

An Invalid's Prayer.

BY HADDIE WISE ANDERS.

In my weakness, Lord,
Oh, stay thou near!
Cast out all my doubts
And every fear.

Let me feel the clasp
Of thy dear hand.
Thou hast suffered too—
Thou canst understand.

Underneath my cross
I drop and faint;
I am but a child,
And not a saint.

Yet O, I long to be
More like thee above—
Strong in Faith and Hope,
And rich in Love.

—The Standard.

The Bird's Breakfast.

Two little birdies
One wintry day
Began to wonder,
And then to say,
"How about breakfast
This wintry day?"

Two little maidens
One wintry day
Into the garden
Wended their way,
Where the snow lay deep
That wintry day.

One with a broom
Swept the snow away;
One scattered crumbs,
Then away to play;
And birdies had breakfast
That wintry day.

—For Our Dumb Animals.

Character.

A man is what his character makes him. If his character is good, so is he; if his character is bad, he is likewise. Character is the foundation upon which society and governments are built. He who is destitute of a good character has reached the extreme boundary of poverty. He who has a good character has a heritage which railroad kings cannot buy, and which is more beautiful than the jeweled robes of princes. The wise man said, yea, God still says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." There are many men who do not believe this, as they disbelieve many of the declarations of the Most High. Character, like friendship, "is of slow growth." Many things may be obtained at once, but he who would possess the ripened fruits of a noble character must learn to toil and wait. He must master passion, subdue lust, and cultivate every virtue.

As Jesus Christ is the "chief corner-stone" upon which is erected that sublime temple which is "debased by the elegance of its structure, and crushed by the weight of its materials the stateliest temples of pagan superstition," so He is the foundation of every individual character. If you would take the first step towards a splendid character, step on "Christ, the solid Rock." In the first chapter of his second Epistle, Peter has given us a beautiful and striking direction how to build our character. He says, "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." Now let us remember that this is not a picture of laying one block or one stone upon another, but it is the figure of a living stalk with one joint growing in another joint, so it is best to say, add in your faith, virtue, etc., just as a stalk of wheat adds joint into joint, until it is crowned with the golden grain, so we are to add grace unto grace until all shall be crowned with the heavenly fruit of love. Then we behold the form and beauty of a perfect character.

Character is immortal; what we are we will be in eternity. He who mars his character by a base deed is writing a line the blackness of which will be seen by the light of the "eternal day." When a drop of indelible ink falls on the clean linen, rivers of water cannot wash it out; so a single black spot on human character will defy the stream of time to cleanse.

This leads us to remark upon the necessity of good character in the members of our churches. A church which is composed largely of men and women without character is a dishonor upon Christ and a failure among men. A church may be rich and have many members, but if the members are dishonest in their dealings or impure in their lives; if the men lack honor and the women virtue, it will perish, and the "sooner the better."

This is true of all church members, and it is especially true of preachers. A man may be learned, eloquent and magnetic; he may be commanding in person or engaging in manner, but if his character is smirched by dishonesty, drunkenness or debauchery, he will be shunned by the pure and be despised by the honorable. The preacher who magnifies the

faults of his brethren, misrepresents and slanders them, has mistaken his calling; ambition or greed has taken possession of his soul and unfitted him for the society of the pure and honorable. Purity is better than eloquence, and a noble life than magnetic power. All preachers cannot be orators, but all can be men of good character. And that which all can have is the most important of all. Brethren, never do a little trick nor a mean act, and you will grow up to be "able ministers of the New Testament."

Lost Opportunities.

A gentle, gracious old lady of seventy lately told the following incident to her grand-children. We give, as nearly as possible, her own words:

"I drove out one day, when I was a young girl, to the park. Some trifle had occurred to irritate me; a disappointment, probably, about a dress or hat. I left the carriage, and bidding the coachman drive on, sat down on a bench near the river. Some children were playing under the trees, their nurses looking on. I remember that their noise annoyed me, and that I tried to control my own ill-humor. But, I thought, why should I not be ill-humored if I chose? I was alone; it could harm nobody."

"A man stood near me, leaning against a tree. He attracted my attention, because his clothes were of fine quality, though worn and ragged. There was something about his air and manner, too, which betokened gentle breeding. He turned and saw me looking at him, and, apparently following a sudden impulse, came up and asked me for work. I was not frightened, for his manner was perfectly respectful, but I was angry at being annoyed by a stranger."

"What work could I have for you?" I said.

"That is true," He bowed and turned away. I sat by the river for awhile, and then went to meet the carriage, which was returning.

"The man again stopped me. 'You are young,' he said. 'You ought to have more mercy than the world. I am a very wretched man. If you would use your influence, could you not get me work?'"

"His voice was so hoarse I thought he had been drinking. I hurried on without speaking. The coachman threatened him with his whip, seeing that I was annoyed. I went home, but the man's pale face haunted me all that night."

"The next morning, my father read from the paper, 'the body of a man was found last night in the river above the dam. It proved to be a Virginian, named Hall who had been struggling with poverty and ill-health in the city for months. He had been starving the day before, and applied for work to every man he met.' His last appeal was to me. A kind word from me would have saved him. It was a terrible lesson. Fifty years have passed since then, but even now I wake at night with that man's face before me."

"The consequences of our careless neglect of the poor are not often brought home to us in such a way. Yet we may be certain that every time we turn away from a needy brother, we leave him to evil influences which we might have changed into good ones. Every beggar, every creature hurt or hungry in body or soul that comes into our path, is an opportunity given to us by God to make ourselves like the Master in his compassion and kindness. 'Inasmuch' the Saviour tells us, 'as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'—*Youth's Companion*.

Scolding.

It is a fact beyond dispute, that scolding never does any good, and usually makes matters worse than they were before. It serves to call forth opposing evils in the one berated, which in turn brings out still more hard words from the first speaker, until what should have been but a passing cloud, develops into a disastrous storm.

Webster says that a scold is "A rude, clamorous, foul-mouthed woman." Perhaps we have not realized that it meant quite as much as this, when we allowed ourselves to express what we felt, in words neither wise nor elegant.

Is there excuse for tired, overworked mothers who never know the luxury of rest? There are such, and without doubt many of them, who never, for one moment, year in and year out, know what it is to feel rested. This may not be owing entirely to the amount of work they have to perform, though that course was the original cause, but, having once got into such a state, it would require a very long holiday to restore the body to its normal condition. Is it any wonder that we often feel irritable, and that the overwrought nerves protest against every incivility?

Perhaps husbands and children are not always as considerate of

our feelings as they ought to be, and to remind them of neglected duty, we scold. They are reminded, forcibly enough, no doubt, but are they more thoughtful next time? And does this way of doing increase their love for us? On the contrary it will in time eradicate every particle of natural affection. Constant fretting renders us very unlovely, and in order to be loved we must be lovable.

As dreadful as this result may be it is not all that may be expected from such a course long indulged in. The children soon learn to take on the same tone, and scolding and fault finding soon falls as naturally from their pretty lips, as did before the innocent prattle of childhood. They will, of course, grow up a copy of their scolding mothers, and thus our every day words become as far reaching as eternity. We cannot think too much of this matter, or be too seriously impressed with its importance. It is of vital import, not only to our own happiness, but to that of every member of the family. *Phrenological Journal*.

Hindoo Women.

Now for an idea of a Hindoo woman's home life. She lives in a small room almost destitute. The floor and walls are of clay, with no ornamentation of any sort and the least furniture possible. Every morning she has to pray—not for herself, as she is taught that she has no soul—but for her husband, for rain and general blessings. Then she spends two or three hours preparing the breakfast. She does not eat with her husband, but, perhaps, fans him at his request. During the daytime she either sleeps, gossips with other women, or sometimes a reader reads to them from the lives of the gods. These stories are unfit for human ears; they are vile from beginning to end. The children and women are taught them. At night they prepare their husband's meal in the same manner. They are not protected against the weather and dampness, nor are they properly clothed and fed. The rich live the same as the poor. If sick, they are deemed cursed by the gods, and are taken to the stable and left alone. The only food they can get is left by stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindoo boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his father, who boasts of it to his friends. To be a widow is the sum of unhappiness. She is especially cursed by the gods. As the husband dies, half a dozen barbers' wives rush upon her, and tear the jewelry from her ears and nose. Behind the funeral cortege she follows, surrounded by those fiends, who throw her into the water. If she drowns, they say she was a good wife after all. "She has gone to meet her husband," she is kept in a darkened room for fourteen days. At the end of this time her husband's ashes are taken to the river, and, after a peculiar ceremony of prayers, the soul is supposed to be free. It may enter an insect or an animal. The worst punishment the soul can sustain is to enter the body of a woman.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—The majority of parents are fond of encouraging and delighting in the early and mental development of their children, being for the most part unaware of the danger to which they expose them. Says an eminent authority: "There can be no question that the Creator intended there should be perfect harmony in the development of physical and nervous systems, and that where such harmony exists we come nearest to the standard of a perfect organization. This harmony of the two systems demands that in the earlier year of life the brain and nervous system be held in abeyance to the physical."

"To fathers and mothers, surrounded by luxury and flattered with the precocity of their children, which they are stimulating to the least degree, I say you are enemies of your race; you are sowing the seeds of nervous, mental and physical disorders, from which the harvest will be fearful and the end death to your family and your name. Do not under peril encourage this brilliancy in your child, which is now so charming; rather let his mind stagnate."

For the first seven years of life give concern only to his morals and his physique. Nourish him as you would nourish an animal from which you desire the finest development, and his intellect will take care of itself. Thus, if he have no hereditary taint, you will have laid the foundation of a splendid specimen of his race."

What A Vassar Girl Did.

A Vassar girl tells, in the *New York Morning Journal*, of the curious ways in which some of the poorer students at that institution earn their pocket money. "Some of the girls who come to Vassar," she says, "are helpless as babes. They are the daughters of millionaires, and

never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one do those things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car-fare, and the thousand and one little incidentals she must earn herself."

Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:—

Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 cents each.

Breakfast brought up for 10 cents.

Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a week.

Beds made up at 10 cents a week.

"That little freshman made just \$150 the first year," continues the account, "and that paid all of her expenses and a good part of her tuition fees."—*Boston Advertiser*.

Bogs.

During a series of meetings, an evangelist noticed a woman night after night occupying a front seat and apparently always attentive. But she never took any part. At length he asked the pastor if she was a Christian. "No," was the reply. "She is a bog." "A bog?" "Yes, a bog. Don't you know what a bog is?" "Why, in our country," said the evangelist, "it is a low, marshy place, receiving the drainage of the surrounding country; a place in which reptiles dwell, and upon which stands a green slime." "Yes," said the pastor, "that is exactly what that woman is. She gets much, but gives nothing. She has money, but drops none into the Lord's treasury. She never speaks to a soul about the Saviour. She has an unlimited capacity for hearing sermons, but makes no use of what she hears. She has an inlet, but no outlet. With her it is just absorb, absorb, absorb. She is nothing but a bog! Alas, that 'bogs' are so numerous in all our churches!"—*Selected*.

Value Of Spare Minutes.

Madame De Genlis, composed several charming volumes while waiting in the school-room for the tardy princes to whom she gave daily lessons.

Daguerre, one of the chancellors of France, wrote an able and bulky work in the successive interval of waiting for dinner.

Elihu Burritt, when earning his living as a blacksmith, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects by simply improving his "spare moments."

A celebrated physician in London translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage upon his daily rounds.

Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, writing down his thoughts in a memorandum book, which he carried for the purpose.

Kirkc White also learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office.

Your Duty.

Let us measure your duty in giving. What shall be the measuring-rod?

1. Your capacity. "She hath done what she could."

2. Your opportunity. "As ye have opportunity do good unto all men."

3. Your convictions. "That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

4. The necessities of others. "If a brother or sister be naked or destitute of daily food," etc.

5. Thy providence. "Let every man lay by him in store as God has prospered him."

6. Symmetry of character. "A bound in this grace also."

7. Your own happiness. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

8. God's glory. "Honor God with your substance."

Every young man has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may be a man with a man's powers and immunities, or a sham of a man—a whitened sepulcher—conscious he carries with him his own dead bones and all uncleanness. It is a matter entirely of choice. He knows what one life is, and where it ends. He knows the essential qualities and certain destiny of the other. The man who says he can not control himself not only lies, but places his Maker in blame. The sense of security and self-respect is worth more than the illicit pleasures of a world for all time. The pure in heart see God in everything, and they are supremely blessed. There is just one way of safety, and only one; and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way that leads evermore downward.—*J. G. Holland*.

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1874.....	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
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1878.....	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.43
1880.....	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.14
1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.19
1884.....	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
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Notice to Owners and Masters of Fishing Vessels.

ATTENTION is called to the following Regulation, approved by His Excellency the Governor General in Council on the 12th January, 1888.

"Owners or Masters of Fishing Vessels intending to fish and claim Bounty, are required before proceeding on a fishing voyage, to procure a LICENSE in the authorized form from the nearest Collector of Customs or Fishery Officer. In addition to a compliance with existing regulations, this LICENSE must be transmitted with the claim for Bounty on or before the 31st December in each year."

By Order,
JOHN TILTON,
Deputy Minister of Fisheries
FISHERIES DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 11th January, 1888.

John Harvey,

PHOTOGRAPHER

106 QUEEN ST.,

FREDERICTON.