

## What of That?

Tired! Well, what of that?  
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,  
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze.  
Come, rouse thee, work while it is called  
to-day!  
Coward, arise! Go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?  
Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all  
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,  
To blend another life into its own.  
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?  
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!  
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight!  
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,  
With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?  
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!  
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

No help? Nay, 'tis not so!  
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,  
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry;  
He's near thee, whereso'er thy footsteps roam.  
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

—Selected.

## Had He Made A Mistake.

Mr. Horseley, at the breakfast table, was reading the stock quotations to his wife, who always took an affectionate, if vague interest in his business. Suddenly, as his eye roved over the paper, it lightened.

"Aha! good! Listen to this, Kitty. The alumni of the class of '65 (my class, you know, twenty-five years back) will hold a reunion at the university next month. There will be a banquet, speeches, etc." Well, folding the paper, "I'm glad of that. I shall like to see the boys again. Some of them have been very successful."

"None more than yourself, John."  
"No, probably not."  
The rich banker nodded thoughtfully. He was not a purse-proud man. Still, he had given twenty years of his life to money-making and, naturally, he fully appreciated the value of the money.

"I've not done badly," he said.  
"There's Tom Hare, too. Tom is head of the largest wheat syndicate in Illinois, and Caridon—he is president of a railroad. Damont is United States judge, very nice little competency. The boys have done well by themselves—most of them."

"Except poor Will Morgan," said Mrs. Horseley, with a sigh.  
"Yes, yes! Well, Morgan was obstinate, Kitty. He has himself to thank for all his troubles. When he left college I said to him: 'You have a few hundred dollars, so have I. I mean to invest mine in waste land in the Northern Liberties. Go in with me. It can be bought for a song, but the town is going out that way. In ten years out up the land into lots and we shall be rich men.' He saw the truth of it. Morgan's no fool. But he said, 'I must have that money to educate me for the ministry,' and into the ministry he went. I bought the land and—here we are. I honor Morgan. He is a high principled fellow. But—"

Mrs. Horseley was silent for a few minutes. Then she said, "I suppose Will cannot afford to come to this reunion?"

"No, indeed. He has a little missionary church among the coal miners at six hundred a year. He has five children."

"Poor Bossie! He married Elizabeth Wynne, you know. She was a dear friend of mine, a delicate and fastidious girl. John?"

"Yes, my dear."  
"Why can we not ask Will and his wife to the reunion—here, to stay at the house? Buy the rail way tickets to-day, and let me write and inclose them in the letter."

"A good idea! I'm glad you thought of it, Kitty. I shall be glad to give a little pleasure to the poor creatures."

As he was going out of the door he stopped.

"They'll be very shabby, you know. They'll look queer among your other guests," he said.

"That matters nothing to me," said Kitty, loftily. "My social position does not depend upon the clothes which my guests wear."

But when, a week or two later, the poor clergyman and his wife arrived she was startled out of her usual calm complacency.

"They have the pinched, wan faces of people who never have enough to eat," she said to her husband. "Bessy's gown is one of her wedding dresses. She looks as if she had come out of the ark. And the Mercers and Townes are coming to dinner to-night. Something must be done at once!"

"What does it matter? Morgan has been with me all day," said her husband. "Nobody thought worse of me because his overcoat was patched."

But Mrs. Horseley hurried out of the room. In a few moments she tapped at Mrs. Morgan's chamber door. She carried a pretty dinner

dress. It was fantastically trimmed and a little soiled.

"Bess, dear, we used to be just the same size. Won't you wear this for me?"

Mrs. Morgan glanced at the gown and then at her friend's face.

"I would prefer to wear my own, Kitty," she said, coldly, "unless you very much wish it."

"I do wish it. Some people are coming for dinner."

"I understand. I will wear it."

Mrs. Horseley laid down the dress and lingered uncomfortably. "I meant to be kind, Bessy," she said.

The tears stood in Mrs. Morgan's gentle eyes.

"I know," she said. "This pride is wicked in me, I suppose. I am used to taking old clothes at home from strangers. But you—we were girls together, you know, and equals. And now to think you have to clothe me that I may not disgrace you in the eyes of your friends! It hurts."

The visit of the Morgans lasted a week. It was the first time that they had come to their old home since their marriage sixteen years ago.

"We never could afford it," Mr. Morgan said to his host the morning of his arrival. "If we ever saved a dollar or two it was needed for the children—five or them, you know. Bessy and I could not spend it on ourselves." So you can guess the delight with which we read your letter and found that we could really see the old home again!"

