HE PILGRIM

My Fear I give to Faith to still
With Iuliables upon her breast,
She sings to him, "Our Father's will,
Not ours, he done, for He is best,"
And lays him down to sleep
bowers—
Beneath the cross—of passion-flow
But ever yet he wakes in pain,
And sinds his way to me again. But Woe,—she scarce will lose her hold,
She sits and walks and runs with me,
And watches. Ere the sun with gold
Pays to the East his entrance fee
She stirs, and stares me in the face
And drives me from each stopping place, A guardian angel in disguise Seems looking through her

Perhaps she hath a charge from God
To see that ne'er, through Satan's camp,
I slumber on my dangerous way
Too sound or long. A safety lamp
Meantime by Joy is carried nigh,
Somewhat aloof; for he is shy,
Too shy within my grasp to stay,
Though seldom is he far away.

Thus, fellow-pilgrims, fare we on;
But, in what mortals call my death,
My Fear is doomed to die anon;
When Woe shall leave me safe,—so saith
My sweet-voiced Hope,—and turn to
bring
Some other soul; while Joy shall
suring spring
with me through heaven's straight
door, to be
Forever of my company.

SOMETIME

By May Riley Smith.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been Sometime, wash at the learned, learned, And sun and stars forevermore have set, And sun and stars forevermore have set, The things which our weak judgment here have spurned.

This things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet.

Will flash before us out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue: And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how what seemed reproof was love

And we shall see how, while we frown and And we shall see how, while we have sigh, God's plans go on as best for you and me; How when we called, he heeded not our cry, Because his wisdom to the end could see that oven as wise parents disallow. Too much of sweet to craving babyhood, So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now Life's sweetest things because it seemeth

wine, We find the wormwood, and rebel and Be sure a wiser hand than yours or min Pours out this potion for our lips

And if some friend we have is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his
face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient
grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthene Is not the sweetest gift God sends his

see, We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And for each mystery could find a key. But not today. Then be content, poor God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,

where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest;
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the bent."

A SONG OF THE FLAG.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Have you watched from the phore when the ocean was stirred,
And the voice of the storm through the wrack crying loudly.

A grand Man-O'-War speeding past like a bird,
With her flag at the fore flying freely and
proudly?
Did you notice the pennant that fluttered afar, iDim seen through the stress of the clements mingling,—
In whose tolds sleep the angels of peace and of war?

Twas the sea's proudest boast—'twas the Banner of England!

Have you retned in the lands, where the heathen of old ant the knee unto idols of stone in their

Wherever the flag flutters forth For they tremble to think of the fate that's decreed them,
ashore or alloat, ready rank'd by the guns,
Ever stands the stern guard, with enthrsiasm tingling:
Who cares for a tussie with Albion's sons?
Who questions the place of the Banner of
England?

From the Cross to the Pole, from the Cape to the Horn, Ne may see it each day, for it flies in all weather; Warrough all kinds of danger it flutters in And tis brightest, where darkest the battle clouds gather.

God bless the proud ensign! and long may it wave.

A bright patch of light on the tempest wrack flinging:

The stay of the feeble, the yount of the brave;

Three cheers, with a will for the Banner of England!

-Robt, Reid.

OPHILE'S KINGDO Boswell Field, in The Chicago Post.

What beauteous slave shall I invite? Her of the far-off Trojan fight, The curse of Priam? With Helen's smille and Helen's laugh, No haremed Mussulman is half So rich as I am. Do I, the king, seek ventures bold?
Broad shelves of heroes centuries old
Bid me dispatch them.
From fabled story, legend, song,
From minstrelsy and saga long—
Where can you match them?

Must continents be lost or won?
Give me an hour, the work is done;
(The lamp holds steady),
No modern paladin appears;
The heroes of three thousand years
Are here and ready.

Would warm desire invoke romance,
The tender thought, the amorous glance.
And love's faint aura?
Then come, fair shades of Rome and Gres
Swift's Stella, Dante's Beatrice,
Or Petrarch's Laura.

Would I be soothed by power of verse?
Dead singers of the past, rehearse
Your sweetest measures!
So, lulled thereby to greatful rest,
I find your noble songs the best
Of all my pleasures.

In what domain of lettered art
Do I not play the lordly part,
The king and master?
And still upon my window pane
The envious foe, the blustering rain,
Falls fast and faster.

