

## Beyond.

Beyond life's toils and cares,  
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and  
sorrow,  
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and  
tears,  
Will be a long, sweet life, unmarked by  
years,  
One bright unending morrow.

Beyond time's trouble I dream  
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark  
river,  
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful  
gleams,  
Its dark realities and brighter dreams,  
A beautiful forever.

No aching hearts are there,  
No tear-dimmed eye, no form by sickness  
wasted,  
No cheek grown pale through penury or  
care  
No spirits crushed beneath the woes they  
bear,  
No sighs for bliss untasted.

No sad farewell is heard,  
No lonely wail for loving ones departed,  
No dark remorse is there o'er memories  
stir'd,  
No smile of scorn, no harsh or cruel word  
To grieve the broken-hearted.

No long, dark night is there,  
No light from sun or silvery moon is given;  
But Christ, the Lamb of God, all bright  
and fair,  
Illumes the city with effulgence rare,  
The glory of heaven!  
No mortal eye hath seen

The glories of that land beyond the river,  
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,  
Its fadeless flowers, and the unchanging  
sheen  
Around the throne forever.

## The House on Seventh Street.

At first thought it was not very  
unlike the houses in which the  
majority of young people with mod-  
erate means set up house keeping.  
It was a two-story cottage, tasteful  
and modern without, and with an  
interior even more attractive, em-  
bodying, as it did, Mrs. Wilford's  
exquisite taste. Not that the fur-  
nishings were particularly luxurious,  
but the most artistic eye could find  
no false or unfortunate combina-  
tions in all its dainty completeness.  
In short, it was one of those homes  
which seem to impart to every crea-  
ture blessed enough to come within  
their charmed atmosphere some-  
thing of their own serene harmony.  
But if the house in Seventh Street  
was in no wise remarkable in the  
city of Weston, the same could not  
be said of its mistress, Louise Wil-  
ford. She was a delicate, sweet-  
faced woman, whose clear gray eyes  
had the faculty of spying out a hid-  
den sorrow, and offering their un-  
obtrusive sympathy in one com-  
prehensive glance. Her mother said  
of her, "Louise always had the  
most extravagant notions about the  
duty of everybody to everybody else.  
If marriage don't cure her nothing  
will." And Mrs. Wilford soon  
made it evident that marriage had  
not altered a peculiarity which was,  
indeed, a fundamental characteristic  
of her nature.

Her honeymoon was hardly over  
when what her friends called  
"Louise's oddity" began to assert  
itself.

"Fred" she remarked placidly  
one evening, as she and her husband  
sat together in their cozy parlor, a  
suggestive picture of domestic com-  
fort, "Fred, do you know I want  
to take a boarder."

Mr. Wilford dropped his book,  
and looked at his wife with an ex-  
pression of the utmost consternation.  
"Louise! What do you mean?  
Are you getting tired of my com-  
pany?" Then, more tenderly, "Don't  
I give you pin-money enough, dear-  
est? What is up anyway?"

"What a goose you are, Fred,"  
said Mrs. Frederick, dimpling ami-  
ably. "To think that I could ever  
get tired of you!" She slipped  
out of her chair and knelt by her  
husband's side, lifting her eloquent  
eyes to his face. "You know, dear,  
they say Mr. Maxwell is trying to  
leave of drinking."

Mr. Wilford nodded. He, with  
all other good citizens of Weston,  
was interested in the attempted re-  
formation of this brilliant young  
lawyer, who had come so near total  
shipwreck. But with the obtuse-  
ness common to mortals, Fred failed  
to see how this fact was related  
to his own personal comfort.

"And I've been thinking," Louise  
went on earnestly, that he must  
meet a great deal of temptation  
boarding at the hotels. And his  
wife can't come till September, Fred,  
he told me so himself. And I'd  
like to have him here with us that  
little while."

Mr. Wilford made a wry face.  
"Of course I admire your feeling,  
my dear girl but don't you think it  
is a little fanatical and—morbidity  
to sacrifice your home comfort for  
other people in that way?"

Louise's arm went round his

neck pleadingly. "Oh Fred! It's  
because my home is dear to me that  
I want to use it partly for others.  
We're not, you know, to sacrifice  
that which costs us nothing, and I  
want to offer Him the best I have."

