

Fisherman's Prayer.

BY MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

"Keep me, my God,
My boat is so small and thy ocean so wide;
—Breton Fisherman's Prayer—

Keep me, O Father, in danger I ride,
"My boat is so small and thy ocean so wide!"
S ill I am safe with Thee I abide—
Keep me—be near me to save!

Darkness is around me—my peril is great!
Well dost Thou know of my desperate
strait—
Thou hast compassion—Thy power I await
Speak to the treacherous wave!

Thou who didst walk upon Galilee's crest,
Hushing the billows to silence and rest,
Still Thou art pitiful; grant my request.
Save me from danger to-day!

Those that go down in their ships to the
sea,
They have Thy promise a Refuge to be;
Now do I plead it, believing in Thee;
Save me in mercy, I pray!

Speak to the waters and they shall be still
Speak to the winds that blow stormy and
chill;
Speak to my heart; let me rest in Thy will;
Make the wild tempest to cease!

Keep me, my Father, whatever betide;
My boat is so small, and thy ocean so wide;
Thou art my Pilot, my Helper, my Guide;
Lead me to haven of peace!

—Chris. Intelligencer.

The Successor.

I'm so sorry, said Margaret
Whitney, and in that one little
sentence she voiced the sentiment
of all who belonged to or attended
Oakville church.

It was a small country place and
the church and its congregation
corresponded in size—both were
small. But if the most valuable
things come in small quantities, as
is often asserted, this little church
was a good illustration of the truth.
It was thoroughly alive and wide
awake, and was blessed with a pas-
tor whose energy and zeal seemed
ever seeking for more work and
wider fields in which to exercise
themselves.

It was this desire and need of
wider fields that brought the
sorry condition to the little flock.
A call came to the active young
pastor inviting him to take charge
of a large church in a near-by
manufacturing town. He saw at
once the larger field of work that
awaited and needed him, and ac-
cepted, in spite of the protests of
the people.

You will find another who will
fill the place as well, perhaps better,
than I have done, he said, when
they spoke of their regret that he
was to leave them. And then he
added, with a look of solemn con-
viction in his face:

I am called. I must go, and
they could not answer that.

The first Sabbath that saw a
stranger in the pulpit was a shock
to them all. Not only did they
realize more keenly than before
what they had lost, but when the
candidate rose and stood before
them to announce the opening
hymn, their first feeling was one of
disappointment in him. All that
the recent pastor was, this man
was not. He was old, but it was
not so much age as over-work and
ill-health that showed in his thin,
furrowed face and stooping figure.
His voice was weak and husky, and
before the service was over, a cough
told of weakened lungs that needed
rest and watchful care.

I think it's mean, said Bessie
Harris, walking home after service
with a number of other girls; the
idea of sending us a man like that
as a possible future pastor! It
makes me feel queer just to look at
him, and that voice and dreadful
cough—

Hush, Bess, interposed one of
the girls in a rather shocked tone,
it's a shame to speak so about the
poor man. I felt sorry for him
when he was preaching, he looked
so feeble.

Yes, he does, joined in another
girl, I felt sorry for him too. I
couldn't listen to the sermon or
enjoy the service a bit, for I kept
thinking all the time how hard it
must be for him, when he is evi-
dently worn out.

I should think a minister would
retire when he gets unable to do
his work. We surely can't call
such a man to be our pastor, said
Flora MacIntyre, severely.

Of course not. I suppose they
sent him first in hopes of getting
him settled and off their hands.
When they find we won't call him,
maybe they will send us something
better, said little May Clyde with
a wise nod of her head.

I hope so, said Margaret de-
cidedly as she opened the home
gate and bade the rest good-bye.
They did not mean to be harsh in
their judgment—these bright,
happy young people—Christians all
and members of the church for
which they were so anxious to se-
cure a good pastor. They did not
dream how cruel they were, in this
summary disposal of the candidate.

