

Spring and the Heart.

THE HEART SPEAKS. Bring me the gold of gorse from the hills; The bloom that cluster thick upon the thorn; The marybuds that blow by meadow rills; The clover, rosy as the blush of morn.

For me—for I have lost so many things While the rime [Winter] reared his icy throne. Old hopes, old dreams, the gleam of silver wings, Passed from my life, and left me dark and lone.

TO thee, poor heart, I come with empty hands, Mine are but blossoms born of sun and showers; The hopes thou seekest grow not on my lands, And thy dead loves revive not with my flowers.

Turn thee to other souls, more sad than thine, Into their darkness bring the light of day; Lead them forth gently into paths divine, And thou shalt find a blessing on the way.

A blessing that shall live when daisies die; A bliss that fades not when the seers leaves fall; A new joy, fairer than the joys gone by, And for its sake thou wilt forget them all.

—Sunday Magazine.

A Judge's Estimation of Runners.

Hon. F. M. Hubbard, judge of the eighth judicial district of Iowa, in passing sentence upon some liquor dealers, for violation of the prohibitory laws of the State, said: "While there are greater crimes known to the law, which are punishable with greater severity, there are none which involve more of these qualities known as despicable meanness and audacity, than the selling of intoxicating liquors. There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifies the minds of all; and yet we look upon the man who takes human life quite as surely, but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least without horror. You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are, within the spirit if not the letter, guilty of manslaughter; for the law says that whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law not only testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own. You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declares, as from the housetops, that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of the orphan, watered with widow's tears; you are stealthily killing your victims, and murdering the peace and industry of each community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, poverty and rags. Anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery.

"One can have no adequate conception of a cataract until he has seen Niagara, nor of the terrible fury and grandeur of a storm in mid-ocean until he has seen one. So no one can know the utter degradation and total depravity to which his species can be brought, until he looks upon the desolate ruin caused by your hellish traffic. You are persistent, defiant law breakers, and shamelessly boast that, in defiance of the law and moral sense of the community, you will continue in your wicked and criminal practice. It has, therefore, now become the imperative duty of this court to let the arm of the law fall upon you so heavily that you shall either be driven from your nefarious traffic, or ruined in your fortunes or wicked prosperity. You have become a stench in the nostrils of the community, and all good men are praying that you be speedily reformed or summarily destroyed. By the providence of God and the favor of this court their prayers shall be

speedily answered, by signal and exact justice for your crimes. And, finally, let me entreat you, if you are not lost to every sentiment of humanity, to desist from your criminal, vagabond traffic, and betake yourselves to some honest calling for a livelihood, that you may yet become virtuous, useful citizens, and entitled to the respect of a Christian community. If you persist in this way your ruin is certain, and you will receive, as you deserve, the execration of mankind. You may think that the sentence of the court is harsh and unjustly severe, but the court assures you that, compared with your crimes and the desolation you have already brought upon the community, it is mild in the extreme."—Christian Secretary.

The Nihilist Conspirators.

The recent desperate attempt upon the life of the Russian Czar, which took place on or near the very spot on the Newsky Prospect where his father was murdered six years ago, shows that the desperate spirit which prompted that act still survives. This is the fourth or fifth time, at least, within five years, that the present Czar's life has been threatened, and there is probably no one of his immense number of subjects who leads a more thoroughly anxious life. The would-be assassins, as on previous occasions, were found to belong to the vast and secret society of the Nihilists—a society which has long been the terror of the palace, and of peaceable Russian subjects everywhere. Some of the leaders were promptly arrested. They were found to be, not from the lower or ignorant classes of society, but military officers, university students, and men—and women, too—of good education and social position. Even a policeman was found to be concerned in the plot.

This is a striking feature of the Russian revolutionary movement. In most countries conspirators against the State have been unlearned and usually poor men, who have had nothing to lose by anarchy, and who imagine that they have much to gain thereby. But in Russia the Nihilists seem to belong almost altogether to the upper and middle classes. The great mass of the Russian peasants still venerate the Czar, as if he were a being more than mortal. They would regard the raising of a murderer's hand against him as worse than sacrilege. It is in the universities, in the wealthy country houses, in the palaces of the nobles, in the quarters of army officers, that Nihilism seems to be most rife and most dangerous. The Nihilists, moreover, do not seem to be a single, compact and united organization, but to compose a great number of societies, the purposes and methods of which widely differ from each other.

