

stopped short.
ough the drifting smoke a tall, dark
was coming—coming slowly towards
she stood.

light was growing dim; she could
his face, but the outline of the
shoulder, the proud pose of the
the easy graceful walk—all were ter-
amiliar.

longed to turn and run away, yet
mained, as if rooted to the spot.
ever nearer he came, until he stood
her—the man she loved with every
of her being, the man she was ever
ng of—Vivian West.

lifted his cap with grave courtesy.
s strange that I should meet you here.
d, and the low tone of his voice fell
gir's ear with a pleasure that was
pain. 'I came to take a last look
place where I had known some
days. I did not expect to see any
old lost friends.'

spoke without any bitterness. If he
he hid it.

could not believe it was you,' Shirley
with a faint wonder at her power to
to commonplace a remark when every
in her body seemed throbbing with a
a mixture of joy and misery.
m glad to have met you,' he went on.
am leaving England in a few days'

u are going abroad?
m going with my mother to Austr-
It was true, then—the idle gossip
heard at dinner.

picked a dead twig, and snapped it
it.

ope you will be happy,' she said.
ope so.'

d Cora?
d Cora?

u wishes to come also.
u will marry out there?

at is an impossible thing to foretell.
ard of your engagement.'

mine! There was a slight accent
in his tone; then he added: I
of yours to-day. May I offer my
ulations?

id, will be the first I have received,
y, with a hard laugh; 'I was not
that anyone knew of it.'

ppened to see Captain Kemp at the
t. I suppose he wished me to hear
s, for he confided it to a friend in
ticularly loud voice. I hope your
th him will be all contentment. Now
s good-bye. I just came up here
sake of old memories.'

ried to speak, but in his wild havoc
thoughts only one idea stood prom-

was going from her—going for ever.
wide seas would flow between them;
ar away, in a foreign land, he and
would dwell together!

it,' she cried imploringly. 'I—there
so much that I would say.' 'I would
hear of you sometimes,' she said,
ately 'to hear that you are well
pppy, and making a great name out

u are very kind,' he said coldly.
scorching colour leapt to her face.
think I am asking too much!

think my rise or fall can have no in-
for you. I do not suppose that I
ver return to England. There are
to bind me to it, there is no one for
return to. The only one left me to
and care for will make her home out
with me.'

as Cora he spoke of—Cora he thought
to Shirley told herself.

felt faint and dizzy.

ere is also your mother,' she said.
ean my mother,' he answered. 'Who
there?'

ra.

or girl,' he said, gently. 'She has
very true friend to us. She is lone-
homeless. She is welcome to share
wherever it may be.'

'You love her too?' Shirley's voice
qually a hoarse whisper.

ve her!' he repeated, quietly. 'No;
I did. I wish I could change as eas-
you. Is it to her that you heard I
engaged?'

made a gesture of assent.

d you believed it? Did you not mar-
any girl being brave enough to defy
world and cast in her lot with mine?

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

Sunday Reading

Faith.

A grey cloud comes up out of the east,
A grey fog creeps in over the sea,
The sparkle o'aks off from the briny yeast,
A white shroud as flits each shivering tree.

The shadows sweep and darken the grass
Where sunshine lay like a golden dew,
And pling vapours, an inky mass,
Unroll out over the lessening blue.

A dimness so ties o'er earth and air,
An sadness over the heavy heart:
The sun was a friend's face, dear and fair,
And we had that, alas! it is hard to part.

But I know that he keeps his shining path,
However the shades may close below;
And that over the tempest's gloomy wrath
The peaceful stars will come and go.

O clouds of sorrow, that crowd to chase
My life's brief sunshine, take your will!
But I know that beyond your frowning face
The face of my Father smiles still.

Nathanael the Israelite.

