

## TRUST.

When a pilgrim on life's journey  
Meets deep sorrow on his way;  
When his path looks dark, forbidding,  
And there gleams no brighter day;  
Let him simply trust "Our Father,"—  
Trust the Saviour, loving, mild,  
He will find Him ready, willing,  
To protect and guide His child.

When life's joys are all around us,  
And our lives are free from care;  
When each friend is true and loving,  
And the future all looks fair;  
Let us not forget the Giver,  
Him from whom all goodness flows;  
Him who gives us of His bounty,  
On our wondrous love bestows.

Then when comes a darker morning,  
When no sun lights up the skies;  
When our hearts are well-nigh breaking,  
Such deep anguish in them lies;  
When the friends so fondly trusted  
First deceive and then betray;  
When no light breaks forth to guide us,  
And we blindly grope our way;

We may safely trust in Jesus,—  
Trust Him whatso'er befall,  
He will guide through deepest darkness,  
He doth know the cause of all.  
Though He slay, yet we can trust Him,  
He knows what is best for each;  
And though sinking in deep waters,  
He to us His hand will reach.

How we trust our earthly fathers,  
Knowing they will give but good!  
How much more, then, to our Saviour,  
To His loving heart, we should  
Bring each burden, every sorrow,  
With a willingness and zest!  
Jesus says He'll ne'er forsake us;  
We must leave with Him the rest.

If we truly are His children,  
And are trusting in His love,  
We'll be strong for every conflict,  
Nothing can our deep hope move.  
Life would not be worth the living,  
Did not God control our way.  
We can leave with Him the future,  
Simply trusting for to-day.

—Watchman.

## A True Temperance Story.

MARY FROST ORMSBY.

In this age, when the liquor traffic has become such a hydra-headed monster that all lovers of truth and our glorious Republic, tremble for the nation's welfare unless it be suppressed, it may not be amiss to take a glance back to some instructive and thrilling incidents connected with the subject of "local option," this question being agitated then, at the time of my story, over fifty years ago, in a little New England village. Nestling in a valley, skirted by wooded hills, and spanning a beautiful meandering river which divided two States, there was a rustic bridge which joined two sections of the enterprising town of F—. Its inhabitants were chiefly engaged in manufacturing. The rich furnished the capital and the laborers performed the work in the mills. There was not then, as now the war between "labor and capital." The rich seem to have the welfare of the employes at heart, hence they were often known to keep the mills running when by so doing they were most seriously the losers. When consulted for their reason for so doing, they said their motives were humane ones, for families would have their whole means of support taken from them if the mills should cease to employ their present laborers.

Thus these philanthropists evinced in this sentiment the same spirit which enabled them to combat with the liquor question when its apparent evils demanded immediate action and decisive steps for the suppression of drunkenness. Ever watching for their employes to be influenced only by moral surroundings, and noticing the growing tendencies among the factory people to become drunkards, the well-to-do people banished all wine and every intoxicant from their homes. It required much stamina of character, for it was then the custom to always entertain a guest by giving the glass of wine with the edibles. In truth, the village enacted, *ad volens*, "Prohibition."

All the merchants and liquor sellers, with two exceptions, combined in the determination that they would sell no more of the "accursed stuff." One of these two was a merchant who had a store where he could the most conveniently catch the custom of the mill laborers on their way to and from the mills. Early in the morning he would be seen vending his way to his place, where he sold the intoxicating drinks to his too easily tempted victims. The other merchant who would not co-operate in this movement was a man who, despite the combined influences which were brought to bear upon him by the humanitarians and voluntary prohibitionists of the town, most defiantly continued to inveigle in the unwary, and liquors were sold from his counter the same as before this great movement for its abolishment.

We will pass over the intervening period in which these two men continued dealing out the deadly poison, thereby destroying the domestic

happiness of so many families of the laborers, and causing many of their customers early in life to fill a drunkard's grave. We will pass on to the marked dispensations of Providence as evinced in the events in their own lives, and those of their families.

The former of these merchants, hurrying one morning, (as was his custom, to entrap the early victims as they passed his store at break of morn) slipped on the steps, was taken unconscious into his house, which he never left again until taken to his grave. The other merchant, prospering financially in his ungodly traffic far above his expectations, planned and built a superb structure, which as a house of merchandise far excelled any in the village in its architectural beauty and commodious arrangements. His plan was to put his property, by will, on such a firm business foundation that no untoward circumstances could dissipate it, or spendthrift heir squander his accumulations. But this was not yet done when, a fatal trap door in his store being inadvertently left open, he was precipitated instantly to his death.

Before closing we will take a glance at these respective families. Of the first mentioned merchant, out of a family of four children, three died drunkards. Shortly after the tragic death of the second, dying intestate, his dissipated sons, by fast living, squandered the accumulations of wealth he made in rum selling, and they too filled an early grave. Is not this true story a convincing lesson in favor of prohibition, and a most tragic evidence of God's overruling providence?—*Journal*.

## The Selfishness of Hurry.

Hurry is an intense putting forth of all the energies on small lines of personal activity. Hence its tendency is to make people selfish. No one is ever in a hurry with a truly great undertaking. No one is ever in a hurry with a truly benevolent undertaking. It is only when the energies are dissipated, parceled out in many small, self-centering enterprises, that a person is actually in a hurry.

One may be in great haste, and yet in no hurry. Haste is more dignified, and is quite consistent with concentration of energy, equanimity of mind and greatness of purpose. Hurry and worry go together. It is as though one small engine were striving to run a great many pieces of machinery. The strain is greater than the power. When the engine is a human being, hurry annihilates force and in the end destroys that which produces force. The working of the mind should be like that of some great, majestic, noiseless engine, whose energy is adequate to its work, whose power seems to flow out with as little effort as a stream of water, and whose ease and smoothness of motion make it seem but the medium through which some vast underlying energy is ever passing into the machinery of human action.

The man who has too many irons in the fire is always a selfish man. He is driven to his utmost from year's end to year's end, and so his thoughts are all centered upon himself and his doings. Did you ever notice what a selfish crowd one almost invariably meets on the ferryboats or the thoroughfares of a great city? How many irons these driving, pushing, anxious-faced people have in the fire! Each is looking out for himself and his own interests alone. Each is thinking of the iron that must be attended to next. Truly there is no room for courtesy, or even civility, in such a wild scramble for the material interests of the moment. And yet if you should see these people in the quiet of their homes, and a good share of them, undoubtedly, are more or less in the habit of attending church—you would never suspect them of being particularly selfish people.

The man who leaps the ferry boat chain, and nearly upsets a poor old crippled woman carrying a heavy basket, never stopping to raise his hat or beg the old lady's pardon, will, likely as not, stand smiling at the door of some fashionable church next Sunday, and will show you to a seat with so fascinating and courteous and gentle an air that you will be tempted to say in your heart—"There is a true gentleman, if there is one in the world." Ah, what is it but selfish hurry that makes people rude six days out of seven, and hypocrites on the seventh day?

Yet it would probably be unfair to say that the average man, engaged in the average pursuit of little things, is at heart supremely selfish. For, let an accident happen, in the midst even of a Broadway crowd—a little child knocked down by a runaway horse, or a lady or gentleman injured by any of the thousand casualties that happen every day in the great city—and the crowd forgets self, throws hurry to the winds, lets the irons lie in the fire, and gathers about, each helpful in his or her humble, sympathetic way, and all truly sorry that misfortune has overtaken a fellow-being. No,

manhood is not bad at heart. There is plenty of the milk of human kindness left in the world yet. If we might be only a little more considerate, a little less selfish in our daily walk, life would not seem so harsh upon its surface. Let us remember that every act of kindness, however small done unto the least of these our brethren, is done unto God.—*Z. Herald*.

## "Can I Be Saved?"

Away on the western coast of England there stands a steep rock that is known to everybody as the "Lady's Rock." At high water it is surrounded by the sea; but at low water it stands upon a sandy beach, and is easily reached.

It gets its name from an accident that occurred years ago. One summer day a lady had walked along the beach as far as this rock, and there sat down and began to read a book that interested her. She read on, never thinking of any danger, when she was suddenly startled by a loud shout from the cliffs. The coast guard had seen her and shouted across the bay. She looked up, and in a moment saw her peril. Between herself and the shore there was the curling waves and the white foam spreading over the sands. Her first look showed her nothing but certain death, for the waves were rising every moment, as she stood hesitating a huge breaker dashed its spray over her. Above her frowned the steep, black rock, and even the fisher-lads could scarcely climb to get to the sea-birds' eggs; there seemed to be no way of escape there. She looked across at the crowd that were gathering on the shore, but no boat could live in that tumbling sea.

Then, as she stood with the waves creeping up after her like wild beasts that chased their prey, she wrung her hands in agony, and burst into tears, crying: "Can I be saved? Can I be saved?" A moment before it was nothing to her; now it was everything. Wealth, luxury, comfort, pleasure,—all thought of these was swept away. Her only anxiety was this—"Oh, to be saved!" Then across from the shore came the cry from the coast-guard again: "You must climb the rock! Your only chance is to climb the rock!" She looked at it hanging over her with jagged sides and steep, slippery front. How could she climb it! But as she delayed, a wave swept up and flung itself over the place where she stood, and close below her the waters surged and hissed. Then she grasped the rock desperately, and dragged herself up, and hung to the face of it tremblingly feeling for a higher foothold, and rising, little by little, until she reached a ledge from which she looked shudderingly on the waves below. The tide crept upward until again the spray flew about her. "Climb higher!" rang from the shore, this time from a hundred voices, for the tidings of her peril had spread to the adjoining village. Again she gathered strength, and, hardly knowing how, she crept, little by little, hanging on with bleeding fingers, dragging herself through narrow openings, pressing up the steep, slippery places, until now within her reach lay a tuft of grass; seizing it she fell fainting on the top, beyond the reach of the waves, while the excited people cried with a shout: "She's saved! Thank Heaven, she's saved!"

A story wild and strange, like the coast, and yet it is true of every life—true of you, reader. Slowly the sea is chasing you from point to point. The sea is rising about you. You can look back and see how it has driven you on from day to day, from year to year; and yet you are unmindful of it. Taken up with a hundred things, you do not see it. It is the last thing you think of. You have time for everything else. You can think of business, of pleasure, of politics, of the markets, of friendships—of everything else but this. And yet the time is coming when you will see the peril, when your own eyes shall look out upon the threatening danger, and all these things of to-day shall be nothing. Suddenly, all in a moment, you will start up with the cry: "What must I do to be saved?" and it may be too late.—*Mark Guy Pearse*.

## A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the house-hold will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah! there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a very little face, but somehow this cheery face ever shines, and the shining is so bright the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into dark corners. It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less cheerful. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it, and say: "God bless this dear, happy face! We must keep it as long as we can; for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone," and even after it is gone, how the remembrance of the cheerful face softens our way!—*Sel.*

## Hustle.

The gospel of push is thus laid down by Burdette:

"Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see that the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6.00 p.m. and don't go home until 2.00 a.m. It is the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as 'old So-and-so's boys.' The great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you."

## How To Make a Marriage a Success.

By observing as closely as possible the following "lets" the number of homes "to let" will be materially decreased:

Let each allow the other to know something.

Let each consult the other's feelings.

Let each realize the fact that they are one.

Let the husband frequent his home, not the club.

Let his having "to see a man" wait till next day.

Let the latch-key gather unto itself rust from misuse.

Let him speak to his wife, not yell "Say!" at her.

Let him be as courteous after marriage as before.

Let him confide in his wife: their interests are equal.

Let him assist her in beautifying the home.

Let him appreciate her as his partner.

Let her not worry him with petty troubles.

Let her not narrate Mrs. Next Door's gossip.

Let her not fret because Mrs. Neighbor has a sealskin.

Let her make home more pleasant than the club.

Let her dress as tastefully for him as strangers.

Let her sympathize with him in business cares.

Let her home mean love and rest, not noise and strife.

Let her meet him with a kiss, not a frown.

A SCOFFER CONVINCED.—After years of separation, a clergyman met an old parishioner, who had formerly been very sceptical and disputations on the doctrine of the resurrection. On being asked what he thought of the resurrection now, the man handed the minister a Bible and requested him to read words engraved upon its clasp. The latter read: "Thou fool!" "There," said the man, "are the words that conquered me; it was no argument, no satisfying my objections, but God convinced me I was a fool. Thenceforward I determined that I would have my Bible clasped with these words, and never again would come to the consideration of its sacred mysteries except through their medium."

"LIVE FOR CHRIST in your homes. This is the great need of to-day. Wash dishes, sell calicoes or silks like a Christian. Keep sweet, happy, and hopeful. Be a walking sermon. Don't growl with your face. If you are sick, show what grace can do. If you are tired, bear as only a heaven-helped man can. If you are in trouble, let the world see in you the peace of God.

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious trouble in the way of Congestion or Laryngitis, or perhaps Consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.



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1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,880.1
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