

## Smile Whenever You Can.

When things don't go to suit you  
And the world seems upside down,  
Don't waste your time in fretting,  
But drive away that frown;  
Since life is oft perplexing,  
'Tis much the wisest plan  
To bear all trials bravely  
And smile whenever you can.

Why should you dread the morrow,  
And thus despoil to-day?  
For when you borrow trouble  
You always have to pay.  
It is a good old maxim,  
Which should be often preached—  
Don't cross the bridge before you  
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing  
If you would keep in mind  
The thought that good and evil  
Are always here combined.  
There must be something wanting,  
And though you roll in wealth  
You may miss from your casket  
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy  
You may have an empty purse  
(And earth has many trials  
Which I consider worse);  
But whether joy or sorrow  
Fill up your mortal span,  
'Twill make your pathway brighter  
To smile whenever you can.

—Selected.

## The Lost Opportunity.

"Come on, Dick, let's go to the prayer meeting, there's nothing else up to-night," called Harry Thompson to his friend.

"Yes, I'll go if you will," slowly answered Dick. So the two went their way to the little vestry where were gathered some twenty persons, for the weekly prayer meeting.

The subject for thought was "Behold now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." The minister being absent, Deacon Palmer led the meeting. After reading, prayer, singing, and a few remarks, he said he hoped all would bear some part in the meeting. One after another spoke, prayed or sang. Then Deacon Fay slowly rose and told with deep feeling how he longed to see souls coming to Christ, truly now was the accepted time, it might be the only time for some present, he was glad to see some of the youth there, then he offered a very fervent prayer for them and for a revival that many might be brought to bow low at the foot of the cross. There was a stillness in the little assembly and some felt that God was near.

After the meeting closed, Harry and Dick walked quietly toward their homes till Harry broke the silence, saying:

"Deacon Fay made a good prayer, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did. I think he must be a good man."

"I'm going to see him some day. I do believe there is something in his religion worth having."

"Oh, Harry," began Dick in a derisive tone, then suddenly stopped and finished his sentence by saying, "All right, go ahead if you want to, I don't think I'll go yet, but tell me all about it, won't you?"

"I'll see," answered Harry. "Good night," and the two separated for their homes.

The next day was a busy one for Harry, his thoughts were busy, too, and he did not forget his resolve made the previous evening. Toward night he had a leisure hour. Deacon Fay lived a mile from town. Harry was tired but he might not have another opportunity soon, so he decided to go at once.

As he drew near the yard where the deacon was at work his courage almost failed, he was strongly tempted to retrace his steps, but a voice within whispered, "Behold now is the time." He quickened his pace, entered the yard, then suddenly stopped to listen. What did he see and hear? It could not be!—Yes, surely that was Deacon Fay with his patient old Dobbin, what could be the trouble.

"Now back, you old torment!" he screamed. Old Dobbin backed but not quite right. "Whoa! go long!" and catching hold of the bridle the poor beast was jerked and pulled and—could it be? Yes, he saw him raise his heavy boot and give him a heavy kick. "Now back, you obstinate old cuss, or I'll give you something to remember!"

Harry waited no longer, he turned and as he went out of the yard he overheard two little voices among the piles of boards. One said:

"Oh, Minnie, I am so afraid my papa is not a Christian and will not go to Heaven, though he does say great long prayers and read the Bible so much; he does treat Dobbin so cruelly, he jerks him and talks so to him, when dear old Dobbin does the best he can; I know he does."

"He don't talk so to you, does he?" Asked Minnie.

"Why no, yes, he does scream at me and at mamma, too, sometimes, when things don't suit, but don't tell anybody, mamma says I must

not tell things and now I have, please don't tell."

"No, I won't." This was enough. Harry started homeward, saying to himself, "I don't think I'll ever go to that prayer meeting again. I'm afraid his prayers never'll do me any good."

