
Spirit-Filled Life, and began to
read. The car gradually filled up.
He looked about ruefully, and took
as much room as he could—for
must he be disturbed while read-
ing the Spirit-Filled Life?

Alas! there came a man.

Seat taken!

No, sir (shortly).

He continued reading, but eyed
his man furtively while he took an
account of him. Does the Lord
want him to speak to that man?
No; he looks like an Irishman—a
Catholic probably settled in his be-
lief. Besides, the book in his hand
reminded him; he must read.

But the book lost its charm, the
Spirit pleaded, and he turned to
his companion. The commonplaces
of conversation disposed of, he
sought to know if the stranger
knew the Lord. Ah what a revela-
tion came to him as the talk pro-
ceeded! Those strange eyes filled

with tears, and a soul confessed its
wandering from God.

I'm a backslidden Methodist, he
says repentantly.

I thought, since you looked like
an Irishman, you might be a Catho-
lic, perhaps, said Mr. Gibbud,
apologetically.

Well, I didn't think you looked
much like a Christian when I sat
down, was the frank reply.

Then Mr. Gibbud leaned his
head up against the car window,
and they closed their eyes, and in
the blessed communion of the
saints they drew near to God.

Now it will do to go on reading
the Spirit Filled Life.—C. E.
World.

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 change
or dissipate it, says Dr. Stalk r in
the Christian World Pulpit. 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
the world more touching than the
pride of a father over a son's suc-
cess. 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 think-
ing chiefly of heart far away that
are glorifying in his honor. On the
field of battle this has often been
the inspiration of courage, and in
the battle 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 had been
spent, and sits again side by side
with the proud hearts that love
him. Where is there a disappoint-
ment so keen, or a disgrace so
poignant, as he himself who comes
not back because he dare not,
having in the foreign land or in the
distant city soiled his good name
and rolled the honor of his home
in the dust?

The Jigger Under the Tongue

A Physician, who has a decided
vein of humor in his make-up, tells
the following story of the miracu-
lous healing powers of a ther-
mometer.

I had an Irish woman for a
patient many years, said the doctor.
She is now dead. I once pulled
her through a lingering attack of
phoid, taking her temperature
from time to time by having her
hold a thermometer under her tongue.
When she had nearly recovered
I called one day, and without
further testing her temperature
left a simple prescription and
started on my way homeward.
About three miles from her house
I was overtaken by her son on
horse-back. Mother is worse, said
he; come right back. Back I went.
D other, said the old lady, reproach-
fully, why didn't ye give me the
jigger under the tongue? That did
me more good than all the rest of
yer trash.

Nothing simplifies life like
obedience. We sometimes think
we are beset by problems, that life
is a very difficult and complicated
affair. It is not really so. All
life is simply doing or bearing the
will of God. There is never more
than one duty for one moment.—
H. A. Baidman.

There is no success in all this
world which is so to be dreaded as
the success of getting away from
God's purpose for us.

A PHYSICIAN is not always at hand.
Guard yourself against sudden coughs
and colds by keeping a bottle of PAIN-
KILLER in the house. Avoid substi-
tutes, there is but one Pain-Killer,
Perry Davis', 35c. and 50c.

There are cases of consumption so
far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Con-
sumptive Syrup will not give relief.
For coughs, colds and all affections of
the throat, lungs and chest, it is a
specific which has never been known
to fail. It promotes a free and easy
expectoration, thereby removing the
phlegm, and gives the diseased parts
a chance to heal.

If your stomach is weak it should
have help. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives
strength to the stomach and
cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

If the hair has been made to grow a
natural color on bald heads in
thousands of cases, by using Hall's
Hair Renewer, why will it not in your
case?

Seeking the Gospel.

The story is told of a poor
Chinaman from the city of Ningpo,
who came to a Christian missionary
in Canton to ask for baptism. The
missionary had never before seen
the man, and he asked him where
he had heard the Gospel.

I have never heard the Gospel,
said the man; but I have seen it.

What do you mean? asked the
missionary, puzzled by the man's
statement, yet seeing that he was
perfectly sincere.

I used to live in Ningpo, said
the Chinaman, and my neighbor
there was a man even poorer than
I, who smoked opium, and had a
very bad temper. He used to beat
his wife and maltreat his children.
He spent everything for opium,
and soon the Gospel came into his
heart. After that a great change
came. He stopped buying opium,
and he became kind and gentle to
all. I watched him day by day, and
saw him becoming like a different
man, with a face shining
with happiness. I have never
heard the Gospel, but I have seen
it in him, and I have been think-
ing about it ever since. When I
saw you here I thought I would come
and ask you to give me the Gospel, for
I want to be a different man, too.

—Mrs. Mary Waring Adams.



A great many women are subject to
spells of dizziness, spots before the eyes,
and a ringing noise in the head. These
symptoms are commonly associated with
liver "trouble" as the result of a diseased
condition of the stomach and other or-
gans of digestion and nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
cures diseases of the stomach and the
allied organs of digestion and nutrition.
It cures through the stomach diseases
seemingly remote from that organ, but
which have their origin in a diseased
condition of the stomach and digestive
and nutritive system. Hence, cures of
heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, and other
organs are constantly effected by the
use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery"
and it is free from opium, cocaine, and
all other narcotics.

Some dealers may offer a substitute as
"just as good" as Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery. There's more profit
in substitutes for the dealer. There's
more health in the "Discovery" for you.
Don't be imposed on.

It is with the greatest pleasure I write you
the benefit my mother has received from your
"Golden Medical Discovery." says Miss Carrie
Johnson, of Lovessville, Amherst Co., Virginia.
She suffered untold misery with uterine disease
and nervousness, and had a constant roaring
and ringing noise in her head. After taking
six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery she was entirely cured.

When a laxative is required use Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Laxative.

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history, making a substantial increase in all im-
portant items, and can justly claim to be

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Don't neglect that persistent hacking
cough till you find yourself in the clutch
Of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop
it now by taking

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

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

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Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would
have died of consumption only for Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used
it for years and consider it has no equal
for severe colds and throat troubles."

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