Our Heroes.

en he falls in the way of temptation

no strives against self and his comrades

Te has a hard battle to fight.

Will find a most powerful foe.

honor to him if he conquers,

A cheer to the boy who says 'No!'

ere's many a battle fought daily

The world knows nothing about.

ere's many a brave little soldier

d he who fights sin single handed

an he who leads soldiers to battle

And conquers by arms in the fray.

To do what you know to be right

he right,' be your battle cry ever

In waging the warfare of life,

and firm by the colors of manhood,

And you will o'ercome in the fight.

steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted

nd God, who knows who are the heroes

Will give you the strength for the strife.

Two Little Men-

Tom Clark and his brother Jamie

ere little men of all work. They did

rap is for the neighbors, chopped

ood for anybody who wanted it done,

nt in coal, carried milk to customers

r the milkman around the corner;

fact, dld anything out of school

urs by which they could earn a few

ents to help pay their own expenses.

'We're getting big now, and ought

help all we can, Tom often re-

arked to his brother; and Jamie's

Tom was eleven, 'nearly in his

ens,' he proudly declared, and Jamie

One day Mr. and Mrs. Clark were

ooking very grave when the boys re-

'Anything the matter, mamma?'

tone which implied that he didn'c

vant to live in it themselves now.'

Butit seems as if there ought to

be deny of houses empty,' remarked

Tom acouragingly. T've seen lots

houses hey are not what you want,'

small, there too large. For those

paid. Bt finally, after a long house-

hunting rip, Mrs. Clark went home

looking very much pleased. She

though she had found just what she

wanted The house was the right size,

the ren reasonable. She had heard

all abot it from a lady living near it.

The owner was out at the time. She

Thefollowing day at noon when the

boys vent home to lunch, they found

their arents again looking very serious.

'Dd you see the house, mamma?'

'Not quite right, after all?' This

Oh, yes, the house is just what we

Why, we wouldn't hurt it, declared

'Of course we wouldn't,' added Tom.

'I know that, my dears, but I can't

make strangers believe it. I saw the

man's wife, and she took me through

the house, and seemed to be very much

pleased at the idea of letting it to me.

When I mentioned that I had two boys

her face changed immediately, and she

told me that she didn't believe her hus-

band would consent to have any boys

call this afternoon to see him, but gave

'What is the man's name, mamma,

'The house is on Broad street, near

Grand avenue, and the owner is Mr.

'Why, we know him,' cried Tom ;

That afternoon Mrs. Clark went to

se the owner of the house she wanted.

'You see, ma'am,' explained Mr.

Ryder, 'I have let the house several

times to families with boys, and every

time they have declared their boys

were careful, and every time they have

nearly destroyed it. We had to make

the rule. I am sorry, but I don't feel

we've taken milk there lots of times.'

and where is the house?"

Ryder.'

want, but they don't want to let it to

would to the next day to see him.

Tomasked the first thing.

any one with boya.'

eply always was 'of course.'

as nine years of age.

urned from school.

th horse-hunting.

of 'lo let' signs up.'

Mrs. Clrk returned.

-Phœbe Cary.

Is more a hero, I say,

Whose strength puts a legion to rout.

N. 24 1100

heart trouble.

S. A. W. IRISH

Gifts

d FRIDAY mo

t Eastport with s

tland at 6 p. m.

like trying it again.'

going down the step Tom and Jamie happened to walk along. They said 'Good afternoon' to Mr. Ryder, and then spoke to their mother.

'Hold on, ma'am, please,' the man suddenly exclaimed. 'Do you mean to tell me that these are your boys? 'They are my boys,' Mrs. Clark

proudly answered.

'Well, well, well! Come in again won't you? I know these boys, and I'll be bound they won't injure any man's place. Why I've watched them at work many a time and they're as careful as two little men -more careful than some men, I might say. They would never step into our house

if they had the least bit of mud on their shoes, and they try to do everything just right. I believe we'll make a bargain, after all. There was no trouble about renting the house after that. But how proud Mr. and Mrs. Clark were of their 'little men,' and how happy Tom and

Mary's Pride.

Jamie were at being trusted .- A

Jennie Smith in Happy Hours.

Until Mary was nine years old, she had never attended school, but her mother had taught her. She learned very fast and could read quite well, and was equally advanced with other girls of her age. But her parents thought it best that she should now go to school, and mingle with other chil-

Mary had been taught that it was a great sin to tell a lie, and that only very wicked people would swear. But the girls who attended the school had not been so carefully trained, and Mary saw and heard many things that shocked her dreadfully.

One evening as she was coming home from school, some of the gir's were using very bad language. She horrified. She had heard a few bad Well, I suppose we really ought not | men swear, but did not know that o call it anything the matter-it girls ever did such a thing. She stood night be werse; but, dears, we have it as long as she could then said, 'Why girls, you will go to the bad place, 'Got to move !' repeated Jamie, in | if you talk that way.'

think it any great calamity to have to her, saying, 'Oh, just listen at St. preventing the ravages of the ants Mary!' and many other things very Finally, however, they again gained 'Yes, the people who own this house hard to bear. For a while she stood access to the cupboard, and were as it very well, but at last she grew angry, 'Where are we going to move to?' | and stamped her feet, and said, 'Well, I know you will go to the bad place if one of the saucers, which lay obliquely 'Ah that's the question,' said Mr. | you say such things, and I don't care dark 'we don't know, and we dread if you do. And she ran home as fast couched the leg of the cupboard; the as she could.

She looked up, but did not speak, as her usually quiet, orderly little girl came dashing into the room, tossing 'Yes, but when you look into the her books on the table, and her hat and coat on to a chair. She stamped across the floor several times, watching And tat was just how it seemed to her mother, expecting her to ask her be. Some of the houses were too what was the matter. But the mother quietly went on with her sewing. which micht do, too large a rent to be

Atlast Mary could stand it no longer, and stepping in front of her mother, began to tell her. Her mother looked up and quietly said, 'Hush, daughter: don't say a word,' and picking up the Bible opened it and pointing to a verse, with stones. said, 'Sit down on that chair and don't get up nor speak until you have committed that verse.'

Mary took the book and sat down, but she was too angry to see a letter at first. After a little while she saw and read, 'Be not hasty in the spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom

Then her attention was arrested, and she read again. And she thought, 'In the bosom of fools. And I have been angry; have I been a fool and acted foolishly?' And her pride said: 'What do these girls think of me?"

The mother sewed quietly on and by and by she said, 'Daughter, have you learned that verse?' And Mary, the anger all gone, pride having taken its place, softly said, 'I think so, mamma.' Well you may repeat it.' Mary did so. 'Now,' said the mother, 'you may tell

me what the trouble is.' Mary was not nearly so anxious now to tell it, but at last the whole story came out. Then her mother told her how wicked it was to get angry, and n the house. She suggested that I that God was displeased with her, and said, 'Let us go and ask God to forgive me very little hope that it would do vou.

Then she took her into the little dirty and black and horrid! We don't room where she always went to pray, and they knelt down together and she asked God to forgive her little girl, and help her not to do so any more. Mary, however, was not thinking of the wickedness of getting angry, but how foolish she had acted, and what those 'Yes, and put in c. al for him,' said | girls must think of her. And she forgot that her pride was as sinful in the

sight of God as her anger. A few years later the Holy Spirit showed her it wes a sinful heart that was causing all the trouble, and she went to God and He gave her a clean heart. - Selected.

DON'T RUN CHANCES by taking whiskey or brandy to settle the stomach or stop a chill. Pain Killer in hot water sweetened will do you more good Avoid substitutes, there's but Mr. Ryder had gone to the door one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25:

Stories About Insects.

Many people have a horror of spiders ants and other insects which by careful observation of the habits of these little creatures might be transformed into a real admiration for them. Their intelligence and ingenuity are evinced in the following anecdotes:

A spider had stretched its web between two posts standing opposite each other, and had fastened it to a plant below for a third point. But as the attachment balow was often broken by the garden work, by passers by, and in other ways, the little animal extricated itself from the difficulty by spinning its web around a little stone, and fastened this to the lower part of its web, swinging freely, and so to draw the web down by its weight instead of fastening it in this direction by a connecting thread. The pebble in th s instance was as much a tool as an iron anchor fashioned by the hand of man would be to human beings under analogous circumstances.

