

### I Will Be Worthy of It.

I may not reach the heights I seek;  
My untried strength may fail me;  
Or, halfway up the mountain peak,  
Fierce tempests may assail me.  
But though that place I never gain,  
Herein lies comfort for my pain—  
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,  
Despite my earnest labor;  
I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbor,  
But though my goal I never see,  
This thought shall always dwell with me—  
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light  
May never fall on my way;  
My path may always lead through night,  
Like some deserted byway.  
But though life's dearest joy I miss,  
There lies a nameless joy in this—  
I will be worthy of it.

—Selected.

### Sunday is Such a Loving Day.

Mr. Halstead was riding up town on the Sixth Avenue Elevated. The cars were crowded, as it was the time when business was over, and the tired workers were going home. There happened to be no one near Mr. Halstead that he knew, so he had no one to talk to, and his evening paper had been finished before he left the office.

Naturally he was left to his own thoughts, and they were in this wise:

"Strange I could not tell Frank Wilbur the ages of my children to-day. I believe Roy was six last spring, but whether he was born in April or May I cannot remember. I must look up the matter of birth-days and make a note of them, for it is quite embarrassing for a man not to be able to tell his friends how old his own children are. But then it is not to be wondered at. We business men are so occupied with the question of bread and butter getting that other subjects are absorbed by it. I don't believe half of us know our children—their characteristics and abilities cannot well be learned in the short time before we leave for business in the morning, and after the dinner hour at night. And Sundays? The mornings are taken up at church, and in the afternoon the children go to Sunday school."

"But what of the time after Sunday-school?" asked the father's conscience. It had been such an easy matter to fall asleep on the lounge after the children went to Sunday-school, and if asleep when they came home, they were admonished to keep quiet and not waken papa. If he were wakeful, and preferred to entertain himself with an interesting book, he was irritable if the children interrupted him with questions, or made a noise in the room. So Sunday was a day of restraint, because father was at home.

"Are you doing your duty by your children?" asked the stern voice of conscience. "You provide for them in a temporal way, but do you help them any in the forming of noble characters, which will not only be a source of happiness to them in after life, but to all those with whom they will come in contact? Is their mother the only one responsible for their spiritual necessities?"

"Ninety-first street," called out the guard, and Mr. Halstead buttoned up his coat, and hastily joined the crowd that got off at that station.

"Hello, papa," called out a boyish voice, "mamma said we might come to the station to meet you, because we had been so good all day." The father was soon going down the elevated stairs hand-in-hand with a little boy on each side of him.

"Glad you've been good boys to-day, Guy and Roy, but are n't you always good?"

"No, papa, not always," answered the smaller one of the two; "sometimes we are very bad."

"I'm sorry to hear that, my son. What makes you bad?"

"I don't know, papa; something ugly gets inside of us I guess."

"You are getting to be big boys now, and ought to know how to be have yourselves. Roy, how old are you?"

"Why, papa, have you forgotten my birthday? Don't you know I was seven years old last April, the fifteen day? I had a party, and don't you know you came in to dinner just as the girls and boys were going home?"

"O yes, I remember it now Roy. And you, Guy; let me see, your birthday comes—"

"Next month, papa, and don't you remember you told me you would take me yourself off somewhere on a steam-boat? Don't you know I'll be five years old then?"

"O yes—yes, and Bessie's birthday comes in July?"

"She's a great big girl, now, Bessie is; she's going on ten; she said so to-day," answered Roy.

The boys had never come to the station before to meet their father, and when they went into the house Mr. Halstead's wife met him at the door.

"Do you know, Will," she said,

as she gave her husband the coming home kiss, "your Cousin Frank was here to-day, and he said he asked you in the office this morning how old your children were, and you could not tell him? Frank thought it was a great joke, but I thought it a very serious fact, and began to think how busy your life is outside, and how little time you have at home with your children. It is really alarming how little business men in the city know about their own children."

"I was thinking that over coming up in the train, and I tell you, Madge, I've resolved to turn over a new leaf. If I am tired at night, I'm going to give an hour to the children after dinner, and the balance of Sunday afternoon after they get home from Sunday-school. I realized to-day that I have hardly become acquainted with my own children."

"That is the reason, Will, I let the children go to the station to meet you to-night. It would give them a little more time with their father."

The new leaf was turned that night. Father had a game with the children and told them stories until bed-time. And when Sunday came he made it so pleasant for the children that little Roy said to his mother a week since, "O mamma, Sunday is such a loving day now. Papa takes us on his lap and loves us and tell us such nice stories, and we are all so happy together."

Now, fathers, ponder this subject of time with your children in your hearts. Companionship with one's children makes them confidential with their fathers. They learn to know how to regard his counsel as good, because given by one who loves them and has their best interests at heart. Remember, in all your business dealing and home life that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Do not let any wrong doings tarnish that name that your children must bear through life. When you teach them to honor you because you are their father, make yourself worth of that honor.—*Christian at Work.*

### Lessons for a Young Man's Life.

In the "Young Man," Professor John Stuart Blackie gives these rules of conduct which have guided him through life:

1. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or the circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers of social action, but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

2. We live in a real and a solid and a truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at the best, a painted lie. Let, whatever you are and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

3. The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world the lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Let that text be enough.

4. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine.

5. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous, the excess of a good thing being often more dangerous in its social consequences than the excess of what is radically bad.

6. Do one thing well. "Be a whole man," as Chancellor Thurlow said. "Do one thing at one time." Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it, and be done with it.

7. Amid miscellaneous reading, read nothing that you do not care to remember, and remember nothing you do not mean to use.

8. Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly, and sympathetic in all you say if you have it, and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud, but the applause of fools is to be shunned.

9. Above all things, avoid fault-finding and a habit of criticism. Let your rule in reference to your social sentiments be simply this: Pray for the bad, pity the weak, enjoy the good, and reverence both the great and the small, as playing each his part aptly in the divine symphony of the universe.

### They Loved Cats.

Many eminent men in European countries have been very fond of cats. The famous Dr. Johnson of England seemed to think quite as much of his cat as of any human friend. The famous Cardinal Wolsey of England used to receive the nobles of the land with his

favorite cat perched on the arm of his state chair or at the back of his throne. The great statesman of France, Richelieu, once excused himself from rising to receive a foreign ambassador because his favorite cat and her kittens were lying on his robes.

In Eastern countries cats have been even more highly esteemed than in Europe or America. In Egypt, where it is supposed tamed cats were first used, they were considered sacred, and when they died, they were embalmed and placed in the niches in the catacombs.

It is said that a Persian king once before going into battle with the Egyptians, gave each of his soldiers in the front ranks a live cat to carry before him; and the Egyptians surrendered to the Persians rather than injure the cats, which they considered sacred. It is related that the Eastern prophet, Mohammedan was so fond of his favorite cat that, when it fell asleep on the sleeve of his robe one day, he cut off the sleeve rather than disturb the slumber of the cat; and to this day almost every Mohammedan in those Eastern countries has a cat in his house, which he loves and makes a share all his comforts.

It is said that the great Italian poet, Dante, trained his cat to hold a candle in her paw for him to read; but one night a friend turned a mouse out of a box on to his table, when the cat at once dropped the candle, and rushed for the mouse.—*The Picayune.*

### Josiah Allen's Wife on Spiritualism.

Perhaps the absurdity of that very unspiritual "ism" called "spiritualism" has never been more clearly shown than it is shown by the pungent "Samantha" in these words:

"It does seem to me, that if my father or mother got out from heaven to come down to this boarding-house that they would rather come to me than to a passel of strangers who would be all indifferent to them. They would as lief come into my room as yours, and rather too. And I believe that if God wanted to speak to a human soul he could get his voice to the ear of that soul without any extra performances and foolishness. Yes, mam, I do believe that God reveals himself to his children. I believe that now, as in the past that the pure in heart shall see God. Heaven is over all of us and pretty nigh to some. I believe that there are pure souls, especially when they are near to the better world, you can look in and behold it's beauty. Why, it ain't but a little way from here—it can't be a breath of air can blow us into it. It takes sights of preparation to get ready to go, but it is only a short sail over there. And you may go all over the land from house to house, and you will hear in almost every one of some dear friend who died with their faces all lit up with the glow of the light shining from some one of the many mansions—the dear homelight of the fatherland; died speaking to some loved one gone before. But, mam, I don't believe that you could coax that light and them, now heavenly, voices down into a cabinet, and have them shine and talk at fifty cents an evening."

### How Do Women Kill Time.

The guileless man who asked this foolish question got this answer in the Washington Star, from a woman who, with her husband, two children and two servants, lived in a house with nine rooms. Having kept a statistical account for one year, she gave the result as follows:

"Number of lunches put 'up,' 1,157; meals ordered, 963; desserts made, 172; lamps filled, 328; rooms dusted, 2,259; times dressed children, 786; visits received, 397; visits paid, 167; books read, 88; papers read, 553; stories read aloud, 234; games played, 329; church services attended, 125; articles mended, 1,236; articles of clothing made, 120; fancy articles made, 56; letters written, 426; hours in music, 204; hours in Sunday school work, 207; hours in gardening, 49; sick days, 44; amusements attended, 10; Besides the above, I nursed two children through measles, twice cleaned every nook and corner of my house, put up 75 jars of pickles and preserves, made 7 trips to the dentist's, dyed Easter eggs, polished silver, and spent seven days in helping nurse a sick friend who was ill, besides the thousand and one duties too small to be mentioned, yet taking time to perform."

Now we hope that man is satisfied; if not he can try it himself.—*The Christian.*

### Child-Killers of To-Day.

Traps for the boys; that's just what they are. Five-cent novels; detective stories! Talk about saloons! They are not the first dangers that menace our boys. Fathers, mothers! do you know what your children are reading? Don't flatter yourselves because John and Clarence are fond of reading that they

are safe. This very fondness may be the worst thing possible. Encourage a love for books, but see to it that the books are good ones. Bathing is an excellent practice, but it should be in clear, clean water, not in sewer products nor in ink. Some forms of reading may be viciousness itself. What shall we say to those who write and print this form of vice? The enemy of childhood to-day, the nineteenth century fiend, is no mis-shapen creature. His feet are not cloven; he wears a tall hat, dresses in the height of fashion, nay, lives in a brown-stone front; but he is a child-killer all the same.—*Light.*

THE "OLD MAID" QUESTION SOLVED.—The professor of natural science at Ann Arbor was discussing the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying pollen from one plant to another, and to amuse them told how the old maids were the ultimate cause of it all. The humble bees carry the pollen; the field mice eat the humble bees; therefore the more field mice, the fewer humble bees and the less pollen and variation of plants. But cats devour the field mice and old maids protect cats. Therefore the more old maids, the more cats, the fewer field mice, the more bees. Hence old maids are the cause of variety in plants.

Thereupon a sophomore with a single eye-glass, an English umbrella a box-coat, with his trousers rolled up at the bottom, arose and asked:

"I say, professor, what is the cause—ah—of old maids, don't you know?"

"Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you," suggested the professor.

"Dudes," said Miss Jones sharply and without a moment's hesitation.

There was silence in the room for thirty seconds, after which the lecture was resumed.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor without them; they are wretched alone in what they called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkins' dog, which could not bear to be loose and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eschol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing. This is fine arithmetic! The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.—*John Ploughman.*

DR. LYMAN BEECHER, one stormy snowy night, preached to but one hearer, who went away after the sermon before the Doctor could speak to him. Twenty years afterwards, in a pleasant village in central Ohio, a stranger accosted Dr. Beecher, saying:—

"Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?"

"Yes, sir," said the Doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul," made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."—*Selected.*

### Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

#### COLD WEATHER TRIALS.

DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B. B., and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. T. DROST, Heaslip, Man.

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If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable, small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economical.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

The confidence that people have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is the legitimate and natural growth of many years. It has been handed down from parent to child, and is the favorite family medicine in thousands of households.

## "German Syrup"

### Asthma.

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

### Gentle,

### Refreshing

### Sleep.

For weeks, My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

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Oiled Silk and Silk Lines for Salmon and Trout; Flies—best home make; Hooks of all kinds; Gut; Casting Lines; Reels; Bait Boxes; Fly Books; Landing Nets; Bamboo Poles; Good Poles.

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Portiers, &c., Curtain Poles. Window Shades, &c., &c.

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| 1876..... | 102,822.14.  | 715,944.64.   | 2,214,063.43             |
| 1878..... | 127,505.87.  | 773,895.71.   | 3,374,683.14             |
| 1880..... | 141,402.81.  | 911,132.93.   | 3,831,478.09             |
| 1882..... | 254,841.73.  | 1,073,577.94. | 5,849,889.1              |
| 1884..... | 278,378.65.  | 1,274,397.24. | 6,844,404.04             |
| 1885..... | 319,987.05.  | 1,411,004.38. | 7,030,878.77             |
| 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. | 17,164,363.08            |
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