

Since She Went Home.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows longer linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter robs with hidden, bitter pain
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence
Blessed,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head
Pressed,
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts
And fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely
Tears
Since she went home.

—Round Table.

"A Cheerful Giver."

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

"Foreign Missions? Not one cent do you give from me. 'Charity begins at home' is my motto."

"Very well, Brother Luscom, perhaps then you will join us in doing something for Widow Crockett. You know since her son's accident she—"

"Let the town help her. What else do we appoint the selectmen for, if 'taint to look after the poor, and to see that they are taken care of? An' as for that son o' hers, if he'd b'en home where he b'longed, 'stead o' prowlin' 'round at that time o' night he wouldn't 'a' met with the accident."

"But that is neither here nor there, brother. Joe needs all of his mother's attention just now, so that she has b'en obliged to give up her work. You know she is very energetic, but sensitive, high-spirited woman. She would never accept help from the town, but we thought that if the church made up a purse for her and presented it in the right way she—"

"Don't talk to me about spirit, 'n' sensitiveness," again interrupted Farmer Luscom. "I 'aint got no sympathy with such notions, an' poor folks shouldn't be encouraged in harboring 'em. If she's too proud to be helped one of the town's poor, she don't git no help from me," and Jotham Luscom slowly buttoned his "great coat" close up to his chin, then, bowing stiffly to the three deacons and Parson Dale, assembled round the vestry stove, he walked away.

The Reverend Simeon Dale closed his eyes as if to shut out unpleasant thoughts, set his lips and sighed, but the deacons could not refrain from speech.

"I'm very much afraid that Brother Luscom will be visited with some terrible judgment for his close-fistedness. He must be wuth nigh on to a hundred thousand, and its all laid up where moth and rust doth corrupt." This was from liberal-hearted, tender-hearted Deacon Sewell.

"A d there's his sister, Miss Jerome, over to Ellsworth, who just manages to keep body and soul together. If he believes 'charity begins at home' I should think she'd be a good one to begin with."

"I know you wouldn't git nothin' out o' him for furrin work," said the third deacon, extending the palms of his hands toward the glowing fire.

"The last time he was asked—before you come, Mr. Dale—he told Parson Shelby that no money of his was goin' out to Indy to pay fannin' the missionaries with palms. Parson Shelby had a daughter in Madury then,—a Bible woman, I believe, who was just givin' her life for the work, and he felt so bad he never asked him for a cent again. Did you ever hear about the time that old Dr. Burns preached from the text: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver'?"

He spoke pretty p'inted, and 'twas plain enough that some of his remarks was aimed at Brother Luscom, but when the plates was passed he put in his usual half-dollar. (The c'lection was for Home Missions, I believe.) After service, Brother Burns went down an' shook hands with him an' said he hoped he'd made a generous offerin' that day, an' Jotham, he smiled an' said: "Wal, Parson, you said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, an' I give all I could give cheerfully."

The Rev. Mr. Dale drew his hand across his mouth as if to suppress a smile, but, in a moment he said: "To his own Master he standeth or falleth." Let us remember that, my friends, and let us, too, have that charity which 'hopeth all things.' And sighing again he slowly followed the deacons out of the church.

A generous sum was soon raised for the Widow Crockett, and brought tears of gratitude to her eyes. Prayers for the donors ascended many times a day, as with lightened heart she went from kitchen to bedroom with poultices or ointment and

these "many thanksgivings to God," Jotham Luscom had no part.

Things went on in the small town of Holborn in the usual way without incident, or with minor happenings, until one morning the startling piece of news flew from house to house, that Jotham Luscom's only son Merrill had run away. He had left home ostensibly to visit an uncle in a neighboring town, but two days after his departure Mrs. Luscom found, in her mending basket, a note addressed to herself. It was from her son telling her he had not gone to Uncle Joseph's as she supposed, but miles farther away. He had borne his father's stinginess as long as he could, and had taken with him the \$200 which his father received the day before from the ship Stanton.

It rightfully belonged to him for work he did on the place during the summer. He was a man grown and was tired of being treated like a boy, obliged to ask for every cent he wanted. There was a good deal more in the same strain, but poor Mrs. Luscom was unable to make it out through her tears. She just made her way blindly across the room to her husband and laid the note on his knee. She then locked herself in her room and fell on her knees. For fully an hour she knelt there motionless, then she prayed as she had never prayed in her life.

After a time she went tremblingly down-stairs to the sitting-room where she had left her husband. She dreaded the outbreak of wrath, of hot, angry words with which he would be sure to greet her, as if she were to blame for their son's desertion; but to her surprise she found him sitting where she had left him by the fire, with the letter clutched tightly in his hand. She spoke to him but received no answer. She spoke again, and he raised his head and gave her a look that almost made her forget her own misery, so full was it of mute suffering. He waved her off as if he did not want her near him, and hardly knowing what to do she left him again. She knew that Merrill was his pride, his idol, that all his hopes centered in him, but she knew, too, that Merrill had never been led to suspect it. He had always feared his father. How was he to know that deep in that father's heart was a love for him stronger than for anything else on earth, when it had never—by word or look or action—been expressed. Why is it that so many go through life with the best that is in them hidden?

When the time came for the evening meal Jotham Luscom seated himself mechanically at the table, but his food was left untouched. His wife ventured a question or two, but the only response was a nod, or shake of the head.

It was over a week before he was seen on the street; then the townspeople remarked on the great change in his appearance. They said he had aged ten years. Months passed without news of the missing boy. One year, two years, and though his name was never mentioned between them, the old couple would often look into each other's eyes with a yearning that was more eloquent than speech.

But one day a letter came to Mrs. Luscom with a foreign postmark. Her hands trembled so she could hardly break the seal. It was dated two months back and ran thus:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have just begun to realize what a brute I have been these past two years to leave you in ignorance of my whereabouts, but, well, I will tell you more about it when I see you, for I am to start for home as soon as I can. Only let me say here that whereas I was once blind now I see, and my sight came to me through the agency of one of the best men that ever trod—a missionary here on one of these Micronesian Islands. You see, after I left home I knocked about for months, often working my way from place to place, until I found myself in California. From San Francisco I shipped one day on board a vessel bound for Australia. We had been out about two weeks, when our vessel sprang a leak and we should all have gone to the bottom but for that missionary vessel, the *Morning Star*. She saw our signals of distress, took us on board and as no other vessel was sighted we were all brought here. Soon after I was taken sick and was not able to leave as did the others at the first opportunity. For weeks, I guess, I was a pretty sick boy. Mrs. Brown, the missionary's wife, did everything that a mother could have done and I feel that I owe her my life. I learned from her, and from others here in the work, what Christianity is, yes and what it is to be a Christian. They led me to Christ. They showed me day by day what self-sacrifice is, and oh, mother, father, you have no idea what a grand work they are doing here; what a 'living sacrifice' their daily existence is. I am coming home to tell about it, and not you alone, but others. I was anxious at first to pass on the 'chance vessel' now in port, which leaves here to-morrow, and which will bear this to you, had Mr. Brown—he is

something of a physician—thought it wise. He advised me to write first and to follow my letter by the next vessel which touches here, when I shall have gained more strength. Tell father I shall come home as the prodigal, and although I do not want the fatted calf, I do want his forgiveness.

Your loving son,
MERRILL T. LUSCOM."

As Mrs. Luscom finished reading, she looked up through streaming eyes to her husband. He was using his large bandana vigorously, and to her earnest, "Thank God," he gave a low "Amen."

The following Sabbath was the regular day for the annual Foreign Missionary collection. Jotham Luscom let the plates pass him without contributing, but after the service he said to Mr. Dale:

"Parson, I didn't hev no money to speak of with me this mornin', but I want you to put me down for a hundred dollars, and ef you know any way of hev'in' it reach them people in Micronesy, I wisht you'd send it on."—*Morning Star*.

Great Young Men

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen.

The great Cromwell left the University of Cambridge at eighteen.

John Bright never was at any school a day after he was fifteen years old.

Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-one, and at twenty-four was Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge at sixteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-one.

Peel was in Parliament at twenty-one, and Palmerston was Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-three.

Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States, contrary to the constitution, at twenty-nine.

Judge Story was at Harvard at fifteen in Congress at twenty-nine, and Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States at thirty-two.

Martin Luther became largely distinguished at twenty-four, and at the age of fifty-five had reached the topmost round of his world-wide fame.

Webster was in college at fifteen, gave evidence of his great future before he was twenty-five, and at thirty he was the peer of the ablest man in Congress.

Washington was a distinguished colonel in the army at twenty-two, early in public affairs, commander of the forces at forty-two, and President at fifty-seven.

Morris of Saxony died at thirty-two, conceded to have been one of the profoundest statesmen, and one of the best generals which Christendom had seen.

Napoleon at twenty-five commanded the army of Italy. At thirty he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time, but one of the great law-givers of the world. At forty-nine he saw Waterloo.

The great Louis X. was Pope at thirty-eight. Having finished his academic training he took the office of cardinal at eighteen—only twelve months younger than Charles James Fox when he entered Parliament.

William Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-two, Prime Minister at twenty-four, and so continued for twenty years, and when thirty-five, was the most powerful uncrowned head in Europe.—*Selected*.

Gave up Smoking for Christ.

An English evangelist relates the following: "When I was in Chester a man came up to me and asked if I could tell him where he could get some Gospel tracts for the purpose of distributing. 'I shall be very pleased to give you some for that purpose,' I replied. 'But,' he hastily added, 'I do not want my tracts for nothing. I am willing to pay for them.' 'I am very glad to hear that,' I answered. 'It is refreshing to meet a man who is willing to pay for what he wants in these days when the desire of so many seems to be to get all they can for nothing. Well,' continued the man, 'I was a smoker once, but I gave it up, and now I spend the money which I used to spend for tobacco on tracts. I afterward inquired of the vicar of the parish concerning that man, and was told that he was one of the best workers in the district. He taught and took a deep interest in a large class in one of the lowest parts of the town. Are there not many among us who in their unconverted days spent much on themselves in drink, tobacco, and theatre-going, who now use that money in some other selfish way? Would it not be well to consecrate some of it to the Lord's service?'—*Christian Herald*.

Work for Cheerfulness.

To keep the face cheerful, the voice cheerful, to do like medicine, we must keep the heart cheerful. This is not an easy matter. One does not simply have to say, "I will be cheerful," and then have it so. He has to work for cheerfulness,

just as he works to be honest, or kind, or brave, or learned. He must be looking out for bright things to see and do. He must deliberately, yet quickly, choose which things he will think about, and how. He has to shut his teeth, as it were, sometimes, and turn away from the gloomy things, and do something to bring back the cheerful spirit again. If we are cheerful for others, we are doing for ourselves. Good given, means good sent back. Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habit sometimes helps us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said, "How good the pine boards smell?" "Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied; "I prefer to smell the pine boards." And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have a cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and cheerful face.—*Workman*.

Don't and Do.

THE "DON'TS."

Don't wait for opportunities; make them.

Don't wait to do great things; do the little things.

Don't wait with your kind words till friends are dead.

Don't wait to confess Christ; do it to-day.

Don't wait for others to take part in the prayer-meeting; you begin.

Don't wait till you are old to serve the Master.

Don't wait until to-morrow to perform to-day's duties.

Don't wait for the stranger to shake hands; offer yours first.

Don't wait until next year to read the Bible through.

Don't wait till you are better to become a Christian.

Don't wait to forgive your enemies, do it now.

THE "DO'S."

Do wait and reflect before you criticize others.

Do wait to repeat what you hear until you know it is true.

Do wait for a nap until you get home from church.

Do wait to talk until you get out of the service.

Do wait to put on your coat till after the benediction.

Do wait to find fault with any changes until you know why they were made.

Do wait to make your long prayer at home.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

Lacedemonian Courage.

A Lacedemonian mother had five sons in a battle fought near Sparta, and seeing a soldier that had left a scene of action, eagerly inquired of him how affairs went on.

"All your five sons are slain," said he.

"Soldier!" replied the woman, "I ask thee not of what concerns my children, but of what concerns my country."

"As to that, all is well," said the soldier.

"Then," "let them mourn that are sorrowful. My country is saved and I am happy."

THAT IS A PLEASANT STORY which comes from the mission field, how a Japanese civil officer who was feeling depressed and perplexed with his religion saw a Christian lady whose face wore such an expression of peace and joy that he argued her religion must make her happy. He decided to inquire into the doctrines of Christianity and was finally led to embrace it. The religion of Christ is calculated to make itself known in the faces of its believers. It is said the faces of the Christian women of Syria are far more intelligent and beautiful than the faces of their Mohammedan sisters. They are of the same race; it is different religion that makes the difference. Christianity is a cheerful religion. Jesus said, "Be not of a sad countenance." Better than his precept was the truth he taught, which transforms the face of him who receives it into his heart.

Minard's Liniment cures
Garget in Cows.

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

C. C. RICHARD & CO.
Sirs,—I was formerly a resident of Port La Tour and have always used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my household, and know it to be the best remedy for emergencies of ordinary character.

Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes:—"I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me."

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

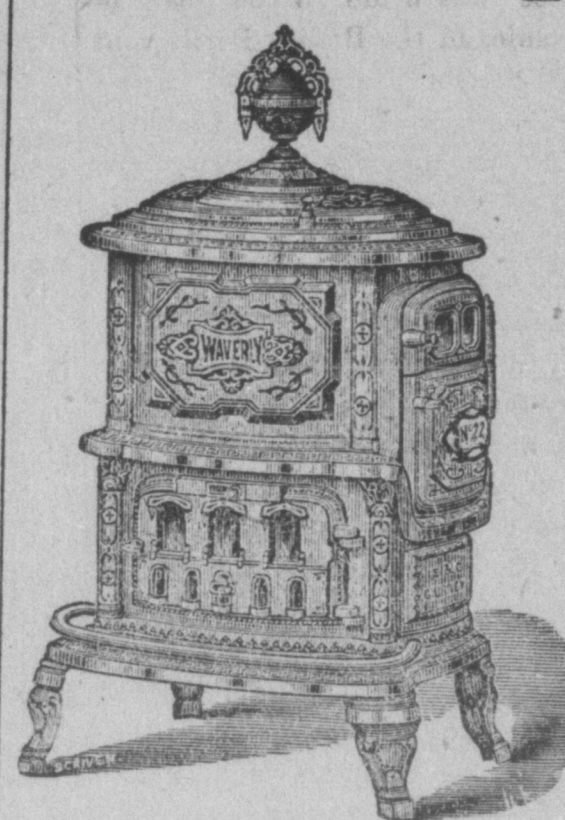
JACKET CLOTHS.

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 WAREHOUSES,

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	3,374,683.14
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	8,413,368.07
1890.....	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1891.....	525,273.58	1,974,316.21	11,931,300.6
1892.....	563,140.52	2,223,322.72	17,164,383.08
1893.....	574,254.96	2,911,014.19	20,688,589.92

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.



A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Infringement. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

D. 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 D OZEN Steel Shovels and Spades and for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

1888 UNIVERSITY 1888

New Brunswick And all COLLEGES in the Maritime 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, " "
Carmichael's Francaise par F. P. B., " "
Le Luthier De Cremonne by Coppes, " "
La Joie Fait Fureur, by De Girardin, " "
Causeries Avec Mes Elèves par Sauveur, " "
Saintsbury Primer of French Literature, " "
Spier and Surennes French and English Dictionary, " "
French Treasur by De Porquet, " "
Sequel to French Treasur by De Porquet, " "
Elementary French Grammar, " "
Duval, " "

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 Trowersings in Worsted and Woollens, Plain and Fancy Serges in Blacks and Blues.

WM. JENNINGS,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley