

Jesus Knocks.

Dost thou not hear that sound?
Must it be always drowned
By clamorous voices of the world replying?
It is the voice of One that standeth crying;
Of one that standeth at a fast closed door
Patiently knocking—knocking evermore.

Dost thou not hear that sound?
The snow is on the ground
To-night; the cold north wind is blowing
chill;
But surely must that heart be colder still—
Frozen with cold, and fettered hard with
air,
That cannot take this Blessed Stranger in,

Thou dost not ask what door
Is that He knocks before,
Nor who it is; for thou art well aware
It is none less than Jesus standing here!
He waits, He pleads, as only He knows how
Thou hast not always listened—listen now!

I think I hear Him say,
"Thou wilt not turn away
Thy truest Friend?" I shed My blood
long years
Ago for thee. To-night I shed My tears
If still I find no entrance to thy heart,
Is it some sin from which thou canst not
part?

"Is it the love of gain
That makes My pleading vain?
Didst thou but know what treasures I have
brought,
What peace! What pardon!—thou wouldst
count as naught
All else beside. Right dearly were they
won,
For I have died for thee, My son! My son!

"The thorns have pierced My brow;
The nail-prints even now
Are in My hands—these hands, that bring
to thee
Such gifts; O, say at last thou lovest Me,
For I have waited many a weary year.
He that hath ears to hear, now let him
hear."

Thus Jesus knocks, O, might
There only be to-night
One door by eager, trembling hand unbarred
To let Him in; one heart, however hard,
Touched by the greatness of this Love
divine!
Whose shall it be? O brother, why not
thine?

Where the Money Goes.

BY MRS. M. H. HOUGHTON.

It has often caused wonder why
family lives in respectability and
comfort, while another, with
equal health and income at the
start, instead of improving in cir-
cumstances from year to year,
seems never to make the financial
ends meet. With disregard of vigi-
lance, painstaking, and frugality,
poverty is an easy achievement.

These are some of the ways of
throwing away money without any
return in convenience and comfort:
Keeping stoves, grates, and furnaces
crowded with fuel without refer-
ence to the temperature out of doors,
or the amount or kind of work to be
accomplished within. The kitchen
stove or range is greatly injured by
being kept red-hot. The cook and
laundry help, and the house, are
needlessly over-heated; food is burned,
or cooked at too high a tempera-
ture; garments are scorched in the
ironing; the tea-kettle, granite
and iron ware boil dry; and uten-
sils of every kind need often to be
repaired or replaced; water in the
reservoir is allowed to get low, or
boils, sending its steam through the
house—all the fuel used in excess
of what is necessary being an agent
of destruction in addition to its first
cost.

Another waste is in lighting
more lamps and burners than is
necessary for the cheerful illumina-
tion of the house, and neglecting to
turn them down when not in use,
and delay in substituting daylight
for artificial light.

A great deal more soap than is
necessary for cleanliness is allowed
to dissolve in dish-water, to the in-
jury of silver, china, and the hands;
and pieces find their way into the
slop-drain that should be saved for
the boiling suds in the weekly wash.

Printed fabrics and colored stock-
ings are injured in color by soap,
freezing, and sunshine. Flannels
shrink and lose their soft texture
by being subjected to the same pro-
cesses used in cleansing cotton
goods.

Perishable articles of food are
left to stand in a warm kitchen,
which perhaps came directly from
cold storage, and should have small
interval between that and the ice-
box or cellar. Meat, milk, fruit,
and vegetables are quickly sensitive
to such treatment, and taint, sour,
wilt, or lose their crisp freshness in
the case of garden products, so that
disappointment instead of satisfac-
tion is many times the outcome of
careful and generous marketing.

Neglecting to regularly and thor-
oughly cleanse crocks, jars, cans, or
other receptacles in which butter,
bread, or any food is kept is the
origin of stale odors and flavors, and
germs of mold that hasten decay,
and render what is in contact with
them unfit for use. Omitting to
burn, bury, or remove spoiled fruit,
vegetables, or any thing ruined by
decomposition, is not only a source
of wasteful injury to other things in
their vicinity, but is also an element

of danger to the health of the house-
hold, the vitiated air of cellar and
storeroom reaching the living apart-
ments through floors, registers, and
apertures for pipes. Diphtheria,
typhoid fever, and impaired vitality
may come from no more mysterious
source than this. In extreme cold
weather the habitual oversight of
mother or mistress the last thing at
night has saved many a plumber's
bill, and outlay from breakages and
spoilage by Jack Frost.

Matron or maid who uses the best
and brightest of tin-ware for coarse
purposes, where the older ones will
do, will probably be careless about
putting any of them away thorough-
ly dried; and she who makes no dis-
tinction between the common and the
best tureens and table ware, ex-
posing them recklessly to the hot
oven or to risk of breakage, will al-
ways be in need of new crockery.
Tubs and pails exposed to a day
atmosphere or left to dry in the
wind will soon drop their hoops and
need to be sent to the cooper.

Flour and meal or sugar left un-
covered, and crumbs not brushed
from table and shelves, are cards of
invitation to mice, ants, and flies,
which the careless housekeeper must
always entertain.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

A True Story.

AUNT GERTRUDE.

Ten years ago to-day I was at
Shirley, and Amy was celebrating
her twelfth birthday. She had
eleven little friends to tea, and a
merry party they were. Amy
poured the tea, enjoying the honor
of sitting in mamma's place behind
the tea-service, and urged the girls
to drink a great many cups so that
she might have the fun of pouring
them. Lillie served the straw-
berries and Sue the ice-cream and
much chattering and little eating
was the order of the day.

Fannie got the piece of cake that
had the ring in, whereupon—as it
had been agreed that one would be
the first to wear a wedding-ring—the
thought of the party turned to the
future. Alice began teasing
Fannie to know which she would
choose for her husband, "doctor,
lawyer, merchant, or prince, and
from this it came about that they
began to talk seriously, and each
one told what she would choose her
future life to be if she could have
her choice, and I became their
historian. Uninvited and unobserv-
ed I noted down at the time what
each said, and have followed them
all along the way.

Fannie said she should marry a
banker, and have a fine house and
horses and carriages. She did in-
deed have all these things, and did
marry a banker; but to-day she is
again under her father's roof with
her only child, while her husband is
in prison serving a term for em-
bezzlement.

Belle said she would like to be a
hospital nurse, and devote her life to
the afflicted. But loving friends
have to do for her what she had
hoped to do for others, and for eight
years have seen her suffering wearily
with spine disease. This is not the
life she planned, and yet she is so
patient and cheerful an invalid that
it may be she does more good by
her beautiful example than she
could do in any other way.

Alice, who chose to be a "mission-
ary," is still single, and devoting her
life to an invalid mother. She has
never worked in foreign fields, and
yet she is a "missionary" indeed to
many a humble home, whose in-
mates are the recipients of her
mother's bounty.

Amy, who hoped for a brilliant
and useful life, is in a private insane
asylum, surrounded by every luxury,
but hopelessly insane.

Lillie, who would never marry,
but would be a teacher, and some
day have "a big seminary like Miss
Rochefort," was married when she
was eighteen; and yesterday I found
her teaching her second child his
letters.

Sue, merry little Sue, who said
she "never thought ahead, but just
had a good time every day as it
came along," died of scarlet fever
only six months after the tea-party,
ten years ago.

May declared that she should
"marry some rich man, and give a
dancing party every week." She
did not marry the rich man, but has
become the mistress of a quiet and
happy home in the country, where,
instead of the "dancing party every
week," she devotes herself to the
mission boys and the sewing-classes,
and is altogether "the best, most
useful, active little body in the
whole parish."

Dell intended to "devote her life
and money to the poor and suffer-
ing," and, though she died one

month after this was said, her wish
was accomplished; for her mother
spent her only daughter's whole for-
tune in endowing an orphan asylum
and hospital, and keeps "Dell's
purse" always filled to help the many
poor families to whom she is a con-
stant visitor and friend.

Bessie would be an "authoress,"
and is one, though at that time she
little guessed her gift would be need-
ed to earn for her her daily bread.

Lizzie wanted to travel "all over
the world, and see everything,"
Alas, and alas! In the past ten
years she has not been fifty miles
from home, and she is blind.

Ada, who "couldn't guess and
didn't care" what might be in store
for her, has started out in life with
flattering prospects as the wife of a
young lawyer.

Helen sits at my side, and I find
her weeping quietly as I finish read-
ing this story which brings back to
her the many changes since that
bright May-day Tea-party, ten years
ago. She says the only thing I can
say of her is that she is strong and
well, and, being older than Alice, is
entitled to the position of "old
maid" of the crowd.—*The Christian
Advocate.*

Inferior Aims.

The useless man is worthless
mentally, and the worthless man is
morally useless. A life addicted to
worthless pursuits begets the re-
morse and self-upbraidings which,
however angry and stinging they
may be, seldom lead to amendment.
A life addicted to useless pursuit so
weakens the mind as to make it in-
capable of vigorous, much less of
sustained effort.

Bishop Heber, the author of the
famous missionary hymn, "From
Greenland's icy Mountains," had a
brother, whose learning and talents
would have secured him fame and
influence, but for his persistence in
misusing them. He was a biblio-
maniac, and spent one-half his life,
thirty years, in travelling over
Europe to collect rare books. His
learning and fortune enabled him to
make such an immense collection of
rare and valuable works, that when
he died he owned four large libraries
in England, and seven or eight on
the continent. He cared little to
read his books, and seldom visited
his libraries, except to place newly-
acquired volumes on their shelves.
At his death there were found in
warehouses scores of boxes filled
with books, which he had not found
time to unpack. His life was use-
less, except in saving other biblio-
maniacs labor and expense. After
his death, at the sale of his libraries
in London, which occupied several
weeks, rival book-collectors bought
what they wanted without the
trouble of travelling over Europe to
find them.

Charles Greville tells of a Mr.
Gregory, who early in life deter-
mined to make a fortune, in order that
he might build a magnificent house.
He lived, worked and travelled for
no other object. Wherever he
went he sought out useful and orna-
mental objects for his projected
palace. When he had accumulated
the fortune which gave him an in-
come of £12,000 (\$60,000) a year,
he began to build. He built so slowly
and with such magnificence that his
friends suggested that the comple-
tion of the palace and his own death
might be about the same time. His
answer was: "It is my amuse-
ment, as hunting or shooting or
feasting is the amusement of other
people. In pursuing it, I am led
into all parts of Europe and mix
with all sorts of people, that I may
obtain articles to adorn my house or
to make it more comfortable. If I
never live in it, I don't care. I am
carrying out the object of my life."

A man living solely to build a
palace for the purpose of his own
gratification!

These incidents represent inferior
aims in life. It is every man's duty
to do the best work of which he is
capable, and to exert his best in-
fluence. His spiritual interests are
his higher interests, and the only
ones that will last; if he cares for
his soul, his conscience will care for
his intellect and body. Seek first
and above all "the kingdom of God
and his righteousness." A true life
lives in the happiness it creates,
and derives its joy from the service
of God and of others.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

The All-Important Question.

A dear brother of the writer,
living in New York, was recently
on a train which was leaving the
station. By the side of it, on the
next track, was another train,
which was about starting in the
opposite direction. A man near my
brother suddenly jumped to his feet,
opened the window, and hurriedly
called, "John!" A man at an
open window in the other train
instantly recognized his friend, and
quickly responded, "William!" A
heart grasp of hands, and the
short, solemn inquiry came ringing
from William, "John, have ye kept
the faith?" "Aye, by the help of
God, I have." The cars moved
away, a smile of pleasure on the

face of each, and they saw each
other no more. Not strange that a
thrill of Christian sympathy took
possession of my brother's heart, as
he at once took a seat by the side
of William, who had hitherto been
a stranger, but now was a Chris-
tian brother.

Not, "Have you made money?"
"Have you made a great name for
yourself?" but, "Have you kept
the faith?" What stronger evi-
dence of conversion could have
been given, than in the question
and answer which came from these
two travelers to eternity?—*Select-
ed.*

Courage.

The Roman Emperor threatened
Chrysostom with banishment if he
remained a Christian; but he
replied:

"Thou canst not, for the world
is my Father's house; thou canst
not banish me."

"I will slay thee," rejoined the
emperor. "Nay, thou canst not,
for my life is hid with Christ in
God."

"I will take away thy treasures."
"Nay, that thou canst not, for,
in the first place, I have none that
thou knowest of. My treasure is
in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from
man, and thou shalt have no friend
left."

"Nay," said Chrysostom, "and
that thou canst not, for I have a
Friend in heaven from whom thou
canst not separate me. I defy thee;
there is nothing thou canst do to
hurt me."—*The Worker.*

Aphorisms.

Do not seem what you are not.
An ounce of conviction is worth
a pound of coercion.

The true way to be happy is to
make others happy.

We can do more good by being
good than in any other way.

One day is worth three to him
who does everything in order.

If you are not wiser at the end
of the day, that day is lost.

The credit gained by a lie lasts
only until the truth comes out.

Dignity does not consist in pos-
sessing honors, but in deserving them.

It is something to be good; but
it is far finer to be good for some-
thing.

If you cannot speak well of your
neighbors do not speak of them at
all.

There is a sufficient recompense
in the very consciousness of a noble
deed.

Tongues.

"I wish I had not said that."
"I always do speak before I
think."

"I didn't mean it."
"A fellow can't say a thing but
what she flies out about it."

These are every-day words, yes, a
hundred-times-a-day words. What
do they mean? Simply that one of
the temptations against which we
guard ourselves least is the tempta-
tion to let our tongues say their own
say in an irresponsible fashion,
without much thought or intent.
Is it their own say? Yes; but they
are only repeating what the heart
told them, as little children express
their opinions gathered at the break-
fast-table. Watch yourselves! Watch
your tongues.—*Baptist
Weekly.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Nobody ever outgrows the Scrip-
tures; the book widens and deepens
with our years.—*Spurgeon.*

It is in men, as in soils, where
sometimes there is a vein of gold
which the owner knows not of.—*Swift.*

The three essentials of human
happiness are something to love,
something to do, and something to
hope for.

Character in a preacher is the
very force in the bow that launches
the arrow. It is the latent heart
behind the words that gives them
direction and the projectile force.

You turn the gospel upside down
when you tell a wicked person to
get quit of his wickedness first by
his own effort, in order that thereby
he may obtain the favor of God.—*Henry G. Comingo, D. D.*

Before I commit a sin it seems
to me so shallow that I may wade
through it dry-shod from any gui-
tiness; but when I have committed
it, it often seems so deep that I can
not escape without drowning.—*Fuller.*

What the world calls virtue is a
name and a dream without Christ.
The foundation of all human excel-
lence must be laid deep in the blood
of the Redeemer's cross and in the
power of his resurrection.—*F. W.
Robertson.*

The poor of the world want not
so much theory as practice; not so
much tears as dollars; not so much
kind wishes as loaves of bread; not
so much smiles as shoes; not so
much "God bless you!" as jackets
and frocks.—*Talmage.*

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