Secure within the banquet hall,
I pledge my loyal subjects all
With cheery wassail,
Smile, love! Strike, heroes! Poets, sing!
A friendly but despotic king
Commands each vassai.

TOO SOON (Published by request.) Lines by Marianne Farninghan quoted by the Rev. George M. Campbell in his address in Centenary church on the occasion of the funeral of the late Mrs. C. E. Macmichael:

God sometimes calls those servants hop Whose years are in their prime. But he has better measures than The pendulum of time: Some workers quickly do their task Of service and of love. So their promotion early comes To higher work above.

God loves them, and he spares them much,
Not theirs to wait alone,
And feel the ache of useless years,
With strength and vigor gone;
They are not stranded derelicts
Walle tides so rushing by.
They do their part and win the race
And then they gently die.

the wormwood, and rebel and the wormwood, and the wormwood, and the wormwood, and rest before the noon, and rest before the noon.

They do not die too soon.

A PORTRAIT. (J. A. Reed in January Smart Set.) She is altogether woman, yet not altoge

human,

For the devil has his share in her-a goodly share, at tlat!

And he lurks in every dimple—Satan's snare
for wise and simple—
And he hides in every angle of her dainty
picture-hat.

She's demure, and yet she's witty, and she's prettier than pretty;
She's bewitching-more's the pity!—for on seeing her our souls
Prostrate fall at once before her, just as if each mad adorer
Were a helpless human tenpin, and her eyes were playing bowls!

She has faults and follies, many; virtues very few, if any;
She will sigh when you are merry, she will snile when you make moan.
She could love a poor man—never. Oh, in fact, she's far too clever
To love any one forever, save her pretty self alone!

bid for power,
In arranging bow or flower of the cap she
sets for you;
But a moment's time for duty is too much
to ask of Beauty;
Leave such things to plainer women that
have nothing else to do!

Oh, I sketch her thus that others, unsuspecting men and brothers.
All may profit by the portrait, so that he who reads may run—
Run so swiftly from the sitter, to avert a fate so bitter,
That perchance she'll deem it fitter to make me the Only One!

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

By Shelley. When the lamp is hattered.

The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered.

The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lule is broken,

Sweet tones he remembered not;

When the lips have spoken.

Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splender

Survive not the lamp and the lute,

The heart's echoes render

No song when the spirit is mute.

No song but sad dirges.

Like the winds through a ruined of the mournful surges

That ring the dead seaman's knell.

Wien hearts have once which is the winds though a ruined of the mournful surges.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewaltent
The fallty of ! things here;
Why choose you the trailest
For your eracle, your home, and your

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on the storms rock the ravens on the storm and the storm as the

Genuine Casteria always bears the Signature of Chas. M. Pletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Established 1879. Cures While You Sleep cause the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased sur-face with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invalu

Is a boon to asthmatics.

-FOR-

1651 Notre Dame St Montreal

Whooping Cough Bronchitis Croup Coughs
Catarrh, Colds Grippe and Hay Fever The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, together with a bottle of Cresolene, \$1.50. Extra supplies of Cresolene excepts and 50 cents. Write for descriptive booklet containing highest testimony as to its value.

VAPO-CRESOLENE 15 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. Vapo-Cresolene Co.

IN VIA MERULANA.

The Via Merulana at Rome, extendin from St. Maria Maggiore to the Latera crosses the land which was occupied in a cient times by the Gardens of Maecenas. Methinks the winds have blown away
The rose-scents, blowing many a year,
Nor left us much to tell that here
The Garden of Maecenas lay; That here the branches used to rock
The nests, and catch the morning fi
And whisper to the guest who came
At evening up the fragrant walk.

The Street of Blackbirds holds alone
The name without the birds, for they
Have Bown; there is no song today
Amid this barren brick and stone. Amid this barren brick and stone.

But I as those who vaguely search
For something lost or long forgot,
Am saying 'This may be the spot'—
This haifway down from church to church.

And, while f look and listen, lo,
Rebuilded by invisible hands,
Again the lordly Mansion stands—
Phantom or real I scarcely know; For creep and cling about the walls Shadows of men and stately dames, And wices, and the sound of name. The echo through time's ancient halls

Enter and feel the powerful charm: There sits the Patron: there is found, Still flashing kindly wit around, The hero of the Sabine Fara And, facing now the little throng, That tall dark man—who should he Behold his parchment; that is no Who builds for Rome her noblest so

> "ACTER OF A HA By Sir Henry Wotton.

Whose passions not his masters are; Whose soul is still prepared for death; Not tied unto the world with care Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise Or vice; who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise; Norsvules of state, but rules of good; Who hath his life from rumors freed; Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertoins the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands; And having nothing, yet hath all.

LAURA BIGGAR FREE. Acquitted by Jury, While Dr. Hendricks and Samuel Stanton Are

Found Guilty of Conspiracy. FREEHOLD, N. J., Dec. 24.-Laura Biggar was acquitted and Dr. Charles O. Hendricks and Samuel Stanton, for-O. Hendricks and Samuel Stanton, for-merly a justice of the peace, were found guilty by the jury today in the case against the three detendants on the charge of having conspired to get possession of the entire estate of Henry M. Bennett, a capitalist of Pittsburg.

Pittsburg.

The jury, which retired at 4.30 yesterday afternoon, remained out all night, and today asked the court if the jury might convict two of the defendants and acquit one. The court said such a verdict would be legal, and later in the day the verdict as stated was returned.

later in the day the verdict as stated was returned.

Miss Biggar, who laid claim to the entire estate of Bennett, who laid recently, reaving a large fortune, contends that she was his wife and the heir of a child of Bennett which she said was born to her after his death and soon died.

Dr. Hendricks was her physician and the propietor of a sanitarium in which the child was said to have been born. Stanton said he had united Miss Biggar and Bennett in marriage and a marriage cer ficate signed by him played an impon ant part in the case.

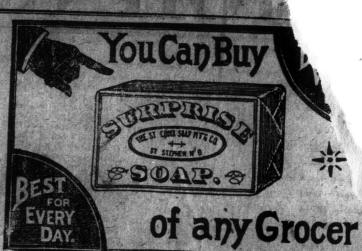
The claim of fiss Biggar was contested by perso s who laid claim to being the right il heirs of Bennett, and they made the charge of conspiracy. Under the vill Miss Biggar was bequeathed a large part of the estate.

Pilot Reed goes lown on the str.

C. P. R. BUYING OUT ST. AN-

(Calais News.) It is stated in town that the C. P. R. have taken over the Algonquin Hotel and the other property of the Land Co. at St. Andrews, and intend booming the shiretown for all it will stand. Contractor O'Leary of the C. P. R. has already commenced the dig-ging for a large well, and work has been commenced upon a large ice house situated upon C. P. R. land, which lends color to the rumor.

The death occurred on Saturday at The death occurred on Saturday at his home on Orange street, Moncton, of Wm. J. Cooke, the well known painter. Deceased leaves three children, two boys and one girl, besides a widow. Deceased was 50 years of age.



The Excelsior Life Insurance Company, HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. BRANCH OFFICE, ST. JOHN .. B.

CAPITAL \$500,000. INSURANCE IN FORCE, \$5,000,000. Total amount for security of policy holders \$770,000.00 Lowest average death rate on record for Company of same age viz, 3.12 per 1,000 mean insurance in force. Interest income alone pays all death

This Company has already been extensively patronized by the most prominent professional and business men of New Bruns-ick Applications received during first half of 1902 for hearly \$1,000,000. For further information apply to

ROBERTSON & OWENS. Provincial Managers, St. John, N. B. 102 Prince William Street. Agents Wanted. 

NOVA SCOTIA GIRL CURED BY LORENZ

Little Gadys Dickie of Canard was Successful y Treated By the Great Sp claist.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—The parents of little Gladys M. Dickie, one of the children operated on by Dr. Lorenz, at the Children's hospital, felt happy this forencon after a visit to their child in the hospital. The selection of Gladys Dickie by Dr. Lorenz for a clinical operation was somewhat remarkable, when all things are considered and after the struggle which the

F. W. Dicke is a farmer with forty acres of land near Canard. He is a hard working man and his wife is apparently all that a farmer's wife has to be. Their little child, Gladys, who is seven years old, is evidently the dearest things on earth to these good people. Gladys is beloved by all who know her.

Carlie Schenck. George Emery Daniels was best man.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe de Chine and a veil of tulle. Her ornaments were a diamond crown, a gift from the bridegroom, and a collar of diamonds, a present from her sister.

ter.

The maid of honor's gown was of white lace over silk. She carried a

boughet of pink roses.
Following the ceremony there was a small reception. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald's future home will be in New York.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use KUMFORT Headache Powders. NEW GOVERNMENT STEAMER.

OTTAWA, Dec. 29.—A cable to the marine department today announced that the government steamer Lady Laurier, which sailed from Glasgow on December 23rd, put back into that port today under stress of weather for repairs. The nature of the damage to the ressel is not known.

KINGS CO. PARISH SUNDAY ] SCHOOL CONVENTIONS. The officers of Kings county con-

vention, in union with parish conven-tion officers, are arranging a whole series of conventions, that they may insure the attendance of the field secretary with themselves. The follow-ing have been arranged. On Friday, January 2nd, Havelock convention will be held at Steeves Settlement. County President James A. Murray and Chas. Perry, a member

of the county executive, are appointed to attend. what remarkable, when all things are considered and after the struggle which the parents made to get the child from the town of Canard, Kings Co., N. S., to the hospital. It was just a bit of luck that crowned the efforts and anxieties of weeks.

Waterford convention, at waterford, will be on Tuesday, January 6th. H. S. A. White, the field secretary and Mrs. Lucas; Studholm, at Lower Millstream F. B. church, field secretary and John Slipp, Wednesday, Jan. 7th.

> secretary. Possibly there may be a change in the list of officers allotted to this place.

a Past Master's apron to W. Bro. J.

W. Hoyt as a small token of their esteem. Mr. Hoyt made a suitable

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir—Mr. Watkins points

On the east point of the sacred Mt. Athos, on the Turkish peninsula. Chalkidike, is a settlement of 6,000 monks, scattered among 20 monasteries, the whole forming a monastic republic in the dominions of the sultan, to whom they are tributary. The yearly tribute they pay is by no means a small one, but the sum is easily met by the republic, which is very rich and counts many millionaires among its members.

Subscribe for the Semi-Weekly Sun. St. John, Dec. 30.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

[To Correspondents—Write on one side of the paper only. Send your name, not necessarily for publication, with your communication. The Sun does not undertake to return rejected manuscripts. All unsigned communications are promptly consigned to the waste basket.] ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir-I perused with great interest the able and eloquent appreciation of Archbishop Temple's life which appeared recently in the Sun, and your readers will feel grateful both to the writer and to yourself for giving it

Slipp, Wednesday, Jan. 7th.

Cardwell, at Penobsquis, Jan. 8th,
Revs. F. Baird, J. B. Gough and field

Cardwell, at Penobsquis, Jan. 8th,
Revs. F. Baird, J. B. Gough and field Towards the close, however, of the notice s quoted with approval.

the darest things on earth to these good people. Gladys is beloved by all who know her.

When she was a little over two years of age she showed signs of hip trouble, and she developed a typical case of congenital hip dislocation.

At one time a surgical operation was considered, but Dr. Stewart of Halifax advised against it, so a special boot with a thick cork sole was made for the child to counterbalance the shortening of the leg.

After Dr. Lorenz had performed the operation on the Armour child, Mr. Dickie read about it, but he also read about the feel which the doctor received, and this did not encourage him any. He next read of the clinical operations which Dr. Lorenz was about to give in Chicago and New York and Mr. Dickie determined to take his child to officers, pastors, superintendents and to this place.

Springfield, at Scotch Settlement, fone of Dr. Temple's sixth form at Rugby, where he gave weekly lectures on Divinity, what that side is. Dr. Temple's mind was like his body—strong, vigorous and virile; and as in his other teaching, less stress was laid upon pettinesses of language than upon accurate thought and straight ideas; so, in Divinity we were taught to graph the field secretary, and Mrs. D. A. Morrison, a provincial officer are expected to be present for filling the programme.

Other parishes have not yet completed their arrangements. Parish officers, pastors, superintendents and to this place.

There is another side to this matter, and perhaps you may be interested to the ear from one of Dr. Temple's sixth form at Rugby, what that side is. Dr. Temple's mind was like his body—strong, vigorous and virile; and as in his other teaching, less stress was laid upon pettinesses of language than upon accurate thought and straight ideas; so, in Divinity we were taught to graph the delice.

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clinical operations which make the school to give in Chesco and New York and New York. The control of the Company of the Compa

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.

teem. Mr. Hoyt made a suitable reply.

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir—Mr. Watkins points out most truly the deficiencies of my notice of the late Archbishop. I might plead that it was written at very short notice at your invitation; but really the Kamas trees and in various ways kindly remembered the orphans. They also take this opportunity of conveying to the Artillery band a cordial vote of thanks for their concert, which was highly appreciated and proved a great help to the institution.

On the east point of the sacred Mt. Athos, on the Turkish peninsula. Chalkfdike, is a settlement of 6,000 monks, scattered among 20 monasteries, the whole forming a monasteries, the whole forming the member of the cause of four trultation.

To the Editor of the Survivi Indicate Archbishop. I mig

Yours faithfully, JOHN DE SOYRES.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. 6. 7. Grove on every box. 25c.

Arrives at Win En Route to His Peo Siberian Exile-Can

CITYAkhobor

VER

Tell Whether Cans a Free Country Not. Happy Re-union With Anna-In a Hurry

Mother - The Man Fifteen Years as a Russia (Winnipeg Free Press, I For three hours before from the east pulled in afternoon, a number of peoply promenaded the platform

its arrival. One of them-had been there since early She was awaiting her brot she had not seen for fif She knew nothing of the co traffic along the C. P. R., steadfast watch lest the get in before its advertise termined, no matter when that her brother should fir there to meet him. When, at a little before the train drew in, there al one of the front coaches a looking man, carrying a bl valise studded with nickel ranged in curious design blue gaberdine reached ha the knees, over his trousers ened close-fitting, dark-gr piped at the edges with this headgear was a black around his neck he wore a

fastened to which was a

watch and a richly-chased Alongside the watch poc fountain pen, secured by cloth. The traveller was Pet newly come to Canada at years of Siberian exile. awaiting him was his siste In the crush of Christma was some time before those the new arrival could find of their search. Accompant terpreter Harvey, who had to meet Verigin, and by F Paul Planidin and Simed three Doukhobors who had the three Doughobors who had the three Doughobors who had the three Doughobors who had the three populations are the search of the three properties the search of the se

puted by the communities t the Doukhobor leader a v along the platform. A HAPPY REUNI His sister saw him, stand head taller than the average towards him, followed by waiting Doukhobors, with i Verigin dropped his valis his hat, opened his arms "Anna!" He kissed his sist others, and quietly walked the immigration buildings, of Swan River: Immigra Crerar, of Yorkton-both have been for days in the ing his coming—to Mrs. A who acted as interpreter Free Press representative.
On the party's arriving migration buildings, Ver Here he spent a little tim with his ister and friends after his mother—who is 8 age, and who lives at P

village with his sister, name is Anna Vasilivna Then, after the baggage packed away and the fore estic enquiries made, the ed downstairs to Acting ( er Moffatt's office. Mr. Moffatt greeted Ver ly, welcoming him to the answer to his enquiries as age, Verigin said it was a ney—good, but rough. He from Liverpool after cross from Moscow to Warsaw, to England.

"You'll be glad to be in said Mr. Moffatt, "where ligious and individual fre "I haven't looked rou swered Verigin, through t ter, "so I cannot yet tell v is a free country or not," fatt, "that in Canada we people in prison because political or religious view "Oh, yes," answered

"People have been looki coming for a long time," Crerar. "There are 300 at Yorkton station, wate train for you. And there son very anxious to see mother." WANTS TO SEE HIS Verigin had up till this quietly courteous and dig

here his manner underwen ecoming alertly interest see my mother; yes?"
"When did you see her well?"
Mr. Crerar satisfied hin points, and then Verigin when the train could take "I am in a hurry to see

he said. "There is no tr morrow, yes?" "I would I could; yes!"

Then he realized that might be taking up too m commissioner's time. "S you again, yes?" he asked perhaps now too occupied.

Being assured on this
Moffatt asked him concern

to Ottawa. "I couldn't talk much h said, "for I had not seen bors. Of myself I knew their troubles—only of heard. They told me the I not take up their homeste "Did you hear of the p asked Mr. Crerar, "and o taken by the governmen the pilgrims from death?"

"I had not heard any