Would that they might have seen
him that afternoon in his room,
and could have heard the husky
voice whisper:

Oh, Lord, thy will be done. If
this be not the place for me, do
Thou lead me on. Surely they
could not have hardened their
hearts against the man who put
his future so trustingly into his
Lord's hands; and though he had
seen in the faces of the people, in
spite of their pity, something that
forbade him to hope that this
might be the haven for which he
longed, yet still trusted that God
would provide for him.

It seemed as if the young people
had voiced the sentiments of the
entire congregation. They pitied
the broken-down old minister, but
they were not willing to call him to
the vacant pulpit. They wanted a
man of strength and energy, not
one who was so evidently worn out
with much previous serving. It
was really decided, before the
mid-week prayer-meeting at which
the vote was to be taken, that this
candidate was not to be called.

And then, on the very morning
of that day, came the letter that
changed it all.

It was from their former pastor,
and in its sentences they could
almost hear the ring of his beloved
voice.

I am more glad than I can ex-
press, it said, to hear that poor old
Nelson had been sent to you; for
there is thus given to you an op-
portunity of a lifetime to do God's
work in accepting this man for
your pastor. His life has been as
truly a martyrdom as was the
death of any saint of old. He
gave his life, when it was young, to
home mission work, and for thirty
years has been doing in the North
and West a work that only God
can appreciate or reward. He lost
his wife in a blizzard five years
ago—she was going to meet him on
his way home from a distant meet-
ing and was lost in the storm—and
he and his noble daughter have
since carried on the work together.

The climate got hold of him at
last, however, and he has come
East, hoping to get a little church,
where he can support himself and
daughter, and recruit his failing
health. He is a wonderful man,
with a wonderful record in Heaven
I am sure, and as I said it is your
opportunity, even more than his. I
have no doubt what your decision
will be.

He had no doubt of their
decision!

Neither had they, before the
letter came, but now it was all in
such a different light that they
hardly knew what to think. Not
their benefit—not what would
please them most—but their oppor-
tunity—the opportunity of a life-
time—to do God's work.

The letter came to Elder Whit-
ney, and he read it aloud to his
family. Margaret's eyes were
shining before he was through, and
when he read the last sentence she
sprang up excitedly.

I'm so ashamed of what I said
to the girls last Sabbath, about
hoping they would send us a better
man, she said, I'm going to vote
for this one and I hope every one
else will too. May I tell the girls
about the letter?

Certainly. I'm afraid we were
all inclined to think only of our
own needs, and not at all of the
minister's said her father thought-
fully.

Margaret made a very enthusi-
astic advocate, and before the
evening meeting all the young
people of the church and a good
many of the older ones knew the
story of the candidate and were
enlisted on his side. More con-
sciences were aroused at the prayer-
meeting when Mr. Whitney rose
and read the letter, and when the
vote was taken after the meeting
the result was unanimously in
favor of the Rev. Mr. Nelson.

It is quite needless to say that
the call was accepted, after the
minister had thanked God for this
answer to his prayers and needs.

They—the new pastor and his
daughter—were soon settled in
their new home and work. Daughter
and congregation united, with un-
spoken, sympathetic understanding,
in keeping all burdens off the nar-
row, bent shoulders of the pastor.
He was cared for in a way that he
had never known in all his hard
working life, by the entire con-
gregation; and it was all done in
a way that made it seem the per-
fectly natural and proper way to
treat a minister.

In less than a year they had
their reward. Under their care
and kindness the pastor grew well
and strong once more, and almost
before they realized it they found
that he had become a real leader,
and in his ringing tones and shin-
ing eyes they caught the thrill of
that zeal that had driven him on
in the past, even to the gates of
death. And never was the Oak-
ville church in a stronger, healthier
more flourishing condition than it
became under the charge of the
successor.—The American Mssenger.

If It Be Possible.

What a sunny face Mrs. Brown
always wears! was the remark of
one who had not known her long.
It is plain to see that hers has been
a care-free life, thus far.

The long-time friend of the one
regarded as so fortunate was silent
a moment and then said,

Living next door to Mrs. Brown,
as you do, you will learn sooner or
later that she is the reverse of care-
free; indeed, I cannot recall one of
my circle of friends who would have
a better excuse for wearing an un-
smiling face than she.

