

## The Children At Rest.

When the household cares are over,  
And the quiet zephyrs pass  
Through the crimson heads of clover  
And the daisies in the grass;  
Then the mother's busy fingers  
Do their silent labor best,  
Tolling faintly while daylight lingers  
And the children are at rest.

In the sunny hours of morning  
She had no other work to do,  
Softly chiding, gently warning,  
Watching all the noontide through;  
Love and strife and pain and pleasure  
Crowd within one little nest,  
Mother-hearts can find no leisure  
Till the children are at rest.

While we sleep the Father waketh,  
Working, watching for us all,  
In his mighty hands he taketh  
All the tasks that we let fall;  
We have wrangled, toiled and striven  
Through a long and weary day,  
Lo, we rest and he is given,  
And the pain is soothed away.

He who loves us will not slumber  
While our feeble hands are still,  
Blessings that we cannot number  
All the hours of darkness fill,  
Till the broken links are mended,  
And the worst becomes the best,  
And the toilsome task is ended  
While the children are at rest.

—Sunday Magazine.

## The Bible In My Trunk.

The conversation at the tea-table turned upon the propriety of praying before other persons; and some contended it was pharisaical to "kneel down" and "say your prayers" while others were in the room. A minister who was present related the following anecdote:

When I was a young man, said he, I was a clerk at Boston. Two of my room-mates at my boarding house were also clerks about my own age, which was eighteen. The first Sabbath morning, during the three or four hours that elapsed from getting up till breakfasting for church, I felt a secret desire to get a Bible which my mother had given me, out of my trunk, and read in it; but I was afraid to do so before my messmates, who were reading miscellaneous books. At last my conscience got the mastery, and I rose up and went to my trunk. I had half raised it when the thought occurred to me that it might look like over sanctity, and pharisaical, so I shut my trunk and returned to the window. For twenty minutes I was miserably ill at ease; I felt I was doing wrong. I started a second time for my trunk and had my hand on my little Bible when the fear of being laughed at conquered the better emotion, and I again dropped the top of the trunk. As I turned away from it, one of my room-mates, who observed my irresolute movements, said laughingly:

I say, what's the matter? You seem as restless as a weathercock! I replied by laughing in my turn; and then, conceiving the truth to be the best, frankly told them both what was the matter. To my surprise and delight they both spoke up, and avowed that they both had Bibles in their trunk, and both had been secretly wishing to read in them, but were afraid to take them out lest I should laugh at them. Then, said I, let us agree to read them every Sabbath, and we shall have the laugh on one side.

To this there were a hearty response, and the next moment the three Bibles were out; and I assure you we all felt happier all that day for reading them in the morning.

The following Sabbath, about ten o'clock while we were reading our chapters, two of our fellow-boarders from another room came in. When they saw how we were engaged, they stood and then exclaimed:

What is all this? A Convulsion? In reply, I stated exactly how the matter stood; my struggle to get my Bible from my trunk, and now we three, having found we had been afraid of each other without cause, had now agreed to read every Sabbath. Not a bad idea, answered one of them. You have more courage than I have. I have a Bible, too, but have not looked into it since I have been in Boston. But I will read it after this, since you've broken the ice.

The other then asked one of us to read aloud; and both sat and listened quietly till the bell rang out for church.

That evening, we three in the same room agreed to have a chapter read every night by one or the other of us, at nine o'clock; and we religiously adhered to our purpose.

A few evenings after this resolution, four or five of the boarders (for there were sixteen clerks boarding in the house) happened to be in our room talking, when the nine o'clock bell rang. One of my room-mates looking at me, opened the Bible. The others looked inquiringly. I then explained our custom.

We'll all stay and listen, they said almost unanimously.

