

"Joy Cometh in the Morning"

HELEN A. RAINS.

We can not always see the smile
Of mornin's golden sheen,
Because a gloomy cloud awhile
May wholly intervene.

We may not always rest, although
The wearied frame demands,
Because of work that we must do
E'en with our tired hands.

We may not taste the cooling balm
Some other toiler hath,
Or find relief within the calm
When comes the aftermath.

But shall we cease to look afar
For one resplendent ray
That bursts the gates of dawn ajar,
And marks the perfect day?

Shall we from labor ask respite
When toil and pain endure,
E'en at the most "but for a night,"
And peace and rest are sure?

Shall we regret a time that gives
Our fellow laborers balm,
And fits into their earthly lives
A day of rest and calm?

When we're assured that with the morn
That parts the heavenly gates,
Because of griefs in patience borne,
A sweeter rest awaits.

—Christian Standard.

Hold Forth the Word of Life.

"It is a wild night," said father, as he piled the wood high on the logs in the great fire-place, making a rustic ladder over which the crackling flames leaped with winged feet as they rushed up the wide chimney-throat to race with the winds in the outer darkness. In that outer darkness there was the wailing of the wintry storm and the gnashing of teeth of hungry wolves; for this was in the long ago in the yet untamed wilderness. Our low, unpainted house nestled close to the western edge of Walnut Grove, along which at intervals other unpretentious houses crouched low that arctic night, as if cowering from the icy winds which swept the miles of open prairie to the westward. Our childish imaginations peopled that outer darkness with all manner of harmless terrors, but laid not hold of the real ones of which mother was thinking when she said, I hope no one is on the prairie to-night. But what recked we of the outside terrors, real or imaginary? Those honest walls of unplastered weatherboards and rough plaster could keep out the winds and wolves, the blazing fire fiercely beat the frost-line back with tropic heat, and as for hobgoblins that shout and scream of stormy nights for timid ears, who ever heard of them venturing in range of father's voice or mother's smile?

If there was a hush of merriment, cessation of the cracking of nuts and jokes among the children—if father took his eyes off the long columns of Henry Clay's speech in Prentice's *Louisville Journal*, at some fiercer onslaught of the storm, which shook the house and even caused the candle to flare by an icy breath forced through chink or crack, it was only for a moment. On went the dance of the flames in the fire-place and joy was unconfined. So went the hours within, while without the cold and darkness thickened as the evening wore away, until a sudden hush came, so quick and eager that words and laughs were broken in the midst. Uplifted feet and hands were held in suspense, and even the fire seemed startled into momentary silence by the sharp command. A second thus, and then a cry for help, faint and far off, came borne on the north-west wind. Within the next two minutes father had lighted the lantern and was upon the housetop with it. But it was too deadly cold to stay there without being bundled up so he fastened the lantern to the single big chimney and came down. After long waiting, which seemed longer, the listening circle heard a sound like horses' hoofs on hardened ground. Nearer it came and yet more near, until it was at the very door, and there, so benumbed that he had to be helped from his horse and into the house, was found a neighbor. He had since nightfall been wandering lost on the prairie, and had shouted till he was hoarse and exhausted beyond the power of speech.

When restored by the neighborly ministrations of that rude day, which made up for the lack of medicinal knowledge and surgical skill by kindness and cordiality, our neighbor told his short but thrilling story. The early nightfall, hastened by the gathering storm, had caught him in the midst of the broad prairie. To be lost on a treeless, houseless, objectless prairie, on a starless night, is to be in the very bottomless abyss of bewilderment. To the feelings of loneliness and helplessness is added the more awful one that the earth is empty and desolate—so awful that even the dangerous company of snarling and yelping wolves is a welcome relief. Soon losing all sense of direction, even of that of the furious wind, in his bewildered moment our neighbor had ridden for

hours, shouting and scanning the horizon in vain for a guiding light. You must have heard, said he, my last despairing call. I had given up all hope and seemed to feel the icy fingers of death clutching my throat and limbs, when I saw the lantern carried upon the house top. I had but just enough life left to turn my horse toward it and make my way to the door.

Now, dear reader, think how the lost one was saved by the simple holding forth of a guiding light. Nor was it a very brilliant light, nor a gilded and costly lantern. Only an old-fashioned, perforated-tin lantern, battered and rusty, and minus a hinge; only a stub of a tall candle within, and yet to the dimming and despairing eyes of that lost man it was brighter and more blessed than all the magnificent lamps of blazing gas or glowing electricity that they have beheld from that awful night to this. Yet there are so many to whom Jesus says, "Let your light shine before men," who are ashamed to do so because it is not a brilliant light. Many a one holds not forth the Word of life because he can not do it eloquently. If father had refused to hold forth the light for want of a finer lantern our neighbor had died. There is many a one wandering lost and bewildered in the darkness of sin who might be guided to safety by the feeble light of any humble-Christian neighbor, without waiting for the brilliant electric blaze of some eloquent evangelist. Years ago, when we were multiplying so rapidly in the Ohio Valley, it was not wholly owing to the galaxy of bright and shining lights which made our pioneer pulpit such a glory; but every disciple was holding up his little lantern for his nearest neighbors. What mattered it if the light was carried from house to house in very earthen vessels, so that it was carried? If we could only learn the lesson of the lantern on the housetop—if we would only hush our revelry and merriment occasionally to listen for the cries of distress that are heard by some ears continually, many a soul would be saved from death. It is always stormy weather in the outer darkness of sin; put out the lantern.—Standard.

Do Children Pay?

Sometimes I just think children don't pay, said one of my caregivers and discouraged neighbors one day. What do you think about it?

Well, I don't know, I replied—and my conscience smote me even while I spoke. But then I said in mental self-reproach and self excuse for saying it, I know I didn't pay!

But when it comes to my own bairns—do they pay?

Well, they are a sight of trouble. Indeed they are, and they cost time and money, and pain and sorrow.

There are three of them, and they are little things still, and my friends who have older children tell me that I need not expect a time to come when my children will be less trouble than they are now. I cannot expect a time to come when they will not be a source of care, and anxiety, and hope, and fear—no, not even when they have gone forth to homes of their own, and have their little ones around them.

Do they pay now? Here I am wearing old clothes and trying to brush up my old hat to make it look new, that my Johnny and Sammy may have new kilts and reefers and hats and shoes, and look as well as other children. They do kick out shoes so dreadfully, and they haven't the first compunction of conscience, either! They tear, and smash, and destroy, and are into everything, particularly the baby.

Do-s a two-year old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study, and scrubbed the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal-hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall, and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest White Rose perfumery out of the window, to see it wain.

Ah, I hear his little feet patterning along out in the hall! I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother, and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just c-y, if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—

Rat-tat-tat, go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

Rat-tat-tat. I sit perfectly still.

Papa.

No reply.

Peeze, papa.

Grim silence.

Baby tum in—peeze, papa.

He shall not come in.

My papa.

I write on.

Papa, says the little voice; I lub my papa; peeze let baby in! I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes, with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine; the baby voice says, sweetly:

I lub my papa.

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time, and money, and care, and self-sacrifice. He has cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost me much. But he has paid for it all again, and again, and again, in whispering those little words in my ears, I lub papa.

Our children pay when their very first feeble cries fill our hearts with the mother-love and father-love that ought never to fail among all earthly possessions.

Do your children pay?—J. L. H., in *Detroit Free Press*

Counsels To Croakers.

First of all, don't croak. It does no good. Nobody is likely to be benefited by the fault-finding of a complaining spirit. It certainly will not produce peace and contentment in your own mind to magnify the faults of others. In many cases the evil complained of might be remedied, if the time and feeling which have been spent in complaining were spent in wise efforts to make the crooked things straight. But to say that croaking does no good is stating the truth too mildly. It does positive harm. It discourages some of our best workers to find that they receive only words of complaint where they expected sympathy and approval. It gives a pretext for neglect and indifference to people whose help is needed in carrying on the work. Croaking hurts the croaker. Like anger, the spirit of croaking is fanned by the rasping words used.

Can anything be done to cure croaking? It is certainly hard to cure in some cases. It seems to have its roots deeply set in some natures. Still, with grace and effort the bad habit may be overcome. Study your own faults. Fill up your days with faithful work. We have never regarded a fault-finding spirit as any sign of piety. On the contrary, it indicates a want of the charity that endureth all things, and that covers the multitude of sins. The greatest complainers are not the greatest workers. Very often the disparagement of other people's work is prompted by a desire to cloak the neglect of duty. Those who are conscious that they have failed to do their full share in helping to carry out an enterprise, sometimes find an excuse for their selfish indifference by pointing out something in the project, which may help to justify their failure to render the help they ought to have given. Very often there is grave injustice done by croaking. Men and women who have done brave and faithful work for God and men, are wronged and injured when they receive only complaint and disparagement, while they need and deserve words of friendly cheer and approval.—Guardian.

Educate Yourself.

Young brother, sister, why don't you educate yourself? Can't do it? Too busy with the exactions of life? No time? Let us see. There are twenty-four hours in a day. Seven hours for sleep; nothing short. Three hours for toilet, and meals; enough. Nine hours for business or labor; he who takes more is shortening his life in order to live; foolishness. Two hours for trifles and receiving company. We present simply the daily average. Then have three hours to spare. What will you do with the three hours? Squander them? Where is your manhood, womanhood, conscience, sense of responsibility to the world and God, your common sense? Now, then, begin where you left off when you entered upon practical life; reading, spelling, writing, elementary studies. Spend one hour a day in bringing them up to higher branches. If there already, go on with some branch of science. Then one hour general reading, one hour with the Bible and God. This is entirely feasible. Do it; and be somebody.—Ex.

Be Content.

Be content with such things as you have. Some people have better things, others have worse. You, perhaps, cannot have the better, or you have no desire for the worse; then be content with what you have. You may have had better things in the past; you may have worse things in the future; be thankful for the present, and be content. If your lot is a hard one, you may improve it, but not by murmuring, fretting or repining. Just here, to-day, learn the lesson of contentment, and

wait on God for brighter days, for richer fruits, for purer joys.

No blessing comes to the murmuring, complaining, discontented heart. When once this evil demon of discontent has entered into the soul nothing is right. Even the 'angels' food' was not good enough for the murmuring Israelites, and 'the corn of heaven' could not satisfy those whose souls were filled with the discontent of earth—Selected.

Finish What You Begin.

My old great-grandmother Knox had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing, they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cob-house, they must not leave it until it was done, and nothing of work or play to which they set their hands would she allow them to abandon incomplete. I sometimes wish I had been trained in this way. How much of life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief, time is short. Stop beginning forty things, and go back and finish four. Pat patient, persistent toil into the matter, and be assured, one completed undertaking will yield yourself more pleasure and the world more profit than a dozen fair plans of which people say, 'This man began to build and was not able to finish.'—Christian Observer.

"Don't's" For Girls.

Don't giggle when you talk. Don't talk of your private affairs in the street car or a public building. Don't call young men by their Christian names. Don't repeat compliments that have been paid you. Don't confound pertness with vivacity, or rudeness with wit. Don't imagine that brain and education make a woman unpopular, and the lack of them the reverse. Don't fancy that a good young man must be stupid, or that one who is a 'little wicked' must be interesting. Don't suppose that to become a noble and useful woman is a small end, or one that can be achieved without long and toilsome effort.—Ch. Standard.

Have Courage.

Have the courage to prefer a comfortable home in a side street, where you can pay your rent promptly, to a stylish house in a fashionable neighborhood, and be in debt to your landlord.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him money. Have the courage by observing your religion to show that you believe in its principles.

Have the courage to send a small wedding-present, if you can not afford a better one.—Hebrew Standard.

A fire may be quenched by neglect to renew it with fuel or by casting water upon it. So by negligence or sinful action we may quench the Spirit. Spiritual life may be dampened by sloth and indifference. Omissions of duty, disregard to convictions, neglect of means, by which alone our better nature can be sustained, may become habitual, till the soul shall be given up to worldliness and be ripe for flagrant wickedness.

One of the good results of putting a good book into a family is that it will be likely to create a demand for another of like quality. The appetite for good reading, like the pleasure of it, never satiates.

Those who find little to help them in the pastor's services may profitably ponder this remark by a late distinguished preacher: Many a poor discourse is rich to them whose hearts are right; and many a good one appears bad from causes existing only in the hearer.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

A LOVELY THING IN PERFUMES—"Lotus of the Nile."

Jabesh Shown, Canning Cove, N. S. writes:—"I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it did me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle, 't goes like wild-fire, and makes cures a never it is used."

Nearly all colds are slight, at first, but their tendency is to so lower the system that the sufferer becomes a ready victim to any prevalent disease. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the beginning of a cold, would guard against this danger.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN. All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. 177 Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

NEW FALL GOODS

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

DRESS GOODS.

Have you seen our NEW PLAIDS. They are BEAUTIES.

NEW JACKET CLOTHS.

NEW VELVETS AND PLUSHES,

Black & Colored Velvet Ribbons

DRESS BUCKLES

In DRESS BUTTONS.

We have the finest lot ever imported in this city.

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S STOVES.



Cook Ranges and Stoves

Both to Burn Coal or Wood.

Self Feeders Hall & Parlor Stoves

FOR COAL OR WOOD.

Dining & Bedroom Stoves

For sale at the usual low prices. CALL AT

NEILL'S STOVE WAREHOUSES,

And examine his large and well-assorted stock of Stoves! Remember the old stand, just opposite the County Court House,

348 TO 354 QUEEN ST.

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
1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
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.....	5,849,889.11
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.68.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.61
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	17,164,383.08

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.

Nova Scotia Hotel.

CLIFTON HOUSE

74 Princess & 143 Germain Sts.

Reed's Point, Prince William St. St. John.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

JAS. L. BELYEA, Proprietor.

A. TERS, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on the most reasonable terms.

This Hotel is in close proximity to the American and Nova Scotia steamers.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT