

The Present.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deed they had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride;
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned
If I should die to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My heart's estranged would turn once more
to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me, as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way
For who would war with dul', unconscious
day?

So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.
O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced by many a
thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not
need.
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Training Children.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," said Solomon. Many parents are ready to attest the truth of the proverb, while a greater number, perhaps, are willing to admit many exceptions to the rule.

Many Christian parents fail to bring up their children in the mature and admonition of the Lord, through ignorance of the means by which it may be accomplished. They strive in their own way to obey the injunction of the apostle, and may, perhaps, be held blameless for the waywardness of their children. Ignorance is the cause of most failures in this life, but it can not always be offered as a lawful excuse, relieving one from censure.

Let me call attention to the real significance of the word *train* in the quoted proverb. Herein lies the secret of success. Webster says it means "to teach and form by practice; to exercise; to discipline."

The skilful artisan knows what it means from years of experience with a master workman. He remembers how awkward his first attempts were, and that only through persistent effort did he acquire skill in his trade.

The soldier knows that it is not enough to memorize the manual and witness the maneuvers of his comrades under the direction of the drill officer. He must take his place in the ranks and repeatedly perform all the movements indicated, if he would be an expert in army tactics.

The blacksmith's apprentice who refused to strike, believing that he could learn the trade by observation, was not a little chagrined when his first effort after he had set up in business for himself resulted in a fizzle. He had carefully observed and could have actually described the steps to be taken in the manufacture of an ax, but he lacked the training—hence the failure.

The modern school teacher is familiar with the aliteration, "tell, teach, train," as steps in the educational process; and also with the maxim, "We learn to do by doing." The greater success of present methods of instruction is due to an intelligent application of these principles.

And yet many Christian parents think they have done their whole duty toward their children when they have taught them certain principles and rule of conduct. Some add to that the example of a religious life, and a few train their children in the way they should go from infancy. If we would see our grown-up boys and girls engage in Christian work, we must train them for it from earliest childhood. There is great rejoicing when the wayward son or daughter is converted from a sinful life and reclaimed for the church and Christ. The return of the prodigal is hailed with every manifestation of joy, and the fond father is congratulated that his son, so near the brink of hell, is saved through the mercy of a kind Providence. How much better it would be to spare the son the agonies of remorse and the ever-recurring temptation to indulge a perverted appetite, or to gratify base passions, by training him in the right way from childhood. Teach your child the stories of the Bible and the lessons of divine love as revealed in the life of Jesus, and he will grow up with a love for the right and a reverence for holy things. Train your child in Bible reading and prayer, and it will become a habit of his life. Precept and example are not sufficient. The child must be trained to do the works of righteousness. His first steps should be carefully directed, that they may be no necessity for retracing. Good habits are as easily formed as bad ones under equally favorable influences.

Now let us read again Solomon's proverb, and place more emphasis

on the first word: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."
—Chris. Standard.

Of Generosity and Thrift.

It is very easy to win a reputation for generosity. You have only to give waiters, railway porters, cabmen, and crossing-sweepers a shilling where anybody else would give sixpence; to make a good many presents of trifling value, and chiefly to persons from whom you hope to get something in return; and to take care that the fame of these magnanimous actions shall be well bruited abroad—and your character as a generous, whole-souled being is established.

It is very noble to be liberal, but not at other people's expense. The old copy book maxim is a very sound one: "Be just before you are generous." If your liberality hinders you from paying what you owe to your butcher or your tailor, you are not just to him; nor, it may be added, are you really generous, but only lavish.

But avoid meanness and stinginess. Give away as much as you please, the more the better, always provided that nobody but yourself suffers by your giving, that the person benefited by it is worthy, and that it is done without ostentation.

The truly generous man is he who denies himself some luxury, or, better still, some necessary, in order that he may have wherewith to give to those who are in need. The millionaire, with his £40,000 a year, often gets great praise for his gifts of £1,000, £2,000, £3,000, or even £10,000; and when his donations reach a quarter of a million, statues are erected in his memory, and peons are sung in his praise. But in all probability the signing of his big check does not entail the sacrifice of the smallest pleasure or the slightest gratification. Unless he gambles on the turf or the stock exchange, he cannot spend on himself more than a certain not very large annual amount; and there is therefore no very marvellous generosity in his handing over the surplus to one or half a dozen charitable organizations.