Some of these societies are moderate and patriotic. They do not wish to bring about anarchy, or the reign of socialism. They desire to get rid of the galling and dreary despotism of the Czars and their government, and to obtain, by means of a constitution like those of the other European nations, the political freedom of the Russian people. There are, also, other societies, which are constantly engaged in plots to commit acts of murder, incendiarism, and other deeds of violence. They are composed of fiery and desperate spirits, who are ready, and seem, indeed, almost eager, to sacrifice their lives in order to attain their bloody purposes.

The Czar lives in constant dread of these desperate conspirators. He never goes abroad except under the escort of a strong guard. His palaces are constantly watched by spies and secret emissaries. If he travels, every foot of the railway or road over which he is to pass is under the surveillance of gendarmes and police, almost within speaking distance of each other. Every minute precaution is taken, indeed, to hold his person safe from the attacks of the secret and resolute enemies who are known to be always at hand, watching their chance. Every day of his life is embittered by the dread of a sudden attack, which may come at any moment, in some unexpected way, and from some unthought-of quarter. This is the penalty the Czar has to pay for the absoluteness of his rule. Cruelty, injustice, tyranny, raise a host of unseen enemies, who, under such a government, can find, or, at any rate, will employ, no other outlet than violence for their discontent.

Such a state of things can only be brought to an end by allowing the people to take a share in the government. Political freedom affords a safety valve for the utterance of dissatisfaction. So long as the Czar remains a despot, Nihilism, or some sort of secret and dangerous combination, will continue to exist.—Youth's Companion.

NONE BUT THE TIME-SERVERS CAN WIN.

A Talk to Girls.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

President of the National W. C. T. U.

Given, Yourself plus Time. Required, Conquest, and, as its outcome, Character. There's a problem for you, my pretty maids.

I had just written lines, in response to a note from "the powers," naming this as my last day of grace for an article, when my inward Mentor whispered: "You've no time for that article. It is announced that you speak this evening for the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, in the most conservative Presbyterian church in Chicago. Invest this day in preparation."

Upon hearing this voice, I answered: "No; I have been notified that anything more 'advanced' than total abstinence will put my audience all at sea, and my 'cause' along with the rest. On that subject I am at home, and can freshen up as I go in the city on the cars from my suburban cottage this afternoon." Then my thoughts flew back to 1870, and, in an *augenblick*, re-lived the day I spent in this same dear old "Rest Cottage," when I was to make my first speech at night in Centenary Church, Chicago.

For three weeks I had invested all my time preparing the address, and on the day it was to be given was sedulously concentrated upon the dreaded ordeal that the evening was to bring. Why had fifteen years so changed the outlook, that to speak to a still more "trying" audience seemed a matter of course, and gave no anxiety whatever? The answer illustrates the point I would here make: "myself plus time" had conquered the difficulty that once seemed almost insurmountable. For this I had put in my years, and now realized the truth of what my mother has been saying to me from childhood: "You will have what you take the most pains for."

How can I make the average girl—thought, happily Americans are clear more than "average"—feel, as well as know, that, unless she is a servant of time, she is a failure now, and will be a greater failure with every wasted heart-beat until she dies? Let me ask the question with all frankness: What becomes of your time? Do you devise methods "passing it away"? Then you have already passed yourself away, so far as any life worth living is concerned. Do you "kill" it? No other kind of murder was ever half so sure to be avenged. As some wise one has said, "If you aim at nothing, you're always sure to hit it." And to trifle with time is just to "aim at nothing."

God's laws condition growth upon motion. There isn't a single lazy hair in Nature's head. If we had ears delicate enough, we could hear the pumps at work in every tree, in every flower-stem and blade of grass, sending along the sap. If we had eyes sharp enough, we could see the constant movement in every smallest animalcule and insect, even in every organ of our own wonderful frames. From the infinitely small to the infinitely great, there is orderly, harmonious, and constant action. The music of the spheres repeats what Christ's lips uttered: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." To be idle, is to be out of tune. No idler was ever happy yet, or, by the laws of mind and matter, can be. A lute unstrung, a bow unloosed, an empty hand, a vaporous brain,—are blots on human nature.

But to be busy is by no means enough. We must be "about our Father's business." We must be so related to God's laws, written in our members, written in nature and in grace, that our activities shall help along his plans for the perfection and the happiness of whatever can attain happiness or grow toward perfectness. And this we must do, "beginning at Jerusalem." For it is worse than idle for us to try to amend the world, until we are ourselves amended. How, indeed can any one of us sharpen the purpose of any other to turn time to good account, so well as by being good towards of our own? For time is a part of "the manifold grace of God," and he will require of us, not for his sake, but for ours, "his own with usury."

An old lady went to singing-school one evening, and found that the teacher had left his tuning-fork at home; the "treble singer" had a cold; the leading "counter" singer wasn't there; and the uproar and discord set going by the rest was quite intolerable. But, without stopping her ears, as the old lady was tempted to do in presence of such howling discords, she got the key correctly, having a notably musical ear, beat the time "to a dot," and sang, "How firm a foundation," to such good purpose, that the inharmonious voices of the rest took knowledge of her own, rallied to its steadfast

standard and there was music, not discord any longer, in the school-house. Thus are we to sing the palm of life, so that others shall discern its harmonies; thus are we to illustrate the value of time, by sedulously improving our own.

"Do the next thing" is the old Saxon proverb for a useful and dutiful life; that is, take up the duty that lies nearest. As a general rule, this is, no doubt, the safest one; but there is much in cultivating the discrimination that makes one clear-sighted as to what duty is. I have seen nice, well-meaning girls, with minds grievously unfurnished, not to say unadorned, who thought "the next thing" was to finish up a mat, a tidy, a piece of "spatter-work," or a crazy-quilt, when "the good of being" would have been far better conserved by the investment of the same amount of time these things required, in studying the Chautauqua course, following some other systematic plan for self-development.

We women are careful how we invest our small earnings we ponder much how can we make a little go a great way. Why should we not studiously strive to get the most out of our time? System will help us here. Haphazard methods never yet won success, for Nature is exact in all her workings; just so much force impelled just so much resistance impeded; and as a result, each grain of sand, each mote in the sunbeam, holds its position by the same law that holds the solar system in its inevitable place. Plan carefully all your goings out and comings in; but most of all, plan carefully your use of time. If you are employed by others, this can not as well be done; but if you are a house-keeper, you can have your time and seasons for certain recurring duties; if a brain-worker, put the heaviest task before noon, the lightest afternoon; and do not work hard evenings, if you purpose to come handsomely to the stretch of life's long race.

But, after all, I have not so much in mind your day, as its hours, not so much your hours, as their minutes; not so much those minutes, as their seconds. Do you recall what James Garfield said about "margins"? At Williams College he wanted to stand first in his class, but with his efforts could not distance his competitor. After a while he began to study that young man's methods of spending his time and finally ascertained that he kept his candle burning in the evening ten minutes longer than Garfield did himself. He was always quick to profit by a hint, and the added ten minutes of study brought him to the head of his class. It is said, of Joseph Cook, that while his fellow students, waiting for their meals at the boarding-house in Andover, drumming on the window seat or lounging about, he studied the synonyms in an old copy of the dictionary that lay on a table in the corner. One of the most gifted pulpit orators in the South used, as a farmer's boy, to catch a word from his Latin grammar every time he had plowed to the furrow's end in the wide, lonesome field. Mrs. Jenny F. Willing, one of our ablest writers in the Methodist church, learned sciences and literatures thus at the ironing-table, by putting a book on the shelf over "the kitchen sink," while she washed "those endless dishes." Read the books of Samuel Smiles, and see how men and women who were eminently useful in the world hoarded their minutes as a miser does his gold. "At it, all at it, and always at it," is the story, in a nut shell, of their luminous and blessed lives. I never heard an incident of my own dear mother's life that pleased me better, than when, on meeting an earnest white-ribbon woman in Washington Territory, who had driven fifty miles in a wagon, over rough roads, to see me, she said: "When I used to help your mother in harvest, and the dinner was waiting because the men were a little slow in getting washed and coming to the table, she used to say, taking some well-worn book from its shelf, 'Let's read a minute,' and perhaps we would get a verse out of the Bible, or some poet, that would cheer and help me all along."

Biography furnishes a thousand illustrations, on a grand scale, of this restlessness of the human spirit for growth, for elevation, for the alliance of itself with higher powers. Not to aspire thus, is to be "born tired," I think,—the most charitable construction that can be put upon the time-wasters, and probably also the most just. For well-born souls, whether in palace or in cot, are wont to dwell in bodies that are busy: I remember asking the mother of Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College, to tell me of her daughter's characteristics; for I was curious to know about the early, formative years of one who can spin a great coil of full girls as blithely as a boy spins a top. The mother's response may be summed up in these words:

"Alice was the busiest child I had." That meant she was gifted with a harmonious nature, with a well-assorted head, to cap the climax of a well-ordered frame. The busiest people that you or I have ever seen were the happiest people, too; the most preoccupied had largest leisure: at least it is to them, first of all that weaker ones go in time of trouble; for they are most likely to have

"A heart at leisure from itself, To soothe and sympathize."

While there is no meaner-spirited person than the one who serves the spirit of his time, hoping thereby to gain pre-eminence, there is no more established truth than that the time-server, the person who is obedient to the clock, prompt, busy and careful of his minutes, will make of life, if "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," a magnificent success.

The Basis of Politeness.

Is there a grace more desirable than that which is the essence and spirit of the Golden Rule—a spirit which shelters ignorance from comment, while it strives to remove it; a spirit which seeks to make every one in the circle of its influence feel that he has a friend whose heart and mind are conservatories sheltering the flowers of kindness and sympathy?

There is always in the heart of society a tendency to shine at the expense of another's mistake or oversight, many times more faults of confusion or shyness than ignorance. The struggle for prominence in every field is very great, and society suffers by losing the calm of permanence: There are so many turns in the wheel of fortune that few circles in any city retain the same personnel beyond a few years. The spirit of "now or never" seems to have conquered in every field, and nowhere more thoroughly than in society leaving ambition to shine, to excel, the prominent motive.

Women are the greater sufferers, for they dread to lose the smallest opportunity for social success, and many times sacrifice warm impulses for the conventionalities of the hour, the moment. There died recently in New York a woman prominent for her social position and the graceful tact with which she filled it. At a most fashionable reception in Washington a young officer appeared with the epaulettes on his coat-sleeves running up and down instead of across. Totally unconscious of the ridiculous error, which gave rise to almost audible laughter, the young man walked about the room somewhat puzzled by the uncalled-for remark. The woman referred to sought him out, and taking the officer's arm, entered the conservatory. In a short time the officer reappeared, slightly flushed, but with the epaulettes properly arranged. It afterwards leaked out that this lady, who was hostess, pointed out the mistake, offered her carriage to take him to a tailor, and waited for his return when he had left her. The officer afterwards became prominent, but he found language weak when referring to his mentor.

Manners, no matter how elegant, can never cover innate selfishness or ill-breeding. Good manners are but the expression of the impulses of a good heart; a heart that is full of sympathy for ignorance and suffering. One who makes the Golden Rule the basis of intercourse with others never fails in the essentials of polite manners.

Wealth and good manners are not synonymous; neither are poverty and rude manners. No amount of wealth can cover the blemishes of a small or coarse nature, no poverty the greatness of a generous one.—Christian Union

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That terrible scourge among children may be speedily cured by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All forms of bowel complaints, nausea and vomiting, from an ordinary diarrhoea to the most severe attack of Canadian cholera, can be subdued by its prompt use. It is the best remedy known for children or adults suffering from summer complaints.

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"My infant daughter was taken ill with cholera infantum, the doctor said she could not live. The Reverend Wm. McWilliams would not allow her head to be lifted when he baptized her. She was so weak, Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry gave immediate relief. She is a living miracle, hale and hearty. Since that time (7 years) our house has never been without that remedy." \* \* \* From statement of George Johnston, Harwood, Ont.

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And Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years.—Geo. Seales, Plainville, Mich. I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also, with a discolouring of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A Perfect Cure,

and I have not been troubled since.—T. W. Boddy, River St., Lowell, Mass. I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John R. Ekins, Editor Stanley Observer, Albemarle, N. C. I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blisters. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

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NOTICE OF SALE

TO be sold by Public Auction on SATURDAY, the sixteenth day of July next, between the hours of Twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the County Court House in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, all the right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand either at Law or in Equity of Henry Braithwaite, which he had on the Fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1887 in or to or out of the following described premises, to wit: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Stanley, County of York and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows:—Running by the magnet along the Cross Creek road south fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes west one chain and sixty-two and one-half links to a post; thence north forty-two degrees and fifteen minutes east six chains and twenty-five links to a post, thence north fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes east one chain and sixty-two and one-half links to a post, thence south forty-two degrees and fifteen minutes east six chains and twenty-five links to the place of beginning, being part of number seven on Cross Creek road, located to one Edward Spear, and containing one acre, together with all the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or appertaining, the same having been seized under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of the County of York, at the suit of William T. McLeod against the said Henry Braithwaite. A. A. STERLING, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, F'ton, N. B., March 28th 1887.

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