Keep Steady.

Keep steady, young man, keep steady-Nor waver when put to the test. When Satan assails, be ready; Defeat him by doing your best. With plassible words he advances: With cunning he strengthens his chanc s He does all his planning with care; He's wily and wicked. Beware!

Resist all his sly approaches-Yield never an inch to the foe. Whenever that foe encroaches, Resort to a resolute No! With flattering, cunning, he plies you, With sympathy, artful, he tries you; His wiles he keeps well out of sight: He comes as an "angel of light!"

Let truth be your watchword ever, Let right be the law of your life. With these for your guides you never Will suffer defeat in the strife. Give battle to vices that tempt you-Your virtues can never exempt you Temptations will come, but be strong Give batt'e to all that it wrong.

Don't falter young man, don't falter, But trust in the arm of the Lord, No infidel scoffs can alter The glorious truths of His Word. The God of your fathers defend you, The Spirit most holy befriends you; The Saviour from heaven came down To give you a robe and a crown!

Then Steady, young man keep steady, Whatever vain worldings may say, For labors af love be ready-The calls of the master obey. Unworthiness freely confessing, Stand fast on Go i's promise of blessing, The world with its favor or frown

The Changed Cross.

Is nought to the robe and crown.

BY MRS. C. W. SCOTT.

-John M. Morse

The accommodation train whistled and coughed and stopped at a fringe of idlers stood on the platform to do it reverence, and at one side was a farm wagon, the sorrel horse attached to it whisking his tail stupidly, much to the disappointment, apparently, of the driver who held his bridle with a determined hand.

The parties who had been brought to the station-a man and his wife, with three small boys-saw their trunk thrown abroad and climbed the car steps.

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

You see, you didn't need to worry so about getting here, Lottie, he continued, as he edged his way through the aisle with a heavy bag in one hand, a box in the other, and the boys clinging to him promiscuously.

If I hadn't we'd be over in Stubh's woods this minute, she responded, dropping into a seat and relieving her hands of half-wrapped packages. It was a warm morning, and she had evidently reached a point in weariness and general demoralization where the passengers were no more to her than so many dummies. There! she exclaimed, for His children; that he does I never shut that attic window, di rect their lives ? and if it rains-

I shut it, replied her husband, looking somewhat embarrassed. Do you want to make room for Willie in that seat?

No, I don't. Do buy 'em some peanuts or candy and set 'em down in the other end of the car.] think I might have a few minutes to get my breath after what I've been through this morning.

The man in the seat just behind her glanced over his newspaper and coughed slightly, as if to remind her of his presence, and her husbard's face flushed under its coat of tan.

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 grieved expression, as if he were choking back his tears and complainings, but he trotted along obediently, holding fast to his father's coat.

The mother took off her jack at, which was neither new or stylish, gave a quick glance around to see what other women wore, pulled down the caffs of her shirt waist, er you might have enjoyed to teach removed her hat, and after cramming the packages on the seat into the window and looked wearily out steeped landscape.

A half hour later the train stoped again at a small villiage, and a thought of that l've hought about the to friends and entered the car. a Is this seat engaged ?

No, replied our friend.

noting her almost discourteous tone. sengers at this point, I imagine, ing for mothers-mothers who can knowledge of Christ, in whom the but some of us old Brightwood use what the schools have given in Father has revealed himself; it is Pill possess these qualities, and are a

are just returning, she said, bait apologetically.

There was a moment's silence, and then the farmer's wife turned toward her eagerly, as she asked, Did you graduate at Brightwood?

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 and three little boys are out the other end of the car.

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 ?

And is still. I have Latin class es in the same old rooms. Do you remember 1

O my ? I guess I do, for I did'nt have any use for Latin. I liked breast. the sciences first rate, but what does it all amount to ? It's different with you; you've gone right on and got somewhere, but I married a farmer and never went ahead. I've forgot 'most all I learnt, and all I have got for it is a discontent spirit.

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

But you had your training, replied Miss Burrow's low, clear voice. I think that is the chief end of education to the individual—the enrichment of the mind which no circumstances or condition can take lots of good. You'll see, David. from you.

voice was still querulous-but I've degenerated; I guess that's the forehead she murmured, Mother's Church -A few months ago, trouble. Anybody would, though, little man! in my place, having to work so small country station. The usual hard year in and year out. If a girl's going to marry a farmer, or a mechanic, for that matter, she's better off without too much education. There you are, out of society, and you must cook, cook, cook, and look after eggs and milk and vegetables, and your children play in the dirt, and your clothes get oldfashioned, and you get to feeling as though you didn't belong anywhere. There was a half smile on the teacher's face, but it disappeared heip to win him. as she saw a tear splach upon Mrs. Smith's tightly twisted fingers. lifted, or we may pray for strength travellers put into the box as much This was not simply the complaint of a nervous, tired woman, but of a fretting soul out of harmony with

her environments. 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 beter than I am. He thought 'twas wonderful that I'd marry him after I'd got through Brightwood.