There are snares set for our souls even in the most secluded spots, and even in the very best of books. The very Bible itself deceived the Pharisees, says Samuel Rutherford. And Nathanael's great snare and imminent danger of deception was that he would sit too much under the fig tree reading the Messianic prophets, while all the time the Messiah himself was passing by his study door. Nathanael was reading and meditating on the fifth chapter of Micah at the very moment when Philip was knocking at his door. 'Put away your books and put on your shoes, for he of whom Moses and Micah and them all did write is waiting till I return and bring you to him,' said Philip. 'Jesus of Nazareth?' replied Nathanael, turning up the page and finding the place. 'Hath not the Scripture said that Christ cometh out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?' And there was almost a division between Philip and Nathanael about Bethlehem and Nazareth. There was just the first unfortunate word spoken, if it had been left rest, of one of those debates that would have rooted Nathanael in all his discrepancies and in all his prejudices. But Philip was a man of an open-air, practical mind; and with the true debating genius at one stroke he plucked all Nathanael's prejudices and prophetic discrepancies up by the roots. 'Come and see,' he said. 'I am not a man of books,' he said. 'There are many many things in Moses and the prophets far too deep for me,' he said. 'But come and see and see. Come and see for yourself.' And it was then Nathanael left his fig tree and his parchment Micah and came to see; it was then and there that Jesus said this fine thing about Nathanael: 'Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile!'

A splendid testimony it was to the humility, to the teachableness to the simplicity and to the transparent sincerity of Nathanael's mind and heart. A blessed testimony, but conveyed in deep, and significant, and severely truthful words. 'An Israelite indeed,' was the very clearest name any man of that land and nation could have named upon him. The salutation of our Lord carries Nathanael back on the spot to the rise of his accepted race. It carries him back to the best day of all his great forefather's life. The whole name, 'an Israelite,' was still fragrant with memories of prayer, and pardon, and benediction. Nathanael coming forth from the cane brakes of the Jabbok, Jacob, and Nathanael his son, met and became one in his presence and under his benediction, who had said to Jacob so long ago: 'Thy name shall be called Israel.' But all the words of our Lord, even at their best are words of strictest truth and soberness. There is always a certain severity, indeed, with all his goodness. His best saints have cause to fear him, and to praise him at the remembrance of his holiness. And, behold, here also, the goodness and severity of Jesus of Nazareth! To Jacob so full

of guile, severity; and to Nathanael goodness. Our Lord, after his manner, says a great deal in few and well chosen words. 'An Israelite indeed,' he says. As much as to say, 'Thou hast been no supplanter. Thou hast not stolen thy brother's birth-right. Thy hands are clean of thy first father's wrong-going. Thou art a prince indeed with God, and thou art welcome to my discipleship.' And there was this in it also; that Nathanael had not taken his stand, even on Holy Scripture, against the personal testimony of Philip and against the claim of Christ standing at his door. Nathanael did not throw in Philip's face things of the prophets that Philip could not answer or explain. He did not silence and beat off Philip by saying: 'When the Christ is born, not in Nazareth, where David never dwelt, but in Bethlehem, David's city to this day then come and call for me.' No. With all his sacred books, and with all his serious difficulties out of them, and with all his incipient prejudices and pride, Nathanael was an Israelite indeed! And at that day, as his reward, he was enrolled among the lifelong disciples of our Lord.

There was nothing in this world that delighted and captivated our Lord like this same spontaneity and alacrity of faith that Nathanael exhibited. Our Lord was always on the lookout for such faith. He was always praising it. He was always making greater and greater promises and expectations to it. 'Because I said unto thee I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these.' Nothing in this world ever surprised, and cheered, and refreshed our Lord like Nathanael's so willing mind and so surrendered heart; and the same mind and heart in some other men. And you may be quite sure that there was some good and sufficient reason for this. And that good and sufficient reason was this: We easily believe what we love. We at once leave all and go out to meet that we have long been leaning toward and looking for. My heart every day instructs my understanding; my heart every day makes me willing in the day of its power. You will easily find sufficient proof to me of the thing I am secretly hungering for. And it is the same thing that you see every day differentiating and dividing to men of equal strength and keenness and scrupulousness of mind. It is this that make the greatest dialectician and natural skeptic of the two a humble minded, penitent, prayerful man; while the other man possesses over into carelessness about divine things, and then into dislike and scoffing at them.

