

The "King's Daughter" Mottoes.

"Look up, and not down."
"Look forward, and not back."
"Look out, and not in."
"Lend a hand,
In His Name."

BY BESSIE L. BARKER.

"Look up," my soul to Jesus;
"Look up" and see thy Friend;
Who waiteth to be gracious;
Who'll guide thee to the end.
"Look up" when trials crush thee,
When troubles on thee fall;
Look up to Him who loves thee;
Who knows and pities all.
O, look "not down" de pairing,
Because thy way seems long;
O, look "not downward," fearing
That all is going wrong.
Thy Saviour will be near thee,
Thy work to bless and own;
His loving words will cheer thee;
So then "look up, not down."

"Look forward to the morning,
When thou shalt wake and see
The King in all His beauty,
In glorious radiance.
"Look forward," ever trusting
In Him to be thy guide,
To help thee in all weakness,
To never leave thy side.
O look "not back" with longings
For sinful ways, my soul,
O look "not back," forgetting
That Christ has made thee whole.
"Look up," and "forward" ever,
Turn not to sin's dark track,
Trust Jesus for the future,
"Look forward, and not back."

"Look out," and see if any
Are needing aid of thee.
Ask God to show thee always,
Where needy ones may be.
"Look out" beyond thy weakness,
Beyond thy pains, thy grief,
And see if there are any
In need of thy relief.
O look "not in," so selfish,
On thine own cares and fears;
O look "not in," with weakness,
But look for other's tears,
And fly to soothe and comfort
Those who are now distressed;
Then wilt thou soon discover
That thou wilt find true rest.

Thus "in His" dear "Name" going,
"Lend," here and there, "a hand,"
In "little deeds of kindness,"
Until at last, thou stand
A daughter, true and loyal,
Within His palace fair,
And cast thy crown before Him
Who will have brought thee there.
Toll on—that day is coming,
O soul of mine, how sweet
To see Christ in His beauty.
Then were my joy complete:
Then all the King's fair daughters,
And all the King's fair sons
Will join the heavenly chorus
With all God's holy ones.
McKenzie Corner, N. E.
April 16th, 1892.

One Plucky Girl.

She is a Michigan girl. Her name is—, but I will not tell that; for she is as modest as she is brave, and would not thank me for giving her such publicity. For nearly a year she has been editor and publisher of one of the best country weeklies in the Wolverine State. The paper was started by her father soon after his return from the war in what was then a cross-roads village. He began upon a very meager capital, and for years found it difficult to support his family. Indeed, when he died from the effects of a troublesome army wound, he was still in debt for type and machinery, which had been in use for several years. After the family had recovered from the shock occasioned by the editor's death, the question of the disposal of the property of course came up. Various suggestions and plans were considered, and it was finally decided to sell the paper at once. But to find a responsible buyer was no easy task. Several persons wrote in response to the advertisement in the city daily inquiring about the property, but these letters seemed to be prompted chiefly by curiosity. No one appeared just ready to buy. Meantime the paper had to make its weekly appearance.

The dead editor's assistant for two years had been his bright young daughter. Upon leaving the high school she had come into the office, and had quickly mastered the business in all its details. So the week after her father's death she prepared copy, read the proofs, and sent the paper to press with the promptness of a veteran. I do not say that the work was done with the ease of a veteran, for that would be far from the fact. It required a struggle, a heroic struggle, and showed more courage than most girls of nineteen possess. This issue of the *Weekly Gazette* was kindly spoken of by the personal friends of the young editress. The next number was decidedly better, and the pages of the paper soon took on a freshness and vivacity that attracted the attention of other editors. New departments were introduced, and the new columns fairly overran with sparkling paragraphs. These improvements the editors praised highly, without knowing who was re-

sponsible for them. It was not long before new subscribers began to come in. The business was systematized so that it could be run upon a more economical basis. Better help in the news and job rooms was employed. In four months all outstanding debts were paid, and the income of the business exceeded the outgo by a respectable margin. The property was no longer for sale.

Gradually the fact became known that a nineteen-year old girl had wrought these changes, and congratulations came from all directions. Many offered their well-wishes in person. Among others were old settlers of the country, who had read the *Gazette* from its initial issue. Many were the experiences of the early days that these pioneer farmers related, and one of the most entertaining series of articles published this year was a description of early frontier experiences which the young editress adroitly gleaned from her callers.

