

## The Harvest Time.

This is the gathering time of the year,  
And merry singing of harvest home,  
And the signs of plenty and right good cheer,  
Ere the days that are dark and dreary come.

These are the days of a tranquil air,  
This is the time of an answered prayer.

Was ever such gold as the golden grain,  
Heaped in the fields for the needs of man?  
Warmed by the sunshine, watered by rain,  
It pays for all care as it only can.  
It has done its part, and its life it yields  
To the harvest song of the clean-swept fields.

Meadows, and orchards, and rich corn-lands  
Are wealthy with fruitage of all the year;  
And the world seems lifting its thankful hands  
For the needed blessings that are near;  
The year is glad when it gains its prime,  
And hearts are merry at harvest time.

Whoever is thankful let him come,  
With the willing hands and a loyal heart,  
And help in another harvest home,  
Where the Master calls him to do his part;

For He points to the whitened fields again,  
And the harvest He loves are the souls of men.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## A Prayer Overheard.

An incident illustrating the keeping power of God is related by a commercial traveler in Dr. Cullis' magazine, *Times of Refreshing*. He says that when he was twenty years of age, and earning his living as a clerk in a store, he stayed a night during a vacation, at a certain hotel. As he lay awake in the morning he heard through the thin partition separating his room from the next one the voice of a man singing. It was a hymn tune which carried the young man's thoughts back to his boyhood days, before he had lapsed into spiritual indifference. Soon the singing ceased, and the same voice was engaged in prayer. It was an earnest prayer, and the listener began to think of his own condition before God. A strong desire to pray filled his heart, but it was so long since he had prayed that he could not do so. After a few minutes he determined to ask his neighbor to pray for him. He rose, dressed rapidly, and knocked on the door of the adjoining room, and was admitted.

"What do you want?" asked the occupant, a fine old man with white hair.

"I sleep in the next room," the young man replied, "and heard you praying. I wish you would pray for me."

"Come in," was the quick response; and, closing the door, he said, "Let us kneel down."

He then offered earnest prayer for him. "Many of the incidents of this interview have passed from my remembrance," says the narrator, "but this was the turning-point of my life. God blessed the help then given me to the salvation of my soul."

"Presently a fear as to the future troubled me, and I said, 'I don't know that it is much use my doing this, as I do not know any one in this way; and if I begin, I shall not stand.'"

"Oh you think you will not stand, was the answer."

"Yes," I said.

"Then," he rejoined, "let us kneel down again."

"We knelt down again, and my friend prayed in these terms: 'O Lord, this young man says he will not stand. Thou rememberest when, seventeen years ago, I knelt down and gave myself to thee, and thou hast kept me. Do the same for this young man, and more also; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'"

The two did not meet again for some years. Meantime the young man had prospered financially, and had maintained his Christian profession. One day an acquaintance mentioned to him an aged commercial traveler who was in need of help, and he went to see him, and to his delight, found it was his old friend who had prayed for him in the hotel. Remembering how much he had been indebted to that interview, he insisted on providing the old man with a sufficient sum regularly to support him as long as he lived. Tears ran down his aged cheeks as he said, "Let us kneel together and praise God." On rising from their knees he said, "I am reminded to-day of your words, 'The same measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again'; for, when I was a young man like yourself, I allowed an aged Christian exactly the amount you are allowing me."—*Christian Herald*.

## A Farmer's Pledge.

"Hello, Bub, who are you?" exclaimed one of Tom Mather's rascals, as a seven-year-old boy, one noon, appeared among them.

"I am papa's temperance pledge; aren't I, papa?" piped out the jolly little chap.

"You are! Well, then, I have a mind to pitch you into the middle of next week, if it is you who are keeping us from having a comfortin' drop

of whisky and water," said a reaper. "Yes, it's me," laughed little Dick, in high glee; "and if you want to know where papa signed me, I'll show you;" and as proudly as any old soldier displaying his scars, the little boy pulled down the collar of his calico shirt, and showed a queer, white scar on the shoulder, reaching up toward his throat; then, espousing a load of straw starting for the barn, he sped off to beg for a ride.

"Yes, boys," said Tom, "that little fellow is my pledge, and I signed him, though he does not know what that really means. You know it isn't meanness that makes me refuse you the liquor which other farmers deal out, for I agree to pay you more wages. It is my hatred of the accursed stuff, and my regard for your real good. When I bought this farm ten years ago I did not know the taste of rum or whisky. Everybody took a little, as I found, in harvest times and when work was pressing, so I fell into the same way; a drop if the weather was very hot; a little if it was very cold; a long drink noons if I was hard at work. Once in a while of a Sunday, in the old meeting-house, when the choir was singing a hymn my mother used to sing, I had an uneasy feeling that I was slipping down-hill. I always kept hard cider in my cellar; all my work-hands had it, and somehow the farm began to run down, too. Summer before last it was very hot, and I was not very well; had been having chills. When they came on I thought nothing helped me more than a little—no, a good deal of whisky. One noon in the fields I was very hungry; the dinner-horn had not sounded, and I picked up my jug and took a long pull. What with the heat and taking it on an empty stomach, the whisky flew to my head as never before. I cut the grain every which way, the ground rising up and going down under me, and the farm shifted till the points of compass were all wrong. You just saw that boy of mine? He is my only one, his mother's idol, and—well, I would die for my boy any day. The little chap had taken his puppy and wandered off out where I was working. It was hot. He was only five years old, and what did he do but lie right down where the tall grain would shade him, and go to sleep with the puppy cuddling down and doing the same. Well, the dizziness I got the more recklessly I swung around, and suddenly I slashed out with that sharp steel, and—good heavens, boys! Just you fancy it! The poor little puppy never yelped, his throat was cut so clean; and that boy of mine! One great gash down his soft, white flesh, right up to his tender little throat, but escaping it, for the puppy nestled there! I don't know much about the rest of the day, nor the time, until I heard the boy wouldn't die. But when old Dr. Kinley said he might live, I just held him up to God in my arms, and said: 'Here, Lord, is my temperance pledge! I'll never touch one drop of liquor while I live, and this boy, whose life has been spared, never shall either, if prayers and example and teaching can prevent. And so boys, I can't treat you, for I have signed my pledge in blood.'"

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## Manners in Shopping.

I. Always thank a clerk for showing goods, especially if you do not buy. How often does one see well-dressed persons ask to see dozens of pieces of goods pull them over carelessly, stop and talk with friends while keeping the clerk waiting, and then leave the store without even so much as a polite bow, or smile, or "Thank you."

2. Never disparage goods. "It is a very common piece of velvet. I can get it cheaper at—," I heard a person say in a store. The clerk doubtless felt like replying, "Why don't you buy it there?" but of course this would not have been wise. Probably the truth was that the lady liked the velvet, but took this method of getting it cheaper, if possible.

3. Avoid trading with a clerk who does not treat all customers politely, or who urges you to buy, or tells you what you ought to buy, when not requested to do so. A poor woman was standing by a counter, her market basket in hand, and her child, poorly clad, holding on to her gown. Nobody asked her what she wanted. She was vainly trying to find a pair of stockings that the little money in her pocket would purchase. Finally a handsomely dressed lady standing by offered to help her, when, lo! the clerk became exceedingly anxious to assist. A person has no right to stand behind a counter who makes any difference between rich and poor customers. In the best stores no clerk urges or seems annoyed if customers do not buy.

4. Do not go shopping with penurious people. The man or woman who will visit every store and consume a half-day for the sake of saving ten cents is not a person who will make you comfortable or aid your reputation. If in a grocery store, do not taste things which you do not buy. How often do we see a man eat a peach or pear or plum to test a basket of fruit, and then not purchase. If all customers did this, the seller would not make large profits.

5. Rarely ask others to purchase for you. It is often an inconvenience to the one who is asked, and very often the results are unsatisfactory. A family desired another family to spend \$100 for them while abroad, in some work of art. They hesitated, but finally made a selection. It did not please, and the friendship was broken. —*Golden Rule*.

## Homesickness.

To the great city came Ned from his home in a remote village. At home he knew every man, woman, child, horse, and dog belonging there. In the city he knew only one or two persons outside his place of business. Calling on one of these one evening, she said to him:

"I have been worrying about you, fearing that in the wilderness of a city you must be homesick. Haven't you been?"

"No," said Ned, "I haven't had time to be homesick. All day I am busy with my work, and at night I am studying so as to become an expert electrician before I begin on my course of medical study, and I really haven't time to be homesick."

"What do you do with yourself on Sundays?" inquired his friend.

"In the morning I go to church, in the afternoon I go to the Young Men's Christian Association, and at night I go to church again. I always write home on Sundays, and that takes up the time that I might have to be homesome in."

"That young man will succeed," said the lady, when speaking of him to a friend; "he carries his atmosphere with him, so doesn't get out of breath."

The industrious are rarely the unhappy. They may have troubles of various kinds, but while filled with the spirit of work one forgets trouble, and even grief. Many boys and girls are away from home for the first time at school, and inclined to be sad; but if they fill every waking moment with work or play, or trying to make some other scholar happy, they will forget to be unhappy themselves.

## The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons;—She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion. She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her, and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## No Man.

No man ought to marry a woman he can not respect.

No man ought to be concerned more about his dress than he is about his soul.

No man ought to say about other men what he would not like to have said about himself.

No man ought to neglect his wife and children to attend to clubs and lodges.

No man ought to be afraid to do what he knows to be right.

No man ought to treat any one with discourtesy or rudeness.

No man ought to be cross to his wife and children.

No man ought to be a backbiter.

No man ought to meddle with other people's business.

No man ought to forget to be charitable to the poor.

No man ought to be jealous or suspicious.

No man ought to be anything else than an industrious, upright, Christian man, one who loves the truth and delights in the ways of righteousness.

## Conversation.

Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, lays down a canon of good breeding in conversation which is worth keeping in mind. He says that he formed the habit of expressing himself "in terms of modest diffidence," never using the words "certainly, undoubtedly, or any others that give an air of positiveness to an opinion," on subjects that may possibly be disputed, saying, rather, "It appears to me;" or, "I should think it so;" or, "If I am not mistaken." This habit, he said, was of great advantage to him in persuading people to adopt his views, and also helped him to gather much valuable knowledge which otherwise would have been withheld; for, as a rule, people do not care to impart information to one who is firmly entrenched in his own opinions. Young people are very apt to have a positive, dogmatic way of expressing themselves, and should be trained to a moderate as well as graceful use of language. The use of slang has a tendency toward error, which Franklin tried to avoid.—*Selected*.

A YOUNG MAN with a good salary married a wife and set up a home. Instead of living within his income and laying up money, as he had hoped to do, he found himself in a short time in debt. A friend of his, to whom he related his circumstances, advised him thus: "Whenever you are tempted to purchase an article because it is to be had at a bargain, and find yourself saying, 'It's but' so and so, put the money it would cost in a 'Tis but' box and see what it will amount to."

The advice was taken, and in a short time the 'Tis but' box contained a thousand dollars.

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Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmentier's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

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1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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