You are a Christian, aren't you? was the next question in the even, that it is the latter. cultured tone.

a Church member for a number of is! Many times we ask for a stone Then you believe that God cares

Ye-e-s, I suppose He does. Then He gave you the opportunity to secure an education, not accidentally, but that you might be a stronger and more useful woman. Then when you loved a man well enough to marry him I am sure you did not think that was an accident. God gave you your boys, too. Do you realize what a wonderful privilege it is to have the training of three men-to-be? And on a farm, with nature's great text-book open before you!

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

abused as I do now. their bodies, but the study and the The nurse, realizing that Kipling knowledge you acquired give you didn't require her services, said in falling our, and premature baldness, such an advantage in starting them an apologetic whisper: I beg your do not use grease or alcoholic preparamentally, and spiritually as well, in pardon, Mr. Kipling; I thought tions, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer. the right direction. You can teach you wanted something. I do, faintthem about the stars and trees and ly observed Kipling; I want my flowers and birds and insects. Why Mrs Smith, if you had been a teachother people's children, but to have your own when they are so pure Bishop Brewster, and it is a faith her hand bug she leaned against and sweet- There was a little catch in the teachers voice which versity may well carry with them at the ever-changing, sunshine- so astonished Mrs. Smith that she could not rally for an instant. Finally she said: Honestly, I hadn't

group of ladies bade any good byes clubs I've read about, where women get together and discuss things, and There were few vacant seats, and wished and wished I could have a one of the ladies, tall and distin- chance to sort of rub up my wits grished in appearance, paused with that way and make something ont asked by an interviewer, "What do my schooling, but-

The lady gave her a quick in- almost of despair, on the teacher's I have a Saviour." The answer quiring glance as she sat down, fine face as she said quickly:

Clubs are well enough, in their ing as to his heart. There is no There are not usually many pas- place, but the world is just suffer- knowledge to compare with the students have been spending a week making good homes and training life eternal. And there is no know- sure cure for Liver Complaint, Consti-

to make better men and women, | Christian. and so a grander nation. And God has given to you-

Ipswich Juntion! Ipswich Junction! Change for trains going south -Canton, Manohester-and the brakeman's voice trailed off a list of unintelligible names.

Se soon! I had no idea we were near the Junction. I must say good-bye, and Miss Burrows rose. done for me. I-I guess it was providential, your coming into my seat. I won't forget. Good-bye.

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 way back to her husband and child-

There's an empty seat next to Hay Aitken. mine now, she said: won's you come ? I guess the boys want something to eat by this time : we sha' n't reach grau'pa's till after dinner.

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

Lottis's fac flushe and she shook her head thoughtfully as she responded, No, she didn't bother me; tion of the works of the intellectual she explained things and did me giants of the race, is equal to a

Then she lifted Willie from his I suppose so—the auswering father's arms tenderly, and as she brushed the damp curls from his

N. Y. Advocate

Praying Heroically.

We may pray that God will remove 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 chapel whatever he pleased. I was

We may ask that the burden be 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 ansesthetic, a in a well-ordered community, and sedative that we may slumber by never pay a penny to its support, the way? or is it something to give nor lift a finger to carry on its power and strength to life and work. Every needy man, woman effort? God's way seems to tell us

How often we ask for that which Why, yes, I hope so. I've been is not best, and we get that which and receive bread. We ask God to remove something from our way. 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.

Bishop Brewster, of the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut, relates this story of Rudyard Kipling, as coming to him at first hand. Says the Bishop; "A trained nurse was watching, at the bedside of Mr. thing as getting through it. If s Kipling during those moment when the author was in the most critical stage of sickness, and she noticed had thoroughly prayed it, it would that his lips began to move. She bent over him, thinking he wanted to say something to ber, and she heard him utter these words : Now I lay me down to sleep, that old I suspect so, if you think only of familiar prayer of childhood days. Heavenly Father. He only can care for me now. It is this mas culine, robust religious faith that we see in Kipling's writings, added which the young men of Yale Uniin the performance of their daily work.—Christian Work.

