

So Goes The World.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its
mirth,

It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air!
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared
wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Covenant Meeting.

As was usually the case, there were only a few out. The meeting was held on Saturday afternoon, and in that farming community the busy housewives did not always get the week's baking out of the oven, and the men all had odds and ends of work to gather up before the day of rest, but as usual, a few of the standbys had planned to come, and came, as they had done once in every two months for years.

To-day the covenant was read, as usual, and in his talk, the pastor asked casually if any one had any fault to find with it.

They each had something to say in response to this query in their plain, earnest remarks of renewal and consecration, and although they all expressed their need of God's help to enable them to keep this covenant, they had no fault to find with the beautiful sacred little pledge, until Mrs. Quimby was reached, in turn, when she said:

"I can get along very well with all the points of the covenant only the admonishing each other." Now I often see my brothers and sisters doing wrong, but I dislike to admonish them, as it is not pleasant for me to do so, and whenever I read the covenant over that comes up before me like a reproach, and I can't help wishing that injunction was not in the covenant, and she settled her wraps and looked around at everybody in general, and at one poor, meek little woman in particular, as much as to say, "Some of you would catch it, if I had courage to do my whole duty."

"Mrs. Lester," said the pastor, and the meek little woman responded very sweetly:

"That clause in covenant never impressed me in that way. It teaches me that charity which is love. I try to admonish myself, and if I keep Martha Lester all right I shall have enough to do without reproving my brothers and sisters, and when I pull up that little obnoxious weed, judging others, out of my heart, the desire to admonish is gone, and in its place we find sympathy and patience, and confidence to believe that our brothers and sisters know their own business, and are not obliged to parade their private affairs to satisfy any one's curiosity. We are all of us liable to misrepresentation, and as no one of us can lay down absolute laws for another to follow, would it not be best to leave this kind of criticism for the world, and allow the spirit of loving confidence to pervade the church family?"

"Look here now," said Brother Dillingham, rising. They all smiled, for bright and cheerful Brother Dillingham was quite apt to attract attention to himself by that little introduction. "Lok here, brethren and sisters, do you remember what Paul says to the Colossians: 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts, to the Lord.' And to the Corinthians he says, 'How is it then, brethren? When you come together every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying,' and 'Ye may all prophecy one by one that all may learn and all be comforted.' Now as I renew my covenant with my Father in heaven and His visible church on earth, I want to promise to keep particularly that part of the covenant where we pledge ourselves not to neglect the assembling ourselves together, and if we all follow Paul and come singing, with grace in our hearts, we shall lose the desire to blow one another up."

"I'm always up or down, and usually down," said Mrs. Thomson, "and I never know as any one wants to hear me speak or to speak to me, and I haven't usually much courage to come to a covenant-meeting, frequently, because I don't know but what I am neglecting my duty by not going around and admonishing

my brothers and sisters. I am glad I came to-day because I have learned that some others have the same feeling."

"I never thought of such a thing as reproving my brothers and sisters in the church," said happy little Mrs. Knight; "and I feel so different from Sister Thomson, I want to speak to everybody and I expect everybody to speak to me, and I should like to know what you all mean about admonishing. Is it because you think people are sinning against God, or against you yourself?"

Mrs. Quimby looked over at meek little Mrs. Lester, and they both smiled, and when the meeting broke up they shook hands.

"I'm glad this subject came up," said Mrs. Quimby. "I believe, after all, selfishness has been at the bottom of my desire to take people in hand. I have got some light and a good deal of help, and can renew my covenant with a whole heart dedicated to God's service, and I have lost the desire to admonish anybody."

I feel better," said Mrs. Thomson, going round and shaking hands cheerfully. "I mean to come to the covenant-meetings after this. I wish all the church-members would come and talk things over; I think there would be more union and more love in the church."

"The strength of the Baptist church is in the covenant-meeting," said the pastor, as he locked the conference-room door and handed the key to the sexton's wife, "and yet there is no meeting so neglected. What can be done to impress its importance upon the people?"—*Watchman.*

What The Deacon Said.

"Yes," said the deacon, "there's many a man who calls himself honest, that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked about if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I could not talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here, and these wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder."

"Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long time I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign mission Sunday was my rheumatiz day, regular, and I didn't get to church. Home mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd gen'ally a tech of neuralgy so I didn't feel like going out, and I stayed at home. Educational Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was going to be deaf, and oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on the Sunday for helping the Supernumeraries like as not my corns were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out."

"Wife wanted me to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to it. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks."

"And yet I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort of gradual, and didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losing business."

"Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was dreadful proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sunday night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by-and-by she got kind of quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she, 'Pa, will we have to pay rent in heaven?'"

"What?" says I, looking down at her, kind of astonished like.

"Will we have to pay rent in heaven?" says she again.

"Why, no," says I. "What made you think that?"