The childish faith that asks not right, waits not for wonder nor for sign, believes, because it loves, right—shall see things greater, things divine.

A Missionary Church.

If each individual church member realized fully that he must do his part toward evangelizing the world, how soon would every church in the land become indeed a missionary church! Lukewarmness, that subtle foe to any successful enterprise, is the great drawback toward speeding the day when all nations shall come to a knowledge of the Saviour. We are told that 'faith cometh by hearing'; how, then, shall those who have never been told of the glory of the Lord get that faith unless the good news of salvation is carried to them?

It would seem that since the time when Christ sent out the first missionaries, bidding them go and preach the Gospel to every creature, that the whole world to its remotest corner should be now under the influence of Christian sentiment and conviction; but yet, we know there are still vast continents shrouded in darkness, ignorant of that love which gave itself for them. Where does the responsibility lie? We can but answer, at the door of the Church, for the Church comprises the laborers whom God expects to be reapers in the fields that are waiting to yield an abundant harvest. Speaking on this subject and the slowness with which the Church is aiding in extending God's kingdom, Rev. Arthur Pierson says: 'It is time that the Church awake to her responsibility. We have been acting too much as though we had an eternity before us in which to do the work, and the people whom we seek to reach an eternity on earth in which to be reached.'

One cause of indifference toward missions is from lack of personal knowledge. Once interest is aroused in any subject, either religious or secular, enthusiasm is quickened and the desire grows to learn more about it. The political or social affairs of other nations and countries than our own attract our attention, and we keep ourselves informed concerning them by reading or personal intelligence; and this is a good rule to follow in regard to missions. When we come to know a missionary personally, or to read about them frequently, we soon become anxious to learn more, our zeal is stimulated, and we begin to feel the power of this pressing claim. The missionary spirit will over-

take all who sincerely wish to be loyal to the Master. It has been said that ignorance in respect to the condition of foreign missions is in direct disobedience to the command of Christ, 'Lift up your heads and look on the fields, for they are white to the harvest'; and the church which does not believe in missionary work, or does it only in a half hearted way, is not fully and conscientiously practicing the Christian's duty instituted by the Saviour.

The Miracle.

Jesus, taking the loaves and fishes, gave thanks. We ought to give thanks to God for our food, and, indeed, for every mercy for all cometh to us from his hand. Though our provision may be coarse and scanty, though it may not be over plentiful nor over dainty, yet we must give thanks to God for what we have. After giving thanks, the food was distributed from the hands of Christ by the hands of his disciples. All our comforts and blessings come to us originally from the hand of Christ. Others may bring them, but it is he that sends them. The feast was enjoyed with perfect satisfaction. They did not every one take a little, but all had as much as they would. It was not a short allowance, but a full and satisfactory meal. And considering how long they had fasted, and with what an appetite they sat down, this miraculous food must have been uncommonly agreeable, for it was not a little that served them, when they ate as they would, and at free cost. Those whom Christ feeds with the bread of life he does not stint. So to-day, as on that memorable day, Jesus lifts up his eyes and beholds a great company of weary, hungry souls, hungering and thirsting for the bread of life, and to drink of the water of life, and his heart yearns toward them. He could not rest while the weary, anxious, dusty thousands waited to be healed of their diseases and comforted in their sorrows. He forgot his weariness and hunger in the supreme effort to bless and save them. So every child of God may, and should be, a minister of good to others.

When they—the multitude—were filled, and every man had within him a sensible witness to the truth of the miracle, Jesus said to his disciples, 'Gather up the fragments.' We have no right to waste any of God's good creatures. The Jews were very careful not to lose any bread or let it fall to be trodden upon. It was a common saying among them, 'He who despises bread falls into the depth of poverty.' Though Christ could command supplies whenever he pleased, yet he would have the fragments gathered up. When we are filled ourselves, we must not forget that there are others who want. Those who would have wherewith to help others must not be wasteful. Neither should an increase of God's bounty induce us to undue prodigality, or incite us to luxury. The fragments when gathered filled twelve baskets. Here was an evidence not only of the truth of the miracle, but that they fed, not with fancy, but with the real food. How large is the divide bounty! It not only fills the cup, but it makes it to run over. The fragments filled twelve baskets, one for each disciple.

