

## To Be Seen Of Men.

My work was finished, I had labored long  
On what I thought would please the eyes  
of all,  
And I, well pleased, heard its admirers  
call  
It beautiful and perfect, yet the throng  
Who pressed admiring round held one  
sad face,  
Which looked disapprobation in its gaze.

The colors were well blent, and the design  
Was planned on rigid lines of highest art.  
No flaw was evident in any part,  
And I was proud, proud that the work was  
mine.

Yet there my censor stood, and I began  
To recognize him as the Son of Man.  
I looked the question—what is wrong with  
it?  
He touched it, and drew forth a silken  
thread.  
"See, this is rotten," were the words he  
said,  
"And this is gilt, not gold, it is not fit  
To stay in such a work—this thread will  
fade,  
Fast colors only should herein be laid."

He pulled out all that were below the mark,  
Leaving a wreck, or so it seemed to me.  
But now he seemed the better pleased to  
be.  
The bright threads all pulled out, the dull  
and dark  
Were all he suffered in it to remain—  
Tears filled my eyes which I could not  
restrain.

"Pray do not weep," said he, "begin again.  
This is your life work. If, henceforth,  
you try  
To work for the applause of the Meek  
High,  
And not, as erstwhile, to be seen of men,  
Your work will stand longer than yonder  
sun,  
And when it is finished he will say, 'Well  
done.'"

Since then I'm working on a new design,  
In which no gilt nor tinsel finds a place.  
And yet it may be some day he will trace  
A beauty in this humble work of mine—  
Then I'll be better satisfied, than when  
I merely did it to be seen of men.  
—J. SMILEY, in *Guardian*.

## Rural Notes and Notions.

BY SENEX SMITH.

'Good, yet good for nothing.'  
That is what somebody said about  
Deacon Dawes the other day. And  
when I asked the speaker what he  
meant, the reply was:

'You know that he is the most  
pious man in the neighborhood, and  
yet the most shiftless. He reads  
the Bible more than all the rest of  
us put together. He prays so loud  
at family worship that everybody  
going along the road stops to listen.  
He prays so long that his children  
fall asleep on their knees. He makes  
fervid exhortations in the weekly  
church meetings. And yet, some  
how or other, he is the most inefficient  
and the most unpopular man in  
these parts. He never pays his  
debts. His garden is full of weeds.  
He neglects his fences, so that his  
half-starved cattle are always break-  
ing into his neighbor's corn. If he  
promises to do anything, he either  
neglects it altogether or does it so  
shabbily that it had better not have  
been done at all. For my part I  
can't reconcile such utter inefficiency  
with the deacon's profession of ex-  
traordinary piety. He says he is  
too much engrossed with spiritual  
things to attend properly to worldly  
matters. But I think that while  
we are in the world it is our duty to  
attend to the things of the world.'

'Yes, we all know that you think  
so,' I could not help saying, for he  
was one of that class of men who  
regard energy and honesty and  
thrift as the three cardinal virtues,  
far superior to faith, hope and  
charity. 'Yes, you and the deacon  
represent two opposite extremes. I  
don't myself believe in his type of  
piety. I think it is abnormal. But  
it is better, after all, than no piety.  
I would rather see a man neglect  
his body in order to care for his  
soul, than to neglect his soul to  
pamper his body. Yet, as I have  
already admitted, an arc is only part  
of a circle, and a Christian character  
ought to be as round as the sun and  
as luminous. I suggest that if you  
could go into partnership with the  
deacon, the combination would be a  
grand success, and we should have  
one man in the neighborhood that  
we could point our boys to as a  
model.'

But while I answered the deacon's  
critic so, I could not help thinking  
how much stronger the church  
would be if the good people in it  
were good all around—if they  
carried their religion into every-  
thing. Now, we have here not only  
this shiftless type of goodness, but  
we have other types that are as bad,  
if not worse. For instance, there is  
Azariah Adams. He seems to be  
an earnest Christian. His prayers,  
though somewhat tedious, are full of  
Scripture and of feeling. But he is  
CLOSE-FISTED,

as the people say. He is keen in a  
bargain and is sure to get the better  
of everybody he deals with. Some  
of his neighbors even say that he  
does not tell the exact truth about  
the article he wants to sell. Now,  
the influence of such a man is not  
good in a community. We may  
say, as we do, that his selfishness is

born, and that his new birth has  
not been able as yet to fully coun-  
teract and control it—that he is not  
a skinkfin because he is a Christian,  
and is probably a much better man  
than he would be if he was not a  
Christian. We in the church have  
charity for Azariah. We know that  
the best of us are imperfectly sancti-  
fied. But the world has no charity  
for professors of religion, and hence  
it is highly important that we should  
be consistent and symmetrical.

We have another type of that  
class of members who are an incubus  
upon the Church. I will call them  
DYSPEPTIC CHRISTIANS.

They are not healthy physically,  
and hence they are morbid spiritu-  
ally. They are always looking on  
the dark side. They are persistent  
pessimists. They make the im-  
pression upon outsiders that religion  
is gloomy—that to embrace it is to  
go out of the sunshine of all inno-  
cent enjoyment into the valley of  
the shadow of death. The wife of  
one of these somber saints was talk-  
ing to their little daughter about  
being good and going to heaven.  
The child, after looking very  
thoughtful for a moment, said:  
'Mamma, will papa go to heaven?'

'Yes, of course. But why do you  
ask?' 'Because, then, I don't want  
to go there, for papa will come  
along just when we begin to play  
and enjoy ourselves and say: 'Stop  
this noise.' It is wicked to laugh.  
You ought to be reading your Bibles  
and weeping over your sins. I know,  
mamma, that we ought to read our  
Bibles, and I do every day. But I  
think we have a right to laugh and  
play sometimes.' The child was  
right. The Christian ought to be  
cheerful. He ought to show the  
world that his faith in Christ and  
his hope in heaven make him happy.

So far as we make the impression  
that though religion is necessary to  
our final salvation, it does not pro-  
mote our happiness in this life, we  
tempt men to put off repentance as  
long as possible. We repel the  
young especially. I often think of  
what a young lady said about a long-  
visaged Christian, full of zeal and  
vinegar, who was trying to interest  
her in spiritual things: 'I have no  
doubt that Mr. A. is a good man,  
but he is mighty disagreeable.'

Good, but disagreeable—pious,  
but repulsive! What a libel upon  
the spirit of Christ, which that man  
professed to have! 'Ye are my  
witnesses,' saith the Lord. A wit-  
ness is sworn to 'tell the truth, the  
whole truth, and nothing but the  
truth.' We testify not with our  
lips only, but with our lives. The  
world watches us to see if our  
religion is what it claims to be.  
They read the Bible and then they  
read us. The Bible says that the  
believer is a new creature in Christ,  
and that, being justified by faith, he  
rejoices in the glory of God. We  
ought to be holy as God is holy and  
happy as God is happy. If we were  
all that we should be, and may be  
through divine grace, the world  
would be drawn to us by the resist-  
less attraction of excellence and  
gentleness—of goodness and glad-  
ness.—*Journal & Messenger*.

## Not Weary in Well-Doing.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"She can rest at last, poor thing.  
We will lower the coffin gently  
down, and then let the earth fall  
lightly upon the frail thing. If I  
was rich I would have had a better  
one, but I suppose that she will  
rest as sweetly in this as she would  
have done in one covered with the  
richest broadcloth." And as Mr.  
Richards said this he brushed his  
eyes as if tears had gathered in them.

The good minister lingered by  
the open grave, holding a little  
trembling hand in his. The child  
too had refused to leave and so  
clung to the man who had spoken  
earnest, loving words to those who  
had known and loved the woman  
whose weary hands had dropped  
life's burden.

Burden, did we say?—yes, a  
burden that was far too heavy for  
one frail woman to bear, and yet  
she bore it cheerfully along, never  
murmuring and the pale lips utter-  
ing no word of complaint.

"God giveth his beloved sleep,  
and rest, too," the minister said,  
smoothing the soft hair of the little  
child.

The coffin was lowered as gently  
as if the strong, manly arms were  
bearing a sleeping infant to its re-  
pose, and then the child pressed  
closer to the grave and looked in.

"Poor mamma, p or mamma,"  
she moaned.

"Mamma is in heaven, Mamie,  
and she will not be sick any more,  
and she will be well and strong and  
will never feel the cold of winter;  
so do not cry, Mamie, and we will  
love you and care for you, too."

"And who will care for Annie,  
Robbie and baby Effie?" asked the  
child with quivering lips.

"We will look after them a'l,  
so do not cry, Mamie," answered  
the good man whose religion con-  
sisted in something more than talk-

ing to others and pointing out the  
path of rectitude.

"I am going to keep Robbie,"  
Mr. Richards said. "I have got  
two sweet little girls, and perhaps  
God never gave me any boys be-  
cause he wanted me to take this  
friendless little fellow. I am glad  
that I can give him a home."

"The children are all unusually  
good children," the man of God  
went on as though he was impart-  
ing new facts to those you knew  
the family just as well as he did.  
But it was hard not to speak of the  
brave heroic life that had just end-  
ed in this world.

"I could never understand how  
this woman could accomplish so  
much in doing for others. There  
never was a truer mother in the  
home, although cares and burdens  
met her in all her daily tasks. And  
besides keeping the wolf from the  
door, she even found time to take  
upon herself outside work. Not  
one in my church has been more  
faithful in the discharge of duty  
than poor Mrs. Clayton. Yet she  
never murmured because her life  
was one of ceaseless burden-bearing,  
nor did she ever seem to become  
weary in well-doing. Life to her  
was a living holy reality and filled  
with quiet duties which she delight-  
ed in doing well.

"Well, we will be true to the  
sacred lessons she taught us by her  
life and carry on if possible the  
works she left undone," and as Mr.  
Richards said this he carefully  
placed the green sods upon the  
grave that he had been filling up.  
The two men and child went away,  
and the world went on just about  
the same as it did before the white  
hands of Mrs. Clayton were folded  
so tenderly over the pulseless breast.

The days and months went by,  
and the sad burial scene was for-  
gotten by nearly all save those who  
were intimately associated with  
Mrs. Clayton.

Through the good minister's in-  
fluence all of the motherless children  
were provided with good homes into  
which each one carried love and sun-  
light. He himself took the baby  
and a sweeter child was never found  
in this dreary old world. It seemed  
as though the mother's sweet, pa-  
tient spirit had entered into each  
little life of her children. A few  
friends had cast in their mites and  
a white marble slab had been erect-  
ed over the humble grave bearing  
these words: "Not Weary in Well-  
doing," and all who knew her un-  
derstood their meaning.

Surely that one humble life creat-  
ed influence that will live on  
through all God's great eternity,  
and like undying flowers will cast  
their sweetness and fragrance upon  
the souls forever. In that one pa-  
tient, uncomplaining woman the  
grand lesson was taught that life  
in any place and even when filled  
with care and trial may be made  
a treasure of unknown worth and  
that long after the tired human  
hands are folded in death, the life  
will live in memory like some un-  
ending song.

Then weary, toiling mother, hope  
on, and falter not in life's work,  
and if you do "not become weary  
in well-doing" some day you shall  
wear the crown of life, full of gold-  
en diadems.—*Chris. Inquirer*.

## Gingerbread Barometers.

You know grown folks have in-  
struments that they call barometers,  
by which, watching the mercury as  
it falls or rises, they can tell  
whether the weather is likely to be  
rainy or fair. Now, a certain  
Frenchman has a different and much  
less expensive barometer which fore-  
tells the weather for him, and why  
wouldn't this be a nice one for chil-  
dren to have?

'It is nothing more nor less than  
the finger of a general made of gin-  
gerbread, which a gentleman buys  
every year at the Place du Trone,  
Paris. When he gets home he hangs  
his purchase on a nail. You know  
the effect of the atmosphere on  
gingerbread? The slightest moisture  
renders it soft; in dry weather on  
the contrary, it grows hard and  
tough. Every morning on going  
out the gentleman asks his servant:

'What does the general say?'

