

Good Advice.

When the weather is wet
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not shiver;
When the weather is warm,
We must not burn;
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

—Selected.

THE YOUNG LAIRD.

A Story of the Shetland Isles.

CHAPTER I.

A light hand tapped on the study door, and a girl's voice asked, "May I come in, Padre?"

The minister laid down his book instantly, and a smile lightened his somewhat sad face as he answered, "Certainly, my lass, come in."

The girl advanced into the room, though not so confidently as usual;

but the minister was not aware of a shy, half-frightened expression in his Jean's serene eyes—a look altogether new to her.

She was his only daughter, and the eldest of his family. For some years she had been obliged to take a mother's place in the Manse, and that had added a dignity to her demeanour which became her well.

Jean was never "one too many" in the study, and, however much occupied her father might be, he soon made himself ready to give her his whole attention. She knew very well how much of his heart was hers, and always went to him with the utmost confidence, knowing that her joys and sorrows were sure to meet with the deepest sympathy.

However, on the occasion upon which I introduce Jean to you, her usual assurance was somehow at fault, and she showed it by timidly seating herself on the hearth-rug at her father's feet, instead of perching, after her usual method, on his knee or the arm of his chair.

Mr. Morham closed his book, perhaps a little glad to exchange the profound thoughts of his favourite divine for lighter and sweeter communion! His hand dropped tenderly on Jean's hair, and he said, "Well, daughter mine, have you got all your boys to bed, and do you feel your responsibilities lightened a bit in consequence?"

She laid a hot cheek on his hand and answered softly, "All my little boys are at peace until to-morrow, and Jim is safe for an hour or two with his new fiddle. But I don't know when Lowrie will return from the fishing—he is a most uncertain youth, Padre. And then—there's that—that big boy Don. He—he has only just gone home and—he is a—dreadful responsibility."

"Only just gone home! I said good-night to him two hours ago."

"Yes, Padre, and I suppose he meant to go then, but I chanced to be in the garden, and he came there. It is rather dull at the Ha' now that dear Mrs. Grierson is no longer there—and so he—and so Don stayed longer, Padre."

"Poor lad! no doubt he feels lonely enough in the big house all by himself. Ah! what a good grumpy the lady was to him. I only hope Don will guide himself as ably as she guided him; but I fear, I fear!"

"Oh, I don't think you need fear for Don," Jean said eagerly. "He is not an idle boy, whatever else he may be, and he has such heaps of plans made for improving the cottages and helping the fishermen. He is going to start a Working Men's Library, and he showed me a beautiful poem he has written, which he means to recite at the next Penny Reading. Indeed, Padre, I think your boy Don is going to be your right hand, after all."

I wish his plans for improving Barda generally would begin nearer home, Jean," replied the minister with a smile and then a sigh.

"What can be improved in Don?" she asked, adding, "I haven't seen anything that I would like changed in him except, perhaps, that dandy way he has of dividing his hair down the middle of his forehead. I don't like that. He got it in London when he was last there. I observe Don always brings some little bit of nonsense back with him from mighty Babylon."

"Yes; he brought something worse than 'parted curls' home last summer. Something worse than 'nonsense,' foolish boy."

Jean glanced up anxiously, and asked in a whisper, "What was that? how is it that I have not seen it?"

"I hope you never will, daughter mine. Tell me about the plans, and the poem."

"There isn't anything more to tell about them, Padre, though we did talk over heaps of things about Barda and the tenants, and the Ha' and you, dear, and the boys, and—and ourselves."

"Was all this talking done after I bade Don good-night at the gate?"

"Yes." The little word was spoken very softly, very falteringly; but the minister was obtuse for once, and merely said—

"What an inconsiderate boy he is, to be sure! And did he really keep you out of doors all that time

in your present dress? A heavy dew falling, too. Really, Don is very thoughtless."

"He gave me his plaid. I did not feel cold—and the—the time didn't seem long. I—we—had so much to—to confess to each other, Padre."

"Eh? What, Jean?" and the minister suddenly stooped over the head drooping at his knee. He strove to look into his girl's face, for the tone of her voice as well as her last words had revealed something totally unexpected; but Jean drew his hands across her eyes, and would not look up.

Neither spoke for a minute. Mr. Morham was taken completely by surprise, and Jean did not yet know how she could tell what she wished to say. Presently her father spoke very tenderly.

"My lassie, if your mother had been alive there would have been some one at hand to watch over you and guide you, and warn you to keep guard over your own heart."

Jean lifted her face quickly at these words, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered:

"Oh, you are father and mother both. And I came to tell you what—perhaps mother would have guessed at once, but what no one can speak better to me about than you. I want to tell you at once, Padre, that Don—your boy Don—and you like him though he is such a big foolish boy—has asked me to be his wife!"

"Jean, my little lass!" was all Mr. Morham could say, but he drew his daughter to his heart, and she knew that his whole soul went out to her in that silent caress.

There was a long pause, and then Mr. Morham said:

"I don't need to ask what you said to Don, my dear; I know what your answer was. I ought to have remembered that you two could not be bairns always, and were likely to become lovers. And yet, the thought of such a thing never crossed my mind. What a blind, blundering old bat I am!"

Jean glanced at her father a little uneasily, and murmured:

"You like Don very much, I know, and you think he is clever and good. Is not that enough?"

The minister sighed, and shook his head.

"Yes, I love the boy as if he were my own," he said. "His father was my friend, and Don has been like a son to me. I have educated him, and watched him grow into the bonny man he is. Yes, man! not boy any more. Alas!"

"Are you not pleased? Oh, Padre, we thought you would be so glad."

"I could wish that this had not been," the father answered gravely. "Why?" Jean exclaimed in alarm; why should you wish that we had not learned to love each other so? Surely you will tell me."

"Not just now, my lass, I must talk to Don first."

Jean's lips trembled and she falteringly asked, "Do you withhold your consent then, Padre?"

"Oh no! don't look so frightened, I cannot prevent your engagement, for your hearts are bound already. I have blindly allowed you every facility for growing attached to each other, and therefore I dare not oppose you now. And but for one reason I could not have wished anything better for both. Well! well! I'll speak to Don and see what can be done."

"But, Padre, I came to ask your blessing. I thought you would share my joy. Oh, I was so happy, and a little cloud has come over my gladness."

"Pray that the cloud may disappear soon. And Jean, darling, I can bless you notwithstanding the regret in my mind. I can bless you and Don together."

"Then it will be all right," it must come all right if you can say, 'God bless my bairns!' Say it, you good old Padre. God bless my bairns, Don and Jean."

"Don and Jean," echoed the minister.

"Yes. Don and Jean! Don't they sound right together?"

"Perhaps. It is a new combination, lassie, and I don't quite take to it yet! But you know I sympathize with you, and I shall pray earnestly that Don may soon remove the one difficulty which lies ahead. I need not remind you to pray for him too. I wish he did it for himself."

Jean laid her face pleadingly on her father's and whispered, "He is a good boy, Padre, though he does not talk much of religion and all that. I am sure he wants to do right and please God."

"He has yet to be tried, my dear. But we will not say more about it just now."

"Good-night," said Jean. "I shall have happy dreams to-night in spite of the little cloud."

The minister smiled, but when she had gone he murmured sadly to himself,

"Ye to be tried. Ah! I fear, I fear, and found wanting. My poor little Jean!"

(To be continued)

The Soul's Cry And The Saviour's Answer.

Lord be thoury helper.—Psalm xxx. 10
Fear not, I will help thee.—Isaiah xli. 13.

O, Lord I am in trouble.—Psalm xxxi. 9
Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee.—Psalm i. 15.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.—Psalm li. 2
I will: Be thou clean.—Matt. viii. 3

Keep the door of thy lips.—Psalm xli. 3
I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.—Exiv. 12

God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13.
Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. i. 15

What must I do to be saved?—Acts xvi. 30.
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.—Acts xvi. 31.

Oh that I knew where I might find him.—Job xxiii. 3.
Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart.—Jeremiah xxix. 13.

Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee?—Job xl. 4.
Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.—Isaiah i. 18.

Create in me a clean heart, O God.—Psalm li. 10.
A new heart also will I give you.—Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.

I am weary with my groaning.—Psalm vi. 6.
Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee.—Psalm lxxv. 22

Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.—Psalm xxvii. 9.
I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.—Heb. xiii. 5.

Who is sufficient for these things?—2 Cor. ii. 16.
My grace is sufficient for thee.—2 Cor. xii. 9.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.—Psalm xlii. 2.
Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.—Psalm cxxx. 6.
They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isaiah xl. 30.

The terrors of death are fallen upon me.—Psalm lv. 4.
He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live.—John xi. 25.

Come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.
Surely I come quickly.—Rev. xxii. 20.

Silent People as Misjudged by the Noisy.