Mr. Wilford gently kiss'd his  
wife's cheek. "You're right, Louise.  
I think you're always right. But I  
don't see," he added with a smile,  
"just how you're going to work  
your scheme on Maxwell. You can't  
say you want to reform him."

"Oh, I'll manage that," answer-  
ed Louise confidently. And she did  
manage it with a diplomacy strictly  
feminine. Mr. Maxwell was invit-  
ed to tea one evening, and, under  
the enchantment of the social at-  
mosphere, he himself hesitatingly  
made the proposition his hostess  
was so anxious to have him make.  
And if Louise ever thought regret-  
fully of the pleasant evenings she  
and Fred had passed alone together,  
she felt more than paid for her sac-  
rifice when, three months after,  
the lawyer's wife had looked her in  
the face and said, "Mrs. Wilford, I  
owe you all one woman can owe  
another. I believe that my hus-  
band's safety is due to you." And  
then the two women, strangers be-  
fore, had kissed each other and had  
clung to each other as sisters might  
have done.

The next guest at the house on  
Seventh Street was little Mary Mc-  
Intyre, whom Louise found in the  
third story of a tenement house,  
struggling, with a persistence pitiful  
to see, to finish some heavy sewing.  
The girl was recovering from a fever,  
and the lassitude of sickness was  
still upon her. She made a pathetic  
picture, with her pale face and lan-  
guid eyes, bending over the work  
her strengthless hands could hardly  
hold.

Mrs. Wilford looked at her grave-  
ly. "My child, you are not well  
enough to be at work," she said,  
laying her gloved hand upon the  
trembling fingers.

Mary answered this remonstrance  
with a wan smile. "But you see,  
I must live, ma'am" she said simply.  
"Certainly! and that is why you  
mustn't work at present," answered  
Mrs. Wilford. She took the girl's  
unresisting hand in her own. "I  
want you to come home with me,"  
she said, "and make me a visit un-  
til you are better."

Just what that visit meant in  
Mary McIntyre's life, even Mrs.  
Wilford never knew! The girl's  
starved nature drank in the beauty  
about her as a flower drinks in the  
dew and sunshine. Her soul and  
body alike gathered strength in  
this new atmosphere of kindness  
and tranquillity. For months it  
had seemed to the child that she  
was too busy, or else too tired, to  
pray. But now on her knees she  
begged God to give her an opportu-  
nity of doing something for this  
new friend. Modern cynicism to  
the contrary, gratitude is a flower  
that takes root as strongly as ever  
in the human heart, and blossom as  
beautifully, if only the right seed  
be sown.

Once indeed, Weston was arouse-  
d when it was rumored that a fal-  
len woman, who wished to escape  
from her evil life, had for several  
days been sheltered at Mrs. Wil-  
ford's home. People said indignantly  
that really Mrs. Wilford's car-  
ried things to excess, and asked what  
would become of the safeguards of  
society if every one followed her ex-  
ample. But before the calm candor  
of Louise Wilford's gray eyes, and  
in the presence of her womanly  
dignity, even ill-natured gossip was  
fain to lay its finger on its lips.  
And after a time Weston came to  
think and to say indulgently that  
Mrs. Wilford was really different  
from other people, and could do  
what no one else would think of  
doing.

The full history of the house on  
Seventh Street has never been writ-  
ten. No record has been kept of  
the tempted boys who have found  
at Mrs. Wilford's an attraction  
that was a safeguard to their un-  
way feet; of the homesick girls who  
have there forgotten their loneliness;  
of the heavy hearts whose beauty  
has cheered, of the lives its influence  
has made better. But the house on  
Seventh Street, like a city of old, is  
walled about by the prayers that  
rise for it, daily, from many grate-  
ful hearts.—*Presbyterian.*

## Accident vs. Disobedience.

"Didn't you see that child tum-  
ble?" "Oh, yes; but she didn't  
hurt herself." "Are you going to  
take no notice of it?" "Notice of  
it? Why, she didn't hurt herself  
one particle!"

"Do you mean to say you are  
not going to punish her at all?"  
She was very awkward. Don't you  
think you ought to break her of it?"  
"The idea of punishing a child  
for getting a fall! She is no more  
awkward than other children.  
Every child has its bumps. They  
are so close to the ground that little  
falls don't hurt them."

