

## At Last.

It is the time of autumn glories:  
Through the warm, still haze there shines  
The blush of the crimson apples,  
The purple of grapes on the vines.  
Bright red glows the hawthorn berry,  
And the barberry's graceful spray;  
And the roadside bush and the stately tree  
In scarlet and gold are gay.

'Mid the splendours of field and forest  
My thoughts go back to the spring,  
To the freshness and the beauty  
Of the glad earth's blossoming.  
I think how the delicate windflower  
Peeped out from the hard gray mould;  
Of the mayflower's pure sweet blossoming  
In the forest yet dear and cold;

How the violet smiled to greet us,  
And the cowslip held up its gold;  
How I watched on the bare, brown branches  
The leaves' soft green unfold.  
For leaf and flower had been waiting  
Through the winter's chill and strife,  
Waiting the call of the springtime  
To their new, free, beautiful life.

And I think of the bloom of summer,  
With its wealth of green and flower;  
How leaf and bud and blossom  
Were growing, hour by hour;  
Growing through Heaven's giving,  
By storm or sunshine clear,  
Till now, ripe leaf and golden fruit  
With glory crown the year.

Then I think, through the winter of sorrow  
Our souls must patiently wait;  
For the springtime will surely call them,  
Sometime, or early, or late,  
To come forth to the glad bright sunshine,  
To grow—yet still to wait—  
To grow, as through bud and blossom,  
Through added leaf and bough,  
The tree its full life pours out;  
To wait for it is not now  
But beyond the perfect beauty,  
The glory of all the year;  
Wait till, ended the patient growing,  
In its autumn splendor glowing,  
Shall the ripened fruit appear;  
Watchman.

## "Give Him A Cheer."

"Give him a cheer." The hearty words came from the lips of some one in the crowd gathered around a building enveloped in flames, and were prompted by the momentary faltering of a brave fireman at the final effort that was needed to save a human life. Instantly hats were waving in the air, and, above the crackling and roaring of the fire, the cheering of the multitude below fell upon the ears of the wavering fireman. Electrified by the applause he renewed his efforts, beat back the flames that scorched his face, burst in the window that would not yield to the young girl's strength, and through a cloud of smoke and fire bore his unconscious burden to her weeping friends below.

"Give him a cheer," said a voice in the audience, as the young aspirant for academical honors began to hesitate in the midst of his well-prepared oration. "Give him a cheer," and as the appreciative huzzas were raised the heart of the youth gathered new courage, so that he succeeded in winning the scholarship, which to him meant much more than empty honors. In this very way the applause of a sympathetic and responsive audience bears up the speaker, who otherwise would fail. Mr. Gladstone once said: "A speaker gets from his hearers in vapor that which he gives back to them in flood," and when they have got it they return it to him with interest.

"Give him a cheer," Who? Why, that young Christian who has come out from the world, and in the midst of temptation is trying to live a consecrated life. He needs more than an interest in your prayers. Give him a warm hand-shake, a word of praise, or a smile of recognition when he begins to faint and falter by the way. Let him know that you appreciate his efforts, and will be disappointed if he fails. If he does a noble thing give him a cheer by telling him he has done well. It will give him strength to meet new trials and temptations.

"Give him a cheer"—the stranger within your gates. No matter how brief a tarrying he may make, bid him welcome. Do not let him go away feeling that no one feels an interest in his welfare.

I have in mind a young girl who went through life under a cloud. She had many things to discourage her. She was misperceived and misunderstood. No one spoke a cheering word to her, or offered to lend a hand when troubles thickened about her. People did not understand her shrinking nature. They mistook her exclusiveness for pride, until in a fit of desperation she took away the life God had given her. A little note among her effects explained the seemingly rash act. It ran thus: "I can endure this strain no longer. If I only had help to carry my burden I would try to be brave and stand up under its weight, but in all this wide world I have not a friend. No one has ever given me a cheering word, or dropped a tear of pity over my hard fate." Then over her icy form the neighbors lamented their lack of sympathy, and tears of regret in plenty fell upon the still white face now mute in death. Enough appreciative, tender words

to have gladdened her whole life were wasted around her coffin and over her open grave. But what good did they do when they fell upon ears hushed in death?

"Give them a cheer." A host of weary, toiling men and women are to-day calling loudly for cheering words and helpful ministries. Do not keep the cheer that would bless them lying idly in your hearts or trembling unaided upon your lips to scatter around their tombs when they are dead. Bring the flowers that you are keeping for their coffins and strew along their paths to-day while they are alive to inhale their sweet fragrance.

"Give them a cheer." Words of honest praise will spoil no man. If you gain a blessing from a sermon or a prayer, it will encourage the preacher to hear you say so. If some one's holy living strengthens you and helps you on to a better life, would he not be happier to know of the unconscious influence he is exerting?

