

Me An' 'Liza Jane.

NIXON WATERMAN.

It's fifty year an' more ago sence me an' 'Liza Jane,
A-wakin' home from meetin', through a
swet an' shady lane
Agreed it was the best fer us to join our
hands fer life;
An' hain't I allers blessed the day she said
she'd be my wife!
We've had our little fallin'-out, the same
as all the rest,
But all the while I've knowed 'at she's
the kindest an' the best,
The truest an' fergiv'nest, fer I begin to
see
She's had to be an angel fer to get along
with me.

Fer since I'm gittin' on in years I sort o'
set around
An' kind o' speculate about the things 'at's
more profound;
An' as my mind goes strayin' back, along
the path o' life,
I jest begin to see how much I owe that
good old wife.
You wouldn't think her handsome, 'cause
your eyes'll never see
The many lovin' deeds she's done to make
her dear to me.
But, say! the things 'at she's gone through,
fer love o' me an' mine,
Is 'nuff to make a feller think her beauty
most divine!

I s'pose I done the best I could to make her
burdens light,
Yit, lookin' back, I seem to see so much
'at wasn't right—
So much 'at brought her sorrow—yit,
through all the changin' years,
I've seen her keep her faith in me, a-smilin'
through her tears.
An' now we're old together, but to me
she's young an' fair
As when the rose was in her cheek, the
sunshine in her hair;
An' when I hold her hand in mine an'
journey down the hill,
I'll make life's sunset good an' swet—God
helpin' me I will.

Mr. Moody's Favorite Text.

'The Son of man came to seek and to
save that which was lost.'

That tells the purpose of His
coming. He did not come to con-
demn the world; He came to seek
and to save it. Search the Bible
through, and you will find that from
the time of Adam down God sought
man to bestow mercy. Adam hid
himself away, but God sought and
found him. Cain did not go to God
to confess his sin, but God found
him. So it is all through. The
hepherd whose ninety and nine
were safe did not wait for the one
astray to return; he went forth and
sought and found it, and when he
did find it he did not maul or kick
or pound it. He took it to his
bosom and comforted and rescued
and healed it. The joy in heaven
over the sinner who repents is not
the joy of God and His angels.

Mr. Moody then talked of the
circumstances surrounding and lead-
ing up to the utterance of his text.
He was this blind beggar, Barti-
meus, he said; a man who was led
every day by a dog, or, may be, a
child, to a place on the turnpike at
Jericho. The Bible gives us only
bare outlines. I like to fill in the
circumstances and details with my
imagination. I can imagine that
this man, who had never seen the
mother who bore him, or his wife
and children, who had known noth-
ing but darkness, was sitting in his
usual place when some man who
knew him passed along and stopped
to talk, and said:

By the way, I was in Jerusalem
yesterday, and I saw this new
prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, and the
most wonderful thing I ever saw
in my life—He gave sight to a man
who had never seen from his birth.
Would you like to see?

I suppose Bartimeus said: They
tell me I shall see in the world to
come, but never in this world.

And the man said: Yes, Barti-
meus; He can make you see.

But, Bartimeus asked, who must
I get to speak for me? I guess I
need some influential man, a rabbi
or somebody to state my case.

No. I talk d with Simon Peter
about that, and he told me nothing
of this kind was necessary. This
Jesus of Nazareth will pass through
Jericho to-morrow, and I advise
you to ask Him for sight.

Get my sight just for the asking?
Doesn't charge anything? No in-
fluence needed to reach Him?

No, the poor are just like the
rich with Him. He gives to all
alike.

And that is one thing the religion
of Christ is for. It is to wipe out
these class distinctions and hatreds
and prejudices. We are a bad
lot, all of us. We have got to learn
that God looks at us all alike, and
that there is the same mercy and
love for us all.

So the next day Bartimeus in his
place listening and listening, and
presently he heard the tramp
tramp of many feet. And he called
out, Who is it? who is coming?
straining his blind eyes and
his ears toward the sound;
and somebody said Jesus of
Nazareth passeth by; and then he
cried out: Jesus, thou Son of
David, have mercy on me!

That was all; that was all. He
asked, and he received then and
there; and so may each of you here
and now—Jesus, thou Son of
David, have mercy on me. It is
easy to say. You need no preamble
no influence, no money. Say it; each
of you, and you will be answered;
you will find mercy and light wait-
ing to answer that call. God
would hush every harp in heaven to
hear the cry of one sinner to-night.
Suppose all New York should join
in one mighty cry—Jesus, thou
Son of David, have mercy on me!
What a glorious answering chorus
would ring through heaven!

Mr. Moody then went on to
picture Zaccheus meeting Bartimeus
who was hurrying home to see what
the wife he loved looked like, and
the astonishment of Zaccheus, and
his hastening away to climb a tree,
that he might see this Jesus of
Nazareth.

A crowd of boys, no doubt, came
first, and then Zaccheus saw Mat-
thew, perhaps, and said to himself,
Does He have publicans about
Him? For people then looked at
publicans as we do at saloon-keepers.
Jesus loves the saloon keepers, too,
and I wish we could bring all of
them to Him.

Christ called Zaccheus, the rich-
est man in Jericho, after He had
blessed Bartimeus, the poorest man
there. He knows no classes; He
gives blessings alike to all.—New
York Sun.

"What If I Had Not Come?"

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Such a miserable evening to be
out! I would not go. The words
lent reality to a temptation that
had been lurking in the armchair in
front of the cheery open grate, but
the young man addressed got up
from the study table and replied
with a smile:

Yes, chum, it's a regular howler;
terrible night to be out, sure enough,
so it is safe to expect that the
warmth and light and music will
draw a crowd at the mission rooms.
A battle with a storm will do me
no harm after being over my books
all day, and slipping into his mack-
intosh and overshoes he went out.
The sidewalks were icy, the
streets of the city had never seemed
less attractive, but the light stream-
ing from the windows of the Rescue
Mission gave a welcome promise
of cheer as he caught sight of it in
turning a corner and he was soon
at the friendly portal. As he had
surmised, a goodly number had al-
ready accepted the invitation and
as he was removing his coat the
janitor said:

So glad you've come, Mr. Main.
Everything seems to be sort o'
waitin' fur ye.

He had brought his flute and
putting it together, he saw dejected
faces light up with expectancy and
thought, What if I hadn't come?

Whenever the outer door was
opened a strain of the sacred melody
would be caught by the wind and
carried afar, changing the shrieks
of demons to insistent voices of
love as the strain was recognized
and the thought of the hearer turned
toward Him who holds the cities
as well as the sea in the hollow of
His hand. A wind captured strain
of "The Sweet Bye and Bye" caught
the almost entirely benumbed senses
of a man walking very slowly, very
wearily past the building. The door
stood ajar for a moment and a whirl
of the wind around the corner al-
most carried the poor man along the
narrow pathway of light and helped
him up the step, so that he
entered the room just as the young
leader was laying down his flute and
reaching for his Bible and the sud-
den appearance seemed to him an
epitome of all that the Son of Man
came to seek and to save. Putting
all the cheer and welcome possible
into his fresh young voice he said:

Come right in, brother. Right
this way! and began at once to
read the Scripture lesson, the man,
coming, coming, slowly, painfully,
as if upheld by the voice coming
even to the very front and sinking
into a seat almost under the
speaker's outstretched hand. Un-
shorn and unkempt, dirty, ragged,
emaciated,

What wretchedness! Oh what
if I had missed this opportunity?
thought the leader, and immediately
he concentrated every effort in his
reading, singing and exhorting to
reach the need of this newcomer who
lifted toward him a face as pale as
death and with eyes raised as if in
supplication.

Never had the speaker felt the
power of his commission as in that
short address, and as he closed with
the words: Be ye also ready for
in such an hour as ye think not, the
Son of Man cometh! there was a
little deep drawn sigh, something
less than a moan at the speaker's
feet. The man of the new-
comer dropped, a dozen men, only
somewhat less wretched, were at his
side. Had he fainted? No, he
was dead, quite dead.

What if I hadn't come? said the
speaker aloud. At least he heard
the message, and he listened as if

the words were like grateful oil
upon his wounded heart.

Later in the evening, as six of
the men, impressed by the event
came forward expressing their de-
termination to be ready, one of
them said: Oh, now, supposin' we
had had no leader, supposin' the
weather was so bad that you hadn't
come? and the reply was: The
lesson is also: Be ye ready for any
duty and every duty, for the Son of
Man cometh in our opportunities
to help the needy, and in every way
to do the work of the Lord in the
world.—Chris. Intelligencer.

Too Late.

Not long ago a young man of
twenty was arraigned in one of the
Boston district courts for assault
with intent to kill. The case as
reported was so peculiar that the
writer took occasion to look into it
with care, says a correspondent of
the Youth's Companion. The pre-
liminary history of the boy is
interesting, because it indicates a
dangerous road down which any
hot-blooded youth is liable to make
a swift descent.

Charles, as we will call him, be-
longed to a respectable family, but
from very early years he showed a
fiery temper, and his parents were
too busy or too thoughtless to cor-
rect and restrain him. The habit
of giving way to anger grew upon
him, and he became quite uncon-
trollable. At times no one dared
to oppose him, and the youth, who
was generally pleasant and good-
natured, became the periodic tyrant
of the household.

At one time he beat his little
brother into insensibility, and
might have killed him, had he not
been forcibly restrained. The
apology made for him at home was,
It's Charlie's infirmity. He can't
help it.

When his father died the young
man began to earn his living, and
contribute to the support of his
mother and uncle, who lived in the
same house. Before long he lost
his place, owing to an outburst of
temper, which his employer would
not excuse. He found out in other
ways that people outside his own
family were not disposed to treat
his infirmity with much indulgence,
but the lesson apparently did him
no good.

Early one morning Charles went
to his uncle and demanded two
bank-books that he knew were in
his uncle's possession. Receiving a
refusal, he flew into one of his fits
of rage. Beside himself, and prob-
ably not clearly knowing what he
did, he seized a cane and struck
his uncle several blows, till the old
man sank to the floor. In an instant
terrified at his own violence, the
youth came to his senses; but it was
too late.

People expressed surprise when
he was arrested, and he was con-
sidered generally a well-behaved
boy. The newspaper said: He
bears an excellent reputation, and
is quiet in manner. Too long
neglect of self government was the
only explanation of his crime. When
asked why he did it, he replied: I
just got mad.

On last Christmas day a boy of
nineteen got into a quarrel with his
father at the table. The father, it
is true, was drunk and abusive;
but the boy, who ought to have
controlled himself, became trans-
ported with rage, and snatching up
a knife, stabbed his father fatally.
He was tried for manslaughter, and
the jury failed to convict him, but
he will carry with him to the day
of his death the consciousness that
he is a pariah. He gave loose
rein to an ungovernable temper, and
when the bounds of filial sensibility
and of law and order were over-
stepped, it was too late.

Anger is a short madness, but is
also swift mischief; and a mad
moment may ruin a lifetime. Unless
early checked, a fiery temper be-
comes one's master. Its best anti-
dote is the study of the Great
Example—a timely cultivation of
self-control under divine aid. He
that is slow to anger is better than
the mighty; and he that ruleth his
spirit than he that taketh a city.

"Start Me!"

Start me! cries little Alice from
her perch in the swing. I want to
go high; start me!

Somebody can't be starting you
all the time, answers Tommy, half
impatient of her demands upon him,
half desirous of giving her a bit of
instruction. Pat your foot to the
ground and start yourself.

It is the same story, the same cry
the world over. People are longing
to mount high along many lines,
but for the most part they are sit-
ting still and waiting for somebody
to start them. They want to reach
success in literature, in business or
professional life, but they want to
swing high from the first—to be
pushed by someone's money, strength
or name. Those who are really
willing to begin with their feet on
the ground and start themselves are
comparatively few.

One who has been brought much
in contact with young people, young
women especially, and has been en-
deavoring to help them, recently said
that her greatest discouragement lay
in the fact that they all wanted
to begin at the top. They wanted
at once the reputation, the pay
and the patronage, of those who
had been long years in the work.
They wanted to be pushed—a good
strong push that would set them
flying at once—instead of putting
their own feet to the ground and
slowly working up for themselves.
—Selected.

The Young Christian I Like

Has convictions and courage.
Is willing to take a back seat.
Is true-blue.
Is anxious to learn.
Is loved by the old folks.
Does not make much noise.
Is the pastor's right-hand man.
Is a bundle of sunshine at home.
Lives in an atmosphere of prayer.
Does nothing because it is popu-
lar.

Overflows with practical sym-
pathy.
Does not think it wicked to be
jolly.
Pays at least one-tenth back to
God.

Is tolerant of the opinions of
others.

Puts the best construction upon
everybody's doings.

Does not go about apologizing
for his own church.

Does not long for the flashpots
of worldly pleasure.

Can use the word no with telling
effect when occasion requires.

Is not ashamed to be in the
minority when principle is at stake.

Attends the prayer-meeting so
regularly that when he is absent
they know, without asking, that he
is sick.—The Epworth Herald.

How Nannie Gave.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar
given her. She asked her father to
change it into dimes.

What is that for, dear? he asked.
So that I can get the Lord's part
out of it.

When she got it into smaller
coins, she laid out one of the ten.
There, she said; I will keep that
until Sunday.

When Sunday came she went to
the offering box in the church vesti-
bule and dropped in two dimes.

Why, said her father, as he
heard the last one jingle in, I
thought you gave one tenth to the
Lord?

I said one tenth belongs to him,
and I cannot give him what is his
own. So, if I give him anything,
I have to give him what is mine.

The Doctor Ordered It.

How frequently we hear the ex-
cuse for not abstaining. The doctor
orders me wine! The following
story goes to show that even medi-
cal men may err: As a husband
and wife were crossing a London
thoroughfare the man was knocked
down; his injuries being serious, he
was placed on a shutter and borne
to a neighboring hospital. At the
door stood a surgeon. Ah, poor
fellow, said he, he's dead.

No, I'm not, replied the man. Be
quiet, George, broke in the wife,
the doctor knows best!—Western
Christian Advocate.

When The Devil Wakes Up

As long as the soldier elinks out-
side the battle he carries a whole
skin; but let him plunge in and
follow the captain, and he will soon
have the bull's flying about him.
Some of you have had a good time
because there was no use in the
Devil wasting powder and shot upon
you; you haven't been doing him
any harm; but directly you begin
to wake up and set to work for
God, the Devil will set a thousand
evils to worrying you, or he may
come himself to see you.—F. B.
Meyer.

A common excuse is, "I don't
feel," and yet there is nothing in all
the Bible that says you must feel
something before believing.—D. L.
Moody.

A person is prematurely old when
baldness occurs before the forty-fifth
year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to
keep the scalp healthy and prevent
baldness.

THOUSANDS OF CANADIANS can
vouch for the efficacy of the peerless
cough remedy, Pny-Balsam. It
cures a cold very quickly. 25c. of all
druggists. Manufactured by the
proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Why will you allow a cough to
lacerate your throat or lungs and run
the risk of filling a consumptive's grave
when the timely use of Bickle's Anti-
Consumptive Syrup the pain can be
allayed and the danger avoided. This
Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and
unsurpassed for relieving, healing and
curing all affections of the throat and
lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.,
etc.

The First Grandchild.

When the daughter's baby is
born, when the mother holds for
the first time in her arms the little
son of her son, there breaks a glory
upon life, like nothing else life
affords. The joy which follows birth
is rapture in the humblest home,
but it is blended with a yet more
exquisite fullness for its grandmother
than for the parents themselves.
Pope's say, not divining this rare
ecstasy, that the grandparents have
the pleasure, but not the res, oasi-
bility. This is only half true. The
responsibility is there too, in the
throbbing heart of her who sees
the second generation. One of
Queen Victoria's most interesting
portraits represented her seated,
holding a great-grandchild on her
lap, while others of the little royal
nursery broods were grouped about
the venerable lady, one of whose
regal crowns was the distinction of
great grandmotherhood.

Wabbling or vacillation always
indicates weakness of character, in-
efficiency. Men with backbone,
nerve, grit, do not wobble. They
are not afraid to look a king in the
face. Though they may not own a
dollar, they at least own themselves
and are not afraid to stand erect.



THE NEW BABY

Opens up a new world to the loving
mother. If it is a strong, healthy baby
that new world is a world of happiness.
If it is a weak, fretful child the new
world is full of anxiety. It has been
proven in thousands of cases, that the
use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion makes all the difference between
strength and weakness in children.
Healthy, happy mothers have healthy,
happy children. "Favorite Prescrip-
tion" gives the mother strength to give
her child. It makes the baby's advent
practically painless and promotes the
secretion of the nourishment necessary
to the healthful feeding of the nursing
child.

"I have been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription and can say it is just what you ad-
vertise it to be," writes Mrs. Victor J. Hadin,
of Leonardville, Riley Co., Kansas. "I began
taking it just two months before baby came
and was greatly benefited by its use. The
doctor who attended me said I did about as well
as any one he had seen (as I was sick only about
three hours), and also that your 'Favorite Prescrip-
tion' was 'one patent medicine' which he
did have faith in. We now have a darling baby
boy, strong and healthy, who weighed nine
pounds when born. During this month he has
gained three and one-half pounds. Have never
given him one dose of medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical
Adviser, in paper covers, sent free on
receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay
expense of customs and mailing only.
Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our Experience

Has shown beyond a doubt that Abstainers are better
risks than Non-Abstainers.

The Temperance and General Life

Therefore, offers total abstainers Special
terms that are of great advantage to them.
They should invariably consult an Agent
of the Company before insuring their
lives.

The E. R. Machum Co. Ltd, St. John N. B.

Agents for Maritime Provinces.

JUST OPENED

FRENCH

FLANNELS

IN

Military Red, Cardinal Navy, Black and Red Stripes
Royal Blue and White Stripes, Navy Stripes,
White Stripes, Old Rose and Green
and Black and Red Mottled Pattern

JOHN J. WEDDALL.