Dr. Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, began life with a determination to give, if possible, one-fifth of his annual income in charity. When he became rich, he gave away one-third of his income for charitable purposes. During his tenure of the See of London he gave away not much less than £150,000. It is an open secret that Mr. Ruskin has stripped himself of the bulk of his fortune that he may teach English artisans to love what is beautiful. These are examples of true generosity.

There is a close relation between generosity and thrift. The thrifty man has always a reserve upon which to draw for charitable purposes. In benevolence, as in business, A, without being in the least degree stingy, can make a shilling go further than B's half-crown. Some men have the knack, by a careful adaptation of means to ends of getting or seeming to get a great return for their money than others. This is a science well worth cultivating. What a picture of thrift does good old Hugh Latimer give in one of his sermons! "My father," he said, "had no land of his own, but only a farm of three or four pounds a year at the utmost; and hereon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had a walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He kept his son at school until he went to the university and maintained him there. He married his daughters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, apiece. He kept hospitality with his neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did out of the said farm."—Notes for Boys.

Too Late.

A godly mother said: I have an only son, whose father died years ago. I am anxious about his soul. I should like you to get him to my meetings, for this is a critical time of his life. He is twenty years of age, and has just finished his apprenticeship as a paster. If he is not led to give his heart to Christ now, I am afraid he will go astray. I told him what his mother had said and asked him to come to our meeting that night. He expressed his willingness to comply with my request, but hoped that I would excuse him for that evening, as he had promised to see some of his fellow-piasters, but the following night he would come. I told him I could not say anything of the morrow, that now was the accepted time. The following day I saw this young man with some other young fellows amusing themselves by jumping from rock to rock. Their success made them careless, and to my horror I saw John's foot slip and he was precipitated over the rocks. He was dashed to pieces. His body was recovered afterwards, but for John N. it tomorrow had never come.—Christian Herald.

Keep Up Your End.

"When I was a boy in the lumbering region in Maine," said the doctor, "the fellow who would not hold up his end of the log, but let the weight sag on the others, was looked upon with contempt by all the camp. Wherever I go now, I think I see logs carried; one end held up by heavy, willing hands, and the other drooping out of lazy, selfish ones."

"When I see an old father toiling to give his son the education that is to help him through life, and the boy yawning over his books, tricking his teachers, smoking cigarettes and swearing, I feel like calling out, 'For the sake of your own soul, boy, grip your end of the log, and hold it up!'"

"Sometimes I see a man working hard all day, and too tired to rest at night, while his wife and daughter read novels, embroider, and gossip with women as useless as themselves. Do they keep up their end of the log?"

"Or, quite as often, it is the wife who stints and saves, until her life is barren and bare as a dusty road at noonday, while the husband spends his time at saloons and pool-rooms."

"Or, I see one bright, courageous member of a family, usually a woman, working, joking, hopeful, while the others crawl along, groaning, complaining, dropping every day and hour their burden of poverty, disease, toothache, or bad weather on her shoulders. She has all the love to carry."

"Again, it is a human being for whom God has done much in birth, rank, education, friends, who, for the love of a glass of liquor or a pack of cards, allows his wife to drop into the slough. Paul bid him 'work' out his own salvation; and I feel like telling him to hold up his own end of the log."

What does our reader think of the doctor's homely lesson? What is his burden in life? Somebody shares it with him; no man bears his load alone. Does he carry his part with hearty good-will? Or does he drop it on weak and willing shoulders?—Selected.

Boost Yourself.

A small boy was endeavoring to climb a tree, and was standing with arms and legs embracing it, when he saw another boy passing on the other side of the street, and called out to him, "I say, Bill, come over and give us a boost!" Bill's answer was not polite or helpful, but it contained a bushel of common sense. He said sententiously "Boost yourself!" and walked on about his business. Perhaps it would have been better for him to go across and help a fellow, but he spoke a sentence of sound philosophy in those two words. There are many people in this world waiting for somebody to give them a boost, when what they need is to boost themselves. It will often do a boy more good to make his own start in life than to have some other person start him. Find your own place, and then you will have shown your own power, and not some other man's influence. There are plenty of Micawbers waiting for something to turn up, when they ought to go out and turn up something. Find a tree which bears fruit worth climbing after, take a firm hold, and then—boost yourself!—Our Youth.