"Give him a cheer." No matter where, or when, or how you come in contact with poor, struggling human souls, lend them a hand—give them a cheer that will help them to live better, nobler lives.—*Chris. Weekly*

## Rub Lightly.

A story is told of a dignitary of the Church who somewhat astonished an audience of young clergymen by taking the above words as the text of an address, in which he impressed upon his hearers the importance of tact in dealing with their lay brethren. Speaking generally, it may be said that in every walk of life delicate treatment and gentle handling are often the secret of success in dealing both with persons and things. The great gift of tact, so difficult to define, so easy to appreciate and admire, is nothing more than the art which enables its possessors to "rub lightly" in all the relations of life. The instinct which helps us to understand characters widely different, which gives us a quick perception of the susceptibilities and peculiarities of others, is essential to all who aspire to deal successfully with their fellow-men.

Even in this most common-place duties of every-day life the art of rubbing lightly will often enable us to overcome difficulties and obstacles which have resisted all rougher methods. The servant who possesses a "light hand" is indeed "a treasure" in the eyes of her mistress, and will succeed in many little domestic duties, where clumsy fingers would utterly fail.

Though of most importance, and seen in its highest form in the world at large, there is ample scope for the exercise of tact in the narrower circle of home life and social gatherings. And here it may be observed that this natural instinct, and insight into character, connected as it is with the finer feelings of our nature, is seen more commonly and in a higher degree among women than among men. Who does not admire the ready tact which enables a popular hostess to make a mixed party "go off," or in other words, to harmonize the somewhat discordant elements of a miscellaneous assemblage. "What can equal woman's tact?" says Oliver Wendell Holmes; "her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool temperatures of talk blow by turns."

Perhaps the value of tact will be most readily and most commonly recognized in the region of diplomacy. And while it may be said to attain its highest development in the successful ambassador who carries on negotiations of the most delicate nature, on which the issues of peace or war may depend, it is of almost equal importance to the great party leader, the popular bishop, the eminent physician, the successful headmaster. One of all of these in these different spheres carry out, more or less unconsciously, the principle of rubbing lightly in their intercourse with their fellow-men. If it be too much to say that "tact is success" in life, it may at any rate, be safely asserted that to those whose work consists mainly in managing or influencing others, the art of rubbing lightly is a most important factor in the attainment of popularity.—*Chambers Journal*.

## Only Too Common.

The wife's face was flushed; she bit her lip; by an evident effort she kept back the tears which were just ready to overflow the dark eyes. The husband, oblivious of the discomfort he was imposing on his family and the guest of the household kept on making exasperating criticisms on the table, the children and servants, ignoring the fact that his mood was as rasping and bitter as a chilly northeast storm, and that he was writing himself down a boor in the estimation of the person who was, unhappily, forced to listen silently to his amazing remarks. One by one the children slipped out of the room and escaped to school; the

maid cleared off the table, the man's volubility came to an end and he went off to the office, no doubt to be sorry for his ill temper, very possibly to apologize for it. The wife and her friend are left alone, and the former, stepping about the room and putting it in order with deft touches here and there, said quietly, "Jonathan loves me with his whole heart, though he has a fit of irritability now and then."

It was no doubt the truth. Not a disloyal thought was in the good man's mind. He would have died for his wife, had that sacrifice been necessary in any peril of hers, to save her. Because she was confident of his love she endured his tantrums, and never gave back a reproachful word or even an angry look, bearing caprice and injustice with the equanimity of an angel, or a martyr. Whether or not her course was an altogether wise one, who shall say? Peace is so precious that one is fain to think no cost too great to be paid for it; yet there is such a thing as carrying meekness to the verge of imbecility, and a righteous resentment is sometimes nobler than a weak policy of everlasting conciliation, even in home life.

But, he loved her; she knew that he loved her; he was so proudly aware of his love that he made it a shield for himself when his conscience told him that he did wrong, and behaved in a manner unbecoming a gentleman. The question arises, how much, for honest everyday wear and tear in the struggle of life, is just this kind of love worth?—*Christian Intelligencer*.

## Criticizing The Minister.

Ministers are public teachers, and of course come in for their share of criticism. They are targets for shooters in all quarters. They are pin cushions, and not a few think it their right to come round occasionally and stick one in. Some people think it is good for the minister's health—physical and spiritual—to be well punctured. These criticisms are varied. Sometimes they are just, sometimes not. Sometimes they are kindly—often hasty—once in a while vicious. Sometimes they are amusing—once in a while painful.

