

Literature.
BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD P. ROWE.

CHAPTER VII.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Dennis was too good a Christian, and had received too deep a lesson, his father's case, to become bitter, angry, and defiant, even if he had believed that God was against him. He would have felt that it was simply his duty to submit—to endure patiently. Somehow, until to-day his heart had refused to believe that God could be against any of His creatures. In fact, it was his general impression that God had everything to do with his being a good Christian, but very little with his getting a good place. The defect in his religion, and that of his mother too, was to a certain extent, that both separated the spiritual life of the soul too widely from present life with its material, yet essential care and needs. At this point, they, like multitudes of others, fell short of their full privilege, and enjoyment of God's goodness. His mother had cheered and sustained her hard lot by hopes and visions of the better life beyond by anticipating joys to come. She had never fully learned how God's love, like the sunlight, could shine upon and brighten the thorny, rocky way, and cause the thorns to blossom, and delicate fragrant flowers to grow in the crevices and among the shaded nooks, among the sharp stones. She must wait for her consolation. She must look out of her darkness to the light and shine through the portals of the tomb, forgetting that God caused His servants to sing at midnight, in the inner prison, the deepest dungeon, though scourged and bleeding.

Unconsciously she had imbibed the same ideas. Most devoutly he asked every day to be kept from sin, that he might grow in the Christian life; but he did not ask or expect, save in the general way, that help which a wise, good, earthly father would give to a young, inexperienced child, struggling with the hard, practical difficulties of this world. As the days grew darker and more full of disappointment, he had asked with increasing earnestness that he might be kept from sin—from falling before the many and peevish temptations of the world; and he may have seen how God answered his prayer, and kept him from what would have fallen. But God meant to show him His goodness extended farther than he thought, and that he cared for His children's well-being now as truly as in the hereafter, when He gathered them home into His immediate presence. But he was content with this now. As far as he thought at all on the subject, he had the vague feeling that God was either trying his faith or meeting out some righteous judgment, and he must do the best he could for the moment, to it that he did not sin and give way morally.

Yet, in the thick night of his earthly prospects, Dennis still loved and longed for God. He reasoned justly, that if at last brought to such a place as heaven, no matter what he suffered here, he had only cause for unbounded gratitude. And he felt sure that all would be right in the end, but now feared that his life would be like his father's, a tissue of disappointments, and that he, an unassuming voyager, storm-tossed and shipwrecked, would be thrown upon the beach of life, instead of sailing into port with flying colors.

Thus Dennis sat lost in gloomy musings but too earnest in mind and body to follow any line of thought long. A few stern facts kept looming up before him, like rocks on which a ship is drifting. He had less than a dollar in his pocket. It was Friday night. If he did not get anything to do Saturday, how was he going to live Sunday and the days that followed? Then his dependent mother and sister rose up before him. They seemed to his morbid fancy hungry and cold, and their famished faces full of reproach. His head bowed lower, and he became the very picture of dejection.

He was startled by a big, hearty voice at his side, exclaiming—

"What makes yer so down in the mouth? Come, take a drink, and cheer up."

Raising his eyes, he saw a round, red face, like a harvest moon, shining full upon him. It was somewhat kindly in its expression, in keeping with the words. Rough as was the man, he was straight to the lonely, discouraged heart of the young man, and with moistened eyes, he said—

"I thank you for speaking to me in a tone that has a little smack of home in it for the last man that spoke to me left an echo in my ear that I would gladly get out of it."

"Had luck that, then? Give us your fore-foot; there! (with a grip like a vise). Bill Cronk never went back on a man he took to. I tell yer what, stranger," said he, becoming confidential, "when I saw yer glowering and blinking in the corner as if yer was listening to yer own funeral sermon, I be (—) if I could take a comfortable drink. Come, now, take a good swig of rum, and see how things will mellow up."

Our good Samaritan in this case was a very profane and irreverent one, as many are in this medley world. He had a great, kindly heart, but was not above groveling in all sorts of low, unseemly places, instead of growing straight up toward heaven.

"I hope you will think me none the less friendly if I decline," said Dennis. "I would drink with you as quick as with any man living, but it is a thing I never do, except in sickness."

"O yer temperance, are yer? Well, I don't think none the wuss of yer for standing by yer colors. Between us, it would be better for me if I was a little more so. Hang it all! I take a drop too much, now and then. But what is a fellow to do, rousing it up and down the world like me? I should often get lonely and mope in the corner as you did, if I didn't get up and down the world in the mouth I take a drink to liven me up, and when I feel good I take a drink to make me feel better; when I would not take a drink on my own hook, I meet somebody that I can't do with, and it is astonishing how many occasions there are to drink, specially when a man is traveling, like me."

"No fear but that the devil will make occasion enough," said Dennis.