Fretting and Working.

Two gardeners who were neighbors had their crops of early peas killed by frost. One of them came to console with the other on this misfortune. Ah, cried he, how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! Do you know that I have done nothing but fret ever since? But you seem to have a fine, healthy crop coming up already; what are these?

These, cried the other gardener—why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss.

What! coming up already? cried the fretter.

Yes, while you were fretting I was working.

What! don't you fret when you have a loss?

Yes; but I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief.

Why, then you have no need to fret at all.

True replied the industrious gardener, and that is the very reason.

FEAR.—The fear of trouble and calamity is the constant burden of many. As they entered this year they were plagued with anticipations of evil, and of calamity. Some of these fears, if we could analyze them, we should find difficult to describe. They are often undefined and impalpable. There is frequently no real reason for our anxiety. Some of the trials we dreaded we have altogether escaped. Our fears generally were from a lack of faith. Our Lord's counsel is, "Let not your heart be troubled." If, through our infirmities, we find it difficult to do this, we certainly ought to be able to say, "What time I am afraid, I will trust Thee."

A Song in the Dark.

A suburban family has a canary which has been a cherished inmate of the household for fifteen years. The bird has been completely paralyzed as to one leg and one wing, and holds his poor withered leg close up to his body; but he would hop about cheerfully enough on the other leg were it not for the fact that he has become totally blind with age. Not a ray of light can he see, and he has to summon the family when he wants to mount his perch, and he does not hesitate to summon them on such occasions by a call they have no difficulty in understanding. But this decrepit old canary has one trait which commands him more than ever to the affections of the family. Whenever the sun comes out and the bright light strikes his cage, he bursts forth into a song as joyous and musical as any that a canary ever sang. Some gleam of the brightness penetrates the film over his old eyes, and he pours out his torrent of vocal rejoicing as if he could see far over the fields illuminated by the sunlight. His cheerfulness, amid tremendous discouragement, has been an example of bravery that has carried more than one human being through seasons of trouble and despondency.—Baptist Weekly.

Envy and Detraction.

There are some things which are neither good nor pleasant; as envy and detraction. The eclipsing of another's sun will not make thine own shine with brighter beams. O pare off those envious nails, which are ever disfiguring that face which is fairer than thine own. Why do you wound yourself with that plaster, which is laid upon your brother's sore; or weep at every shower which falls beside your own enclosure? Who would envy an ox that pasture, which it only fits it for the slaughter; or the malefactor that carriage which only conveys him to the place of execution? You have no less because others have much, nor have they much because you have little. Another's wealth is no more the cause of your want, than Leah's fruitfulness was the cause of Rachel's barrenness. O never pine at your neighbor's prosperity, and you shall never pine away through your own scarcity. He enjoys much, who is thankful for a little. A grateful mind is a great mind.—The Nonsuch Professor.

Father Knows.

A gentleman was one day opening a box of goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the box he laid them upon the arm of the boy.

A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said:—

"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Johnny in a happy tone; "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trustful little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in Him that God desires all His children to possess.—Selected.

PRAYER.—It was decided, through discouragement in a certain village, to close the weekly prayer-meeting; but a pious old woman declared that it should not be so, for she would be there if no one else was. Next morning some one jestingly asked her "Did you have your prayer-meeting last night?"

"Ah, that we did," she replied. "How many were present?"

"Four" she said.

"Why, I heard that you were there alone."

"O no, I was the only one visible; but the Father was there, and the Son was there and the Holy Spirit was there, and we all agreed in prayer."

Before long, from shame of themselves, and from admiration of the old woman's perseverance, the meeting was revived, and brought prosperity to the church.

A MINISTER, wishing to reach a certain point at a given time, hired a locomotive. The engineer allowed him, for a while, to run the engine. Speeding along, he was exhilarated by the thought that he was managing the powerful iron horse. But a turn of his head revealed the engineer just back of him, with uplifted hand, ready to grasp the lever, in case of need. We think we are managing great matters. We do not always realize God's eye and hand, ready to save us from disaster.

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1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
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