

## Repression.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

Every burden bravely borne  
Lifts the striving soul, not crushes.  
Grief that shrieks is soon untorn.  
Nobler is the soul that hushes  
Its fierce sob, with lips death-pale  
Forcing back the rising wail.

Do the white stars in the heaven  
Wait for very loneliness?  
Or the mountain peaks, storm-riven,  
Sigh for bloom their snow to bless?  
Strong souls do not rail at fate:  
Self-contained and calm they wait.

—Register.

## Unappreciated

MR. WHITE FINALLY CONVINCED OF HIS WIFE'S IMPORTANCE.

"I don't think," said Mrs. White, the hay crop ever promised so bountifully.

"Indeed," said his wife absently. "And if there isn't any fall in the price of fruit," he said, "our peach orchard is going to net us a cool hundred dollars."

As he spoke he flung the home-spun towel, with which he had been wiping his hands, over the back of the chair.

"O, George, do hang up the towel," said Mrs. White, "the nail is just as near as the chair back, and I have enough steps to take in the course of the day without waiting on you."

"You are always grumbling about something," said the young farmer, as he jerked the towel to the nail. "There! Does that suit you?"

"Here is a letter from Cousin Dora, George," said Mrs. White, wisely avoiding the mooted question. "She wants to come here and board for a few weeks."

"Well, let her come," said Mr. White. "It won't cost a great deal, and a little extra money always counts up at the year's end."

"But George I was thinking—" "About what?"

"Why, I am so hurried with the work and there is so much to do—" "That is the perpetual burden of your song," said Mr. White, irritably. "Women do beat a deal for complaining."

"Won't you hear me out?" said Mrs. White. "So I thought it would be a good plan to give Dora her board if she would help me with the home work a little. It would accommodate her, and it will accommodate me."

"But it won't accommodate me!" said Mr. White, cavalierly. "Really, Letty, you are getting absolutely azy."

Mrs. White crimsoned. "No one ever said that to me before," said she.

"But just look at it," said the farmer. "Tell me of any other woman in the neighborhood who keeps a girl! Why they make a boast of doing their own work."

"They all have sisters, or mothers, or grown-up daughters; I have none."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. White. "Ridiculous! Of course you have to work. We all do, don't we? But your work don't amount to a row of pins. I don't know of any woman who has it easier than you do."

"That is all you know about it!" said Letty in a choked voice.

"Write to Dora that we'll board her for five dollars a week," said Mr. White, authoritatively. "We must earn all the money we can while there is a chance. Make hay when the sun shines, eh? And I guess you'll do as well as other women do, Letty. Now run up stairs to the garret, dear, and get my blue jean overalls, that's a good girl!"

Letty obeyed, but the tears were in her eyes, and a big round ball was rising in her throat, and she could hardly see the blue jean overalls, as they hung up high on the beam.

As she reached up, a loose board in the garret floor tripped her; her foot slipped through on the laths and plaster below and, with a groan, she sank to the floor.

The time passed on, and George White grew tired of waiting.

He shouted up the stairway: "Look alive there, Letty! Do you mean to be all day?"

But no answer came. He ran up stairs to find Letty lying on the floor with one leg broke just above the ankle.

"Now you'll have to get some one to do the work," said Letty, not without a spice of malice, as she lay on the calico-covered settee with her ankle duly set and bandaged.

"Not if I know it," said George White. "Hire a lazy woman who'll want a dollar and a half a week and her board into the bargain to do the work of this house? I guess not!"

"But what are you going to do?" asked Letty.

"To do it myself to be sure. Half an hour every morning and half an hour every evening ought to be enough to square up accounts."

"Well," said Mrs. White, "I should like to see you do it."

"Then you'll have your wish," said her husband.

He rose early next morning and lighted the kitchen fire.

"Pshaw," said he, as he piled on the sticks of wood, "what does a woman amount to anyhow? What's the next lesson, Letty?"

"I always skim the cream and strain the milk," said Letty, who was bolstered upon the lounge, and was combing her hair with more deliberation than she had practised for a year.

"Well, here goes then," said George. And a period of silence ensued. Presently he shouted.

"I haven't got milk-pans enough!" "Of course you haven't," said Letty.

You must scald your yesterday's. You know you said you couldn't set up a tinshop when I asked for a dozen more, last month.

They smell like a fat-boiling factory, said George, disdainfully. What ails 'em?

You shan't have scalded them last night, said Letty, wishing she had wings like a dove that she might soar into the milk room and restore order out of the chaos.

Here's a go! said George. There isn't hot water.

O! George, you've forgotten to put the kettle on!

So I did, said her husband. And the ticks, hang them, are all burnt out!