The Greatest Discovery.

When Sir James Simpson, the great Edinburgh physician, was you consider the greatest discovery There was a look of perplexity, you ever made?" he replied, "That was as creditable to his understandat Professor Gray's fruit farm, and children. Why-she paused an in- ledge for which we should feel so pation, Sick Headache, etc.

stant, as if language failed to ex- greatful, if we possess it. Toe press her feelings, and then added simple candor of the greatest doctor stands before God just as he would with new emphasis-if you were a is also an example of courage in if Christ had never died for him. teacher you would only have second | confessing Jesus before men well | He has refused the purchased pir chance; the mother has the first. deserving of imitation. There don and must take the conse-Our work is toward the same end | was no cant about it - London | quences.

The Lord Is Risen.

he is riseu for our justification. We and therefore there is no condem. joyful on the other.—Sel. nation for us. The L rd is risen indeed, and our crushed and rained You don't know what you've bumanity is risen in him Let us believe in him as our new life force so shall we rise into a lite of power. The Lord is risen indeed, and he has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Let us believe in him as our risen head; so shall we rise to a heavenly level. The Lord is risen indeed, and is raised above ren. Little Willie was asleep, his in him as King of kings and Lord spies, forever incomplete. dimpled face pressed against fathers of lords; so shall we reign in life with him. Amen and amen. - W.

The Atmosphere of Books.

If our homes were furnished with more character building books, and less brac-a-brac and costly furniture, her husband, while the little boys our children would get a much stretched themselves and drew long | better start in li'e. To bring a child | breaths, of relief as they started up in an atmosphere of books, to surround him with the works of great minds from his infancy, and lead him gradually to an apprecialiberal education. - March Success.

> WHAT YOUNG MEN OWE THE writes Dr. Francis E Clark, in the Ladies' Home Journal. I spent a night in the monastery on the great St. Bernard Pass, high up among the clouds. A good room, an excellent bed, and a generous dinner and breakfast, were given to all wayfarers, and nearly a hundred travellers passed that night upon the mountain's top in this hospitable monastery. No charge was made for the good cheer, but every one put into a strong box in the told-to the shame of human nature be it said—that very few as they would pay for accommodations of the same grade at a hotel, and that the contributions in the course of a year do not nearly pay for the cost of the raw material used in feeding the guests.

> So it is with many who receive all the benefits a church can bestow and child, in the remotest corner of the world; every cripple in a hospital at home; every orphan and outcast who might or would be helped if the church bad more rower and wealth at its disposal; every good cause that needs assist. ance; every wrong that needs resistance; appeals to the young man to throw in his lot with the Church, to make it nobler, purer, more efficient in righting this old world's wrongs and hastening the coming of the better day.

> Henry Ward Beecher once said used to think the Lord's Prayer was a short prayer, but, as I live longer, and see more of life, I begin to believe that there is no such man in praying that prayer were to be stopped by every word until he take him a life-time.

> Not one of God's promises has even been outlawed by time.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

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A liver pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thorough-

An unsaved, unconverted sinner

At our worst we are weaker than we think. At our best we are stronger than we think. We have The Lord is risen indeed, and help in both directions. Let us, therefore, be humble and watchful believe in him as our risen Lord, on the one hand, and hopeful and

> William Johnston, a Liverpool shipewner, has given \$25 000 to the University of Liverpool, for the purpose of premoting research in pathology and physiology.

Many build as cathedrals were built,—the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars every hostile force. Let us believe toward heaven, the turrets and

TIRED OUT.

There's many a farmer's wife sits on the porch in the growing shadows of a summer evening, knowing to the full what it is to feel tired out; as if there was not another ounce of effort left in her. But she knows how

sound her slumber will be and how refreshed the morning will find her. That's the tiredness of a healthy woman. But it's another thing for the sick woman to feel tired out. Rest only seems to increase her suffering. Just as in profound silence a discord jars the ear more forcibly, so now that she

has stopped

moving about, this tired woman feels more acutely the aching back and throbbing nerves. Sick women, hundreds of thousands of them, have been made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Words cannot tell what I suffered for thir-Mrs. John Dickson, of Grenfell, Assiniboia Dist., N. W. Ter. "I can't describe the misery it was to be on my feet long at a time. I could not eat nor sleep. Often I wished to die. Then I saw Dr. Pierce's medicines advertised and thought I would try them. Had not taken one bottle till I was feeling well. After I had taken five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I was like a new woman, Could eat and sleep and do all my own work."

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