

Giving is Growth.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

"Give us your smiles!" cry the flowers
To the child who, with pattering feet,
Finds that chasing the airy hours
Leads only to what is sweet.

When the child is merged in the maiden,
Blushing among the flowers,
The sky is wondrously laden
With woven sunlight and showers.

"Give me your love!" the lover sighs,
Sad in his ardor's sway;
And joyously, pitying eyes with eyes,
She glances her years away.

"But now your life," the unseen world
Calls in strong wind and woe,
"Give me like scattered sea-drift, whirled
Upon the death-tide's flow!"

Here are no flowers, yet she smiles;
For a true woman knoweth
That joy of receiving but beguiles,
And giving away is growth.

—S. S. Times.

God's Argument.

I was down to Detroit doing some shopping and went up to my old school-mate's, Mrs. Frank Benton, to spend the night. Jennie and I have always kept warm our school-girl friendship and I seldom go to the city without calling

easy, happy, wholehearted that I enjoy visiting there are many questions we differ. I am always when I talk with her and possibilities of doing great good if we wake up and use

going to vote for the I asked, as we had the tea table.

hardly," he replied, as a little Willie's napkin.

Now Kit, don't begin politics," said Jennie. "If you and Frank get started you won't stop to-night, and I want to have a good visit with you."

"I would vote for it," he exclaimed, "if I thought it would do any good, but we can't pass it, and if we did it would do no good. They would sell liquor just the same, and we might as well have the tax."

"Why then, Frank, are the saloon men spending so much money and working so hard to prevent the bill's passing, if they can sell it just the same? You might as well say that there was no use in having a law against murder because people would murder any way, and we might as well have the tax money!"

"Have some more toast!" he said, with a provoking, polite smile. "They have a prohibition law in Maine," he resumed after a pause, "but they sell liquor there still."

"They don't sell it there any more in elegant, attractive saloons right on the principal streets where young men have to pass them every hour," I said. "It is only sold in out-of-the-way places where young men would not care to go unless they were already drunkards, and that is the way you may want it sold in this State when your son is grown."

"I am not afraid of him," he said, looking tenderly at Willie. "The taxes would be so high that we couldn't live in the city if it wasn't for the liquor tax."

"Frank Benton," I said, laying down my knife and fork, "all the tax that has ever been paid in this city wouldn't pay for the ruined body and soul of one young man; all the tax that has ever been paid in the universe couldn't pay it if it were your son."

The polite, good-natured smile left his face for a moment. "You are getting excited, Kit," he said. "Jennie, pass her the cake. She is eating no supper."

"Your little Louise may live to become a wife and mother," I continued. "She may need protection and care, long after your strong right arm has crumbled to dust. I hope her heart will never be wrung by this curse that you could help put down to-day."

"I hope not," said Jennie, looking toward the cradle.

Frank went on to explain a great deal to me about past laws and present politics that I did not understand. After we left the table the subject was not again mentioned, but up in the pretty parlor that night, I played very earnestly for Mr. Benton. I knew that he owned a fine property in the city, and that the fear of a heavy tax had helped to shape his views about the Amendment more than he realized. The human heart is so deceitful!

"You had better quit teaching and take the lecture field," he said, with a comical smile, as I waited for the car the next morning.

"I feel sorry for you, Frank," I said, looking soberly at him.

He laughed heartily, carried my satchel to the car, and bade me a kind good morning. He went back to the porch still smiling. I saw him go through a handful of light snow and throw playfully at Jennie, and arm in arm they entered the house.

Three weeks later I stood in my friend's front parlor. Frank's

mother was there putting some flowers into the still, cold hands of little Willie. In the room above I could hear the slow tread of footsteps backwards and forwards.

"I can't understand," I murmured, "how a druggist could make such a mistake."

"It all comes of that awful curse," she groaned. "You see he was an experienced clerk that Mr. Smith had the greatest confidence in, but lately he had begun to go to that corner saloon with the boys, and Smith had not found it out. He was intoxicated when he put up the prescription. Mary thought he acted queer, but did not think to tell Jennie until after they had given Willie the medicine."

"Oh, my Saviour, help us!" I sobbed, as the hot tears fell on the damp curls of my favorite; "Aunt Kittie" he had always called me.

The walking overhead ceased, and presently Frank entered. His face was as white as Willie's, it seemed to me. We withdrew and he knelt by his son. A long, long time he remained there, and the wicked old world is already feeling the effects of that solemn hour's communion with God and the dead.

We were sitting by the fire that evening, after Willie was laid away. Mr. Benton was very quiet, and looking so stern and manly that for the first time in my life I was afraid of him. Jennie could not be comforted.

"I would rather he would be where he is, dear," said good Mrs. Benton, "than to have had him grow up and be brought home to you as Johnnie Moore was to his mother to-day."

"Amen!" said Frank, fervently. He came and stood by Jennie. He looked an inch taller to me than he had before. "God has given us a hard lesson to learn, love," he said.

