

## I Shall Be Satisfied.

BY M. S. C.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake  
thy likeness."—Psa. xvii, 15.  
Knowing the way, and yet so often stray-  
ing,  
Hating the sin that keeps me from thy  
side,  
But sinning still: loving, yet disobeying—  
Courage, my soul! thou shalt be satisfied.

Yea, even to thee the victory shall be given  
Poor doubting one, through Christ the  
Crucified;  
Thou shalt awake, in the light of heaven,  
Seeing thyself, thou shalt be satisfied.

O joyful change! O wonderful transition!  
Sinning and sorrowing now, then glori-  
fied;  
Doubting and fearing changed to glad  
fruitition,  
Thou in his likeness shalt be satisfied.

Like to the Lord! O rest the vain endea-  
vour.

Eager and rash, to tear the veil aside;  
This is enough—thou shalt be with him  
ever.

Wake in his likeness and be satisfied!  
—American Messenger.

## The Run-To-Everything Family.

BY KNOXONIAN.

The Run-to-Everything family may be found in nearly every village and small town in Ontario, but they are found in the largest numbers in places populated by the third or fourth generation of Canadians.

Negatively considered, the Run-to-Everything family are noted for not liking home. Like Sam Jones, they hate a quiet time. It kills the members of this family to stay long on one spot, especially if that spot is around home. They cannot read. Thinking is an exercise never known in the family. They have nothing to think with. Their conversation consists of a few commonplace things about the last thing they were at, or the next place they are going to.

Positively considered, the principal characteristic of the Run-to-Everything family is that they run to something every evening and often during the day. You may always count on seeing them at everything that is free. The Salvation Army supplied a long-felt want to these people. Now they can go to the barracks every night when there is nothing else to go to. Heretofore they have not been sure of a place of resort for every evening except when special services were going on in some of the churches.

Old Mr. Run-to-Everything is not a bad old man in the sense of being vicious. In fact he has not energy enough, or brains enough, to do anything brilliant for the devil. His strong points are loafing in public places and talking to little knots of people about affairs. He is always found in court, especially the Police court. He attends council meetings, and meetings of all kinds regularly. Next day his chief employment consists in addressing other citizens on the points discussed at last night's meeting. Nothing pleases him so much as to gather a little crowd around him and have a discussion about the affairs of State. The old man has always had a weakness for taking care of the Empire. Indeed he has been known to devote his whole time to public affairs when his wife was unable to leave her room and the children had the measles. So devoted a public servant is old Mr. Run-to-Everything that he would go to a political meeting or an indignation meeting on the Jesuit question, if his wife were seriously ill and there was not a bite to eat in the house or a stick of wood to put in the stove. Such devotion to public duty deserves a sound-kicking.

Old Mrs. Run-to-Everything is the best member of the family. Had she gotten anything like a square chance she would have made an excellent wife. Married to a moving clod, she soon became discouraged and discouragement sank into despair. The good woman made two serious mistakes, and these mistakes were made at critical points. The first was in marrying a lazy man, and the second in allowing her children to contract the habit of running to everything when they were young. Of course it would not be easy for her to keep her children at home when their father set such an example before them, but she did not try. Like many another mistaken mamma, she thought that the only way for the children to enjoy themselves was to go some place. The possibility of having a good time at home never occurred to her. Her children grew up to they could be happy only when they were on the run. They ran. To them life was worth living only when there were some place to go to every night. Their home was a kind of half-way house in which they rested between the runs.

Bill Run-to-Everything, the eldest son, was not a bad kind of a fellow in his way. In his boyhood the village was small and there was almost nothing to run to, and he did not contract the habit so badly as the

younger members of the family. With a good training Bill might have become a useful young man, but it is impossible for anything useful to grow up in the Run-to-Everything family. The younger boys put in their time by running from school and to everything that came along, from Barnum's Circus down to the last dog fight. Shows of all kinds, matches of all kinds, races of all kinds. Crowds of all kinds were always and everywhere patronized by the boys of this family. The boys soon became about as useless as their father.

The girls of the Run-to-Everything family were the most useless of all. Their mother thought they could enjoy themselves only when they were going some place, and, motherlike, she worked herself half to death to let them go some place. The result was that they knew nothing and could do nothing. The characteristics were small talk, an insane giggle, and a weakness in the upper story that would make it rather dangerous for them to come into the vicinity of an idiot asylum anywhere near the time that a female patient had escaped.

One of the worst things about the habit of running to everything is that it makes a family cheap, and cheapness hurts a family as much as anything on this side of down-right wickedness. A young man who rates himself cheap need never be surprised if his employer rates him in the same way. A young woman who rates herself cheap need not wonder if her neighbors take her at her own valuation, or perhaps a trifle lower. There is nothing we repeat, on this side of immorality that will cheapen a family or an individual faster than running to every kind of a meeting, every kind of an entertainment, every kind of a show that can be got up in a country village.