You know I wanted you to get a ton of coal, said Letty, but you said as long as wood cost nothing but the chopping and hauling, wood it would be.

Have I got to wait for that confounded water to heat? groaned George.

I don't know anything else for you to do, remarked Letty, drily.

Humph! observed the lord and master. What's for the breakfast? Ham and eggs, I suppose.

Well, I'm up to that part of the programme, at least, said he cheerfully.

O! What is the use of keeping your knives so sharp? I've nearly cut my thumb off! Where do you keep the oat-meal? I can be attending to your old milk-pans while the breakfast is cooking, I suppose.

There is nothing like economy in work.

But it was a mortal hour before the milk was strained and the pigs fed, and by that time the house was blue with a sort of smudgy smoke.

"Hallo," shouted George, coming in. "What's all this—is the house on fire?"

"No," said Letty calmly. "Only the breakfast has burned up."

George uttered a long sigh.

Who'd have thought the fire was so hot?" said he. "What am I to do now?"

"Cook another, I suppose," said Letty.

"And what next?" demanded George fiercely.

"Why, set the table, and then clear it away and wash the dishes."

"With this cut finger?" complained the husband.

"I was obliged to do it all the weeks I had a felon on my little finger," remarked Letty. "The young geese and the turkeys ought to have been let out and fed long before this; and the three calves in the barnyard to be attended to. And then there are the kitchen and the sitting room to be swept and dusted, and the beds to be made, and the string-beans to be picked, and the bread to bake, and the buckle-berry pies to make, and your white vest to be ironed, and the potatoes to be peeled, and the preserves to be turned, and the table to be cleared and the dishes to be washed—"

"Hold on!" cried George; "you've said that once."

"Very likely, but it has to be done three times a day—and the chickens to be looked after, and the linen pillow-cases to be put to bleaching, and the windows to be washed, and your trowsers to be patched, and the stockings to be darned, and the fire to be made up again, and tea to be prepared—you know you always want something hot for supper. And there's the night's milk to be brought in and strained, and the pans scalded, and the geese and turkeys to be fed and put into their coops. And, oh, dear, I forgot the churning! That will take an hour at least. But, dear George, I am getting hungry, and I don't see the least sign of breakfast. George! where are you going? I want my breakfast."

For George had disappeared in the midst of her exordium.

In twenty minutes or so he returned, and by his side trudged Mary Ann Puit, the nearest neighbor's twenty-year-old daughter.

"I take it all back," said Mr. White. "I lower my colors, Letty. Your work is harder than mine. Why, I couldn't take care of the milk and cream for the wages a girl would ask. I never realized before how much a woman had to do."

"Are you quite sure that you realize it now?" asked Letty, mischievously.

"Well, I've got a pretty fair idea on the subject," nodded George.

"But you should be here on washing-day," said Letty, "or on ironing

day, or on the day when we chop sausage meat, or make soft soap, or—"

"Stop, stop!" shouted George. "If you say another word I'll go for Mahalia Blinks, too. Haven't I said I'll take it all back? What more would you have?"

"Wal, squire," said Mary Ann, who by this time had removed her hat and shawl, "What'll I do first?"

"Do!" echoed Mr. White. "Do everything and let me get off to the hay field as fast as I can."

"Jes' as your order is," said Mary Ann.

"And I say, Letty," he added. "Yes! George."

"Write to your cousin Dora. Tell her we'll be glad to board her if she'll assist you about the house."

"But you've hired Mary Ann!" "There's work for 'em both," said Mr. White.

And he sat down and took refuge in last week's paper while Mary Ann wrestled with the charred remains of the breakfast and cut fresh slices of home-cured ham.

In this world there are bloodless battles and victories won without a clash of steel; and in this category may be classed Mrs. White's victory over her husband in respect to the question of "hired help."—Yankee Blade.

## The Beginnings of Wealth.

A writer in *Treasure Trove* tells how they started, that is, how some of America's millionaires began to get rich. And the lessons drawn from this chapter of humble beginnings are well worth repeating:

Very likely some of these men did small things, and mean things, and disreputable things, that you would be ashamed to do, and I would be ashamed to have you; probably some of these men haven't much of anything better to show for it than their money; and you and I know—as well as we know the earth turns—that all the dollars ever minted won't pay a decent man for just a little bit of his decency and honesty.

But there is no need of any bargain with the devil; some of these men prove it, for they have been true to their principles as sunrise to the morning, and have kept that pure heart that is consoling beyond their money, and imparts a satisfaction which government coupons will not give.

But the point is just here: They all of them—who have made a pile—in whatever other points they differed, have united on hard work, attention to business, and patience with small beginnings. Now, my boy, stick three pegs in right there. Begin where you are; do it well; make an honest nickel or two out of it, and then save; then if you see a good, square, legitimate way to turn those nickels into dollars, go ahead and do it, but don't play policy, or lottery, or dark horse—no, not at twenty for one. Whatever your business is, attend to it. Don't play with it, or it will play with you. And don't be afraid of work.

I have been twenty years looking for an easy way to get rich, and I have come to the conclusion that there is not any.

## Toward The Sun.

My dear young folks who are in the beginning of things why not stop wondering whether you are a Christian or not—whether this and that pleasure must be given up if you become one? Why not leave all this and simply find out whether you are turning "toward the sun," as did the little Scotch girl of whom Miss Warner tells us?

Every day I set my plants out in our little glazed piazza for a taste of early summer, and stand there myself to watch them. How they love the sun!—seem to yearn toward it—even as I, last winter, in my sunless sick-room, used to lay my face close against the window-frame to catch, slantwise, one little ray of blessed sunshine. Even so my plants lean toward the light, stretching forth their hands to grasp it and bring it home. Do you see!—it is their life, their joy, their rest. The pale leaves take strength and colour, the drooping buds lift up their heads, the new shoots spring forth to grow.

"I don't know," said a poor Scotch girl when the Session before whom she was examined doubted whether she "knew enough" to join the Church—"I can't tell about that. Maybe I don't know enough. But, as a flower turns to the sun, so my heart turns to the Lord Jesus."

## Life's Mistakes

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there is no limit to the mistakes of life; that they are like drops in the ocean, or the sands on the shore in number; but it is as well to be accurate. Here then are fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uni-

formity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

## Matters of Course.

We lose the happiness we might have in a great many of our blessings, by taking them as matters of course. Abundance of pure air is supplied in the great store-house of the atmosphere encircling the earth, forty miles in thickness; but the inmates of Russian prisons are denied this, and in some of our own prisons there is scarcity of fresh air. It is our good fortune, it is because God has been good to us, that we are not as some of our fellow mortals—prisoners and convicts. But for the grace of God, said Richard Baxter, when looking at a drunken man staggering along the street, there goes Richard Baxter.

It is a matter of course that we should have enough to eat, plenty to wear, shelter from the cold or from the heat; but how many thousands, in our cities, in our frontier towns, in regions visited by drought, lack these ordinary comforts of life!

To many of us the means of grace are matters of course. We sit Sabbath after Sabbath in commodious churches and hear the gospel preached, and join in singing the sweet songs of Zion. How few of us in our sacred services think of the thousands and millions who never hear of the open door, who know nothing of Christ and His love, nothing of a glorious future awaiting such as trust in Him, nothing of His power in sustaining us in our march hitherward!

A lady of our acquaintance, who lived in an elegant home, and whose every want was supplied except her need of a contented spirit, was, by the necessities of life, stripped of her home, and sent out into the world to struggle for a support.

Oh, said she, how happy I was in my old home if I had only known it. She was really much happier in her new, humble home than ever before, because she realized the blessings still left her, and was grateful for them.

## Amusement.

Amusement is not an end but a means—a means of refreshing the mind and replenishing the strength of the body. When it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when, in pursuing it, the mental powers are enfeebled, and the bodily health impaired, it falls under just condemnation.

Amusements that consume the hours which ought to be sacred to sleep are therefore censurable.

Amusements that call us away from work which we are bound to do are pernicious, just to the extent to which they cause us to be neglectful or unfaithful.

Amusements that rouse or stimulate morbid appetites, or that cause us to be restless or discontented, are always to be avoided.

Any indulgence in amusement which has a tendency to weaken our respect for the great interests of character, or to loosen our hold on the eternal verities of the spiritual realm, is so far an injury to us.—Golden Days.

A PRUDENT PASTOR will seek diligently to awaken the activities of as many of the members of his church as possible, and enlist them in some good work. The multitudes of professing Christians who never do anything to promote religion are the curse of the church. Some pastors have resorted to the pledge system. By securing signatures to a card they pledge as many as possible to read the Bible, pray, attend church, take part in the services, visit non church-goers and invite them to the house of God, and do such other work as they may be willing to undertake. The advantage of this plan is, not that it imposes any new duty, but it brings to mind the obligations involved in church membership, and points out more specifically the various channels of usefulness and branches of service open to those who desire to do good. This is one of the many wise devices by which pastors have succeeded in developing the latent forces in the church. By all means let the people be set to work. Eloquent preaching will attract and please, and in many cases win souls, but the most eloquent preacher will not accomplish much permanent good unless he also enlists the energies of his members in doing good.

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1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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