

THESE ARE MY JEWELS.

THE NAME A ROMAN MATRON CALLED HER CHILDREN.

Rev. Arthur John Lockhart Discusses Their Relation to the Church—Its Important Part in Forming Their Character—The Responsibilities of Mothers.

"These are my jewels," said the Roman matron, Cornelia, directing the attention of a vainer mind than her own to her noble children. Lies your pride in the possession of pearls, or do you contemplate a gem with pleasure; then much more to me are my children—in a motherly eye, pearls of greater price and gems of purer lustre. Her saying is greatly significant, and not inappropriate on the lips of a modern Christian mother. My jewels! Yet not mine only; these are for God and for mankind. To me have they been entrusted; they are mine that, if I may, I may cause them to be His who gave them; so I must care for them most religiously. Yes, may the wise say to her husband,

My love, my life's best ornament,\*

these are our jewels, and chief adornment, our mutual hope and joy; ours to guard and polish and beautify, to set in a true love's crown; these will we elevate to a fairer destiny than ever befell those precious sparklers in oriental crowns, while faith reveals their divine election in the sentence: "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."†

To him who believes in the progressiveness of our race, and the upward gravitation of the ages, (for certainly this amount of optimism seems warrantable), the children coming must possess a peculiar interest as moulders and inheritors of the better time. Their lives are not to be mere repetitions of our own, nor are their deeds to be a servile imitation of the past. They are to inherit our portion, and their own, besides; they are to increase manifold. We expect to send our sons and daughters forth to a more advanced destiny, not only on the material but on the spiritual side of their being. They are not only our care, but our hope; not our responsibility alone, but our expectation. They must do and be much more than ourselves to fulfill our prayers and realize our dreams; but we feel if they are pure and true, and like the exemplar—if they have character and consecration, they will rise with events and be equal to emergencies.

Are they the nation's wards? They are more than this. In forming them the church must bear a very distinct and important part. A large proportion of the men who are to bear honorable burdens, civic and religious, in that time which shall succeed our own, will doubtless arise out of christian households; and they, it may be presumed, will largely have taken their armies from christian life and christian institutions, to which they stand in such natural and close relation. . . . They are wards of the church, for whom she must assume responsibilities, and whose persons and interests she must guard and promote. . . . Certainly the formative work done in the household, in the training and instruction of the children born there, must be regarded as a very important portion in the division of this labor. Unless it is to deny it, the fountain of rarest, and how emphatically home-training and example may be we have the means of knowing. It, according to an old proverb, much in favor with Carlyle, a person finds it difficult to "go back of his jaw." (i. e., to resist parental influence,) and if you add to hereditary tendency, a will perverted, and wrongly inclined, how hardly shall he overcome the fierceness and viciousness amid which his childhood may have been formed? Consideration intensifies to us the importance of this subject; and though we may not deal with it greatly as it deserves, we have this conviction that, just as powerful, and just as positive as in the evil case are its appropriate instruments and influences, may be the uplifting and renewing force of Christian life, example and teaching. The church is in the house also; the dwelling is a sanctuary, even as is the body; and most blessed priestess at this shrine, is the mother. Her influence, by the testimony of most sifed and holiest lips, stands supreme. I am what she began to make me, is the grateful or awful confession of the Burkes, the Washingtons, the Wesleys, the Byrons and Neros of mankind.

The mother in her office holds the key Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin Of character.

The public school is also a factor touching this wardship; for many christian persons exercise this sacred function of educator.—(and I would plead the importance of securing such teachers as can favorably impress the moral natures of children.) Our public schools ought not to be *Sectarian*; but should they not be *Christian*?—which is a far different matter. They must be christian, or anti-christian; for neutrality as to spiritual life manners and morals is anti-christianity, and of the essence of Paganism. We should do better than materialistic and Pagan Rome. If it be true that the parent who misunderstands and misleads a child under him puts an effectual bar to the more direct efforts in his favor which may be made by the church and on the Sabbath; how equally so must

the mother in her office holds the key Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin Of character.

† Wordsworth. *Intimations of Immortality.*

\* Spenser. † Malachi. K. D. C. is Guaranteed If your Druggist

a multitude of immoral or spiritually indifferent teachers.

The Roman church holds the children as its wards, and provides most scrupulously for their retention within its influence. We, as Protestants, who hope for the triumph of faith in our children, and look upon as potentially its members, sometimes feel that their religious heirship is only problematical when compared with the almost certainty of the Roman church. Are we to get beyond the probability of claiming and holding our children for Christ? is a question we are sometimes asking. . . .

