

Somewhere.

Somewhere the morn is beaming,  
Then do not faint, dear heart;  
Somewhere the flight is gleaming,  
Let not the tear drops start,  
For morning yet will come to thee,  
And thou its welcome dawn shall see.

Somewhere the snow-hid meadows  
Have donned their robes of green;  
Somewhere the darksome shadows  
Shall nevermore be seen;  
Dear, weary soul, thy way pursue,  
Thy Father's hand will lead thee through.

Somewhere the dear ones vanished  
Before thy tearful eyes,  
Whom thou dost mourn as banished,  
Thou'lt hail with sweet surprise,  
Not in the thralldom of the tomb,  
But smiling in eternal bloom.

Somewhere the skies above you  
Have spread their curtains blue;  
Somewhere are hearts that love you—  
Hearts that are warm and true—  
Then, dear one, never faint or fear—  
Hope softly whispers, "Morn is near!"  
—R. O. Smith.

Uncle John On Pastors Salary.

Just before the pastor entered the pulpit on Sunday morning in Blankville church, he was handed a written request, signed by all the elders and deacons, that a congregational meeting was to be called immediately after service. The pastor had an intimation that he would not be expected to moderate this meeting, or even to be present at it. Of course he wondered what was in the wind, but knowing his session were wise and prudent men, he trusted them for the doing of what would be for the glory of God.

So after the benediction he promptly retired. Nearly every member of the church present at service remained.

Someone moved to elect Elder B. as chairman, and it was carried. On taking his place in front of the pulpit, he offered a fervent prayer, beseeching the divine presence and guidance. After prayer, Elder B. called on Uncle John to state the purpose of this meeting.

Uncle John slowly arose, and after addressing the chairman, stated that this meeting was called to consider the question of whether the pastor's salary should be increased or not. Being a man of few words, except when the occasion and necessity demanded, Uncle John sat down with the brief mention of the object of the meeting.

He was hardly seated, when Mr. Q., a man of means, but a man of the world, who had a good income and lived well, arose with some degree of excitement, and said:

Mr. Chairman, I can't see why this meeting should be called. There is no earthly joy in it. We are giving our pastor \$800 now, and that's as much as we are able to pay. Besides, he does not need it. I'm opposed to taking any action in the matter, and if there is no other business to call us together, I move we adjourn.

Mr. Q.'s son seconded the motion. Of course the question had to be put without debate, but there were so many votes on both sides, that several cried out, division. It was a tie, but the chairman voted in the negative, and the motion to adjourn was lost.

Uncle John was on his feet in a moment. He said: Mr. Chairman, I move that we increase our pastor's salary twenty-five per cent, making it \$1,000 instead of \$800, as it now is.

There was an ominous silence for several seconds. Uncle John said: I will explain my motion, if I can get a seconder.

Mr. Q. arose and said that while he was violently opposed to the motion, and had no doubt it would be voted down, he would second it in order to hear Uncle John's explanation. But, continued he, I call the congregation's attention to the fact we raised our pastor's salary once, and gave him all he asked for at that time.

Very true Mr. Chairman, very true, said Uncle John, but that was several years ago. My explanation of my motion will cover that point. I made this motion, Mr. Chairman's brethren, in a spirit of common honesty. Of all the men in the world, we expect a preacher to be honest and pay his store accounts. We expect him to live fairly well, and of course he and his family must dress well. He needs books and papers too. But, in my opinion, taking prices into account, we ain't helpin' do that at all.

the staff of life. He could get lard at seven cents then; now it is twelve and one-half cents. He got twenty pounds of sugar for one dollar: now he gets about fifteen. Hams cost him nine or ten cents then; now he can't get a good ham for less than fifteen cents. And so on through all the groceries. We all know that, with a big family what goes on the table, even with plain living,—an' he lives plain—costs more than anything else.

It is true, continued Uncle John, as he saw he was interesting the congregation, and making even Mr. Q. open his eyes, clothing has not gone up possibly quite as much as groceries, but we all knew it is higher than it was five years ago, an' we can see our pastor don't dress quite as well as he did when he first came here. His wife don't get as many new bonnets an' dresses. But if clothing was just as cheap, which it ain't, as it was when our pastor came to us, the higher price of groceries makes it necessary to give him more to pay it with.

But, Mr. Chairman, this ain't all by any means. Our pastor's family are more expensive than when they was all little. A big dress or a big suit of clothes, or pair of shoes, just naturally costs more than smaller ones. Everybody knows that. An' then some of his children ought to go to college this fall. We Presbyterians believe in educating our children, an' more than that, we expect our preachers to set the example. Well brethren, I know it to be a fact, that our pastor just can't send one of his children off, unless we make this increase.

Mr. Chairman, I've made a longer talk than ever I thought I would, but I am so deeply interested in this that I just had to say what I did. I hope this motion will prevail, an' am willing to increase my subscription accordingly. Whereupon Uncle John sat down.

