

The Risen Life.

Tell all the world the Lord is risen,—
The Easter message, ever new;
The grave is but a ruined prison,—
Invisible, the life breaks through.

Earth cannot long ensepulchre
In her dark depths the tiniest seed;
When life begins to throb and stir,
The bands of death are weak indeed.

No clouds its upward course deter,
Calmly it makes its path to-day;
One germ of life is mightier
Than a whole universe of clay.

Yet not one leaf-blade ever stirred,
Bursting earth's wintry dungeons dim,
But lived at His creative word,
Responsive to the life in Him.

Since, then, the life that He bestows
Thus triumphs over death and earth,
What power of earth or death can close
The Fountain when all life has birth?

And, as the last upspringing grain
Breathes still the resurrection song,
That light the victory shall gain,
That death is weak, and life is strong;

So, with immortal vigor rife,
The lowliest life that faith has freed,
Bears witness still that Christ is life,
And that the life is risen indeed.

—Elizabeth Charles.

Need of Good Mothers.

Much has been written concerning the twentieth century and its supreme need. What has it in store for humanity? What will it bring?—what of new and useful inventions? what of wealth? what of national and individual aggrandizement?

All these are interesting questions and of more or less importance. Wealth, national growth, and material progress are very desirable. But all these pale into insignificance in the face of the intellectual, social, and moral elevation of the people. Without this riches ultimate in ruin. In despotism. Hence, the question that should receive from the statesmen and philanthropist of to-day more attention than any other, or than all others combined, as mentioned above, is the same as that submitted by Napoleon the Great to Mme. Campan, namely, What is yet lacking in order that the people be properly educated? and the answer is the same, also, as the one given by that brilliant woman.

And right here a few paragraphs from the Commercial Tribune on American Woman in the Twentieth Century, are to the point. They read as follows:

If the nineteenth century has been better than those preceding it, and if the twentieth is to be still better than the nineteenth, the betterment must be looked for in the benign and beneficent influences of an emancipated Christian womanhood. At the very opening of the century, Napoleon, in the course of a conversation with Mme. Campan, remarked: The old system of instruction seem to be worth nothing. What is yet lacking in order that the people be properly educated? Mothers, replied Mme. Campan. So forcibly struck was the emperor by this terse and significant answer, that he added: Yes, here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children.

If this great truth were applicable to the beginning of the nineteenth, the same may, with equal reason, be enunciated at the dawn of the twentieth century. The good home is the best of schools, and never was there such an urgent demand for good homes as to-day. One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred school masters. In the home she is lodestone to all hearts and lodestone to all eyes. Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a globe of precepts.

Example is more potent than precept—it is, in fact, instruction in action. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying much more than tongue can utter by way of good counsel. The best of precepts are, in the face of bad example, of small avail. The example is followed, the precepts unheeded.

What the twentieth century calls for is women capable of inspiring their sons with high ideals. The great curse of the average man to-day is commonness—the lack of aspiring ideals. Browning once declared: It is not what a man does which exalts him, but what he would do. To this Charles Kingsley adds: Let any one set his heart to do what is right, and ere long his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up the heroic expression. Lack of aspiring ideals? Yes; look around and see the thousands of farmers, for instance, who never raise above oxen and wheat; of physicians, never superior to prescriptions and diseases; of lawyers, never superior to briefs and pleas. The ideals of the multitude are rarely noble. Millions of human beings never get out of the basement of their lives. What we want—what the twentieth century cries for—is mothers to give mankind high aspiration and great thought-models.

Mothers! Yes, good, sensible, home-loving, home-cheering mothers is the superlative need. Not the slave of fashion, not the victims of a false notion as to what constitutes culture and refinement; not women who prefer the theater to the prayer meeting, the dance to the Sunday school, the progressive euchre party to the preaching of the Word; not women who would rather nurse a poodle dog than a baby, or who would rather die than wear a bonnet two seasons; but noble, intelligent, whole-souled mothers, who like the royal, Roman matron, when asked where their jewels are, will lead forth their healthy, bright boys and girls, and, pointing to them, exclaim, with a triumphant, motherly pride, These are my jewels.

But to supply this great need for the twentieth century additional educative process should be devised and instituted. There should especially be work done in the direction of making and confirming quite generally the impression that the highest glory and most ennobling royalty with which a woman can be crowned in this world is that of being man's helpmate in making and keeping a pleasant, comfortable home. That home need not be wealthy and affluent; it may be humble, even poor, but if it is presided over by a loving mother who delights in the comfort and welfare of her husband and children, it will be, though poor, next to heaven, the best place, the happiest place for herself, and for those whom God has given her.—Rel. Telescope

Husband-Training.

How to train a husband is a favorite topic with some newspapers, and is regularly read, especially by a number of women with untrained lords and masters upon their hands. Now, the questions come up, Why should one want to train a husband? Are they any better for it? And, still more to the point, Can it be done? We venture to say No, to both demands.

A trained husband, like a trained child, is good only when the trainer is around, and the old homely proverb While the cat is away the mice will play, applies to them both most fittingly. Then still more, it can not be done. It is said that a clever woman can rule her husband when he does not know it, but this, like many sayings, really carries no weight. Often a man appears to yield simply because it is less trouble, but there will always come up a crisis in lives when no clever management can make the man give up his way.

Bulwer said in one of his later novels that a certain couple got on well because the wife had her way in little things and the husband in big ones, and as the little things occurred every day and the big ones only once or twice a year, it worked very well. This was true, and is as it should be. For a woman to want her way in large as well as small things always is unreasonable, surely. The man, being the stronger vessel, should be entitled to his own views sometimes, and if he is willing that his wife should rule the details of everyday life, it is as much as she can demand.

Another thought arises in this discussion: Why should either wife or husband be trained save in politeness and loving-kindness? Let each have his or her own opinion. Marriage surely doesn't dissolve that, and let each agree to disagree, yielding, however to expediency when necessary.—Amy D'Arcy Wetmore, in Christian Work.

Are You Dishonest?

Call it moral dishonesty, mental dishonesty, or what you will, it is worse in character than that dishonesty which neglects or refuses to discharge a debt represented by dollars and cents.

To discharge a money obligation may be, for the time being, an impossibility, but this is never true of that dishonesty of which we speak. Do you withhold from your fellow the need of praise and the good he has done? Then you are dishonest.

Do you refuse to accord to your fellow the recognition of his virtuous qualities, his generosity, his ability? Then you are weakly dishonest. Do you refuse to pay the debt of gratitude you owe your friend for his good-will and kindness he has bestowed upon you? Then you are meanly dishonest.

Do you attempt to pass off upon men a counterfeit religion, a false modesty, an ability which is not yours, and an information you do not possess? Then you are not only dishonest but a hypocrite as well. It becomes a man to be frank and open and honest with all men. A made-up walk, a made-up tone, a made-up address, is none of these, but a fraud and a deceit.

But especially can no man afford to practice dishonesty with himself. A self-deceived man is well nigh beyond remedy. He who is true

to himself will be true to others, and he who is false to himself will be false to others. The remedy lies in self-examination—diligent, earnest, faithful, continued self-examination. An examination of self as to motives, purposes, designs, and that without flattery or self-pity is demanded, imperatively demanded. Eternal consequences are involved.—Selected.

The Habit of Cheerfulness.

The habit of cheerfulness? says some one. Can cheerfulness become a habit? Yes, my friend, it can. The resolute effort to look for the sunny side of things, persisted in, will become a soul habit. Look for the bright side, says an apostle of good cheer. But if there is none? Then polish up the dark side. It is worth while to cultivate cheerfulness for the sake of the help we may give others, to say nothing of the heart strength we gain ourselves. Why are there men and women that while they are near me the sunlight expands my blood? sings the poet. How instantly and unconsciously mankind turns to the cheerful person, we can all see.

HIS CHEERFULNESS SAVED HIM. This suggestive story is told of a great and now wealthy manufacturer. Once, years ago, there came a time when it seemed that business failure was inevitable. One day, when failure appeared a certainty, he walked down the street deeply depressed; but meeting an acquaintance, thrust his despondency aside, and gave him his usual cheerful greeting. Say, said the acquaintance, what makes you always look so cheerful? Don't you ever have anything to trouble you at all? Oh, yes, said the manufacturer, but to look blue doesn't do any good. Well, returned the other, look here, I have got twenty thousand dollars lying idle. Will you invest it for me? You are so well off, so lucky in business always, and so cheerful, I am sure nothing ever fails with you. I want you to invest this money any way you please and I won't even ask how you did invest it. It was the exact amount he needed to save his business. He accepted it, and a year later, with his own fortune on a safe basis, was able to pay back the entire sum with generous interest. It was the cheerfulness born of a courageous heart that saved him.

God has put the attainment of a great many things within the power of a determined will. We can always try bravely and cheerfully to change what we do not like. In some cases the change must be made in ourselves. If I found a man who did not like history, says Steeley, I should try to change—not history, but the man. So, in some cases, where things are not to our taste, it is self that must be changed, not circumstances.

KEEPING SWEET.

A great step in the right direction is gained by not yielding to outward expressions or irritation or grievance. A lady, remarkable for her even and sweet cheerfulness under any and all circumstances, on being asked the secret of this perennial cheeriness, replied that it was very simple. I just keep still a minute or two before I speak, or if I am greatly tried, I just sing a little hymn, and remind myself that all things work together for good, before I let myself utter a word. There is action and reaction in this, as in other things. A resolute pursuance of outward cheer reacts on the inner life, while the foundation of it all is based on the faith that rests in steady confidence on the wisdom of the power that lives and moves in us.

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woe. No path is wholly rough; Look for the places that are smooth and clear."

And speak to those to rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Say you are well, or all is well with you, And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—E. J. G. in Chris. Guardian.

Two Views.

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, I am better to-day. The other said, I was worse yesterday.

When it rains, one man says, This will make mud; another, This will lay the dust.

Two boys examined a bush, one observed that it had a thorn; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said: The world is blue. And the other said, It is bright.

Two boys having a bee, one got honey, and the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

I am glad that I live, says one

man. I am sorry I must die, says another.

I am glad, says one, that it is no worse. I am sorry, says another, that it is no better.

One says, Our good is mixed with evil. Another says, Our evil is mixed with good.

WITHOUT WINE SAUCE, PLEASE.—A young man sat at a hotel table with a gentleman and a lady friend, for whom he felt the greatest respect. The waiter said to the gentleman:

Will you have some pudding with wine sauce?

Yes, was the answer. The young man's craving for strong drink was aroused at the mention of wine sauce, and he also was about to reply affirmatively to the waiter's question, when his lady friend quickly said: Pudding without wine sauce, if you please.

Without wine sauce, came the young man's reply. Afterward, in the parlor, he said to her:

I want to thank you for doing me a great favor. She looked astonished. You do not know what it meant to me when you said at the dinner table, Pudding without wine sauce, if you please.

He then told her his struggle against strong drink, and how near he had come to falling, saved only by her timely example.

Hiring One's Scolding.—The Korean girls have pretty names, like plum-blossom, treasure, etc. The Koreans are a kindly people and dislike to take trouble or do unpleasant things; so a gentleman has a servant to do his scolding for him.

That would not be a bad idea in this country, would it? Some public servant might do the scolding for the whole community. This man would never get angry, and so no one would be hurt.

When children quarrel in Korea, they are placed in opposite corners of the room, with their backs toward each other, and made to scold out their grievances at the top of their voices.

If they are like children in our land, they must be amused at scolding at nobody, and it must end in a laugh.

Wouldn't you like to try this sensible Korean plan the next time you quarrel? I think you would not be able to keep the quarrel going on five minutes.

I TOLD YOU SO.—Here, for instance, is a man—possibly a woman—who darkens every sphere by the spirit of detraction. He—or she, as the case may be—has a keen eye for defects, other people's defects; and a keener satisfaction in making them known. If two constructions of a given act or course of conduct are possible, the ungenerous one is always chosen. Even a tardy and unwilling commendation is qualified by a but. A slip or failing of any kind is hailed with a malicious I told you so. A suspicion is a sweet weapon. An insinuation is a choice weapon of offense. He must have a singularly happy experience who has never met such people.—Baptist Argus.

Every best gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights, with whom there is no change nor shadow of alteration.

We cannot strengthen the religion of Christ, but we can let its strength appear in us, and in that way we can best show its strength to those who have not as yet accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord.—The Advance.

IMMENSE INCREASE in the sale of the D. & L. Manthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains, lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, cold and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

I had a terrible cough and cold, and not getting anything to help me, I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and am glad to say it cured me at once.

Miss Carrie Bowman, Peapabun P. O., Ont.

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

"Better late than never." It is best, however, to be never late about taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood. Take it now.

GREAT REWARDS.—God rewarded Daniel with the lion's den—and the third place in the kingdom.

He rewarded Job with the loss of all—and its restoration greatly increased.

He rewarded Paul with imprisonment and torture—and contentment and the crown of righteousness.

He rewarded John the Baptist with death—and with Christ's supreme praise.

He rewarded Christ with the cross—and with Thou art my beloved Son.—Daily Campanian.

Narrowness and bigotry in others is a very difficult thing for a man to bear who is narrow and bigoted himself.

When the Boers migrated from Cape Colony to the Transvaal, they were forced to clear the way by killing 6000 lions.

Lake Victoria Nyanza, in Africa, is more than 4 000 feet above the level of the sea.

Chest Feels Tight.

You seem all choked up and stuffed with the cold—find it hard to breathe. Cough that rasps and tears you—but the phlegm got up.

Now's the time to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup before things get too serious. There is no remedy equal to it for making the breathing easy, loosening the phlegm and removing all the alarming symptoms of a severe cold.

"I caught a severe cold which settled in my chest, making it feel raw and tight. Seeing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised I procured a bottle, which greatly relieved me. It loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and soon had me perfectly well."

NEIL McKAY, RIPLEY, ONT.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE Prescription

THE IDEAL BENEFACITOR OF MATERNITY

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG SICK WOMEN WELL.



HARVEY'S STUDIO

Our New Holiday Styles of PHOTOCRAPIES make the best Xmas Gifts.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. C. BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamer this company will leave St. John for Harport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard time). Returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 8 p. m. Connection made at Harport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

C. E. LAEOHLER, Agent.

FREE TO ALL

A SILVER PLATED TEAPOT.

Consumer's of N. and B. Blend Tea without doubt the best Blend Tea on the market, when you have bought twenty pounds you will receive a Silver Plated Teapot free of charge. The cheapest house in town to be found.

D. W. Estabrook & Sons
York St. and Westmorland

Temperance and General LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Has just closed the most successful year in its history, making a substantial increase in all important items, and can justly claim to be

THE BEST COMPANY FOR THE BEST RISKS

E. R. MACHUM, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MARITIME MANAGER.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tablets, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tablet each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tablets will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, and they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that Ripans Tablets will not benefit. They banish pain and cure all ailments. One gives relief. Note the words R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitutes. Five or twelve packets for 50 cents, may be had at any drug store. Free samples and full particulars will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 11 West 12th St., New York.