

One Little Thing.

I may not of wonderful gifts be possessed,
Nor can I great victories gain by the sword,
But my spirit to rule and my tongue to control
Is the one little thing I can do for my Lord.

All my goods to bestow that the poor may be fed,
Is perhaps more than honestly I can afford,
But the cup of cold water to give in his name
Is the one little thing I can do for my Lord.

It may not be mine to do wonderful deeds;
But to draw back the stray sheep with love's gentle cord,
And to bid it return to the Good Shepherd's fold,
Is the one little thing I can do for my Lord.

True love is not shown by great actions alone,
Nor the eloquent speech, nor the powerful word;
But to speak the kind whisper, to give the kind look,
Is the one little thing all can do for the Lord.

And then 'twill be seen, when the reck'ning day comes,
And the Master apportions to each his reward,
That the one improved talent, though ever so small,
Was the one thing that all could have done for the Lord.

—Christian Missionary Gleaner.

I Call That Religion.

BY MARGARET SPENCER DELAND.

Yes, captain, religion; old time religion! I wish I had it; and mean to try for it. When is that man coming up the river?

Don't know, judge; I think he's taking his last trip on these rivers; his next sail will be right into the kingdom of heaven. I tell you, he's all ready, and his Captain's on board, waiting for him.

It was the dreadful summer when the cholera swept through cities and towns on the Illinois river that the young pastor of a large church was suddenly stricken with hemorrhages of the lungs. The last Sabbath in August there had been the usual services, four funerals, and many visits to the sick and dying. His wife had entreated him to rest.

John, she said, the Master does not call upon you to do all this; you are killing yourself.

No dear, I'm not, but I will stop soon; every house has sick and dying, and many are without Christ; we must help them. Let us pray together for more strength.

Before daylight Mary Weston was awakened by strange gurgling sounds, and her husband's life seemed to be flowing away. For days he lay between life and death. In a month he could walk about the house. Physicians consulted, and decided he must go to the great pine tar works in Baton Rouge for the winter.

For four years this Western church, with their beloved pastor, had labored and struggled together. God had wonderfully blessed them in granting conversions, and in almost miraculous ways had given them success. A new building was finished and dedicated, and of the earnest, consecrated pastor it was enthusiastically said, And the common people heard him gladly! His work and people were unspeakably precious to his heart. It seemed God's chosen place for his life's best work.

The blow fell heavily upon the broken-hearted wife, little ones, and his beloved people. The money was raised for the journey; a dear young brother in the church was chosen to go with his pastor down the Illinois river to St. Louis, there to put him on the Mississippi boat. The wife must keep the home and the children.

Never was there greater love between men and women than in the hearts of this man and his people. Tearful, prayerful, earnest good-byes followed him to the steamer: human love reached out to him all that human speech could utter or eyes express.

Captain, this man I put in your especial care; see that he has every comfort and luxury and attention that money can buy. Friends will meet him at the Baton Rouge landing. I trust him to your love and kindness.

The young man laid his arms about the sick man, kissed him like a son, held him tightly, and wept. Oh, how can we let you go, he said.

Don't worry about me. See how beautiful everything is. It will be well either way, dear boy. Be faithful in the work; help my little family to bear this blow, and God go with you.

The plank was drawn in, another good-bye, and one to the South, the other to the West, for what future, who could tell?

The great, handsome steamer left the crowded dock, passed all smaller craft, and steamed out into the wide river. She was loaded with freight, and crowded with passengers. Her decks were gay with color and alive with ringing, merry voices. Fashion, wealth and youth thronged in those days the fine Mississippi boats. Rich planters with their families, people of ease and indolence, faultless dress, careless habits, extravagance and high living, went up and down the river in the early spring and autumn. Gentlemen gambled and drank and made merry in the lower cabin and bar, and fine horses were bought and sold as pastime or business.