"But, for the child's good, you  
surely will take some notice of this.  
She ought to be taught to look  
where she is stepping, and this habit

of falling is broken up. Don't you  
think you ought to send her to bed,  
or not let her go driving this after-  
noon, or at least go and shake her,  
I think it is dreadful for her to be  
so careless."

"I don't understand you! How  
could I be so unjust? Shake my  
baby, and punish her because her  
precious little feet have walked the  
earth too short a time to take firm  
steps! You have strange ideas of  
right, and it is very evident you do  
not know a mother's heart."

"Hum—yes—but—yesterday  
afternoon your baby fell and you  
shook her, and called her a naughty,  
naughty girl, and kept her at home  
from the little tea-party, and sent  
her out of the room in disgrace.  
Why was she naughty yesterday  
and not to-day?"

"It was not for falling yesterday  
that I punished her, you know very  
well, but because she was disobedient,  
and had broken my lovely jar  
that I had told her not to touch."

"Then you punished her because  
she disobeyed you, and not because  
she was so unlucky as to fall and  
break the jar?"

"Certainly I did. I can not and  
will not have a disobedient child."  
"My dear, you are mistaken.  
You told her not to take anything  
on that table. She took that box  
off and you saw her take it and  
told her to put it back. She took  
that book and you let her have it.  
Then she started to take your hand-  
some jar, and when you called, she  
turned and fell and broke the jar,  
and you know what followed. If  
she had put it back on the table in  
safety would you have punished her  
for disobedience? She was no more  
disobedient in touching the jar than  
the box or book. Baby eyes don't  
guage obedience by money value.  
Honestly, did you punish her for  
disobedience or for an accident?"

"For all the handsome jars you  
own I would not have a child feel  
me so unjust as yours must you; for  
I heard the sobbing lips say, 'I  
didn't mean to break it; I slipped.'  
Children understand justice well,  
and, alas! for us and them, injustice  
as well."

Does the little incident need loca-  
tion or names? Could its location  
never have been our home? Could  
the mother never have borne your  
name, the child that of your little  
one? Not Happy mother and bless-  
ed child!—*Margaret Montgomery,  
in Home Maker.*

## A Life Wasted.

About thirty years ago a gentle-  
man from New York, who was  
traveling in the South, met a young  
girl of great beauty and wealth and  
married her. They returned to New  
York, and plunged into a mad whirl  
of gaiety. The young wife had  
been a gentle, thoughtful girl,  
anxious to help all suffering and  
want, and to serve her God faithfully;  
but, as Mrs. L., she had  
troops of flatterers. Her beauty and  
dresses were described in the society  
journals; her *bon mots* flew from  
mouth to mouth; and her equipage  
was one of the most attractive in the  
park. In a few months she was in-  
toxicated with admiration. She and  
her husband flitted from New York  
to Newport, from London to Paris,  
with no object but enjoyment.  
There were other men and women  
of their class who had some other  
worthier pursuit—literature, or art,  
or the elevation of the poor classes  
—but L.—and his wife lived solely  
for amusements. They dressed,  
dined, danced, flirted, hurried from ball  
to reception and from opera to dinner.  
Young girls looked at Mrs. L.—  
with fervent admiration, perhaps  
with envy, as the foremost leader of  
society. About ten years ago she  
was returning alone from California,  
when an accident occurred on the  
railroad train in which she was a  
passenger, and she received a fatal  
internal injury. She was carried in-  
to a wayside station, and there, at-  
tended only by a physician from a  
neighboring village, she died.

Dr. Blank has said that it was one  
of the most painful experiences of  
his life.

"I had to tell her that she had but  
an hour to live. She was not suffer-  
ing any pain; her only consciousness  
of hurt was that she was unable to  
move, so that it was no wonder she  
could not believe me.

"I must go home," she said im-  
peratively, 'to New York.'

"Madame, it is impossible. If  
you are moved it will shorten the  
time you have to live."  
"She was lying on the floor. The  
brakesman had rolled her coats to  
make her a pillow. She looked  
about her at the little dingy station  
with the stove stained with tobacco  
in the midst.

"I have but an hour, you tell  
me?"

"Not more."

