

Keep Steady.

Keep steady, young man, keep steady—
Nor waver when put to the test.
When Satan assails, be ready;

Resist all his sly approaches—
Yield never an inch to the foe.
Whenever that foe encroaches,

Let truth be your watchword ever,
Let right be the law of your life.
With these for your guides you never

Don't falter young man, don't falter,
But trust in the arm of the Lord,
No infidel scoffs can alter

Then Steady, young man keep steady,
Whatever vain worldlings may say,
For labors of love be ready—

The Changed Cross.

BY MRS. C. W. SCOTT.

The accommodation train whistled
and coughed and stopped at a
small country station. The usual

The parties who had been brought
to the station—a man and his wife,
with three small boys—saw their

Good-bye, Fuller; just look over
once in a while to see the house
ain't carried off, said the man,

You see, you didn't need to worry
so about getting here, Lottie, he
continued, as he edged his way

If I hadn't we'd be over in
Stubbs' woods this minute, she
responded, dropping into a seat

No, I don't. Do buy 'em some
peanuts or candy and set 'em down
in the other end of the car. I

The man in the seat just behind
her glanced over his newspaper
and coughed slightly, as if to

Well, he assented, putting the
box he carried into the rack above
her head and turning away.

The pretty baby face of the
youngest boy wore a pained
expression, as if he were choking

The mother took off her jacket,
which was neither new or stylish,
gave a quick glance around to see

A half hour later the train stopped
again at a small village, and a
group of ladies bade any good byes

No, replied our friend.

The lady gave her a quick
inquiring glance as she sat down,
noting her almost discourteous tone.

There are not usually many
passengers at this point, I imagine,
but some of us old Brightwood

are just returning, she said, half
apologetically.

There was a moment's silence,
and then the farmer's wife turned
toward her eagerly, as she asked,

Yes, eleven years ago, and for
five years I have been there as a
teacher. Do you know the school?

I graduated there myself ten
years ago, was the unexpected
answer.

O! Please tell me your name.
You must have been one of the
juniors when my class left.

My name was Lottie Cranger,
but now it's Lottie Smith. I got
married right away. My husband

Indeed! and do you recall a
senior named Edith Burrows?

Why, yes; she was smart and
took some of the prizes. Was that
your name?

O my! I guess I do, for I didn't
have any use for Latin. I liked
the sciences first rate, but what

The voice was tense with feeling—
a combination evidently of regret
and rebellion.

But you had your training,
replied Miss Burrows' low, clear voice.

I suppose so—the answering
voice was still querulous—but I've
degenerated; I guess that's the

Miss Burrows hesitated, and began,
I know there are woman who
are unfortunate in their marriage.

It ain't—isn't—so with me,
interrupted the other. David is bet-
ter than I am.

Then you believe that God cares
for His children; that he does
direct their lives?

Yes, I suppose He does.

Then He gave you the opportu-
nity to secure an education, not
accidentally, but that you might be

The mother of three men-to-be
shook herself impatiently. I don't
see just what you mean, she said.

I could wash 'em and dress 'em
and get their meals as well if I hadn't
studied Latin, and not feel half as

I suspect so, if you think only of
their bodies, but the study and the
knowledge you acquired give you

Finally she said: Honestly, I hadn't
thought of that. I've thought about
the clubs I've read about, where women

There was a look of perplexity,
almost of despair, on the teacher's
fine face as she said quickly:

Clubs are well enough, in their
place, but the world is just suffer-
ing for mothers—mothers who can

stant, as if language failed to ex-
press her feelings, and then added
with new emphasis—if you were a

Spoken in a low, earnest tone,
the brakeman's voice trailed off a list
of unintelligible names.

You don't know what you've
done for me. I—I guess it was
providential, your coming into my

So they parted, and the train
rumbled on.

A few moments of silence with
her face close to the window, and
then Mrs. Smith rose and made her

There's an empty seat next to
mine now, she said; won't you
come? I guess the boys want some-

I saw a woman setting with you,
Lottie, and I was awful sorry;
I'm afraid she bothered you, said

Lottie's face flushed. And she shook
her head thoughtfully as she re-
sponded, No, she didn't bother me;

Then she lifted Willie from his
father's arms tenderly, and as she
brushed the damp curls from his

N. Y. Advocate

Praying Heroically.

We may pray that God will re-
move our difficulties, or we may
seek wisdom to meet them.

We may ask that God take away
our pain, or we may ask for grace
to bear it.

We may ask God to disarm
our enemy, or we may seek God's
help to win him.

We may ask that the burden be
lifted, or we may pray for strength
to carry it.

We may say, Smooth out the
way, or we may ask, Lead me
through it by thine own hand.

We may seek that life be made
easy, or that we may be able to
overcome its hardness.

It will depend on our conception
of religion. Is it an anæsthetic, a
sedative that we may slumber by

How often we ask for that which
is not best, and we get that which
is! Many times we ask for a stone

But he does better; he gives to us
of his own power to do it ourselves.

Thus and only thus do we gain
strength. Let us not be cowards in
our praying.

Kipling's Need.

Bishop Brewster, of the Episcopal
Diocese of Connecticut, relates this
story of Rudyard Kipling, as com-
ing to him at first hand.

The nurse, realizing that Kipling
didn't require her services, said in
an apologetic whisper: I beg your

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grateful, if we possess it. The
simple candor of the greatest doctor
is also an example of courage in

The Lord Is Risen.

The Lord is risen indeed, and
he is risen for our justification. We
believe in him as our risen Lord,

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An unsaved, unconverted sinner
stands before God just as he would
if Christ had never died for him.

At our worst we are weaker than
we think. At our best we are
stronger than we think. We have

William Johnston, a Liverpool
shipowner, has given \$25,000 to
the University of Liverpool, for the

Many build as cathedrals were
built,—the part nearest the ground
finished, but that part which soars

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the porch in the growing shadows of a
summer evening, knowing to the full

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