

Compensation.

I am only a burden," the pale wife said,
As she wearily moved in her invalid
chair;
"The rue is green but the rose is dead,
And shadows at noonday rest every-
where.
There are pleasant paths that my feet
might find
Were they not prisoned within my home,
Since flowers are with faded leaves entwined
For those who in sunny places roam.

"Just now in the midst of the passing
throng,
The fair young face of a woman shone
Who in lieu of right, and in scorn of wrong,
Has battled more years than I have
known,
She has gathered strength in the toil and
strife,
And her good deeds are making a sweet
refrain;
While the blighted bloom of my sinless
life
Is lost in the rest enforced by pain.

"Another, a friend of my school-days
bright,
Has written a book which brought her
fame,
And another, unaided, has climbed the
height
Where the votary of science writes his
name;
My dearest friend, with an artist's eye,
Read nature where the sweet lights
shine,
Transmuting the beauty of earth and sky
Into a picture of rare design.

"But I am a prisoner from morn till night,
The gates of the roses are barred to me;
And time will hasten me on with its flight,
'Till dead leaves fall from the household
tree,
And the song will be unwritten still;
Its tender measures will ne'er be heard,
While the heart that I have so longed to
thrill
By the song of another will be stirred."

Thus weeping for life's witholden bliss,
She lay on her pillow, faint and weak,
When love came to her and pressed a kiss
On the sweet white roses of her cheek;
And the lips of a king breathed loving
words
Which they never had breathed to
another ear,
And what cared she for the song of birds,
Or whether the roses were far or near.

"My darling," he said, "with the beautiful
soul
Of an angel, veiled in suffering's guise,
You have led my steps 'till they reached
the goal
But to draw from your own true heart
the prize.
I wear your honors, my precious one,
In the song that brings me fame today,
And all I have wrought or wished or won,
As the altar of your love I lay."

"I am more than recompense," she cried,
On she lifted her streaming eyes above;
"What am I, Lord, that all my pride
Should be crowned with the royalty of
love?
I asked in blindness to write my name
On the shifting sands of a thankless
shore,
And lo, the king giveth me his fame,
And his signet of honor, forever more."
—Selected.

"Don't Preach; Just Talk."

It was a rainy Sabbath, and but
very few were present in the little
country church. As the preacher
came in, some of the sisters gathered
about him and said:

"Don't preach to us to-day, brother;
just talk to us."

How many long-suffering congregations,
with systems rasped under the
loud, shrill, high-pitched tones
of the preachers, if they could only
find a voice during the sermon,
would cry out to the pulpit:

"Don't preach to us any longer;
just talk to us!"

Hooker, in his "Ecclesiastical
Polity," tells of the complaint of
the people about the preaching in
his day: "Some take but one word
for their text, and afterwards run
into the mountains so that we cannot
follow them, not knowing how
they went up or how they will come
down again."

So some preachers no sooner name
their text, than they mount up into
a high swelling tone, as far removed
from the ordinary way in which a
man talks as the East is from the
West; and having once mounted,
they never come down again until
the end of the sermon.

Etymologically, the sermon, or
homily, is a talk, and not a speech;
a conversation, and not an oration.
The best rule, then, for the ordinary
preacher is, to make the conversational
style the basis of his delivery.
Not that he is never to rise from
this, but let this be the point from
which he starts out as his fervor
leads him, and to which he returns
after a short excursion. The follow-
ing advantages will result: the pre-
acher will not be so much in danger
of wearying himself. One may talk
for hours in conversation without
fatigue. It is the unnatural, decla-
matory tone that makes the throat
ache. Again, he will not be so
much in danger of wearying the
people. One may listen to a conver-
sation for hours without feeling
tired, but one cannot listen to a
person declaiming in a uniform
pitch for half an hour without fairly
aching. In conversation one varies
his tone to suit the thought, while
one who declaims is in danger of

keeping one pitch for all kinds of
thought. To be sure there are
some in every congregation who
think the preacher tame who only
talks. "How do you like our new
preacher?" said one neighbor to
another. "Oh, he is improving won-
derfully; he preaches louder and
louder!" But those who have only
this test—in any congregation—are
comparatively few.

A preacher who talks to people
will be less liable to fall into affecta-
tion and cant. Said the colored
brother, "De new preacher is mo'
larnt dan Mistah Boles; but bless
you, sah! he ain't got de doleful
sound like Mr. Boles had. No in-
deed!"

But if a man assumes a preaching,
and doleful tone the moment he
enters the pulpit he cannot but be
guilty of affectation; his tones cannot
be a true index to his feelings.
There are some good souls, indeed,
upon whom the doleful tone seems
to act as a kind of charm. They
will close their eyes and float to
heaven under the influence of the
preacher's tone, without any regard
to what he is saying. But it is safe
to say that while one in a congrega-
tion under a preaching tone will
close his eye, and soar to heaven,
ten will close their eyes and sink to
sleep.

If one speaks in the tone of conver-
sation, he will use the short,
simple words of conversation. Nothing
is more manifest than that the
pulpit should use, not the artificial
words of books, but the simple, com-
mon words of life. Great swelling
tones necessarily draw after them
"great swelling words." All suc-
cessful evangelists are colloquial
and conversational in their preach-
ing.

A Lesson in Self-Denial.

It was during the financial panic
of 1879, a year long to be remem-
bered in commercial circles, when vast
fortunes were swept away in a
moment, and men who had hitherto
laughed at the breakers, were driven
helpless to the wall.

Millborough was a town of large
manufacturing interests, and in no
place was the depression more keenly
felt. One by one the great mil-
lowners had succumbed to the pres-
sure; until every factory in the city
had shut down, thus throwing out
of employment fully one-third of
the city's population. There had
been few failures on the part of the
manufacturers, it is true, but the un-
certain state of the markets called
for the greatest conservatism on their part.

The stone church on Blake street,
with which our story has to do, was
primarily a mission, but for a num-
ber of years past it has been not
only self-supporting, but prosperous
in a degree. Mr. Whitely, who had
labored for the church for two years,
had done so at a great sacrifice.
Still the circumstances had seemed
to demand a man of his ability, and
his success had been such that his
people had felt warranted in prom-
ising him for the next year a support
more nearly commensurate with his
services.

Fully one-fourth of the member-
ship of the Stone street church be-
longed to the laboring class, and
while they had thus far cheerfully
borne their share of the financial
burdens, any help from them at this
time was clearly out of the question.
Nevertheless it had been decided to
make a thorough canvass of the
membership, and if possible to re-
tain the beloved pastor.

Among those who had been ap-
pointed to this work was Mrs. John
Middleby. At this moment she was
standing by the window, tapping
meditatively upon the pain with her
pencil.

"John!" Mrs. Middleby studied
the blank book in her hand very
intently, for a moment, before she
continued, "Don't you think, John,
we might double our subscription
this year?"

"Why, I'm sure I hardly know,"
said John. "Of course, if it's plain
that somebody will have to do
some extra pulling, but I don't
just see—"

"O, I've thought it all over,"
coming over and standing beside
him, "I've planned ever so many re-
forms in the kitchen; then there are
to be no new bonnets nor dresses,
and we can save the extra fire by
sitting in the dining room this
winter."

"Fan," Mr. Middleby said tak-
ing the small face between his hands.
I am beginning to think that you
ought to be the head of the firm; at
any rate, if there were more financi-
ering, there would be less need of it."
"But, John," Mrs. Middleby be-
gan apologetically, looking up to see
if he were really in earnest, "you
saw I can't go out and ask others to
do it themselves, when we haven't
done it ourselves. Then there are
some of our people who haven't en-
joyed the blessed privilege of deny-
ing themselves anything. I'm sure it
is a privilege, when we look at it in
that way."

"Yes, yes, Fan, I dare say you're
right," as he prepared to go out,
"but it isn't the world's orthodox

self-denial; and I am afraid, dear,
you'll not find it an easy matter to
convert it to your way of thinking."

John Middleby was a merchant
in a small way, and at best the
volume of his business was not large.
No one perhaps felt the effects of
the prevailing hard times more than
did the men of his class, whose pat-
ronage lay largely among the work-
ing class.

As Mrs. Middleby walked briskly
down the street, her cheeks were
aglow and her heart beat high with
the hope born of her own brave re-
solutions. You would scarcely have
believed it to be the same woman,
who three hours later climbed the
steps and let herself into the hall in
the gathering dusk. Mr. Middleby
needed only to glance at the weary,
discouraged face, to learn the re-
sult of her afternoon's work.

"And they were all just enraptur-
ed with your solution of the question
of hard times and self-denial?" he
began mischievously, as he sipped
his coffee.

"Oh John, it was just dreadful!"
with a suspicious quiver in her voice,
that warned him that more in that
same strain was just now not advis-
able.

"O, well, you couldn't expect every
one to take up with the idea at once."

"But, it was worse than you think."
They nearly all insisted on cutting
down their subscription—even Mrs.
Rothrock. I tried to tell her how
matters stood; but she only sighed
and said she couldn't collect half of
her rents and that the greatest self-
denial on her part would be neces-
sary; she couldn't reasonably give as
much as she did last year. She
talked very sweetly about it though.
She said no one knew how painful
self-denial was to her."

At this, Joshua Middleby, who
had thus far been a silent listener
to the conversation, grunted expres-
sively:

"That self-denial of Mrs. Roth-
rock's is sort o' curious now ain't it?"

Now it must be explained that
Joshua was a distant cousin of Mr.
Middleby, and had been a member
of the household for a number of
years.

In the store he was Mr. Middle-
by's most faithful helper, and though
there was a diversity of opinion as
to his mental capacity, his employer
had found him painstaking and
trustworthy to an unusual degree.
He was unlettered, it is true, but
he was possessed of considerable
native shrewdness and penetration.
"Yes," he went on, as he buttered
his bread, "Mrs. Rothrock was
in the store this morning to see
about getting a couple of cases of
extry Californy canned goods. I
thought she seemed mighty pertiklar
about it, but I didn't know she was
self denyin'."

The arrival of an unexpected on-
signment of goods kept Mr. Middle-
by away from the prayer-meeting
that night. Then, the baby, exhib-
iting alarming symptoms of croup,
keeping Mrs. Middleby also from
attending. Therefore, the only oc-
cupant of the Middleby pew that
night was Joshua.

Now, Joshua always bore his part
in the social service, which fet-
tered his presence very obno-
xious to some of the more aristocratic
element of Stone street. Yet in
spite of his flagrant violations of the
laws of language, the pastor had
come to know that, in all his congre-
gation, he had not a more staunch
supporter than this same Joshua
Middleby.

To-night the pastor had spoken of
the suffering of the poor, and of the
duty of the church towards them;
and nearly all of those who followed
had endorsed his words. Toward
the close of the meeting, Joshua
arose. As he began in his disagre-
able, drawing tone, Mrs. Rothrock
shrugged her shoulders and drew
her shawl about her with an air of
impatience.

"Brethern," looking around im-
pressively, "you've been a talkin'
of the suffering of the poor, and
want to tell you a story for to arouse
your sympathy. I know a woma—
maybe there's more than one of
her, and maybe some of 'em is me,
but for convenience we'll say
woman; well, she has an old father
and he's provided for her and her
health for many a year; and now she
took him and professes to have him
at her table. It's a mighty big
table, too, an' always has the very
best of victuals on it. Well, he'd
times comes on, and this woman
takes to figurin' and she finds she
can't spend so much on that talk-
ing; she's got to do some self-denial!
Well, how do you think she does?
Why, she takes enough off of her
old father's plate to make up her
full share, so she can have it the
same as ever. Brethern and sist-
ers, don't your heart bleed for that
sister in her self-denial? I don't
see no tears bein' shed," looking ar-
rogantly.

"Well maybe that story ain't true.
Maybe it's an allegory. But I'm
investigatin' the subject of self-
denial and have about come to the
conclusion that it means taking the
last crust off the Lord's plate at
we may have honey an' fried chicken
on our own."

The pastor, whose heart had in

long burdened because of the flimsy
excuses behind which Christians
were wont to hide their own selfish-
ness, wondered what effect this plain
speech might have. However, no
one seemed disposed to follow the
speaker and the meeting closed.

But the end was not here. More
than one slumbering conscience had
been aroused that night.

"Mrs. Rothrock called to-day,"
Mrs. Middleby announced, with
shining eyes, as they sat down to
tea the following evening. "She
has concluded to double her subscrip-
tion."

"And she's concluded she don't
want us to send for them Californy
canned goods," Joshua volunteered
dryly.

In the public charities that winter
it was noticeable that the Stone
street church was foremost in every
good work; and when the reports
were sent up to the Societies, it was
a matter of joyful remark that, while
there had been a general falling off
in the contributions, Stone street
had more than doubled its offering.—
Christian Evangelist.

The Pint of Ale, John.

It is a difficult matter to one ac-
customed to small daily indulgences
to realize the expense thus incurred.

A Manchester (England) calico
printer was asked on his wedding
day by his shrewd wife to allow her
two half-pints of ale a day as her share
of home comforts. John made the
bargain cheerfully, feeling it hardly
became him to do otherwise, inas-
much as he drank two or three
quarts a day. The wife kept the
home tidy, and all went well with
them; but as she took the small al-
lowance each week for household
expenses, she never forgot "the pint
of ale, John."

When the first anniversary of
their wedding came and John looked
around on his neat home and comely
wife, a longing to do something to
celebrate the day took possession of
him.

"Mary we've had no holiday since
we were wed, and only that I
haven't a penny in the world, we'd
take a jaunt to the village and see
the mother."

"Would thee like to go, John?"
she asked.

There was a tear with her smile,
for it touched her heart to hear him
speak tenderly, as in the olden times.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll
stand treat."

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast
got a fortin left thee?"

"Nay, but I've got the pint of
ale," said she.

"Got what! wife?"

"The pint of ale," she replied.

Whereupon she went to the
hearth, and from beneath one of the
stone flags drew out a stocking,
from which she poured upon the
table the sum of 365 threepences
(\$22.81), exclaiming:

"See, John, thee can have the
holiday."

"What is this?" he asked in
amazement.

"It is my daily pint of ale, John."

He was conscience-stricken as
well as amazed and charmed.

"Mary hasn't thee had thy share?
Then I'll have no more from this
day."

And he was as good as his word.

They had the holiday with the old
mother, and Mary's little capital,
saved from "the pint of ale," was
the seed from which, as the years
rolled on, grew shop, factory, ware-
house, country seat and carriage,
with health, happiness, peace and
honor.

The saint on earth can say regard-
ing his trials, in faith and trust,
"I know O Lord, that thy judg-
ments are right." The saint in glory
can go a little further and say, "I
see, O Lord, that they are so."

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My friend, look here! you know
how weak and nervous your wife is
and you know that Carter's Iron Pills
will relieve her, now why not be fair
about it and buy her a box?

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B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn.,
writes: I have used your German
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best medicine I ever tried for coughs
and colds. I recommend it to every-
one for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of
Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying
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tions I had on my files and shelves,
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tried your German Syrup. It gave
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nent cure.

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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	1,673,027.10	9,413,358.07
1890	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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