We shall gain much toward our end by a right method of dealing with them. . . . We must in some sense hold them upon equality, and cultivate intimacy and mutual respect. The boy and girl is potentially the man and woman. They must not be misunderstood or ignored; their individuality and honorable pride must not be violated. Whittier's delightfully familiar poem to the bare-footed boy expresses much of the spirit with which childhood should be regarded:

Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan! A presence felt the live long day, A welcome fear at night.

From my heart I give thee joy— I was once a barefoot boy!

There is the sordid, and there is the ideal way of looking at them: as living, destined souls—trail barks launched on time toward an immortal sea; or as consumers of unlimited quantities of earthly bread and butter, heroes of bat and ball, and patron of the rag baby. But the ideal view is the true one always; and we rightly see when in that which is we discern that which is to be; knowing in these quick, sentient, sympathetic, intelligent creatures we love, the fathers and mothers of the future; possessed of human brains, even now beginning to wrestle with our strong thoughts and knotty problems; of hearts filled with joy or woe, gladness and sorrowings, which they have in common with ourselves; yea, and souls, abodes of infinite, unsatisfied desire, which only God can fill, as only He has been able to fill our own. Above all, whatever we despise we must not despise them; for they differ not from us, except in degree of development and range of experience—and how they are looking to us! But, indeed, as for men, with all their wisdom, in many respects "a little child shall lead them"; for in rightness of spirit and deportment some boys are at once example and reproof to their elders. "It is of such things as I that men are made, sir!" replied an intelligent boy, with indignant self-respect, spirit-wounded by a coarsely-blundering man, who had regarded him as little superior to the knat, or monad beneath his feet. "Little boys should be seen and not heard," was to my mind, in childhood, a familiar maxim, having in some cases justification, but one liable to be abused in the lips of such gruff moralists as that mentioned above. A class of idolaters who, in Eastern temples, worship a child as their divinity err scarcely more in an opposite direction; while amid their mummeries they certainly may suggest the sacredness and religious import of childhood.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy. †

Then there are the exceptional ones of volcanic energies, gifted and passionate, like Burns, who justly caused his father such foreboding; and there are the dreaming, silent ones, "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought;" and the polyhymnic and ariel spirits, "whose fancies from afar are brought," and of whom we say with Wordsworth, looking into the eyes of the boy, Hearty Coleridge,—

I think of thee with many fears For what may be thy lot in future years.

True, the many are disenchanting to the superficial sight, and it, gems indeed, are crudely such; but here, as elsewhere, the grosser part is often on the surface, and the practiced eye can discover the hidden divinity, the stamp and accent of God. We must aim not to force them so much in matters of taste and desire, as to catch them with loving guile; not dealing arbitrarily with them, but gently seducing them for their good. Without seeming to spy them out, or holding them in the grasp of spiritual police, we must be aware of their habits and recreations, and especially the material wherewith they furnish heart and mind. What is more important than that the early imagination of childhood should be kept pure, being secured against bad associates, books, papers, pictures and all sensual instruments whatever, not so much by outward restraint as by inward resource. The love of clean and noble forms and ideas may be early installed, when the contrary will produce wholesome revulsion. The ancient Athenians coming to an oracle to which for the revelation of great truths and the elucidation of dark mysteries they resorted, inquired on one occasion how their commonwealth might be happy. The deep, unearthly voice replied: "Ye will be most fortunate if ye hang most precious things upon your children's ears." And true it is, the ear-drops of virtue and beauty, the words of wisdom and gentleness, continuously lived and spoken, these are their amulets of salvation. Lead them in nobleness and rightness of thought and

or money refunded. send to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

feeling; for, says Edmund Burke, "tell me what are the prevailing sentiments which occupy the minds of your young men, and I will tell you the character of the next generation." Happy the child whose mind is pained by contact with grossness, and whose spirit revolts from that which is vile. Then must we with all tenderness and sweetness possible, and with as little of the stiff, the formal, the ascetic as we may, seek to draw their hearts and thoughts to Him who said, "If I be lifted up (exalted magnified, loved, adored before them) I will draw all men unto me." O that they may be His—His own! We can do no better for them; and yet how slow we are in leading them to the Master! I would not seek to fashion them above the sphere of duty here, or "wind their thoughts too high," for the plain and numerous deeds of the present time; it is only the "sweetness and light" of Christ, which is the heart's indispensable qualification for which I plead as their birthright. Far sooner than the ignorance and indifference so early and widely prevalent would I choose for my boy the beautiful spirituality of Faber's childhood:

O God! Thou wert my childhood's love, My boyhood's pure delight; A presence felt the live long day, A welcome fear at night.

I could not sleep unless Thy hand Were underneath my head, That I might kiss it as I lay Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt, I knew that Thou wert near, A silence tingling in the room, A strangely pleasant fear.

With age Thou grewest more divine More glorious than before; I feared Thee with a deeper fear, Because I loved Thee more.

How instinctively one's mind turns to the record of an earlier example, when, "ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep . . . the Lord came and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel! Then Samuel answered, speak; for Thy servant heareth.—From an address On the Relation of Children to the Church, delivered at Machias, Me., June 29th, by Pastor Felix.

§ I Samuel 3:2-10.

A RELIEF TO BANG THE DOOR.

A Young Lady Says It Gives Her Much Satisfaction.

I listened a few days ago with outward respect but inwardly a broad smile, to the opinion laid down with all the settled conviction of the most advanced positivist by a lady friend of mine, that a woman derived as much satisfaction from banging a door under very trying circumstances, as a man would from swearing himself into a perspiration. The dear soul little knew how she was giving herself and her sex away, for I had always supposed before that banging the door was an exclusively masculine outlet for ill temper. Being unmarried and destitute of sisters I suppose I am inclined to consider the girls more angelic even than they really are.

Dear! Dear! how slowly things advance! only the other day it seems that we were wearing petticoats ourselves, and turning furiously back to beat the door that shut on our fingers, or seriously pound the nail we tripped over, and here are our own adored girls slamming the doors after them and boldly asserting that it feels as good as swearing.

The mere assertion though, is a very sure proof that the girl in question has never sworn herself. Bless her dear innocent heart, the hardest bang she ever gave a door in her life is "as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine," compared with a good healthy exclamation.

Why the way it clears the atmosphere is simply marvellous. A thunder storm is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it, and then it does not upset the man's nerves and jar his spinal column, as the door exercise does for the girl. Did you ever watch the cook taking the cork out of a jar of yeast, when you were a small boy or girl? I have. If the yeast was in a state of very fiery excitement, she loosened the cork very slightly, letting the gas escape by slow degrees and holding the cork very firmly the while, and by the time the cork was finally taken out the trouble was all over, and dove eyed peace cast her wing over the kitchen table and surrounded the cook like a medieval halo. Suppose the cook had jammed the jar of yeast in its state of mildest effervescence down the cellar stairs? Well, methinks the result would have been chaos, overshadowed with the frothy spray of yeast.

So the moral is that if that sweet young lady whose opinion appears at the top of the column had refrained from injuring her own nervous system, and at the same time the hinges of the door and had known how to use a moderate selection of cuss words—I think I had better stop. Things are getting mixed somehow, and unkind people, who can't get into the newspapers themselves might say I was promulgating a doctrine of swear words for ladies that would be infinitely worse than a divided skirt or an even balance of power and equal distribution of weight in the saddle. So with an apology to Miss Mabel Jenness for presuming to poach on her preserves, I will retire.

AN OLD TIME JOURNAL.

Some Curious Entries Found in an Old Book of Accounts.

I came across an old business journal or record of merchandizing, a few days ago, which had been kept in St. John many years ago, by whom I cannot say, as there is no evidence on this point. It is enough to say, however, that the bookkeeper, whoever he was, was a model of neatness and perfection as far as the entries go; the handwriting being of marvellous neatness and sameness all through, and the book free from blots, erasures or slams. It ranges from the month of January, 1812, to March, 1817, and many quaint and curious entries are recorded therein.

Names which are now seldom heard are met with and recall to mind the early settlers and business men of St. John. The prices of goods as compared with the present day are worthy in many particulars of alteration. Among the familiar articles I find a gallon of good molasses cost four shillings and sixpence or about 90 cents. A pound of Souchong tea anywhere from six shillings to seven shillings and sixpence. How carefully they must have made the tea stand out in those days and what a bonanza it would be for MacKay if he could realize such prices now. Good coffee, however, could be had for a shilling and one and sixpence per pound. Bed ticking, I observe, cost three shillings and fourpence per yard. A pair of men's cotton stockings, seven shillings and sixpence. The washing must have been limited in those days, as a pound of soap was worth one shilling and three pence. A gallon of good, prime old rum could be had for ten shillings. What jovial hobnobbing there must have been over the good old rum punch, and judging by the numbers of entries of this article, it was in good demand, too. Rye flour was worth fifty shillings a barrel or about \$10; while wheat flour ranged all the way from seventy-two shillings to eighty-five shillings. Common brown sugar was worth one shilling and three pence per pound. Cheese held its own at ninepence. Smoked salmon was worth two shillings and nine pence per pound. In one instance potatoes brought four shillings per bushel, and so on through the whole list of merchandize.

Many of the entries were quaint and curious in their way, and poring over them one could imagine himself in the old St. John of nearly a hundred years ago; could see the stately walk of its leading and prominent citizens, as with, perhaps, knee-breeches and the garments of that period they blandly ordered up a gallon of good old rum or spirits wherewith to entertain their guests. One entry I will quote in its original form as a curiosity:

May 14th, Goods Dr. to Sundries. To R. Robertson—3 Jack knives @ 1s. 6d., 4s. 6d.; 2 spoons @ 4d., 1s.; for the American prisoners on board the brig Reward—6s. 6d.

To H. Johnston & Son—Had for ditto and Capt. Simonds, apprentices, which is charged to their different acc'ts—£12, 6s., 6d.

Thus it would seem that St. John harbor held the brig Reward with American prisoners on board. What a chain of incidents might be unfolded if all the facts relating to these American prisoners could be made known now. What anxious hearts there must have been on board the Reward on May, 1813, as they waited and watched for liberty.

These old landmarks are interesting at times and it may be they will recall many memories of that distant period in the history of St. John.

MAX.

You will Find ALL THE LEADING TOOTH WASHES

—AND— POWDERS, —AND—

TOOTH BRUSH

—AT— F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

SABATH HOURS—9:30 to 10:45 a. m.; 2 to 4 and to 9 p. m.

SUFFERERS —FROM— RHEUMATISM!

WILL OBTAIN IMMEDIATE RELIEF BY USING

SCOTT'S CURE FOR

Rheumatism.

Try one bottle and be convinced that it is the best remedy known for Rheumatism.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John (West), N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

NEW BRUNSWICK TROTTING CIRCUIT, 1890.

Including the Tracks at St. Stephen, Fredericton, and St. John, Province of New Brunswick.

\$8,750 IN PURSES.

ST. STEPHEN, 10th & 11th Sept. ST. JOHN, 24th & 25th Sept. FREDERICTON, 17th & 18th " ST. JOHN, 29th & 30th Sept.

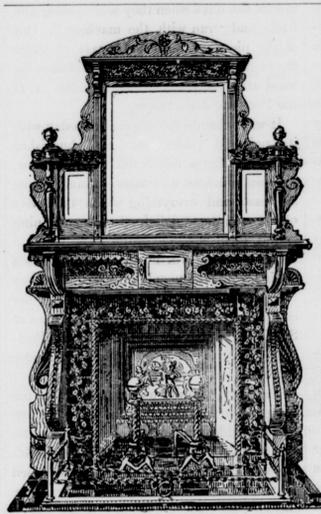
Table with 3 columns: ST. STEPHEN PARK, FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, MOOSEPATH PARK. Each column lists race details, purses, and dates.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THE Three Tracks herein mentioned, are conveniently situated for horsemen who may desire to attend these races. By THE NEW BRUNSWICK RY. From St. Stephen to Fredericton is 94 miles. Fredericton to St. John is 97 miles. St. John to St. Stephen is 117 miles.

GENERAL CONDITIONS.

ALL Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association, of which Association each Track here represented is a member. Five horses required to enter and three to start. A horse distancing the field will only be entitled to first money.



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, We invite you to come and see what we have to offer in the line of SLATE and WOOD MANTEL PIECES, TILES, GRATES, ANDIRONS, FENDERS, —AND— ARTISTIC OPEN Fire Place Fixtures.

EMERSON & FISHER, MANUFACTURERS, 75 to 79 Prince William Street.

CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We have just opened a line of Novelties in the way of thoroughly serviceable

TABLE CUTLERY, POCKET CUTLERY,

—AND— ELECTRO SILVER WARE.

We have some Elegant Sets for Presents, and lots to show in singles. We can suit your taste and your pocket, and satisfy you in quality, as we keep no trash.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - 13 and 15 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE,

94 KING STREET.

JUST RECEIVED: A NEW LOT OF Flower Stands and Vases,

in very pretty designs and colors. Just the thing for CRYSTAL WEDDING PRESENTS. Prices low as usual.

JUST RECEIVED —A FURTHER SUPPLY OF—

READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS,

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, in new and fashionable designs. Which will be sold at our usual low prices.

1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in TRUNKS and VALISES. Clothing made to order in our usual first-class style.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, . . . 51 Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.