"Well, I couldn't get out of her for a long time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyhow, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house. But at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said, 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven.' And as the only real poor folks that Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven."

"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie about the 'many mansions' in our 'Father's house,' you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way—right before Nannie, too."

"I fixed up some pretty sharp threats to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry

to see him the next day in the cart. I began at him right off. He listened to everything that I sputtered out, and then he said, 'Well, deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making deposits,' and then drove off."

"Well, I walked over to my blackberry-patch and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of Foreign Mission Sunday and the rheumatiz, and Home Mission Sunday and the headache, and Bible Society day and the neuralgy, and Education day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I just knelt down there in the blackberry-patch and said, 'O Lord, I've been a stingy man, if ever there was one, and if ever I get to heaven, I deserve to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got back to thee.'"

"And I believe he's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting and giving. I did feel pretty sore over the first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving 'as unto the Lord' till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years."—*Selected.*

Ice People.

It is a great thing to have a loving heart. We are not all so gifted, but the soul that naturally has a large, warm heart, full of loving and lovable qualities, has a great advantage in many respects over others not so constituted. We find souls that seem to have been born not only in the tropics of God's "peculiar smile" in this respect, but in the sunniest atmosphere of human possibilities as well. These literally love their way through, where others have to work their passage, and that at the hardest. One has to fight self and an ugly, cold disposition at every step to be and to appear lovable, while the other only seems to have to move easily along in the common walks of life for everybody to love them and their way. We have cold-mannered people who seem to have been born in the frigid zone, and for the life of them they can't get over it even after they have moved into the Canaan of perfect love. You may want to love them, and yet somehow you are held off. Even they may not always be able themselves to soften up their excessive mannerism. It is one of the unfortunate things, but love is the best remedy. If that medicine does not cure it, write the thing incurable.

The best thing that we can do for such people is to love them. Nothing melts ice like heat. We need to remember that anything that is icy and cold is stiff, and can't have any freedom till it is thawed out. The cold-natured people need these warm-hearted people to love away their ice and chilliness. Perhaps there is no gift so little used for God as the gift of love. Cold-blooded people are easily chilled. They scent the chill a great way off, and often imagine that they are the object of distrust perhaps, when a lit le showing up of a warm, sympathizing, kind-hearted nature would do worlds for them.

What does all this mean? Why, that you, dear reader, owe it to God and man to do more at the work of loving people out of the bad, the uncomfortable, the chilly, the unsocial, the selfish, and ill-natured ways, into something good. Yes, more, love them up to God and heaven.—*Highway and Banner.*

A Penny a Day.

The *Missionary Herald* tells of a Scotch woman whose practice it was to give a penny a day for missions, to whom a visitor gave a sixpence to procure some meat on learning that she had not lately enjoyed that luxury. She thought to herself: "I have long done very well on my porridge; so I will give the sixpence also to God." This fact came to the knowledge of a missionary secretary, who narrated it at a missionary breakfast. The host and his guests were profoundly impressed by it, the host himself saying that he had never denied himself a chop for the cause of God. He therefore instantly subscribed \$2,500 additional, and others of the party followed his example, till the sum of \$11,000 was raised before they separated. This is a good illustration of the power of example. There is nothing so fruitful as self-sacrifice.

A Good Rule.

We recently quoted some excellent advice from Lord Dufferin's address to the Aberdeen students. The following extract we give by itself as deserving special note:

In the course of a somewhat varied public career I have had to arrive at decisions upon many momentous subjects, involving the welfare and happiness of thousands and thousands, I may say millions, of my fellow creatures. My practice

has always been, and I heartily recommend it to my young hearers, no matter how long or how carefully I may have been chewing the cud of reflection, never to adopt a final determination without shutting myself up in a room for an hour or a couple of hours, as the case may be, and then, with all the might and intellectual force which I was capable of exerting, digging down into the very depths and remotest crannies of the problem until the process had evolved clear and distinct in my mind's eye a conclusion as sharp and cleanly cut as the facets of a diamond. Nor when once this conclusion was arrived at have I ever allowed myself to reconsider the matter unless some new element affecting the question hitherto unnoticed or unknown should be disclosed.

Letting a Man Alone.

That a husband is sometimes silent and preoccupied does not argue that he is indifferent to his wife, writes Mrs. Phineas T. Barnum in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, he may feel depressed, and yet not feel that marriage for him is a failure; he may be captious and fretful, yet no irritation against his wife. I am not absolving men from the obligation to be agreeable to their woman-kind, nor extenuating their frequent infractions of the code of marital amenities; I am only assuring you, for your own good, that these things are often the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual discordance which you have not caused, and about which you would be unwise to grieve. Learn to wait and by-and-by you will find that business went wrong that day; or he sat in a draft, and all his bones ached with an incipient cold; or he had eaten an indigestible meal (not at home of course), and was depressed he knew not why. Wait! wait! and when you have found out what the matter was you will be thankful you did not weary him with foolish questions.

The Power of Sympathy.

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done to make others happy, found her young twin daughter silent. She spoke tenderly of habits and dispositions founded on the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Still these bright little faces were bowed in silence. The question was repeated. "I can not remember anything good all this day dear mother," said one of the little girls, "only a little girl, who sits with me on the bench at school, lost a little brother, and I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up, and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."—*Selected.*

NEVER BE IDLE.—Never sit down idle. If you have an hour, or ten minutes, or five minutes to wait between duties, take up a book, and learn something which will be of use to you, or take to do some little bit of work that needs to be done, or to write a letter that ought to be written. Learn thus to fill every moment of time, not allowing even a minute to go to waste. Then you will form a habit which will go all the way through life with you, and enable you to make your years really twice as long, and your life worth really twice as much to the world as if you should go along dropping and losing the fragments of precious time all the way.

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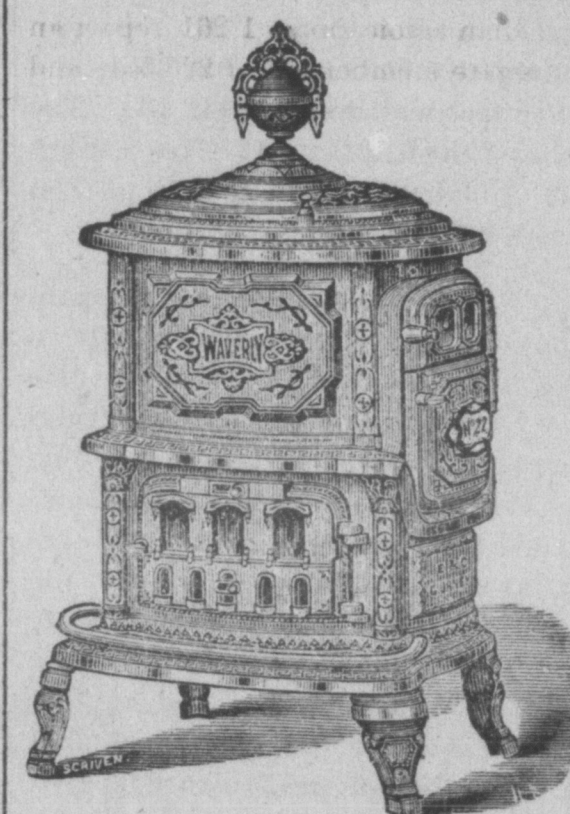
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I Can't, I Won't.

Three little boys in a row
Out in the snow at play
Their hearts are bright
On that glorious day
Three little boys with
Slide down a snow
And the names of the
Are "I Can't," "I Won't,"

But play must cease
Calls from the open
"Come, boys, here's
hand;
We must have it
"I Will" speeds it
mand,
With a cheerful air
And "I Can't" fills
and groan
And a weary and

But "I Won't," with
frown,
Goes sauntering do
And sullenly idles th
Till he thinks the
At school "I Will"
well,
And is seldom abs
"I Can't" finds th
"I Won't" hates l

So the seasons come
In their never-ceas
And each little boy
In the busy world
"I Will," with a con
And with high an
And the world is bet
And he gains both

"I Can't" finds life
He faints in adven
And spends his life
In hopeless pover
"I Won't" opposes
And scoffs at wha
And so in his selfis
He dies and is soc

Effie's Brother.

"And you'll be
Jenny Gray's
that Effie Dent
prised.
"Why, of course
let me," she an
do come when y
Jennie?"

"Yes," admitt
afraid you might
time. Come by
"Very well, I
come earlier than
musn't stay any lo
getting home mot
kept in."

Jenny nodded,
went dancing alo
to the big brick
lived. Jenny
merry, but to-d
happier than usu
for Jenny had a
all she could do
Effie.

"But I want it
her," she thought
the path. "Sh
year, when she
cushion on my
want to surpris

Effie Dent wen
alone. She and
home from schoo
erally lingered a
gate before the
minds to separa
asked Effie to co
and spend the r
if her mother w
She thought the
mission to go,
her box of paper
Jenny and Louie
until nine o'clo
and there would
day, and they w
as early as usual

Effie found he
getting supper.
if she could go t
night.
"Why, yes, of
mother. "The
for you, too.
a little while a
to come over th
he would crack
could make mo
Effie's eyes sa
"Oh, I'd rath
she said.
"But didn't
Jenny's?"

"Yes; but th
ma. I can go
"I think it
always keep a
"Oh, a prom
thing."

"It is just a
any one else.
your word as
people will so
one will feel
mise you mak
Frank's moth
Effie argued
a little, but h
she had to sub
much out of
came for her
"You can't
Effie," said M
"My red