

This and That

THE SONG-SPARROW.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

There is a little bird I know so well
It seems as if it must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young:

He comes in March, when winds are strong
And snow returns to hide the earth:

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors smart and gay:

THE JOKE WAS ON PAPA.

It was a serious moment in the family
Helen Jennings was in tears, and tried to speak,
but her father stopped her with a sad gesture.

Mrs. Jennings read, in a trembling voice:
"Angel of my existence—"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Jennings. "What sensible man would dream of addressing a young girl in that idiotic manner?"

"Existence spelt with an 'a,' too," said Mrs. Jennings. "Really, the idiot can't even spell!"

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."

"What does he try to describe it for, then, the ignoramus? But don't let me interrupt you," groaned Mr. Jennings.

"I think of you constantly, and I bitterly

"DABSTERS"

People Who Do Things By Piecemeal.

Many people are convinced coffee is the cause of their sufferings and stop its use from time to time to get relief.

"How much better it is to stop short on the coffee and shift to well made Postum and get well once and for all."

A lady of Readfield, Me. says: "I was always a great lover of coffee and drank it so steadily that I would have to stop it at times on account of dizziness in my head."

"I continued this for years and paid dearly for it, until about a year ago I read a Postum Cereal article and bought and carefully prepared some. It filled the place of coffee from the start so far as flavor and taste go and it has righted my stomach troubles."

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condemn your father, the obstinate, unfeeling, purse-proud old party, who will, no doubt, withhold his consent to our union."

"Old party! Obstinate, unfeeling, purse-proud! and I have been the kindest of fathers. When I see this young man I will—the man that could pen those words—but go on my dear."

"Theodore, there is some mistake; I did not see this overleaf till now," murmured Mrs. Jennings, softly.

"Eh? Let me see. Hem! Yours with all the love of my heart, Theodore—May 10, 1865. Why, bless my soul, it's one of my own letters!"

"Yes, papa," said Helen, drying her tears, and taking advantage of the pause that at last gave her an opportunity to speak.

PROOF OF SUCCESS.

A successful mission preacher recently had an amusing experience. He had been taking a mission in a certain rural parish, and, on its conclusion, paid a round of farewell visits with the rector to the parishioners.

Among them was a young dressmaker who had attended the services regularly, and who told Canon—how much she had enjoyed them, and how sorry she was they were all over.

"Do you think the mission has done any real good?" the Canon asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, it has indeed!" she replied heartily.

"What makes you think so?" "Well, sir," the dressmaker answered, "I don't think you'd doubt it if you only knew how many people have called during the last few days to pay their bills."—Ex.

CLEAN MONEY.

An old merchant on his deathbed divided the results of long years of labor among his sons.

"It is little enough, my boys," were almost his last words, "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it." He had been a successful man, too, though not in the "self-made sense. For his ideal had been, not to make money, but to keep clean hands. And he had been faithful to it.—Ex.

APPEARANCES AGAINST HIM.

A Scottish parish minister was going from home, and procured the clergyman of a neighboring parish to officiate on Sunday. His servant, who was also the beadle, was sent over to the station to drive the reverend gentleman to the manse.

When the train arrived, the beadle asked him to be good enough to wait a while, as he had some errands to do before going home.

It was two hours before he returned. The good man was furious and threatened to report him to his master.

"Weel, sir, ye can dae that if ye like," said the beadle; "but he tellt me himsel' to wait till it was dark afore I drove ye ower; for if the folk o' the village saw wha was to preach naebody wad turn out the morn'."—Ex.

CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

Soon after the Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened Mr. Spurgeon said, "I received some years ago orders from my Master to stand at the foot of the Cross until he came. He has not come yet; but I am to stand there till he does. If I should disobey his orders and leave those simple truths which have been the means of the conversion of souls, I know not how I could expect his blessing. Here, then, at the foot of the Cross I tell the Old, Old Story; stale though it may sound to itching ears, and worn threadbare as critics may deem it."—Ex.

POLLY'S PREPARATIONS.

Polly, put the kettle on— (It has been sterilized, I hope?)

Polly, put the kettle on— (And washed with antiseptic soap?)

Polly, put the kettle on (The water's filtered, scrubbed, sundried, dusted, polished, shaken, brushed, sifted, pasteurized, and ironed, I see.)

Polly, put the kettle on; we'll all take tea, —Jack Appleton, in Cincinnati Tribune.

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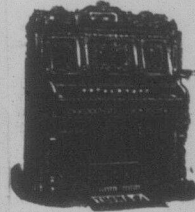
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THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH TO LABOR IN LOVE.

What then is the duty of the church? What must she do to win the confidence of the world? What is the best way for her to "prove her doctrine all divine?"

First, she must increase her labors in the love of men; second, she must practice the simple life in the trust of God.

Suppose that a fresh flow of energy, brave, cheerful, joyous, should be poured into all the forms of Christian work. Suppose that foreign missions and home missions should no longer have to plead and beg for support, but that plenty of money should come flowing in to send out every missionary that went to go and that plenty of the strongest and best young men should dedicate their lives to the ministry of Christ, and that every household where his gospel is believed should find its highest honor and its greatest joy in helping to extend his kingdom.

And then suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial, modern life. Suppose that instead of increasing their wants and their desires; instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac, that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath; instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, plain living and high thinking? Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them and Christ died for them and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendor of the stars the peace of the everlasting hills, the song of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, the charm of music, the blessings of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or mingling, because they come from God and because Christ has sanctified them all by his presence and touch.

Suppose, I say, that such a revival of the joy of living in Christ and working for Christ should silently sweep over the church in the twentieth century. What would happen? Great would be the peace of her children. Greater still would be their power. You may think and say that it is "a message which could just as well be brought to any other church on any other occasion." With all my heart I hope this is true. The things that I care for most in our church are not those which divide us from other Christians, but those which unite us to them. The things that I love most in Christianity are those things which give it power to save and satisfy, to console and cheer, to inspire and bless human hearts and lives. The church that the twentieth century will have most gladly and honor most sincerely, will have two marks. It will be the church that preaches the central truth of Christianity most clearly, strongly and joyfully. It will be the church that finds and shows most happiness in living the simple life and doing good in the world.—Henry VanDyke.

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