This bit of personal history is as good an illustration as I have lately met of what downright pluck can do. Not every girl has the capacity to do what my young friend has done. Few have opportunities to distinguish themselves in such a public way. But all have a chance to exhibit their self-reliance and courage. After all, the only way to succeed in any of the paths of life is to resolutely face difficulties, and do our best. Those who do their best cannot utterly fail.—*August Act, in Epworth Herald.*

"I'll Risk It."

On the 8th of June, 1875, the United States steamer *Saranac*, with three hundred on board, left San Francisco for Alaska and Behring Straits. All went well until she reached the famous "Seymour Narrows," about two hundred miles north of Victoria, British Columbia. At these "Narrows," as the tide rises and falls, an immense body of water rushes with great swiftness between two high ledges of rock. The charts warn every pilot and captain against attempting to go through at these times. They also point out a dangerous rock near the center.

But the pilot of the man-of-war *Saranac* did not heed the warning. He thought he could make his way through at any time in safety; but he was mistaken. The mad current was too strong, and tossed the great ship about like a plaything and landed it upon an ugly rock, which at one time broke a hole through its side. Then another rush of water landed it on another rock by the shore. During the time the *Saranac* was filling, the crew had time to get off with some provisions and clothing. There they stood upon the shore and saw their great ship of thirteen hundred tons go down entirely out of sight. The air and water were forced through the port-holes in such a manner as to remind them of a shoal of whales blowing.

What was now to be done? In that lonely place they would soon die. Thirteen men at once started one hundred and fifty miles south to Nanaimo. There they failed to get assistance, and so they had to press on in their little row-boat to Victoria. The Otter, a little steamer, soon hastened to their rescue.

Little did I think, when a few months before we saw the *Saranac* in the Bay of San Francisco, we should so soon pass over her watery grave away up in British Columbia. As we approached the "Narrows" every voice was hushed, all the men were called on duty ready for immediate action. We passed through the "Narrows" at exactly the right time. We were thankful our pilot and captain were wiser than those of the *Saranac*.

But they had had a terrible experience on that very spot a few years before. They did not get there at high tide, and they said, "We'll risk it," and they came near losing their lives in doing so. Their ship, the *California*, was for several hours beaten about by the angry waves till they almost despaired of saving her. The current so swiftly whirled about in all directions that they could not guide the ship forward.

Those three hundred men that left the *Saranac* so quickly must have awaited with deep anxiety the return of the thirteen who went in the little boat so many miles for help. A gust of wind might have upset them, and then what would have become of the prisoners on that lonely shore? They must have perished, and all because that pilot said, "I'll risk it." As it was, they lost their noble ship, and came near losing their lives; besides, the important expedition to the Seal Islands and Behring Straits had to be abandoned.

All this reminded me of those who, when warned of danger, say, "I'll risk it." Yes, they do risk it, and often perish in doing so. When boys and girls are told of the danger of going

with bad companions, they often say, "I'll risk it," and before they know it, they are swept away by the mad waters of sin and vice, and soon find themselves stranded on as dangerous rocks as those which destroyed the *Saranac*.

A little boy in San Francisco, whom I loved very much, used to ride my horse nearly every day. As he mounted a new one, I warned him not to go beyond the corner; but in half an hour I was called in haste to see him breathe his last. Alas! he had run the risk, and lost his life, in so doing. How his poor mother wept! I can never forget it.

As you pass through life, my young friend, you often may be tempted to say, "I'll risk it." But take care, there is danger. The only safe way is to study the chart God has given us in his word, and then follow its teachings. The first thing of all to do is to ask the great Pilot, our Lord Jesus, to guide us safely over the dangerous sea of life to the haven of eternal rest. If we live in constant communion with him, he will be ever ready to point out to us the hidden rocks, and we shall seldom be heard in a defiant manner to say, "I'll risk it."—*E. P. Hammond.*

How She Kept Her Boy.

"Mamma, may I make some candy?" said Willie Jones to his mother.

"Yes, my son, if you'll clean everything up nicely afterwards, and not make a mess."

So Mrs. Jones measured out a cupful of sugar and a cupful of molasses in the pan in which candy was usually made. Willie had helped her make it a great many times until he knew how it should be done.

"If he spoils it," she said to herself, a few cents will cover the loss, and he'll enjoy his fun."

So Willie washed his hands, put on an apron, and was merry as could be over his frolic. Later he was permitted to make cake in the same way and on the same conditions. Sometimes he made failures, but they are steps in the upward progress of the soul from ignorance to knowledge.

"You must love noise and boys," said Mr. Jones to his wife one evening when he came in and found three or four boys with Willie around the dining table, and having rather uproarious fun with the game they were playing.