Preciousness of the Word.

Although the Bible, the law of God, is no longer a lost book, yet endless good things lie hidden and undiscovered in it. Its pages teem with instructions with need-help in every emergency of life, and with comfortings in all the trials and sorrows of this life. These it is our duty and our privilege to find and to treasure up for our benefit. If we take up these oracles of God in a proper frame and a seeking heart, we shall find them constantly unfolding before us. We shall be continually

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.



Shattered Nerves and Weak-
ened Heart—A St. John Lady
Tells About It.

Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: 'Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down.'

'I suffered very much from indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I doctored with some of the best physicians in this city, but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they have completely cured me.'

'My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition, and I have no more trouble from the indigestion and can eat anything I choose.'

'I am only too glad to testify to the merits of such a marvellous remedy as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the cure of nervousness, heart trouble, indigestion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all druggists.'

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee

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Best Coffee grown in the World.

Perfection of Strength and Flavor

Look for the seal as a Guarantee of Purity.

finding new truths, or a fuller expanding of truths we have already grasped. Its wisdom and its teachings, its comforting and its blessings, can never be exhausted by us. A promise we have read a hundred times takes on a new meaning, which transfigures and glorifies it. A precept which we have unconsciously neglected strikes home in a way never to be forgotten, or it may be that some words of God speak to us so audibly that we feel as if we almost heard them coming from his lips. Wonderful book! and blessed the discoveries to be found in its pages! Therefore, it is declared, 'every scribe which is instructed into the Kingdom of Heaven, is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure, things new and old.'

A Pocket Cure.

Dr. Von Sian's Pineapple Tablets are put up in neat compact form, convenient for the pocket. They're the newest and best known aid to digestion and a cure for Dyspepsia and all kindred stomach troubles. Carry them with you and you'll never be at the mercy of stomach troubles, indigestion, acute, or chronic. One Tablet gives quick relief. 35 cents.

FAT CLAMS.

Of Brigadier's Island Nearly Exterminated by the Cold Weather.

Searspoint (Maine) Cor. New York Sun: The famous breed of fat clams which dwell in the sandy flats on the east and south shores of Brigadier's island was nearly exterminated by anchor ice during the cold snap in February. When J. Montgomery Sears of Boston, the owner of the island, was informed of the fact he engaged an expert in clam culture and sent him to the island with orders to restock the flats at any price.

Brigadier's island has been owned by the Sears family since 1742, when David Sears received it as a reward for services rendered to the British colonies prior to the great war which drove France from the new world. Sears asked for the island because he knew it produced the biggest and sweetest clams that could be found on the Atlantic coast. Every year since the grant was made, fifty barrels of the fattest clams that grew on the island have been sent to Boston as tribute. Almost every distinguished man who has lived in America for the past 150 years has had a barrel of clams from Brigadier's island. The records show that George Washington had ten barrels while he was president, and two supplementary barrels after his retirement to Mount Vernon.

John Adams seems to have been a great favorite with the Sears family of his day. He was president only four years, yet in that time they gave him twenty-three barrels of clams. For some reason Jefferson got only three barrels during his eight years of office. Madison and Monroe had eight barrels each. Jackson had four barrels, but John Quincy Adams received thirty-seven barrels while he was president, and seemed to like them, because he sent several letters of thanks. After Taylor was elected president the clam tribute to the white house came at the rate of a barrel a year, the goods reaching Washington during Lent. Last week a barrel was sent to President McKinley, the third he has received since he was inaugurated.

The blizzard which visited Maine in the middle of February coated the clam flats six inches deep in anchor ice, soldering up the pores in the sand and smothering all the shellfish. When the anchor ice thawed more than 2,000 barrels of dead clams were lying upon the flats, which were haunted by crows and sea birds for days. The poultry keeps at Searspoint and Stockton hauled away more than 1,000 barrels of clam shells and ground them up for feed. The average output of clams from Brigadier's island flats has been from 1,000 to 1,200 barrels a year. Five or six years must elapse before the beds can be restocked.

When Letters Were Sent G. O. D.

Free delivery by carriers was begun in 1863. Before that date the postmen used to collect a cent on each letter for delivering it. In 1863 free delivery was put into

operation at sixty-six offices, with 450 carriers, at an annual payroll of \$317,000. To-day we have 627 free delivery offices, 12,931 carriers, and it costs Uncle Sam \$18,000,000. Any place having a population of 10,000 or a revenue of \$10,000 a year from its postoffice, can demand free delivery. Nearly one-third of the people of the United States have their mail brought to their doors; the other two-thirds have to go to the postoffice. Carriers are paid from \$600 to 1,000 a year, and have fifteen days' vacation, with full pay. They must be citizens of the United States.

A Recipe.

Mr. Gladstone once had a conversation with a well-known M. P. at a public dinner in London, when the ex-Premier asked all sorts of questions on matters pertaining to Methodism. A man who happened to sit exactly opposite, wishing to divert the conversation into another channel, asked—

'Do you know Chester Mr. Gladstone?'

'Yes, a little,' was the answer, an ominous smile playing about the mouth.

'Do you know Chester, Mr.—?'

'Not very well,' said the unwary questioner.

'Well, if you go to the city of Chester,' continued the G. O. M., 'you will find a confectioner's shop in such a street, giving the number; go into the shop, and you can buy a hot mutton pie, deliciously hot,' (and here Mr. Gladstone screwed up his eyes, and his face beamed with delight as he recalled the taste and smell of those savoury pies), 'and all for three-pence.'

Then turning to the M. P., in deep, earnest tones, he said, 'Let us resume where we left off.'

Needless to say, there was no further interruption from the opposite side of the table.

WHEN HOPE'S GONE.

Life's Not Worth the Living, South American Nervine Restores Hope and Perfect Health.

Four years ago Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., had a very severe attack of La Grippe, which left her with a very acute form of stomach trouble. She had about given up hope of a permanent cure when South American Nervine was recommended to her. She procured it, and in a very short time experienced wonderful relief. After taking six bottles she was absolutely cured. She says: 'I believe it to be the most effective remedy for stomach trouble in the market.' Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

Tells Against Phrenology.

A brain specialist has made some rather sceptical references to phrenology.

'The supposed relationship existing between mental qualities and certain portions of the brain,' he said, 'are, in my opinion, quite unproved.'

'It is not possible to judge of the brain by the exterior of the head. Even the size of the brain cavity within is not always a safe guide as to the amount of brain matter it contains. Except in rare cases, the brain does not fit the skull. It is surrounded by three membranes and a quantity of fluid.'

'As to the delusion that a large brain indicates great mental capacity, I will quote only one instance (out of many) to the contrary. The brain of Gambetta, the statesman one of the leading minds of Europe, weighed less than that of an average seven-year-old boy!'


'Another popular error is that fissures and folds, or convolutions, of the brain indicate superior powers. Yet the beaver, whose habits betoken high intelligence and constructive skill, has a brain entirely without convolutions.'

'If the weight and size of a man's brain reveal anything at all, they indicate his nationality more certainly than his mental gifts. Cold northern countries produce bigger brains than more temperate climates. The largest brains are in Scotland.'

A Corn Photographed by X Rays

Shows a small hard kernel, covered by layers of hard skin. This tiny corn causes keen pain. The only sure means of extracting it, without pain, in a day, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure? Yes. Painless? Yes. Cheap? Yes. Indeed? Try it.

The root of all evil is the cause of much digging.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A permanent remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue in the Stomach, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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FLYER—1 1/2 in. Tubing, Flush Joint, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$15.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 22-20; fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$30.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$2.00 to \$5.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.