'The man forthwith applies his  
thumb to the figure and replies:

'The general feels shabby about  
the chest; you'd better take your  
umbrella.'

'On the other hand, when the  
symptoms are hard and unyielding,  
our worthy colleague salutes forth in  
his new hat.'

## Troublesome Children.

Children of force, vitality, sensi-  
tiveness, individuality, will quarrel  
more or less, in spite of everything.  
Grown people possessing these quali-  
ties do so. The aggressive man  
was an aggressive boy; the enter-  
prising, restless boy, often a very  
uncomfortable boy to get along  
with. Sensitiveness and impatience  
are by no means inconsistent with  
a fine noble character. There isn't  
a mother alive to the interest of

her children and her own responsi-  
bilities that can help exclaiming:  
"Who is sufficient to these things?"  
But when we have done our best,  
the wisest thing we can do is to  
leave events with God, and not  
cripple our energies, nor waste our  
time in the contemplation of our  
own inefficiency and the weight of  
responsibility resting on us. When  
we have implanted an earnest desire  
in the heart of our children to grow  
every day more and more noble and  
true; when we have kindled within  
them the fires of our earnest and  
unquenchable aspiration toward  
whatever dignifies and exalts human  
character; when we have given  
them an habitual impulse upward  
and forward, we have done well by  
them. The heaven once hidden in  
their measure of meal will work till  
their whole lump is leavened.

It takes God himself, not to speak  
irreverently, ages to make such a  
world as this, ages more to bring  
the human race to its present state  
of improvement. He bears with  
criminals and human hyenas, and  
waits for good to triumph over the  
evil. Cannot we wait for our chil-  
dren to mature into a ripened man-  
hood and womanhood?—*Tribune*.

## Work Now.

Young man, do not leave it to a  
future day, but do it now. Man of  
middle age, you have a vivid sense  
of the rapidity with which your  
years have gone, but they will go  
just as rapidly in the future as in  
the past. Man of age, you have to  
make haste—you have no time to  
lose.

The ancient law said concerning  
the sale of an estate: 'According to  
the number of the years, thou shalt  
diminish the price.' The nearer  
they were to the Jubilee year, the  
cheaper they were to sell the land.  
So, the nearer you come to the end  
of your days, you ought to hold  
earthly things more loosely, and  
prize heavenly things more highly.  
When your business is drawing to a  
close, you hasten to conclude your  
work, dispatching sometimes in an  
hour more than all that went the  
day before.

When Napoleon went on the field  
of Marengo, it was late in the after-  
noon, and he saw that the battle  
was really lost; but looking at the  
western sun, he said: 'There is just  
time to recover the day!' and giving  
out his orders with rapid and charac-  
teristic energy, he turned defeat into  
victory. So, although your sun is  
near to setting, there is time to  
recover the day. Avail yourself of  
the eventide, lest your life end in  
eternal failure.—*William M. Taylor*.

## Let the Sun Shine.

The way to keep the Sabbath is  
not to sit around with a long face,  
trying to see how dismal you can  
make it for children and others who  
are naturally joyous, but make it  
the brightest and happiest day in  
the week. No matter how thick  
and black the clouds are overhead,  
make Sunday bright and cheerful  
in the home. Determine that you  
will rejoice in the Lord, though the  
heavens fall. Say with the psalm-  
ist, "I will bless the Lord at all  
times. His praise shall continually  
be in my mouth." If the devil  
can tempt you to make the Sabbath  
a cold, miserable, bleak, and cheer-  
less day at home, he won't care  
how happy you get at class-meeting.  
It is the religion that shines at  
home that makes the devil gnash  
his teeth. If you haven't got that  
kind, seek it till you find it.—*The  
Ram's Horn*.

Christianity is the highest sacri-  
fice of self, or it is nothing.

Every to-morrow has two handles.  
We can take hold of it by the  
handle of anxiety or the handle of  
faith.

Let your zeal begin with yourself,  
then you may with justice extend  
it to your neighbor.—*Thomas a  
Kempis*.

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