Now they are called peculiar, now not so, now ill-tempered; now too plain of speech, now not plain enough; now proud, now affected, which is the same thing; now they preach too loud, now not loud enough; now too long, and now too short—I was going to say too short; but I hold, I have not heard that criticism often. Now they are all the time after money: "all the time into a man's pocket book;" and now, "why don't you have a better choir?" which means more—if not more piety. Now they are too liberal, and now not liberal enough; now he does not go to see some sick one—especially when he does not know that one is sick—and so the gathering wave roots on until it becomes a flood. But I stay. I have just turned to a page of personal experience which I have had turned down for some time. I have given the reader one-fourth of it—enough with the mercury in the nineties. Oh, it is easy to criticize. Any one can do that much. What shall the minister do in such a case? Paul, under a far greater burden, said, "None of these things move me." Let us be sure to have the Master's approval, and to maintain a conscience void of offence among men, and go on. Blessed the people who see in their minister, not an angel, but a sincere, earnest servant of the Master, for whom they daily pray, and whose hands they hold up. Such have a right to criticize the minister, and no others have.—*Dr. Rhodes*.

## In The Sick-Room.

In visit to the sick, you will need to exercise great discretion. Read some good books on conduct in the sick-room. Miss Nightingale's Notes on Nursing is excellent. Your visits ought to be helpful to the bodily health of the patient. Strive in every way to make them so. Avoid everything sudden and abrupt in behaviour. Enter quietly. Manage not to let the patient exert himself in greeting you. Take his hand, rather than wait for him to give it to you. But, if his hand be under the covering, anticipate any effort of his to take it out by placing your hand softly on his arm and saying, in a low tone, something to make him feel it unnecessary to give you any formal welcome. Of course, this is only a hint by way of suggesting the art of thoughtfulness on your part in the sick room. Talk in a subdued voice, but distinctly, and with a certain serious cheerfulness.

As to religious conversation with the sick, it is impossible to lay down any universal rule. Often such conversation will tend directly to compose and soothe the patient's mind, and to conduce to his bodily well-

being. Again, there are cases in which religious conversation will ruffle and discompose. It may be said, in general, that no religious conversation ought to be forced upon the sick. But the same thing might be said with respect to the well. It will be wise to consider whether religious anxiety unconfessed may not lie deeply at the root of the patient's malady. Feel your way circumspectly. Watch the effect, and making up your mind as to the true state of the case, act accordingly. This is the end, after all, of every advice. Follow your own judgment. There is nothing else to follow, in each particular instance. But seek to enlighten your judgment in every way, especially in direct appeal to God for wisdom.—*Sunday-school Times*.

## Gifts For God's Cause.

God commands you go and feed the multitude and you say, "I have nothing. Only this which is not worthy of the name." You say as did the disciples, but if you listen aright you will hear the master say: "Bring him hither to me." God forbid that any one should say, "what I have to give is not worthy," but bring it to Jesus, and he will feed this whole community with it.

There is a child in Sunday-school. The school had resolved to make an offering for missions. The entertainment was to be in the hall, and the offerings were to be sold. The little girl said: "Mother, I wish I had something to give to-day." But they were poor. Her mother said: "We go to bed hungry many times." The girl said: "May I have that head of cabbage in the garden?" It was looked upon as worthless, but she pleaded. "May I have it?" She took the head of cabbage to the hall, gave it to the teacher and said: "Mother said it was not worth bringing but maybe it will bring a penny." The teacher took it, nearly everything was sold, and this story is told. The head of cabbage was put up at auction and sold for fifty dollars. God saw to it that that cabbage brought fifty dollars. Had you the desire, purpose and consistency, he would take your gifts and make them of great value to his cause.—*Bishop Fitzgerald*.

## Two Sides.

It is difficult for any one to realize that we can occupy a ridiculous position. Others are capable of rendering themselves absurd, but, as for ourselves, our perfections only are visible to the world, and it must be a slipshod person indeed who can find matter for jesting in our absolutely decorous behavior.

A young man boarding, one summer, at a hotel, was wont to entertain two ladies of his acquaintance with ridiculous imitations of the peculiarities displayed by other guests in the house. They were ashamed to laugh, but it was impossible to help it, in the face of such truthful travesty.

"Well," said one of them to the other, after an evening of hilarity, "I hope the others enjoy it as much as we do."

"What others?"

"Why, the people to whom he makes fun of us," was the reply.

"You don't suppose he does that?"

was the innocent response. "There's nothing in us to make fun of!"

But there was, and the young man had made use of it.

Indeed, there is always something reciprocal about the relation of life; there are always two sides to the question, not inevitably similar but capable of balancing each other.

Let none of us forget that we, as well as our neighbors live in glass houses, and that none of us can claim a monopoly of stone-throwing.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Gatherings of Gold.

Life is the test of faith. Good character is above all things else.

Troubles are in God's catalogue of mercies.

The greatest fool of all is he who fools himself.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

The one who sows the seed is more to be feared than the harvester. Nothing will render a man useless faster than to live among people who think that everything he says is right.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.—*Colton*.

Fires have been kindled all along the mountain tops, so that in the shadows of much that was once called evil, we dimly see the shining footsteps of the Almighty.—*Chapin*.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.—"I have made a great mistake in waiting for opportunities to do good to men. I find that if I would really do anybody good I must make the opportunity myself." So said a man in one of our noon prayer-meetings. It is a remark worth pondering.—*G. P. Pentecost*.

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