

## Growing old.

They call it "going down the hill" when we are growing old,  
And speak with mournful accents when our tale is nearly told:  
They sigh when talking of the past, the days that used to be,  
As if the future were not bright with immortality.

But it is not going down; 'tis climbing high and higher,  
Until we almost see the mountain that our souls desire;

For if the natural eye grows dim, it is but dim to earth;  
While the eye of faith grows keener to discern the Saviour's worth.

Who would exchange for shooting blade the waving golden grain;  
Or when the corn is fully ripe, would wish it green again?  
And who would wish the hoary head, found in the way of truth  
To be again encircled with the sunny locks of youth?

For though in truth, the outward man must perish and decay,  
The inward man shall be renewed by grace from day to day;  
Those who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their root,  
Shall in their old age flourish, and bring forth their choicest fruit.

It is not years that makem old; the spirit may be young,  
Though three-score-years-and-ten the wheels of life have run.  
God has Himself recorded in His blessed word of truth  
That they who wait upon the Lord shall ever renew their youth.

And when the eye, now dim, shall open to behold the King,  
And ears now dull with age shall hear the harps of heaven ring,  
And on the head now hoary shall be placed the crown of gold,  
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never growing old.

—Evanglist

## The Rainy Sabbath.

"My dear child, you certainly are not going out in this rain!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill, as her daughter entered the room dressed for the street, on a disagreeable Sabbath morning.

"Yes mamma, I am going to church," she answered pleasantly; "the rain did not keep me from that concert last week, nor from going to the stores yesterday. Tom what did you do with my umbrella?"

"I am sure I don't know," said that young man who had just sauntered in. "But what nonsense—you going to church this morning! You had better stay at home; you can read a sermon that will do you just as much good."

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," quoted his sister. "Ah! here's my umbrella. Good bye."

As Mary approached the church, walking carefully through the rain and mud, Harry Hampton, a bright-faced boy of fourteen, came rapidly down the church steps and ran against her, as she started up. "I beg your pardon," said the boy raising his hat. "Why, Miss Mary! is it possible you are out such a day as this? Let me help you up these slippery steps."

"You are going the wrong way, Harry," said Mary, pausing a moment, as he turned again toward the street.

"Well, yes," replied Harry, with a slight blush: "I looked into the church, and it looked so empty and desolate that I thought I would go to see some fellows who had invited me to their rooms to-day. I know that is not the way to spend Sabbath, but you do not know how lonely a boy gets in a town like this, by himself all day on Sabbath."

Harry Hampton was the son of a farmer, with whom Mrs. Hill and her family usually spent the heated summer months. Mary had heard that Harry had come down to town and entered a store. She had intended to ask Tom to look him up; and as she now spoke, she reproached herself for not doing so.

"I know you must be lonely," replied Mary: "will you come and sit with me in our pew! I, too, am alone to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish it," and the boy's face brightened as he followed the pretty and well-dressed young lady into church.

The minister gave as his text, "Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve," and followed it with an earnest appeal to those who had not yet chosen the Lord's side. When the services were over, and Mary turned to Harry, she was startled by the earnest thoughtful expression on his face; he refused her invitation to dinner, and walked quietly home.

Several weeks had passed, and Mary had seen nothing more of Harry; when one bright Communion Sabbath, she was made happy by seeing him come forward to be received into the church.

"I want to thank you for keeping me at church that rainy Sabbath," said Harry afterwards, "I was on the road to ruin that day, and the sermon I heard stopped me."

Harry Hampton is an active member of the church, and Mary Hill often thanks God that He used her faithfully spent "rainy Sabbath" in the salvation of a soul.—*Christian Observer*

## "Now Vy Vas Dat."

The Interior tells this story of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who was not very learned, but who was never ashamed of his religion.

In his neighborhood was a skeptic who said: "You can't believe anything you can't understand." And so some of the better class of people asked the Dutchman if he would have a conversation with him. He said, "Yes, if you think best."

So they made the appointment, and everybody was there. The old gentleman came in, laid by his hat, and was introduced to the skeptic, when he began suddenly by asking: "Vell, now, look here! I pleefs he Bible; vat you pleefs?"

Said he: "I don't believe anything I can't understand." "O, you must be one very smart man! I was mighty glad I meet you; I ask you some questions. The odder day I was riding along the road, I met von dog, and von dog had one of his ears standing up in this way, and the odder he stands down so. Now, vy vas dat?"