The result was that, without an

exception, every one of the sixteen clerks spent his Sabbath morning in reading the Bible; and the moral effect upon our household was of the highest character. I relate this incident, continued the minister, to show what one person, even a youth, may exert for good or evil. No man should be afraid to do his duty. A hundred hearts may throb to act right that only await a leader. I forgot to add that we were called the 'Bible Clerks.' All these youths are now useful and Christian men, and more than one is laboring in the ministry.—*Church and State.*

## Backward Boys Who Became Foremost Men.

For the comfort of all parents of "backward boys," there is the story of one of the most illustrious men that ever lived, Sir Isaac Newton. We have his own authority for saying that he was extremely inattentive to his studies, and stood very low in his school.

At fifteen, he was taken away from his books, and set by his mother to the useful work of tilling the ground and disposing of its produce. But his love of study increased with the years; he returned to school, and was fitted for the university.

"The history of science," says Sir David Brewster, from whose biography of Newton these facts are taken, "affords many examples where the young aspirant had been early admitted into her mystic, but he who was to give philosophy her laws did not exhibit such early talent." "When Newton entered Trinity College, Cambridge," he brought with him," continues the memoir, "a mere slender portion of science than at his age falls to the lot of ordinary scholars. Cambridge was consequently the real birthplace of Newton's genius."

Sir Walter Scott was another "backward boy." His autobiography tells us that he was behind the early classes in which he was placed, both in years and progress. "I did not make any great figure at the high school in Edinburgh," he says, "or at least any exertions I made were desultory, and little to be depended upon." "Names, dates, and other technicalities of history," we are told, "escaped his memory in a most melancholy degree, but it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad."

But when Scott came to the reading of Spenser and Tasso, and, above all, Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, his imagination was quickened. Still, Greek stood in his way, and his instructor, Professor Dalzell, pronounced upon him the severe sentence, "dunce he was, and dunce he was to remain."

One of the most brilliant naturalists of this generation was Francois Maitland Balfour, whose life was unfortunately terminated by a fall when he was ascending or descending an Alpine peak. At twenty-seven years of age he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and three years later received a royal medal for his discoveries. Oxford, Edinburgh and Cambridge all endeavored to secure him as a Professor.

Before he was thirty-one years old he had accepted a professorship instituted for him in the University of Cambridge. Darwin wrote to him: "I am proud to receive a book from you who will some day be the chief of the English biologists."

But Balfour, in common parlance, was a "backward boy." He had great difficulty in learning to write, for he was not only left handed but inapt in acquiring particular muscular movements. He also found difficulty in learning to spell, and in the ordinary school work he made but little progress.

But at Harrow, as we are told by Professor Michael Foster, from whose memoir these statements are derived, one of the masters, Mr. Griffith, in extra-academical hours, discovered that the pale, earnest, somewhat clumsy-handed lad, though he gave no promise of being a scholar in the narrower sense of the word, had in him the makings of a man of science.

All these boys, be it observed, were "backward" before they received the right kind of intellectual nourishment. When they found their proper intellectual habitat, they became among the most forward and distinguished of men.—PRES. GILMAN, in *Youth's Companion*.

## Catechism On The World.

What is the population of the world? Some persons estimate it at 1,500,000,000 and others at 1,434,000,000.

How are these divided religiously? Into Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and heathen.

How many called Christians? About 390,000,000.

How are these called Christians divided? Into Protestants, Greek, and Oriental Churches, and Roman Catholics.

How many are Protestants? About 116,000,000. These are in-

habitants of nominally Protestant countries, but there are only about 30,000,000 who are members of Protestant churches.

How many Jews are there? About 8,000,000.

How many Mohammedans? About 170,000,000.

How many heathens are there? About 856,000,000. Under this head are included Shintos, Buddhists, Confucianists, Brahmanists, Fetich, etc.

What is the population of America? About 100,000,000, there being 69,000,000 in North America and 31,000,000 in South America. About one-fourth of the people of North America and nearly all the people of South America are Roman Catholics.

What is the population of Europe? About 332,000,000, of whom one-third are members of the Greek Church, one-third Protestants, and one-third Roman Catholics.

What is the population of Asia? About 800,000,000 of whom about one-fifth are Mohammedans, and nearly all the others are heathen.

What is the population of Africa? About 200,000,000, of whom one-tenth are Mohammedans and three-fourths are heathen.

In heathen and Mohammedan lands how many Protestant missionaries are there? About 6,700, of whom 2,700 are women.

How many native laborers? About 33,000.

How many adherents? About 2,250,000.

How many members? About 750,000.

How many organized churches? About 5,000.

How much money is expended each year by Protestants to give the Gospel to the heathen? About \$10,000,000. Of this about \$4,000,000 is raised in America and \$5,000,000 in Great Britain.

How many missionaries are there to every 400,000 souls in foreign lands? One.

What is expected of us? To send the Gospel to every creature.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## Charity Thinketh No Evil.

"She has a royal nature, and I cannot believe that any influence will hold her long in a wrong path, even though it drew her into it temporarily. How necessary it is to know all sides of a case before passing judgment upon it."

Thus wrote a lady of her friend who under strong influence had adopted certain erroneous opinions and acted upon them. The first thought that must come to one on reading this charitable utterance is that the writer of it must be a large-hearted and noble woman—such a woman as one would love to have for a friend. She would not throw away an erring sister for one offense, perhaps not for many; but seeing the possible good in her would use her influence to develop it and overcome the evil.

Is not this the true Christian spirit? and is it not a thousand pities that we do not often see it manifested towards those who fall into temptation and are taken into the wiles of the adversary?

A recent lecturer remarked in reference to Tom Hood's poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," that in it for the first time in secular literature is there a kind word spoken for fallen women—a recognition of them as still "of Eve's family," though Eve herself fell.

The attitude of our Saviour toward the disciple who denied Him, toward all the disciples who "forgot Him and fled," toward the "woman who was a sinner," toward her who "had five husbands," is an example to all of us. For them, repentant, he had words of hope, of comfort, of forgiveness.

The lives of many innocent people are shadowed by the crimes of those near to them. Is it condoning crime to try and dispel such shadows? It sometimes seems that the way of disposing of the families of criminals in olden times was more merciful than our modern way of disposing of them. Their wives and children were destroyed—the innocent with the guilty. Now these helpless, hapless folks live on, broken lives and sad. Will not those who visit such prisoners of sorrow be counted in the great day as visiting Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me?"

## One Page a Day.

One page of good literature a day, thoughtfully read, must produce beneficial intellectual results, even though the reader find it difficult to recall at will the full thought of the author, or to reproduce a complete sentence in which that thought, or any part of it was expressed. Even slight effort at "giving attention" will increase power of concentration. The world opened by that single page, may awaken a new intellectual interest, quicken curiosity, sharpen appetite, and suggest thoughts of his own to the mind of the reader. The

simple passing of well expressed ideas across his mental horizon will enlarge his world, enrich his mind, refine his tastes, increase his vocabulary, and give him new interest in the topics which obtrude themselves upon him in these days, when every body is thinking, and when great events are crowding into the wonderful history now being made. One page a day guarantees so much gain of knowledge and power to the attentive and interested reader.

Of course, the results of one page a day will be scarcely appreciable. One day's toil will build no temple. But seven days make a week, and four weeks make a month, and twelve months contain three hundred and sixty-five days. One page a day will therefore grow in one year into a volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages. Now, at three hundred pages to a book one may read in ten years twelve stout volumes. He who in a decade reads with interested and inquiring attention twelve volumes is no mean student; and if the reading in five minutes of a single page should stimulate thought that keeps hammering or digging or singing in the reader's brain during the day when he is at work and his book is shut, at the end of ten years such a reader and thinker will deserve some reputation as a "scholar." He may be, in some sense, a master of twelve big books. And if they be the right books, no master of a larger library can afford to overlook the claim upon his recognition of this man who reads well one page a day.—*Sunday School Times.*