"And this is all that is left me  
of the world? It is not much, doc-  
tor, with a half smile.  
"The men left the room, and I  
locked the door that she might not  
be disturbed. She threw her arms  
over her face and lay quiet a long  
time; then she turned on me in a  
frenzy:—

"To think all that I might have  
done with my money and my time!  
God wanted me to help the poor  
and the sick; it's too late, now.  
I've only an hour!" She struggled  
up wildly. "Way, doctor, I did  
nothing—nothing but lead the  
fashion! Great God! The fashion!  
Now, I've only an hour! An hour!"  
"But she had not even that, for  
the exertion had proved fatal, and  
in a moment she lay dead at my  
feet.

"No sermon that I ever heard  
was like that woman's despairing  
cry, 'It's too late!'"—*Selected.*

## Old Fashioned Words.

*Youth's Companion* calls atten-  
tion to the fact that many words  
and expressions which are now con-  
sidered provincialisms, were once  
classic English.

If an old woman "axes your par-  
don," she is speaking as the most  
careful English scholars spoke for  
hundreds of years, down almost to  
the end of the sixteenth century.  
Thus in Wycliffe's New Testament  
—about 1380—we read: "What  
man of you is, that if his son axe  
him breed, whether he wole take  
him a stoou?" And Coverdale's  
translation of the Gospel according  
to St. Matthew, published in 1535,  
has "Axe and it shall be given you."

So, too, when the same old woman  
says "piny" instead of penny, she  
is only following the ancient usage.  
In William Browne's "Britannia's  
Pastoral," printed in 1616, the  
poet contrasts "the ruddy piny wih  
the lighter rose."

It amuses the school-girl of the  
present day to hear lilacs called  
"laylocks"; but Walter Savage  
Landon always said "laylocks";  
following, as his biographer tells us,  
a pronunciation "traditional in  
many old English families."

When an Irishman speaks of his  
"fader and moder" he is guilty of  
nothing worse than talking older  
English than we are accustomed to  
hear. "Worschipe thi fadir and  
thi modir," says Wycliffe's New  
Testament.

The London *Athenaeum* recently  
printed a hitherto unpublished  
letter of the poet Gray, written in  
1791. It has to do with the ship-  
ping of some goods to Cambridge,  
and contains two flagrant "Ameri-  
canisms," so called. The goods, he  
says, may remain packed till he  
comes, "which will be in about three  
weeks, I guess"; and then he adds,  
"Mr. Gillam, I reckon, will stay  
for his money till I arrive."

Gray was one of the most learned  
men of his time, and a person of  
the most fastidious taste, yet he  
"guessed" and "reckoned" like any  
country Yankee. In other  
words these two "Americanisms"  
are simply English forms of speech  
which have gone out of vogue in the  
mother country, and which for that  
reason have a novel, "American"  
sound to the modern English tour-  
ist.

"Axe," "laylock" and the like are  
now vulgarisms, and as such are to  
be avoided, but it is well enough to  
know that they were once as well  
received in good society as their suc-  
cessors are at present.

## Work and Success.

Work does win. Such instances  
as this are not rare enough to be ex-  
ceptions to the rule:

When it was announced recently  
that a new president had been ap-  
pointed for one of the largest railway  
systems in the world, the question  
chiefly asked in newspaper and fi-  
nancial circles was: "Who is he?"  
Then it was found that a certain boy  
who left a New York farm some  
thirty odd years ago has since been  
quietly, faithfully engaged in the  
railroad business, working his way  
up from the lowest point, thinking  
not so much of money-making as of  
the discharge of the duties before  
him, keeping out of all speculation—  
it was found that this farmer boy is  
regarded as one of the best managers  
in the country. This is another in-  
stance where brains and quiet faith-  
fulness have brought a man to the  
highest point in his profession.

"After all," said one newspaper,  
commenting on this appointment,  
"it isn't such a long distance from  
a grocery store to a railroad presi-  
dency for a forceful man."

## Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

C. C. RICHARD & Co.

*Strs.*—I was formerly a resident of  
Port La Tour and have always used  
MINARD'S LINIMENT in my house-  
hold, and know it to be the best  
remedy for emergencies of ordinary  
character.

Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

A BOUQUET of enchanting sweetness  
—"Lotus of the Nile" Perfume.

Why will you allow a cough to la-  
cerate your throat or lungs and run the  
risk of filling a consumptive's grave,  
when, by the timely use of Bickel's  
Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can  
be allayed and the danger avoided.  
This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and  
unsurpassed for relieving, healing and  
curing all affections of the throat and  
lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.,  
etc.

1891 SPRING 1891  
JOHN J. WEDDALL.

AN IMMENSE STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

## -Dress - Goods-

A MAGNIFICENT SHOWING.

## PRINTS AND SATEENS

Ahead of any former year and that means a great deal

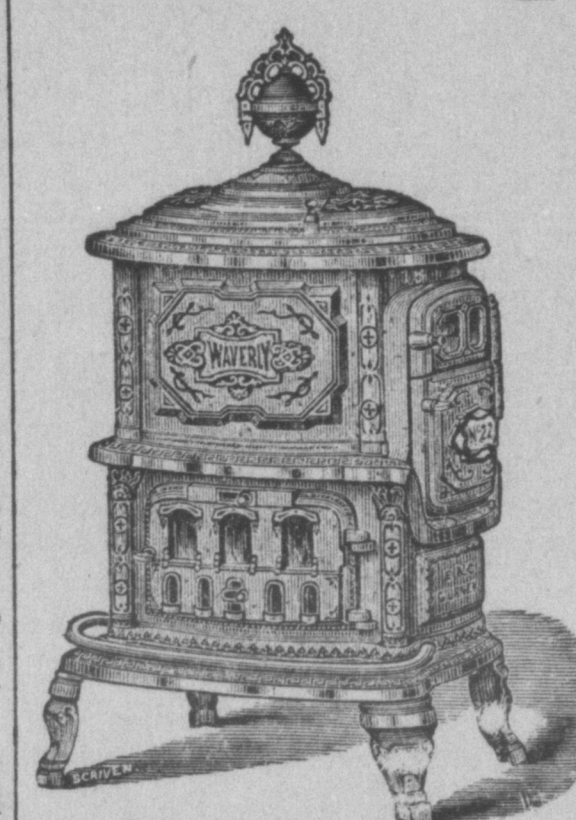
## JACKET CLOTHS.

All the Newest Materials in TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS.

We always take the lead.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

## STOVES. STOVES.



Cook Ranges and Stoves

Both to Burn Coal or Wood.

Self Feeders Hall & Parlor Stoves

FOR COAL OR WOOD.

Dining & Bedroom Stoves

For sale at the usual low prices.

CALL AT

NEILL'S  
STOVE WAREROOMS.

And examine his large and well-assorted  
stock of Stoves! Remember the old stand,  
just opposite the County Court House,

348 TO 354 QUEEN ST.

## 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.....	1,804,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,685.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,330.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,873.77
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.....	1,974,316.21.....	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. GUNTER, General Agent.

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



DE LOW'S  
WORM SYRUP  
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS  
OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR  
ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND  
CANNOT HARM THE MOST  
DELICATE CHILD

## Nova Scotia Hotel.

Reed's Point, Prince William  
St. St. John.

JAS. L. BELYEA, Proprietor.

Permanent and Transient Boarders  
accommodated on the most reasonable  
terms.

This Hotel is in close proximity to the  
American and Nova Scotia steamers

SHOVELS and SPADES.

Just received from the factory:  
30 DOZEN Steel Shovels and Spades  
and for sale by  
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

## 1888 UNIVERSITY 1888

New Brunswick  
And all COLLEGES in the Mar-  
time Provinces.

The Plays of Moliere, at Hall's Book Store  
The Works of Racine, " "  
The Works of Corneille, " "  
The Works of Chateaubriand, " "  
Turrell's Lecons Francaise, " "  
Pujols French Class Book, " "  
Gammare Francaise par F. P. B., " "  
Le Luthier De Cremonne par Coppes, " "  
La Joie Fait Fureur, by De Girardin, " "  
Causeries Avec Mes Eleves par  
Sauveur, " "  
Sainteury Primer of French " "  
Literature, " "  
Sper and Surennes French and  
English Dictionary, " "  
French Treasor by De Porquet, " "  
Sequel to French Treasor by De  
Porquet, " "  
Elementary French Grammar, " "  
Daval, " "  
M. S. HALL,  
Next door to Staples' drug store, Fisher's  
Building, Fredericton.

## Spring Goods,

WM. JENNINGS,  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Is now showing SPRING OVER-  
COATINGS in Worsted and  
Meltons.

## Spring Suitings.

Fancy Trowerings in Worsted and  
Woolens, Plain and Fancy Serges in  
Blacks and Blues.

WM. JENNINGS,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley