

The Family Burial-Ground.

A wall of crumbled stone doth keep
Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep,
Old chronicled grave-stones of its dead,
On which oblivious mosses creep,
And lichens gray as lead.

Warm days the lost cows as they pass
Rest here and browse the juicy grass
That springs about its sun-scorched stones;
Afar one hears their bells' deep, brass
Waft melancholy tones.

Here the wild morning-glory goes
A rambling as the myrtle grows,
Wild morning-glories, pale as pain,
With holy urns that hint at woes,
The night hath filled with rain.

Here are blackberries largest seen,
Rich, winy, dark, whereon the lean
Black hornet sucks, noons sick with heat,
That bend not to the shadowed green
The heavy-headed wheat.

At dark, for its forgotten dead,
A requiem of no known wind said,
Through ghostly cedars moans and throbs
While to thin starlight overhead
The shivering screech-owl sobs.
—*Harper's Magazine* for September

What the Bell Said, and What the People said.

The quiet of Sunday morning was
Broken by the tones of a church bell.
Over the town floated its full, rich
Music, and it came back again in faint
Echoes.

The bell seemed charged with a
message to the people, which it was
telling with all its might; and the
message ran thus: "Come—come.
Come—come. Come—come."

But although well understood, it was
not heeded by many; and this is what
the people said who did not heed it,
and what Conscience said to them:
Bell—"Come—come."
People—"We do not feel very well
to-day."

Conscience—"Isn't it strange there
are so many sick people Sundays?
Many who are well enough on Saturday
night are unable to go out on Sunday,
and those who are so sick on Sunday
recover when Monday morning comes.
It might seem as if some weekly epi-
demic visited the town with a full sup-
ply of headaches, colds, fevers, and
other disorders."

Bell—"Come—come."
People—"The weather is to unpleas-
ant to-day."

Conscience—"Yes, the weather on
Sundays is always wrong—too hot, too
cold, too wet, too cloudy, or too windy.
Sunday heats are so exhausting, Sun-
day rains are so penetrating, Sunday
colds so piercing, that no one but the
minister and sexton should go out to
church!"

Bell—"Come—come."
People—"We have company."

Conscience—"Isn't there something
said about the stranger within thy
gates keeping the Sabbath holy?"

Bell—"Come—come."
People—"Our garments are not good
enough."

Conscience—"There are a great many
directions in the Bible about how we
should come before our Lord, but the
style and the quality of clothes are not
mentioned. The church isn't a millinery
establishment or a show-room. In
old times the rich and poor met to-
gether, for the Lord is the maker of
them all."

Bell—"Come—come."
People—"We are better than some
who go to church."

Conscience—"You may be much
better than some, but are you satisfied
with that? Will it do to tell the Lord
so? There is something in the parable
of the Pharisee and the Publican bear-
ing on this point."

Bell—"Come—come."
People—"We haven't any seats in
church."

Conscience—"Yes, there are always
seats there for all who come. There
need be no fear of intruding, for all are
welcome; and there need be no fear of
wearing out your welcome, for you are
urged to come every Sunday."

And so the church-bell kept ringing
out its message, "Come—come." And
some heeded the message, came, thank-
ed God for the privilege of coming,
and resolved to come always. Others
still refused, and Conscience went to
sleep, murmuring ere it slept, "What
shall it profit a man, if he shall gain
the whole world and lose his own soul."
—*The Presbyterian*.

The Whirl of Worry.

Worry is undoubtedly the bane of
our modern life. Much of it is brought
on by artificial wants and aiming for
that which one's resources and income
do not warrant, but a great deal of it
is altogether unconnected with inordi-
nate ambition, of covetousness. To
provide things honest is a problem
for many Christian people; to secure
the welfare of a household is to not
"charge of small import;" and to
bear up manfully amid the disasters
and disappointments of business life
is more than many sincere Christians
seem to have capacity for. Yet, with
this, it may be well sometimes to

think of the futility and foolishness of
that over-anxiety in which so many
indulge and which keeps them in a
whirl of worry.

There are precautions which it is
right to take to ward off evil, but it is
well for us to remember to how large
an extent things are utterly beyond
our control, and how impossible it is
for us to revolutionize them to our
own mind. Much that causes us
annoyance would be different had we
foreseen the future. Could we go back
in life thirty or forty years with the
knowledge we have gained of our
errors and miscalculations we could
undoubtedly put things in much better
trim, but the past, however much we
may profit from its teachings, cannot
be rectified. It is fixed, or like the
water that has passed the wheel can-
not be brought back again. But a
great part of our worry comes from
anticipation. We fear what the future
may bring to us. Many who have
had food and raiment and every need-
ed blessing for half a century are full
of anxiety as to their remaining years.

But worry will not help any one to
fight the battle of life or open op-
portunities for securing their well-
being. And worry, certainly, will not
secure divine interposition. God is
not attracted by our complaining fears.
Such a course is offensive in his sight.
It is contrary to the teaching of our
Lord. He speaks to us "Be not,
therefore, anxious for the morrow; for
the morrow will be anxious for itself.
Sufficient unto the day is the evil
thereof." So, again, Paul counsels
us, "In nothing be anxious; but in
everything, by prayer and supplication
with thanksgiving, let your requests
be made known unto God, and the
peace of God, which passeth all under-
standing, shall guard your hearts and
your thoughts in Christ Jesus." Is
not this what we need? If our hearts
and thoughts are guarded by a divine
peace we shall be invincible to anxiety.
—*Chris. Inquirer*.

The World Without Religion.

There are many atheists who are
reckoned among the best and greatest
men of their day—Helvetius, for
instance, so humane, so full of good
works, and James Mill, a model of
morality, stoical, cold and pure as an
antique marble; but these exceptional
men are of themselves philosophers,
not exposed to the ordinary tempta-
tions of the senses, and formed by a
Christian education in the midst of
an individual acts, the influence exercised
by the views and opinions of our
neighbors is greater than our own
personal share. But imagine a people
with religion entirely banished from
among them; morality and the mere
idea of sacrifice and duty would disap-
pear with it. Darwinism teaches that
in the struggle for existence the strong-
est and fittest should have the pre-
eminence, and support themselves at
the cost of the weaker. Therefore, let
us employ our utmost endeavors to
be the strongest, and to take the place
of others; we shall, in so doing, ac-
complish our duty; for we shall be the
means of occasioning the triumph of a
natural law which is productive of the
perfecting of species. The destruc-
tion of religion would also have the
effect of mercilessly imbiting the
claims of the poor. The chiefs of the
revolutionary communists are well in-
spired when they place the negation
of God at the head of their manifes-
tos of war against society. The more
men are led to count on mere transitory
and sensual enjoyments (all hope of
heavenly compensation being denied
them), the less patiently will they
bear present social inequality, which
deprives them of their share of the
good things of this, their only world.
If they realize that they can secure for
themselves none of these, they will be
seized with an irrepressible hatred,
and with an enraged fury for the de-
struction of the institution of which
they consider themselves the victims.
It was feelings such as these which
led the Paris Communists to set fire
to the monuments, the symbols of the
established power. It is quite certain
atheism will fire the trail with which
revolutionary communism would fain
consume everything on that day when,
vanquished, it no longer sees the
possibility of realizing its schemes for
social reform. —*Emile de Lavleye,*
in Contemporary Review.

"New brooms sweep clean," says
Spurgeon, "but they mostly sweep up
dirt. Plow with what you please, I
stick to the old horse which has
served me so well. Fine schemes
come to nothing; it is hard work that
does it whether in the world or in the
church." One of the most successful
workers said, "I can plod; and it is
the plodders, the patient and perse-
vering toilers, that perform the most
valuable work, and secure the most
important results. It is not new-
fangled methods, but faithful labor,
in approved lines of service, that tells
in the long run." —*Methodist Recorder*.

Mothers, Speak Low.

I know some houses, well-built and
handsomely furnished, where it is not
pleasant to even a visitor. Sharp,
angry tones resound through them
from morning to night, and the influ-
ence is as contagious as measles, and
much more to be dreaded in a house-
hold. The children catch it, and it
lasts for life, an incurable disease. A
friend has such a neighbor within
hearing of her house, when doors and
windows are open, and even Pol
Parrot has caught the tune and de-
lights in screaming and scolding, un-
til she has been sent into the country
to improve her habits. Children
catch cross tones quicker than parrots.
Where mother sets the example, you
will scarcely hear a pleasant word
among the children in their plays with
each other. Yet the discipline of
such a family is always weak and
irregular. The children expect just
so much scolding before they do any-
thing they are bid; while in many a
home, where the love, firm tone of the
mother, or a decided look of her steady
eye, is *low*, they never think of dis-
obedience, either in or out of her
sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal
to cultivate that "excellent thing in a
woman," a *low sweet voice*. If you
are ever so much tired by the mis-
chievous or wilful pranks of the little
ones, *speaking low*. It will be a great
help to you to even try to be patient
and cheerful, if you cannot wholly
succeed. Anger makes you wretched,
and your children also. Impatient,
angry tones never did the heart good,
but plenty of evil. You cannot have
the excuse for them that they lighten
your burdens; they make them only
ten times heavier. For your own
sake, as well as your children's sake,
learn to speak *low*. They will re-
member that tone when your head is
under the willows. So, too, would
they remember a harsh and angry
voice. Which legacy will you leave
to your children? —*Kindergarten*
Magazine.

WORK EVERY ONE CAN DO.—Don't
talk louder than you live. Hypocrites
are poor witnesses. The first person
to help is yourself; the next one is the
nearest and most needy.

Help the lost sinner first; the weak
Christian will get into heaven: help
him afterward.

Invite the lost ones to service; do
it by a kind word or letter; or any
good way. Pray for them in private;
speak of the meetings, praise them.

Cut and send clippings out of the
paper; use your pen; quote apt pas-
sages of Scripture.

Introduce the unsaved to some one
who will better tell them the way to
salvation. Go with the enquirer to
the altar or inquiry room. Ask them
to your homes; talk and pray with
them.

Help make every meeting you at-
tend a good one. If you cannot sing,
move your lips in harmony with the
singing. In public service be brief,
both in prayer and remarks.

Live for Christ in your homes.
This is the great need of to-day.

Wash dishes, broil steak, make beds,
sell calicoes or silks like a Christian.
Keep sweet, happy and hopeful. Be
a walking sermon. Don't growl with
your face. If you are sick, show what
grace can do. If you are tired, bear
as only a heaven-helped man can.
If you are in trouble, let the world
see in you the peace of God.

Let love to God flow out from all
your actions. Lead the children to
Christ. Keep away from doubtful
things, and thus help a weak brother.

Ask God to direct you to work, and
he will do it inside of forty-eight
hours.

Don't quit work until the breath
quits the body; then begin service on
the other side, in heaven. —*Rev. C. H.*
Yaman.

Doing and Being.

A young girl had been trying to do
something very good, and had not
succeeded very well. Her friend,
hearing her complaint, said:—

"God gives us many things to do;
but don't you think He gives us some-
thing to be, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being," said
Marion, looking up. "I will think
about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered: "God says:
"Be kindly affectionate one to another.
Be ye also patient. Be ye thankful.
Be ye not conformed to this world.
Be ye therefore perfect. Be courteous.
Be not wise in your own conceit. Be
not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.
Twilight drew into darkness.

The tea-bell sounded, bringing
Marion to her feet. In the firelight
Elizabeth could see that she was very
serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow.
I see that doing grows out of being."
—*Selected*.

Treachery.

Long, long ago, there stood upon
one of the hills of Rome a mighty for-
tress. It was besieged by the Sabines,
a fierce and warlike enemy. For days
they had tried every means of gaining
access to the stronghold, but had failed,
so vigilant were the defenders. The
governor of the fortress had a daughter,
whose name was Tarpeia. This fool-
ish girl was captivated with the golden
bracelets of her father's enemies, and
agreed with them to let them into the
place if they would give her what
they wore upon their left arms. They
consented, and before long the unfor-
tunate garrison were surprised and
driven from their position. But the
traitress was fearfully rewarded.
When the Sabines came to fulfil their
promise, their commander first handed
his bracelet, but with it threw his
shield, which he also wore upon his
left arm. The others followed his ex-
ample, and the unfortunate girl was
crushed beneath the weight of the
treasure she had coveted.

"The wages of sin is death." How
often we fail to consider this! It
sometimes appears attractive, and
charms our fancy, until we desire what
is not good for us. To the young, the
pleasures of the world are like the
golden bracelet, and we are willing to
join with those who are not on the
Lord's side. It is a poor thing to
turn our backs on the service of Christ
or anything the world can offer. Re-
member when tempted to do so, "The
wages of sin is death."

Intercourse.

Prayer is an act of friendship also.
It is intercourse—an act of trust, of
hope, of love, all promoting to in-
terchange between the soul and an in-
finite, spiritual, invisible Friend. We
all need prayer, if for no other purpose,
for this which we so aptly call *commu-
nion* with God.

Robert Burns lamented that he
could not "pour out his inmost soul
without reserve to any human being
without danger of one day repenting
his confidence." He commenced a
journal of his own mental history, "as
a substitute," he said, "for a confi-
dential friend." He would have something
"which he could record himself in"
without peril of having his confidence
betrayed. We all need prayer as a
means of such intercourse with a
Friend who will be true to us.

Zinzendorf, when a boy, used to
write little notes to the Saviour, and
throw them out of the window, hoping
that he would find them. Later in
life, so strong was his faith in the
friendship of Christ, and in his own
need of that friendship as a daily solace,
that once, when traveling, he sent
back his companion, that he might con-
verse more freely with the Lord, with
whom he spoke audibly.

So do we all need friendly converse
with Him whom our souls love. "He
alone is a thousand companions; he
alone is a world of friends. That man
never knew what it was to be familiar
with God who complains of the want
of friends while God is with him."
—*Austin Phelps*.

Expulsive Power of a New Affection.

The only effectual cure for the love
of the world and the love of the crea-
ture is the greater love of Christ.
The soul can never become a vacuum;
one set of feelings can be displaced
only by the introduction of another.
The world will stay until Christ comes,
and will move out only when evicted
by the Divine Landlord. We are told
that "Dennocker, the German
sculptor, spent eight years in produc-
ing a face of Christ; and at last
wrought out one in which the emotions
of love and sorrow were so perfectly
blended that beholders wept as they
looked upon it. Subsequently being
solicited to employ his great talent on
a statue of Venus, he replied, 'After
gazing so long into the face of Christ,
think you that I can now turn my
attention to a heathen goddess?'"

Some people spend much breath in
trying to get the world out, in empty-
ing themselves of self and sin; the
true method is to get Christ in. After
His admittance, you will have no
trouble with the old occupant, who is
a mere tenant at will, with no rights
and no power to stay, when the owner
comes into authority. —*Herald*.

CURE FOR GRUMBING.—In a love-
feast in Yorkshire a good man had
been drawing out a long complaining
strain of experiences about his trials
and difficulties in the way of heaven.
Another, of different spirit, followed,
who said, "I see our brother who has
just sit down lives in Grumbling
Street. I lived there myself for some
time, and never enjoyed good health.
The air was bad, the house bad, the
water bad; the birds never came and
sung in the streets; and I was gloomy
and sad enough. But I 'fitted.' I
got into Thanksgiving Street; and ever

since then I have had good health,
and so have my family. The air is
pure, the water pure, the house good;
the sun shines on it all day; the birds
are always singing, and I am as happy
as I can live. Now I recommend our
brother to 'fit.' There are plenty of houses
to let on Thanksgiving Street, and I
am sure he will find himself a new
man if he will only come, and I will
be right glad to have him as a
neighbor."

CHRISTIAN WORK A TESTIMONY.—A
happy, growing Christian experience
is full of thoughtfulness and service
for others. Pastors have found that
the best recipe, in the case of those
troubled with spiritual fears or doubts,
is an active interest in something done
for Christ's sake. The sensitive,
shrinking heart finds the secret of
trust and joy, not in folding the hands
and waiting for feelings that never
come, but in guiding the little child in
the way of life. When we meet a
Christian who is absorbed in work, we
do not stop to inquire as to his spiri-
tual health, any more than we would
ask the man who is vigorously engaged
in the severest physical exercise, if he
were well. The clear eye, the steady
stroke, the tense muscle, the ruddy
cheek, are the best witnesses of health.

STUDY IT.—He who reads the Bible
does well, but he who studies the
Bible does better. The marginal
references are not surely the voice of
the Spirit, but to a most happy extent
they aid the reader in ascertaining
what is the mind of the Spirit. The
Bible should not be read simply in
rotation, but often by subject matter.
Take the story of God's love as told in
John 3:16, and let the reference
lead you into Romans and I. John,
and from these books out into the
others, by the references, and see how
wonderful the story of God's love be-
comes. It will be found that the
Scripture voice on this question, as on
every other, is full, clear, harmonious,
and magnificent. Reader, study the
Word in the light of the Word; it will
lead you to the very heart of the sub-
ject, and you will find yourself like
one of old, sitting at the feet of Jesus
as a learner indeed.

RANDOM READINGS.

If you want to lift me you must be
above me. —*Emerson*.

The highest exercise of charity is
charity toward the uncharitable. —*Buckminster*.

Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!
—*Henry W. Longfellow*.

He who comes up to his own idea of
greatness must always have had a
very low standard of it in his mind.
—*Hayitt*.

When the rising sun fell on Mem-
non's statue, it awakened music in
the breast of stone. Religion does
the same with nature. —*Theodore*
Parker.

It is in length of patience and en-
durance and forbearance, that so much
of what is good in mankind and wo-
man-kind is shown. —*Arthur Helps*.

There is a better thing to ask than
exemption or escape from sorrows,
even grace to bear them rightly. —*Dr. Maclaren*.

We often excuse our want of philan-
thropy by giving the name of fanaticism
to the more ardent zeal of others. —*Longfellow*.

A loving confidence in the God we
have offended is the key to His heart,
the key which unlocks the treasury of
His grace. —*The Rev. E. M. Goul-
burn, D. D.*

You will find that the mere resolve
not to be useless, and the honest de-
sire to help other people, will, in the
quickest and delicatest ways, improve
yourself. —*Ruskin*.

The true Christian is like the sun,
which pursues its noiseless track and
everywhere leaves the effect of his
beams in blessing upon the world
around him. —*Luther*.

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. —*Coun-
tess of Blessington*.

Unless a man has trained himself
for his chance, the chance will only
make him ridiculous. A great occasion
is worth to a man exactly what his
antecedents have enabled him to make
of it. —*William Matthews*.

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

You will find that the mere resolve
not to be useless, and the honest
desire to help other people, will, in
the quickest and delicatest ways, im-
prove yourself. —*Ruskin*.

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