No further mention was made of
this subject until, several months
later, the same woman chanced to
be speaking of Mrs. Brown, and
then the now old neighbor said of
her:

I have no reason to change my
first opinion of her. True, she
seems to have little time to call her
own, but she is quite neighborly,
and is always bright and sunny.

What is the subject of her con-
versation, usually? was the evasive
answer.

Why, her mind seems to run on
the Bible continually; she is unlike
any one I ever saw, in that respect.
It does not matter whether the sub-
ject under discussion is servants or
health, she is sure to wind up with
what seems to be nearest her heart.
I think she takes a text of Scrip-
ture as a guide for each day.

I know she does, was the rejoinder,
and I know, too, that if it were
not for the peace that passeth un-
derstanding, she would have little
peace of any sort.

Why you surprise me! I cannot
conceive of a skeleton in that home.

Has Mrs. Brown never told you
anything of her aged maiden aunts,
who have made their home with her
since her mother died, some ten
years ago?

Oh, yes, she often mentions them,
and I have sometimes wondered
that she did not invite me to go up
to their rooms. I am sure she
would, if she knew how I love old
ladies.

You would find nothing in them
to love, I assure you, for two more
unlovely old ladies never lived.
They are both as helpless as babies,
and the most fault-finding creatures
I ever saw. Mrs. Brown is always
sweet and gentle with them, but
her only reward is a continual nag-
ging. Such a life would land me in
an insane asylum.

Why does she not take them to
some home for the aged, if they do
not appreciate what she does for
them? It seems a shame for so lov-
able a woman to devote her life to
so thankless a task.

That is what I have often sug-
gested, but it is met by, It is my
cross, and Christ is giving me grace
to bear it. But it breaks my heart
that such loving care is only met by
fault-finding. I understand the
situation perfectly, as I have known
the family intimately since my girl-
hood, and I well know that grace
alone enables my friend to lead so
peaceful a life in the midst of so
much to annoy. I tell you this that
you may the better appreciate your
good neighbor.

A few days after the foregoing
conversation Mrs. Brown rapped at
her neighbor's door, saying:

I wanted to run away from—
everything, for a little while, so I
have inflicted myself upon you.

The one thus greeted made some
laughing rejoinder, but she saw at
a glance that the cross was pressing so
heavily upon the one who had so
long borne it that it was an effort
for her to hide it, and tried to
divert her by bringing up one topic
after another. But as usual these
neighbors soon found themselves
talking on the subject which even
Christians are inclined to avoid—the
higher life and how to attain to it.

What a wonderful inspiration
Paul is! among other things said
Mrs. Brown. I think when I have
reached heaven and feasted my eyes
on the King in His beauty, I shall
not rest until I have seen the one
who, next to my Saviour, helped me
to fight a good fight. But if life's
darkest day looms up before me, I
shall first thank him for the words,
If it be possible.

Why, it is strange that of all his
wonderful words you should single
out those, was the unthinking com-
ment, as Mrs. Brown ended with a
sigh.

I shall likely think so, too, when
I clasp the immortal hand, but to-
day, in the thickest of the fight,
those words are my salvation; for if
as great and good a man as Paul
knew from experience that there
were people with whom it was im-
possible to live in peace at all times,
and so left the loophole, if it be
possible, as much as lieth in you,
live peaceably with all men, I will
not be overcome by what is beyond
my control.—Zion's Herald.

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Don't Get Discouraged.

Don't get discouraged. Whoever
gained anything by drawing down
the corners of his mouth when a
cloud came over the sun, or letting
his heart drop into his shoes like a
lead weight when misfortune came
upon him? Why, man, if the world
knocks you down and jostles past
you in the race, don't sit whining
under people's feet, but get up, rub
your elbows and begin again. There
are some people who even to look
at, is worse than a dose of camomile
tea!