"What has the devil got to do with it?" asked the man gruffly.

"Just then the miserable wretch entered who, appearing opportunely in Gaultier's Hotel, had cured Dennis of his desire to drink, when weary and despondent, for the sake of the effects. For a moment they looked at the beer-eyed trembling wreck of a man, and then Dennis asked—

"Had God any hand in making that man what he is?"

"I should say not," said Bill Cronk emphatically.

"Well, I should say the devil had," said Dennis; "and there behind the bar are the means used—the best tool he has got, it seems to me; for with it he gets hold of men with some heart and soul in them like you."

The man winced under the words that both conscience and experience told him were true; at the same time he was gratified by Dennis' good opinion of him. He gave a big, good-natured laugh, slapped Dennis on the shoulder, and said—

"Wal, stranger, 'p'raps yer're right. 'Taint every temperance lecturer though that has an awful exhortation in just at the right time so slick. But you're stood by yer color, and we won't quarrel. Tell us, now, if it ain't private, what yer so chopfallen about?"

Dennis told his story, as grateful for this rough sympathy as a thirsty traveler would be in finding a spring though surrounded by thorns and rocks.

The round jolly face actually grew long and serious through interest in the young man's tribulations.

After scratching a shaggy but practical head for a few moments, Bill in the vernacular of his trade spoke as follows:

"Seems to me the case is just this: here you are a young blooded colt, not broken to either saddle or thills—here you are whinnying about a market where they want nothing but dry horses. People look shy at you—usually do at a strange horse. Few know good pints when they see 'em. When they find you ain't broke to nothing, they want to work you in a nothin', I see how you can't do this. And yet fodder is ruinin' short, and you must do something."

"That may be true," said Bill, "but you naturally clothed his thoughts in language drawn from familiar objects, and Dennis, miserable as he was, half smiled at the close parallel run between him and a young, unbroken colt; but he only said, 'I don't think there is a cart-horse in all Chicago that feels more broken down and dispirited than I do to-night!'"

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"I know what you're going to say," said Bill, heading off another temperance lecture. "I'll take a drink by and bye, and I'll think much until I get a little steam up. But now we must try and see some way out of the fog for you. And again in absent-minded way, he scratched the shaggy head vigorously.

"Seems to me the best thing for you is to do as I did when I first broke the home wire and started out on a rampage. I just grabbed the first job that came along—good, bad or indifferent—always kept doing something. You can look for a bird in a bush quite as well when you've got one in the hand as when you have to be sure I wasn't as squeamish as you are. I'd jumped at the offer you had made this afternoon; but I reckon I'd taken toll too often to be profitable. But in this way I always kept a-goin'—never got down underfoot so the stronger one could tread on me. When it comes to that, I want to die. Now if you've got plenty of clear gristle, little disposed to get a white feather though, to-night, ain't yer?"

Dennis flushed up, and was about to speak himself angrily.

"There! there!" said his new friend. "I should say a cart-horse, one touch of the spur and up goes tail and ears, and then look out. Are yer ashamed to do any kind of honest work? I mean kinder think erker yer like to take any smack of the devil you're so afraid of in it?"

"No! work is just what I want."

"Would you black boots, now?"

"Dennis winced, though a moment, and then with a manly flush said—

"Yes, before I would take a cent of charity from any living soul."

"Give us yer fore-foot again; you're the kind of critter I like to have in my shop. You'd improve on a fuller's hands. No fear about you; the only thing is to get you in harness before a load that will pay to haul."

Suddenly he got up, strode to the bar-room door, looked out into the night, and came back again.

"I think I know of a way in which you can make two or three times as much as you are now. How? exclaiming Dennis, his whole face lighting up with hope.

"Go to a hardware store, invest in a big wheel snowsaw, and clean off sidewalk walks before stores. You can pick up a good many quarters before night, like enough."

"I will do it," said Dennis, heartily, "and thank you warmly for the suggestion, and for your kindly interest in me; and he looked up and felt himself another man."

"Gosh! but it takes mighty few oats to set you up! But come, and let us have a little more of the rum, for which they parted with a strong, friendly grip, and sincere good wishes, Cronk, the drover, going on farther west, and Dennis to the rest he so sorely needed.

you are a young blooded colt, not broken to either saddle or thills—here you are whinnying about a market where they want nothing but dry horses. People look shy at you—usually do at a strange horse. Few know good pints when they see 'em. When they find you ain't broke to nothing, they want to work you in a nothin', I see how you can't do this. And yet fodder is ruinin' short, and you must do something."

CHAPTER VIII.

YACOB BENE.

Before retiring Dennis as usual took his Bible from his trunk to read a chapter. He was now in a very different mood from that of a few hours ago. The suggestion of his bar-room acquaintance was a light upon his way. And with one of Dennis' age and temperament, even a small hope is potent. He was eager for the coming day in order to try the experiment of wringing bread and opportunity for further search out of the wintry snow.

