

## Sunlight in the Heart.

There is sunlight on the hill-top,  
There is sunlight on the sea,  
And the golden beams are sleeping  
On the soft and verdant lea;  
But a richer light is filling  
All the chambers of my heart,  
For thou art there, my Saviour,  
And 'tis sunlight where thou art.

Thou hast whispered thy forgiveness  
In the secret of my soul;  
"Be of good comfort, daughter,  
For I have made thee whole."  
The "fowler's snare is broken,"  
And loosed my captive wing;  
And shall the bird be silent  
Which thou hast taught to sing?

O ye who sit in darkness,  
Ever mourning for your sin,  
Open the windows of your soul,  
Let the warm sunlight in—  
Every ray was purchased for you  
By the matchless love of One  
Who suffered in the shadow,  
That you might see the sun.

Lord Jesus, thou hast bought me,  
And my life, my all, is thine;  
Let the lamp thy love has lighted  
To thy love and glory shine;  
A beacon 'mid the darkness,  
Pointing upward where thou art;  
The smile of whose forgiveness  
Is the sunlight of the heart.

## The Reading of the Young.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(His last contribution to the press.)

I do not like to sow the seeds of suspicion in the minds of parents about their children but there are thousands and thousands of parents in our great cities who think, who know that their children "never lie," and yet their tongue is like a bended bow. They think their children never drink; but there is not a fashionable saloon within a mile of their homes that the boys are not familiar with. They think their children never do unvirtuous things, and yet they reek with unvirtue. There are many young men who, when they return to their father's houses, are supposed to have been making visits to this or that person; it is a mere guise.

The practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement, may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger; but I think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be at home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things, that it is best that you should do for your children, though you would not do them for yourselves; but they ought not to go anywhere at night to see the sights, or to take pleasure, unless you can go with them, until they grow to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness of night is bad, and only bad, and that continually.

Do not suppose that a child is hurt only when he is broken down. I have quite a taste in china cups and such things. I like a beautiful cup, and I have noticed that when the handle gets knocked off from a cup of mine, that cup is spoiled for me. When I look at it afterward I never see the beauty, but always see the broken handle. If I have a beautiful mirror, and it is cracked, it may still answer all the purposes that I want a mirror for, to reveal my beauty, but nevertheless it is spoiled for my eye. There is that crack, and when I look into the glass I never see a self half so much as I see the crack. Its perfection is gone. In the matter of beauty a speck or a blemish is more than all besides, and takes away the pleasure of all besides. And it does not require that a child should be broken down to be made useless by his exposures to temptation. I aver that there are many things which no man can learn without being damaged by them all his life long. There are many thoughts which ought never to find a passage through a man's brain. As an eel, if he were to wriggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of.

There are the minions of Satan that go around with hidden pictures and books under the lapels of their coats, showing them to the young, with glazing, lustful, hideous, infernal scenes represented, which once to have seen is to remember.

I can say these things when some others could not, because I am known as a friend of liberty and a friend of pleasure. I rebuke the young who would turn monks. I do not believe in melancholy. I believe in gaiety and joyousness. And I believe that the closer a man keeps to the laws of nature the happier he will be, and ought to be. Therefore, being on the side of liberty

though not on the side of license—being on the side of wholesome, manly pleasures, and freedom in the indulgence of them—I have authority to say, when you perfect nature in this way it is utterly wicked and utterly abominable.

There is another application which, although partial, is of great range and of supreme importance, addressing itself to doctors, to guardians, and to parents chiefly. I refer to the practice of allowing children to go out at night into the streets, if in cities; or, if in the country, allowing children to find their companions at night, and their pleasures at night, away from parental inspection. If I wanted to make the destruction of a child sure, I would give him unwatched liberty after dark. You can not do a thing that will be so nearly a guarantee of a child's damnation as to let him have the liberty of the streets at night.

I do not believe in bringing up the young to know life, as it is said. I should just as soon think of bringing up a child by cutting some of the cords of his body and lacerating his nerves and scarring and tattooing him and making an Indian of him outright as an element of beauty, as I should think of developing his manhood by bringing him up to see life—to see its abominable lusts, to see its hideous incarnation of wit to see its infernal wickedness, to see its extravagant and degrading scenes, to see its miserable carnalities, to see its imaginations set on fire of hell, to see all those temptations and delusions, which lead to perdition. Nobody gets over the sight of these things. They who see them always carry scars. They are burned. And though they live, they live as men that have been burned. The scar remains. And to let the young go out where the glazing courtesan appears, to let them go where the lustful frequenter of dens of iniquity can come within their reach, to let them go where the young gather together to cheer with bad wit, to let them go where they will be exposed to such temptations—why, a parent is insane that will do it. To say, "A child must be hardened, he has got to go through somehow, and you may as well put him in the vat and let him tan"—is that family education? Is that Christian nurture? Is that bringing a child up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

## The Battle of Life.

Half the battle of life consists in keeping up a cheerful spirit. When depression comes, and the clouds; when the spirit is loaded with deadening pain, all work becomes a drudgery, and life is a burden and difficulty. Whatever is done is carried on under compulsion, with a wish that it could be avoided, and a feeling of pleasure—if so mournful a kind of congratulation can be called a pleasure—that it is at last completed. And even if—because there is will power enough to drive it along and favorable circumstances to make it—successful, it will afford but little satisfaction, for the spirit will be loaded with forebodings, and the mind be full of the prophecies of coming evil. If any good work be well done it must be amidst buoyancy and hope. With this experience, no matter how hard the task may be, or how unpromising, there will be energy given to it and that facility of skill and tact that, unless the hindrances are invincible, will carry it through to a good end. Our religious work very often lags and falls, not because we are not earnest in it—perhaps we extend unnecessary labor on it—but because it is done under a cloud. Hope is wanting. There is no enthusiasm—no spring and eager on-looking and vision of inevitable accomplishment. But if the heart be right it will be able to go cheerfully through any experience and also bear its disappointments, rejoice in its tribulations, and not only believe, but know that God makes all things work together for good to those who love him. It is not possible—not for all of us—all the time. Moods are many, and we are liable to fall into the dull ones betimes; but it ought to be a part of our Christian effort to drive away the clouds, if possible, and turn to the beautiful and inspiring light.—United Presbyterian.

## Happiness A Habit.

Every permanent state of mind is largely the effect of habit. Just as we can perform an action so continually that it comes to be habits of thinking and even of feeling. Every thoughtful parent or teacher recognizes this in the training of youth. The child constantly thwarted or scolded or ridiculed, has constantly aroused within him feelings of resentment or discouragement or misery, and these grow to be habitual; and a character for ill temper or moroseness or despondency is formed. On the other hand, the child who is wisely treated, whose faculties are brought into action, who is encouraged to do well, who is sur-

rounded with cheerful faces and orderly arrangements becomes accustomed to corresponding habits of thought and feeling. The exercise of self-control, of truthfulness, of honesty and other essential qualities, not only results in habitual actions of the same nature, but in habitual feelings or states of mind that induce those actions. So the condition which we call happiness is likewise acquired to a considerable degree. It involves within it many things, but they are not impossible to secure, and when we have discovered them, it rests with us to encourage or discourage them. Happiness is not only a privilege, but a duty; not a mere outward good that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage and hope it excites by its very presence, and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligations to attain as much of it as possible.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Nearer Heaven.

The simple fact of our time getting shorter every day does not imply that we are getting also nearer heaven. As time is flying, it may carry us on its wings nearer hell than heaven. The true and only reliable rule by which to judge upon this point is, whether we are getting nearer holiness. If we are growing in conformity to the Divine likeness and nature; if we are dying daily to sin and living unto God; if we are realizing more and more of the love of Christ within us; if we are rising higher in spirituality of affection and thought; if we are delighting ourselves more heartily in the service of God, then are we, indeed, getting nearer heaven. Heaven is perfection in holiness, according to the will of God, and as we approach this we approach heaven.

Let us distinctly and vividly understand this. There is a danger lest we think too much of heaven as a place of beauty, of pleasure, of glory, of great society, without thinking of it as a place of spotless purity; and all those features of heaven as arising out of this. Let us, then, press on towards purity, through the blood of the Lamb; and in the proportion we do this we shall get nearer heaven.—Rev. John Bates.

## Fidelity to Principle.

Once there was a great man who had prepared a great speech. His speech was on the slavery question, and he was opposed to that traffic in human flesh. He was urged not to deliver it. "It is fifty years in advance of public opinion," said one leader. "Very unwise," replied another. "It will kill the Republican party," said a third. "And you, too, Lincoln," said a fourth. "Nothing could be more unwise; it will certainly defeat your election," added a fifth. But the speaker never for a moment swerved from his purpose. Suddenly facing his critics, he said: "Friends, I have thought about this matter a great deal, have weighed the question well from all corners, and am thoroughly convinced the time has come when it should be uttered; and if it must be that I must go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth—die in the advocacy of what is right and just."

Such was Abraham Lincoln, the statesman and patriot; the man who was once hated, the man whose memory now all good men love.—Sel.

## If Only Cared For.

Ragged and rough and unsightly with weeds, prickly with thistles, burdened with burdock and plantain and the dead undergrowth of previous years—what a poor crop of grass such a field promises to yield? If it could only be cared for, the weeds cleared up and cleared out, the soil enriched and nourished, what results might be gathered from that patch! Long neglected and much abused, still what choice possibilities are in that field! In this world where hunger is certain and bread dear, the sight of this neglect is not agreeable.