Far from it that anybody should shut himself up and live the life of a hermit. This is the other extreme. Between running to everything and going to nothing there is a golden mean, as there is always between extremes. At this season of the year judicious families will, as far as practicable, arrange for giving a certain number of evenings each week to church duties, a certain number to social duties, and as many as possible to home pleasures and mental improvement. Public men will find any arrangement very difficult, but the effort, yes even the desire, to make such an arrangement will do them good. A course of reading for the winter should be included in every plan.—*Can. Presbyterian.*

## The Thankless Beggar.

An interesting anecdote is related by the *Yugend Freunde* of King Alfonso X., surnamed "The Wise," who succeeded to the throne of Leon and Castile in 1252. On learning that his pages neglected to ask the divine blessing before partaking of their daily meals, he was deeply grieved and sought diligently to point out to them the evil of this omission. At length he succeeded in finding a plan. He invited the pages of his court to dine with him. A bountiful repast was spread, and when they were all assembled around the table the king gave a signal that all was in readiness for them to begin. They all enjoyed the rich feast, but not one remembered to ask God's blessing on his food. Just then, unexpectedly to the thoughtless guests, entered a poor ragged beggar, who unceremoniously seated himself at the royal table, and ate and drank undisturbed to his heart's content. Surprise and astonishment were depicted on every countenance. The pages looked first at the king, then gazed upon the audacious intruder, expecting momentarily that his majesty would give orders to have him removed from the table. Alfonso, however, kept silence; while the beggar, unabashed by the presence of royalty, ate all he desired. When his hunger and thirst were appeased he rose, and without a word of thanks departed from the palace. "What a despicable, mean fellow!" cried the boys. Calmly the good king rose, and with much earnestness, said: "Boys, bolder and more audacious than this beggar have you all been. Every day you sit down to a table supplied by the bounty of your heavenly Father, yet you ask not his blessing, and leave it without expressing to him your gratitude. Yes, each and all of you should be heartily ashamed of your conduct, which was far worse than was the poor beggar's."

## Solomon Was Not Arrayed

Dr. Mutchmore gets off the following in the *Presbyterian*, in a recent letter from Saratoga:

There are some things in every life which are perplexing and inexplicable. In our tour [around the world] in nearly every church where we preached or worshipped, which had a choir of some pretensions, it gave us the piece, Consider the

Lilies, and in song, bold and flighty, told us five or six times that Solomon was not arrayed. For the first two or three times we did not consider the gravity of the matter, but finally became a little restive over Solomon's condition when it was repeated and emphasized in moderate tones, in tenderness and in high-sounding tones, in trills, in shrills, that Solomon was not arrayed; and what was more embarrassing, the singers sometimes looked and bowed to us, as if we were to blame for it. When we reached San Francisco we thought, This will end the Solomon business. We supposed that it was a favorite in the East because he had his bringing up there, but, to our amazement, we heard it in three churches in the Occident, as well as Orient, that Solomon was not arrayed. In the East there was appropriateness in it, where nobody is much arrayed. But when we heard again in Saratoga, on different occasions, that Solomon was not arrayed, from four to six times right along, and in a manner that could leave no doubt, and when significant movements of the head were made at us, we felt that it was time that something should be done without fail. Let a collection be taken up for Solomon.

## Little Things.

What absurd little things people quarrel about! What trivial matters cause ill feeling in families! The mutton being roasted too little or the beef too much; an opinion about the temperature of the house or the style of curtains that ought to be bought for the front windows; the definition of a word or its pronunciation, are things that might be argued pleasantly about, but surely are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and good-will are of so much importance in the home. A little ill-feeling is like a seed that may grow into a large tree which will shadow the whole house. Many a man and woman must look back with regret on the hasty word or the cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split a household in two, and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath! Quarrelling is one of the original sins. I suppose; for the babies sitting on the floor will fall out over their toys, and one will push down the block tower that the other has built with great pains; and there will be a "name called" and a "face made" and a slap given, and mamma will be called to settle a quarrel, and no truth can be got at, for each is right in his own estimation, and each has been wronged by the other. So it is through life. A reasonable quarrel about great matters may be settled, and the parties made friends again; but little tiffs about nothing are such foolish, intangible affairs that reason cannot overcome them.—*Lutheran Observer.*

## How To Rear Children.

Children cannot be reared by rules, but the following may be suggested:—

One great point is to treat them kindly.

Do not preach politeness and propriety to them, and violate their laws yourself. In other words, let the example you set them be a good one.

Never quarrel nor have any unpleasantness between yourselves, or with others, in their presence. If you must quarrel, wait till the children are gone to bed. Then they will not see you, and, perhaps, by that time you may not want to quarrel.

Never speak flippantly of neighbors before children. They may meet the neighbors' children and talk about it.

Teach them to think that the little boy in rags has a heart in spite of the rags—and a stomach too.

Teach them as they grow older that a respectful demeanor to others, a gentle tone of voice, a kind disposition, a generous nature, an honest purpose, and an industrious mind are better than anything else on earth. Teach them these things, and self-reliance and intelligence and capability will come of themselves.

Teach them these things, I say, and your boys and girls will grow up to be noble men and women.—*Western Advocate.*

BE HONOURABLE.—Boys and young men sometimes start into life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. The future of that man is safe who eschews every shape of double dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

## A Cigar, A Hat, A Life.

I read this incident in one of my papers the other day. A young man, the son of a New York millionaire, started to go from the palace-car of a train to the smoking car. He could not be happy without his cigar. The wind was high, and swept with great force across the open platform between the cars. It lifted the young man's hat from his head, and was carrying it away. In trying to catch his hat, he lost his balance, fell and was instantly killed. So it is every day and everywhere. That incident is an illustration. We seek petty indulgences, and we form habits that become our masters. We take risks because we have not learned to deny ourselves. In order to enjoy a sensual gratification, we leave the place of safety for the place of peril. To get his exhilarating glass, the young man will go from home and enter the saloon, with all its satanic attractions. That young man had every comfort and convenience in the palace-car. There was good company there, too, no doubt. But a morbid longing lured him away to seek the reeking atmosphere of the smoking car. There were no ladies in that car, and the men were redolent of rum and tobacco. But this rich and educated young man must go, and in going he lost his life—a life for a cigar!

Then again, what risks we run for things of comparatively little value. Why let go his hold upon the railing, and take the chances of losing his balance, in order to save a hat? His life, in his own estimation and that of his friends, was worth a car-load of hats. But so it is, I repeat, everywhere and always. Men are clutching at trifles, and losing not only the life that now is, but also the life to come.

## Secrets And Girls.

Secrets are things many girls delight in. Experience has shown that the fewer secrets and mysteries girls have, the safer and more comfortable they feel. No girl should agree to keep a secret that she will have to withhold from her mother. If it is important and necessary that it should not be communicated to a third party, then she had better refuse to hear it at all. A great deal of unhappiness and misery has been done through small secrets, leading one from one wrong to another, until a web of deceit has been woven so complete and intricate that it is nearly impossible to get disentangled from it. Your mothers, dear girls, are the wisest and best confidants you can have. Their love, you may be sure, will guide and counsel you aright, and although you make many mistakes and blunders, you can never go far astray if you tell your mother everything. A girl whose first thought is that mother mustn't know of this, is standing on very unsafe ground. Hide nothing from your mothers. If you do wrong, go to them and own it; don't wait for some one else to tell them, and thus shake their confidence and trust in you. Concealment and concealment should never be tolerated in your intercourse and association with other girls; shun those who take pleasure in them, and seek the companionship of those with whom there need be no mysteries.

## Glory In Infirmary.

Too many are content to be merely submissive to afflicted dispensations. Their faith and feelings go no farther than to say, "Thy will be done." Resignation is, indeed, a blessed state of mind and a bounden duty, but we must not be simply satisfied with its possession. There is a higher degree of bliss and holiness. We are to catch the Pauline spirit and "gladly glory in infirmities," not for their own sake, but for Christ's. No one courts distress and mishap upon their own account; but when they come, be of a Christ like disposition. Consecration ascends to the loftier plane, and views them as the means of glorifying his Lord and Redeemer, and as tributary to the advancement of his kingdom. A new field of usefulness opens to him. He comes into living, personal sympathy with Christ. He enjoys more of the developing power, as well as more of his love and comfort. He becomes a stronger character, a more experienced Christian, a riper saint, a more devoted and active worker, a better guide to inquiring and tried souls, and a more heroic child of God.—*Observer.*

## Bread Cast Upon The Waters.

Twenty-five years ago the writer gave a new Testament, which was wholly new and "news" to a lad of sixteen, in the capital of Rio Grande do Sul, and forgot all about it. One year ago, on revisiting Port Alegre, he found that "bread cast upon the waters" in the shape of a school, in which nearly one hundred boys and girls daily listened to the reading of the New Testament from the lips of the same lad, now a married man; and had the pleasure of listening to the story of his conversion, and his resolution to distribute his small "loaves and fishes among the hungry."

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