But that which had done him the most good—more than he realized—was the kindness he had received, rough though it was; the sympathy and companionship of another human being—for which he had been cast away on a desert island he could not have been more isolated than in the great city, with its indifferent multitudes.

He remembered the generous supper was not without its decided influence; and with it he had drunk a cup of good coffee, that nectar of the gods whose subtle, delicate influence is felt in body and brain, in every fibre of the natural system, and he had been blunted by stronger and coarser stimulants. He who leaves out physical causes in accounting for mental and moral states, will usually come wide of the mark.

But while giving the influence above referred to their due force, so far from ignoring, we would acknowledge with emphasis the chief cause of man's ability to receive and appreciate all the highest phases of truth and good, namely, God's help asked for and given. Prayer was a habit with Dennis. He asked God with childlike trust for the bestowment of every Christian grace, and those who knew him best said that he had no reason to complain that his prayers were unanswered.

But now at a time when he would most appreciate it, God was about to reveal to him a truth that would be a rich source of help and comfort through life, and a sudden burst of sunshine upon his dark way at the present hour. He was to be shown how he might look to heaven for help and guidance in respect to his present and earthly interests, as truly as in his spiritual ones.

As he opened his Bible his eyes caught the words of our Lord, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught."

Then Peter's answer—"Master we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net."

The meaning of these verses was not a trifle of fishes.

With these words light broke in upon his mind. "If our Lord," he mused, "helps His first disciples catch fish, why should He not help me to find a good place? Then unbelief suggested—"It was not for the sake of the fish; they were only means to a higher end."

But Dennis, who had plenty of good common sense, at once answered this objection—"Neither do I want position and money for low selfish purposes. My ends are the best and purest, for I am seeking my own honest living and the support of my mother and sisters—the very imperative duties that God is now imposing on me. Would God reveal a duty and no way of performing it?"

"Then came the thought—'Have I not been seeking Him to help me? Have I not been seeking in my own wisdom, and trusting in my own strength? And this too when my ignorance of business, the dull season of the year, and everything was against me, when I specially needed help. Little wonder that I have fared as I have.'"

Turning he leaves his Bible rapidly he began searching for instances of God's interference in behalf of the temporal interests of His servants—for passages where earthly prosperity was promised or given. After an hour he closed the Bible with a long breath of wonder, and said to himself,

"Why, God seems to care as much for the well-being and happiness of His children here, as He will when He gets us all-

NEW CHRISTMAS GOODS.

We have just received our NEW HOLIDAY GOODS.

Everything Clean and Fresh.

PERSONALLY SELECTED within the last few days, and have now just opened:

26 CASES CHOICE BOOKS AND FANCY GOODS,

IN WOOD, TIN, AND RUBBER. Also some nice

Nickel-Plated Ware,

Photograph and Autograph Albums,

Work Boxes,

Writing Desks,

and a fine assortment of Wax Dolls,

which we have marked at prices never offered before in this city. CALL AND SEE THEM.

Miscellaneous Books, Poems, Church and Cathedral Prayer Books, Wesley's Hymns, &c.

Our Stock of STATIONERY is now complete.

Christmas and New Year's Cards in endless variety.

NEW MUSIC, 125 Pieces just received.

McMURRAY & FENETY.

P. S. Our stock of SCHOOL BOOKS will be sold, in future as in the past, at the lowest prices.

McM. & F.

Frederickton, Nov. 27, 1878.

JUST RECEIVED. 257 BARS IRON.

30 bars Solid Steel, 50 pairs Acme Skates, 30 pairs Wood Skates.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Frederickton, Nov. 18, 1878.

SEWING MACHINES.

The Best and Cheapest

MILLER BROTHERS,

OPPOSITE CITY HALL, FREDERICKTON.

Also Dealers in PIANOS AND ORGANS.

R. M. McDONALD

owing to the depressed state of trade and scarcity of money, is compelled to have a

Grand Clearing Sale

of his whole stock of

Dry Goods,

which must be cleared out by the TWELFTH OF JANUARY, including a large and fashionable stock of FANCY DRESS MATERIAL, Black Merinos and Cashmeres, Col'd Merinos and Cashmeres, Black Alpaca and Lustras. Special lines in those Goods, from 15 cts. up.

WINCEYS, WINCEYS.

The whole stock of Plain and Fancy DRESS WINCEYS have been reduced to prices which cannot fail to effect ready sales.

FURS. FURS. FURS.

The whole stock of FURS (warranted new and fresh) have also been reduced to such extremely low prices as ought to satisfy the most fastidious.

MILLINERY. MILLINERY.

One of the largest stocks of MILLINERY in Frederickton is now to be cleaned out at prices regardless of cost.

MILLINERY WORK done on the premises by experienced Milliners.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

R. M. McDONALD.

Frederickton, Dec. 4, 1878.

1880.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, St. John, N. B.

Thankful for the favors of our wholesale customers, both in New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, we shall endeavor to retain their custom by the strictest attention to orders, by constantly keeping a complete assortment of

Hardware,

Cutlery,

Paints,

Oil,

AND

JOBGING GOODS

and selling at Lowest Market Rates

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.

January 15, 1880.

(1880)

New Year's Presents

SELLING VERY LOW AT

S. F. SHUTE'S.

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED.

SILVER NECK CHAINS AND LOCKETS.

A Splendid Stock of

MEERSCHAUM and BRIAR PIPES.

Just come and see the Stock.

NEW GOODS

Now in Stock.

5 gross Essence Lemon,

5 " Essence Peppermint,

5 " Roseine Dye,

10 " Assorted Dyes,

2 " Sturgeon Oil Liniment,

2 " Wilson's Cherry Balsam,

1 " French Magnetic Oil,

2 " Wilson's Pills,

1 " Worm Stick,

5 " Johnson's Liniment,

2 bbls. Ground Redwood,

2 " " Logwood,

2 " Sulphur,

2 " Epsom Salts,

2 " Ground Fustic.

DAYIS & DIBBLEE,

Druggists, Opp. City Hall.

F'ton, Nov. 6

GREAT TRADE SALE

EDGECOMBE & SONS

HAVE ON HAND, and offer for sale UNTIL NOVEMBER 15

at prices much below regular rates, and which must insure prompt sales, the following stock warranted first-class in every respect—

5 Concord Carriages;

4 Piano Box Carriages;

3 Top Buggies;

2 Single and Double Phaetons with Shifting Tops;

3 Jump Seat Carriages;

4 Portland Fancies;

5 Express Wagons, single and Double;

13 Farm Wagons, with from 11-2 to 2 inch axles;

3 Slovens.

Contracts will be made for any description of vehicles in large numbers, at favorable rates. Our facilities enable us to produce the best work in the shortest possible time. Send for particulars and prices, with especially favorable terms.

EDGECOMBE & SONS, Frederickton Steam Carriage Work

Frederickton, October 11, 1878.

Jackson Adams,

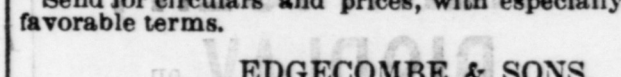
CABINET MAKER

AND

UNDERTAKER

(near County Court House.)

Queen Street, - - - Frederickton.



Where may be found a stock of

Furniture of all Descriptions.

Also, a full line of

GASKETS AND COFFINS,

IN

Rosewood, Walnut and Cloth Covered.

Robes & Shrouds,

Crapes & Cloves.

Orders from the Town and Country will receive prompt and careful attention.

November 6, 1878.

Golden Fleece.

NEW WALL PAPER

Over 25,000 Rolls,

which I will sell at old prices, as I received them before the LARGEST ADVANCE of duties on this class of Goods came into operation.

NEW CARPETS

BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, WOOL AND HEMP RUGS to match.

NEW SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, VELVETEENS, RIBBONS, GLOVES AND HOSIERY, DRESS GOODS, and a general assortment of

STAPLE & FANCY GOODS.

JOHN McDONALD.

Frederickton, May 10, 1879.

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH FACTORY!

King St., - - - Frederickton, N. B.

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS, SLEIGHS and PUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST. PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc.

ON HAND: FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE!

A LARGE LOT OF

IVERS, PIANO BOX, TOP PHAETONS, WAGON CONCORDS, GENERAL GRANDS, AND A LARGE LOT OF SLEIGHS AND PUNGS TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Terms to give satisfaction.

F'ton, Oct. 30, 1878.

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The subscriber begs to announce to the public that he has always on hand and for sale a good and varied stock of SPRUCE, PINE, AND HEMLOCK LUMBER, consisting of Dry Pine Plank, 1 1/2, and 2 inch, thoroughly seasoned and planed; Dry Pine Boards, well seasoned, planed on one and both sides, and tongued and grooved. Also good Dry Laths and Cedar Shingles of every quality; together with a stock of Hemlock Logs, from which we are prepared to saw to order at short notice.

BILLS OF SCANTLING of any dimensions. A large quantity of REFUSE LUMBER on hand.

All orders promptly delivered. Please call at my Yard, WEST END MILL.

RICHARD A. ESTEY.

CEGAR SHINGLE STOCK WANTED, by the cord or otherwise.

Frederickton, Dec. 4, 1878.

GAS FITTING, Plumbing, &c.

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TINWARE.

He has engaged the services of M. R. ILLIA M.