"If only cared for!" How many souls there are which now are like the neglected field. There is the uncouth, hardened gamin in the street. There is the girl in some house neglectful of God. If these souls were only cared for! If those natures were weeded and the seeds of prayer and right living planted, what harvestings of virtues dear to God and consecrated to humanity would follow! "If only cared for!" Let us shorten that lament to the good record. "Cared for."—S. S. Journal.

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it, except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart.—Countess of Blessington

## Peace Through Conflict.

Let us remember that, in faithfully proclaiming Christ's Gospel, conflicts are sure to follow. It could not be otherwise, whether that proclamation be in an audible message, or only in a consecrated life before the world. All who are loyal to Him must be at variance with those who are disloyal, because the principles governing these different classes are wholly and eternally adverse. We are solemnly warned that compromises are impossible. In this sense Christ informs us that He "came, not to send peace, but a sword." And this is in harmony with the angelic song of "good will," since the era of universal peace can only come by the overthrow of evil.

We should, therefore, never be cast down in this warfare. This is the sign of our fidelity. This is one part of the mighty struggle that will speedily end in victory for righteousness all over the earth. If we are wise, loving, and resolute in our Christian efforts, we now are victors in the thought of God. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."—Advocate.

## Tongues.

"I wish I had not said that."  
"I always do speak before I think."

"I didn't mean it."  
"A fellow can't say a thing but what he flies out about it."  
These are every-day words, yet, a hundred-times-a-day words. What do they mean? Simply that one of the temptations against which we guard ourselves least is the temptation to let our tongues say their own say in an irresponsible fashion, without much thought or intent. Is it their own say? Yes; but they are only repeating what the heart has told them, as little children express their opinions gathered at the breakfast-table. Watch yourselves! Watch your tongues!

## Random Reading.

Our opportunities to do good are our talents.—Dr. Mather.

Evil often triumphs, but never conquers.—Joseph Roux.

Not what we have, but what we enjoy, constitutes our abundance. J. Petit-Senn.

When God sends one angel to afflict He sends many more to comfort.—Chapin.

A Christianity without mystery is as unphilosophical as it is unscriptural.—Angus.

Not to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and inspiration.—Macduff.

Keep the home near heaven. Let it face toward the Father's house.—John Hamilton.

The bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you put upon it, the more it will contract. O. W. Holmes.

The speech of the tongue is best known to men. God best understands the language of the heart.—Warwick.

Lord, as silver purified,  
Thou hast with affliction tried.  
—George Sandys

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.—Bishop Horne.

Things are sullen and will be as they are, whatever we think them or wish them to be.—Cudworth.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

It is a shame for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all, and nothing can be got out till it be broken in pieces; or like unto a drowned man's hand, that holds whatever it gets.—Bishop Hall.

"All is of God! If He but wave His hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo, He looks back from the departing cloud."

To be a Christian means a great deal more than believing in certain doctrines, going to church, or even talking about religion. It means living it. It means having Christ in every deed. We cannot leave Him out of the most trivial thing.—Christian at Work.

It is a fearful thought that we as it were, exhale ourselves every breath we draw. A man's moral being is concentrated in every second of his life; it lives in the tips of his fingers and the spring of his instep. A very little thing tries what a man is made of.—Cardinal Newman.

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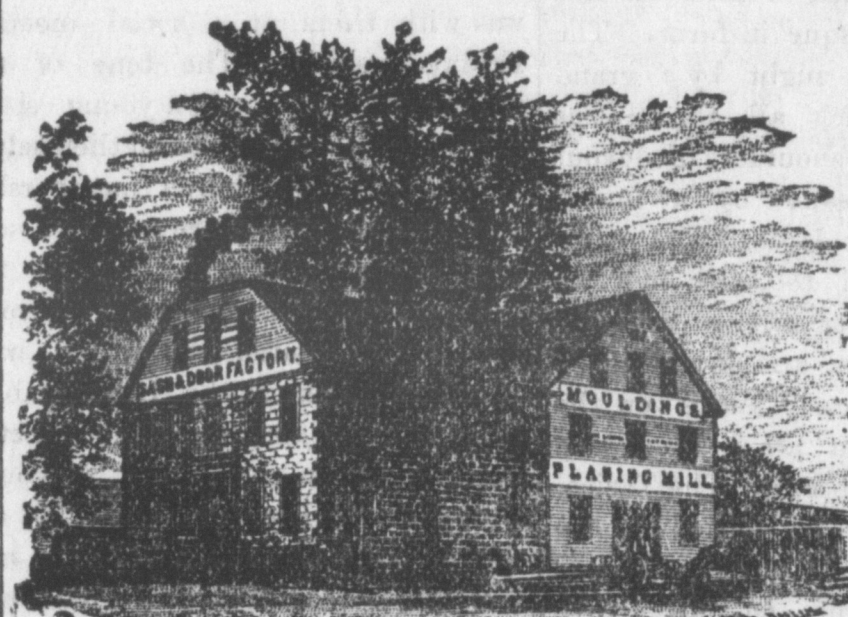
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