

## Heritship.

Little store of wealth have I;  
Not a rood of land I own;  
Nor a mansion fair and high,  
Built with towers of fretted stone;  
Stocks, nor bonds, nor title-deeds,  
Floes nor herds have I to show;  
When I ride no Arab steeds  
Toss for me their manes of snow.

Yet to an immense estate  
Am I heir, by grace of God—  
Richer, grander than deth wait.  
Any earthly monarch's nod.  
Heir of all the ages, I—  
Heir of all that they have wrought,  
All their store of empire high,  
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs  
Sheds its lustre on my way;  
All their labors, all their prayers,  
Sanctify this present day;  
Heir of all that they have earned  
By their passion and their tears;  
Heir of all that they have learned  
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime,  
On whose wings they soared to heaven;  
Heir of every hope that Time  
To earth's fainting sons hath given—  
Aspirations pure and high:  
Strength to dare and to endure;  
Heir of all the ages, I,  
Lo! I am no longer poor!

—Julia C. R. Don.

## How The Work Spread.

There was a revival in Clinton. It was a hard, almost hopeless field, and there was a serious conflict, but faith and vigorous work prevailed; for after two months extra meetings the eternal power of truth was triumphant, the multitude of prayers that had been offered for the community and for individuals were conserved, and many souls were brought into the kingdom.

While the wonderful work of grace was going on, Ruth Waldren, a young girl from a neighboring town, happened to pass a night at the house of a relative in Clinton village and almost as a matter of course attended one of the meetings. She was a bright, capable, gay young girl who had never had any religious home influence, had never attended church regularly, nor been a member of a Sunday-school. There are too many such families, prosperous, well-to-do people, intellectually sharp and keen, often influential and polished, who never enter a church, and take no interest in religion or its ministers unless death invades their households.

Ruth had never been spoken to about her soul's salvation and had never thought about being a Christian until the earnest words of the pastor awakened the thought.

"I have not taken Christ for my Saviour! If I was to die, what would become of me? Is it not a contemptible way of living to receive and enjoy all the blessings and comfort of this life without in any way making acknowledgement to the Giver?"

The thought startled her. She went home with a seed planted in her heart that sprouted rapidly into life. The first germ silently proclaimed to the girl, "You are a sinner!" The germ developed, and every leaf and twig and branch told repeated the accusation, "You are a sinner," until it seemed to pervade every fibre of her being and to fill her whole soul.

What was to be done about it? She had no idea, and so she went on with her thoughtless rounds of visits, sociables, and parties that all amounted to the same inevitable amusements, the result of the unspurring and easily satisfied everywhere—dancing and card-playing. Coming home from these gatherings she would sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning reading the Bible and trying to find out how she was to obtain a new heart and begin leading a new life. She grew thin and pale and her wan, sad face created comment among her friends, but no one surmised the true state of affairs. And she dared tell no one of her distress of mind; had she done so, there was not a person among her friends and associates who could have pointed her in the right way.

One evening, at the dancing school, she heard some one remark that there was to be a donation party the next evening at the village parsonage, about four miles away.

"Why cannot we go?" she asked, hastily. "We have not shown ourselves at the upper village this winter."

"Sure enough," chimed in one of her companions, "let us get up a sleigh ride and all go and astonish the minister. I will carry him a fat turkey, and we will carry butter, and I will take a cheese," and the merry plan ran around the room, Ruth stimulating it with more zest than she had shown for weeks.

There was a heavy snow-fall that night, and all the next day the wind blew so that the roads running north and south were well-nigh impassable, but over from the West Farms came a four-horse team with a huge sled load of young people with their bountiful gifts, to the profound astonishment of the good minister and his family.

Very few others came, and the kind hostess was sorely perplexed to know how to entertain these gay young people, since dancing, card-playing or "kissing games" were out of the question. "But I am so glad they came," she said to her eldest son, "and I do want them to enjoy the evening."

Meanwhile the good pastor, quite complacently seated himself beside Ruth, who was curled down in a corner of the sofa, feeling as if "I am a sinner" was bristling out all over her, said:—

"You are as lively and social as usual over at West Farms, I suppose. Do you find time for an occasional prayer-meeting at the school-house?" "Oh, dear, no, sir," said Ruth. "We are all such sinners over there"—at that a group of young people turning over an album by the centre-table giggled, thinking Ruth was attempting to be facetious at the minister's expense. But she went on bravely: "Indeed, sir, I mean it. We are all sinners, but I am the worst of them all because I know that I am a sinner, and I realize that we are all rushing on, unprepared, to eternity; and although I am thinking of it constantly, I am keeping it to myself and not doing anything about it, and that makes me responsible for them all."

"Oh, Ruth, I am worse than you are," put in Belle Nye, basely, "for my Aunt Ellen is one of the new converts at Clinton, and she wrote me all about it, and said she was praying that the revival might spread onward through this town even, and she wanted me to tell my friends that now was the time for them to seek Jesus, but I have not said one word about it until now, and all the time I was desiring to be a Christian."

"I suppose more people wish that than we have any idea of," said Rob Ellis, timidly. "I was over to have my horse shod the other day, and the blacksmith, who used to be a very wicked man, has been converted and he tells every one who comes into the shop of the peace and joy that fills his heart. I came home thinking if religion could so change such a rough, bad man as that, it might do wonders for us at the West Farms, but I haven't said anything about it before."

So the confessions went from mouth to mouth like a flame. The weight of sin was burdening them. They had been bearing the conviction in secret. They each had in some way received the impression from Clinton, and each individual's purpose in coming to the donation party was that he or she might have an opportunity to talk with the pastor.

"We shall have to pray," said the minister. "Let us all kneel." They did so, gladly. The good man prayed, the boys prayed, and when Ruth's heart-felt broken petition next found voice sobs broke forth from all parts of the large, square, parsonage parlor.

The Lord sent down showers of blessings, and it was a rejoicing company that went back to the West Farms along the drifted highways. The result of this beginning was a revival, when forty heads of families were converted. The children were brought in, and the outcome was a church organized and a church edifice built at the West Farms.—*Christian Inquirer.*

## About Housekeeping.

A woman who presides well over a household, and keeps all its machinery in order, moral as well as material, performs an important part in life. To do this calls for the exercise of qualities of the highest order. A woman who does this is a genius, and is more worthy to bear trophies, and have her brows wreathed with laurels, than the General who is successful on the battle-field, or one who writes words of burning eloquence. The most homely detail of this matter, if it furthers human happiness and improvement, has a beauty, and a glory. Yet, how many think these things, even the supervision of them beneath them! Still there is danger of a woman's mind becoming too much absorbed in the trivial details of housekeeping; danger for those who take upon themselves household duties getting into a habit of being constantly "careful and troubled about many things" till the mind becomes petty and narrowed.

I have known many women of fine natural qualities who might, if they had guarded against this belittling influence, not only have been good housekeepers, but something more, had not their minds become gradually narrowed, and the range of their ideas circumscribed, till they lost their relish for conversation, or pursuits unconnected with their daily routine.

That result should be guarded against. A woman should try to keep her mind open and active by proper reading and improving society, if she would be a whole woman. She must not let any of her faculties become dull by misuse. She should know not only how to

minister to the physical comfort of others, but her sympathies should be cultivated, that she may so the in sorrows; her understanding enlightened, that she may counsel and guide, and her taste and imagination refined, that she may beautify and adorn life.—*Selected.*

## A Costly Habit.

The laborer who pays the saloon-ist twenty cents per day, for four glasses of beer, or two glasses of whiskey, spends seventy-three dollars annually for the beverage. With this money as prices now are, he could purchase six barrels of flour, two hundred pounds of sugar, twenty-five bushels of potatoes, ten pounds of tea, and twenty-five pounds of coffee. So far as these several articles are concerned, the above amount would be an ample annual supply for a family of six persons perhaps a family of eight, parents and six children. Now, which had he better use, the beer whiskey, or the groceries? Which would be economical and proof of real paternal affection? Suppose he belongs to the Knights of Labor, can he plead for a strike consistently so long as he wastes worse than seventy-three dollars? Must he not strike against the saloon before he can strike for higher wages, if he would challenge the sympathies of thoughtful men? It was this thought that completely changed the life and purpose of a boot-maker in Norfolk county, Mass., a few years ago. He was a very moderate drinker—stepped from his shop into a saloon near by only twice a day, and paid five cents each for two glasses of beer. "Over thirty dollars a year!" he said within himself. "I could buy three barrels of flour, five pounds of coffee, and fifteen bushels of potatoes with that money."

He took his pencil and cast the figures on a piece of leather. "My family need it, too," he thought; and the outcome of his thinking was, "I will never spend another cent for beer as long as I live;" and he never has.

Was he not wise? Is there any discount to be made on his judgment? None at all, especially when the reader learns that his decision became an era to his family. From that day a laudable ambition, desire for better education, love of books and journals, and aspiration for higher social life, grew in that family; and at the end of ten years the members of the family moved in the most intelligent and influential circles. There is nothing like a good, commanding idea to lift a father and his family into a nobler life. And this is what is needed, in thousands of families in our land to-day. The total abstinence idea is but one idea, and it may seem a small one to many men but it is big enough and strong enough to save multitude of laborers whom nothing else can save.—*Wm. M. Thayer, in National Temperance Advocate.*

## Making Friends.

"Charles," said one of our American philosophers, "if you make a friend every day, in three years you will have a thousand friends. If you make an enemy every day, in three years you will have a thousand enemies. A man with a thousand enemies will be likely to get tripped in his way through life by some one of them, and I had rather have a thousand friends than a thousand enemies."

Not one of us but needs a friend to supplement our defects, to reflect the lustre of our virtues if we have them, to help us in being true to what is noblest in us and of absolute worth in itself. "He that would have friends must show himself friendly."

There are those whose mission on earth is peace. Everywhere they bear with them the mantle of clarity, and with its ample folds cover the unfortunate, the weak, the erring. They know full well that "every human heart is human," that every soul needs sympathy, forbearance, affection; that all men are equally precious to God since he has made of one blood all flesh. If words of commendation fail, they keep silence; if censure must be pronounced, mercy is mingled with justice; to the returning prodigal they give welcome; to the repentant criminal, words of cheer and hope. Such persons have no enemies and innumerable friends.

Only shallow observers of human nature ridicule its weaknesses and, like ghouls, feast on its vices. He who looks deepest into the throbbing floods of humanity that surge around us is most profoundly pitiful; he sees under all disguises of fortune in every man, in every woman, a possible angel, and his approaches are made on the angel side.

The great fault with most of us is that we act on the defensive. Instead of making advances ourselves, we wait for others to make advances to us. Let those who are inclined to sing,

"Ah! what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep?"  
apply themselves to the delightful task of winning friends by encourag-

ing the distrustful, by cheering the sad, by raising the downfallen, by sympathy with the aspiring, thus bind to their hearts the hearts of those about them. They will find that in loving the supreme good they are indissolubly joined with the noble and the true, and friendships thus based must exist parallel with the existence of the soul and of its Maker.

THE BIBLE AND A GUINEA.—Men who have risen in the world are often fond of looking back to see what circumstances gave them their first push up the ladder of life.

A gray-haired old admiral used to tell of a piece of good advice which he received in his youth, and which made such an impression on him, that to it he ascribed his steady advancement in life. As a lad, just before joining his ship, he occupied a humble lodging for a few nights, the landlady, a respectable, motherly woman, at once taking a strong interest in the young fellow.

"When I went to bid her good-by," he said, "the kind creature pressed a Bible and a guinea into my hand, saying

"There, my lad, take those, and God bless and prosper you. As long as you live never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or out of your prayers."

It was a word in season; the young midshipman never forgot it. To keep the resolution he made then required no ordinary firmness and courage, for let me tell you that fifty, sixty or seventy years ago religion was a thing to suffer for.

But the boy stood firm. A one amongst a crowd of careless ones, he said his prayers, trying to shut his ears to scorn and mockery, and even disregarding actual personal ill-usage as much as he could.

On shore he did not recklessly fling away the money he had earned, in treating and folly, as did most of his shipmates. So by degrees, becoming known to his superior officers as a steady, well-conducted young fellow, he merited the promotion he afterwards obtained.

We need just this sort of bravery now-a-days—not the bravery which keeps men staunch in the face of the enemy's cannon, we have plenty of that sort in the land, and we are glad of it; but the bravery of the soul that dare keep its place when the devil's ugly weapons are directed towards it—the bullet hail of scorn; laughter and mockery.

Try to lead good lives, lads of today! And next, do not be ashamed of being seen to do so. It is as wicked to pretend to be worse than you are as it is to strive to be thought better than you are.

## Strong Preachers.

Strong preachers have ever been Bible preachers. The old reformers drew their weapons from the heavenly armory. The sermons of Bunyan, and Baxter, and Flavel, and men of their stamp, were full of God—instruct with living doctrines. Their very garb was after the Scripture pattern. Whitefield, as a custom, read the Bible with "Henry's Commentary," day by day, on his knees, praying over every sentence, line and word. Edwards and Davies were mighty in the Scriptures. Of Chalmers, it has been said that his sermons "held the Bible in solution."

Preachers who saturate their sermons with the Word of God never wear out. The manna which they bring is pure, and sweet, and freshly gathered. It never cloy. God's Word is deep, and he who studies it will ever have something new. He will never be dull, for the words of the Bible are strong, living words, and its images and descriptions are flowery of elegance. Apt citations clench the passages of the preacher's discourse, and give sanction, dignity, positiveness, authority, to it. And they shed light into his subject, like windows in houses.

## Considerate Charity.

It is true charity to give in such a way that the recipient will not feel under any obligation to the giver, and if that cannot be done, to give as kindly as possible.

A coal-dealer in the suburbs of Boston was called upon at his office by a poor, hard-working woman, and requested to send a basket of coal to her home.

"We do not deliver so small a quantity. 'Tis our invariable rule never to deliver less than a quarter of a ton."

But I cannot pay for so much, was the piteous confession, and I have left my children at home in a fireless room. What am I to do?

Well, replied the dealer, a kindlier light beaming in his eye, I cannot depart from my rules as to quantity. Then turning to his clerk, he continued, John, have a quarter of a ton of coal sent to the woman's address as soon as possible.

But I cannot pay for so much, she expostulated.

I already understand that you can't so I will charge it to the children. Give yourself no more uneasiness about the debt than we will be liable to do. Good morning!

# PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of the pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. The marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

## Make New Rich Blood!

### Sun Life Assurance Company.

## HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872	\$48,210.93	\$546,461.95	\$1,076,350.00
1873	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1874	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1875	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1876	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1877	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1878	278,378.05	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1879	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1880	373,600.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1881	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09

## The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN, PRESIDENT

R. MACAULAY, MANAGING DIRECTOR

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN. RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN. THE BEST DIET FOR INVALIDS AND OLD PEOPLE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

## STEAM SAW MILL

FOR SALE AT

Victoria Corner, C. Co.

THE Subscriber offers for sale his Steam Saw Mill, situated on the bank of the St. John river, at Victoria Corner, C. Co., consisting of Rotary Mill and Edger, Shingle Machine and Lath Machine, with good steam power sufficient to run the above machinery; also power for a grist mill in the locality, their being no mill on the west side of the river for a distance of twenty-three miles. Any person wishing to engage in the milling and lumber business, this is a good opening, as the property will be sold at a bargain and on easy terms.

JAMES W. BOYER, Victoria Corner, C. Co., Sept. 6 '88.

## SUGAR. SUGAR.

## SPLENDID VALUES!

Just Bought,

300 Bbls. SUGAR.

GRANULATED,

EXTRA C,

YELLOW EXTRA C.

FOR SALE IN LOTS, VERY LOW.

A.F. Randolph & Son,

Fredericton, Jan. 29, 1889.

HARNESS OIL.

Just Received direct from the Manufacturer.

24 BOXES Harness Oil put up in square tin cans, screwed caps, very handy and very cheap.

And for sale by [R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

## THOS. W. SMITH

has completed his stock of

## Fall & Winter Cloths

CONSISTING OF

Melton, Knapp, Bever, Pilot and Worsted Overcoatings, English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, French and German Suitings.

And he feels confident that he can get up the cheapest and best fitting

## OVERCOATS, REEFERS,

and Suits of Cloths that can be had in this city. In Ready-made Overcoats, Reefers and Suits, he is selling

Overcoats from \$5.00 up; Reefers from \$4.00 up; Suits of Cloths from \$5.50 up; Pants and Vests at the same ratio; Knit Overshirts, 50 cents each.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods marked down to the very lowest prices—No second price. Inspection of stock respectfully solicited, and will be cheerfully shown.

## THOS. W. SMITH.

Over 6,000,000 people believe that it is the largest and most reliable house, and they use

## Ferry's Seeds

D. M. FERRY & CO. are acknowledged to be the largest Seedmen in the world.

D. M. FERRY & CO.'s Illustrated Descriptive and Price List, sent free to all applicants, and to last year's customers, without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

Early Catalogue in request.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

Have you a Pain anywhere about you?

USE PERRY DAVIS' "PAIN KILLER"

and Get Instant Relief.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

25 Cts. Per Bottle.

## MEAT CHOPPERS.

THE latest and best Chopper out. It does not grind or tear the meat, but like the snipping process of a pair of scissors, their work is perfect and cannot vary, and it is impossible for any strings, sinews, fibres, or gristle to pass through them without being chopped fine and even.

We challenge competition in this respect.

Sausage meat, mince meat, hash, cod-fish, scrap meat for poultry, etc., etc.

Just one pound of meat per minute. Just the very thing the doctor orders for family use.

Just opened at R. CHESTNUT

The Little Giant Meat Cutter,

THIS Cutter does not mop a grind eat but keenly cuts, severing the meat into separate pieces.

It is a household machine and indispensable in the most suitable manner for Sausage, Scrape, Chicken, Fish, Hamburg, Steak, Veal, Beef for Beef Tea, Hash, Suet, Tripe, Head Cheese, etc., and also for nearly all kinds of cooked meats.

For sale at NEILL'S Hardware Store.