

**Misunderstanding.**

They walked together, friend and friend,  
From week to week and day by day,  
And one chill shadow falls across  
Their common way.

They cannot tell from whence it comes,  
But nameless things most cruel are,  
And friendships time could never break  
They blight or mar.

A veil impalpable as air,  
Yet unmistakable as death,  
A veil that might be blown away,  
By one free breath,

Shrouds each from each the others life  
And hides the face they used to read,  
But hints through all its piteous folds,  
Their common need.

O friends once loving, trusted long,  
There is one Judge, one Judge alone,  
To whom all hearts are open, all  
Desires are known.

In this dear Presence you may meet,  
So sundered and so helpless now,  
And He to read that cruel veil  
Will teach you how.

Ye know what he to each will say—  
Forgive, forget, begin anew,  
And learn of me to loves I  
Have loved you.

—Congregationalist.

**An Ancient Synagogue.**

For any one having a desire to know about all that is now possible to know of the ancient synagogue in its external and internal arrangement, and the manner of worship therein, this is the pen picture that follows. It is made after consulting books that are from ten to eighteen hundred years old, both in print and out of print.

The fact that Jesus worshipped, publicly read the Scriptures, preached, and performed miracles in some of these synagogues, will, with many, intensify the desire. And as Capernaum was the home of Jesus, and as he doubtless visited that synagogue more than any other, and because it fairly represents others, the synagogue of Capernaum is taken as an example.

It was built for the Jews by a rich centurion who, though a proselyte, had more faith than any Israelite. In accordance with the Jewish canons, synagogues were built on the highest available ground, that no other class of buildings might rise to view above them.

This at Capernaum was placed on elevated ground, and, being constructed of white marble and white limestone, it formed a conspicuous contrast with other buildings of the city which were generally built of the black basalt stone so common in that country. Thus, having conspicuousity both from elevation and color, it could be seen from many cities and villages on the lake shore. The outside form and dimensions were patterned after Solomon's temple.

As the worshiper ascended the great steps in front of the synagogue he dipped his hands in a fountain of running water, for according to the Jewish rites unwashed hands were a defilement. Jesus told them it was the uncleanness of heart that was defiling. Reaching the marble floor of the great portico, he reverently crossed to the door-way, and pushing aside the heavy curtain, entered, bowed himself in the attitude of prayer with face always toward Jerusalem, then seated himself with the congregation. The men were separated from the women by a partition five or six feet high between them. The synagogue of the Jews was always a sacred place and once dedicated to worship could never be used for any other purpose.

At the back side of the synagogue, or the Jerusalem end, was the ark in which the book of the law was kept, and its presence made that part of the building the holy place. The lid of the chest was called the mercy-seat, and before it was a curtain that its sanctity might not be profaned by the gaze of vulgar eyes. In front of the ark was the golden candlestick, lighted only on important festivals. A single silver lamp was always burning. A little back from the center of the audience-room was a raised platform on which were chairs and a reading desk. Here was the place for the chief elder, who read publicly the sacred scroll, and the scribes and Pharisees strove for these chief seats around the elder. The common people came in the same manner as did their superiors, all bowing themselves before the ark, and then seating themselves on benches on the side of the synagogue, and sometimes remaining standing, or seating themselves on the marble floor.

The usual service of the synagogue was after the manner of the imposing service of Solomon's temple in its early days, and our church service of to-day, is in many respects like the synagogue service.

First was the prayer of invocation; then the congregation, usually led by ten men, joined in singing some of the Psalms of David accompanied by musical stringed instruments led by the chief musician on *Neginoth*. Then the minister went to the ark, reverently drew aside the veil, took out the sacred scroll, and delivered

it to the chief elder "for to read." When the scroll was carried through the assembly the eyes of all the people reverently followed it, and many at sight of it, it is said, manifested deep emotion. The women, weeping, stretched forth their hands toward the scroll, and sometimes they would rush forward to press the sacred roll to their lips.

Prayer followed the reading from the books, and when this formal service was ended an opportunity was given for any in the synagogue to speak. Jesus often availed himself of these opportunities. To all petitions and benedictions, the elders and all the people responded, Amen.

—Journal and Messenger.

**The Missionary Pig.**

"It's all right for Caplain McCabe to talk about a million for missions, but that don't make crows any better. He'd turn farms, cows, pigs, and all in the missionary box if he could." Mr. Simpson gave an uneasy laugh as he said this.

"Well, pa, I would have slept better if you had put your name down for something last night. His speech was worth a good deal, if we did ride twenty miles going and coming to hear it, and Roy enjoyed the singing so. I'm glad we took him, but I feel as if I had China, India and Alaska all on my heart today," and Mrs. Simpson sighed as she began gathering up the dishes. "Oh, he's all right. The church needs to be awakened. We don't pray enough for the heathen; but a man must look to his own first. Just fill my pipe, ma, while you're at the cupboard. Have a good dinner; I'm working hard seeding alone. Good-bye, Roy." And, lighting his pipe, he slammed the door and was off.

