

The Law of Recompense.

There is no wrong by anyone committed, But will receive Its sure return, with double full repeated, No skill can foil.

As on earth the mis' it yields to heaven Descend in rain, So, on the head that'er has evil given, It falls again.

No soul has ever taken undue advantage But reaps a loss: There is a Nemesis that will not languish His path to cross.

It is the law of life that retribution Shall follow wrong: It never fails although the execution May tarry long.

Then let us be with a relaxed endeavour, Just, true and right: That the great law of recompense may ever Our hearts delight.

IN DEAD EARNEST.

A True Story.

By Mrs Annie A. Preston.

Nellie and Maggie and I will stay and work through the non-hour, if you please, said Edna Storrs to Will Heath, the overseer of the packing-room. We want to finish our day's work so that we can go to the meeting at three o'clock.

Of course, you know there couldn't be a gospel meeting held here without you three girls, and it is thought full of you to go; but I fancy to-day that you three will comprise the meeting for the parson isn't fool enough to drive over from his place to-day. I've no objection to you working through the nooning, or to your going to the meeting either; in fact, it is a kind of a comfort to know that there are three wide-awake Christians in this little Sodom of a hamlet.

It was one of the roughest days of an unusually inclement New Hampshire winter. The wind went tearing down the principal street of the little hamlet like a pack of hounds, driving the snow before it like game that would be lost if not caught before the brow of the hill was reached, where the whole wide world lay in front and the compact force of the chase must be settled.

These evangelical services were a comparatively new thing. The parson came because these three girls had walked over to his church one autumn Sunday and asked him to come. As yet, there had been no visible results, in fact, very few attended the service, and it was hoped that an evangelist might draw the people out to hear the Word.

The prospect seems discouraging, said Edna, resuming her work after a long gaze at the gray, snow-burdened sky. The great engine and the myriad wheels of the complicated machinery were still, now, and Maggie said: Let us each prevailently as we work through the hour for God's blessing on our feeble efforts, and that we may do anything that we are asked to do in his strength.

Her companions nodded, and no further word was spoken until the daily work was again resumed. Never such a day lighted down out of the clouds since these hills and rocks were stood up corner-wise and called New Hampshire said the young overseer. If those parson fellows come over I never will doubt again that they are double and twisted, dyed-in-the-wool saints. I would go to your meeting myself if I could get off.

Will you come to the meeting if they hold one this evening? asked Nellie, and he replied: Yes, if you will come yourself to notify me, and I will get every one else to come that I can.

I shall hold you to your promise, and I would do a great deal more than that to save your soul repeat, ed the young girl. There they go! Parson Eaton and his friend! cried Jack Lyon, one of the carriers, an hour later. I don't believe that a Materialist, or a Spiritualist, or any of the many other 'ists' that infest this hamlet would brave the weather to-day to make a convert to their faith. That is the one thing about you three girls and your minister that impresses me; you seem to be in dead earnest!

In dead earnest! I should think so, said Will as he and Jack followed the three girls into the vestibule. He threw open the double doors for them to pass, letting in a gust of wild, snow-laden air that seemed in a moment to chill them all.

Tom, in his light working blouse, shivered and called: "Come back, you foolish girls!" but they were down the steps and following the eddies of the drifts, were across the

street and in the alley way leading to the hall.

Jack took up his basket of hobbins, and wherever he called here and there extolled the sincerity of the girls and the faithfulness of Pastor Eaton.

They talk of having a meeting this evening, he said, if they do let us all go and fill the hall for them.

The hall was not by any means full that afternoon. Indeed, truth compels me to tell there were only ten all told; no sisters with the exception of the three. It was a tender little meeting, but the evangelist did not feel sure that it was best for him to come where there were such small congregations. He would stay that evening if they would promise to notify all they could of the meeting and get as many out as possible.

The three girls promised, and started at once on their mission, intent upon going to every mill and boarding house. The snow had ceased falling, and as the sun went behind the hills the western sky was like a wonderful panorama of great red and purple clouds in waves and billows of golden light.

The hearts of the girls were cheered by the magnificent display as they valiantly made their several ways from door to door, determined that every soul in the hamlet or its neighbourhood should have warning of the meeting.

When at length, having partaken of a hasty supper they repaired to the hall, they found it crowded; there were barely standing room. The evangelist was singing a solo, and he sang it so well that every one felt paid for coming at the onset.

The sermon from the text, "If any man will come after me let him deny himself take up his cross and follow me," seemed winged by the Spirit to reach every heart.

It was a wonderful meeting in its effects. The evangelist said at the close that he felt rebuked for his want of faith, that he had been calling himself a fool all day, but he had seen the power of the Lord manifested in the inquiring souls that were begging him to stay over and proclaim to them the saving truths of the gospel.

Those three girls were in dead earnest, said Will Heath. They always are, but to-day they conquered snow, wind and cold, so determined were they that the ways of the Lord should be followed in this wicked hamlet. I want to enlist on the side of King Jesus, if it is possible that he will accept as a recruit a poor sinful fellow like me.

A prosperous, working church was organized in that locality, as the fruit of that revival, and it is constantly growing in moral and spiritual power. One of these three girls became the wife of that evangelist, and is doing efficient work as his helper, for she is still in dead earnest.—The Standard.

Faithfulness in Humble Places.

There is a very tender story concerning faithfulness in humble places, which Jean Ingelow has related for us.

It was in one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea.

At last the morning came; and one boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing. It was her father's boat, and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed up upon the shore. He had been wrecked against this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, until it was laid in the grave; then she lay down on her bed and slept. When the night came she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen, and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

So many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one hank over for her nightly candle. And from that time to the time of the telling of this story (for fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age) she has turned night into day. And in the snow-storms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness that northern harbours have never once been without the light of that small candle. However far the fisherman might be standing out to sea, he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and he was sure of safe entrance into the harbour. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely, this was finding chance for service in a humble place; surely, this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness; surely, the smile of the Lord Jesus must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, glimmering from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea.

Three Strange Plants.

In Vienna there is a plant which predicts the weather two and three days ahead; and if, as they say, it has never failed, in the 32,000 times it has been tried, to foretell the weather correctly, it might be well for our Government to discharge "Old Probabilities" and all his bureau, and buy a few of these plants. The predictions served to us in the papers every day are certainly not infallible. The Latin name of the "weather plant" is *Abrus peregrinus*. It has stems and leaves like those of the cactus, and a change that is to occur in the weather is shown by the rising and falling of the leaves and shoots. It is a native of Corsica and Tunis.

Another remarkable plant is in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It is a water-lily from Brazil, called the *Victoria Regia*. Like our water-lily, the leaves and blossoms float on the water; but imagine, if you can, a leaf fully a yard across turned up an inch or more all around the edge, so that it looks like a large tea tray. These leaves are so strong that in South America mothers put their babies on them, so they serve as sort of boat-cradles. To see a North American baby squirming around in his crib or basketette makes us wonder if the babies in Brazil ever roll off from the lily-leaves! If they do they must become accustomed to cold baths.

The blossom of this plant is said to be very large and beautiful; but the largest flower in the world grows on the island Mindinao, which is one of the Philippine group. Here, near the Volcano Apo, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, a party of explorers found a flower that was three feet in diameter—just about as large as a carriage-wheel. It has five cream white petals, which grow around a centre that is filled with countless violet-colored stamens. It grows on a sort of vine that creeps along the ground, and weighs over twenty-two pounds. Instead of having a pleasant odor, it sends out a poisonous gas which is very disagreeable. Some years ago, when Sir Stamford Raffles, of England, was Governor of Sumatra, he discovered a plant something like this, which was named *Rafflesia*, after him. This new variety, found by Dr. Schadenburg, is to be called *Rafflesia-Schadenbergia*, which, we think, is a long enough name for even so large a flower.

Secrets and Girls.

Secrets are things many girls delight in. Experience has shown that the fewer secrets and mysteries girls have, the safer and more comfortable they feel. No girl should agree to keep a secret that she will have to withhold from her mother. If it is important and necessary that it should not be communicated to a third person then she had better refuse to hear it at all. A great deal of unhappiness and misery has been through small secrets, leading on from one wrong to another, until a web of deceit has been woven so complete and intricate that it became nearly impossible to get disentangled from it. Your mothers, dear girls, are the wisest and best confidants you can have. Their love you may be sure, will guide and counsel you aright and although you make many mistakes and blunders, you can never go very far astray if you tell your mother everything. A girl whose first thought is, "Mother mustn't know anything of this," is standing on very unsafe ground. Hiding nothing from your mothers. If you do wrong, go to them and own it; don't wait for some one else to tell them and thus shake their confidence in you. Concealment and deceit should never be tolerated in your intercourse and association with other girls; shun those who take pleasure in such things, and seek the companionship of those with whom there need be no mysteries.—London Freeman.

WORTH NOTING.—What was the complaint against the man with one talent? Slothfulness. Why were the foolish virgins shut out? For want of taking trouble. What was wrong with Dives? Simple neglect of the beggar at his gate. What was the fault of those who were invited to the marriage supper? They all with one accord began to make excuses. What is one of the most glaring faults in a young man entering upon a career in the world? Slothfulness, unwillingness to take trouble. A man with such a fault loses place after place. He does not get on, and everybody says it served him right.

Dealing Tenderly with a Child's Fears

The help of helps to a child in meeting his fears of the imagination, is found in the bringing to his mind, through the imagination, a sense of the constant presence of a Divine Protector to cheer him when his fears are at the highest. A little child who wakened in the middle of the night, called to her parents, in another room, and when her father was by her bedside, she told him that she was afraid to be alone. Instead of rebuking her for this, he said, "There's a little verse in the Bible, my darling, that's meant for you at a time like this; and I want you to have that in your mind whenever you waken in this way. It is a verse out of one of David's psalms; and it is what he said to the Lord his Shepherd: 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.' That is the verse. Now, whenever you are afraid, you can think of that verse, and say it over as a loving prayer, and the Good Shepherd will hear you, and will keep you from all harm." And from that time on, that little child was comforted through faith when her imagination pressed her with its fears. She never forgot that verse; and it is still a help to her in her fears by day and night.

A child's imagination ought, indeed, to be guarded sacredly. It should be shielded as far as possible from unnecessary fears, through foolish stories of ghosts and witches, told by nurses and companions, or improper books. But whether a child's fears in this realm be few or many, they should be dealt with tenderly by a loving parent; not ignored, nor rudely overborne. Many a child has been harmed for life through a thoughtless disregard by his parents of the fears of his imagination. But every child might be helped for life by a sympathetic and tender treatment of these fears, on the part of his parents, while he is still under their training.—Sunday-School Times.

The Longest Day.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several different places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length! At Stockholm, Sweden, it is 18 1/2 hours in length. At Spitzbergen the longest day is 3 1/2 months. At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 16 1/2 hours. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is 19 hours, and the shortest 5 hours. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly 22 hours long, and Christmas one less than 3 hours in length. At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is 16.

PRAY!—A Christian brother who had fallen into darkness and discouragement was staying at the same house with Dr. Finney one night. He was lamenting his condition, and Dr. Finney after listening to his narrative, turned to him with his peculiar, earnest look, and with a voice that sent a thrill through his soul said: "You don't pray! that is what's the matter with you. Pray—pray four times as much as ever you did in your life, and you will come out." He immediately went down to the parlor, and taking a Bible he made a serious business of it, stirring up his soul to God as did Daniel, and thus he spent the night. It was not in vain. As the morning dawned he felt the light of the Sun of Righteousness shine upon his soul. His captivity was broken, and ever since he has felt that the greatest difficulty in the way of men's being emancipated from their bondage is that they "don't pray." "Pray without ceasing." "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—Sel.

It is a great loss of pleasure for children to outgrow too soon their childish feelings. Keep them at their simple playthings as long as you can. Their enjoyment of these has a relish which nothing else can supply. It is like the keenness of their appetites for a winter apple, skin and all. Never laugh at them for amusing themselves an hour and a half a day with a string or a paper doll, but laugh with them. If your boy jumps even into a snow-drift up to his chin, the glow on his cheek is only a faint flush to that of his rollicking spirit; and the blood tingling to his finger-tips will keep the chill out of his bones and soul alike.—Selected

MAKE HENS LAY NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2 1/2 POUND CAN FOR \$1.20 TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CENTS POST PAID. Sheridan's Condition Powder

It is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed store for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, elegant, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMER'S POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents), tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or one large 2 1/2 pound can and Guide, \$1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for \$1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for \$5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

STOVES. 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 WAREROOM. And examine his large and well-assorted stock of Stoves for it. Remember the old stand, just opposite the County Court House, 348 TO 354 QUEEN ST.

Ten per cent. Discount DURING THIS MONTH.

ON THE FOLLOWING GOODS: FURS, ASTRICAN JACKETS; FUR LINED CLOAKS; BLANKETS, COMFORTABLES; WINTER JACKET CLOTHS; WOOL SHAWLS; MENS' AND BOYS' WOOL UNDERCLOTHING.

Discount for Cash Only. JOHN J. WEDDALL.

Sun Life Assurance Company. HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

Statement: The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement: INCOME. ASSETS. LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies. THOMAS WORKMAN, PRESIDENT. R. MACAULAY, MANAGING DIRECTOR. J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

CLIFTON HOUSE, Mr LAWRENCE OPTICIAN. WILL be at WILEY'S DRUG STORE, 196 Queen Street, Fredericton, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, January 21st and 22nd, for the purpose of fitting persons requiring glasses for any kind of defective sight. January 8.