Very sadly would the deacon have felt had he known of the precious opportunity lost, lost never to return, or even had he heard his little one's comment. We know not how many such opportunities he thus lost; we can only hope that Harry learned to look at the perfect one, even Jesus, for an example had not to frail mortal man even though he bear the Christian name. Can we be too careful lest we in our daily lives lose golden opportunities for sowing precious seed or lest we offend some of Christ's little ones.—*Christian Witness.*

## Are You Doing Your Part.

You have a part to do in life. Are you doing it. These elements which form your body have been brought together for a purpose. There is not one of the atoms which make up your material frame which could not be of use somewhere else in the universe. They have been wrought into flesh and blood, into muscle and nerve, for your use. They have been loaned to you. You hold them in trust. Are you making good use of them? Are you putting this borrowed capital to a better use than a dog or a horse would put it to? You are a human being, with a human soul and a human opportunity. Are you doing your part?

1. Are you doing your part just where you are? A man's first opportunity in life is in the sphere in which he is born. Nature launched him on the world. Others have come here before him. It is a poor little waif that does not find any other bark to take it in tow. The place for a human being to do its part is just in that place where nature has started it. As you are born for a part, be sure that a part is born for you. Begin where you find yourself. Your life has not merely been made to absorb it; it is made to radiate. You have a part to do and a part to be. What you do will depend somewhat on what you are, and what you are will depend somewhat on what you do. Are you doing your part in the very sphere in which you live?

2. Are you doing your part in the home? Are you making it brighter, more cheerful by your presence, or is your life there only a burden to others? Do you take up the duties which come to you, or is somebody else doing that which you ought to do yourself? Even if your home is filled with servants, there are little offices which you only can perform. The duties of the home cannot all be fulfilled by paid help at so many dollars a week. If you are not a hewer of wood and a bringer of water, you might open the alabaster box which fills the house with the perfume of love's precious ointment.

3. Are you doing your part at your daily work? Do you put your conscience into it, or is it simply empty service? There is hardly a store or factory in which there are not men who get others to earn their wages for them. They are dexterous in shirking. There are men who are paid for ten hour's work who practically work only eight. If they were paid for eight, they would contrive to work only six. They never give full measure.

4. Are you doing your part in the church? There is one part, at least, that you can fill. You can support it by your presence. It should be to you a source of inspiration. It is one of the channels through which you may work. It opens your life on its universal side. It blinds you with the past, and takes toll of your life for the future. Are you doing your part in the church to make it a live, active influence for humanity, or are you turning over the personal influence which belongs to you to the minister, the sexton, and the choir, content to pay your pew-rent two months after it is due?

5. Are you doing your part in the great work of humanity? Not, are you doing somebody's else part, but are you doing your own? Society is a great organism. The perfection of the whole depends on the perfection of the parts. Are you a hindrance, or are you a help, a blessing or a curse, to the world in which you live? Are you one of those whose self-indulgence adds to the world's sorrow, or are you doing something to lighten the world's pain?

Do you ask what your part is? Be sure, if you seek it, you will find it. The life that seeks some object of interest, labor, duty, love, outside of itself, can never fail to find it. To do your part is to live your part. There is no way in which your life can better be fulfilled than in doing the duties which throng around you.—*Christian Register.*

## Talented, But Lazy.

The town is full of talented girls who will never amount to anything because they are so well content with being simply talented. These girls will never be able to take a prominent place in any profession or circle in society because they lack the industry without which all the talent under the sun is not worth a copper groat. Talent is the unhewn block of marble; industry is the chisel that may convert it to the perfect statue. Talented girls, who are too lazy to accomplish anything except by inspiration, are often not only the victims of their own false idea that talent is better than a developed muscle, or trained mind, or methodical work, but of the ill-advised praise of relatives and friends. A smart girl wants encouragement, not merely praise. She wants that sort of encouragement that if she wills to work she can be and do anything that is great and noble and possible to human endeavor. Many a smart girl remains a slouch and a smatterer all her days because of the exaggerated ideas of her own ability—not capacity—she receives from those who should have known better.

A talented girl of eighteen can play the piano, but not well enough to keep the honest attention of a roomful of people. She can dabble in paints, but not well enough to make her pictures worth framing. She can write romance but none good enough for publication. These are her possibilities. They speak fairly well for her at eighteen, and friends predict a brilliant future for her. But at nineteen and twenty she neither plays nor paints nor writes any better than she did at eighteen. She has spent her days in idle, ambitious dreamings of what she would like to do. Her mind runs sluggishly; she is drunk with the stupor of laziness. She is an enormous reader of dime-novels, but finds even the magazines "too solemn" for her mind and taste. Victimized by home adulation, she has quit her piano-practicing, neglected her studies, abandoned her drawing-book, and she ends by doing nothing at all. Her mother has loved her too well to allow her to make a bed, sweep a room, keep up any routine of duties or studies, and the result is failure. Admiring friends fall off, sorry and disgusted. A lazy young woman is as unlovely a sight as a slovenly one. A girl of eighteen—a talented girl—needs at her elbow a mother or a guardian who shall unceasingly and earnestly inspire her with an ambition to take always and ever an upward step.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## Leavened By Tact.

There is a truth in the paradox that people should not always be as actively sympathetic and helpful as they possibly can; for there are cases in which the omission of a service may prove to be the truest kindness.

"Why don't you help her?" whispered a visitor to a young lady, indicating grandma who sat at a distance, laboriously trying to thread her needle.

"She doesn't like to have me," was the reply. "It makes her realize that her sight is going, and that troubles her. The only help I can give lies in putting threaded needles on her cushion when she is not looking, and she forgets to wonder how they came there."

Every one who has lived under the same roof with old ladies will remember that they differ amazingly on that very point; one is grateful for the love of young eyes, while another says, with almost hurt emphasis, "O no, thank you! I like to do it myself."

There is quite as great a difference between people in regard to their craving for discussion of their physical condition. Some have a horror of sympathetic inquiries, while others hear with melancholy gratification the remark that they are not looking as well as usual.

"Every third person has told me how tired I look!" exclaimed a hard-worked individual on coming home from a public assembly. "If they keep on I shall betake myself to a desert, out of the sight of man or woman. It is only another way of saying, 'How old and ugly you are growing!'"

And yet her mother had said, only a few minutes before, and with a smile of satisfaction illumining her face, "Mrs. Smith says that when she sees how lame I am she wonders I can get about the house as I do."

Sympathy unaccompanied by tact is almost valueless. It may still be golden, but a man knocked down by a mass of precious metal is quite as likely to be injured as if the missile had been lead or iron.

It is, of course, always better to err on the side of helpfulness than on that of neglect, but only constant study of the individual preferences of others can make our services perfectly acceptable to them.

It is necessary, in the exercise of the truest kindness, not only to

weep with those who weep, but to withdraw our attention from those who prefer to be left alone.—*Youth's Companion.*

## "Kissing Mother."

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face. Of course, it was not brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swelled face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world."

"And, then, the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years."

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked."

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast."

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—*From Eli Perkins' Book.*

## The Woman's Mission.

Our mission in life is to cheer, to help, to satisfy those whom we love. Our precious part is to make our little home-world so divine that those who live there shall go from it to their labor heartened for every conflict, cheered in all discouragement. To have little fingers clinging to our skirts, to go to market, to make and to mend, to look after Bridget and Gretchen, to sew on buttons, to tie cut fingers, to settle disputes, to care for a great many little things which make no show, are all in our day's work. This woman spends her strength in filling up chinks and fastening loose ends. That one had dreams in her girlhood of doing something great, but instead she is absorbed in a round of trifles. And yet, we must beware of calling anything petty, because the least things have their place, and only she who is faithful in the least is faithful in the greatest. Bearing the relations we do to the home and to society, our daily lives afford scope for much that is not trifling. To make the happiness of the young, to bring agreeable people together, to see that our houses are centres of delightful social life, are among the duties laid upon us as women. House-mother or daughter, maiden-aunt, or belle in the heyday of triumph, we women must face life's obligations and be ready to answer to our names. No man, all by himself, can make a home. Neither, all by himself, can he make society. At those golden portals woman forever waits, the bearer of the keys.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## RANDOM READINGS.

Better suffer wrong, than do wrong.

Pity sinners, and endeavor to reclaim them, rather than aggravate or publish their crimes.

Never forget that the Lord Jesus knows all you think of him, say about him, and do for him.

Frequent thoughts of death, judgment and eternity are very profitable and useful for many purposes.

A Christian grieves over sin, because it displeases God, dishonors the Saviour and grieves the Holy Ghost.

Sin prevents happiness, procures misery, and leads to disgrace; it is "the abominable thing" God hates.

The saints are sometimes allowed to fall into an affliction, to preserve them from falling in with a temptation.

## At 194 Queen St.

## SEASONABLE GOODS.

SLEIGH ROBES, AUSTRIAN LAP RUGS;  
ROBE LININGS, HORSE BLANKETS;  
GENTLEMEN'S FUR CAPS AND GLOVES;  
MUFFLERS, OVERSOCKS, etc.

## FRED. B. EDGECOMBE,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Agent for St. John Dye Works.

## W. H. Vanwart,

## NUTS, FRUITS &amp; CONFECTIONERY

PEARS, GRAPES, QUINCES, C. C. CRANBERRIES,  
APPLES, ORANGES, LEMONS, etc., etc.

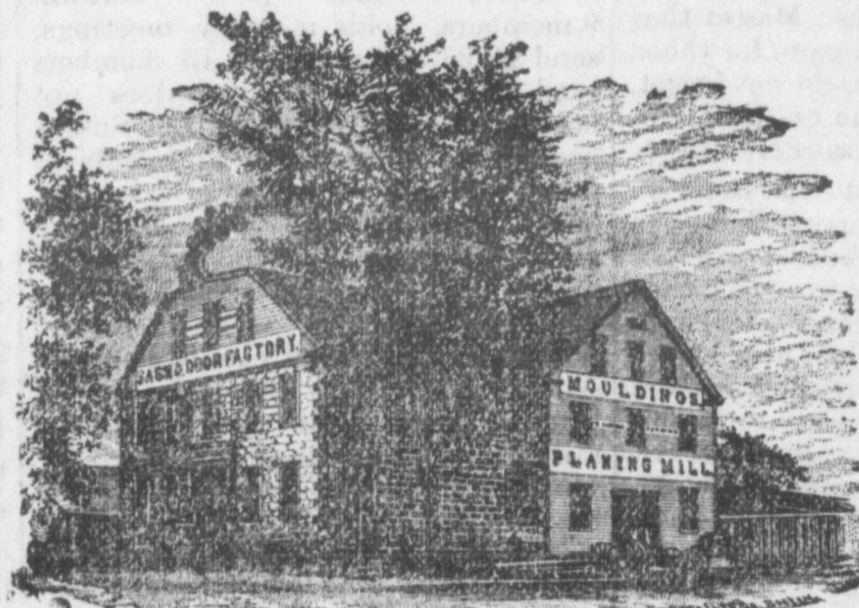
NUTS in FILBERTS, CASTINAS, ALMONDS,  
WALNUTS, PEA NUTS, CHESTNUTS.

Confectionery in variety, always fresh. Will bear inspection.

Christie, Brown & Co.'s Celebrated Biscuits.

Ginger Nuts, Ginger Bread, Graham Wafers, Snow Flake, Oat Meal, Honey Bar, Victoria Snaps, Sultana and Milk and Oyster Biscuits, with a full line of GROCERIES, cheap for cash.

W. H. VANWART, FREDERICTON, N. B.



## DOORS,

## SASHES

## BLINDS

—AND—

## MOULDINGS.

## FOR BUILDING PURPOSES,

Always on hand, or made to order, from kilndried stock. Flooring Sheathing, Clapboards, Stair Stock, &c., &c. Also,

## FURNITURE BEDROOM SUITS, &amp;C., &amp;C.

OFFICE FURNITURE, &amp;c., ON HAND.

All of the above will be sold LOW for cash or approved payments.

## J. C. RISTEEN &amp; CO.

No. 2 Queen Street.

## Sun Life Assurance Company.

## HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872	\$48,210.93	\$546,461.95	\$1,076,350.00
1873	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1876	77,000.00	715,944.64	2,214,093.00
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.43
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	5,881,478.14
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	8,849,889.19
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	8,844,404.04
1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886	373,600.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07

## The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN, PRESIDENT.

R. MACAULAY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

## J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

## FIRE &amp; LIFE INSURANCE!

Old and Most Reliable English and American Companies,

Representing in capital and assets upwards of

—\$200,000,000.00,—

(Two Hundred Million Dollars).

ALL KINDS OF PROPERTY INSURED.

LOW RATES. — Losses promptly paid.

BL CK & HAZEN, Agents.

Fredericton, N. B.

MONEY TO LOAN on Real Estate in sums to suit, at a low rate interest.

BLACK & HAZEN, Barristers.

Office—Opposite Post Office, Fredericton.