The captain, wrapping his invalid passenger carefully, seated him in the most sheltered and retired corner. Mr. Weston sat with closed eyes as the city passed out of sight. Home was left behind, precious wife and children, beloved, helpful comrades and people. All darker than life. The angel of the Lord stood close beside him, a smile crept over his face, and he said softly:

Lo, I am with thee alway. Fear not, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee; the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

Captain, can you tell me anything about the sick gentleman over there? Where did he get on?

Nothing particular, only he's put in my care, bound for Baton Rouge; got on at St. Louis, off Illinois river boat. Young man was all broke up to leave him, cried like a boy, and kissed him as his own son. Consumption, plain enough, but he's ready if anybody ever was! A feller couldn't cuss or swear with that face on deck.

Beautiful women sat beside him, groups of children gathered about his chair, lovely merry girls brought cushions and sat near him, and told him about their gay homes in New Orleans, their people and customs.

In the clear, gray eyes, almost transparent face, and beautiful smile, they seemed to find a new something in life beyond them, but which possessed their hearts like a strong, full, sweet song, satisfying and wonderful; a courage and a strength which was not of the frail body or of the world. He laughed and told them odd stories of Western life and a new country, of their songs and colleges and schools. One evening as the twilight fell, he asked the beautiful singer of a famous opera troupe to sing "Home, Sweet Home" for him. The deck was crowded, and the sweet voice dropped its refrain like the music of a thousand precious homes. Mr. Weston's face was luminous. In the silence and the night he said: Can these dear young people sing for me I wonder, Jerusalem, the Golden? You know that's our—other home. Many knew it, and sang it as they never had sung before.

They brought him flowers and books, fruits and luxuries, while in a low voice he told them about his church, his home and his little children.

Can you, Mr. Weston, truly rejoice through this great trial, illness, separation from all you most love, from your life plans?

I can and do rejoice in the Lord alway, even though he slay me. It is not my plan; it was dark in the valley, but God was there. If I made a mistake and wasted my strength, it was ignorantly done, and Jesus knows it all. But, he added to the handsome woman, who was eager to learn the secret of his joy, but see God's wonderful goodness to me now. What am I, to be so cared for? A poor, plain man, sick and alone, waited upon tenderly by the gay and wealthy and beautiful and young? See how the Lord journeys with me. Can I doubt his love? I may never see your face again in this world, but I want to meet you over there. I bless you for your love to me a stranger, and shall pray for you. Oh, consecrate your lives to the Master, and his great work to the poor and sorrowful and sinful.

The greatness and simplicity of the religion of Christ was told in a few words and in great weakness, but to the listening throng was the strongest, sweetest story of love they had ever heard. This plain, modest, humble, loving servant of God was grand in his clear, broad vision of life.

Look here, captain, said Judge Bradley: I hear the sick man leaves to-night. Been quite a drawing card on this trip; holds a reception most of the time. Tom says he's been praying for us poor sinners down-stairs, hey?

Well, judge, you ought to be saved then! The Lord knows he's one of the elect my old mother used to tell about. I'd like to carry him all the year up and down this river! There'd be a change, and the Mississippi river needs one.

Has he money? Cloth rather shiny; minister, did you say? Don't look severe enough for a preacher. Yes, judge, a preacher, without money, clothes, home, family or

church, for he's dying away off here alone; but judge, I'd give a thousand lives like yours and mine to be as happy and joyous as he is now. Going South to get well? Never. Going South—to die.

It was the last day before the landing at Baton Rouge. Mr. Weston sat waiting the call. Everything had been made easy for him and his simple luggage ready.

Judge Bradley stood apart for some time, watching the people say good-bye to the sick man. At last he stood by his chair, and said, earnestly:

Mr. Weston, I've never given much money to churches or ministers; have never prayed or cared to; I want you to use this check for yourself and your family; try to get well, buy everything you need, and if I could pray, I'd ask God to spare you one hundred years to work for him! The world needs such; I am a better man for seeing you. Good-bye, sir.

