

Show Thyself a Man.

1 Kings 2:2.

BY N. F. J. ABERN.

When trouble overshadows,
When doubts unbidden gather,
Then "Show thyself a man!"
As David did of old,
Face death with visage bold,
For conquer him you can.

Thy fate comes with thy birth,
"The way of all the earth."
Then "Show thyself a man!"
In conquering never tire,
But force the combat higher,
Till earth and heaven you span.

God's with you in the fight,
Tis His and yours by right,
Defeat is not the plan,
From out your heart a song
Unceasing raise, "Be strong,
And show thyself a man."

Remembering.

Two old people were sitting upon
the vine-wreathed porch among the
evening shadows. The honey-
suckles were still in bloom, and a
beated humming-bird was gather-
ing sweetness from their fragrant
blossoms.

The woman's eyes were bright
with the light of other days, and
there was a tremulous smile on her
lips. Her knitting fell from her
quiet hands.

Why, mother, said the gray-hair-
ed man, as he slowly bent to pick
up the ball of yarn which was roll-
ing toward him across the porch,
what are you doing?

Remembering, she said with a lit-
tle laugh, while a delicate flush
suffused her faded cheek. I'm a fool-
ish old woman, maybe; but father,
I was remembering the time, now
almost fifty years ago, when you
were the bonniest dark-haired lad
in Newbury.

And you were the sweetest, pret-
tiest girl in all the land, the old
man broke in gayly.

She smiled. We were neither so
stout then, father. I was always a
thin slip of a girl, and you were as
slender and straight as the young
birch-tree in our garden. Ah, how
well I remember that summer night
when you told me you were going
away to seek your fortune—unless—
Unless my fortune bade me stay
at home, as your lips did that night.
It seems like yesterday.

And we were married in the fall;
you wouldn't wait until spring, and
I was never so hurried in all my
life.

And we drove away together
after the wedding, in my fathers gig,
and our honeymoon was the fairest
September moon I ever saw in all
my four and seventy years.

And our housekeeping, father! I
do you remember the mistakes I
made, and how you laughed at
them? And when I cried you com-
forted me and we made it up
again. Oh, that was a happy, hap-
py time!

Then little Ruth was born, she
went on slowly; but we couldn't
keep her with us long. Somehow,
father, no one of the other children
ever seemed to me quite like our
little Ruth; and none of the larger
mounds in the churchyard ever
seem quite like that smallest one,
where the pale blue myrtle always
blooms in the spring.

I always thought little Ruth
would have been more like you, the
old man mused.

Ah, well, she said, with a half-
smothered sigh, we've had happy
times and hard times together,
father, and we've almost reached
the end of the journey now; but
somehow you always made the
rough places smooth for my feet.
And I—I tried to help, and never
to hinder you, whatever came.

You've been a good, true, faithful
wife to me, the old man said, with
a quiet fervor that brought the
tears to his old companion's eyes.

Ah, well, she sighed again, after
a little pause, it's almost over now;
but whichever one our heavenly
Father calls first to go to him, the
other won't be long in following.
We shall go close together. We
shouldn't know how to get along
without each other, should we,
after all these years?

There was no audible reply. In
the dim twilight the old woman did
not see that her husband's eyes had
closed. Yet his head was nodding
gently, as if even in his sleep he
would assent to all she said.

A brisk footstep sounded through
the hallway, and an upright form
loomed darkly at the open door.

Mother! father! you two out
here at this time of night? the
daughter cried, as if she were chid-
ing two wayward children. I de-
clare you need watching every
moment. Don't you know it isn't
safe to sit out at this season when
the dew is falling? What are you
doing?

Remembering! said the aged
mother, with a gentle smile and a
quick-drawn sigh.

Remembering! the old man echoed,
suddenly awakened from his
sleep.—New York Observer.

Keeping Hold of the Boys.

There were once two boys in a
home I know, and after a few
happy years one was taken into the
Shepherd's arms.

The two boys and their mother
had always knelt together for the
bed-time prayer, and each had
offered a simple petition. The first
night there were only two to kneel,
the sobbing voice of the lonely
brother uttered but one sentence,
Dear Lord, keep mother and me
intimate.

Said the mother, years after, I
consecrated my life to answer that
prayer.

