

Our Country.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As true and wise and brave as they;
Why count the loss without the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here;
They were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Puritan and Cavalier;

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands unstinted in peace maintained
The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And time shall be the power of all
To do the work that duty bids;
And make the people's Council Hall
As lasting as the Pyramids.

Thy lesson all the world shall learn,
The nations at thy feet shall sit;
Earth's farthest mountain tops shall burn
With watchfires from thine own uplift.

Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest—rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So owns our loyal dream of thee,
God of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service, free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Money Without Work.

A True Narrative.

BY N. F. ETHELL.

In 1864 I was a lad twelve years of age. My parents lived in Henry county, Indiana.

One morning in June I was placed on board the cars, and forwarded to Greenton, Ohio. My aunt, who lived there, and whom I went to visit, met me at the station.

"Are there any boys here, aunt?" was almost my first question.

My aunt laughed heartily. "No lack of boys here, Lot," she replied. "You'll have no trouble in finding playmates." We were just entering her premises. "There's a boy now," she added, "whom you will soon know, I suppose. His mother is my next-door neighbor."

The lad was William Munday, son of a widow. He looked at me with much interest as I paused to take a careful view of him. He seemed to be bright enough, and I thought, was rather good-looking. We soon became acquainted, and played harmoniously together.

Will's mother owned a cow. I often went with him to pasture to fetch her to be milked. Will was companionable, and soon won my friendship and confidence.

It was in the days of postal currency. Before I left home, my father gave me a few of the "shipplasters," as they were called by some persons. He also gave me a small pocketbook to carry them in.

"Look there," I said to Will one evening, and showed him my money, new and crisp. Will was much pleased, examining it carefully.

"Why, they're money!" he cried, excitedly. "Of course," I said. "This is fifty cents, and this ten cents; and here's a five and another ten."

I let him take them in his hand.

"Ain't you afraid you'll lose em?" he asked, as he watched me replace the bills in my little book, and put it in my pantaloons pocket.

"Oh, no!" I said confidently; but gripped my book until my fingers ached.

I was very proud of my fractional currency. There were only a few cents, —I think between seventy-five and ninety; but Hoosier boys in those days were not rich, and that sum was vast to me. It was on my mind constantly. We walked some distance. Will took a knife from his pocket, and held it up in my view.

"What'll you gimme for it?" he asked.

"I don't want it Will," I replied. "You ain't got one," said he, in a tantalizing tone. He picked up a pine stick, and whittled at a great rate.

"It's got a good edge," he added. But I shook my head.

There was another long silence.

"What you going to do when you grow up?" he asked.

"Be a lawyer."

"Is it hard work?"

"Oh! I don't know about that. My father works hard; he's a lawyer."

"If it's hard work, I won't be one. I can make money without work. Say, Lot, I've got a fine, round look-

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

ing-glass I'll trade you for one of them there pieces of paper."

But I gripped my book and shook my head.

Two or three days passed. Will became more and more agreeable, giving me a number of small things. The evening before I started home he asked me to come and sleep with him.

"I will if aunt'll let me," I said.

It was so arranged. His mother made a "pallet" for us on the floor in the sitting-room.

In the morning I felt, as usual for my little pocketbook. It was gone.

"Somebody has taken my book and money, Will!" I cried, in dismay.

"You can't find it?" he said in surprise, and sprang up.

We looked in all my pockets.

"Oh, you lost them when we were bringing the cow last night," he observed in a positive voice.

"No, I had them just before I went to bed," said I.

Then we looked carefully through my pockets a second time, and searched the bed and elsewhere.

"Well, I ain't got them," said Will.

"You may look in my pockets, —there!"

My precious shin-plasters were gone, and my heart seemed almost to stop beating. I hurried home, to tell my aunt. It was difficult for me to talk, there was such a big lump in my throat.

"We'll see about it after breakfast, Lot," said she, in a cheery tone.

She was a firm, determined woman. We went back to Mrs. Munday's, and my aunt insisted on another search for the pocketbook. Mrs. Munday objected, as it seemed to implicate her son. "Will is as good as he is," she said, crying, as she looked at me. But my aunt remained firm, and search was begun.

Will accompanied us closely. "I know you lost the book when we was after the cow," he kept saying. "Let's go and look along the path."

The book was found, after a long search, snugly hidden under a corner of the zinc under the stove, a few feet from where the pallet had been placed.

"Well, I didn't put it there!" cried Will. But the proof was plain. After a while, his mother chiding him, he whimpered: "Well, I was just in fun. I'd 'a' give it back to him before he went home."

Twenty-five years afterwards I was judge of the Washington Circuit Court. In the beginning of my term a noted evangelist was holding a series of meetings in a skating rink. Hundreds flocked there to observe the wonderful manifestations of the woman's marvelous power over enthusiastic believers and converts. Children, youths, women, even men, succumbed under the fascination, or the witchery, of the exhorter's earnest supplications, and her thrilling songs of praise. Many prostrated themselves in unaccustomed prayer; many went into hysterical shrieks and gestures, uttering fantastic admissions of impossible or exaggerated sins; others fell into trances, remaining rigid and unconscious for hours at a stretch.