He gave his friend's hand a hearty wrench, looking into his face with glowing eyes. Much of William Morgan's power over men lay in his genial, affectionate nature and in his gay courage. Among his old classmates now his laugh rang out as heartily as when he was a boy. This was during the first days of his visit; after that his wife noticed that he grew grave and thoughtful. On the night of the banquet he came home with a haggard face, and sat down beside her without a word.

"Are you not going to tell me about it, Will?" she said. "You have been looking forward to this reunion as the happiest day in your life. Were all of your old friends there?"

"Yes," he said, rousing himself. "Only one or two were absent. It was very pleasant to hear the accounts of their lives. The boys have been very successful as a rule. Two or three have made brilliant reputations at the bar, one is an eminent surgeon, and several are enormously rich, like Jack Horseley. I—he stopped, rose and walked nervously to the window—"I, with a house full of children, am starving on six hundred a year," he broke forth passionately.

Mrs. Morgan did not answer at once. Usually her faith burned bright and clear. But she was human, and she had seen Mrs. Horseley's butler glance at her gown to-night, recognizing it as one of his mistress's; and Mrs. Horseley had amused her by showing her her little girl's Parisian toilettes for the coming winter. Mrs. Morgan turned over the dainty confections smiling, thinking of her own girl's patched shoes.

"Why," she thought, "should this child be wrapped in velvet and lace while mine have not flannels to keep them from the cold?"

The question is as old as the world; so is the doubt that looked out of the eyes of wife and husband as they faced their life that night.

"Do not tell me that I made a mistake!" he said almost fiercely, turning on her. "I chose to serve God, instead of making money. I thought I was right."

"You were right, Will." But her tones were dull and cold. "Let us go to sleep now. I wish we had not come here. I am glad we are going back to-morrow."

"They were at breakfast the next morning; the shabby little trunk had been sent to the station. The world probably looked different to them both in the healthy morning light. Mrs. Morgan's blue eyes had regained something of their happy calm. She was watching little Lucy Horseley critically, and thinking that her own girls had stronger muscles and stronger brains with which to meet the world. Life had compensations—just balances after all. Her husband was talking to Mr. Horseley.

"I asked Tom Hare about his family," he said, "but he evaded the question."

"No wonder! He had a son who went to the dogs. So did Caridon's boy. The usual story of American lads, born to huge fortunes, launched on life without work or sense of responsibility and a vast sum to spend! Your sons, Will, have a tremendous advantage in being poor, with education, high principle and the necessity upon them of exertion. You may not see it, but it is true."

"I had not seen it," said Mr. Morgan with a sudden laugh, which seemed to come out from his heart. "I do see it now."

Before they had finished breakfast the waiter came up to Mr. Morgan. "A lady to see you, sir. I told her you were going to leave town in

a few minutes and were engaged, but she was very urgent."

The clergyman rose hastily and went down to the library. A woman plainly but comfortably dressed stood waiting for him. She came hastily to meet him, evidently controlling some deep emotion.

"I will not detain you Mr. Morgan but I may never have the chance to speak to you again. I have something to tell you."

"I am in no haste. Be calm," he said kindly.

"I must tell you. I owe my life—I owe more than my life—to you. I was a poor seaman, ill-paid, hungry, wretched. A married man who said he loved me offered me a home. I was in Harriburgh then. Oh, if you knew what the temptation was to me! I was so weak, so tired, tired! There was comfort, luxury. I had nobody, not even a friend to be ashamed of my disgrace. There was nothing to hold me back but the remembrance of my mother, and she was in her grave. I wandered the streets that evening afraid to go to my wretched room and be alone. I came to the door of a little chapel. They were singing. I crept in to escape from myself in the crowd. You prayed and preached. Mr. Morgan, I shall always believe that God sent you that night to my lost soul to bring it back to Him. You prayed for me—me!"

Her sobs choked her; she turned away.

"I thank God if I helped you," said Will, in a low voice.

"You saved me!" She came up to him and took his hand. "Every word you spoke was meant for me. You showed me Christ standing beside me, ready to help. I went back to my room and to my work the next day. He did help me. I married an honest man who loved me, and we have prospered. I wish you could see my husband and children. But I felt that I must tell you that I owe all that I am to you."

When Mr. Morgan rejoined his wife there was a light in his eyes which had not been there for many days.

They had a long journey home that day; the rain beat on the windows of the car and the air was chill. At one of the stations two farmers came in who were members of Mr. Morgan's church. They met him with a shout of delight. His wife's heart beat faster at sight of the homely, kind faces. How they loved Will! For how much he counted in their lives!

When they would be on this train," one of them said. "It is time you were at home. The village is going to pieces without you. Ned Maskey is at home from Montana and wants to take my Jenny back with him. They've been engaged for years, you know. They're waiting for you to marry them. 'I want his blessing on my marriage,' Jenny said, with tears in her eyes, to-day."

"And old Mother Flinn is worse," said the other deacon, "and she is afraid she will die before you come. She thinks if the parson's beside her she can go down quietly into the dark valley."

"Have you seen my children lately?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Bless you, yes. See them every day. We all took care of them. To tell you the truth, most of the folks will drop in to welcome you to-night. My wife and the other women have been boiling hams and baking cakes for supper all day. Oh, you've no idea how we missed you!"

As the train approached the station the conductor came to Will and touched his hat.

"You do not know me, sir?" Mr. Morgan hesitated.

"It is not Jennings?"

"Yes, Jennings," the man's face beamed with happy meaning. "Yes sir; I have held this position now for four years. You will see my house at the next station—a pretty little cottage. My wife and the two babies are there."

"I am glad to hear it, Jennings, glad indeed!"

He wrung the man's hand cordially.

"I knew you would be, sir." Jennings turned to call the next station, and then added hurriedly: "I don't forget, Mr. Morgan! I don't forget!" and passed out of the car.

"Who is that, Will?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Don't you remember that poor drunken Jake Jennings?"

"Whom you brought home and kept for four months? And you have done all that for him?" Will?

She thrust her hand into his in the darkness and held it close. How near in his poverty and pure purpose he came to the hearts of his people, of these poor Magdalenes and drunkards! Hand in hand with them he was leading them to heaven—to Christ. They loved him. God was with him.

The train stopped at their own station presently. There were the children waiting on the platform, and a crowd of his people smiling a welcome.

"O Will," she said, "I am glad

that this is our home; you have chosen wisely."

Will made no answer. But as the people whom he had helped and strengthened gathered around him, and he caught sight of Jennings' happy face on the platform of the vanishing train, he knew that there were higher successes in life than that of making money.—*Congregationalist.*

## Trust the Children.

None are so proud and happy as young children when they first understand that their parents have confidence in their honor and in their faithful performance of such duties as are committed to their care. The feeling of responsibility awakened by this knowledge, in their children, brings them their first sensation of self-respect. They soon learn that faithfulness is absolutely necessary to the satisfactory execution of any work they are called to perform. Thus good seed is daily sown, which in after years will yield an abundant harvest, and repay all the trouble it may have cost to prepare the soil to receive it.

It is not easy to train children into such habits, and if conscience would absolve the mother, she would, doubtless, prefer to do herself all the work she assigns to the child. But such lessons are a part of a mother's mission, and should never be delegated to another.

This proof of the mother's confidence will make the little ones very happy, and they will try to merit their mother's approbation. It may be necessary to be a little short-sighted when over-looking the work. Let all criticism wait awhile. Appear pleased, nay, be pleased, with their childish effort. Give as much sweet praise as is judicious, and perfectly truthful, to gladden their hearts and make them eager for other efforts. When not called to put playthings away, it may be well to say, in an easy, but not fault-finding tone, "I think you had better put these books on this shelf instead of putting them into the box with the other things. They might get injured there, you know. And, Jennie, dear, I would fold this little doll's dress this way."

Gentle hints, interspersed with as much approval as can be conscientiously given, will so fix the lesson in their minds that it will not be long before they will be proud to do such work without being told.—*Selected.*

## For Visitors of the Sick.

Don't sit by the side of the patient for then she can't look at you without straining her neck.

Don't sit where the patient must change her position to look at you. Don't if there is already another person in the room, sit so that the patient will have to be constantly shaking her head to look from one to the other.

Don't rock your chair incessantly. Don't play with anything in your hands, or anything affixed to the furniture.

Don't talk about sickness or other disagreeable subjects. Don't let the bureau knobs fall heavily or bang the doors.

Don't shut the register with a clashing sound. Don't talk so fast that it is a strain on the patient's nerves to understand all you say.

Don't kiss the patient if you have just come out of the cold. Don't come into the room with wet clothing on.

Don't stay so long as to tire the patient.—*Ec.*

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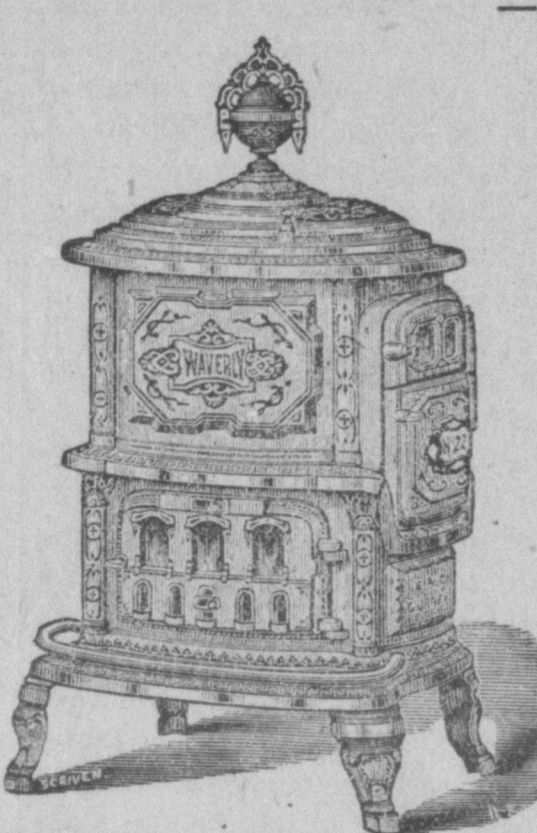
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| 1872 | \$48,210.93 | \$546,461.95 | \$1,076,350.00           |
| 1874 | 64,072.88   | 621,362.81   | 1,864,302.00             |
| 1876 | 102,822.14  | 715,944.64   | 2,214,093.43             |
| 1878 | 127,505.87  | 773,895.71   | 3,374,683.14             |
| 1880 | 141,402.81  | 911,132.93   | 3,881,478.09             |
| 1882 | 254,841.73  | 1,073,677.94 | 5,849,889.1              |
| 1884 | 276,378.65  | 1,274,397.24 | 6,844,404.04             |
| 1886 | 319,987.05  | 1,411,004.38 | 7,030,878.77             |
| 1888 | 373,500.31  | 1,573,027.10 | 9,413,358.07             |
| 1889 | 495,801.54  | 1,750,004.48 | 10,873,777.09            |
| 1890 | 525,273.88  | 1,974,316.21 | 11,931,300.6             |
| 1891 | 563,140.52  | 2,223,322.72 | 17,164,383.08            |
| 1892 | 574,254.96  | 2,911,014.19 | 20,698,589.92            |

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## Poetry

You can lead a horse to water,  
But you cannot make him drink;  
You can send a man to bed,  
But you cannot make him sleep;  
You may keep a man from harm,  
From morn till eve,  
But you cannot keep him from harm;  
You can never make a boy that  
Of a boy that is a boy;  
You can never make a man that  
Of a man that is a man;  
And when, at last, it is no use to sw  
Because your  
Prefer the girl  
To your self  
You might as well  
For love is it  
And, beside, it is  
That you know  
You cannot make  
Let him be bl  
Of the man who  
To cipher, rea  
You cannot cha  
Or make the l  
Though you ma  
It would be b  
You cannot mak  
Of the stage-  
And if you ever  
You'll wish yo  
There is only on  
And that's to  
The name of yo  
Finished with  
But all these th  
We may exp  
Until the numb  
And the Rom

## Hetty

Hetty was and small for her active and intelligent trusted to do was a great help with whom she Finch ever said of praise. Far cold, stern woman ideas about brid did not think good for them afraid of spoiling that she seldom necessity comp often sewed all the little kitchen the small figure ly from one task a lonely, disapp had grown b there was no heart for any living, a very and she sewed until Saturday ably a misgiving lonely and sad. But she had when the tim Hetty called wonderful to r ed that if he buy the child that made H joy.

She certainly for she had on ham and a pin calico her best choice between original mater was faded al short that alth down the her knees.

Mrs. Finch in which she of land surro there was no good-sized str which furnish sweet that H regularly ever might be lost.

It was her "drill pies," agreed that th five miles dista who had gathe country for th Hetty was sur the pies. It should think such a tempt came one aft oven, that sh self, and, had suggested to little turn ove pastry that w the courage, a did not think pudding the made potato it was, as sh cheap and "fil Hetty was i as, having to Bruce's offer the city in h along the qui pies in a bask covered from quilt over her either rain o which had be the occasion.