Did she have to give up any-
thing? Yes; receptions and calls
were secondary matters when the
boy's friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered dollies and hand-
painted screens were of no account
whatever beside the cultivation of
intimacy with her boy, and the
answering of his prayer. Always
give me the first chance to help
you, dear, she would say, and he
did. Whatever was dear to his
boyish heart found glad sympathy
in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always
realize how soon a boy begins to
think toward manhood, and so they
treat him like a child, to be watched
and scolded, instead of being
helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as
active and self-willed as you often
find. But she had a few rules that
helped wonderfully. Shall I copy
them for you?

1. I shall pray and work to be
patient.

2. I will strive to grow in grace
and in the knowledge of God.

3. No matter what happens, I
will try to hold my temper and my
tongue.

4. I will listen patiently and
tenderly to my boy's side of a
grievance.

You will notice that these rules
are to govern the mother instead of
the boy; and is not that the secret
of success? Mother, do you want
to keep your boy? Then control
yourself. Not the fashionable
attempt at Stoicism that says it is
not good form to display emotion,
but the real holding of one's self in
hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome
steed fast. Control harnesses him
to life and lets Christ hold the
reins.

This mother's boy made many a
blunder; he had his days of way-
wardness and times of unreason-
ableness, but never a time when he
was not sure that his mother was
ready to listen, advise and help.
There were times when his impul-
siveness made him sore trouble, but
the first place he turned for help
was to the tender, loyal mother-
friend, and he was sure of comfort.

Do you think it paid? When
she reads in the papers the theories
on how to get hold of the boys,
she thanks God she has never lost
her hold on hers. And in the
answering of the boyish prayer the
mother has not only grown more
and more intimate with him, but
both have grown intimate with
Christ. Mother, you have no
charge to keep half so sacred as the
heart of your boy. Are you true
to your trust?—Christian Work.

The Family Altar.

One day a gentleman was riding
on a Western prairie and lost his
way. Clouds arose in the sky and
not seeing the sun he quite lost his
reckoning. Night came on, and as
he knew not what way to guide his
horse, he let it take its own way.
It was a Western horse and was
therefore likely to understand
prairie life better than his rider,
who was not a Western man. By
and by a light glimmered in the
distance, and it was not long before
the faithful animal stopped before
a log cabin.

Who's there? somebody shouted
from within.

A benighted traveler. Can you
give me a night's lodging?

You're welcome, said the man,
appearing at the door.

The traveler was thankful enough
to give up his saddle and bridle to
the master of the log cabin. He
found the family at supper—man,
wife and children, and a place was
soon made for the stranger.

Some time in the evening the man
asked, Are you a minister of the
Gospel, sir?

No, he answered; and seeing the
man looked disappointed, he asked
why he wished to know.

Oh, sir, answered the man, I
hoped a minister had come to help
me build a family altar. I had one
once, but I lost it coming over the
Alleghenies. It is a great loss.

Perhaps I can help you build one,
though I'm not a minister, said the
gentleman, who always had one
himself; and after a little more talk
the man handed him an old family
Bible. He read and they sang a
psalm, and all knelt. The gentle-
man prayed first, then the man
prayed, and the wife and children
said "Amen"; for it seemed as if

each wanted to have a little part in
building up the family altar.

Sir, said the man when they arose,
there's many an emigrant loses his
family altar before he gets here—
and it's a great loss.

Yes, many family altars are lost.
Some are lost in politics, some in
traveling, some in moving, some
in the hurry of the harvest, some
at stores and shops. It is an
unspeakable loss. Abraham never
lost his. Wherever he pitched
his tent he set up his family
altar, and called upon the Lord and
the Lord blessed him wherever he
went. Children as well as parents
have an interest in keeping the
family altar. Don't let it be lost.
—Selected.

Advice to Converts.

The following choice advice to
converts are selected from addresses
at City Temple to converts of the
London Simultaneous Mission:

Look to Jesus, and not to your
own feelings.

Look to Jesus, and not at Chris-
tian professors.

Read your Bible, never mind so
much the books about the Bible.

You are saved to save others.
Your vocation is now to witness for
Christ.

Burn your bridges behind you.
Make no provision for the flesh.
Let your surrender to Christ be out-
and out.

Help us in our aggressive work
for Christ. Nothing will keep you
so eager as trying to win others
for Christ.

Be thorough; follow the Scrip-
tures; sign the pledge; do not go
to theaters; if you stumble, get up
again and go on.