Several years ago I was greatly worried by black ants, which had discovered some specimens (bird skins) on a table, and which they had attacked and were removing piecemeal.

I made four circles of tar on as many squares of brown paper, and placed one of these squares beneath each leg of the table, so that the legs were encircled by the tar. This seemed to stop the ravages of the little thieves News. for several days, but eventually I again found them on the skins busily engaged in removing bits of fles's.

On examination, I discovered that they had brought in grains of sand from the street and had constructed a bridge or dike across the tar with these miniature blocks of stone.

I removed the circle which had been bridged by the ants and substituted a fresh square. I then saw the ants bring sand grains from the street and construct another bridge.

Still mere wonderful were the ants that bridged a saucer of water with a straw. I placed the legs of a cupboard Then they began to laugh and taunt in saucers of water, thus for a few days

On examination, I found a straw in across the edge of the vessel and ants were using the straw for a bridge. When she went into the sitting room I pushed the straw about an inch away her mother was busy with her sewing- from the cupboard leg, and immediately a terrible confusion arose.

But they hurried around the edge of the saucer and soon found out where until it again came in contact with the leg of the cupboard and the communication was restored.

How Would You Like it Yourself?

back yard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat suffering with an acute attack of croup,

What is the matter with the kitty? kept hot. she called.

'She's all dirty, mamma. Somebody shut her up in the coal hole,' he said. 'And is that all?' mamma wanted to

'Why, yes," said Johnny. 'She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't him he ran away.

want her 'round. Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went back into the house. Presently Johnny came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

'O mamma ! mamma !' he cried, sure | consolation. of help from her.

She rose and started toward him then turned and sat down again.

'Jane,' she said, quietly, to the nurse, who was sewing near by, 'do you know where there are any goodsized gravel stones,?"

Johnny stopped his loud notes to stare. Stones, ma'am i' asked Jane.

'Yes,' said mamma, 'to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle and i want such things around.'

he could bear, but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broker.

again!' he cried in humble tones Poor kitty! I see now just how bad made her feel. Johnny was then washed and com-

forted, but he did not soon forget the misfortune.—Sunbeam.

What A Monkey Thinks About Whiskey.

a monkey. We always to k him out | ing on our chestnut par ies He shook all our chestnuts for us.

One day my friend stopped at a tavern and gave Jack about half a glass aloud, jumping up.

of whiskey. Jack took the glass and drank its contents, the effects of which dancing. Jack was drunk. We agreed | Fannie's room. to come to the tavern next day, and see if Jack would drink again.

I called in the morning at my friend's | must be brave. house; but instead of being as usual on his box, Jack was not to be seen. We rich, almost like a cat purring. But looked inside, and there he was, crouched up in a heap. 'Come,' said pected to see a ghost in white, who his master. Jack came out on three legs, applying his forepaw to his head. Jack had the headache. He was sick him with icy breath. and couldn't go. So we put it off three days. We then met again at the he cried, his hands clenched. He was tavern and provided a giass for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind chairs. 'Come here, Jack,' said his lovely Persian pussy came out of the master, holding the glass out to him. Jack retreated, and as the door opened on the top of the house.

refused to obey. My friend got a whip and shook it at him. The monkey continued on the ridgepole. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. Jack slipped over to the back of the had one pointed on each side of the house, when the monkey jumped upon the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, and held on by his fore paws. My friend kept that monkey twelve years afterwards, but never asked him again to take whiskey .- Wolfboro'

Home Hints.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

Sugar in the water with which meat s basted gives added flavor.

Remove the stains from the linen before it goes into the wash. Use lemon juice and salt to take out iron rust spots, or buy lemon salts.

'I'd lay down my life for you,' protested the poetical lover. argued the practical maiden, 'but would you lay down the carpets?'