The Lord loves you, Judge Bradley, I was sick and ye visited me, and for the least of his children he will reward you. Thank you, oh thank you, my good friend. Serve the dear Lord, and let us meet here again; if not—in heaven. Such was the response.

The captain and Judge Bradley carried Mr. Weston to the waiting carriage; his gray eyes were wet with tears as he shook hands at parting. The great steamer puffed and whistled and tugged at her ropes, and was gone on her way down the river towards the sea.

I say, captain that's what I call religion—old time religion! I'm going to try for it, too! Dying away from home, alone, poor and lonely, giving up his life's work, and can smile like that! I call that religion.

Judge, they are calling you. I don't care to go down just now. —New York Observer.

I Will Start Tomorrow.

Garabed Kevoekian is an Armenian of remarkable consecration. He would not move a hair's breadth from the right, or from what he deemed the right, for his life. For thirteen years he has labored in the heart of Asia, ministering to the miserable of his race with a meekness and consecration that would have been worthy of a Paul. Again and again he has seen his people cut down by the sword of an assassin soldiery, barely escaping with his own life, and powerless to render aid except in silent prayer and sympathy or by heroic example. Once he was called by important business to Constantinople. The government gave him a travelling permit, without which he could not have gone in safety, but on his arrival ordered that his permit be taken away. Without it he could not return, and so for months he was held in the city from his beloved work and people.

Why do you want to go back? asked one of the officials of him. Do you not know that you will be killed if you go?

Yes, I may be killed, said he; but get me my permit, and I will start tomorrow.

Noble man! He was ready, like other apostles before him, to go, taking his life in his hand. To work in the Armenian field is to court death, but death in the path of duty is far better than life in the security of idle disobedience. —Chris. Observer.

Faith.

A lady went out one afternoon, leaving her little boy with his grandmother, and saying she would call for him when she returned home, which she expected would be by 6 o'clock.

The time passed till it was nearly 6, and his grandma said perhaps his mother was not coming for him that night.

Yes, she will, replied the boy. Six o'clock came, and grandma said:

Well, I guess your mother will not come for you to night. I know she will, said the boy confidently; and he watched patiently for her.

It was getting towards his bedtime, and grandma was pretty sure his mother would not come, and he would stay all night with her.

Well, I know she will come, was still his confident reply. Why, what makes you so positive asked his grandma?

Because, said the boy, she said if she was not here by 6 o'clock she should certainly come, and my mother never told me a lie.

In a few minutes his mother came and took him home.

What a lesson for mothers in the faith of this child. And what a lesson for doubting Christians to whom the Lord seems slack concerning his promise. He will come again. Our Saviour never told us a lie.

A Tramp's Gratitude.

A lady of Omaha, Neb., has the right to congratulate herself on the results of an act of hospitality. One day last month a man, ragged and weather-beaten, came to her door begging shelter for the night. He had applied at the hotels in the city, but none of them would receive so miserable-looking a creature as a guest. Her heart went out to him in pity, for he was homeless in a heavy snow-storm, and he looked tired and cold and sick. Eventually at some inconvenience, room was found for him for the night. The next day he was too ill to rise, so a doctor was sent for, and his hostess nursed him.

As the case grew more serious the man became fearful that he was going to die. One day while his hostess was alone with him he asked for his old coat, and when it was handed to him he took from beneath the lining a greasy package, wrapped in a newspaper. This he gave to his kind friend, with the remark that if he recovered he would like to have it again, but if he died he wished her to keep it. His fears were justified, for in a week afterwards he was dead. Then the package was opened, and in it was a thousand dollars, apparently the savings of his life. It is not often that benevolence is so highly rewarded in this life, but we are assured that it never misses its reward in the next life. Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. (Matt. 20: 42).—Selected.

Try Harder.