Do not sit still and 'sing your-
self away to everlasting bliss.' You
are not ready for the Father's house.
He has many lessons to teach you.

I will pass on to you a recipe
which next to the reading of my
Bible has been most important to
me, namely, a daily effort to speak
to some other man, some other per-
son, about Jesus Christ.—F. B.
Meyer.

Join the church. Do not attempt
to do without the means of grace.
Always go to prayer meeting when
you do not want to go. Go right
into the currents of Christian life—
it is very draughty on the doorsteps.
Devote your life unhesitatingly and
unreservedly to Jesus Christ.—J.
Tolstee Parr.

Dare speak for Christ. 1. For
your own sake. There is a great
value in being definitely and openly
committed to Christ. 2. For His
sake. He has need of you and asks
for your help. I do not ask you to
preach, but witness. 3. For the
sake of other people. The very man
you are afraid of may be hungering
for you to speak.—G. Campbell
Morgan, M. A.—The Standard.

The Prayer-Meeting.

Henry Ward Beecher in his
best days spoke of the prayer meet-
ing as the watch-fire of the army of
the Lord. The lifelong influence of
communion with God and his
people is well illustrated by a fact
recently communicated to us. A
veteran of the civil war who was in
Detroit, Mich., soon after being
mustered out, and served there as
recorder of a court martial which
was sitting in that place for two
weeks, found a morning prayer-
meeting at 8 o'clock, in the old
Woodward Avenue Methodist
Church. As he passed that meet-
ing on his way from his boarding
place to the court room, he attended
it. The inspiration that that half
hour gave to the work of the day
has remained with him through the
many years that have elapsed. More
than that, it gave a distinct
tendency to his life; for during a
long business career he has made it
a rule to attend the midweek
prayer meeting and has found it a
bulwark against the overweight of
care. It is a safe and refreshing
let-up in the midst of the six work-
ing days and the spiritual energy
and growth engendered by due
preparation for such a meeting is a
recompense out of all proportion
to the time and strength involved.
In our multitudinous correspondence
a better statement of the benefits
of the prayer meetings has seldom
been made. The spiritual energy
and growth engendered by due
preparation is the emphatic state-
ment in this extract. Prayer meet-
ings are dull to persons who rush
from business or rest to the house
of God. Fifteen minutes of secret
prayer and meditation; ten minutes;
five even, if it be fully concentrated
on the part of those who attend
prayer meeting, would make such
a difference that every one would
be astonished and none more than
the pastor; the room would soon be
filled to its utmost capacity and,
almost before the church was aware
of it, it would be in the midst of a
revival.—Christian Advocate.

Personal Sympathy.

A personal visit is the best of
all medicines. It is a real tonic.
The communion of a strong spirit
with a weak spirit, that and that
only strengthens a man and makes
him as good as new. The sick need
the contagion of health. You can
do but little effective philanthropic
work at long range. Distance an-
nihates magnetism. Men are hun-
gry for men, and the lonely are
pining away for the love that looks
out of human eyes, and for the
mental and spiritual electricity that
comes from the touch of a Christian
brother's hand. They tell this
story in England of the Queen, and
they tell it with evident pride. It
is the story of how she helped a
poor Scotch woman during one of
her visits to the Highlands. The
poor woman's child was stricken
lifeless by a very sad accident. The
accident was talked of by all in the
neighborhood, and the Queen heard
it. It melted her mother-heart,
and she immediately went to the
hut of the humble peasant. Her
visit gave a new life to the mother,
so that the neighbors marveled at
her calmness and resignation. She
was asked how she accounted for
her exalted state of mind. She
replied: It was the Queen's visit
that lifted me above my sorrows.
Then she was asked what the Queen
said, what she gave, what she did.
The woman answered: The Queen
said nothing; the Queen gave noth-
ing; the Queen did nothing. When
she came she was so broken down
that she cried with me as though
her heart would break. Was that
doing nothing? Was that giving
nothing? It was giving and doing
and saying everything that could be
done and said and given.

A Lesson For Preachers.

Bishop Whipple says that when
he went into the West to preach,
he was exceedingly anxious to reach
artisans and railway operators, of
whom there were hundreds in
Chicago. He called upon William
McAlpine, the chief engineer of the
Galena railway, and asked his ad-
vice as to the best way of approach-
ing the employees of the road.

How much do you know about a
steam engine? said McAlpine.

Nothing.

Then, said McAlpine, read Lar-
diner's Railway Economy until you
are able to ask an engineer a ques-
tion about a locomotive and he not
think you a fool.

The clergyman had the practical
sense to see the justice of that
advice. So he read up, and in due
season went to the roundhouse of
the Galena railway, where he found
a number of engineers standing by
a locomotive which the firemen
were cleaning. He saw that it was
a Taunton engine with inside con-
nections, and asked, at a venture:
Which do you like best, inside or
outside connections?

This brought out information
about steam-heaters and variable
exhausts, and in half an hour he
had learned more than his book had
ever taught him.

When he said good-bye, he
added: Boys, where do you go to
church? I have a free church in
Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be
glad to see you, and if at any time
you need me I shall be glad to go to
you.

The following Sunday every man
was in the church.

A Beautiful Tribute.

John Wanamaker, the multi-
millionaire and noted Sunday-
school teacher, is reported to have
remarked to a number of Christian
workers who recently came into his
private office at Philadelphia, I may
have wasted my time over many
things, but the time I have spent
in Sunday-school work has certainly
not been wasted.

If you take a Laxa-Liver Pill to-
night before retiring, it will work
while you sleep without a gripe or
pain, curing biliousness, constipation,
dyspepsia and sick headache, and
make you feel better in the morning.

PASSED 15 WORMS. I gave Dr.
Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl
two and half years old; the result was
that she passed 15 round worms in
five days.

MRS. B. ROY, Kilmanagh, Ont.

It may be only a trifling cold, but
neglect it and it will fasten its fangs
in your lungs, and you will soon be
carried to an untimely grave. In
this country we have sudden changes
and must expect to have coughs and
colds. We cannot avoid them, but
we can effect a cure by using Bickel's
Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medi-
cine that has never been known to
fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis,
and all affections of the throat, lungs
and chest.

Lack of vitality and color-matter in
the bulbs, causes the hair to fall out
and turn gray. We recommend Hall's
Hair Renewer to prevent baldness
and grayness.

The Way to Get.

The most disagreeable people we
have to deal with are the people
who assert that their friends 'ought
to know' that they are sick or
neglected, or in want. The way to
get, says Jesus, is to go right up
and ask for it. Treat heaven in the
same manly fashion. A thing that
is worth having is worth seeking
for.

Great discoveries come to men
first as mere shadowy hints. There
is a vague suspicion that such or
such phenomena mean more than
has been wrought out, and men
spend their lives in trying to 'de-
velop' the powers so distinctly re-
vealed. Seek the good of your soul
in that way, says the Lord.

When you wish a favor of a
friend you do not walk round his
house and peep into the windows.
You go right to his door and knock
till some one comes out. Be as
earnest about your soul's needs if
you would win heaven's favorable
consideration.—Selected.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's
temptation, and do not weaken or
distract yourself by looking forward
to things which you cannot see, and
could not understand if you saw
them.—Charles Kingsley.



Perfect Health

Is within the reach of almost every
woman. The weakness, nervousness
and irritability from which so many
women suffer is in general due to dis-
ease of the delicate womanly organism.
When the disease is cured the general
health is re-established.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription
makes weak women strong and sick
women well. It promotes regularity,
dries disagreeable and enfeebling drains,
heals inflammation and ulceration and
cures female weakness. When these
diseases are cured, headache, backache,
nervousness and weakness are cured also.

"I was very weak and nervous when I com-
menced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' about a
year ago," writes Mrs. M. E. Everett, of 39
Oxford Street, Woodstock, Ont. "I had been
suffering for seven long months, and had taken
medicine from a physician all the time, but it
seemed to make me feel much worse. My
stomach was so bad (so my doctor told me), and
my nerves were in such a state that I would
start at the least noise. I felt irritable at all
times; was not able to do any of my own house
work; had to keep help all the time. How I
suffered God and myself alone know. I was
greatly discouraged when I commenced taking
your medicines, but the first bottle seemed to
help me. I took five bottles of 'Favorite Pres-
cription,' two of 'Golden Medical Discovery,'
also two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.
I can highly recommend these medicines to all
who suffer as I did. I never had better health
than I now enjoy, and it is all owing to Dr.
Pierce's medicines."

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