"I love Willie," replied Mrs. Jones. "He must have playmates, and, if his friends come here and play with him in my presence, I know just what company he is in and I don't know when he goes off somewhere else."

"Mamma," said Mary, Willie's sister, "do make Willie sit in a chair and read. He's always lying down on the floor and supporting himself on his elbows while he reads."

"It is a good book he's reading, isn't it?" said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, yes, indeed; it's 'The Boy Travellers in Japan,'" replied Mary. "Well, then, don't disturb him; he's happy and comfortable and well employed. Let him alone."

And so Mrs. Jones kept her boy near her, and made it pleasant for him to be near her. She was polite to him, as polite as if he had been somebody's else son instead of her own only boy. She always said, "Please, Willie," do so and so, when she wanted anything done; and she thanked him for his attentions to her, and made him feel that his obedience and good will were appreciated, that she loved him and confided in him and trusted him, and was never so happy as when he was with her.

So Willie adored his mother, and confided in her, and kept close to her. He grew up pure and sweet and happy and polite and intelligent and manly. We cannot keep our children too near our hearts, if our hearts are as they should be, for their welfare and for our happiness.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Save The Boys.

Where are the boys, the young men? we instinctively and sorrowfully ask, as we look over our congregations and communion tables. Some of them, in many congregations a goodly number of them, are present, interested and devout worshippers. Here and there are pews where every boy belonging to the family is seen. And sometimes the pleasant spectacle is presented of the whole family at the communion table. Instances of this should be common instead of infrequent. God's promises to Christian parents authorize them, if they are faithful in parental duty, to expect to see their children walking "in the footsteps of the flock," and feeding beside the shepherd's tents."

While the Church is doing much to save the youth by means of the Sabbath school and young people's societies, it is no doubt true that much more could and should be done to save them before

they pass the period of girlhood and boyhood.

We seem to regard the conversion of a man as far more important than the conversion of a boy. Hence our efforts are chiefly put forth on their behalf. Christian ministers and people spent far more of their time and strength in trying to get men to break off from sinful habits than they do to prevent the young from forming such habits, forgetting the old maxim, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

The farmer who would allow the weeds to grow tall and strong before trying to eradicate them, would not get credit for much wisdom. Every husbandman knows that he can only be successful in keeping his field free from weeds by destroying them as soon as they appear, and before they have rooted and become strong. With a single stroke of his hoe he can destroy dozens of the tender plants, but it requires all his strength and many strokes to remove one that has struck its roots deep into the earth and towers above his head. It is far easier to keep a boy from forming the habit of using tobacco than to get him to give up the habit after it is formed. And effort expended in instilling into the minds of boys the principle of total abstinence is far more effective in promoting temperance than that put forth to reform the confirmed drunkard.

We can hardly overestimate the influence of the Christian home in the training of youth. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." The Sabbath school has sometimes been called the nursery of the Church; but the Christian home rather deserves the name. From the altars and fire-sides of Christian families has come the larger number of the members of our Churches. A very large proportion of the Gospel ministry were brought up by Christian parents, who daily led them to the family altar, and trained them by pious counsel and example.

Every congregation affords abundant illustration of the influence of Christian parents who are earnest, pious and faithful, follow in the footsteps of their parents. Professing Christian parents of a low degree of piety, who are irregular in their attendance upon the public ordinances of religion, who neglect the family altar and the prayer-meeting, who do but little according to their ability to support the Gospel among themselves, or to send it to the spiritually destitute and needy, usually have children just as careless, lifeless and worldly as themselves.

Perhaps not less than the nineteenth, possibly a much larger proportion, of the active membership of the Church to-day were brought into its full communion in early life. It is only now and again that one is plucked as a brand out of the fire in the latter period of life. How impressively does this fact suggest the importance of saving the boys and girls? If they are not saved in youth, the greater number of them will be lost. Either the world or the Church will have the most of them before they are thirty years of age.

If the children of this generation are saved, the coming generation will see such spiritual peace and prosperity as the world has never yet known. Then let Christian parents and the whole Church give all possible diligence to make sure the calling and election of the youth of the Church and of all young people before they become "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."—*United Presbyterian.*

CHURCH MANNERS.—We remember sitting in church once behind a young man who employed a good part of the time during which the pastor was delivering a sermon in paring his nails. He did this piece of toilet work very carefully, giving attention to both hands, and surveying the task when it was finished with seeming approval. It was probably a sin of thoughtlessness, a lapse of memory of what was due to the sacred place and sacred service. But it was repulsive, and we have never thought of the young man since without associating him with an act of very bad manners. The famous Scotch evangelist, John McNeil, seems to have dealt lately with a similar case very summarily. Preaching in Aberdeen, lately, he drew attention to a young fellow in the congregation, of whom he said that if he "only worked out his own salvation as he was working at the paring of his nails, he would surely be a saint before morning."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

—When it is said of a youth that "he drinks," and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk? What Church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man will appoint him as his executor? Letters of recommendation, the backing of business firms, a brilliant ancestry,

cannot save him. The world shies him off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea.

Random Readings.

Looking up always lifts up.

All true riches are in the heart.

Life is made of small things, as a body is built up of cells.—*Oliver S. Heiner.*

Keep yourself informed as to the progress of Christ's kingdom throughout the world.

A kind heart is like a fountain in the desert, it makes glad everything in its vicinity.

He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good; and who so trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

If you want to have plenty of opportunities for doing good, be sure that you do not neglect the first one.

From the vantage-ground of the heavenly hills we shall see more clearly than in the valley of shadows, why life is what it is.—*E. J. Spence.*

Minard's Liniment, for sale everywhere.

Mr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Heartburn that troubled me for thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposures, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

NO MORE BOTHER.

GENTLEMEN.—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for my chilblains and it cured them. I have never been bothered with them since.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says:—"His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hands to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

REMEMBER.—That the sunniest lives have seasons of shadow.

That the more you say the less people remember.

That a mother's tears are the same in all languages.

That a man can not go where temptation can not find him.

That good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

That good is slow; it climbs. That evil is swift; it descends.

That he who does good to another man does good also to himself.

That there is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

That the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

MORTAR-SPOTTED SKIN

Covered with Scales. Awful Spectacle. Cured in Five Weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.

About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when I began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next night the scales being formed meanwhile were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the county, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, until I had been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the REMEDIES, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I know of a great many who have taken the REMEDIES, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express my thanks to you. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as clear as a baby's.

GEO. COTNEY, Merrill, Wis.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies. Internally it cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA Ointment, an exquisite skin beautifier, externally to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair, cure every species of agonizing, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest Pains, Soreness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy, and Inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it for Weak Lungs.

K.D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use. In 1810.

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leads. Generation after generation have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer. From Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Stairs, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother. Anodyne Liniment is the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without delay. Delays may cost a life. Believes all Stomach Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 60 cts. per bottle, \$2. Express paid, L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect November 30th, 1891.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.15 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorbo, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

1.35 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

3.00 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.00, 10.00, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.35, a.m., 12.15, 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 10.50 a.m., 2.50 p.m.; Vancorbo, 10.25 a.m.; 2.30 p.m.; St. Stephen, 9.00, 10.30 a.m.; St. Andrews, 8.00 a.m.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.35 a.m., 1.25, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

D. MCNICHOIL, Gen. Pass. Agt., Montreal.

C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., St. John, N. B.

DR. FOWLER'S

EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES

CHOLERA MORBUS COLIC AND CRAMPS

DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR

Small children, and all who are afflicted with these diseases.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Fowler, New York.

Sole and General Agents, Wm. H. Ruggles & Co., 240 Union Street, Saint John.

WILLIAM PETERS.

MANUFACTURER OF

Oil-Tanned Lace and Larragan Leather,

LAMBSKIN SLEIGH ROBES, WOOL MATS, and dealer in

Sole, Upper, Harness and Belting Leather Tanners' Tools, including Bark Mills

Carriers' Tools, Shoe Tops, Shoemakers' Findings, etc., etc.

240 Union Street, Saint John.

FARMS, MILLS AND HOMES

IN OLD VIRGINIA, for sale and exchange. See Catalogue, R. B. CHAFFIN & Co., Richmond, W.

Phenyle.

JUST RECEIVED:

1 CASE of the above, which is a powerful disinfectant destroying offensive odors instantly. Certain death to insect life. Prevents contagious diseases and those arising from foul premises. Just the thing around stables, sinks, Cess Pools, Hog Pens, Cow Stables, and places of this class.

For further information apply to R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

IRON. IRON.

PER Rail just to hand—

246 Bars Refined Iron.

75 Bundles.

Lower than usual.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Gates's Nerve Ointment.

Is a very beautiful and efficacious compound for strengthening the nerves and muscles. It cures Piles, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all inflammations, internal and external.

Sold everywhere at 25cts. a box, O. GATES & SONS, 270

Middleton, N. S.

A FREE TRIAL package of the WONDER WORKING K. D. C., MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS—