

Courage.

Who fails to strike when man's assailed,
For fear of selfish pain or loss;
Who weakly cowers when right is nailed
Upon the proud world's heavy cross;
Who fails to speak the splendid word
Of bold defiance to a lie;
Who voice for truth is faintly heard
When party passions mount on high;
Who dares no struggling cause espouse,
And loves no paths by martyrs trod;
Whose timorous soul no call can rouse
To dare to stand alone with God—
The man is coward, and no deeds
Of valor done on fields of strife
Can prove his courage. Battle's meads
Are naught but a tested life.

Who dares with temptation's lure,
Nor hurls his tempter to the ground;
Who champions not the weak, the poor,
Whom power and strength with cords
Have bound;

Who bows obsequious to the strong,
And crushes what he knows is weak;
Who palters with a deadly wrong,
And dures no vengeance on it weak;
Who cringes 'neath opinion's lash,
Nor dares his own true thought pro-
claim;

Who never with an impulse rash,
Ran on before his time—is tanty;
Is coward, and no work appears
Which lasts. God's edict from on high
Says courage shall outlast the years.
But every coward soul shall die.

A Story of the Black Forest.

Many years ago a worthy old pastor lived in a village near to the Black Forest. His life had been spent in doing good amongst his people, and now he was calmly waiting for the summons to come from his Master to enter upon his reward.

He was, however, anxious once more to see his sister, and place in her hands a small sum of money he had saved for her. He accordingly set out one bright autumn morning, hoping to reach her home by easy stages before nightfall. His path lay through a portion of the forest.

As he drew near to the end of his journey he was startled and alarmed on seeing himself suddenly surrounded by a band of fierce-looking men, who immediately demanded his money.

At once he gave up his travelling bag, telling them to take all he had. The chief of the band asked him roughly if he had anything more on him, and he answered, 'No.' On hearing this, they let him go on his way, and he soon found himself on the outskirts of the wood, and near to his sister's cottage.

He had almost reached the door, when a thought struck him. He remembered now that he had taken the precaution before he started to sew the money for his sister inside the lining of his black velvet cap. What should he do? His conscience was very tender, and he was always accustomed to tell the truth; but here he had told a lie, for he had said that he had nothing on his person. The thought troubled him. He began to reason with himself in his own simple fashion—'It is a sin to steal; true, but it is also a sin to lie. What should I say to God if He called me now to stand before Him. I had better lose my money than defile my conscience.' And so he determined to make a clean breast of it—go back to the robbers and explain to them that he had forgotten this money when he said he had none.

The moon had now risen, and he could see to retrace his steps. He quickly came upon the men, most of whom were sitting on the ground smoking their pipes, and laughing over the contents of his bag, which were scattered about. One of them had just then in his hand a prayer-book with a silver clasp, an old family relic.

At that moment the robbers looked up and saw the old man approaching. He came towards them and said, 'I have come back to tell you that I am guilty of a lie. I said I had no other property on me, but I had these few coins which I have saved for my poor sister. In my fear I had forgotten them. Take them all; I could not face my God with a lie on my conscience. So saying he held out the coins to them.

As they looked at him in the moonlight he seemed to them almost like a being from another world, and not one of them dared to take the coins. Then the leader, in a moment or two, told him to keep them for himself.

Seeing the impression his action had made upon them, the old man in a solemn manner spoke to them of the evil of their ways, and begged them to turn to a better life.

Not one of them answered him, but silently returned to him his bag, and every article they had taken. Then the old man lost his fear, and standing in the midst of them in the still moonlight, he looked up towards heaven and prayed aloud, then gave them his blessing, and left them.

His heart was filled with joy. The very forest seemed to be flooded with a light from heaven as he walked once more towards his sister's cottage.

That night, and every night to the day of his death, he prayed for that robber-band. Who shall say what might be the answer?

It will very likely seem to you that the old pastor in this story went beyond what was his duty in thus turning back; but he, at any rate, kept a clear conscience and did good to others. There is one thing, however, which we should always try to do, and which this story may help to fix in our minds—that is, always speak the exact truth whatever it may cost. When anything is told respecting a person or an event which has happened, we have no right to add to it any coloring of our own, nor take from it by any desire to lessen its importance. Facts are facts, and should be told just as they happened. If we fail to do this, we injure first of all ourselves, and then we injure others. And oh! the misery there is in the world through this one cause—people putting their own feelings into things they tell to others. Remember always truth is truth, and all else is wrong.

Carrying Burdens.

We all carry them somewhere. Some of us tug along with them strapped on our shoulders so our fellow companions see them and remark upon them. Others of us carry them so well concealed in our hearts that even our best friends, who may surmise that we, like fellow mortals, must have them, never get an insight as to what they are. Then there are some fellow travellers who, unlike poor old David Deans, must 'buckle their distresses on other people's shoulders.' It is because of such ones that the command was given to 'Bear one another's burdens and thus fulfil the law of Christ.' We are not to censure these weaker ones, but give them a lift and thank God if He has given us strength to carry our own burdens without troubling other people with them.

Some one speaks of those who turn aside to help others in the burden-bearing and 'who put life into one, and give courage to the faint hearted, and hope out of their own hearts constancy, as the Elect.'

It is one of the sweetest privileges in our journey through life, to be able to turn aside to give a lift to those weaker than ourselves, and by so doing we may belong to the Elect. A friend in speaking of a young girl, a few days since, said, 'I—she is a joy-giver; she never comes into the house but she brings sunshine and brightness with her—and she spoke of the power for good such a young person is in a community. It is a power that enriches, not only those who receive, but the one who gives it.' If I were young again, said an old lady, 'I would cultivate the characteristics that result in joy-giving.'

We may say, temperament, environment, and inheritance, have much to do with this happy way of bearing burdens without drawing upon the strength and sympathy of others. That is undoubtedly true to a degree, but it is within the power of young people, with God's help, to cultivate a cheerful manner and a way of looking at the bright side of things which will make them joy-givers.

We all dread to come in contact with those people who always have a grievance. There are burdens, which are laid upon us, that are not of our own making, but there are others that we stop by the wayside and pick up to load ourselves down with—little miseries that we might much better have passed by unnoticed. If one is always looking for this sort of grievance it will surely be in sight somewhere.

It is hardly fair that we should expect others to help us carry the weight of such unnecessary luggage, but we have all met with people who really seemed to enjoy exhibiting these picked-up weights of no value, and burdening everybody else with them. A young girl wrote on the fly leaf of her book of daily readings this quotation: 'Happy they who pass through life without causing either suffering or irritation to any, but are always exercising the gracious influences that soothe and comfort and benefit their fellows.'

We are reminded of the old story told in the time of Socrates. The people were all complaining of their special troubles, each one being sure his burden was harder to bear than his neighbor's. After a time of unusual fretting and grumbling, each one was told to tie up all his troubles in a bundle, and deposit them on the top of a hill. This they made haste to do, and then each one was told to take a stick, turn over the bundles and pick out the one which he would most prefer. What was the director's amazement to see each one after turning over the pile, pick out his own bundle again, and march down the hill with it.—Susan Teal Perry.

The things people want to know the most are usually none of their business.

Injudicious Praise.

'You are just as sweet as you can be!'

I know a little child three years old who hears these words addressed to him frequently. If he grows to manhood without attaining to an obnoxious degree of self-consciousness and conceit it will be a marvel. Vanity is a plant native to the soil of the human heart—easily cultivated and hard to eradicate, as many have found in later life when struggling against it. Some one has said, in substance, 'Fighting vanities is like fighting midges and gnats, that, however often they are beaten off, seem to say, 'O, I take no offense!' and return the instant the battle is intermitted.' How much harder must be the strife when the evil has gained an early and vigorous start by the fostering folly of lavish and injudicious praise!

'O, he doesn't remember it a minute! He doesn't understand,' is often the reply to any remonstrance against such praise. Or, perhaps, the still weaker answer, 'I can't help it! He is so sweet.' Every innocent remark is greeted with shouts of admiration and amusement, and repeated again and again in the child's hearing till all the beautiful unconsciousness that is the charm of infancy is forever effaced. Then he begins to try to gain the praise which he has learned to crave by speeches meant to be smart and funny.

Three ladies were lately sitting together talking of the loveliness of a babe of months with many expressions of delight and admiration. A beautiful little girl, the baby's sister, two or three years old stood near listening. She tried to attract attention to herself by pressing close to them. Failing in this, and her natural shyness overcome by the desire for a share of the praise bestowed upon the latest comer, she cried out, 'But look at me! Just look at me!'

A woman who holds a high position in this country has two little daughters of this most impressionable age. If she was like some foolish mothers those two children would be noticed and petted and admired till scarcely the shadow of naturalness and simplicity would be left to them. But she is wise enough to shelter her little ones from the glare of publicity. She has kept them so strictly secluded that the story has gone abroad that 'something is the matter with them.' Nothing whatever is the matter, dear, imbecile Mrs. Grundy, only, sagacious woman that the mother is, she will not, for the sake of the transient pleasure of seeing her rosebuds noticed, praised, caressed by every stranger who can get near them, allow them to be robbed of all their freshness and forced into premature bloom.

Doubtless most of this has been said before but it needs to be said again, and again, and again.—The Congregationalist.

The Cider Drunkard's Appetite.

One of the most serious accusations against cider is that it creates an appetite for alcoholic drinks of every sort. One can hardly drink even sweet cider without wishing for more, and when it is drunk right along from the barrel, as usual, the more it is drunk the more it is wanted. Perhaps there is no other drink the fascination of which is so strong and lasting. Let us give a few proofs.

Rev. William Thayer says that reformed drunkards testify that they nearly all formed the appetite on fermented liquors, and drank nothing stronger till the appetite so educated demanded it. Then, and not till then, they went to the whiskey shop.

An agent of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance, getting pledges in the secular schools, came to some towns where he got only about sixty per cent of the scholars, two-thirds as many as he got elsewhere. He found that it was a common opinion there that fermented liquors do not form the drunkard's appetite. Several teachers told him that from four to eight scholars had come into their schools intoxicated, and some of them repeatedly, and nearly all on cider.

A gentleman in Iowa writes of his own appetite for cider. It was formed by drinking one year to enable him to do heavy farm work. After that he worked where he could not get it, but for more than a year he felt so great a craving for it that he would have given for it anything he possessed. And though it is now four years since he drank cider, he has a great yearning for it and has to fight the appetite.

In Pleasant Valley, N. Y., are some cider drunkards. One of them publicly said: 'I am a cider drunkard. I am seventy years old. I am worth sixty thousand dollars. I would gladly give every dollar of it, and support my family by day's work, if I could get rid of this appetite for drink. I have fought it

since my early manhood. Once I was victor for two years; at another time for six months; now drink is my master.' The falling tears, quivering lips, trembling hands and voice combined, were but a faint index of a struggling and, perhaps, lost soul.—The Christian Life.

A Covenantant's Courage.

If we had lived when Graham of Claverhouse was scouring Scotland in search of the brave Covenanters, that he might drag them to prison or death for reading the Bible or meeting for prayer or praise, one day we might have seen, walking leisurely along, a young Scotch lad. He has a book in his hand, and he is absorbed in its contents.

But hark! What is that sound of clattering hoofs and clash of armor? It is a band of that dreaded soldiery in search for the rebels, so called. Soon they are up with the boy.

What is that you have in your hand? demands the leader of the troop.

It's the Bible, comes from the firm young lips.

Thraw it in the ditch! savagely shouts the fierce captain.

I wunna.

Thraw it in the ditch, I say!

I wunna, says the pale-faced yet firm young soldier of Christ, clasping his precious treasure, yet closer to his bosom.

The brutal captain, fierce with rage at being thus defied by a 'wee braw laddie,' hisses out, 'If ye dinna thraw it in yon ditch, I'll shoot ye!'

But Jesus Christ is with the boy, and though death is staring him in the face, he simply replies, I cunna, wunna!

Fire, men! shouts the infuriated leader; and the soft heather receives the warm life-blood of the youthful martyr.

No Claverhouse rides over the land now, but there are plenty of schoolfellows to sneer at those who set 'themselves up to be better than other people,' and it sometimes takes more courage to stand a taunt or a curl of the lip than it does to bear a blow. Let no one force you to give up your Bible-reading, or what is better still, your Bible-living.—Christian Endeavor World.

John's Bad Company.

Do you know the kind of company that John is associating with? said puritanical Aunt Jane to her married sister. He spent last evening with some of the most vulgar and profane fellows that I ever heard of.

Why, what do you mean? The boy was in his room reading a book that he borrowed from one of his schoolmates. He is a great reader, and I am glad of it.

Perhaps you would not be so glad if you knew what he is reading. I picked up the story that he was so interested in when I was doing his room this morning, and it made me sick. The characters in it were from the slums, and their talk was slangy and vile. It was one of the popular realistic novels. Its author thinks it is his mission to describe human nature as it is, no matter how degraded, and to make it interesting. For my part, I can not see much difference between bringing a book of thieves and gamblers of rouges and harlots, into a boy's room, and letting the boy go into their dens. If he enjoys their society at home he may be tempted to seek them in their homes. If our boys are great readers, we ought to know what they are reading. And Johnnie's mother said that Aunt Jane was right, and she was.

