

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.

Rural Notes and Notions.

BECAUSE. One of Webster's definitions of this word is, "For the reason that." But how unreasonably some people use it. It was Home Mission Sunday in the church. Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman thought of it as they sat in their cozy home on Saturday evening. He said: "Mary, we can't put more than ten dollars into the collection to-morrow, because you know we have had to buy a new carpet for the parlor, and it cost us a hundred dollars."

There was reason in what Mrs. Wiseman said. Because they were so prospered that they could buy a new carpet, they should have increased their benevolent contributions instead of diminishing them. The Lord gave them their prosperity and he had a right to expect to share in it. If Mr. Wiseman's idea had been carried out, and the home missionary subscription reduced, the Lord might have used that much-abused word "because" in this wise: "Because I gave you ampler means this year than last, and you expended the increase on yourselves and gave me less instead of more, therefore I will withhold my money from you henceforth, and give it to stewards who are honest, and won't cheat me out of my part."

Mr. Wiseman calls himself a Christian. He professes to love the Lord. Now, let us suppose that he should reason as unreasonably in other matters as he did in regard to the carpet and Home Missions. He has two boys. They are nearly of the same age. He is very fond of both of them, and shows it by treating them alike. When he buys a new suit of clothes for Johnny, he buys one just as good for Charley. When bicycles were the rage, he bought one for each of them. Now, imagine Mr. Wiseman sitting in his armchair, as he was sitting that Saturday night, and saying coolly and complacently, "Wife, I took Johnny to the tailor's to-day and ordered an extra suit of clothes for him. It will cost ten dollars more than his last year's suit. And now, because of this, Charley will have to wear his old clothes all summer, or at most he will have to be satisfied with a very cheap suit—one that will cost less than half as much as that he is now wearing." What would the mother, whose boys are jewels equally precious in her sight, say to this? And what would the neighbors say if Johnny came out dressed like a prince, while Charley was dressed like a beggar?

THE NEW GALLERY.

I remember another illustration of the vicious use of this word "because." When the church in—was built, Jabez Jones, who was living in a cottage of four rooms, was one of the most liberal contributors to the building fund. He said: "I have a home and am grateful to the Lord for enabling me to own it, and I will show my gratitude by doing what I can for his house." Well, time passed on. Jabez family grew

and the church grew. When his older children were too big to sleep in trundle beds the cottage was too strait, and an addition was built more than doubling the number of rooms. About the time that this was finished and the Joneses were rejoicing in the enlargement of their home, the congregation determined to put a gallery in the church to accommodate the increasing number of worshippers. Elder Adams undertook to solicit funds for his improvement. He remembered how liberal Jabez had been when the house was built, and knew how the Lord had prospered him. Hence he went to him, expecting a prompt and liberal subscription. But Jones said: "Because I have had to enlarge my house, I can not give anything." The good elder was surprised. He could not help saying: "I think, my brother, that you are reversing the case. Instead of saying, 'Because I have been enabled to enlarge my own house, I will not give for the enlargement of the Lord's, you ought to say, 'Because I have spent one thousand dollars for the increased comfort of my family, I feel bound to give at least one hundred dollars for the increased comfort of the family of Christ.'"

Alas, how the devil tempts us to be selfish and mean by the very prosperity which God gives to quicken our gratitude and our benevolence! A very common misuse of "because" is by those who invest their money as fast as they get it in property, hoping for a rise in value. They want the Lord to wait until they realize on their speculations.

THEY GO IN DEBT

hoping that he will not only wait on them for his portion of the funds that he has entrusted to them, but will so prosper them that they can make money enough to enter into other ventures, and thus become millionaires. One of these men to whom I went, some years ago, in behalf of a great Christian enterprise, said: "I can't give you anything, because I am in debt. It would not be honest to bestow in charity what belongs to my creditors." I know how and why that man was in debt. He was worth several hundred thousand dollars. He had an income of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year. He could, and should, have given at least ten per cent. of that income to the Lord. But as soon as he had five thousand dollars in hand, he would buy ten thousand dollars of real estate, and give his mortgage note for half of the investment. He hoped that the rise of the property would more than pay the interests and the taxes. That was the way he kept in debt so that he could plead poverty when called upon for benevolent contributions. A favourite saying of his was: "A man must be just before he is generous." He thought it was just to take the Lord's money and speculate with it. Some people have strange ideas of justice and generosity. To illustrate, suppose that you had deposited a thousand dollars

IN BANK.

You wanted to use one hundred dollars of that money. You presented your check and the cashier replied, "We can not honor that, for we have used your funds to buy real estate in our own name, and we have gone in debt besides, for we had not money enough of yours on hand to cover the whole amount. We are obliged to pay the interest promptly to the holder of the mortgage, and hence we can not do anything for you."

You ask indignantly: "What right had you to invest my money? It was not time deposit. The understanding was that I could withdraw every dollar of it at any moment if I chose. And now when I want only a tenth of it, you refuse to honor my check."

Don't some folks treat the Lord as this banker treated his depositor? He entrusts them with wealth as his stewards. Not a dollar of it is theirs. He has a right to draw on them for any amount that they have received at any moment. His drafts come in the needs and claims of his work. If a Christian knows that a cause is one of real benevolence, he has no more right to ignore it than he has to repudiate a debt that is honestly due to one of his fellow men. If we are not our own, if we are the slaves of Jesus Christ, who redeemed us by his blood, nothing that we have is our own. It is all his because we are his. A slave in the South before the war could not hold property. He himself was property. Can a chattel own chattels? Can a horse own the carriage to which he is harnessed, or the stall in which he is fed? The Lord, in his great mercy, has pardoned our forfeited lives. He has given us homes to live in and abundance of the good things of this life. He wants us to be comfortable, but he also wants us to be charitable. He wants us to take care of our bodies and of our families, but he wants us also to consider the poor, and to do our part in evangelizing the world. If we are selfish, and live only to accumulate we find that our riches are corrupted and moth eaten.—Senex Smith in Journal.

How a Woman Earned Money.

It had been a very hard winter with us on account of long continued sickness. Two of the children had had lung fever, and anyone who knows much about doctors' bills and other expenses which sickness brings, will readily understand that we felt by the time spring came that it would be necessary to do a good summer's work if we were to carry out our cherished plans for the coming fall.

I had just set my heart on sending Ruth and Bessie away to school during the winter, and I knew they would need so many things that John would not feel able to provide. So this is the way I took up that much talked of question. "How can a farmer's wife earn money?" Of course there was the butter and cheese, the chicks and turkeys; but I had done all that every year, and this year must do something more.

I told John that I wanted to turn farmer, and he said I might have the old south garden. You will laugh, I know, when I tell you what I planted. It was the old fashioned white bean. What put the idea into my mind was the little pig John had given me, because it had hurt his leg, and John had no time to bother with it.

I had given it a great deal of care, and it was growing 'like a little pig.' It was already away ahead of those of its own age, which John had in the large pen. There was a secret about its growth, which I will tell you. Frank and Nannie came home from Sunday School one Sunday eager to earn some money, "all their very own," for mission work, and so Monday morning I hired them to pull weeds for my little pig at two cents a basket. They would have soon bankrupted me if I had not limited the basketsful to just what piggie would eat.

After a few weeks, when John saw how my property was growing, he, too, hired the children at the same per cent., with the proviso that they pull the weeds all from our own land, and I hardly know which had most cause to rejoice that year—the pigs, the heathen or the farm.

Well, you all know how white beans grow and yield, and in the fall I had a fine crop gathered, threshed and handpicked. The girls and I did every bit of the work. We couldn't kill and dress the pig, but we cooked an unusually nice dinner for the men to pay them for doing it.

"I suppose you want me to take your pig and beans to market," John said to me one morning as he was getting ready for town. "No, sir; not yet," I made answer; but you may take me instead." It was only two miles to town, and I quite enjoyed the ride through the frost-painted country woods. I did a hard day's work that day, and at night was almost too weary to admire the flashes of gold and crimson flaming all along the road; but I had a list of some twenty five families who wanted a nice jar of baked beans delivered Saturday afternoon, for their Sunday breakfast, or dinner. Ah, there is where I made my money; but the savory appetizing food was well worth it.

I'll tell you how I cooked those beans, and unless you remember those your grandmother used to bake, you have never eaten any half so delicious. I first boiled the beans, until, raising them in a spoon and blowing them, the skins would roll back. Then I dipped them into clear water. Then I made ready my bean baker, by covering the bottom with nicely cut slices of that sweet fat pork. (Not raised entirely on those "heathen weeds;" plenty of good solid food had helped to bring that meat to perfection.) Then a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of molasses, and filled within a inch of the top with beans; water enough to cover. Cook slowly twenty-four hours. When they were done—oh, well, I only wish you could have tasted them! I sold them for twenty cents a quart. After John had figured up the cost of raising the pig and beans, we found that I cleared enough on them to pay all the expenses of the winter's schooling for the two girls, besides a number of nice articles of clothing which had hitherto been considered as unattainable luxuries.

Frank and Nannie had \$3 each to send to the heathen that fall, and John said our farm had never been so free from weeds. Added to this was the most perfect health which we had all gained by our outdoor work, to say nothing of the delicious Sunday dinners our customers enjoyed all winter. And looking at the subject from all sides, we consider it a pretty fair year's work.—The Ensign.

Always do the Best you Can.

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. When I was about to leave him, he took me between his knees, kissed me kindly, and then laying his hand on my head, he said, 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you.

Will you try and remember it?' I looked him in the face and said, 'I will, Grandpa.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is this: Whatever you have to do, always do the best you can.'" The gentleman goes on to say: "This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words, and have always tried to act upon them."

This was good counsel to every boy; and were he to lay it up in his mind and to act upon it in his life, it would prove of great value to him. It has been said that, "What is worth doing is worth doing well." No young man should attempt anything that is not worthy of his time and labor. But when he has wisely decided on what is thus worthy, it should be his aim and endeavor to perform it to the best of his ability. There should be no sham work about it, for such work never pays. It is work that is well done that best rewards its doer. Whatever a person's business may be, let him perform its proper duties in the best way that he can. Is he a tiller of the soil, let him be a model farmer. Let all the work on the farm be excellently done. Is he a mechanic, let him strive to be one of the best of the kind. Is he a professional man—a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or a clergyman—let his standard be high, and his work such as to exalt and adorn his profession. There are too many second and third-rate men in all the callings of life. Most men might do much better in these callings than they do. Were a young man on entering on any one of these callings, to set out with the determination to do his best, he would find himself well paid for the endeavor. He would be rewarded with greater success, and he would take greater satisfaction in his work. So was it in the case of the gentleman referred to at the beginning of this article, and so will it be in all like instances. The review of life, as a person approaches its end, in such a case, will be far more satisfactory than in the case of the person who had been actuated by no high and worthy aims.—Senex.

Deceiving Children.

A small boy in Chicago asked his parents to take him to ride, "It is too cold and unpleasant," they said. "Some warmer day we will have a ride." The little fellow urged them pleadingly to go, but to know purpose; "the weather was quite unfavorable." The boy threw himself upon a lounge, in his disappointment, and soon was fast asleep. The rumbling of the carriage on the paved drive-way, or something else, aroused him from his slumbers, and he sprang up and ran to the window just in time to see his father and mother disappearing in the distance. Turning to a servant in the house, with the air of one who felt that he had been outraged, he cried out, "There go two of the biggest liars in Chicago." Confidence in his parents was destroyed, probably for life. No amount of love or indulgence thereafter could atone for that wicked deception. One act has sacrificed the best thing in that family—filial love. There is no surer way of destroying the peace of a family than this, and yet it is not an infrequent method of dealing with children. The wickedest sort of lying in this world is that, which parents practice on their children.—Sel.

MR. GEORGE MULLER in answer to a gentleman who had asked how to have strong faith, said, "The only way," replied the patriarch of faith, "to learn strong faith is to endure great trials. I have learned my faith by standing firm amid severe testings."

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DEAR SIRS,—My children were taken ill with ulcerated sore throats bordering on diphtheria. I had nothing in the house but Hagyard's Yellow Oil which I used with great benefit. I am sure if it had not been for it the disease would have developed into diphtheria. It is a splendid medicine.

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Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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