"It seems as if we might have learned it in some easier way," she sobbed.

"I think that you could," he said, "but my eyes were terribly blinded. Perhaps my boy is safer to-night than he would have been with such a selfish, worldly father as I was to protect him."

"Oh, Frank, how can you talk that way when you have always been so kind?" she cried.

"I have been kind to you," he said, "but I have not been just to other women and children. I have taught you to believe just as I did, and you have loved me so well that you have often followed me instead of the Saviour to whom you were so loyal when I first learned to admire you. I don't amount to much," he said humbly; "but what little manhood and energy I have to spare shall be used in fighting this curse that has robbed me of my boy."

Jennie grew quiet. I think she saw the silver lining. It is marvelous what a difference the fear of God will make in the whole appearance and character of a man.

In the spare room I asked the Saviour how much He had to do with the things that happen in this world. In eternity I may receive my answer.

Rev. Joseph Parker's Aphorism

SELECTED FROM HIS "PEOPLE'S BIBLE"

Go into your yesterdays to find God.

No man can live healthily on dreams.

There is more devil in some men than divinity.

Sorrow, rightly accepted, refines the god of life.

God holds inquests upon the moral condition of cities.

Let your intellect and your conscience go together.

In the meanest of us there is a soul meant for heaven.

Life without a religious interpretation is a pitiful tragedy.

Some of us have a very skillful way of concealing our religion.

We shall see things from God's own standpoint at the judgment day.

We cannot put our arms around the horizon; we are under seven feet at the most.

You cannot apologize for a lie! Your lie will go where your apology can never follow it.

The sin-er has but twelve hours in the day—judgment has twenty-four; it overtakes us in the dark.

There is only one book in the world which can prove the inspiration of the Bible, and that is the Bible itself.

Some people do not believe in dramas, not knowing that all life is an involved, ever-moving, over-evolving drama.

God will read the life-chapter at last, and in the reading of it he will divide the universe of humanity into heaven and hell.

We have a short Bible because we have a short life. We have a fragmentary Bible because we have a fragmentary human story.

There are some people who do not like religion because it is so mysterious, not knowing that their

own life is a constantly progressing mystery.

We must bear the reproach of believing in a heaven; we cannot consent to wither under the desolating negativism which deprives us of immortality.

The Bible is my own biography; I seem to have read it in some other world. We are old friends; the breathing of eternity is in us both, and we have happened together on this rough shore of time.

What is the universe?... Its order is sensitive; let but a pin or a loop in all the mechanism get out of place, and creation would shudder as if in pain. Behold the blessed, peaceful unity—no atom out of course, no dew-drop in excess, no shaft of light too luminous, no grass-blade omitted from the great audit, not a sparrow falling without record; the very hairs of our heads all numbered!—*Christian Guardian*.

whose Fault is it?

If we are unlovely, whose fault is it if our children are unlovely and unloved?

If we acknowledge not the one true and living God, whose fault is it if our children grow up idolaters?

If we use profane language, whose fault is it if our offspring unstintingly indulge in profanity as their second nature?

If we remember not the Sabbath day to keep it holy, whose fault is it that our children grow up inveterate Sabbath-breakers?

If we obey not God's law, and have no respect for the admonitions of our earthly parents, whose fault is it if our children delight in disobedience?

If we are cruel, and stay not our hand when tempted to put an end to some creature's life, whose fault is it if our children grow to be murderers, even in a small way?

If we resist not the temptation of making ourselves the possessors of another's property, whose fault is it if our children become thieves?

If we adhere not unto the truth, whose fault is it if our little ones speak falsely?

If we ever rule in our homes with an iron rule, whose fault is it if our children hasten to deceive us?

If we allow our children to have everything for which they ask, whether for their good or otherwise, whose fault is it if they manifest a desire for everything they see or hear about?

If a husband cherisheth not his wife, and is loud in the disapproval of her defects, whose fault is it if their children believe their mother unworthy of respect, and act accordingly?

If a wife honoreth not her husband, whose fault is it if their children listen not unto their father's counsel?

If a mother sayeth, "Thy father is a fool!" whose fault is it if the children tell him so?

If one parent setteth a bad example for the children to follow, can it be always possible for the other to counteract that influence and pronounce the children free from its taint?

Let us, then, keep a strict watch as to what our example shall be unto the dear souls lent us from the Lord.—*Mrs. C. W. Scott.*

Random Reading.

