

Dare You?

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Doubting Thomas and loving John,
Behind the others walking on:

"Tell me now, John, dare you be
Of the minority?
To be lonely in your thought,
Never visited nor sought,
Shunned with secret shrug, to go
Thro' the world esteemed its foe;
To be singled out and hissed,
Pointed at as one unblest,
Warred against in whispers faint,
Lest the children catch a taint;
To bear off your titles well—
Heir and infidel?
If you dare, come now with me,
Fearless, confident, and free."

"Thomas, do you dare to be
Of the great majority?
To be only as the rest,
With Heaven's common comforts blessed;
To accept, in humble part,
Truth that shines on every heart.
Never to be set on high,
Where the envious curses fly;
Never name or fame to find,
Still outstripped in soul or mind;
To be hid, unless to God,
As one grass-blade in the sod,
Under foot with millions trod?
If you dare, come now with me,
Lost in love's great unity?"

—From Volume of Sill's Poems.

Unto The Least.

"Pears like, Sairy, the wind
pierces my old bones wuss'n it ever
did before," quavered a tremulous
old voice.

"I'm sorry, father; I only wish I
was able to buy a warmer coat."
"No, no, Sairy; you're doin' too
much already," hastily interposed
the old man. "Taint one darter-
in-law in a hundred that would 'a'
done what you have. They'd 'a' let
me go to the poor-house long ago.
My coat's plenty warm, Sairy; plenty
warm; now, don't you fret. After
all, darter, it's only a little while, an'
up yonder it's always summer." His
bleared eyes looked upward rever-
ently.

"Yes, father," Sarah Maynard's
kind eyes moistened. "But I would
so like to see you comfortable before
you get there."

"I am comfortable, perfectly com-
fortable; don't you worry a bit, Sairy"
—a violent fit of coughing prevent-
ed further speech, and the widow
went on with her work while the old
man wheezed and coughed in the
chimney corner. It had been so
hard, since the husband and father
had been taken away, to make the
opposing ends of supply and demand
meet, that oftentimes brave Sarah
Maynard had almost lost heart and
courage in the struggle.

People thought her foolish—the
world is commonly so much better
an adviser than helper—to burden
herself with the support of her hus-
band's old father, when the alms-
house was ready and waiting for
him, but when she married she had
taken her husband's parents to her
heart as father and mother as truly
as her own had been, giving them
the same love and respect, and, so
long as she had a crust, she was de-
termined that this last remaining
parent should share it with her.

She had her pension as a soldier's
widow, and during the last six
months her front room and bed
room had been rented, with board,
to a single woman, whose occupation
was that of a milliner.

She was a thrifty soul, this Olive
Merriman, and she had driven a
close bargain with the widow in
making the arrangement; still, that
which she paid went far toward sup-
plying food for all. Yet there was
a broad current of needs which the
pension money and the widow's
earnings with her needle could not
bridge over.

Miss Olive had sharp eyes; she
could see a bargain and take advan-
tage of it a long way off, and the
faculty had made her a successful
and prosperous woman.

She had seen a bargain in seeking
a home with this poor but refined
widow, who was so anxious to make
an honorable living. A man would
have paid nearly double what she
did, and have thought himself
fortunate, but Miss Olive had no
mind to squander an unnecessary
penny, and she made her offer ac-
cordingly.

She was well suited. She did not
care for rich living, and only wanted
a quiet home retreat from her cares
of business, and so she had brought
her trunks and belongings for a per-
manent stay.

Her conscience had pricked her a
little at Christmas when the two
little girls were looking forward so
eagerly, yet doubtfully, to the possi-
bility that Santa Claus might make
them a visit. There were so many
things they needed—warm stockings
and hoods, dresses warmer than the
thin cotton ones in which they
shivered on cold days, and she could
so easily have been their Santa Claus
and relieved their wants; but she
had always been near, very near,
and she locked the door of her heart
on that occasion and hid the key.

She afterward persuaded herself
that she was really generous and
self-sacrificing when she gave the
widow a couple of her old dresses to
make over. She would have sold
them to the ragman, and it was
really a question which was the most
valuable, the time and thread which
it took to make the garments, or the
thin, well-worn cloth from which
they were made; yet Mrs. Maynard

tried hard to be properly grateful,
and Miss Olive looked upon herself
as a benefactress.

The winter was one of unusual
severity. It made little difference
to the one woman, clad in her thick
woolen garments, her heavy plush
cloak and furs, except as it ate into
her bank account to pay for the
extra coal she used. With all her
nearness she was good to herself and
her cat, and kept a warm fire, night
and day, but the widow was forced
to economize on every stick of her
precious fuel, going to bed incon-
veniently early that fire and lights
might be saved.

It was on a bitter cold evening in
late January that Miss Olive sat by
her bright coal fire alone. She loved
to sit in the firelight with her cat in
her lap and dream waking dreams
of the past, of the future, in which,
alas! herself alone made the most
prominent figure. Her thoughts
went back to a time when she, too,
expected to have a home and fire-
side of her own, and not alone, and
a faint sigh came from her thin lips.

He had been her one and only
lover, and it had been her selfishness
alone which had parted them, for he
insisted that his old father and
mother should have a home with him
when he had one; they were old,
feeble and broken with many sor-
rows and reverses, yet gentle and
saint-like, and the son loved them
with filial tenderness; but Miss
Olive had utterly refused to take up
the burden of care for them, and he
had turned from her in sorrow to a
more generous rival, while she had
lived her life alone, growing more
and more selfish and narrow in her
isolation.

"I might 'a' been like her to-day,"
she said, in an effort at self-justifi-
cation, and nodding her head toward
the widow's door, "with a childish
old man and children to support.
It's better as it is, Tabby; better as
it is," stroking the cat's soft fur con-
templatively.

Still there was a sense of longing
for that other "might have been"
of lack and loneliness in her one-
sided life—which was a pain to her.

It was a Sabbath evening, and the
sermon in the morning had been a
powerful one—stirring down beneath
the ossified surface of her heart so
strangely that she had given an
extra dime to the morning collection.
The pastor had a wise way of taking
up the collections after the sermon,
and the memory of it clung to her.
It had been from the text, "Freely
ye have received, freely give," and
the preacher had dwelt upon the sin
of living for self alone.

She heard the little girls in the
next room saying, "Now I lay me,"
at their mother's knee, and the old
man coughing in his chimney corner,
and somehow the sounds irritated
and depressed her, and after reading
a chapter in the Scriptures (she had
been a church-member for many
years), she crept into her warm bed
and soon forgot her uneasy thoughts
in slumber.

It was much earlier than her
usual bedtime, and as the clock was
striking twelve she awoke from her
first deep, dreamless sleep.

The moonlight, peaceful and pure,
was streaming into the room, flood-
ing it with an almost celestial radi-
ance, and she could not compose
herself to sleep again. It was one
of those still, intensely cold nights,
when the thick frost gathers on
every nail, every branch or jutting
point and in the intense stillness she
could hear the old man coughing and
turning with an uneasy sigh.

"Poor old soul. I'll dare venture
he hasn't half bedclothes enough,"
she said tucking her own warm
covers more closely about her.

He coughed on and on, and she
lay there listening, quite unable to
sleep. She thought of her chestful
of warm quilts and comforts (for
she had fallen heir to the household
goods on her mother's death), with a
half determination to offer to lend
some to the widow on the morrow.

Then the sermon came back to
her with solemn insistence: "Freely
ye have received, freely give." Yes,
give—lending was not giving,
but giving to the poor was lending
to the Lord.

How clear her duty seemed to
her at the moment—that quiet, mid-
night moment, with the solemn
moonlight searching every corner of
the room.

She sprang from her bed with im-
pulsive haste and went to her chest.
There was an old quilt there, clean,
but well worn, and she snatched it
out, and, slipping her feet into a
pair of bed-sippers, she threw a
shawl over her shoulders, and, soft-
ly opening the door, went out.

What a contrast between the
rooms—how icy chill the air in the
widow's apartments. She lay quietly
sleeping, her two little ones beside
her, and unconscious of the strange
transformation which was being
wrought in the cold heart of her
lodger.

Miss Olive spread the quilt softly
over the old man's bed, then stole
back to her own, shivering with the
cold without, but yet with an
unusual sense of warmth in her
heart—still she could not sleep.

The old man's shivering sighs

ceased, but he still coughed on.
"That piercing air out there is
enough to make a brazen image
cough," she said, fretfully. "If I'm
to be annoyed like this o' nights, I
shall be tempted to change my
boarding place."

"Freely ye have received, freely
give." After all, what had she
done? Given of the oldest and
poorest she had, from her abundance
and then hugged herself for her
generosity in lending to the Lord.

There was a short, sharp struggle
between her natural self and her
conscience, and then she bounded
out of bed again, saying, resolutely:
"Olive Merriman, if you had been
going to anoint the Lord, you'd 'a'
taken old spoiled lard instead of
spikenard, I do believe."

There was a rich silk quilt in her
chest, made from the pieces she had
saved in her business, lined and
padded with down. It was a rare
thing, the pride of her heart, and she
tore it from its wrappings of
tissue paper, with hasty, trembling
fingers.

"The Lord shall have the very
best I've got," she said to herself,
tears starting to her eyes at the im-
mensity of the sacrifice. The spirit was
willing, but the flesh—oh so
weak.

She almost ran with it out to the
old man's bedside. The moonlight
had reached his pillow and rested on
his white hair like a halo, and she
noticed it reverently as she covered
the old quilt, hiding its reproach
with the richness of the warm downy
one she had brought, and then crept
back to her bed, leaving her own
door wide open, that warmth might
reach out to that icy cold room.

She dropped asleep as sweetly as
an infant on its mother's bosom, the
moonlight touching her faded cheek
tenderly, while the angels of hope
and love clasped hands above her
couch.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it
unto the least of these, my brethren,
ye have done it unto me."—*Journal
and Messenger.*

A Story of Emperor Frederick.

A pretty story of the late Emper-
or Frederick is told in one of the
German papers. Some years ago,
shortly before the death of the old
Emperor of Germany, a tall, hand-
some gentleman jumped into a third-
class carriage of a local railway at
Berlin, just as the train was leaving
the station. An old flower-seller,
with a basket of newly cut hyacinths
was the only other occupant of the
compartment. He asked the old
dame to sell him a bunch, and,
mollified by his suave manner, she
chose the freshest and largest, and
handed it to him. Its price was a
penny; but, as the gentleman had
no coppers and the old woman no
change, not having sold any of her
goodies yet, she was paid with a mark
piece, which, as she said at once,
was a thing that had never been
heard of before in a third class
carriage.

Presently the stranger and the
flower-seller were deep in conversa-
tion, and it turned out that the poor
woman was the only bread-winner of
a family of four. Her son was crippled,
her grand-daughter a little
school-girl, and her husband had for
some months past been out of work,
since a new railway official had dis-
missed him as being too old to do
much work. The stranger then
suggested that she should apply, on
her husband's behalf, to the railway
authorities. "That is no good what-
ever," she replied, as she wiped her
tears with her apron. "If you have
not the Pope for your cousin now-
days, you can not get anybody to
listen to you." "Then try the Emper-
or," the stranger went on. "Alas!"
she sighed: "if the old gentleman
was allowed to see the petitions that
are sent, it might do some good; but
he does not get to know about us
poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband
write to the Crown Prince." "Yes,"
she said, "he might do that," and
she would tell him so as soon as she
had sold her flowers. By this time
the train had got to the terminus,
the old dame bundled out her basket,
and noticed with astonishment
that the officials and the crowd on
the platform looked at her carriage
and saluted and cheered. "What's
up?" she asked. "Why, the Crown
Prince was in the same compart-
ment with you." Then the flower-
seller held her head high, and told
every syllable of what had happened
to the delighted crowd. Her flowers
were sold before five minutes
were over, and a fortnight afterward
her husband was at work again in
his old place.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Be Careful How You Talk in the Family.

How strange it is that we do not
think more of the importance of con-
versation in our home life. Children
are such imitators and take in so
much that we do not think they are
capable of understanding.

The discussion of the faults of
others which they hear in the home
circle, often gives them a prejudice
against very good people. We have
our sins of omission and commission

as well as our neighbors, and should
be very careful about injuring our
friends by talking over their faults
before young people, who have not
yet learned how to be charitable,
and how to make allowances. Any
one who has watched children at
play can not have failed to see how
closely they imitate their elders.

"Walk in, I am so glad to see
you, Mrs. White," said one little girl
to make-believe caller; "Take a
seat. Don't be in a hurry to go.
Really must you go?" And when
the imaginary caller had taken her
departure, the little hostess exclaim-
ed, "I'm glad she didn't stay any
longer. She talks so much that she
tires me out!"

The home topics should be bright
and interesting, and improving both
in character and education. We
should be careful to leave out gossip
and sensational stories of all kinds.
There is so much prominence given
to details of horrors in our daily
papers, that young people in read-
ing them get false ideas of life. In
England, not long since, a society
was started that pledged itself to tell
only the good things that were done
in the world and to make them
prominent, instead of the evil things
that form such a large part of our
daily papers and of many persons'
conversation.

Teach the children to be true,
pure and just, by having the con-
versation of an elevating character.
Let the influence over them of our
talk be Christlike, teaching them to
think no ill of their neighbor, and
giving them a high sense of honor in
their daily living.

It was from his father's conversa-
tion at the fireside, that the late
Heinrich Schliemann received his
bent toward archeological research.
The discoveries of Pompeii and
Herculaneum were frequent topics
of talk in the Lutheran clergyman's
home in Mecklenburg, and the
father enjoyed reciting verses from
Voss's German Translation of
Homer, awakening thereby an en-
thusiasm in the young boy's mind
for the exploits of the Greek and
Trojan heroes. Years of disappoint-
ment, however, and drudgery in
uncongenial labor, preceded his great
career, and he was nearly fifty before
he began his famous excavations in
Troad, which were succeeded subse-
quently by digging still more famous
with results at Mycenae. His most
wonderful discovery is the genuineness
of Homer himself, and the substan-
tial truthfulness of his great
poems.

It Pays to Keep Sober.

A thing that is not generally
known and appreciated is the agency
of railroad companies in promoting
temperance. By the various com-
panies in this country are employed
in round numbers 690,000 persons
not counting those who mine the
coal and iron, make the rails or loco-
motives, or build the cars and loco-
motives used by the roads. The freight
and passenger traffic of the country
is practically controlled by 600 of
these corporations, and of these 600
no less than 375 prohibit the use of
intoxicating liquors by their em-
ployees, among the number being
most of the largest companies. The
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engi-
neers uses its influence in the same
direction. "Whenever a member
of the order is known to be dissipat-
ed," says Mr. Arthur Long, the head
of the organization, "we not only
suspend or expel him, but notify his
employers," and during the last year
875 members were expelled for this
cause. Thus the men are kept sober
for purely business considerations,
for the consequences of intoxication
in such capacity would not only
imply terrible disaster, and loss of
life, but great pecuniary losses to
the transit companies. In many other
businesses preference is given to
the workman who is not addicted
to the drink habit, and business con-
siderations promise to work a
reformation which other influences
have vainly attempted.

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BEAUTIFUL BANFF, N. W. T.
I WAS induced to use your Burdock
Blood Bitters for constipation and
general debility and found it a com-
plete cure which I take pleasure in
recommending to all who may be thus
afflicted.—James M. Carson, Banff,
N. W. T.

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has been done by Fowler's Extract
of Wild Strawberry as a sure and quick
cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all
summer complaints. I can recommend
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and faithful."—Mrs. W. Bishop,
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The action of Carter's Little Liver
Pills is pleasant, mild and natural.
They gently stimulate the liver, and
regulate the bowels, but do not purge.
They are sure to please. Try them.

Dollars, which might otherwise be
thrown away by resorting to ineffectual
medicines, are saved by purchasing
that inexpensive specific for bodily
pain and remedy for affections of the
throat, lungs, stomach, liver and
bowels, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil,
which does not deteriorate, and is
thorough and pure.

"German Syrup" Lawn Tennis!

Here is something from Mr. Frank

A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt
House, Lewiston, and the Tontine
Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel menmeet the world as it comes and goes,
and are not slow in sizing people
and things up for what they are
worth. He says that he has lost a
father and several brothers and sis-
ters from Pulmonary Consumption,
and is himself frequently troubledwith colds, and he
often coughs enough
to make him sick at
his stomach. When-
ever he has taken a
cold of this kind he uses Boschee's
German Syrup, and it cures him
every time. Here is a man who
knows the full danger of lung trou-
bles, and would therefore be most
particular as to the medicine he used.
What is his opinion? Listen! "I
use nothing but Boschee's German
Syrup, and have advised, I presume,
more than a hundred different per-
sons to take it. They agree with
me that it is the best cough syrup
in the market."

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1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,605.87.....	775,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
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