

As You Will.

Do you wish for kindness? be kind;
Do you ask for truth? be true.
What you give of yourself, you find;
Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,
And a smile is your sure return.
Bear hate in your heart, and erewhile
All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love. Every deed
Shall, armed as a fate, recoil;
You shall gather your fruit from the seed
That you cast yourself in the soil.

Like answers to like. No power
Can free from the force of the law
That fashions the perfect flower
From the definite germ. No flaw

In the mould but will reappear
In the finished cast, to your shame;
Each kindling of anger or fear
Will wrap your best deed with its flame.

Each act is a separate link
In the chain of your weal or your woe;
Cups you offer another to drink,
The taste of your dregs you shall know.

Look without. What you are, doubt it not
You will see, you will feel in another;
Be your charity stinless of blot,
And how loving the heart of your brother!
Western Advocate.

How She Let Her Light Shine.

She was pretty, bright and attractive. The young man sought her company and the girls either envied or admired her exceedingly at the fashionable resort where she was spending the summer. She was also a follower of the Lord Jesus and an active worker in her city home. But now she was on a vacation, and thus courted and admired the time passed swiftly in a gay whirl of pleasure.

One Thursday night, as they watched the sunset from the veranda, her mother said gently, "To-night is the evening of the weekly prayer-meeting, dear."

The daughter did not answer, but stood with eyes riveted on the glowing western sky. Prayer-meeting! She had not thought of it, though she had heard it announced from the pulpit of the village church the preceding Sunday. With a growing consciousness that duty lay here as well as at home came a feeling of dismay. Only last night she had promised so enthusiastically to add one more to a gay tally-ride on this Thursday night, and Hamilton Lee, the merry-hearted young man who was always the life of the party, had said but an hour ago: "You are going to-night, Miss May? Yes, you must, for it won't work any-how without you!"

Oh, it was hard. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven."

Francisca looked around startled. Who had spoken? She rushed into the house and up to her own room. She dropped on her knees beside the bed. When she arose her decision was made. A few minutes later she stood on the porch and braced herself against the storm of reproaches and entreaties from the noisy young people just starting on their ride. Her calm, smiling face gave no sign of the recent struggle. Yet the ill-disguised pleasure on some of the girls' faces at her determination to remain at home, with the disappointment in Hamilton Lee's manner and his impatient "Pshaw!" as he turned away after learning her reason, left a load on Francisca's heart as she watched them off.

The hall in which the prayer-meeting was held was bare and uninviting. To-night the lamps were dimmer than usual, and Francisca's shoes made an unpleasant sound on the bare floor as she walked to a seat. In spite of the consciousness of right-doing there was a deep feeling of regret in her heart, an involuntary desire to be with them as she heard the notes of the bugle from the merry party sounding in the evening air. Grieved at the worldliness which had so taken hold upon her as to make what should be a privilege to a child of God a heavy cross, Francisca bowed her head in shame and contrition on the seat before her.

Was she the same girl who a few weeks before had risen amid the large body of Christian Endeavorers at home and said: "I want to feel all that Paul did when he said, 'For me to live is Christ; I am willing to consecrate my all to Him!'" In a moment she was on her feet.

"He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."

And the brief prayer that followed was an appeal for forgiveness for past neglect, and a petition to honor her Lord and Master in all the relations of life.

Two or three old men stared curiously around as the clear voice ceased and a group of village girls stopped whispering to look wonderingly on the earnest face of the young speaker.

As the meeting closed a tall young man, screened from observation by the large stove at the back of the

hall, softly arose and left the room. Francisca and her mother walked home in the cool, clear night.

"How peaceful everything is," said Francisca, as they went up the veranda steps. She lingered, gazing at the beautiful night.

Suddenly a voice near at hand roused her from meditation.

"I want to thank you, Miss May, for the example you set to-night. If all lived up to their profession as you did, it wouldn't take long to bring the millennium."

It was Hamilton Lee's voice, but softened and moved by deep feeling.

"You showed me how I have been doing everything except honoring the Master. Are you surprised? I once professed as much as you, Miss May, but I've wandered off as many a fellow does, not caring either when I saw so many people who pretend to be Christians and live no differently from others. You helped me to see that there is a difference by what you did to-night more than twenty sermons would. I mean to come back and begin letting my light shine again."

Great joy and the peace that passeth understanding filled Francisca's soul. Impulsively she reached out her hand. "It pays," was all she said. —*Congregationalist.*

Everything Lost.

On the wall there hangs a picture of a pure and beautiful young face. Almost directly under it sits a coarse, brutal man. The lamplight falls on the picture, and the firelight shines on the face of the man.

The picture is the portrait of the latter in his innocent boyhood; yet I can hardly recognize the feature of the portrait in the face of the man, so much has he lost since his youth.

The man dreams on in his drunken reverie, while the wind of a rainy night in May complains without. My mind goes back twenty years, to a time when that picture was painted, and I count one by one the losses of the unhappy sleeper, while the clock ticks away the hour.

He had beauty then—a pure blue eye, a loving cheek, a lip that gave expression to hope-inspiring words. The beauty is gone—lost!

He had health. That, too, has departed. He is a tremulous, gray-haired, shattered man.

Beauty and health gone! He had confidence in every one then. He curses now even father, mother, wife, and son.

Beauty, health, and confidence lost!

He had honor. He was trusted. The confidence of home, friends, and employers, all were his. Today, with a lying lip, he has pawned the most sacred gifts for rum.

Beauty, health, confidence, honor—all gone!

He had warm affections. His wife has left him and taken away his child. His poor father has just left his side with a groan, and his sister is weeping in her chamber.

Beauty, health, confidence, honor, and affection—lost!

He had self-respect. The rage that now covers him scantily tell the story of its loss.

He then had reverence for sacred things. He loved the place of divine worship, the prayer-circle and hymns of home. He shuns them now. The church-bell smites his heart, the hymn seems like a reproach. His love of holy association is lost.

The May wind sighs as I sit with the two pictures before me—one of hopeful innocence, and the other of a lost man. The clock ticks on. I ask, What must be the condition of a lost soul? —*Phil. Standard.*

Mother's Day.

She was a woman of about sixty, the wife of a Pennsylvania farmer. There was not a picturesque or unusual point about her; she was tall, lean and round-shouldered. Indeed, as she walked with long, loping strides from the kitchen to the cellar, the cow-yard or the woodshed, she bore an absurd likeness to the gaunt hound that followed her.

Her day was not eventful. She rose at four in the morning, and made up the fires in the stoves. Her husband and sons were asleep. "Men," she said, "hated housework." She did not call the girls until breakfast was nearly ready, because "young things needed sleep." She milked five cows before the sun was fairly up.

The farmer, his five children and two farm-hands sat down to breakfast, and she poured out the coffee and baked the cakes which they ate. After they had finished she ate her own breakfast if she cared for any. Then came washing or ironing or scrubbing or baking until it was time for the heavy noon meal which she cooked. Her daughters used sometimes to help a little, but in an idling, half-hearted way. Sometimes she would drive them out with a queer, pathetic smile.

"Young folks like pleasure. They ought to have their fun!" she would say.

There was the morning's work to finish after the dinner was over. It was a large farm, and the men were hearty eaters. She "laid down" great quantities of meats and canned and dried vegetables.

After supper was over, everybody found some recreation but mother. The farmer smoked, the young people visited the neighbors or gathered at one end of the porch chattering and laughing. Mother was inside at work, sewing or with her great basket of stockings.

She would look at them smiling. "They like their fun," she would say. She looked at them again sometimes as if, old as she was, she would like some fun too, but she never joined them. They were with the friends whom they had made at college and school. Mother had been very little at school when she was young. Besides she had no time for idling. Sometimes when she was making shirts for the boys she worked until midnight.

One evening her youngest girl read her a story, which she thought would suit her mother's intellect. It touched and pleased her greatly. She spoke of it for a year afterwards.

One of her days was like all the others, except Sundays, when she had time to go to church. She was very happy there, but especially when they sang any hymn which she had known when a girl; she would join, scarcely above her breath, for she knew her voice was cracked.

When strangers remarked that she was growing thin, her children replied that it was no wonder. Mother's energy would wear the flesh from any woman's body. Her appetite failed, the very smell of salt meat and cabbage which she cooked nauseated her. She used to listen eagerly when they talked of the fruits which could be bought in the city. But nobody noticed it. Mother had always been the motive power, which had kept the whole machinery in motion. It never occurred to anybody that the power could be exhausted.

One day, however, when they came down to breakfast, the table was not spread, and no fires were lighted. For the first time in her life, when she was needed, mother lay in her bed still and quiet. She would never work for them more.

After they had buried her they knew how much they had loved her. Their grief was sincere and deep. They never wearied in talking of her unflinching gentleness, her tender patience, her perfect unselfishness.

None of them seemed to think, however, that by any effort of theirs they could have kept her with them still, loving, patient and unselfish. Our homely story is a true one. We have told it for a purpose. —*Youth's Companion.*

Just What He Thinks.

A friend of ours received a rude letter the other day, in which the writer concluded a long tirade with the words, "I want you to understand that I always say just what I think." This was said with an air of conscious pride, and clearly implied that the writer held it to be a virtue always to free his mind, and let people know his whole thought. On the contrary, it is a vice, which, if universally practiced, would make society intolerable.

One must distinguish between frankness and rudeness. Frankness is a virtue, rudeness is a vice. Frankness is admirable, rudeness is detestable. Frankness is compatible with Christian courtesy; rudeness violates the fundamental principle of politeness. "Whatever things ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." It is the duty of a Christian man to be frank, and equally his duty not to be rude.

The duty of frankness rests on the obligation to speak the truth! The man who is always trying to conceal something, or by partial statement to mislead, or by artful insinuations to convey a false impression, soon becomes distrusted and shunned by all. He may avoid gross lying, he may even speak words that are literally true, and yet he manages to produce all the effect of falsehood. At the opposite pole stands the man who always turns his mind inside out, and never takes the least pains to conceal an opinion or a feeling, never asking whether honesty demands its expression, nor who may be hit and hurt. It is hard to decide which is the greater social nuisance—which violates more grievously the Christian law of duty.

It is only occasionally that one is under obligation to speak the whole truth. In our ordinary intercourse with our fellows we are not under oath. If there is a man of our acquaintance whom we believe to be of bad character, we are not compelled to stop him in the street, and say, "Sir, I think you are a scoundrel." If we are called upon to admire a wonderful first baby, we need not choose between the two extremes of pronouncing it the finest child ever born, or a pug-nosed, ugly

lump of flesh. There is a middle ground. We may, for example, imitate the custom of a distinguished New England divine, who, in such cases, saves both the truth and his own reputation for courtly politeness, by saying, "Well, that is a baby."

The man who always says just what he thinks, should first of all take care that what he thinks is fit to be said. If what he thinks is vulgar or profane, we suppose he would try to suppress it; but if what he thinks is fitted to wound others, without accomplishing any good, what right has he to say it? It may be one's duty, sometimes, to speak out, even if so doing gives pain to somebody, because there is a reasonable prospect of doing good to somebody else by speaking. To give certain pain without prospect of doing any good, is as wanton as the sport of little boys who pull off the wings of flies "just for fun."

No, good friends, do not seek a cloak for your ruthlessness under the virtue of frankness. Be manly about it, and confess that you are rude because you enjoy shocking people, or because you have a brutal pleasure in causing pain, or because you like to speak in pure wantonness, not caring where your words strike. Until you confess that, you have not fully lived up to your own rule of speaking just what you think. —*Examiner.*

Two and a Half-Dollar Christians.

There are a good many people in their religion that remind me of "Uncle Phil," a pious old darkey of the old times in Texas. Well, Phil was a fervent Christian, with a great gift of prayer. He attended all the Saturday-night prayer-meetings on the neighboring plantations, and could pray louder and longer than any of the brethren. But Phil had one weakness—he dearly loved money; and, different from the negro generally, he loved to hoard it. Near by us lived a man who, not troubled by any scruples, would pay Phil a dollar to work in his fields on Sundays. One Sunday night as Phil came home after dark, I accosted him with: "Where have you been, Phil?"

"O, just knocking about, massa."

"You have been working for Miller."

"Well, you see, massa, the old fellow is in needs, and he just showed me a silver dollar, and I just couldn't stand it."

"Ain't you afraid the devil will get you for breaking the Sabbath?"

Phil scratched his head a minute, and then said: "I guess the Lord'll 'scuse me, massa."

"No. He says: 'Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy.' Phil went off looking pretty sober, and it was not long before I heard his voice in fervent prayer back of the barn, and so I thought I would slip down near enough to hear."

"Oh Lord!" I heard him say, "I have this day ripped and tore, cursed and swore, at them confounded oxen of Miller's, and jest broke the Sabbath day. O Lord! please forgive me; please forgive me; for you knows I's nothin' but a miserable heathen, anyhow. If you'll jest forgive me this time, I'll never do it again as long as I live, 'ceptin' he gives me two dollars and a half a day."

At this point I was obliged to beat a hasty retreat; but I am thinking that poor Uncle Phil isn't the only two-dollar-and-a-half Christian in the world. —*Western Christian Advocate.*

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