Among those most deeply influenced was a middle-aged widow named Longworthy, who kept a small boarding-house. One of her boarders was a man of the name of Simeon Sampson. He was an intelligent, fine appearing fellow, and had lately arrived in town, with a view, he said, of settling there.

Simeon became, or seemed to become a convert to the evangelist's doctrine at the first meeting. After that he prayed often and loudly, was one of the leaders of the meetings. He talked continually with his landlady and others of the wonderful power of the evangelist. He called Mrs. Longworthy "sister," and she was equally fervent, and styled him "brother."

After the close of the series, many persons backed out; but Sampson maintained his appearance of devoutness. He finally became a sort of business manager of the widow's small estate which consisted principally of some interest-bearing notes, negotiable at the national bank. He sold these notes, and applied the proceeds to his own use, instead of handing them to the owner. It was a breach of trust, with an intention to defraud. He was arrested, and brought before me as judge, tried, convicted, and sentenced to three years in the state's prison.

During the trial Sampson's face seemed strangely familiar to me; but I could not place him. At last, however, just after I had passed sentence in accord with the verdict, it flashed into my memory that Sampson was the one who, a quarter of a century before, had cajoled me into his confidence, and then robbed me of my shin-plasters.

While lying in jail, awaiting his removal by the sheriff to the penitentiary, Sampson sent for me. His object was to learn what chance he had of getting a new trial, on the plea,

among other pleas, of previous good character.

"Can you prove a previous good character?" I asked.

"O, yes!" he answered briskly, in a confident tone. "My friends in Greenton will stand by me."

"Is your name really Sampson?" I said, looking hard at him.

He sprang up in surprise. "Why do you ask such a question? I am the son of Judge Sampson."

"You are Will Munday," I said in grave tones, looking at him.

He turned white. "Wha-what?" he stammered.

"Don't you remember stealing a pocketbook and some shin-plasters from Lot Mornay in 1864, at your mother's house in Greenton?"

I had kept the book, with its currency, all those years. I held it up before his eyes, now staring.

Sampson broke down at last, and cried like a baby. "My training was defective," he sobbed. "I was never put to learn a business or trade, and hated to work. Let me go to prison, Judge Mornay. I promise to learn how to work, and not be afraid of it all my life. I will try to be a good man."

Child Training—Its Importance.

Parents love their children. They are interested in their welfare. They toil that the wants of their children may be supplied. They deny themselves many a luxury, and often even the necessities of life, that they may lay up something for their children to enjoy after father and mother have been called home.

All this is right and proper if pursued within the bounds of moderation. God implanted the undying parental love in the human breast for a noble purpose, and it is right and important that parents be deeply interested in the future welfare of their children.

But houses and lands alone cannot make our children happy, much less can they make them useful. Character, pure and noble, is the highest, the most valuable treasure that can be acquired in this life. The wealth left them by their parents has, in many instances, proved a curse instead of a blessing to children.

But a pure, noble character is not a thing to be purchased. We cannot buy it and give it to our children as we buy and give to them a new suit of clothes. Character is a growth—a development; and its kind, its moral nature, depends very largely upon the kind of training the child receives at the hands of its parents while passing through the formative stages of its childhood and youth. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," is as true of human character as it is of trees. Solomon teaches this important truth when he says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

One of the great mistakes of modern times is laxity in the homes with respect to the careful moral training of the children. So many parents overlook themselves to lay up in store earthly riches for their children, but neglect their inner, moral life. This is a most fatal blunder. If a young man or young lady is bright by reason of careful schooling, and sound morally by reason of careful parental training, such a one can but do well in this world, even if started without a dollar; but if false and impure morally, the life must be a failure in the end, though they possess or have the wealth of the Vanderbilts. If a man whose moral character is sound does go down financially he will find friends who will assist him to rise. "The just man falleth seven times and riseth again." But when the wealthy, immoral man loses his riches all is gone.

But it is not necessary to pursue this train of thought further. It is easy to be seen that the parents who give their children strong, pure, noble, moral characters, even without giving them any earthly possessions, do far more for them and for the world than if they were to give them vast possessions without giving them this all-important moral qualification.

The question then arises, How can parents best succeed in training their children up to be men and women of correct, strong moral convictions? We answer:

First. By beginning young. See that nursing babe. It is just old enough to begin to distinguish between its mother's smiles and frowns. Now is the time to begin its moral training. Now its embryo mind, just beginning to develop, is like wax in mother's hands. From now on, through the next twelve years of its life, that wax will be pliable. Then it will be gradually hardened into fixedness of character; but all through this period it will take and receive from mother's voice, from mother's smile, from mother's frown, from mother's every wink, and

F. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating

gesture, and air, impressions that will go very far toward shaping its character and destiny through all eternity.

Mother, you love that darling babe better than you love your own life. Would you see it develop into a pure-minded, loving, noble, useful man? Then this is your opportunity. As you guard its tender life, even more solicitously guard your behavior in its presence. Avoid anger; be sweet; reprove mildly, but firmly; lead it into right paths rather than seek to drive it. But, above all, be prayerful and devotional. Statedly, each day, in its presence, bow before God in prayer. Tell it of God—of the wonderful love of Jesus, and so live in its presence as to impress upon its mind the indelible conviction that *my mother is a true Christian*—my mother's God does hear and answer prayer. And father, see to it that, in all these things, you second the efforts of your wife by being as kind, as firm, as devoted, as true a Christian as she is; and our word for it, if you will thus live and thus do, God will see to it that even the devil himself will never be able to secure the moral overthrow of your darling child.

The reason why many children, reared by professedly Christian parents, turn out bad is the deplorable fact that the life of the parents is such a travesty on the Christian religion that the children are driven to the conviction that it is all a hoax. When your child is sick and, as you think, at the point of death, you walk on tiptoe through the room lest you jar its sensitive little nerves and bring on a fresh attack of the fever. With equal care and solicitude you should endeavor to walk before it religiously as never for a moment to give it occasion to doubt the reality of the religion of the Bible.

Second. Teach your child habits of industry and self-helpfulness. He who imparts to his child successfully the ability to earn a hundred dollars does far better by it than he who rears his child in idleness and improvidence and then gives him a hundred dollars. Dispel from your child's mind every vestige of that anarchistic doctrine that the world owes him a living. Aside from air to breathe and water to drink the world owes us nothing after we are old enough to work until we have earned it. This great fact should be deeply impressed upon every child's mind. How true it is that idleness is the devil's workshop. How many young people in our cities through idleness drift down to ruin. Children should not be pinned down to such a life of drudgery as would crush out all noble aspirations, but they should be practically taught that they are in this world for a purpose—that there is something for them to do, and that in order to fill life's mission and be happy they must find their proper sphere of activity and usefulness and betake themselves heroically to their great work.

This life is not a pleasure ground whose games are to be played; and yet it is to be feared that much of the training received by young people now-a-days tend greatly to produce the impression that their chief mission in this world is to indulge their passion for athletic sports and "have a good time." Effort to make the world better, honest, hard service for humanity, is what occupies the minds of the truly noble. Happy is that child whose parents train him to a noble, heroic recognition of those great truths. One of the hopeful signs of the times is the fact that there is some special awakening in the churches on the vast importance of careful parental training.

The True Riches.

I often think how poor are the great, eat earthly riches. Imagine a man, whom the world calls rich, presenting himself at heaven's gate, seeking admission. The porter asks: "Where are your credentials?" And now, probably for the first time, he feels the poverty of his wealth, but still holds on to his only refuge and replies: "I was a millionaire on earth; one whom the world envied and called rich. I made—I accumulated a million and more dollars."

The porter asks: "Where are they? A million dollars! Why, what is that? Dollars do not count here. Have you noticed this city? It is built of pure gold. Look at the walls, they are built of Jasper; inspect their foundations—the foundations of the walls of the city are adorned with all manner of precious stones. Look inside the gates, and you will see that gold is common the streets are paved with it—pure, bright, and transparent even as glass. Look at the gates of the city—this new Jerusalem—and there are twelve of them—on the east three gates, and on the south three gates, and on the north three gates, and on the west three gates. And the twelve gates are twelve pearls, each one of the several gates is one pearl. A million dollars!

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPEPSIA.

The wealth of this city is so great that a million dollars, or a thousand million dollars, is beneath our notice, and can not possibly be a passport to get within its walls.

And the rich man who gloried in his riches and whose life had been devoted to accumulating earthly wealth, making it the chief end of his being, turns away in confusion and despair; he sees how trifling are earth's millions compared with the unbounded wealth of heaven, and he finds to his eternal undoing that his life on earth was one great and irreparable blunder.

On the other hand a man whom the world called poor, but who is rich in faith and heir to the promises advances to the pearly gates, and in response to the porter's query says: "I know in whom I have believed."

The choir of heaven in one grand, glorious, and united refrain break forth into song: "Lift up your head, O ye gates, and even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and let this son of earth come in." And the Redeemer in whom his soul delighted and found its chief good, and around whom his strongest faith centered, greets him with loving welcome: "Come in, thou beloved of My Father. All things are thine; enter into My rest; sit down on My throne." And yet men will barter away eternal riches for earthly and perishing gain!—George W. Armstrong in "Canada Presbyterian."

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.

How fast we learn in a day of sorrow. Scripture shines out in new effulgence, every verse seems to contain a sunbeam, every promise stands out in illuminated splendor; things hard to be understood become in a moment plain.—H. Bonar.

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10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, McAdam Junction.

4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON

From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m. Fredericton Junction, 8.25, a.m. 11.45, 3.55 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.00, a.m.; 2.00 p.m. Vancouver, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen, 5.35, 7.45, a.m.; St. Andrews, 5.10, 7.20.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.

9.25 a.m., 12.55, 6.40 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.00 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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