

## WITNESSES.

"I am working alone, and no one heeds!"  
Who says so does not know  
There are clear eyes watching on every side,  
And wherever our feet may go,  
We are "compassed about with so great a cloud,"  
That if we could only see,  
We could never think that our life is small,  
Or that we may unnoticed be!

We seem to suffer and bear alone  
Life's burdens and all its care;  
And the sighs and prayers of the heavy heart  
Vanish into the air;  
But we do not suffer and work alone,  
And after a victory won,  
Who knows how happy the hosts may be  
Who whisper a soft "Well done!"

Oh, do not deem that it matters not  
How you live your life below;  
It matters much to the heedless crowd  
That you see go to and fro;  
For all that is noble and high and good  
Has an influence on the rest,  
And the world is better for every one  
Who is living at his best!

But even if human eyes see not,  
No one is unobserved—  
There are censures deep and plaudits high  
As each may be deserved:  
We cannot live in a secret place;  
There are watchers always by;  
For heaven and earth are full of life,  
And God is ever nigh.

Oh for a life without reproach,  
For a heart of earnestness,  
For self forgotten, for meanness slain,  
For hands well used to bless!  
God raises us far from little things,  
And make us meet to be  
Skillful workers here in the place we fill,  
And servants unto thee!

—MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

## There is no Past.

It was a favourite saying with Mother Henson, "There is no past." She was far along in years, with faculties undimmed by age, except that her eye had just lost somewhat of its lustre.

"Grandma," said Julia, her granddaughter, a rosy girl of twelve, "what do you mean by saying so often, 'There is no past'?"

Grandma Henson paused a moment and then replied: "When I was a little older than you are now I was overturned in a carriage and had my left arm sprained. In a few weeks it got well, and for forty-five years I forgot all about it. Then the lameness began to come back again, and whenever I take hold of any weight in a certain way the whole panorama—the day, the landscape, the carriage, those who were with me at the time of the accident, everything connected with it comes back to me and is as the present, and I say to myself: 'There is no past; it is all present.'"

"Do you see how your little sister Mary is learning to read? How she is teaching herself? Your Aunt Carrie did just that way. She would take her reader and sit down and read till she came to a strange word, and then spell it out loud and ask what it was. When Mary does just as my little Carrie did, those days all come back again, and I am in the midst of my little children, and I say to myself: 'There is no past; it is all present.'"

"When your father comes home from the office tired and worn, I see his father as he used to come home to me, and live over those happy days and forget for the time how long he has been gone from me. The past seems the present."

Julia grew more and more thoughtful as her grandmother went on, and at last she said: "You've had a great deal of trouble in your life, grandma; does that come back to you also?"

"Sometimes," replied Grandma Henson; "but I see how much good it has done me to have trouble, and so there is no sting in the remembrance of it. It hurts me most to see the consequences of the sins I have committed and the mistakes I have made, but even those I hope may have some good come out of them to me or somebody else. I have wasted many an hour in vain regret over mistakes and errors and sins, but I hope He that has promised to restore the years that the caterpillar hath eaten forgives and restores. He blots out our transgressions, and why should we remember them but only to forebode them? Yet their consequences remain with us through time and to all eternity. There is no past in one sense, it is all present."

Not long after this talk Mother Henson passed beyond the bounds of this life. Julia never forgot this conversation; and the enquiry kept rising to her lips as she engaged in her tasks or was tempted to do something of the propriety of which she was doubtful: "Do I wish to remember this when I am old? Can I carry the consequences of this act through all my life and beyond?"

**The Young Man who will be Wanted.**  
If we could only get the ear of that boy in school or that young man in college, we would say most earnestly to him that the time is coming, and perhaps not far distant, when you will be wanted. The opportunity is ready to develop

when, you will be needed, a most important opportunity, when, if you are ready, you can enter into a great life, a time which taken at its flood will lead on to fortune and to fame. This is a broad and populous country, and opportunities for eminent achievement and large usefulness are constantly occurring in religious work, in occasional work, in business, in professional life, or in politics, and the service of the country possibly in war. You may be wanted ever so much but if you are not ready when wanted you will be passed by. The opportunity, just the one you most like, will not wait for one not ready. Somebody else will take the place. You will certainly be wanted and you should be ready to respond at the right moment. The important places require men of character, fixed principle, education, power. No man gets mental power and discipline without hard stern work—and years of it. And no weak, undisciplined and unprincipled person is fit for command, or can ever expect to hold a commanding position. There is no lack of important positions for those competent to fill them. But it should be remembered that important positions can always find those able to fill them, and the world will not wait for you if you are not ready.

Many an old man to-day is looking back to see another in just the one place which was designed for him, and in which he might have been perfectly content, happy and useful, in which he might have done a great and important life work, and achieved distinction, but, when opportunity's hour struck, he was not ready; and he now feels that his life has been a failure, because he neglected to prepare himself for the time when he would be wanted. The late Professor H. B. Smith used to say to his students: "Young gentlemen, have a hobby, have a hobby," i. e., have some one line of study of which you will be master, when you will stand *facile princeps* and when opportunity calls you will be the one wanted. Always study with this thought in mind, that before long the opportunity will occur when you will be wanted.

