

As You Will.

Do the work you have to do As you'd do it, if you knew That, with this day's setting sun, All your life's work would be done.

Do it bravely, do it well, So that future years may tell Of the blessings which accrue, From the good deeds you shall do.

Do not sit and idly wait Some requitious turn of fate; Fate is blind and cannot know What direction you shall go.

Opportunities you'll find Always suited to your mind: If you only wish to play, You will idle life away.

THE YOUNG LAIRD.

A Story of the Shetland Isles.

(Continued).

CHAPTER III.

"We have had such a jolly sail" said Lowrie as he sprang out of the boat.

"And what luck did you have with the line?" asked Don.

"Not much," answered the lad; then, lowering his voice so that Ole might not hear, he added, "I never got the line out at all, for Ole was in one of his queer moods, and I could not manage everything; so I just kept in shore and used my rod. I have caught a good few piltchats and some little cod."

Don laughed. "You generally get plenty of fun out of your expeditions, but precious little game, Lowrie. But you had better hurry home now, for you know Jean never goes to bed till all her boys are under the Manse roof. I'll help Ole with the boat, so off with you. Good-night."

Having sent Lowrie home, the young laird proceeded to assist Ole in securing the boat. The young men were foster brothers, and not unlike each other. Ole's mother had been Don's nurse, and she often avowed that she loved the one as much as the other. When the young laird reached man's estate, Ole slipped into the place of factotum at the Ha', and the manager of Donald Grierson's little property, an arrangement which worked well for all parties, for Ole was absolutely devoted to his foster-brother, and thought that Don could do no wrong. Whatever Don was pleased to plan that Ole was sure to carry out with blind fidelity to the wishes of the young laird, who was scarcely conscious of his own power over his companion.

When their task at the boat-noon was accomplished Don said, "Come up with me and have some supper, Ole. Although it is late Mam Betsy won't mind, knowing that I am so dull at the Ha' all by myself."

Ole had hesitated for one moment, with his eyes cast on the ground, and a shadow on his usually merry countenance; but if he had not wished to accept the invitation such a desire vanished before Don's last words.

"Yea," he said, "ye non find it unco dreer noo that the lady is awa.' Ye will hae to bring a bonnie lass to the Ha' afore lang to keep you company," and the speaker laughed meaningly, for he had a shrewd belief that Don did meditate doing something of the sort before long. Mr. Morham had not suspected the young laird's intentions, but his intimate associate had long since come to a conclusion of his own, regarding Don's adoration of Jean Morham. "Yea! Yea!" Ole went on, "it cannae be richt for you to stay in the big house your lane. Ye'll hae to bring a young wife to it."

"That is what I hope to do soon," said Don, and then he told his foster-brother of his love for the minister's daughter, and of his hope to win her for his wife before long.

Ole's sympathy was to be relied upon, you may be sure, although a little pang of jealousy made its way to his heart, as he thought of the days to come, when Don and he must necessarily be much less to one another than they were just then. However, like a true unselfish friend, Ole kept such thoughts to himself, and entered into Don's hopes with warm interest. Before they reached the Ha' our hero had poured forth a considerable amount of the extravagant talk which young men in love delight to inflict upon their confidential friends, and Ole had reconciled himself in a great measure to the inevitable.

As they neared the house Don suddenly asked, "How was it that you did not use the lines to-day? I expected you would bring ashore a fine haul."

Ole gave an uneasy laugh as he answered, "I don't think I had altogether got over last night. I was sleepy and stupid, and Mr. Lowrie wad no' trust me w' either the tiller or the lead-line."

"Dear me," exclaimed Don a little crossly, "whata weakhead you have, man! You get upset by nothing. You want setting up?" Ole did not reply, and by that time they had reached the Ha'.

Supper was on the table awaiting the young laird, who though by no means hungry, walked at once to his place at the board. Before seating himself Don poured out two large

bumpers of rare old Glenlivet, and pushing one glass towards Ole, and lifting the other in his hand he said, "This to the coming lady of Bards." Ole's face flushed hotly, and he stammered forth, "I doubt I had ower muckle o' yon same whisky last night."

"What! exclaimed Don with the glass at his lips, 'what! you decline to toast the lady of Bards!'"

There was a touch of gentle reproach in his voice, and Ole could not stand that.

"Here's to your bonnie lady," he cried, "and happy, happy may ye twa be," and he emptied his glass without more ado.

Alas! that glass of spirits took from him the strength of mind to refuse a second. The second was followed by a third of course, nor was Don behind him in the mad race.

The morning sun was far up in the sky when Ole staggered home, leaving Don lying on the sofa in the stupor of partial intoxication.

Mam Betsy heard her son's noisy entrance, and tears fell heavily from the good woman's eyes as she thought of a promise made to her on the previous day—a promise given and now—broken.