Satan always rocks the cradle when we sleep at our devotions.—*Bishop Hall.*

If you desire to be crowned, strive manfully, bear patiently.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

If you cast away one cross you will doubtless find another and perhaps a heavier one.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Divine confidence can swim upon those seas which feeble reason cannot fathom.—*W. Seeker.*

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—*Geikie.*

Life will soon be done. Be not weary or disheartened. What are a few years of toil in prospect of the eternal rest?—*Bonar.*

Some things you may have without seeking, some you may seek and find; but there are things, and those you most need, that you will never find without seeking.—*M. Hopkins.*

They do not really suffer defeat who make their submission to God; they who, while opposing Him, seem to conquer, can win but a perilous and short-lived victory.—*Canon Liddon.*

Cold prayers are like arrows without heads, swords without edges, birds without wings; they pierce not, they cut not, they fly not up to heaven. Those prayers that have no heavenly fire in them always freeze before they reach as high as heaven; but fervent prayer is very prevalent with God.—*Spurgeon.*

The Church of Christ, which is partly militant and partly triumphant, resembles a city built on both sides of the river; there is but the stream of death between grace and glory.—*A. M. Toplady.*

The admission of a fact, however sublime, is not faith: we may believe that Christ is risen, yet not be nearer heaven. It is not belief about the Christ, but personal trust in the Christ of God, that saves the soul.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The two worlds of faith and unbelief are close to the soul of man. When he is in the dark, gleams from the light will shoot in to allure him, and when he is in the light, vapors from the dark will roll in to perplex and tempt him.—*Rev. John Kerr.*

What would be wanting to make this world a kingdom of heaven, if that tender, profound and sympathizing love practised and recommended by Jesus were paramount in every heart? Then the loftiest and most glorious idea of human society would be realized.—*Krummacker.*

Christ is a tried foundation. He has been tried by God and by devils; by many who are now in glory, and by others who are on the way there, and He has never failed. All the stones founded on Him become living stones, and they are all cemented together by the blood of Jesus.—*Guthrie.*

Sixteen Business Maxims.

1. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride.

2. Persevere against discouragement.

3. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.

4. Keep your temper even where there is great provocation to anger.

5. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.

6. Never be in a hurry, though judicious haste is often highly commendable.

7. Rise early, and be an economist of time.

8. Practice strict temperance, which as it relates to strong drink, is total abstinence.

9. Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.

10. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak.

11. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

12. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.

13. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

14. Never assume any responsibility inconsistent with duty.

15. Always remember that honesty is not only the best policy, but that it is the only policy consistent with right and honor.

16. In all your transactions remember the final account.

Home Hints.

CREAM CHIPPED BEEF.—Shave beef very thin, freshen by placing in cold water and bringing to a scalding heat, pour down water, add a piece of butter washed free from salt, a little pepper, let fry a few minutes, then add one-half teacup of sweet cream in which you have stirred one teaspoonful of corn starch. Simmer five minutes and serve very hot.

LEMON PIE.—Grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of flour or corn starch, yolks of three eggs, one cup of sweet milk; save out the whites of eggs for the top; mix well, pour into the crust and bake; when nearly done, beat up whites of eggs with a tablespoonful of sugar, spread over the pie, return to oven till a nice light brown. Be careful not to leave the seed of the lemon in, as this will make your pie bitter.

BOILED TURKEY.—When it is trussed, boil it breast downward for about an hour and a half, or longer if it is large or old. It is much better flavored if it is boiled in the stock pot rather than in plain water; but in any case a few vegetables should be added, some spice, herb and a little salt. If it is to be eaten cold, it should be slightly undercooked, and then left to get cold in the saucepan, as by this means it cannot drain and become dry. The water should boil when it first goes in, and simmer afterwards.

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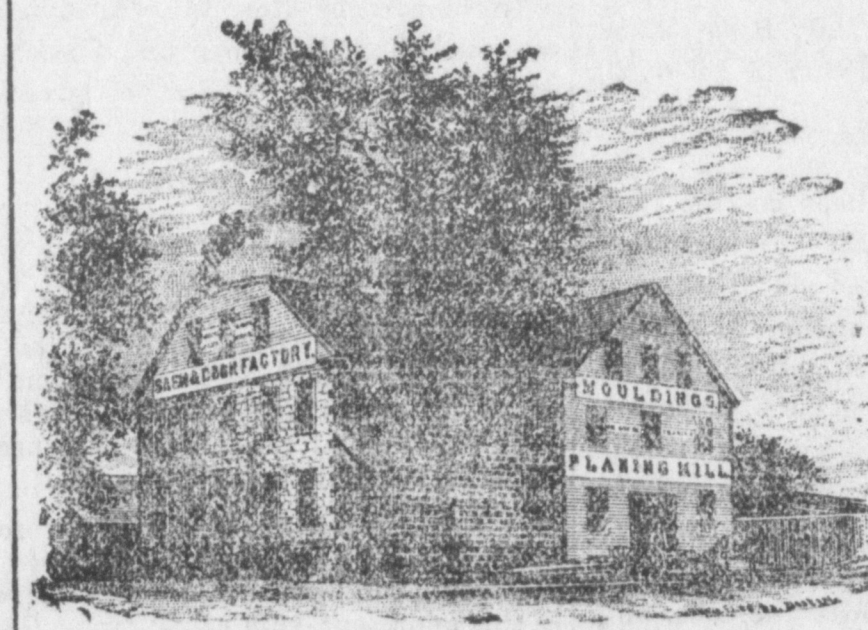
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