Those of us who are inclined to give up to discouragements when some things go wrong might learn a helpful lesson from a young woman who had left home because her father was a drunkard. When she became a Christian, however, she announced her intention of returning and doing what she could do to reclaim him.

But what will you do when he finds fault with all your efforts to please him? some one asked her.

Try a little harder, she answered, with a soft light in her eyes.

Yes; but when he is unreasonable and unkind you will be tempted to lose your temper and answer him angrily. What will you do then?

Pray a little harder, came the answer with a fearless ring in the words.

The discourager had one more arrow in his quiver. Suppose he should strike you as he did before. What could you do but leave him again?

Love him a little harder, said the young Christian, steadily.

It is pleasant to add that her splendid faith conquered. Through love and prayer and patient effort her father was not only reclaimed from his besetting sin, but proved Christ's power to save to the uttermost all that come unto him.

What Do You See?

A German allegory tells of two little girls. They had been playing together in a strange garden, and soon one ran into her mother full of disappointment.

The garden's a sad place, mother! Why my child?

I've been all around and every rose tree has cruel long thorns upon it!

Then the second child came in breathless.

Oh, mother, the garden's a beautiful place!

How so, my child?

Why, I've been all round, and every thorn bush has lovely roses growing on it!

And the mother wondered at the difference in the two children.

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 one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc. Price 25c.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will not relieve or cure.

If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, use Doan's Pills.

Be Greater Than Your Position.

Barton M. Barch, in Success, gives the following sound advice to young men:

A distinguished theological professor once said: If I had a son, I should tell him many times a day to make himself as big a man as possible.

Young men too often want to be big men on the outside; to occupy positions which fit them as a turtle's shell fits a clam.

Never mind your position young man. Whatever it may be, try to fill it. The duties which you have to perform may seem trivial, but because it is a small position is no reason why you should be a small man. You may be big in idea, you know, if you are small in side.

The young man who applies himself to internal growth, as it were, is bound in time to find a place where he will be able to use every power he possesses.

At any rate, better be a big man in a small place than the opposite. A pinch of powder in a small cr ridge can make a deal of noise and drive a bull-t a long way. What can it do in a Krupp gun?

When a man's chief business is to serve and please the Lord, all his circumstances become his servants. —R C Chapman.

Young Girls

Are often engaged in doing the work of a home under the most trying conditions. Nature cries out against the stooping and lifting, the running up and down stairs at times when labor should be as light as possible. It is owing to overstrain or self-neglect under these conditions that the foundation is laid for serious womanly disease. Irregularity is the first step to impaired womanly health.

Perfect regularity may be established by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will heal inflammation and cure female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss Ella Sapp, of Jamestown, Guilford County, N. C., "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had suffered for three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pains in my back and stomach. I could not stand at all without fainting. Had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better. Now I have taken two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I am entirely cured, and in two months' time when all other medicines had failed."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

By his son, W. R. Moody, and Ira D. Sankey.

A splendid life-story of evangelist's high unselfish cause of fellow-man.

Published with the author's Mrs. Moody and the family. Only authorized, authentic, Beautifully Illustrated. Large Volume. 1000 pages. Wanted, men and women.

Sales immense; a harvest of agents. Freight paid, credit Address at once, The Dominion Co. Dept. M. 82, Chicago.

Our Experience

Has shown beyond a doubt that Abstainers are better risks than Non-Abstainers.

The Temperance and General Life

Therefore, offers total abstainers Special terms that are of great advantage to them. They should invariably consult an Agent of the Company before insuring their lives.

HEAD OFFICE: Globe Building, Toronto.

The E. R. Machum Co. Ltd, St. John N. B.

Agents for Maritime Provinces.

JUST OPENED

FRENCH

FLANNEL

IN

Military Red, Cardinal Navy, Black and Red Striped, Royal Blue and White Striped, Navy Striped, White Striped, Old Rose and Green and Black and Red Mottled Pattern

JOHN J. WEDDALL