Courage in Every-day Life.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond—Selected.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Biokle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Her Beautiful Robe.

In one of the McAll missions in Paris an aged woman who had learned by heart the hymns, and eagerly listened to the precious Gospel truths which in her youth she had never been privileged to hear, came one day to the meeting leaning feebly upon a crutch. The discourse was upon 'The Robe of Righteousness.' At the close she said, 'I believe this is my last visit to the hall. My infirmities increase rapidly.' 'If God should call you, have you any fear of appearing before Him?' she was asked. 'O, no,' she said, 'I am too well dressed for that; too well dressed to dread the judgment. He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.'

If we bring the world to Christ, it must be through the living Christ in the living soul.—Mrs. Huntley.



It is warm and weary work that the woman has to undergo who cooks the year 'round for a big family. Thousands of women whose husbands are only in moderate circumstances have to bear this hardship uncomplainingly. If a woman is in thoroughly good health it does not come so hard, but when, as is frequently the case, the poor woman is suffering from the pains, nervousness, debility and ill-health that are a result of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, the task is too much.

Under these circumstances, unless the right remedy is used, the poor woman will soon break down completely and fill an early grave. Over 90,000 women have testified to the marvelous merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many of their names, addresses, photographs, and experiences have been published by permission in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The 'Favorite Prescription' cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear maternity's burdens. It makes them well and strong. It builds up the nervous system. It makes weak, sickly, nervous, fretful women strong, healthy, amiable wives. All medicine dealers sell it.

'My youngest daughter, Mrs. Julia Raphe, was all run down with nervous prostration and lung trouble,' writes Mrs. Julia Ann Gibson, of Nickerson, Reno Co., Kansas. 'She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Golden Medical Discovery" and was cured.'

If you want to read the testimonies and see the photographs of many grateful patients who were cured by Dr. Pierce's remedies send for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Besides telling about these cures it tells about the home-treatment of all diseases. Over 300 illustrations. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, for paper-covered copy. Cloth-covers 50 cents. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., found (Burdock Blood Bitter) a wonderful blood purifier and gave his experience as follows: 'I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months, finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B.; when one-half the bottle was gone, I noticed a change for the better, and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved.'

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It was not on the floor
It was not with a
But a fate far worse
That stole him away
That the reason at
He drank the alluring
And thus my boy

Down from the height
To the depths of
Down to a worthless
From the hope of
For the brand of a
He battered his
Through the gate of
My poor, weak boy

It's only the same
That mothers see
With accents of inf
Like the tones of
But I never thought
I should learn all
I thought he'd be tr
I thought he'd be

But alas for my hope
Alas for his youth
Alas! who are safe
Is open on every
On nothing does
No bar in their p
To save from the te
The thousands of

Phil's E

'Have I got to
every day,' asked
his voice.

'Yes, every day
'But what is th
falling and make
before.'

'Your room ha
every day,' said
'I wouldn't ca
said Phil.

'And your shi
every week. An
from have to be
day. You keep

Phil could not
slowly raked aw
'Seems to me
deal of work for
on mournfully.

out kindling
and water the fi
'Do you have
than others do
mother.

'Yes, ma'am,
if I could stop
they might stop

'Yes, indeed
'May I try it
'If you like.

'Remember t
to ask me to do
remember to do
Phil dropped the

pile of leaves an
at his fishing-l
his mind to go
and have a ple

Running has
and tore a hole
Mamma, he
up and going to
he suddenly re
was not to be
stairs to chang

'Ah! Two
pants, and I
Never mind, I
I often have
on buttons.'

It took him
the needle, and
a separate tri
put on his trou
were sewed to
had on. The
and he rushe
trousers on.

But he was
had begun sch
to have one tar
The tear in
ing in things

he was very u
was glad at len
he again saw
could not hel
one's clothes
than cutting k

'Never min
'Nobody will
after dinner,
please all day.

Returning
dinner table v
'Where's m
no place read

'Have you
asked his mot
'Why, no,
need do anyth
to wash my o

'But do yo
for you'
Phil stared
gave a rather
beef and swe

'I did forg
with a laugh
out.

But there
laugh, and
with a sober

'I can't s
said.