

## LIFE.

To have hoped and suffered in cheer and woe,  
To have trusted, betrayed, and grieved,  
To have doubted the things you best might know—  
This is to have lived.

To have sinned, repented, and been forgiven,  
To have lost what was once received,  
To have fallen again from the gates of heaven—  
This is to have lived.

To have loved and tasted the Dead Sea fruit;  
To have pledged, to have been believed,  
To have seen love wither from branch to root—  
This is to have lived.

To have stood in the strength of virile might,  
When baffled, betrayed, deceived;  
To have ground your teeth in the rage of fight—  
This is to have lived.

To have trodden the wine-press, weak, alone,  
Of your life's fair fruit bereaved;  
To have slain your sorrow without a moan—  
This is to have lived.

To have given the helm to a stronger hand,  
To have listened, to have believed;  
To have yielded life to a high command—  
This is to have lived.

—David A. Curtis, in "Once a Week."

## Strange But True—A Parable.

BY MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

A wealthy farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years; but before doing so he gave his people, clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unclaimed moor and marsh lands to be inclosed and drained and brought in to cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced and the poor mountain pastures manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and laborers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas! no. Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine, rich, virgin soil by thousands of acres were bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been visited by his servants.

Had they been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor and skilled labor, too, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbor. And a vast amount of labor had been lost—in sowing the very small patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in earing for the forest trees as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soil already too fat and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for no result. The very same amount of soil and capital expended according to his directions would have brought the whole demesne into culture and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various, but all reclaimable, soils barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it. Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary, they were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other: "You know we have to bring the whole property into order." But they did not do it.

Some few tried, and plowed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps

these few, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no; they saw that the yield was magnificent, far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labors of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves. They preferred watching for weeds among the roses of the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools, surely, not wise men; traitors, not true servants to their Lord!

Al! I can't tell. You must ask Him that. I only know their Master said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and that eighteen hundred years afterward they had not even mentioned to one-half of the world that there was a Gospel.

## Morbid Hobbies.

"Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon on hobbies, made the following excellent remarks, which we commend for careful perusal to those chronic invalids who are given to talking about their diseases:—

"We notice that many have a mania for talking of their ailments. One question about their health will tilt over on you the great reservoir of their complaints. They have told the story so often that they can slide through the whole scale from C above to C below. For thirty years their spine has been at a discount, and they never were any better of neuralgia, till they took the rheumatism.

"At first you feel sympathy for the invalid; but after a while, the ludicrous. They tell you that they feel so faint in the morning, and have such poor appetite at noon, and can not sleep nights, and have twitches in their sides, and lumbago in their back, and swellings in their feet, and ringing in their ears, and little dots flashing before their eyes, and have taken ammoniacum, tincture of cantharides, hydragogue julep, anthelmintic powder, golden syrup of antimony, leaves of scordium, and, indeed, all hepatics, carminatives, antifebriles, antiscorbutics, splenetic anthritics, stomachics, ophthalmics; they have gargled their throat with sal ammoniac, and bathed their back with saponaceous liniment, and worn discutient, cataplasms. That very moment they are chewing chamomile flowers to settle their stomachs, and excuse themselves for a moment to take off a mustard plaster that begins to blister. They come back to express the fear that the swelling on their arm will be an abscess, or their headache turn to brain fever. They shake out from their handkerchiefs delicate odors of valerian and asafoetida. They are the harvest of druggists, and the amazement of physicians, who no sooner clear the pain from one spot than it appears in another. If one joint loses the pang, another joint gets it; and the patient having long ago resolved never again to be well, it is only a question between membrane and midriff."

## How Much Owest Thou My Lord?

As the year draws towards its close, it may be profitable, even though unpleasant to the flesh, to examine our year's record as to our stewardship. How has it been rendered? Have we lived and done both with ourselves and our money as one ought who claimed to have consecrated ALL? Or do we discover, to our humiliation, that we have kept back tithes and offerings that really belong to Him? How much has our robbery amounted to,—for robbery He counts it! (Mal. 3: 8.) Ah! had we only been faithful, the Lord's treasury would not have been empty, and much good would have been done that could not be accomplished because of an empty treasury. We have been crying, "Lord increase my prosperity," while we were withholding thank offerings on gifts already received. How eager we have been to demand from our fellow-men the amount they have owed us! What if God had been as exacting towards us? We talk of entire consecration to God of our talents, time, voice, and reputation, but are not quite ready to write "THINE" on our purses; we say "Let Him take all, and yet at the same time keep the strings tight on our money-bags. Oh! let us see to it that this last and hardest to give up possession has the stamp of "Holiness unto the Lord" upon it. Do we excuse ourselves because of our poverty, remember "it is accepted according to that a man hath," and indeed we may have been kept in poverty because of our withholding from God. Honesty is the best policy, even in our dealings with God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy, and asks but a small return, as an evidence that we love and acknowledge the giver.—*Words of Faith.*

## Be Courteous.

Courtesy is simply kindness. When one is at a loss to know what is the courteous thing to do, he only needs to think what is the respectful, kind, helpful, action. The preference of others before self; thoughtfulness of their comfort, pleasure, entertainment; the ready, yielding of one's own ease or preference thereto, this is kindness, this is courtesy. Careful attention to the feelings of others, keeping our minds on what may give them ease, or relief, these are the marks of genuine gentlemanliness. Courtesy is a plant of the heart, not of the head. Its great foe is selfishness, love of self-indulgence. Rudeness is simply self importance in action. Incivility is deep self-conceit working to the outside. Better than all the printed rules of etiquette, is the simple guide: *Do what is kindest to others.* There is no Scripture that should more touch our hearts, and kindle aspirations after loving-kindness to others, than the tender words: For even Christ pleased not himself.

To be courteous requires careful reflection, consideration for others. When we grow inconsiderate and do not try to think what others will like, we are sure to neglect their wishes and cross their feelings. Then follows rudeness, appropriation of self of the best place, the best things. Boorishness is the result of selfishness, where natural selfishness of disposition is permitted to run its course unrestrained and uncultured. But true self-respect tends to respect for others. Be courteous, and you will be treated courteously. For genuine courtesy is just doing to others what you would have others do to you.—*The Mid-Continent.*

## Your Own Master.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master."

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend.

"Responsibility—is it?" "Yes, to rule yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct and your judgment to construct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man. "Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend; "I should fail sure if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When he is Master all goes right."—*Dr. Bason.*

It is difficult to have portable homes, places of business, or even places of worship. But religion is portable. Indeed, anything that passes under that name that is not portable is a sham and a fraud. Take it with you wherever you go—to the shop, to the office, to the store, to the farm, to the kitchen, on the street, in social intercourse, in politics—in everything and everywhere take your religion with you.

## Things Hard to be Understood.

"There are some things that I cannot understand. One is this, that people can stand it to lose a large sum, and cannot stand it to give the same large sum. I once asked a man for \$25,000 for a college. He said it was utterly impossible. Two weeks later he, by an accident, lost \$250,000, a round quarter of a million. When I met him and offered him my sympathy, he said, 'Our house is a very strong one, and it will not affect us. I asked another for \$60,000, and his wife said it would beggar them. He told a friend one year afterward that he wished he had given it to me, for as I talked, he thought of the money it would take if he did it, and that he had put it elsewhere, and lost it all and more than an equal sum to get out; but he would not feel it much! A farmer is shocked to be talked to about giving \$100, but his best horse will die, and nobody sees that it makes any difference. I cannot understand this thing. Will not those people please give their testimony, whether it does make any difference in the bank, whether money is checked out to pay gifts or to pay losses?'—*G. P. Hugo.*

## How Souls are Saved.

A dying publican's wife, in England, recently gave the following, encouraging testimony, as narrated by the evangelist who visited her. He says:—"I was asked to go to a public-house in Nottingham and see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she had found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of newspaper containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. 'Where did you

get this newspaper from?' I asked. She answered: 'It was wrapped around a parcel which was sent me from Australia.' Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that—a sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, an extract reprinted in a newspaper there, the paper sent to Australia, a part torn off, as we should say accidentally, for the parcel despatched to England, and, after all its wandering, conveyed the message of salvation to that woman's soul. God's word shall not return unto him void."

## Be Watchful.

Every man has need to be watchful. The cable is not stronger than the weakest link, nor the character than the hidden meanness. The secret sin does not grow in a day, though it may germinate in a moment. A Scotch preacher beautifully illustrated this by referring to the tiny seed dropped by the passing bird into a crevice of a rock, and which, sprouting, grew, and in process of years, by its mighty roots, moved the massive rock until it toppled over into the loch. So we must beware of the trifling thought of sin. We must search by the power of God's spirit. Let us be sincere in the searching, and firm in evictions of the hidden evil.

## Paid For His Dinner.

Lovers of dogs will be interested in the following true story: A lady was visiting friends at the seaside, where there was a fine dog whose master was in the habit of giving him money every day to buy meat for his dinner from the butcher's cart. The lady, admiring the handsome intelligent animal, called him to her as she sat at breakfast, and fed him from her plate. The dog at once went to his master, and standing on his hind legs, pawed and scratched at the gentleman's breast pocket. At first, the master failed to understand, and ordered him away; but, the creature persisting, he finally said, "Well, I do believe he wants his money," and offered him a coin, which the dog instantly took, and trotting up to the friendly visitor, deposited it in her lap, with a wag of his tail and a look which seemed to say, "I always pay the butcher, and why not you?"—*Sel.*

## The Test.

Distrust your own possession of Christ, if the desire of your life, the passion of your heart, be to gain, rather than to give. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and as the Father sent him, so has he sent Christians. Men are naturally selfish, are born valleys into which streams are trained to flow and stop; the Spirit who regenerates, leaves the valley into a hill, down whose sides streams pour to waiting valleys below. Do you wish to know whether you are a Christian or not? Study the slope. If your desire is to gather in, challenge your Christianity. You are yet a valley, not merely of shadows, but of death; if you desire to impart you are one with Christ, "who gave his life a ransom for many."—*O. P. Gifford.*

## Unquenchable.

Some fifty years ago, a gang of Belgian miners, angry with another set of underground workers, set a mass of coal on fire to smoke out their comrades. How well they succeeded let the record of half a century tell. Years have passed away; a generation has faded; the angry passion of those who sought revenge has become a thing of the past; but the fire started in that long ago blaze on, and no earthly skill has yet found the way to extinguish it. Burning on, ever consuming, it is a fitting type of the unquenchable power of sin and passion. "One sinner destroyeth much good." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Gen. Wolsley of the British army, in a recent article in an English review, says that the all-absorbing anxiety of every man who ever led a storming party is: "Will my men follow me?" He may have no shadow of misgiving as to his own courage and determination to lead the way, but that horrid question he says, and the doubt it engenders robs him of much of that frenzied enjoyment which is past the understanding of all who have not taken part in such an enterprise. But there are a good many Christian pastors who understand exactly what Gen. Wolsley means.—*The Advance.*

Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes: Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil commands large and increasing sale which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

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1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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