Women have many hard trials to meet, but none so heavy as that which poor Betsy Manson was at that time called upon to endure. What sorrow, I ask, can equal that of the woman who sees the man she has loved and admired for all his noble manly attributes, become the slave of strong drink?—who finds herself powerless to cope with the vile passion which will soon make havoc of the intellect and goodly presence, to which she has looked up with perfect trust? What bitter shame she feels—for is not his shame hers? What humiliation of spirit she endures! And when the woman is (as Ole's mother was) a Christian, how more deeply still does she mourn over the moral ruin of her hero!

To make Mam Betsy's sorrow complete she was well aware that her beloved foster son, the young laird to whom every soul in Bards looked up with affection and respect, had been the first to indulge in a vice new to that quiet isle, and that it was his influence which had led Ole into folly.

Betsy did not sleep, you may be sure, after Ole's return, but lay awake anxiously considering what she could possibly do more than she had already done to check the young men in their course to destruction. She had not ventured to remonstrate with Don, for dearly as she loved him, and familiar as the intercourse was between them, there was a certain pride and wilful contrariness in the young laird which resented any attempt which even his nurse made to rebuke him. He would not be "advised" she knew, and when she had hinted that he was leading Ole into mischief Don had treated it as a good joke. In truth he considered it nothing more than a joke, for he had never seen the evil consequences which surely follow upon such self-indulgence.

Sometimes Betsy had thought of seeking Mr. Morham's aid, but, mother-like, had shrunk from telling the minister of her son's delinquencies. Moreover, she had not felt sure that the minister was at all likely to succeed where she had failed—not that Betsy over-estimated herself. She had a humble spirit, but she knew that the ear that is deaf to a mother's pleading is not likely to give heed to any man's remonstrance.

As she moved about her household duties that morning, she kept saying to herself, "Something must be done for the pair lads," but what that "something" was she did not know, and her heart was heavy within her, although she had not failed to lay her burden before her God. We learn readily enough to tell our Father about our troubles, but we do not so easily find out the way to cast our care upon Him.

Oppressed by the weight of her sorrow, Mam Betsy had no interest to bestow upon the beauty of the day, the sounds of cheerful life which were proceeding from the surrounding cottages, the voices of children and birds alike revelling in their glad existence.

She could only think of her erring son, and the youth who was as dear as a son.

But presently her attention was arrested by the tones of a clear happy voice singing,

"Light in the darkness, sailor."

A smile spread over Mam Betsy's face, and she hastily adjusted her widow's cap and smoothed out her gown. Crossing the floor she cautiously closed the door of the apartment where Ole lay, and then she set a chair for the visitor whose coming was being so sweetly heralded. The song came nearer and yet nearer—not sung in fitful snatches, but rolled joyously, as if the heart of the singer were so brimful of happiness that it must find some utterance for the overflow of its feelings. Then the song stopped at Mam Betsy's door, which stood open.

"Peace be here," said the newcomer, adopting a beautiful old custom of the islands which required that the first words of greeting should be in the form of a benediction. She dearly loved the quaint Shetland ways, and never crossed the threshold of a cottage without using the sweet and sacred salutation, "Peace be here."

"The blessing o' the Lord rest upon you, Miss Jean," answered Betsy, as she hastened to place her visitor in the most comfortable seat which the cottage possessed. Jean had come there for the express purpose of chatting with Don's nurse about him; but first the girl talked gaily of other things, and then Mam Betsy's dejected mien told of a mind much disturbed by painful thoughts.

A few gentle questions skilfully put soon elicited a part of the truth, and Jean learned that Ole Manson was falling into sin through the example of the young laird. "It's mysel' that's sair afflicted for them," faltered Betsy as she wiped a few heavy tear-drops from her care-worn face; and ye'll forgive me, Miss Jean, for plaguing you wi' my sorrows; but I ken ye have a sisterly affection for our bonnie young laird, and if there is a life in the isle that he wad mind its yoursel'. He will no' gie heed to me, nor the minister I'm fearing; but a' the boys mind you, and maybe he wad take thought if ye were to speak to him. Ye'll excuse me if I mak' ower bold. It's a real comfort to speak to somebody about it."

Jean's face had paled when Mam Betsy told her trouble, and now the poor mother, gazing earnestly at her visitor, observed how deep emotion had been stirred.

"I'm no' saying it is sae bad in the young laird, Miss Jean. I am only fearing that it may grow to be waur wi' him as weel as wi' my pair Ole. Oh, my dear, ye wad no' think me ower fearsome if ye had to suffer what I suffer."

"Hush, dear Mam Betsy," said Jean with white and quivering lips, "I do suffer with you."

Don's nurse, like the minister, had become so accustomed to seeing him go out and in of the Manse, as if he were one of its own boys, that she had never thought of associating his name with that of Jean otherwise than she would have done if they were brother and sister. But Jean's face now spoke of a deeper and closer interest in the young laird; and quick-witted Betsy at once perceived that through the minister's daughter she might find a way of awakening Don to a sense of his error.

"My jewel," she said, "I had na' hae spoken o' this if I had kent what your face tells me noo. But maybe it is best sae; for ye will be able to guide the dear lad richt. Ask the Lord to instruct you how to speak to our bonnie young laird. And you'll please no' forget to mind him that the canno' gang either down-hill or up-hill his lane. No man ever does. They aye tak' others along wi' them. Ye'll excuse me, Miss Jean, for mentioning that—but ye see I hae my pair Ole to think about."

Jean rose and softly pressed Betsy's hand in token of sympathy and assurance that her request would be remembered. But words Jean had none. There was no song upon her lips as she went out into the sunshine, carrying on her blithe and guileless spirit the shadow of her lover's sin.

(To be continued.)

A Tested Remedy.

It is related that Bishop Kavanaugh was one day walking, when he met a prominent physician, who offered him a seat in his carriage. The physician was an infidel, and the conversation turned upon religion.

"I am surprised," said the doctor, "that such an intelligent man as you should believe such an old fable as that."

The Bishop said, "Doctor, suppose years ago some one had recommended to you a prescription for pulmonary consumption, and you had procured the prescription and taken it according to order, and had been cured of that terrible disease, what would you say of the man who would not try your prescription?"

"I should say he was a fool," said Kavanaugh, "I tried the power of God's grace. It made a different man of me. All these years I have preached salvation, and, wherever accepted, have never known it to fail."

What could the Doctor say to such a testimony as that? And such testimonies are what men need to turn them from the error of their ways, to the personal experience of the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How would you prove the divinity of Christ?" said some ministers to a young backwoods preacher whom they were examining.

"What?" said he, puzzled by the question.

"How would you prove the divinity of Christ?"

"Why, he saved my soul," was the triumphant reply.

But to give this answer one must be saved, and know it in his heart, and show it in his life, and he then becomes a living epistle known and read of all men.—Selected.

Make Your Homes Attractive.

Mothers and fathers who have sons and daughters growing up, do not always realize as they should the great necessity of making home not merely a place in which their children eat, sleep, and are clothed, but one in which they find positive happiness and enjoyment. In nine cases out of ten where you see a wild youth or a giddy girl, go to their homes; you will find them cheerless, unattractive, or perhaps actually disagreeable.

The nature of youth is excessively restless; it has a longing for action and excitement, ambitions more or less vain, and always the irrepressible desire to know a broader life. Repress these natural instincts, and you will be sure to throw them into any society that in a measure will gratify their longings. Your sons do not go to the public bar rooms at first for the taste of the liquor which they have not as yet acquired; they go for the gay companions they find there. The influence for good or evil that a mother has over her sons, the control that she exercises over their destinies, is a grave responsibility. Throw open your best room to the children in the evenings. Have books and a magazine or two, even if you put away less money. Stimulate their ambition, and invent occupations and amusement for your children. Give them games and endeavor yourself to them by sharing their joys and plays. Encourage them to be affectionate. Do not with formal coldness starve them for want of caresses.

"Daily Bread."

Excessive anxiety and gloomy anticipations are the bane of many lives. Troubles are brooded over that never come, are not half as bad as was imagined. Few are contented to live day by day and hour by hour, taking things as they are sent. A different course, however, is foolish as well as wrong! "Daily bread" is what we need. Would we not count him a fool who eat and drink for to-morrow? Who dresses for to-morrow? Is it not equally foolish to bear the trials of another day as well as those that belong to the period through which we are passing? "As thy day," God measures out a portion for each person, and gives it as he is able to receive it, and according to promise, "So shall thy strength be." It is grace according to need or supply as God orders the condition—not as man makes it, but as God appoints it. He who falls into line finds the back suited to the burden. He who violates the divine arrangement suffers in an increase of worry and vexation, and by being out of joint with the purposes and operations of the God of Providence and grace.

Bad Books.

Never, under any circumstances, read a bad book; and never spend a serious hour in reading a second-rate book. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered when much that is better is forgotten; it intrudes itself at the most solemn moments, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions. Reading trashy, second-rate books is a grievous waste of time also. In the first place, there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you can master; and, in the second place, you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a first-rate book. Books, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you care as little neglect your duty in respect of this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you. Coleridge.

Success in Work.

When we go forth in service we must go in harmony with Jesus. We must discern Him by faith—must hear His command. Then will success follow. That dear name will be the divine warrant of our commission; dwelling in His companionship will be our hallowed comfort in labor; toiling for His glory alone will implant in us more and more purity of aim; working with Him, we will be preserved from unsanctified ambition; yielding to His command will place us under the guidance of infinite wisdom, the protection of omnipotent strength, the impulse of celestial love. In Christ we only can find the pledge of success.

How he longs to have us live and work in harmony with Himself! He watches us from His throne of intercession, and with many signs of love would seek to lift us to a spiritual recognition that would lead to spiritual harmony, and finally to greater results in his service.

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