

Answer to "People will Talk."

As we pass through the world we shall never move slow
If we earnestly seek to serve God as we go,
And keeping this purpose forever in view,
Whatever we know to be right strive to do,
And let people talk.

Be quiet and modest, and this not assumed,
Do not hope to shun censure, for in this we
are doomed,
If blamed when we're striving to walk as
we should,
And our Father permit, it may be for our
good.
Then let people talk.

If your dress is peculiar, or plain is your
hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that.
Remarks will be made, for you cannot go
clear,
But oh, if you know it is right, never fear
If people do talk.

It is not always best, to do just as you
please,
Independence, alone, cannot give the heart
ease.
They only have joy that do perfectly right,
Who pray to God ever, and walk in the
light,
If people do talk.

In the bright land of glory, the home of
the blest,
From all that accuse and revile, you shall
rest.
But here, to avoid them your efforts are
vain.
Forgive, and the blessing of God you'll
obtain.

And let people talk.

E. L. C.

Hasty Judgment.

Many an act which has been performed with the best intentions has been bitterly regretted. To good intentions one must add deliberate inquiry and intelligent decision. Hasty action is often well-meant, but generally foolish and disastrous. The Youth's Companion recently printed a story of a Rhode Island soldier who in the discharge of his duty on one occasion during the war performed a rash act for which he was never afterward quite able to forgive himself. At the battle of Pegram's Farm the Union line was broken, and the enemy nearly forced a passage through. In company with other officers the Rhode Island soldier tried to rally the panic-stricken men. He drew his sword and began to strike right and left without discrimination. One heavy blow fell on the head of a poor man who immediately stopped and said:

"Colonel, I'm not a coward, and I'm not running because I am afraid. I will stand as long as you or any other man, but I am severely wounded."

Turning his head he showed a fearful wound across the side of his neck. There was no fear nor animosity in the expression of his countenance, but his face wore an expression of indignation that he should have been suspected of cowardice. The colonel made the best apology he could, but afterward was careful not to strike the wrong man.

Innocent people are often found in suspicious relations. Years ago, when there was no railroad between New York and Philadelphia, three young men were making their way from the West. Arriving in Philadelphia, they did not know where to find the landing to take the boat for New York. Going into a shop to make inquiries, they were cordially received, and their story was heard with eager interest.

"Let me see your tickets," said the gentleman to whom they applied for information.

"These tickets are not good," said he; "where did you get them?"

When told where they were purchased, he assured them that they had been swindled, and that the tickets would not take them to New York. Sympathizing with them in their misfortune, he benevolently offered to take the tickets and return them, and give the young men \$20 to pay their fare to their destination. They gladly accepted his kind offer and hastened to the boat. No sooner did they offer the \$20 bill than an officer of the boat seized the leader of the party by the collar and called a policeman. The young man was arrested for trying to counterfeit money. He was able to point out to the policeman the man who had given him the money and to recover his tickets, but not until the boat had gone, the officers carrying with them the conviction that the young man was a thief and a scoundrel. Judge nothing before the time, but judge just judgment. Appearances are often misleading. Fools have been taken for wise men by those who were content to form a judgment at first sight. Coleridge was once seated at dinner opposite a venerable patriarch, whose magnificent forehead, sparkling eye, and dignified bearing gave him the appearance of a genius and a sage. Coleridge longed to hear him speak, expecting utterances worthy of the early dramatists. "What poetry, eloquence, truth and thought would flow from his lips." Suddenly this gentleman with the prepossessing appearance opened his mouth and

said; "Hand me them dumplings! Them's the jockeys for me."
Not unfrequently has our hastily formed admiration for men been quenched by some similar revelation of stupidity, ignorance, and rudeness.

A Needless Thorn.

Where is it? It is in your home management, your tenderest of mothers, and your little children are the ones whom it pricks. When they come to you with a reasonable request, grant it if you possibly can. Say yes cordially, gradually, and at once. Or else, if circumstances prevent your saying yes, say no. Let that be uttered kindly, decisively, and at once.

Indecision is the bane of enjoyment in the nursery and schoolroom. How often have I seen children balancing between hope and fear, while a weak mother could not make up her mind. Loath to disappoint the little pleaders, doubtful of the wisdom of acceding to their wishes, she put them off with an "I'll see about it, dear!" "Come by and by," "Mamma will think it over," "Don't bother me now. I'm busy. We'll see what will happen to-morrow," etc.

These doubtful doors, half ajar, into which to the longing eyes of childhood seem full of flowers and fruit, are really great trials to temper and great temptations to naughtiness. Let your yes be yes, your no, no; and, if practicable, let each be given as soon as possible after a child has asked a question.

Never resort to that most baffling and puzzling of refuges to a child's understanding, "I have changed my mind." Possibly we older men and women know more about that phrase than younger people do, for it is less in vogue than it used to be.

Once upon a time, when some of us who wear gray hair had golden locks, we would be on the *qui vive* for a drive, a jaunt or a picnic, the little hearts swelling and jubilant with anticipation, when lo! for no cause which we could divine the program would be changed, the pleasant plan abandoned, and we be calmly informed that "mamma had changed her mind." No other explanation would be vouchsafed, and the family discipline in former days did not encourage in children the habit of asking teasing questions.

There will be thorns enough, be sure of that, in every human life. Plant none needlessly in the soil of childhood.—Selected.

Night Running.

Young men and boys, after the day's work is done and supper over, think they must have their relaxation and fun. There is no objection to this if it is sought in a rational way. In towns the boys and young men assemble on the street corners, or in places where games are played, or where beer or liquor is sold. The question is submitted whether these are rational or proper ways to seek recreation and fun.

In the country they go to the store, or the tavern, or to the post-office, or to the small village where these are located, in which case the occupations and the "relaxation and fun" are much like those sought and found in the towns. The question is here again submitted whether these methods are rational and profitable.

Running about at night is hard on the body, health and strength of the young men. When they are to work during the day they are stupid and dull, apt to be careless, and not unfrequently irritable and unpleasant. Loss of rest and sleep produce these results, even though no indulgence in drinking and carousing attend the night running. But when these are added to the playing of games of chance, the indulgence of obscene stories, and all the other crookedness inherent in night running, the moral degradation is more deplorable than the physical strain.

The whole thing in the shape in which it exists is wrong. Who is to blame and how is it to be corrected? The appeal must be made to the parents to correct the growing tendency to running about at night. It is one of the very worst things for the physical and moral welfare of our youth. Bad habits are learned. Moral's are debauched; character is compromised. Parents and guardians should, therefore, give this matter their serious attention. Home must be made attractive to the young. Furnish them rational and pleasant means of amusement. Make the social atmosphere, the intelligence, the fun of home so pleasant and desirable that the children will prefer them to running away from home every night.

Yard-Wide Christians.

We were in a dry-goods store to-day. The young men and women were busy displaying the latest summer styles. Goods of all shades and patterns, and textures and widths. 'Yes' said a young miss energetically, 'that is a full yard

wide.' She meant, that the particular pattern she was recommending was of normal breadth. 'Yard wide' is a synonym for good measure. So many yards will make a garment if it is 'yard-wide.' If it is only 'three quarters' in breadth, more must be added to the length. People prefer goods a full yard wide.

It is so in the Christian life. There is a great demand for yard-wide Christians. Narrowness is abnormal. The need is for broad-minded, generous hearted, sympathetic, consecrated, helpful, ready-to-learn and hand Christians. Such people have a wide outlook. They take liberal views of things. They plan magnificently. They are true blue. Their broad shoulders are always under churchly burdens. They lift evenly all the year round. You may lean on them, and lean hard. Their courage never fails. Their zeal never tires. Their faith never dies. Every one is a color-bearer for the King.

Away with your sickly, puny disciples. Pigmyes are of small account. We want none of the half-yard-wide sort. These are straggling times! A wful times! Glorious times! Oh, for a host of young men and women of whom it shall be said: "They are yard-wide Christians!"—*Epworth Herald*.

A Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Mothers.

"Can you help me a few minutes, Marion?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas Among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight: Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange looking angel of the weaker, sadder one.

"Has God given her no daughters?" "Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those grey hairs come from over-work, and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet and satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of every-day life. That sigh comes because the mother feels neglected and lonely, while the girls are working for the women in India; that tired look comes from getting up early, while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours given to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk around the house all day."

"Surely the girls help to?"

"What they can. But their feet get weary enough going around begging for the charity hospital and the Church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad—loving, industrious girls giving their mothers to my care as soon as selfish wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take any active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time in bringing them up."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat: "I will take care of her if you will only stay!"

"Daughter, you must have the nightmare—wake up, dear. I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button-holes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll send word to the guild professor that I must be ex-

cused to-day, for I am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I dislike to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time. Now go to sleep, mamma, dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages, or classes in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquized, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time she does not need, I will devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well restored I will take charge of the house and give up all the societies except one—that I'll have by myself, if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one remarked to her: "We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M."—*Sheltering Arms*.

WHISKY unlocks the doors that lead to the poor-house, penitentiary, and the grave; unfastens the gates of sorrow, the windows of want, the doors of death; opens the way into the jail, up the scaffold, through the trap; it unlocks the heart of the wife to let in regret, the heart of the mother to let in sorrow, the heart of a child to let in shame; it lets loose rivers of tears, ages of sadness, generations of woe; locks up good intentions, words of promise, deeds of duty; it locks the child out in the streets, the wife in the hovel, the father in ruin; it locks up goodness and unlocks sin, locks up health and unlocks sickness; locks up joy and unlocks misery; locks up smiles and unlocks tears; locks up plenty and unlocks want; locks up usefulness and unlocks idleness; locks up a happy heart and unlocks melancholy; locks up contentment and unlocks care; locks up heaven and unlocks hell.—*Southern Agent*.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN.

This question is often asked as one looks over our congregations. The reason given is. They attend the Sunday-school. But is this any reason? Is it designed that the Sunday schools be to children a substitute for the church? These schools do not fill the place of public worship. Can they be weighed against the solemn impression made upon childhood by the Christian Year, by the gathering together in the family pew, by the dear old familiar prayers, by the holy reverence for the house of God, by the love of public worship formed in childhood and growing with the years? Send your children to the Sunday-school, but have them at your side in the house of God. In a few years they will go from you out into the world. Where will they get a love for the church and habits of attendance unless they acquire them when young?—*Selected*.

A MAN may be a good man without having been tempted, but he can not be a *tried* man. Hence the Apostle James says, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is *tried*, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

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