There was a cloud on Mrs. Simpson's plump, rosy face that morning. Don't imagine it was because her husband did not kiss her good-bye. He had left off such demonstrations long ago, and if Mrs. Simpson missed the little attentions most wives prize, no one was the wiser. She was looking around the neat kitchen, which also served as dining and sitting room, and thinking of women less fortunate in far-away lands. The new rag carpet with its strip of painted floor around the stove, the cheap prints on the wall, the plants and canaries in the windows, all made a pleasant picture. The feeling of possession, thinking of the well-furnished front rooms shut up for company, and the beautiful hard-earned acres outside, made her feel a very rich woman. When she reflected there were many near, as well as in foreign lands, who did not enjoy such pleasant surroundings, her eyes fell on the glimmer of white marble in the little hillside cemetery in the distance. Two little mounds were there which held what was far more precious than all that money could buy; but she knew her lost lambs were folded with the Good Shepherd. "It is because no hope for the future is so much harder than present poverty, the case of the heathen is so much worse than being poor here. There is not a mother in this country but has heard of Jesus. Oh, yes, being where there is no Jesus is the most terrible thing in the world," and as Mrs. Simpson decided this simple truth, she could hardly keep back the tears. Her only child sat in his low rocker by the window, and his pale face and the crutches by his side told of another heart-ache the mother found necessary to carry to the Burden-bearer.

"Ma," Roy said, "I've been thinking over what he said, too. It kept me awake last night. He said it took only forty dollars a year to send a boy to school in India, and after a while that boy might be a preacher, and lead hundreds of people to Christ. Even since you read me the life of Dr. Judson I've ached to be a missionary. I think I'd choose India."

"Darling, if the Lord wants you to go to India He will cure you. I wanted to go when I was young, and I would be proud to give a son to the cause; but my boy will stay at home and take care of ma when she gets old," was the answer.

"Pa did not go to the war," Roy went on.

"No; he couldn't leave, but he sent a substitute, so it was just the same."

"Don't you suppose Jesus meant if I did not go, I ought to send a substitute, ma?" Roy asked, with eager, shining eyes. "If His 'go ye into all the world' means anybody, why doesn't it mean Roy Simpson?"

"I never thought every one must go or send, though I don't see why it should not be as binding as serving one's country. If every one who couldn't go would send a substitute, of course the world would soon be brought to Christ. But it's no use; pa never will give but a dollar a year for missions. Don't worry, dear! I'm going to make mince pies, and you can keep them for me, after you stem some raisins."

"I ought to send a substitute,"

insisted Roy, looking at his lame foot.

"Here's something for you, Mattie," said Mr. Simpson, as he came in at noon. "A dog killed its mother and the rest of the litter. It's no use to raise pigs now. If they don't die one way, they die another. I thought dinner was ready." This last because the chairs were not drawn up. As he spoke he unrolled an old grain-bag and disclosed a very small specimen of a pig.

"I've no time to fool with a pig, warming its milk and having it around. You men think women can do everything," replied Mrs. Simpson, who had worried over the heathen until she felt like one herself. Mr. Simpson saw he had blundered, but not being just clear where, turned to Roy with his burden.

"O pa, give it to me!" begged Roy.

"I don't care, if ma'll have it around. Do you want it for a playmate?" was the answer.

"Do I want to raise it? May I have every cent it brings?" said Roy eagerly.

"Yes, and corn to fatten it for market," said his father, with a laugh to see business interest in his book worm of a boy.

Mrs. Simpson, relenting her hasty speech, consented at once, and so this particular pig became a member of the Simpson family.

Never did a pig have a daintier babyhood. Roy fixed up a box for its bed in the shed, and fed it on warm milk and scraps from the table, for he said this pig was too important to be a dishwater pig. It soon became as pretty as a pig could be from its funny pink nose to its little curl of a tail. It became quite a pet, and would eat out of his hand or follow him around like a dog. But it tried its little red nose on Mrs. Simpson's pansy bed, so its liberty was at an end. Roy declared it should not associate with the vulgar herd that wallowed in the mire behind the barn, so "Sub," as she was called, had a corner of the garden penned off for her playground and a little shed for her shelter. Mr. Simpson tried in vain to guess the meaning of her strange name, though Mrs. Simpson was evidently in the secret. Roy found out enough of hog-ology to inform his father that pigs were a much slandered race, for they roll in water and damp places to cool themselves and get rid of vermin, and prefer clean places to sleep in. Mr. Simpson laughed at it all, but admitted Roy's pig was thriving much better than his, and was a good investment, since it kept the boy out of doors away from books.

One cold November day the time came for Roy to part with his pet. He shed tears and even kissed its fat nose when he thought no one was looking, but he refused his father's advice to keep her.

"No, pa, she's my missionary pig, and her real name is Substitute. I want to send a substitute to India 'cause I'm lame and can't go. Get all you can for her," was the boy's answer at last.

Then Roy's devotion to this pig was explained to Mr. Simpson, and he went off in a very thoughtful frame of mind. When he came back he gave Roy ten silver dollars, saying: "Your pig was the best of its age in market, as fat as butter, and solid as lead. You've earned it, so send it off if you want to. Why, any farmer could spare one pig a year and hardly miss it."

"O pa, will you let me have one every year?" begged Roy. "Then by the time I am grown I can have a substitute in India, just as you had in the war. See, pa, I'm lame and can't go, and Nellie and Willie are in heaven and can't go, so I must send a substitute."

Mr. Simpson drew his rough hand across his eyes, and said: "My son, I never thought of that. I paid three hundred dollars to send my substitute to the war, when I had to the war, when I had to borrow the money and work of nights to pay the interest. I never thought of doing as much to fight the Lord's battles. I'll help. Let me see; you take a missionary pig every year, and that will make you ten dollars; and ma?"

"Oh, I can easily spare that much out of the butter and eggs, if you are willing," interrupted Mrs. Simpson, eagerly.

"Well, that leaves twenty for me to raise, and I don't put much by for a rainy day, as it is. I'll light my pipe and think it over." He sat down by the stove a moment; then rose suddenly, lifted the lid and emptied the pipe into the fire. "I'm blessed if I'm going to let you and ma do all the giving. I'll give up my tobacco; that will make the other twenty. I didn't know I was sending my substitute up in smoke. Here, Mattie, gild this pipe and tie a pretty ribbon on it, and hang it over the Bible where I can remember my obligations when I feel the old hankering coming back. When

we get Roy's substitute in the field, I might send one to John Simpson."

When he had finished speaking his wife handed him the Bible for evening worship, and for the first time he prayed from a full, believing heart that the kingdom of God might spread in every land.

Now a pipe hangs over the old Bible, and by it is a decorated cigar box, with an opening on top. Every time Mr. Simpson goes to the store he puts in what he usually had spent for tobacco. Every Saturday Mrs. Simpson counts out of the butter money her part of the "substitute money with a happy heart. Occasionally Roy earns a few pennies, which go in to keep his ten silver dollars company, so by the next annual missionary meeting a boy in India will be put in school; and who can tell of all the good that will come from one little missionary pig!—MYRA PLAMTZ, in *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

**Keep your Word with the Children.**

We cannot estimate too highly the importance of keeping faith with the children. When once that is destroyed the corner-stone of our influence is taken away. It will not be strange if the whole structure will crumble around us, overwhelming us with trouble and unavailing sorrow.

It is related that the Earl of Chatham had promised that his son should be present at the demolition of a wall about the estate, but through accident it was pulled down in his absence. His lordship felt the importance of his word being kept sacred, so he ordered the wall to be rebuilt that his son might be present when it was again demolished, as he had promised. It was not that a child's whim might be humoured, but that his faith in his father's word might be unshaken.

Those little open eyes take sharp note of our actions from a very early age. You may sometimes get on the blind side of older people, but rarely of a little child. They go right through the flimsy disguises of sophistry and worldly politeness, and come down to bare plain facts.

A little child had been promised the next time grandpa came he should go home with him. The next time came, but the promise was not fulfilled, so the child reminded him of it.

"You don't think grandpa would tell a lie?" asked the old gentleman, sadly concerned.

"I don't know," answered the child: "what does grandpa call it?"

A mother had promised a cake to her little boy when she returned home one day, but being absent for several hours she forgot it. The little boy had been watching long at the window for her, and his disappointment was great, but not so great as his amazement at his mother for breaking her word. "Forget" was a word whose meaning he did not know. Mother went quickly out and bought the cake; but still the trouble lingered in his mind, and he was heard saying softly to himself, by way of comfort: "Mother only forgot." He could not bear to think she had told a lie. Have you equal sensitiveness with regard to your truthfulness?

One almost trembles to hear the scores of promises which thoughtless mothers make, with no thought of ever fulfilling them. But children very soon learn to value them at what they are worth; and who can estimate the consequences to their immortal souls of this early lesson in falsehood!—*Sunday School Times*.

Get holy principles and thou shalt get the pinnacles of an angel which shall bear thee above all clouds and storms of earth, into the sunshine and calm of eternity.—*Dr. Thomas*

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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	375,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,558.07
1887	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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