

Hope Beyond.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

Sometimes when heart and flesh are weary,
Lord,
We faint would fly away and be at rest;
How long the journey for these tired feet!
Yet Love and Wisdom surely knoweth best.

Sometimes when friends deceive and hopes depart,
And gathering darkness hides the rising sun;
We long to reach the land that hath no night—
The fearful conflict past, the victory won!

O blessed, blessed hope, that cheers our way
Through desert, darkness, danger and defeat!
How can we drain the cup our lips do press
How bear the burden in the noon-day heat.

Did not the precious promise cheer us on,
‘As in thy day, e’en so thy strength shall be!’
Not e’en a sparrow is by Me forgot’—
Then how forgot whom ‘Christ, the Son, makes free’?

So will we trust Thee, Lord of earth and heaven,
Nor murmur, though we grope in starless night;
For just ahead, we know the day shall dawn
In radiant splendor, God Himself the Light!

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

The Intelligent Young Man.

Some men never seem to advance. They are no more intelligent, fifteen or twenty years after they have entered manhood, than when they first left their school days. Some preachers preach no better than when they first began. Some lawyers never rise. Some physicians never grow. Some mechanics are no better workmen after twenty years of practice. They can do their work a little easier, for the brains and hands have become used to the same thing over and over, but they are neither broader-viewed nor new-viewed. The office of intelligence is to lift men up and to give them larger conceptions of life and more capability to do their work, no matter how humble it is. For, the more intelligent a man is, the better workman he can be, whether in blacking boots or in preaching sermons.

We should, however, remember that intelligence is not what is popularly understood by education. Education is the mastering of (or the attempt to master) some particular science or branch of learning, and requires years of study and investigation; but intelligence is the gathering up of the results of others' education. Only a few persons, comparatively, are or can be, educated; while nearly all persons can be intelligent. Multitudes of people are intelligent, that is, well informed, and able to converse understandingly upon a great variety of topics, while they are not educated in any one direction. Some people are educated but not intelligent. They have spent long years in investigating some line of study, but can not converse upon anything outside of their specialty. Some college graduates, who know all about Greek and Latin roots, are not intelligent with common people in common matters. Some clergymen who are very learned in theology can not converse with their people upon practical questions. Some of the biggest simpletons in common life are among our best educated people. Intelligence is taking advantage of the education of others. Herein are the young men of to-day rich in their opportunities; they have within reach the results of the best thinking of the greatest minds, past and present.

What are some of the ways in which a common young man, who must spend ten hours each week day in the shop or upon the farm or in the store, may become intelligent, and grow in intelligence as the years roll away?

Intelligence costs determination, pluck, perseverance, but requires only a few minutes each day.

One method just now very popular is the “Chautauquan Circle.” This is now followed by at least 60,000 persons in our country. Its course of reading requires about forty minutes daily, and comprises a selected variety from ancient and modern classical and scientific authors. It has a regular four years' course and is doing a great and blessed work. The present year's reading comprises the *Chautauquan Journal*, a monthly of about 50 pages; also a book on Chemistry; a Greek Course in English; a biography of Cyrus and Alexander; a volume on the Art of Speech; a work on the character of Jesus; one on How to help the Poor; and a short History of the Reformation. Ten books in all, and it is easy to see that such a course followed for several years would make the commonest person intelligent.

Another is called the “Young People's Social and Literary Guild.”

It was organized at Ocean Park, Old Orchard, Me., and has brief courses of reading for very busy people. The Junior Course, for young readers, is, for this year, the same as that of the “C. Y. F. R. U.”; the Senior Course for the older readers includes “Ancient America,” by John D. Baldwin; “The story of the Earth and Man,” by Professor J. W. Dawson; “The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation,” by J. B. Walker, D. D.; and Scott's “Guy Mannering” or Kingsley's “Hypatia.” It has, also, a most excellent “Special Course in English Literature,” which, though brief, will introduce its readers to the most important works of the best writers of the English language.

Another plan is called the “New England Reading Circle,” which leaves out the classical part and confines itself to history, literature, science, and religion. It has but four books a year. The four for the present year are “Lectures on English History”; a work on English Literature; “Reasons for Believing in Christianity”; and a geological story. It takes but little time and its works are by standard authors.

Still another, and more simple course, is called the “Home College Series,” which consists of one hundred small books of about 16 pages each, making two each week and costing about five cents each. Of these hundred books, about eighteen are short biographies; twenty treat of some science; fifteen discuss various branches of art; and the remaining comprise travels, morals, etc. He who reads this course, picking up a crumb of solid information twice a week, will grow in intelligence and power to appreciate what he sees and hears.

Another way is for a company of young people in any community to form a circle of their own, and select such reading as they think best. Reading together helps to fix what we read in the mind. We recommend but little fiction, and that of the best. Fiction is to the mind what sponge cake is to the body. It should always come in afterwards; it is not suited to build up a strong, broad, intelligence. Its tendency is to weaken, not strengthen the mind. A down-east lumberman said he did not like sponge cake, for he had to “bite clear up to his eyes to get a mouthful.” So with the most of fiction; it is what the Vermonters called soda drink—“sweetened wind.”

Still another plan is what may be called the “newspaper course.” Not the reading of the stories and the gossip, or glancing through the paper, but the mastering of it. How few people have ever really read a newspaper. Not one in a thousand. One of the best informed men in New England, who began life a humble mechanic, educated himself with two newspapers, one secular and the other religious. His plan was this. He resolved not to read one line in his papers every word of which he did not know the meaning, and not to pass over the name of one country, town, or river, which he could not locate on the map. He bought a good school atlas, and an unabridged dictionary, and commenced his course of newspaper education. As a result, in a few years he became one of the most intelligent men in his State. It was slow work at first; but it grew easier the longer he pursued it. Two good newspapers, like *The Morning Star* and *The Boston Journal*, thus read, will educate any young man.

Suppose a person reads ten pages per day in some good book for ten years. He will have read one hundred and twenty books of three hundred pages each. Ten books in history, ten in travel, ten in science, ten in poetry, ten in fiction, ten in art, ten in music, ten in criticism, ten in political economy, ten in theology, ten in biography, and ten in miscellany. It requires only a little system and decision. Space will not permit referring to the results of all this—the joy it brings to one's life, the strength it gives, and the manhood it develops. Remember that the kind of one's reading not only gives character but reveals character. When I enter a young man's room I can tell what his mind mostly dwells upon by the character of the books I see there. A man's books tell not only the temper of his mind but the love of his heart. Above all, do not forget the Book of books, for it has history the oldest, law the profoundest, biography the most varied and fascinating, poetry the sublimest, philosophy the purest and broadest, and precepts the highest. No man can have the highest intelligence without the Bible. Read for time and for eternity.

A Good Example.

At a gathering of intimate friends, brothers and sisters in fact, whose aged mother had just been laid to rest, the talk turned upon their children. One of the group, an itinerant in active service, spoke

thus: “I perceived that my boy (an only son) was in a way to form hurtful associations, and I determined to save him from these. He wanted to be out evenings, and I couldn't tell where he went; I couldn't go with him. He is very fond of music, and especially of the flute. My eldest daughter is a fine pianist, and I can play the violin. So I organized a musical society in my family, and after an early supper we gathered in our parlor and engaged in our musical rehearsals. I selected classic music, and, having been during the war in charge of a regimental band, it was an easy task to drill these young performers in the execution of their several parts. When my duties called me away, they were left to practice by themselves, but I started them in before I left. Summer evenings, the windows being open wide, the pavement in front of our house would be crowded with eager listeners. My son found his evenings at home far more enjoyable than any he could spend away from home. His proficiency in music soon made him a leader of choirs in churches and kept him within the influence of Christian people. In due time he was ready to ratify the vows we had made for him in baptism and became a living member of the church. Thus I saved my boy.”

The most silent listener in this group was probably the one most deeply impressed by this narration. She had young sons, not long in their teens, and, while the itinerant was talking, she was deciding upon her programme for their evening entertainment. She had given herself more to claimants less worthy of consideration than were his sons, but she resolved that they should stand, where they rightly belonged, first in her care. They did not have any special talent for music, but they were very fond of reading. It was a great grief to her that she was not able to give them a classic education, but she could, at least, make them acquainted with the English translation of the classic originals.

Upon her return home she procured Bryant's *Translation of the Iliad*, and after supper read aloud to the boys one book every night. The evenings were long, and there was abundant time for this. She had a classical atlas for reference, and Schliemann's *Ilios and Troja*. The study of these two volumes, in connection with the text of the great Epic poet, gave a vividness and reality to the poetry it could not otherwise have had. Troy was no imaginary city; Ulysses and Achilles, Hector and Helen, were real beings; the Scaean Gate was an identified locality. The mother studied the lesson during the day for each succeeding evening, and shared the results of the study with her boys, for they were at work all day as “office boys.” When the *Iliad* was finished the *Odyssey* was taken up, and they followed Ulysses as well as they could, on the map, in his various wanderings. Current articles in the magazines on the islands alluded to in this epic were read and discussed. The plays of Sophocles—*Edipus* and *Electra* and *Philoctetes*—were next read. Then the mother ventured to introduce the boys to Plato. *The Apology* or *Socrates* and *Crito* interested both; and the elder son kept on and read *Plato* and other dialogues with delight. By this time the evenings had grown short, and the boys enjoyed tennis and ball in the afternoon. But the elder one took with him in his coat pocket, until he had read them through, the plays of Shakespeare, the poems of Milton, of Dante, of Spenser, Bacon's essays, interspersing these with text-books of science—physiology, chemistry, astronomy—until his mind was saturated with knowledge of these branches. He was first given a simple text-book on chemistry, and this prepared him for Cooke's *New Chemistry*. In astronomy he first read Warren's *Recreations in Astronomy*. Then his mother got him Newcomb's larger work, and thus he read twice. Then, the long winter evenings having come again, he took Burritt's *Atlas of the Heavens*, and learned by its aid to trace the constellations and call the stars by name. His mother companioned him in these studies to a degree enough to lead his thoughts continually to the Divine Power visible in the “concourse of atoms,” in the solemn procession of the stars, in the marvelous construction of the human frame.

Then she tried him in Metaphysics, and read to him the early chapters of Sir William Hamilton. His mind was ready, and he finished with avidity this volume. This course of reading covered about three years in time, at the end of which the lad followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West to “grow up with the country.” But his mother knows that having lived and thought for years with the great poets and thinkers of the race, from Moses and the prophets, from Christ and the evangelists, to Plato and Homer, and lesser intellectual luminaries,

the soil of his mind is so occupied, it will be hard for weeds to find a place for germination and growth, and in an important sense he is safe.

This little sketch from real life is given with the hope that other fathers and mothers may be influenced by the example of this father and mother, and fortify their children against temptation by fully taking possession of their hearts in favor of wisdom and virtue.

The evenings are long. This is a good time to begin.

A Woman Philanthropist.

In a large open square at New Orleans, amid the orange blossoms and roses of that southern city, stands the statue of a woman—a woman plain of face and plain of dress, with one arm tenderly encircling a trusting child. And this statue—the first, I think, ever erected to a woman's memory in this country—does it tell of great deeds by refined wealth? Who was Margaret? Ask the child who owes its future to her loving forethought. Ask the aged man or woman whose closing life has been made brighter by her charity. Read the story of an unselfish life in her plain, kindly face.

Yet the woman whom this statue honors was uneducated—she could scarcely write her own name. Left an orphan at an early age, she felt an orphan's loneliness, and knew the weariness of poverty.

She and her young husband began life with only the wealth of love and energy. Sorrow entered their happy home. Death claimed the husband and darling child. But affliction only opened her heart to the woes of others. She toiled early and late, and was successful. Her own living was simple, but she gave freely in charity. She gave to Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew alike.

“God does not ask the religion, but their needs, and I am his servant.” That was her life motto, and she won the love and honor of thousands. Forty-six long years she labored—forty-six years of love and charity for her fellow-beings, and then she yielded her life to him who gave it, and went to receive a glorious reward for well-doing.

Who can count the jewels which those years placed in her crown of life? Who can wonder that she left those behind her who adorned her memory, and called her St. Margaret? What a grand, wide life this simple working woman lived!

She gave away over six hundred thousand dollars in charity, yet she never wore a satin gown, a velvet gown, or a kid glove!—*Work at Home.*

Be Careful.

It is said that among the high Alps, at certain seasons, the traveler is told to proceed quietly; for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice or the report of a gun may destroy the equilibrium, and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm every thing in ruin in its downward path. And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history trembling between life and death, and a mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young lady, who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under conviction of sin, to ask: “What must I do to be saved?” had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting of a member of the church by her side as she passed out of the sanctuary. Her irreverent and worldly spirit cast a repellent shadow on the young lady not far from the kingdom of God. How important that we should always and everywhere walk worthy of our high calling as Christians.—*The Res. T. Stork.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Retirement is good, but not as a luxury.—*Maurice.*

The only way to lead a holy life is to obtain a holy heart.

No act will be deemed blameless unless the will was so.—*Seneca.*

Cross winds hasten saints to their harbor on earth and in heaven.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree enslaves the will.—*Miss Mary Candor.*

The value of everything in life depends on its power to lead us to God by the shortest road.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so we must of our idle silence.—*Ambrose.*

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

Meddle not with things God lays not on us, nor uselessly utter hard sayings others are unable to bear.

Murmuring is composed of a mixture of ingratitude, selfishness, and unbelief, in about equal parts.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

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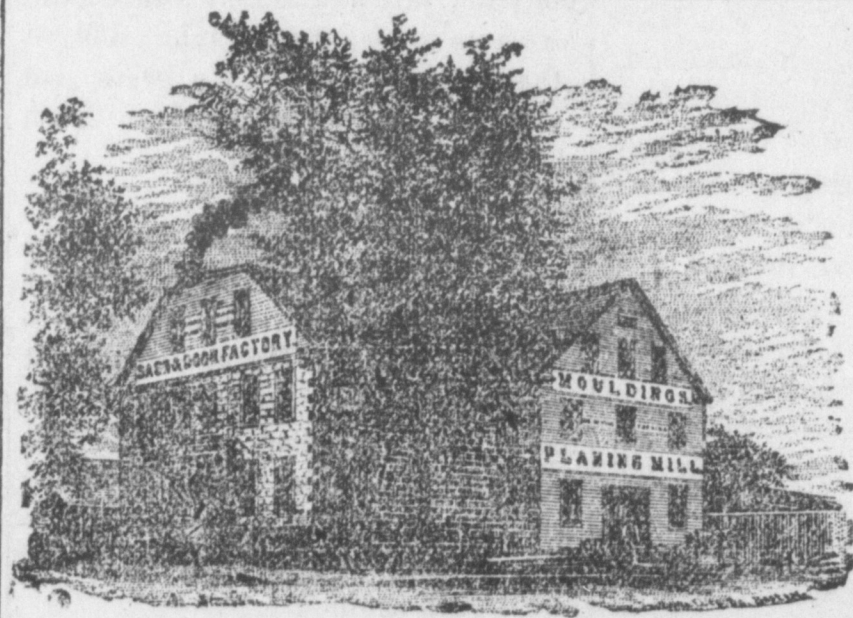
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