What if you do get a little puz-
zled on the dollar-and-cent ques-
tion. Others beside you have stood in
exactly the same spot and struggled
bravely out of it, and you are
neither halt, lame nor blind, that
you can not do likewise. The
weather may be dark and rainy;
very well, laugh between the drops,
and think cheerily of the blue sky
and sunshine that will surely come
to-morrow. Business may be dull;
make the best of what you have,
and look forward to something more
hopeful. If you fall down, don't
lament over your bruises, but be
thankful that no bones are broken.
If you can't afford roast beef and
plum pudding, eat your codfish joy-
fully, and bless your stars for the
indigestion and dyspepsia you there-
by escape. The moment you begin
to groan over your troubles, and
count up the calamities you may as
well throw yourself over the docks
and be done with it! The luckiest
fellow in the world might have woes
enough, if he would set himself to
hunting them up. They are like
small particles of dust—you do not
see them without close inspection.

Don't get discouraged, wife! Life
is not long enough to spend in in-
flaming your eyes and reddening
your nose because the pudding
won't bake, and your husband says
the shirt you worked over so long
sets like a meal-bag. Make another
pudding, begin the shirt anew.
Don't feel down in the mouth to
cause dust will settle and clothes
will wear out and crockery get
broken. Being a woman does not
procure you an exemption from care
and trouble any more than your
husband. Take things as they come,
good and bad together, and when-
ever you feel inclined to cry, just
change your mind and laugh. Keep
the horrors at arm's length, and
never turn a blessing round to see
whether it has a dark side to it.
Always take it for granted that
things are blessings, unless they
prove false. Preachers, don't get
discouraged, even though some one
robs you of the honor justly due
you; there is One that will give you
the honor justly due you—Jesus
Christ the righteous.—Hattress H.
Shick.

Anger.

A storm of passion will disorder
one's nervous system about as soon
as a thunder storm the wires of a
telegraph line. A few such storms
will destroy it altogether.

You will die soon enough without
calling in anger to help you off the
stage. The Christian should not
allow the devil to kindle the fire of
anger in his soul.

Suppose the basement of the
house in which you live takes fire,
you soon extinguish the flames, and
thank God that the fire is out. But
on going up in the apartments above
you will find the walls and ceilings
dingy and the room offensive with
the odor of smoke.

Many a soul-house is in bad con-
dition to-day because of the fire of
anger that recently burned there.
Let love reign in your soul, and the
demon of anger will find no place.—
Guide to Holiness.

There are no persons more solici-
tous about the preservation of rank
than those who have no rank at all.
—Shenstone.

An engine of one cat-power, run-
ning all the time is more effective
than one of forty horse-power
standing idle.—George William
Curtis.

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot summer season the
blood gets over heated, the drain on
system is severe and the appetite is
often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters
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restores its natural color and beauty,
frees the scalp of dandruff, totter, and
all impurities.

People Who Help the Prayer-Meeting.

The busy business man who regu-
larly attends it; the people, young
and old, who sit in the front seats;
the gray-haired old saint who comes
with a smiling face and always has
something to say of the love of
Christ; the timid people who can
only quote a passage of Scripture or
utter a brief testimony, but whose
lives show that they really love
Christ; the young people who testify
promptly, utter short prayers, and
sing sweetly; the jolly soul who
cannot speak or pray or sing with-
out increasing the spiritual sun-
shine, and who is not afraid to make
his hearers laugh once in a while;
the social people who welcome
strangers and do not hurry away
when the meeting is closed; the
long-winded bores, when they keep
their mouths shut.—Unidentified.

It's all very well for the minister
to preach from the text, Remember
Lot's wife, said an overworked, dis-
couraged matron; but I wish he
would now give us an encouraging
sermon upon the wife's lot.

Sympathy

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.

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a cure for womanly diseases. It estab-
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these medicines after seeing the effect upon my
mother. At an early age of married life I was
greatly bothered with painful periods, also a
troublesome drain which rendered me weak
and unfit for work of any kind. I became so
thin there was nothing left of me but skin and
bone. 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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