Now, that was very unhandy just then, very unhandy. He either had to explain why the dog had one ear standing up and the other standing down, or else say he did not believe it. So he said, "I don't know."

"O, then you are not so smart after all. I ask you anodder question. I saw in John Smid's clover-patch, the clover came up so nice! And I looked over in de fields and dere was John Smid's pigs, and dere came out hair on deir packs: and in the very same clover patch vas his sheep, and dere came out wool on deir packs. Now, vy vas dat?"

Now, this was as bad as the other because the same perplexity arose. He had to explain why there was hair on the back of the pig, or wool on the sheep, and as he could not tell why, therefore he had no business to believe it. Finally he said, "I don't know."

"Vell," said the Dutchman, "you are not half as smart as you think you are. Now, I ask you anodder question:

"Do you pleef dere is a God?"

"No; I don't believe any such nonsense."

"O yes! I hear about you long ago, I hear about you, my Bible, he says, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' but you, big fool, you blab it right out."

## Perfect Through Suffering.

When the great violin-makers of the Middle Ages wished to form a perfect instrument, they caused the tree to be felled at a particular period of its growth. The wood was then planed and cut into small pieces. These were exposed to the heat of the sun and to the winter's storms; were bent, rubbed, polished and finally fastened together with incomparable skill. If the wood could have found a tongue, doubtless it would have begged to grow in the forest, to rustle its branches and bear its fruits as its companions were left to do, becoming at last a part of the sodden earth. But it was this harsh treatment that made out of its common boards the Stradivari violin, whose music still charms the world. So by countless touches of pain and loss, God fits our part in the great harmony with which true and earnest souls shall ultimately fill the world.—*Youth's Companion*

## The Blind Basket Girl.

A poor, blind girl brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for a missionary society. He, surprised that she should offer him so large a sum, said, "You, are a poor blind girl! you cannot afford to give so much as this."

"I am indeed, sir, as you say, a blind girl, but not so poor, perhaps, as you may suppose me to be, and I can prove to you that I can better afford to give those thirty shillings than those girls who have eyes."

The clergyman was, of course deeply interested, and said, "I shall be glad to know how you make it out."

"Sir, I am a basket-maker, and being blind, I can make them as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure that during last winter, when it was so dark, it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles, and so I can well afford to give that sum for the missionaries, and I hope you will take it all."

PRAYER would do us more good if we were more specific. There are many things that trouble us that we hesitate to take to the throne of grace. But whatever really gives us anxiety, an unkind word, an evil opinion, any sorrow, should be turned into supplication. That which men may regard as trifling and insignificant it not beneath God's notice when it concerns the welfare of one of his children.

## Youth as a Time of Service.

The church of Christ, like every other institution, needs the inspiration and power that come from young blood. Do not think, young Christians, that you are merely undergoing preparation for effective service by-and-by; that the church, with all its institutions and teachings, is simply a school in which you are learning how to do the work of the Lord when you shall have reached maturer years. Youth itself is a period of service, and noble service, for Christ. For, in the first place, youth is the time of enthusiasm. It is the time when life's ideals are loftiest and strongest and purest. It is the time when the heart glows with the hope of accomplishment, when the mind is full of ambitions, and the soul sees visions of better things to come. We all know the value of enthusiasm in work; and therefore youth, with all its ardor and hope, is a time of especial fitness for Christian service.

Again, youth is the time of unspent energy. All its powers are full and unwearyed. The pulses leap, the whole being exults in vigor and freshness. Exuberant life prompts to constant activity. Youth is ever restless, ever putting itself forth in some form of growth, like the budding plant. Now let this unspoiled strength, this vital energy, be consecrated to the service of God, and what mountains of opposition will it not remove and cast into the sea! Whenever and wherever a company of young Christians are banded together in the service of the Lord, there the work of the church is prospering, there the kingdom is coming with power.

Finally, youth is the winsome time of life. Christ made a little child the type of the divine. Youth is attractive, winning. Its sympathies are quick and genuine. Life has not jarred the responsiveness of the soul, nor sad experience chilled its feeling. Bring, then, that warm heart to the altar of Christ, O youth! Consecrate that winning power, and God shall bless the sacrifice and the giver.—*Herald*

## Beginning Family Worship.

A young man of fashion, wealth, education, and high social position, at a midday prayer-meeting felt in himself the hope that maketh not ashamed, realized a Saviour precious to his soul. He believed that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins, and determined that he would never be ashamed of Christ. He would acknowledge and honor Him everywhere.

The opportunity, the time and place soon came. He was returning to his home in the evening.

"Now," said he, "I must honor and obey God in my family. I must set up family worship."

"O no," said the tempter, "not yet! Don't be in a hurry. Take time. Get a little stronger, and then you can go on better."

"I must begin to-night. I do not know what my wife and sister will say; but it is a duty, and I am resolved to do it, and trust God for the rest. I must pray in my family."

"Not to-night," said the tempter; "you do not know how to pray. You have never prayed much. You are unacquainted with the language of prayer. Wait and learn first."

"No, no; I must pray to-night. I will pray to-night. Get thee behind me, Satan."

He passed into his dwelling, and into his library, and there, before God, his Heavenly Father, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, he poured out his heart, and asked for strength and grace from on high to assist him in his duty.

When he met his wife that evening she saw at once that a great change had taken place in him, but said nothing. At length he asked her:

"Would you have any objections to our having family worship?"

After a moment's surprise and hesitation, she said with true politeness: "Certainly not, if it is your pleasure."

"Bring me a Bible, then, please, and draw up under the gaslight, and let us read and pray."—*South-ern Churchman*

## What Mothers Should Do.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealments, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do the work.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals and not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's in-

herited character, and have patience with faults and failings.

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those remaining, everything; hide your grief for their sakes.

Impress upon them from early infancy that actions have results, and that they cannot escape consequences even by being sorry when they have acted wrongly.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

## Care of the Home.

A friend who has several small children who continually scatter articles about her sitting-room, keeps her house in order by "picking up all the time." After several days spent in her home we saw that she really did this, but so easily that we did not at first observe it. The table-cover was straightened as she passed it for her thimble, the baby's toys were put in order as she stooped to pat him. This constant care is the foundation of good housekeeping. George Eliot, whose views on some points were a good deal unsettled, yet struck a vein of good sense when she said, "It is better to know how to make home happy to your husband than to read Greek to him; and even music and singing, though very attractive to visitors, cease to be a substitute for the commoner virtues after a time. Good cookery is a most valuable accomplishment in a wife's education after the honeymoon is over."—*Sel.*

USES OF SICKNESS.—Many who are in the thick of the bustle of this world; who are making gods of themselves or of their wealth or of their brains; or, absorbed in their work, have no time to think of their souls or of their Saviour who bought them—these busy ones suddenly realize the truth of the words of the Psalmists: "Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; Thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust." God leads them into the wilderness and communes with them alone. In the quiet rest of the sick-room, if they will but submit themselves to his will, they learn more and greater truths in a few weeks than years of health and prosperity would teach them. It has been well said, "We are in the hands of a higher Physician than this world knows; One who cannot mistreat our case or prescribe wrongly for us. The great cure to be wrought in us is the cure of self-will, that we may learn self-resignation; and all God's various dealings with us have this one end in view." Happy, thrice happy are they who use this time of rest for recollection and prayer, and, rising from illness to renewed life with the earnest intention of amendment, can in after years say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word."

A GENEROUS QUAKER.—At the beginning of this century there lived in London a very wealthy Quaker, named Richard Reynolds. His life was as simple as his wealth was great. He lived on £400 a year, and gave away £10,000. In fact, his constant rule of life was to give away all his income, and lay up nothing beyond the capital required for his business. He kept two trustworthy detectives continually employed in finding out cases which required relief, especially of people who would not be likely to ask for it. He never permitted, if he could avoid it, that those whom he helped should know from whence the money came, and on one occasion when he had helped a poor widow with several hundred pounds, and she found it out, an came, overwhelmed with gratitude to thank him, he said to her, "When it rains, dost thou thank the clouds? Thank Him who has put it into my heart to help thee, and not me, who am only his unworthy steward."

NEVER SWEAR.—1 It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2 It is vulgar—altogether to low for a decent boy.

3 It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4 It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster is a gentle man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

IT WAS WHEN the early church had continued in prayer that the Spirit came. That church which is not characterized by frequent, united prayer is a very wasteful one. In the light of the Scripture doctrine of dependence on the Spirit there is no greater folly than building churches, securing and sustaining preachers and not maintaining prayer-meetings.

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