Immediately Mr. Q. was on his seat, and, addressing the chair. He said, I would like to ask a question of the brother who has just spoken. Uncle John said he'd be glad to have him do so.

The question is this, said Mr. Q., did I not hear you say recently that your living is costing you just the same as it did five years ago? On receiving an affirmative answer, from Uncle John, Mr. Q. turned with a smile to the congregation and said, The brother has answered his own speech. And with the air of a conqueror, he sat down.

All eyes were turned to Uncle John as he arose in his deliberate way and said, Mr. Chairman I wish the brother had asked for an' explanation, but as he did not I will give it. As soon as prices began to rise, wage-earners and men with limited salaries began to feel the pressure, an' soon we heard the cry of hard times. I felt it too, an' so I agreed with my wife that we'd live with greater economy. We'd not keep a horse. So I sold my horse an' dismissed one of my servants. I quit taking some magazines, an' for three or four years, we haven't gone to the sea-coast. Mr. Chairman, this is how I am not spending any more on my livin' than I did five years ago. I tried to be consistent. Some folks talk about hard times an' for that reason often refuse to give to the Lord's cause more than they've been givin' for years, an' at the same time they have been living more expensively. I don't think it looks well.

This was a home thrust, and Mr. Q. winced perceptibly under it. He had refused, on account of hard times, to give to a noble case the pastor presented, but, in a short time after this, bought a fine carriage and splendid span of greys. To take care of this team and drive, he had a stalwart man at several dollars a month. Besides, he had, at great expense, made several changes in his house, all of which were not to increase its comfort, but its beauty, things that could and would be dispensed with if he really felt the hard times.

Mr. Q. arose, and everybody wondered what was coming next. With evident feeling, he said; Mr. Chairman, I confess I see this matter in an entirely new light. This brother is a better man than I am but I want to say I favor his motion and will increase my subscription twenty-five per cent. and will give more if necessary to make up the proposed increase.

After this remark, the chairman waited to hear from others, but two or three voices cried out, Question, question. The vote was taken, and there was not one who voted against it. The deacons were authorized to raise the extra amount, and tender it to the pastor with the love of an appreciative people.

Uncle John offered the closing prayer, and it was with a tremulous voice that he thanked God for what had been done, and prayed his blessing on the beloved pastor.

The meeting then adjourned sine die.—Chris. Observer.

The Power of Influence.

Influence may be likened to a chain, which, the first link being soundly forged, goes on multiplying itself and adding link after link almost indefinitely. The influence of personal character, of good or evil, is so wide and far-reaching as to seem practically boundless. A pebble thrown into the placid lake throws off ring after ring, until the ripple becomes visible almost as far as the eye can reach. The influence of a good man or woman in a community is felt on every side and exercises a power which can hardly be overestimated.

There has probably never been a better illustration of the "endless chain" of personal Christian influence than that which is afforded in the following which is absolutely true:

A woman dropped a tract in the way of a wicked man named Richard Baxter. He picked it up, read it, and it was the means of his conversion. In after days he wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others, Phillip Doddridge. Phillip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom, and among them the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a still further multitude to the Cross, among them Leigh Richmond. Leigh Richmond wrote a tract called the "Dairyman's Daughter," which was blessed to the salvation of a great number of souls. And this vast tide of influence started from the fact that one good woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter, through Phillip Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Leigh Richmond, and it is still rolling on, and will continue to roll on forever.

Use your influence for Christ. Use it wherever and whenever you can, and do not despise the day of "small things" you may find ready to your hand. If the Christian woman in our illustration had not dropped the tract, deeming it too insignificant an act to do, the glorious results that sprang from that simple act could never have been recorded. A word, a look, a touch, a cup of water, a simple kindness, may become momentous in its ultimate results. And remember that God abundantly blesses and multiplies whatever is done for him heartily, unselfishly, and with a single eye to his glory and for the souls of men.—Christian Herald.

An Average Man.

An old writer tells a story of a man who prided himself on his great morality, and expected to be saved by it. He was constantly saying: I am doing pretty well, on the whole; I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am strictly honest; I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I was never drunk in my life. This man once hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his lot, and gave him very particular directions as to his work. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his labor, the man said:

Well, Jock, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong? I cannot say that it is all tight and strong, replied Jock; but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there, a yard wide or so; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a very good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I cannot just say that it's perfect.

What I cried the man, not seeing the point; do you tell me that you have built a fence around my lot with weak places in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will all go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect, or it is worthless?

I used to think so, said the dry Scotchman; but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, seems to me that we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence won't do for them, I am afraid that an average character won't do in the day of judgment. When I was on shipboard, and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the captain cried: Let go the anchor! But the mate shouted back: There is a broken link in the cable. Did the captain say when he heard that: No matter, it's only one link: the rest of the chain is good; ninety-nine of the hundred links are strong its average is high; it only lacks 1 per cent. of being perfect; surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not break away

from it? No, indeed. He shouted: Get another chain!

He knew that the chain with one broken link was no chain at all; that he might as well throw the anchor overboard without any cable, as with a defective one. So with the anchor of our souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable, it is not safe.—Boston Adviser.

What Ailed Mother

Last summer a famous specialist in nervous diseases visited a small village. One day a tall, awkward young man called on him. He had a weak face, which bore signs of dissipation; he wore cheap clothes, cut in the latest fashion; there were rings on his fingers, and a gold chain swung ostentatiously over a grey waist-coat. He came to consult the doctor about his mother, who had some obscure and as he feared, mortal ailments. He spoke with much feeling, but did not forget to adjust his chain or twirl his moustache as he talked.

She has been a very active woman, he said. Had tremendous energy all her life; but now she seems to have gone all to pieces. She has no pain, no disease; but she can't eat nor sleep much, and is so weak she can hardly walk. She cries if you look at her. What is the matter? Can you help her? What work did she do? asked the doctor.

She was a tailoress, and she worked harder than was necessary, said the young man, reluctantly. She used to sew until two or three o'clock in the morning.

What is your trade—your business? demanded the doctor. Well—I'm not in business at present. It's pretty difficult to make a start, you know. I've considered several different occupations but I have not found anything suited to my peculiar abilities yet. But I came to see you about mother. What do you think is the matter with her?

You! said the doctor. Nothing else. She has sapped her life for you; and now, when you should be supporting her and bringing comfort and honor to her old age, you are a dead weight and a disgrace. If she dies, you, and you only, are to blame.

When he was gone, the doctor said: It is a common enough case. A woman is unselfish and energetic. She gives her life to serve a husband or a son. Her devotion only encourages them in idleness and selfishness. At middle age her vitality is exhausted. Her nerves give way under the long strain, and tonics are of no more use than putting wood on a fire that has gone out.

Poor unhappy husband or son whose eyes open too late to the fact that mother is sinking under some mysterious disease, and who must hear from the doctor the frank verdict: It is you, and nothing else.—Exchange.

Ten Helps To Rule The Tongue

- 1—Reflect on the power of the tongue. Prov. 16:21.
- 2—Realize that God hears every word. Psa. 139:4.
- 3—Avoid the company of those whose words are impure. Prov. 12:10-12.
- 4—Reprove those who speak unkindly of others. Eph. 5-11.
- 5—Cultivate the habit of speaking of things, rather than of persons. Lev. 19:16. Psa. 34:13.
- 6—Read James 3 once a week, 2nd Tim. 3:16, 17.
- 7—Love your neighbor as yourself. 1st Cor. 13:4, 7.
- 8—Study the Bible. Prov. 4:20-24. Psa. 119:11.
- 9—Try and recall each night, if you have said anything uncharitable during the day. Psa. 141:3.
- 10—Ask Jesus to help you.

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If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

The Power of Family Prayer

Christian people of to-day, as never before are coming to a realizing sense of the value of family prayer. More and more are they feeling its influence upon their daily lives. Regarding this religious observance, Dr. Caylor says:

Family religion underlies both the church and the commonwealth. No Christian government, no healthy public conscience, no Bible philanthropy, no godly church-life, can exist without God in the household. Let me be assured that a family altar stands in every home, and I care little what political party bears rule at the seat of government. No prelude to the day is so powerful in its sacred influence as the union of loving hearts around the throne of grace. When the roads of wealth and fashion crowd out family devotions in the morning and the weekly prayer-meetings in the evening, there is but small hope of rearing such households in the nurture of the Lord. Home religion is the sheet-anchor of our nation's well-being.



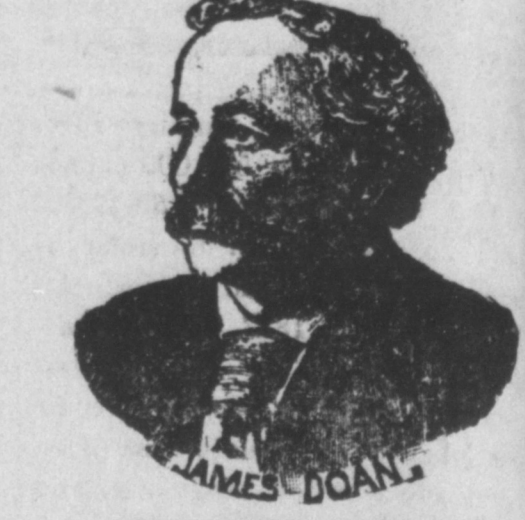
"I do not look as though I ever was sick."

When a woman is sick she falls off in looks. This is particularly the case when she suffers from diseases peculiar to her sex. Not only is her strength undermined, but she loses beauty of face and grace of form.

It is characteristic of the cures of womanly diseases effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that with restored health there is a restoration of good looks.

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