## Beecher at Seventeen.

My first meeting with Henry Ward Beecher was in the early part of May, 1830. He was a classmate of a brother of mine, in Amherst College, and very close friends. The two were just out of their freshman year when, together with another college classmate, they walked from Amherst to my father's house at West Sutton for their spring vacation, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in the first paper on "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him," in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. At that time young Beecher was not quite seventeen years old, but so young and boyish was his appearance that no one would have thought him more than fifteen—an age when boys are usually awkward and painfully bashful. For that reason my family feared we might not be able to entertain or make the young man comfortable. But awkward he never was, and his roguish mouth, his laughing, merry eyes, his quaint humor, and his quick repartee soon dispelled all such anxiety.

Before the first evening he spent at our house had passed, none of the family felt him to be a stranger. My father was absent with some of his parents when the young man arrived, but returned in the evening when all were laughing heartily at some story Henry had just told. Father stood in the doorway—tall, dignified and somewhat stern, at such a tumult. When aware of his presence, my brother at once introduced his classmates.

Little by little the same subtle influence which had pervaded the whole evening's enjoyment stole over father's face, and long before it was time to retire, they were telling mirth-provoking stories as cheerfully as if they were boys together.

When, at length, the "good-nights" were exchanged, I left father and mother by the fire, while I made some preparations for breakfast. As I returned to the room, father was saying:—  
"Well he is smart! He'll make his mark in the world; if he lives."  
"Who, father?" I asked.  
"Why, that young Beecher."  
Such was Henry Ward Beecher when I first saw him; and, truth to tell, he was not remarkable for his beauty.

## A Grave Mistake.

Mr. Oakes was willing to give up his daughter Mary to a worthy man to be "his lawful and wedded wife," but until such time he wished to guide and govern her life according to his own ideas and inclinations. She was the only daughter and the only child at home, the sons having married and settled in homes of their own. They lived in a small inland town "far from the madding crowd."

Mary had had exceptional advantages. She had been graduated from an excellent institution of

learning; she had spent a year or two in European and Eastern travel; she was well qualified to teach the English branches, music, and painting; she had unusual vocal powers in song, and she longed to branch out for herself and lead her own life. But this was not at all according to her father's wishes. He was retired from business, and was content to stay by the fireside, and insisted that Mary should stay there, and that she should lead his and her mother's life of quiet routine, but to Mary of dullness and monotony. Mary had been so accustomed to implicit observance of the Fifth Commandment that her duty to herself was far less prominent in her mind than her duty to her parents, and she submitted to what she ought to have rebelled against, and conformed herself to the iron will of her father. Year after year passed, and Mary, who might have been a moulding power in the world, rusted in inglorious inactivity. How she envied those girls who earned their own money and could supply themselves with the various little luxuries that young ladies so much enjoy—girls who had a definite, positive aim and work in life, who had something to call out their latent powers, who were not tied at home to do work that any competent housemaid could do as well as they, and even better.

We have known so many lives spoiled by this course on the part of parents. Suitors were not good enough or rich enough, and were sent away, and lives that might have been fountains of life and beauty were dried up at their very sources.

Young people who stay at home after they reach maturity seldom emerge from their childhood. He was a wise father who, though abundantly able to support his children in idleness, broke up the family nest in order that the fledglings should be compelled to learn the use of their wings and make homes and careers for themselves.

## Striker Stowe's Way.

For years Striker Stowe, a tall, powerful Scotchman, had held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule. But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said:

"I shall never drink mair, lads. No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

The knowing ones smiled, and said: "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit, he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he emphatically. "How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It's now ten o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty."

From eight till nine he kept me, and I put down another dot. From nine till ten he kept me, an' noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these, I pray, 'O Lord, help me—help me to fight it for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wouldn't gie it up for anything. It is as if he took me by the hand, and said, 'Wark awa', Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearful. You teck care o' yer regular wark, and I'll see to the de'il an' the thirst, and they shallna trouble ye.'—H. C. Pearson, in *The Contributor*.

## How Savings Grow.

This incident, told in a St. Louis newspaper, shows how a small sum, deposited where it will draw a moderate rate of interest, will accumulate in the course of years. It ought to convey a lesson to young persons who think their savings are too small to be worth investing:

Some years ago a man entered the Boatmen's Savings Bank on Second street, in St. Louis, with a somewhat diffident air, and looked inquiringly about him as on not quite positive of his bearings. He scrutinized the building closely, looked about the interior, and presently found his way to the cashier's desk.

"There used to be a bank here in the old times," he said, "called the Boatmen's Savings Institution. I suppose it is dead long ago; this bank, of course, has nothing to do with it."

"It is the same bank," replied the

cashier, "only the name is a little changed."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, with surprise. "Well, when the old institution started, I was one of the first depositors, but I put in only \$100. I reckon, after so many ups and downs, that it must have been wiped out long ago."

"Who are you?" the cashier asked, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Jefferies."

"Thomas Jefferies?" cried the cashier.

"Yes; they called me Tom then."

"Where have you been, Mr. Jefferies, these long years, and why haven't you written us?"

"In California, and of course I thought the \$100 was a dead duck, and it's only your sign that called me in now."

"Well, Mr. Jefferies, if you have been idle," said the cashier, taking down and opening a great folio, "your hundred dollars has not; here it is. Your check on this bank to-day is good for \$7,875. You have only got to get some one to prove your identity and we will pay it over."

## Message of a Burning Bible.

Mr. J. H. McEwen says: "I knew a man, an avowed infidel, who hated God's Word with a most virulent hatred. To show his abhorrence of it he burned all the Bibles and books of a religious nature in his home. He resolved that never again should a page hearing the name of God upon it enter his house. Time passed on, and one day, as he was going through an old lumber room, he spied, under a heap of old books, the well-known covers. Kneeling down, he drew it out, and there met his eye the familiar words, 'Holy Bible.' With a frown of displeasure he lifted the book between his finger and thumb, as if its very touch would contaminate, and hurried downstairs and gathered the whole household together to witness the destruction of that Bible. The fire was stirred into a blaze, and the word of God cast into the flames. It fell wide open, and as the master of the house stood gazing over its destruction, and watching its leaves scorch and shrivel up, his eyes caught the words, 'Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds be reproved.' These words shot into his heart with sudden force. 'Ah,' he thought, 'That is just what I have been doing, hating the light, perhaps I am in darkness all the while!' By degrees the awful conviction forced itself upon him that he was going with headlong speed to his ruin. His anxiety grew, until he could bear it no longer. He knew a Christian whom he thought could help him. Going to his house, he told him his difficulty, and God's way of salvation was shown him. The result was that soon he accepted Christ, and became his most devoted follower."—*Christian Record*.

## Something Better Wanted.

An English nobleman sojourning in Brussels a century ago, was questioned by a lady, a disciple of Voltaire, who said:

"I think my Lord, that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed and most sensible men in the kingdom."

"True, madam," said the nobleman. "They are supposed to be so."

"What then, my Lord, can be the reason that they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?"

I suppose, "madam," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better in its place. When they can, I do not doubt they will readily accept it."

This is what the world is hungry for. Men want the best. They are waiting for improvements, and ready to take advantage of anything that is offered. But infidelity has never given man a decent substitute even for a false religion, to say nothing of something which can displace that which is true.

A healthy man with a long face; slanders God.

Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

## Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

GOOD FLAVORING EXTRACTS are cheaper than poor ones, because they go further. Try the "Royal" and be convinced.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made especially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday?—That was Mrs. B.—She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says:—"His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months have elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

## "August Flower" Lawn Tennis!

Racquets! Balls! Nets! Croquet! Fishing Outfits!

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy."

"I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache 'until I become sick and vomit."

"At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Oil and Silk Lines for Salmon and Trout; Flies—best home make; Hooks of all kinds; Gut; Casting Lines; Reels; Bait Boxes; Fly Books; Landing Nets; Bamboo Poles; Good Poles.

**Base Ball Goods.**  
Bats, Balls, Masks, Belts, Gloves, Hammocks.

All of which will be sold low to close out stock.

**HALL'S BOOK & NEWS STORE**  
FREDERICTON.

**BELYEA HOTEL**  
253, 255 and 257 Prince William St.,  
**Saint John, N. B.**

**JAS. L. BELYEA, Proprietor.**  
ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING.

27 Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this hotel every five minutes.  
Permanent and Transient Boarders Accommodated. Terms reasonable.

## NEW FALL and WINTER DRESS GOODS, &amp;c.

## Tennant, Davies &amp; Co

We are now showing a fine assortment of new DRESS MATERIALS in the latest styles and colorings. A splendid variety of

## BLACK DRESS GOODS,

IN PLAIN, STRIPES and FANCIES—quite new.

## LADIES' JACKETS and ULSTERS,

JACKET CLOTHS and ULSTERINGS.

TENNANT, DAVIES & CO.,  
202 Queen Street, Fredericton.

## SEPTEMBER 22nd.

## DAILY OPENINGS

## FALL GOODS,

## JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

## Sun Life Assurance Company.

## HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
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.	3,374,693.14
1880.....	141,402.81.	911,132.93.	3,881,473.09
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
1888.....	525,273.58.	1,874,316.21.	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52.	2,223,322.72.	17,164,383.08
1890.....	574,254.96.	2,911,014.19.	20,698,589.92

## The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN, PRESIDENT. R. MACAULAY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

**J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.**

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

**The Great Church LIGHT.**  
PRINCE'S Patent, Reducible give the Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Shop Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.  
L. P. FRANK, 651 Pearl Street, N. Y.

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