## Cruel Silence.

There are times when speech is unseemly; but there are also times when silence is wrong and even cruel. If there is much said that should never have been breathed, there is also much that ought to have free utterance which is never spoken. It is possible to estimate the amount of happiness and benefit that is suppressed by this untimely silence. A group of persons are discussing the character of one, known, perhaps, only slightly to most of them. Someone speaks disparagingly of him, or relates some incident tending to lessen him in their esteem. Another who is present knows this to be incorrect; but, instead of vindicating him from the false charge, he says nothing. He may be shy of expressing himself; he may persuade himself that it is not his affair; he may dislike to appear antagonistic; whatever be his reason, he does the absent one an irretrievable injury by a silence that must be deemed cowardly. The unfavorable impression which he might have corrected sinks into the memories of those who have heard it, and is probably never entirely effaced. Had he simply uttered what he knew to be true at the moment of need, all this would have been prevented. In general, when the character or conduct of any absent one is assailed, it is the part of kindness to refute it, if possible; or, if this cannot be, to present some point in which he excels, and which may turn the scale of esteem in his favor. There is in each one such a mixture of good and bad, admirable and blameable, that the way he is judged largely depends upon where the emphasis is laid. Therefore, all good will and kindness demand that, while we bury his faults in oblivion, we should speak freely and fully of his excellence.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

## Five Kinds of Pennies.

A boy who had a pocketful of coppers dropped one into a missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus or the heathen. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny; not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself: "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box, his heart said: "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant and so miserable." This was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar gave his, saying: "For Thy sake, Lord Jesus. O let the heathen hear of Thee, the Saviour of mankind." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—*Christian Advocate.*

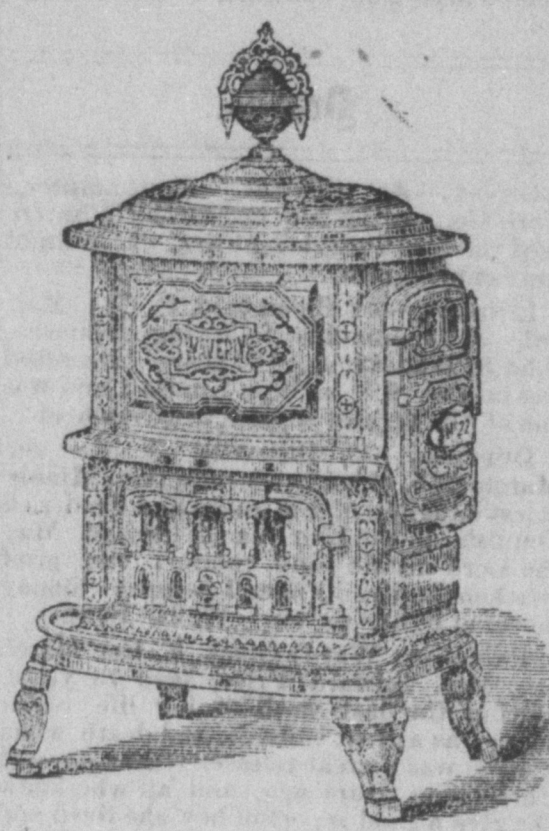
"He that believeth on me," said Jesus, "hath everlasting life." (John vi. 17.) This faith secures such a life as a present possession, and also a future and eternal possession in heaven.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude.*

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1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	273,378.05	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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Once two little gentle  
Stepped up to a gate  
quite.

The one who was very  
Was plainly intending  
The other (remarkable)  
Was just as surely  
Now what could the  
do?—

But say with "bow,  
you!"

And there they stood  
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For the thin little m

And the stout man

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A. R. Wel., in S.

A Tim

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door begging pit

"Please, ma'

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bread!"

"Have you no

child?" asked I.

"Yes'm," and

despair mantled

"Do they r

money?"

"Yes'm, little

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'Horn O' Plent

Immediately

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children, it can

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Miserable drun

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Little Graci

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came to me wi

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saying, "Mam

come and said

death, would y