

The Devil.

Men don't believe in the Devil now.
As their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest
creed.

To let his Master through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot,
Or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air to-day,
For the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught
That palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year
With ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day,
With the fiery breath of hell?
If the devil isn't and never was?
Won't somebody rise and tell!

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint,
And digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time
Wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be,
And of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work,
The devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about,
As a roaring lion now,
But who shall be held responsible for
The everlasting row,
To be heard in home, in church, in state,
To the earth's remotest bounds,
If the Devil by a unanimous vote,
Is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith
And make their bow and show,
How the frauds and the crimes of a single
day spring up?
We want to know,
The devil is fairly voted out,
And of course the devil's gone,
But simple people would like to know
Who carries the business on.

"Aunt Deborah" on the Woman Question.

My Dear Amelia:—Perhaps it
aint the best time to reply to your
last letter, when I'm so kinder riled
and upset as I am this mornin',
havin' just come in from argyfyin'
with my neighbor, Miss Mallitt,
down by the garden fence, where we
was both pickin' blackberries for
jam. But as our conversashun was
jes' in a line with your question as
to my opinions concernin' femal
dellegashun, I'll proceed to anser.
You see the presidin' elder was here
last week, and informed the offishal
board that the question must be
voted on soon, accordin' to the order
of the General Conference; and
since then the whole church hasn't
talked of nothin' else, especially the
wimmin folks. Miss Mallitt has
been dreful tetchy on the subject
ever since the last General Confer-
ence, when she got so disappointed
bekuz the wimmin didn't git in. I
remember now how scornful she
looked as she threw down the
Advocate, and sez, sez she:

"Well we aint ministers, and we
aint laymen. What under heaven
air we?"

"Wimmin, thank the Lord!" sez
I. "I'd rather be a good woman to
be an angel."

"O you poor down trodden
creature!" sez she. "You ought to
stand up for your rites."

"I've had more rites all my life
than I've known what to do with,"
sez I, a thinkin' how that very min-
it I had a perfect rite to keep sweet
and patient if I could. But it's
foolish to git annoyed with Jane
Mallitt, for she's all alone in the
world, and always will be, I'm afear-
ed, while I have my dear Caleb, and
the children and grandchildren to
come home to see us. By the way,
your cousin Caroline's here now with
her three little ones, while John's
tut West on business. Well, Jane
and I haven't talked over the matter
very much during the months, untill
now that this comin' election has set
all the bunnits to shakin', and Jane
at once took it upon herself to go
'round and try to stir up a strong
sentiment in favor of wimmin dele-
gates, and has invited all the femal
members of our society over twenty-
one to meet in her parlor to-morrow
and discuss the question. So this
mornin' when I saw Jane's sun-
bunnet down in her blackberry vines,
I thought it was a good opportunity
to kill two birds with one stone, and
took a two quart pail, and went
down on my side of the fence. Well,
words were thicker'n blackberries,
and though nothin' unkind or
personal was said, I knew that by
the way Jane jerked the fruit off'n
the bushes that our friendship was
a-tremblin' in the balance, and havin'
had my say, I come back to the
house. But jest as I started, Jane
sez, sez she, a-trin' a final shot:

"It's wimmin like you, Mis' Lewis,
that keeps back THE CAUSE."

She pronounced the last two words
as if they was printed in guilt and
was a yard long.

My first objection to this femal
dellegashun is that it's agin' natur.

It seems to me that fac's too plain
to be aryfide. It may be bekuz
I'm an old woman, without much
eddicashun, and behind the times,
but somehow I can't see wimmin

a-pushin' themselves forward and
takin' of the men folks, with ut I
feel sother sorry and shamed-like
sawin' my daughter Caroline
sho'd take a singin' bass! Why
can't wimmin be content with their
glorious birthrite, and not hanker to

sell it out for a mess of politiks?
Why can't they wear the dimond
crown the Lord has given them,
without longin' to change it for a
stove-pipe hat?

It's a good thing to make a right-
eous law. It's a grander privilege
to bear and train a righteous law-
maker. When President Garfield,
at the hite of honor, on the steps of
the nashun's capitol, bent and kissed
his dear old mother, I don't believe
that blessed woman wished she had
spent her time on public affairs, and
had left James to shift for himself.

To keep one spot in this world clean
and bright, and full of the sperrit of
the Master, is to work with God and
for God on the highest lines. It
strikes me that when the work that
naturally falls to a woman—work
that men can't do, nor angels either
—is done, and well done, as un'o
the Lord, there aint much time left
for gallivantin' to conferences and
conventions. Only the other day,
Jane Mallitt and Mis' Peters come
to urge Caroline to go with 'em to
the two days' sufferage convenshun
down to Burville. Of course, Jane's
free to come and go as she likes,
although she resigned from the com-
mittee our pastor appointed to visit
the poor and sick, bekuz she said she
had no time to attend to it. Mis'
Peters has a husband and several
young children, but she's always
a-tellin' how she hain't enny skope
for her natural abilities, and that
she's hemmed in and trod under by
circumstances. Her boy Johnny
would afford skope enough for the
brain and nerve and soul and eddic-
ation of two wimmin more gifted
than Sister Peters, and I notice that
he's takin' to stayin' out late nights
resently. Well, Mis' Peters said
she could go to the convenshun just
as well as not, bekuz she has sech a
"reliable hired gal." She told
Caroline it would be a grate loss to
miss the speeches and the recepshun
and so forth. But Caroline said No,
in her pleasant, quiet way. That
evenin' I looked into the spare bed-
room jest at dusk, as I have a habit
of doin' lately. The lamp was turn-
ed down soft, and Caroline sot there
in her white dress, lookin' like a
Madonner, with little Joey cuddled
up close against her bosom, and his
big brown eyes a-smilin' up into her
lovin' blue ones. Lois and Harold,
in their pretty night-gowns, sot on
low hassocks at her knees; and they
were all singin', all but the baby,
who kept up a comfortable little
croomin' sound:

"I think when I read that sweet story
of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like
lambs to His fold,
I would like to have been with Him
then."

I stood in the door, feelin' as if I
must take the shoes off'n my feet.
It was so holy and peaceful and up-
liftin'. It seemed as if there was
wings a-rusin' in the room, but I
suppose it was the curtains blowin'
gently and the ivy-leaves outside.

Caroline looked like she belonged
there insid' of down to Burville.
Wimmin's rites! Dear me! Do
you think Caroline would give up
the rite to sing those babies to sleep
even for one night, for the sake of
jumpin' up and yellin' "Mr. Presi-
dent!" a whole month in the
General Conference! After I had
looked at the lovely picter a few
minnits, I went down cellar to see
if the lemon jill I'd made for old
Mis' Burton was sot, and findin' it
ready for use, I put on my bunnet
and start-d out dish in hand. When
I was passin' Mis' Peterses gate I
heard a sobbin' and sighin' in the
dark, and there was little Marjory
Peters five years' old hangin' onto
the gate and a-cryin' as if her hart
would brake. She oughter a ben
in bed an hour before. She had a
great chunk of rasin-cake in one
hand that warn't enny more fit for
her baby stomach (than a raw perta-
ter; but it seems her par had given
it to her in dier dispare. But it
didn't comfort her a bit. When I
sez:

"What's the matter, Marjory?"

She sez, pitiful enough to brake
a hart of sun:

"Marma's gone! I want my
marma."

I sot my jell onto the gate-post,
and took the poor little creature into
the house and looked for that "reli-
able gal" of Mis' Peterses. The
supper dishes warn't done up, two
of the boys was a fitein' and callin'
names and a-raisin' rim generally.
Mary Eiza, the oldest gal, was
paradin' 'round in her mar's widdin'
gown, and the whole place was up-
side down. The lamp was all
smuggy and smokin', and it warn't
a spot a-tired man would want to
sit down into, and I didn't wonder
that poor Abram Peters was out to
burn a hitchin' up the old grey mair
to go to Balto'an, 't'other direction
from Burville. I found the "reli-
able gal" a-readin' a novell in the
store-room, and handed over small
Marjory, still cryin', and her little
lee and hands all grimy and sticky.

Men can't be good wives nor mothers
nor sisters if they try to be, so when
the wimmin get tired of bein' what
the Lord made 'em, what's goin' to
become of the world? I want away

from the Peterses sick at hart, and
saw Johnny Peters sittin' onto a
barrel down to the grocery, a-smokin'
a sigeret (which I can't spell,) with
a lot of men and boys, as I went by.
When his mar gits to makin' laws,
he'll be ready to brake 'em.

Woman's kingdom is to home. I
don't a-bit believe that even the
perlite gentlemen, who voted for
admission of wimmin to the General
Conference, would one of 'em be
willin' to stay to home, and cook,
sweep, dust, mend, and mind the
children, while his wife went to
make the laws of the Church! Bah!
It's too ridiculous to write about
another minnit. As I said at first,
it's agin' natur.

Then to my mind, femal dellega-
shun is agin' Scripture. I believe
that a woman's soul is quite as val-
uable as a man's, and that the Lord's
grace is as free to one as to the
other; but the apostle sez plane
enough over and over, that it's the
men who are to govern Church
affairs. I'm glad of it. The Lord
knew that wimmin's hands would be
full without that. Now that the D.
D.'s air quotin' nearly all the Scrip-
ture there is on this subject, I wont take
your time to give references. But
there's one sentence I aint seen
mentioned, which I'll point out
presently, which I think settles the
matter. If wimmin air recognized
as bein' ekwil with men in privi-
leges of Church legislatin', what on
airth's to hinder them from bein'
ordained preachers and bishops.
That's jest where this new-fangled
road brings up! Think of it! A
bishop a studyin' Buttrick's fash-
ion-book, and comin' out in her new
spring bunnit and other duds! Now,
the Scrip-ter clearly states that "a
bishop shall be the husband of one
wife." It don't say nothin' about a
bishop bein' the wife of one husband.
Don't that show that the apostle
hadn't no idee of wimmin ever fillin'
that offis? If they carry the day—
the Jane Mallitt set, I mean—
there's goin' to be a dreful mixed-
up state of affairs in Church and to
home.

However, it's likely to be proved
that the majority of wimmin sink
from the idee. The most on 'em
would rather see that John gets off
after a good breakfast with his
clothes brushed, and a clean hand-
kerchief in his pocket, and a lovin'
kiss on his lips; and they will take
more pride in keepin' everything
straight in his absence, and more
comfort in readin' a daily love-letter,
and keepin' up with the printed re-
ports, than in debatin' and votin' in
the General Conference.

Now, my dear Amelia, I don't
pretend to have covered the ground,
and I know I'm an old fogey, but
you asked for my opinion, and here
it is.

Your affecshunate aunt,
DEBORAH BROWNLOW LEWIS.

P. S.—You may object that my
letter pertains only to married wim-
min. Well, I don't know menny
single wimmin but what expect to
get married sometime. The most
learned of 'em all air apt to drop
their Greek and mathematics and
politicks when the rite one comes
along, and take to home-makin' and
baby-tendin' like birds to nest-
buildin'. It's that natural and
ordained from the beginnin'. I
wouldn't reske even a femal Seenyur
Rangler. (Not that I'm down on
book-larnin'. The more the better,
pervided prakтика's aint crowded to
one side.) I think that God calls
some wimmin to walk alone, and
some of the finest and helpfulest
ones at that. There's Mehitabel
Wells a supportin' of her blind
mother; and Helen Easter, whose
lover died in war; and Julia Evans
—why that peaked little sister-in-
law of hern couldn't live a week and
manage her five children if Julia
warn't right there. Then there's
some, to be sure, who say that they
"wouldn't marry the best man
livin'" which I don't see as how
they could I've got him. But bekuz
sing' gals is sing' aint no reason for
takin' off enny of the dignity and
glory of bein' a good wife and
mother, nor for tearin' up the found-
ashins of the airth and tryin' to
improve on the Lord's plan.—D. B.
L., in Chris. Advocate.

"Don'ts" for Young Writers.

Under this head the Writer
presents a few of the many annoy-
ances to which editors are often
subjected at the hands of contribu-
tors and correspondents. They
apply, however, to old as well as
young writers, and are as follows:

Don't punctuate your manuscript
with dashes in place of commas,
semicolons, and periods. A manu-
script which is not worth the trouble
of punctuating properly is not worth
sending. If you don't know how to
use commas, semicolons, and periods
correctly, learn.

Don't spin out an involved sen-
tence over a whole page. Shorten
or divide the sentence, and see how
much more direct and forcible they
will be. If an editor kindly
straightens, polishes, or condenses
your English for you, don't fly at
him wrathfully with a charge of
"mutilating" your copy.

If an article is declined, don't
send long letters beseeching or de-
manding the reasons, and asking all
manner of criticisms, comments, and
directions for future attempts. Save
your time and stamps.

Don't send directions that such
words of your copy must be italiciz-
ed. Every publication has its own
standard of taste about such matters,
and will probably adhere to it. If
an article offered in summer, but
suited only to the depth of mid-win-
ter, is accepted, to be used "when
seasonable," don't be in in Septem-
ber writing letters to know if it has
been published, when it will be
published, and why and wherefore
it has been delayed so long.

In short, don't make your corre-
spondences troublesome and exacting
that your work won't be wanted on
any terms.

A Word to Young Men.

Water is the strongest drink. It
drives mill; it's the drink of lions
and horses; and Samson never drank
anything else. Let young men be
teetotallers if only for economy's
sake. The beer money will soon
build a house. If what went into
the mash-tub went into the knead-
ing-trough, families would be better
fed and better taught. If what is
spent in waste were only saved
against rainy days, poor-houses need
never be built. The man who spends
his money with the publican, and
thinks the landlord's bow and "How
do you do, my good fellow?" mean
true respect, is a perfect simpleton.

We don't light fires for the her-
ings' comfort, but to roast him.
Men do not keep pot-houses for
laborers' good; if they do, they cer-
tainly miss their aim. Why, then,
should people drink "for the good
of the house?" If I spend money
for the good of the house, let it be
my own—and not the landlord's. It
is a bad well into which you must
put water; and the beer-house is a
bad friend, because it takes your, all,
and leaves you nothing but head-
aches.

He who calls those his friends
who let him sit and drink by the
hour together, is ignorant—very
ignorant. Why, red lions, tigers,
eagles, and vultures are all creatures
of prey, and why do so many put
themselves within the power of their
jaws and talons? Such as drink
and live riotously, and wonder why
their faces are so blotchy, and their
pockets so bare, would leave off
wondering if they had two grains of
wisdom. They might as well ask an
elm-tree for pears as to look to loose
habits for health and wealth. Those
who go to the public house to find
happiness climb a tree to find fish—
Surgeon.

How TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.—
Take time; it is no use to fume or
fret or do as the angry housekeeper,
who has got hold of the wrong key,
and pushes, shakes and rattles it
about the lock until both are broken
and the door is still unlocked.

The chief secret of comfort lies in
not suffering trifles to vex us and in
cultivating our undergrowth of small
pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as
as you will regard them a month
hence.

Since we cannot get what we like
let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty,
it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking glass.
Laugh at it and it laughs back;
frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts enker the mind
and dispose it to the worst temper
in the world—that of fixed malice
and revenge. It is while in this
temper that most men become
criminals.

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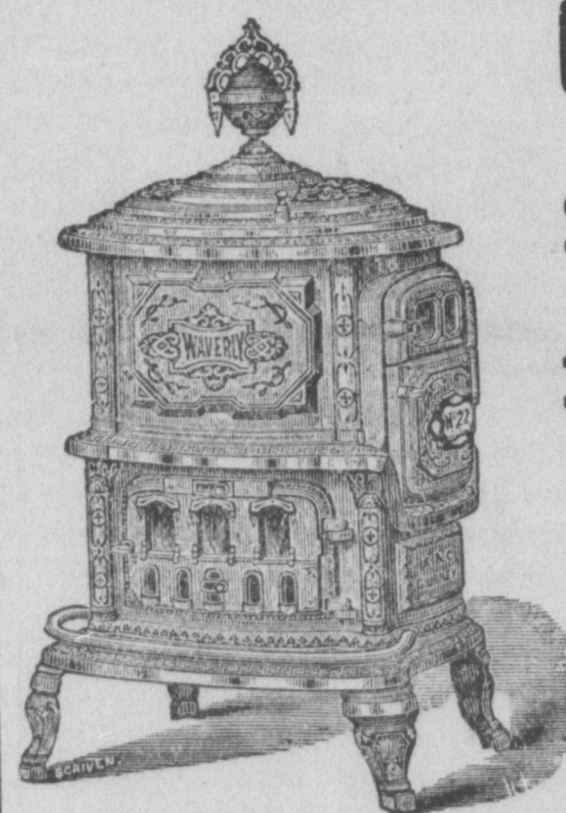
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1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1886.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1888.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,368.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
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