

Nothing To Show.

"My day has all gone"—t was a woman who spoke.
As she turned her face toward the sunset glow—
"And I have been busy the whole day long;
And yet for my work there is nothing to show."

No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought,
No laurel of fame her labor had won;
What was she doing in all the long day,
With nothing to show at set of the sun!

What was she doing? Listen—I'll tell you
What she was doing in all the long day;
Beautiful deeds too many to number,
Beautiful deeds in a beautiful way;

Womanly deeds that a woman may do,
Trifles that only a woman can see,
Wielding a power, unmeasured, unknown,
Wherever the light of her presence might be.

She had rejoiced with those who rejoiced,
Wept with the sad and strengthened the weak;
And a poor wanderer, straying in sin,
She in compassion had gone forth to seek.

Unto the poor her aid had been given,
Unto the weary the rest of her home;
Freely to others her blessings were given—
Freely and kindly to all who had come.

Humbly and quietly all the long day
Had her sweet service for others been done;
Yet for the labor of heart and of hand
What could she show at set of the sun?

Ah, she forgot that our Father in heaven
Ever is watching the work that we do,
And records He keeps of all we forget,
Then judges our work with judgment that's true.

For an angel writes down in a volume of gold
The beautiful deeds that all do below;
Though nothing she had at set of the sun,
The angel above had something to show.

Brain Overworked.

Not long ago a gentleman, in a state of great excitement, came into my consulting-room. His face was flushed, his eyes were staring wildly; his speech was jerking, and so indistinct that I could with difficulty understand him. I begged him to be seated, but he strode several times up and down the floor before he could sufficiently command himself to sit down and tell me coherently the object of his visit.

"Doctor," he said at last, "can't you give me something to put me to sleep. I have not closed my eyes in sleep the last five nights, and if I have to pass another night like the last, I shall go mad."

"Yes," I answered, "I think you will."
"Is that all you have to say to me?" he continued. "Is my case really so bad as that? Can nothing be done for me? Night after night I have gone to bed weary and, oh, so sleepy! but the moment my head touches the pillow I am wide awake, and all night long my mind is just as active as in the day. When I get up in the morning, my head is aching, my thoughts confused, and I am utterly unfit to go to my business. Now if I could only get one night's sound sleep, I could make a hundred thousand dollars before the week is out. Can you give it to me?"

"Yes; on one condition."
"Oh, I'll do anything you want. I'm not afraid of medicine. You see," he went on in an excited manner, "I've got a good thing. I've followed it up and have almost settled the whole matter, but my mind is in such a state from want of sleep, that I can't work it as I used to. Why, I can't even add up a column of figures correctly."

"You do a great deal of brain-work, I suppose?"
"There isn't a man in Wall Street who can beat me when I'm at my best."

"How long have you suffered from want of sleep?"

"Well, as I said, for five nights I have not slept a wink, but then I have had more or less headache and wakefulness for a year or more."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, except dyspepsia and palpitation of the heart, but I don't mind them. I want my head set right, and I want sleep."

"And are you perfectly willing to do exactly as I advise?"

"I'll do anything to get right again!"

I examined him and wrote him a prescription.

"But this is not all," I said, as he folded up the paper and was about leaving the room, "not by any means the most important part of your treatment. You have a sore brain, and it is no more sensible to overwork a sore brain than it is to walk too much on a sore foot. You must go away, and at once. Get out of the city to the mountains, where letters and telegrams will not reach you; take a gun or a fishing-rod with you, and stay away a month."

"That is simply impossible," he exclaimed. "If I did that, I should not make my hundred thousand dollars. I am willing to take your medicine, but as to breaking off in the abrupt way you speak of, it is out of the question."

"Now, my friend," I said, speaking slowly and deliberately, so that he should understand and appreciate every word, "I thought just now that you were a sensible man; I find, however, that you are the very re-

verse. It is, perhaps, none of my business to argue the matter with you. You came for my advice, and you have got it. But I feel compelled to tell you, not only for your own sake, but that of your wife and children, that if you keep on in your present course, you will be in a lunatic asylum before the week is out."

"You surely don't mean that."
"I mean every word of it. Your brain is now in a state of extreme congestion. You are using it up faster than you make it. You are living on your brain capital instead of your income, and, as a financial man, you know that that means brain bankruptcy some time or other. Night and day you are consuming your mental forces. You cannot sleep because your brain blood-vessels are gorged with blood, and hence there is no chance for rest and recuperation. It is a mere question of time, and a short time at that. I do not think you can stand it a week longer, for you are on the verge of an attack of acute mania. You profess to have common sense. Suppose you were a surgeon and a man came to you with a burnt hand—you gave him a salve to put on it, and straightway the man plunged his hand into the fire again. Would you expect the salve to do him any good? If you have quite made up your mind—the little that is left to you—to keep on in the attempt to succeed in your speculations, straining your mind to its utmost, and depriving yourself of sleep, I tell you frankly to save yourself the annoyance of taking the medicine prescribed, for it will do you no good."

"He looked at me stolidly for a moment, then started to his feet, rammed his hands deep in his trousers pockets, and paced the floor rapidly for a couple of minutes. 'I'll go,' he exclaimed at last, 'if it makes a beggar of me!' and without another word he left the house."

He did go, remained absent a month in the Adirondacks, and returned a wiser and a better man. He slept every night after leaving the city, and though he did not make the particular hundred thousand dollars for which he was struggling, he has made many more since by using his brain properly and giving it its proper periods of relaxation and repose.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Home-Made Commentary.

A good commentary, when properly used, is a good thing, and every reader of the Bible should have one. But I will tell you how to prepare a very useful one for yourself, which you can use in addition to such regular commentaries as are within your reach. The first thing is to make a catalogue of your books. You can do this on one or more sheets of ruled paper, according to whether you have few or many books; and this catalogue should contain a number for each book, with the title, and the name of the author.

You are now prepared to commence the preparation of your home-made commentary. You take up one of your books, with the intention of reading it through, that you may gain general instruction, and also that you may obtain new light on the meaning of the Bible, and may preserve for future reference what you find on that subject. Sometimes you will find a writer giving you his opinion of a text of Scripture. But often, when the author says nothing about it, the careful reader will see that a remark made, or suggestion given, or a fact stated, will illustrate or have some bearing upon some text or portion of Scripture; and he will find these things in books in which he did not expect them. Have a piece of waste paper in your book, and, as you come to these references, note down the text and the page, and place a dot in the margin for convenience of reference. When you have finished your book, arrange your texts in biblical order, as follows:—

Genesis 1: 1.....231
2 Samuel 8: 18.....256
Nehemiah 8: 17.....287
Jeremiah 36: 30.....127
John 1: 1.....231
Acts 15: 20.....196
2 Corinthians 5: 7.....41
Hebrews 4: 1.....249

and then copy them in pencil on a fly-leaf at the end of the book. Now take your Bible, and if the book you have been reading is No. 4, place a small 4 in the margin of each of the above texts, and you have ready for examination, at any time, all the illustrations with reference to the Bible which you have found in that book. Follow this course with all the books you read, and in the course of two or three years you will be surprised at the extent of your home-made commentary, and at its usefulness to you. If you have a book which has a printed list of "Texts Illustrated," then place the number of this book in the margin of your Bible against each of the texts which you find in the list.

But how are you to use this com-

mentary? You are reading the first chapter of Genesis, and you see 4 in the margin against the first verse. You take book No. 4, and turn to the fly-leaf at the end of it, and you see "Genesis 1: 1—231," and, turning to page 231, you find what you want. Or you are reading the tenth chapter of Acts, and you find 8 in the margin of verse 10, and, turning to the printed list of texts in book No. 8, you are referred to page 42 for the information you desire.

You will, of course, find it easier if you begin this work while you have few books; but if you already have many, you will find it advantageous to begin now, so that while there are many illustrations of the Scriptures in your past reading which you cannot readily find, you will be able to preserve for use what you read in the future. When you first make your catalogue, it may take considerable time; but if you are afterwards careful, when a new book comes into your possession, to insert it at once, it will be soon done.—*Rev. Wm. Hurin, in Sunday School Times*.

Think Before You Strike.

I remember reading in my boyhood about a merchant traveling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it; the merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse, and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package and when the merchant discovered his loss, and rode back, he found his dying dog lying there, faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story told by a friend of mine, is not as painful, but adds force to the thought, *Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak*:

"When I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said, 'There's something wrong here; let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said, 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was; and but for that neighbor, we should have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he lay down when he could not breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St Bernard dog being shot, because having a wound on his head concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly.

Boys, young and old, please remember that *these creatures are dumb*. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you.

Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

Speak to This Young Man.

There is a celebrated painting of the Dutch School of Art which portrays a young man sneaking into the door of a Jewish pawnbroker. The occasion of his visit is visible in his person, which is a wreck, but with lingering suggestions of nobility. Signs of distress are apparent, he looks as if he had spent the night with memories of better days. He offers a bracelet to the beak-nosed Shylock, who regards it with scornful indifference. It was his mother's bracelet, who had worn it at court. He becomes importunate, and at last the Jew condescends to offer a paltry sum. The struggle between appetite, passion and conscience can be seen. There is no friend to stand between him and the destroyer, and he takes it. As the door closes the Shylock gloats over his prize with ineffable cupidity; it is a jewel of the purest water, worth £100. So young men, nobly born and with nobler possibilities, are at the pawnshops of perdition bartering eternal life for the paltry price of sin, a mother's hopes and prayers—a mother's jewel—speak to that young man before all is gone. He may be the only son of a widow, her stay, who is breaking her heart, a child of many prayers.

Perhaps, you, too, have a son too far away for your care, and you have to depend on others for this service; speak to the young man as you would have another speak to your son. The obligations of gratitude are upon you, for if you are a Christian somebody spoke to you and prayed for you. Speak to him, for he may be a poor, lonely child out of some godly home in the first

onset of temptation in city life, a wandering sheep for whom the Master is searching. He may need counsel and desire it; he will not spurn your kindness. Speak to him or in the judgment he may plead, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat."—*Phil. Presbyterian*.

The Memory.

There is no better way to strengthen the memory than by the habit of speaking the exact truth. In some minds there is a strong tendency to exaggerate or diminish, to magnify or minify. Various motives operate to encourage this tendency. Aside from its moral bearings, the habit of exaggeration is injurious as affecting the memory. It is not enough that one is able to recall facts in a general way. Too much minuteness, indeed, may not be desirable; but whenever it is important that details should be given, exactness is absolutely essential; not the least coloring of a fact is justifiable. You may draw upon your imagination to any reasonable extent to illustrate a principle or a sentiment, for the cases are not supposed to have necessary existence, save in the imagination; and if the principle or sentiment is thus brought more distinctly into view, the precise object sought is gained, the principle and not the imaginary or illustrative fact being the central point of observation. But it is otherwise with the relation of events that have transpired or objects seen; the imagination has nothing to do with the relation, and should be excluded, and the naked fact only presented.—*Christian Advocate*.

A Danger.

The danger of false tenderness in the training of children was finely illustrated at one time in the following manner: A person who was greatly interested in entomology secured, at great pains, a fine specimen of an emperor moth of the larva state. Day by day he watched the little creature as he wove about him his cocoon, which is very singular in shape, much resembling a flask. Presently the time drew near for it to emerge from its wrappings, and spread its large wings of exceeding beauty. On approaching the narrow aperture of the neck of the flask, the pity of the person watching it was so awakened to see the struggle necessary to get through that he cut the cords, thus making the passage easier. But alas! his false tenderness destroyed all the brilliant colors for which this species of moth is noted. The severe pressure was the very thing needed to cause the flow of fluids which create the marvellous hues. Its wings were small, dull in colors, and the whole development was imperfect. How often we see a result in a character when parents, thinking to help a child over some hard place, rob him of strength of purpose and other qualities essential to the highest attainments in mental and spiritual life.—*Congregationalist*.

Which Will You Do?

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will only show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye, and love grow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and throughout the day when about your daily business.

A Surprise.

Boys may be profited by this bit of experience as told by one of the leading business men of Boston. He said that on leaving college he fully expected to be set up in business by his father, who was a wealthy man. Consequently the youth fooled away his time at clubs and with fast horses, until one day his father gave him fifty dollars, saying that hereafter he must earn his own money. The son remonstrated, and said that he wanted to go into business. "What do you know about managing mercantile affairs?" said the father severely. "Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet before you talk to me of business." The young man's pride was roused, and he started to seek a place at once. He found it a difficult matter, but finally accepted a situation at \$400 per year. Then his father exacted two dollars a week for board. Later he charged interest for money loaned to enter business. All these things seemed very hard to the boy at the time, but he lived to thank that father for the discipline. The habits of economy, punctuality and self-reliance thus formed were the foundation of his future success.

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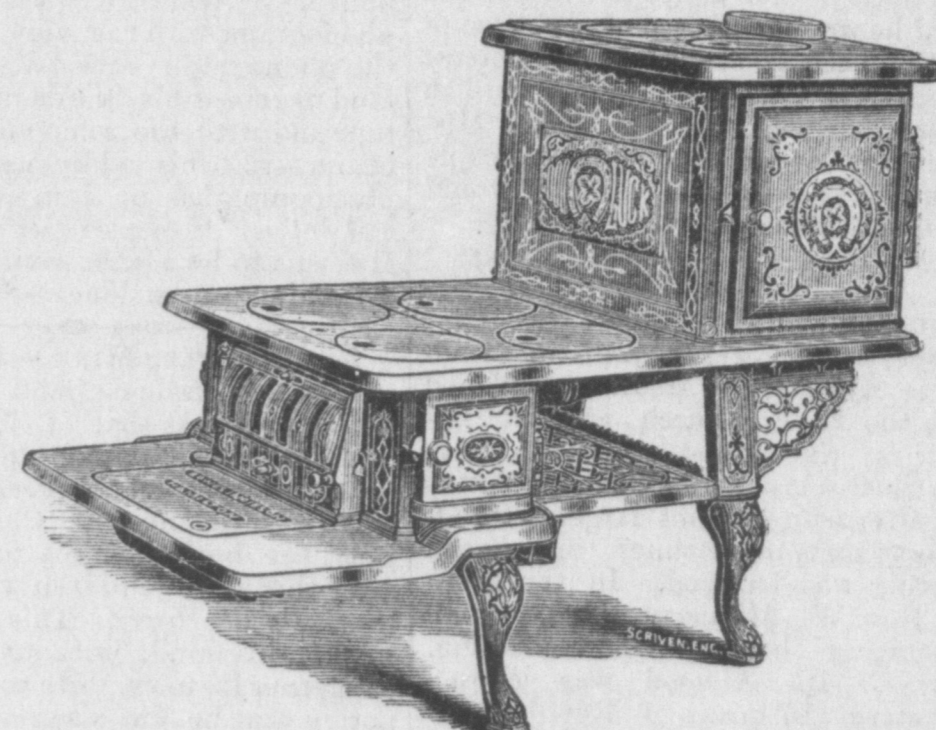
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