

## Comfort one Another.

Comfort one another  
For the way is growing dreary,  
The feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
There is heavy burden-bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another:  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And looks of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with gaze unspoken,  
While life's daily bread is broken;  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another:  
The words of music ringing  
Down the ages, sweet as singing  
Of the happy choir above.  
Ransomed souls and mighty angel  
Left the grand, deep-voiced evangel  
Where forever they are praising the eter-  
nal love

Comfort one another:  
By the hope of Him who sought us  
In our peril—Him who brought us,  
Paying with His precious blood;  
By the faith that will not alter,  
Trusting strength that will not falter,  
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another:  
Let the grave-gloom lie beyond you,  
While the Spirit's words remind you  
Of the home beyond the tomb;  
Where's no more pain or parting,  
Fever's flush to tear-drop starting,  
But the presence of the Lord, and for all  
His people room. —Independent.

## Aunt Maria's Afterwards.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

It was years ago, that March when a few days of springlike airs swelled the birds on the maples, sent small green shoots from the daffodils, and set us girls planning about spring hats.

Cousin Louise and I were to go into the city to-morrow on a shopping expedition; so my sister and I ran across the street to Aunt Maria's to consult with our cousins, the "other girls."

We always drifted into grandma's room. It was the largest, pleasantest room in the house, and grandma was so bright and cheery we loved to be with her. She sat by that morning, occasionally putting in her quaint word, while we went deep into the subject of straws and leg-horns, high crowns, rolling brims, tips, plumes, ribbons, etc. It was all settled at last that Louise, being fair, should get a pale blue, shirred-like bonnet, and cousin Clara a white crape one with pink roses. Sister Ruth's bonnet was to be like herself quiet and sweet—a fine straw with a bit of delicate lace and heliotropes; while mine, all agreed, should be a hat with rolling brim, faced with black velvet, and glowing with scarlet poppies. There was no need of so much clatter and consultation, however, for each, after receiving advice, resolved to provide herself with the identical head gear she had had in mind for the last month.

After we had somewhat subsided, grandma got up and went to her bureau drawer.

"I guess I'll have my bonnet tended to while you're about it," she said, as she carefully lifted it out. "I've worn it just as it is, going on five years now. Isn't it getting a little sort o' rusty?"

"Grandma ought to have a new bonnet, mother," said Louise. "One of those fine black Neapolitan trim med with black lace would be lovely for her."

Aunt Maria took her mother's straw bonnet and turned it about on her head, inspecting it critically, thinking, meanwhile, that the girls' hats were all to be rather expensive this season, and that it was time to begin to retrench somewhere. What great difference did it make about an old lady's bonnet anyway, so that it was comfortable—she went out so little.

"Nonsense, Louise!" Aunt Maria said at last. "This bonnet is just as good as it ever was."

"Oh, I don't think I need a new one," grandma said meekly. "That would be extravagant; but I thought a new border might be put in, and maybe a new pair of strings."

"I don't see anything the matter with the border," said Aunt Maria in a decided tone. "The strings can be sponged and ironed, and they will look as well as ever."

So saying, she handed it back to grandma, and turned to give Louise further commissions for the city.

Ruth told me afterward that she felt like saying: "Give it to me, grandma. I will have it all freshened up for you, and I'll pay for it myself."

But none of us ever thought of going contrary to Aunt Maria's decrees. She was the commander-in-chief of both households.

Grandma took her bonnet in silence, and put it back in the drawer. She was not growing childish, but I was sure that a tear trembled on her eyelid as she bent her white head an unnecessary length of time over her drawer. She felt hurt—I know she did.

She was not a vain old lady, but her tastes were nice, and she knew as well as any of us younger ones that her bonnet had lost its freshness.

Grandma took her knitting work presently and seated herself by the south window in her arm-chair. As I watched her, I fell to wondering if her thoughts were going back just now over the years to the time when Aunt Maria was a baby. They were poor then, and I heard Grandma tell how she did her own work, and made shirts for several families to help make the ends meet. Was grandma recalling how she had sat up nights and sewed to earn money enough to buy a cunning little white hood made of satin and swan's-down for her baby girl? Or did she remember how many weary stitches it took to earn that fine broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with white ribbon that her thirteen-year-old daughter might be "like other girls?" Perhaps her mind dwelt on a story she had often told me: how, when Aunt Maria was nineteen, there came an invitation for her to go to Boston and spend a month.

"Maria felt bad," grandma's story ran, "because she thought her hat wasn't fit to wear. I had a bonnet made of a splendid piece of velvet that my brother sent me from Paris. I didn't say a word to any body. I just slipped upstairs and ripped that bonnet up, then I got your Grandfather to take me to town. I had some money I had been saving up a good while to buy me a new bombazine dress, but I thought a cheaper one would do just as well; so I just took some of that money and went to the best milliner in town. I bought a long black feather—I knew Maria liked 'em—and I told her to make me a hat fit to be seen in Boston. I never let on to any body what I'd done. But you ought to 'a' seen Maria when that hat came home. If she wasn't happy! It was a beauty. The long black feather curled around her golden hair, and just touched her shoulder. In front there was a little white tuft, with some tall birds o' paradise feathers waving in it. The milliner said it needed that so I got it besides. You've no idea how handsome she looked, and I enjoyed that hat forty times better than when I had it for mine."

Was grandma thinking: "And yet Maria grudges me a little new ribbon for my bonnet, as well off as she is, too!" If any such thoughts disturbed her, they did not appear on her placid face as she patiently knitted on.

It was only a fortnight from that day, and we gathered again in grandma's room. There was no merry talk. There was that strange hush which but one presence brings, broken only by low sad strains of music, and words of consolation spoken in subdued tones.

Grandma slept peacefully. There lingered on her dear face the light of the parting smile she had given us at parting. Fair flowers were all about her, and I noticed, as I bent over her for the last time, how pure and fresh the white ribbon was which tied her cap, and then with a pang remembered her old bonnet strings. Dear grandma she had gone where garments are without spot or wrinkle. How she would enjoy the white raiment, purity, the unchanging freshness of the heavenly land!

We all loved Grandma dearly; for a time it seemed as if we could not go on without her. One day, towards evening, a longing seized me to look once more into grandma's room; so I went across the street, and stole around to the side door which opened directly into her room. It was ajar and I stepped softly in. Grandma's arm-chair—empty!—stood by the window. I leaned over it, trying to picture her as I had seen her so often sitting at dusk humming her favorite hymn,

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear.  
But the sound of sobbing reached my ear, and looking up I saw in the shadows, at the further end of the large room, Aunt Maria, standing by the bureau. Grandma's bonnet was in her hand. She turned it about and looked at it as if she would torture herself with the certainty that it was indeed shabby; then she kissed it, again, and bowed her head low over it in an agony of bitter weeping. And I had thought Aunt Maria self-constrained and cold! She had not heard me come in, so I went noiselessly away.

Aunt Maria meant to be a good daughter. She had always abundantly supplied her mother with necessities and comforts, but she would have given all she possessed that night standing there in the desolate room, to be able to recall the thoughtless words which for the sake of a few paltry dollars denied the dear old mother almost the last request she ever made.

"Let love antedate the work of death," and now bring the sweet spices of a fresh ribbon, a flower, a tender word, a loving thoughtfulness, which will brighten hearts that are weary.—*Congregationalist.*

## One Life's Influence.

A little more than forty years ago there came to London a young apprentice. He was poor and friendless; he had but a single endowment—Christian faith. He took lodgings in St. Paul's Churchyard. His bedroom overlooked the vast wilderness of homes, with the dome of St. Paul's hanging like a crown of faith above it. He came to his room unknown, and there made a simple prayer of consecration alone. He felt the solitude of the city. Some eighty young men were employed in the same establishment as himself. "I resolved," said a great reformer, "to have no friends by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me in my spiritual life and development."

The young apprentice had a like purpose. He found a few young men among his fellow-workmen whose lives had a moral aim and purpose. Some of these he invited to hold religious services with him in his room. These invited others to meet with them for the same purpose. The meeting grew in numbers. They multiplied. Young men's meetings for young men became a movement among London trades, and in 1844 they led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association.

The society spread. Its influence was felt throughout England; America took up the work, the islands of the Pacific parts of Asia. Nearly three thousand associations were represented or reported at the tenth Annual Conference, held in Berlin. Now the movement is found to meet the needs of colleges, and more than two hundred associations have been formed in colleges and schools.

## The Word.

God's word is a wonderful lamp, because it sheds such a light. Think how long it has been burning—6,000 years since it first lighted its faint flicker when the promise was given to Adam (Gen iii 15). How brighter and ever brighter it grows as time goes on! Isaiah holds up a beautiful light to us. And so it shone on and on, till the Light came into this dark world. Think how far the word of God shed its light. A light-house can only shed its light at the farthest, twenty-five miles over the waters; but this light has come down from heaven, and, lighted up yonder, has sent its radiance quite over this dark world. The light from this lamp will enable you to see the golden gates, and the redeemed around the throne, and the Lamb in the midst thereof. Whatever objection men make to the Bible, it will light you home. Though you have to go comfortless and in the darkness of this world, "hope to the end," and this lamp in your hand, by God's Grace, will light you home. This light shines athwart the wildest ocean and into the dreary spots of earth. O, the comfort it gives! Does this Bible comfort you when the storms pass over your soul? Do you get your comfort from this lamp? It will give comfort in trial, in affliction, in death. What a comfort to have this lamp through the dark valley, and down to the river's edge. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Many a soul has been lighted over the river by that promise to the golden gates.—*Eliza Fletcher.*

## Scolding.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning in it. It is often the result of nervousness—an irritable condition of both mind and body. One is tired, or annoyed at some trivial circumstance, and forthwith he begins to find fault with everybody within his reach.

Scolding is a habit very readily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasonable habit. Persons get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about, and if they found nothing else to scold about would fall a-scolding at the mere absence of something to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, the jargon of caterwaulings or the squeaking of a hand-organ under one's window, is scarcely less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members. If one of them begins the habit of always finding fault about something, or nothing, the others are likely soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is inaugurated.—*Southern Adv.*

## A Whole Family in Heaven.

The following eloquent passage is from the pen of Albert Barnes: "A whole family in heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy! No one absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter away. In the world they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascend to-

gether. On the banks of the river of life they walk hand in hand, and as a family they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. Hereafter, there is to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain; no one to sink into the arms of death. Never, in heaven, is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that, in his infinite mercy every family may be thus united!"

## A Glean of Light.

A beautiful incident within our knowledge impressed upon us more than ever the fact that the divine message shall not fall to the ground void, but is mighty, beyond our comprehension, through His power. A lady was summoned to the bedside of a friend, the mother of a family, and whose mental faculties had become deranged.

"What could I say or do?" she said. "All was wild excitement; my heart wept over her, yet I had no power to calm her, or do her good. But I felt for her so deeply that I could not leave her without one whisper of comfort. I bent above her and said, softly, 'Underneath are the everlasting Arms.' It seemed as though she glanced up at the words—hers was a Christian life—but she showed no signs of comprehension, and I left her, believing my whisper unheard."

But, hours after, to that delirium there came a lucid interval, and in that period of quiet what were the words that the invalid spoke! "Underneath are the everlasting Arms!" Amid all the strange fancies of the restless brain, that one text of heavenly calm had been victorious, and reached to heart and memory.—*The Quiver.*

## He Pruneth It.

Mr. Cecil was pacing to and fro in the Botanic Garden at Oxford, when he observed a fine specimen of the pomegranate almost cut through the stem. On asking the gardener the reason, he got an answer which explained the wounds of his own bleeding spirit: "Sir, this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner, and then it began to bear plenty of fruit."

Ye suffering, members of Christ, be thankful for every sorrow which weakens a lust or strengthens a grace. Though it should be a cut to the heart, be thankful for every sin and evil shorn away. Be thankful for whatever makes your conscience more tender your thoughts more spiritual, and your character more consistent. Be thankful that it was the pruning-knife and not the weeding-hook which you felt; for if you suffer in Christ, you suffer with him; and if with him you suffer, with him you shall also reign.

## A Receipt for Happiness.

It is simple: When you rise in the morning, from a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done. A left off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving,—trifles in themselves light as air,—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result. You send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is 365 in the course of the year; and suppose you live 40 years only after you commence this course, you made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is it not simple, and is it not worth accomplishing?

## To Girls.

Be cheerful, but not gigglers; serious, but not dull; be communicative, but not forward; be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every company.

Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you.

Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of the company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

The deadliest sin were the consciousness of no sin.—*Carlyle.*

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—*Shakespeare.*

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