When a number of good-humored people are setting out, bright and early in the morning, on some exhilarating expedition, it is pleasant to notice how lively and expansive they are. For the first hour they talk all at once, laughing their words rather than speaking them. But as the forenoon goes on, one after another drops gradually into comparative quiet and silence. It is not that they have ceased to enjoy the excursion and each other, but the first effervescence of the uncorked animal spirits of the morning has spent itself.

In a similar fashion, as we get on in life past the period of obstreperous youth we incline to talk less and write less, especially on the topics which we have most at heart. The younger people notice this, and think it is because we are growing lukewarm on these matters. They deplore us, among themselves, as being "lost leaders," or lost followers, of this and the other fine cause. But they do not understand. The thought is deeper and stronger in us now, perhaps, than when it was visible at the surface and made more noise. We are beginning to realize the uselessness of perpetually talking, that is all. If there is a thing to be said, we prefer to wait and say it only when and where it will hit something or somebody.

Moreover, if the youngsters will observe us a little, they may see that we say a number of things—and pretty forcibly, too—by simply taking them for granted. They might follow us around, A and B and C, and a half dozen more of us elders, and listen to our talk for a whole week without ever hearing from us a single argument or exhortation on the subject, say, of the Intellectual Rights of women, or the Rascality of Thick-and-Thin partisans, or the Curse of the Ignorant Vote. But they would soon notice that what we quietly take for granted in our talk would furnish a number of tolerably strong creeds or platforms. They might come to the conclusion, too, that this quiet taking of certain things for granted by sensible and vigorous men and women is not to be despised, as a working-force, in comparison with whole parliaments full of vociferous chatter.—February Atlantic.

A deformed body is a sad sight, I know; but who shall paint the frightful portrait of a deformed soul? We think but little of it in this world, where things visible so much engross us; but it is none the less true that the screen of a material form delivers us from the hideous spectacle which many an undisguised soul would present.—Frances E. Willard.

"BUT GOD CAN BLESS TEARS."

In a meeting which was pervaded by the Holy Spirit, and while testimony to his work a personal experience was given, a man afflicted with stammering arose, with eyes suffused and hesitating speech tremulous with emotion; and said: "You know that I can not talk, but God can bless tears," and sat down. It is doubtful whether any utterance of the hour made a deeper impression than those few words from an overflowing heart.

Yes, "God can bless tears." We recollect a bright and skeptical young man who had defended his unbelief in argument with his mother, as he thought, successfully; but when she ceased, and with a flood of tears, exclaimed, "Oh, my son, you are an infidel!" he turned away to weep also, and soon after was rejoicing in her Saviour.

In the house of God, where his power was felt, a gay, and thoughtless youth, who, according to his purpose, had diverted his attention with worldly scenes and plans, during the service looked up to the choir, when singing the last hymn, and saw the tears flowing from the uplifted eyes of a devoted young lady who was a member of it. He was smitten under deep conviction, which only left him with his consecration to Christ. "God can bless tears." The Spirit declared it in the assurance, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Congregationalist.

Harmony At Home.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it.

2. Every person in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we must not expect too much.

3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.

5. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

6. Observe when others are suffering and drop a word of kindness.

7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.

8. Take a cheerful view of every thing, and encourage hope.

9. Speak kindly to dependents and servants, and praise them when you can.

10. In all little pleasures which may occur, put self last.

11. Try for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.—Congregationalist.

Pure Heart Makes Pure Speech.

The true way to make pure and wholesome our own share in the ceaseless tide of words which is forever flowing around us, is to strive to make pure and wholesome the heart within. "Keep thy heart," says the wise man—"keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." If once our hearts have been trained to care very deeply for what is best and purest in life, for what is beautiful and true in thought, our heartiest mirth, our freest jest, or hasty words, will not be those of men and women who are indifferent, who care nothing for noble living, nothing for a Christian life, nothing for a Christian spirit.—Dean Bradley.

No human word can express the whole of human love or the burden of human sorrow. What then? Shall man be like the caged eagle that beats out its brains on the bars of its cage? Ah, no! He can go into the closet and speak to God. If he can not express all his feelings there, there are groanings which can not be uttered which God hears. God is felt after.—B. M. Palmer.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with that no one found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely.

Dr. Guthrie beautifully remarks: "Give me these links: First, sense of need; second, desire to get; third, belief that God has in store; fourth, belief that, though he withholds awhile, he loves to be asked; and fifth, belief that asking will obtain. Give these links, and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing heaven, all down to me, or bearing me up into heaven."

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go around and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than nature directs.

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