A small, strong table, with castors, that can be run back and forth between kitchen and pantry, saves innumerable steps and any amount of time and patience. To remove tar from clothing rub the

spots with lard, and leave it several hours, then wash in hot soap suds. One application is usually all that is In making bread, rub a little sweet

lard or other fat over the top as often

as it is kneaded, and it will not only rise more quickly, but have a soft, delicious crust when baked. To care for a person who has fainted, the fault lay. With united forces they | lay the person down, keep the head

quickly pulled and pushed at the straw low, loosen the clothing, give plenty of fresh air and dash cold water in the face. Smelling salts and stimulants should only be used when consciousness has returned. A strip of fiannel, folded several

times lengthwise and dipped in hot There was a great commotion in the | water, then slightly wrung out and applied about the neck of a child will usually relieve the sufferer in the 'Why, Johnny, what are you doing? course of ten minutes if the flannel is

He Ran Away.

Gerald Lowe was a nice little boy, but he was a coward.

If ever he saw anything to frighten The boys at school used to mock and

sneer, and one day, when Gerald had fled from a horse, which was galloping wildly down the High street, they sang out after him, 'Run away, baby. The taunt lingered in his ears. At length he went to his sister Fanny for

'It's my nerves,' he explained, with his hands behind him, and a red, down.

'Oh, nonsense, Gerald,' was the quick answer. 'It's your cowardice. I hate having a brother who is afraid. Gerald was only ten, and wept a 'Nurse looked up, astonished, and little. Fanny regarded him with contempt in her fine eyes, then walked

It was New Year. Gerald's resolve

He wrote it in his diary in large letters-'They shall not say, 'He ran Johnny felt as if this was more than away' once in this year.

You'll never keep it,' said Fanny, who was shown the precious document 'You see, I ask in my prayers, and 'Please, mamma, I'll never do it God has promised me,' said Gerald

with some defiance. Fanny grew grave, and watched day by day.

No opportunity came till Twelfth

Night. The two Lowes were staying little lesson of kindness to those in at a large castle with some friends. Gerald had to sleep, alas, alas! in the haunted room. He tried to smile Weatherby. when they said good night to him.

He stood in the center of the large In my youth I had a friend who had gloomy chamber with his teeth chatter-

> He got into bed after a little and closed his eyes. 'Ah! what's that noise?' he said

His voice frightered him. Thero was a noise certainly. Impulse told soon sent him skipping, hopping, and him to spring ont of bed and rush to

'No, I won't, I won't' he said. 'If I'm to be a soldier when I grow up I

The sound seemed very nice and Gerald did not think of this. He exwould come through the oak panels and stalk up to the bed and bend over

'Oh, I'm being brave; I won't run! gaining a victory.

Suddenly a 'mew' was heard, and a

'Floss, it was only you!' The little he slipped out, and in a moment was lad leaped out of bed and brought the cat to lie beside him. How glad he His master called him down. Jack | was! No more terror, but a nice soft coat to lay his cheek on. And pussy sang him to sleep, purr-

ng contentedly. You may think Gerald's bravery was

nothing; but I know better, for it cost building. He then got two guns, and him a great deal to keep still, and not to run away. And now he is a soldier, a distin-

> guished man, and no one can taunt him by saying, 'He ran away.'- Christian Budget. Christians should not be mere finger

boards by the highway, pointing pilgrims to the heavenly city. They should be rather guides moving along the highway, and bidding the pilgrims follow. As Christ said not 'go,' but 'follow' me; so should the Christian be able to say to the world 'follow me.'

DATE CREAMS. - Break into a bowl the white tof one egg, add an equal quantity of water, and stir in confectioner's sugar till stiff enough to mould of interest and easy terms. Payments. into shape with the hands. Flavor on account of principal accepted at ... vanilla. Sand some shapely dates any time. and fill the cavity with the cream, allowing it to protrude and form a white stripe A little of the cream may also be placed on the top, if desired. Dry on oiled paper. Date nougate are made by placing an almond or other nut in the cavity from which the stone was removed. Roll the nut in a little of the cream, and put a thick layer fo the cream outside the whole. Ready at the end of twelve

A PILL FOR GENEROUS EATERS. -There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Parmlee's Vegetable P lls will bring relief They will assist the assimilation of the ei!ment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

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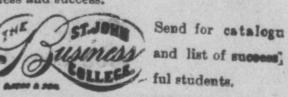
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