

A Chamber of Peace.

It is easier said than done, my dear—
Giving up to the young folks now.
Yes, father and I are along in years,
And not very spry, I'll allow;
But yet we don't like to be shoved one side,
And do just as our children say—
Spend the rest of our lives in rocking-chairs,
Doing nothing the livelong day.

The minister preached a sermon about
How gracefully old folks should go
Into port, and let the younger ones work;
But he's still a young man, you know;
And he'll find out, if he lives long enough,
So will all the rest of them, too,
That giving up the old, very-did
Is a very hard thing to do.

But then, as I said to father to-day,
We must not be bothering round;
We move slow these days—might hinder
those
Who get faster over the ground.
So father said he'd just help with the chores
And do the putting about;
Drive a nail in here, make a screw tight
there,
And keep things from fast wearing out.

And I won't meddle with Mandy and Jane,
But let them do their work their own way
And if things don't all go on to suit me,
Be wise, and have nothing to say.
There'll be stockings to darn, caps to sew
up,
The children to take care of, too,
So Satan won't find much mischief, I guess,
For these wrinkled old hands to do.

We're both going to make our south-east
room
"A Chamber of Peace," by God's grace,
And nearing the city, hope to bring gleam,
Of its glory into this place,
That young folks may see the roseate lights
Which at even time is given
To the old folks, who are sighting the gates,
The beautiful gates of heaven.
—Susan Teal Perry.

A Successful Experiment.

EMILY MILLER.

Bert looked up from the book
whose pages had absorbed every
thought for the last hour to see
Robert with elbows on the table,
and chin supported by two big, bony
palms, staring at a blot on the much
abused cover originally designated
as a decoration to their study table.
"What is it, old fellow, headache,
or does genius burn?" he asked,
throwing his history one side and
stretching his long arms above his
head.

"Genius," said Rob, decidedly.
"See here, Bert, what did you think
when the little mother was helping
us make out the list of camp
supplies to-night?"

"Think? Why, lots of things.
Thought the little mother was a
brick—no hurt to think along if you
keep it to yourself—and I thought
—well, I thought it was jolly to
have a mother that entered into
your fun just like a boy and didn't
say, 'It's a mystery to me what
satisfaction boys find in going camp-
ing, unless it is making all the
trouble they can to other folks,'
like—"

"Well, never mind the like; that's
about what I thought, but after I
came up here I got to thinking how
she learned so much about camping
and tramping and all that, and I
remembered the stories she used to
tell us of the jolly times she and
father had when they went off to
the mountains on his vacation."

"Yes, I remember; she hasn't
spoken of them lately and I'd almost
forgotten. She used to wear rubber
boots and enjoy fishing and tramp-
ing and canoe voyages just as well
as he did."

"It set me to wondering if she
wouldn't enjoy that kind of thing
just as much now, and thinking
what a tiresome, humdrum life she
had any way and how awfully selfish
we fellows were to go off and leave
her here for six weeks or two
months."

"Well, but I don't—we can't
very well drop out now the party is
all made up."

"The Foster boys would be glad
to take our places. You know they
were only left out because they ex-
pected to go off with their father."

"The little mother wouldn't let
us stay—she knows you need it and
I want it."

"But if we drop out of this party
and go somewhere by ourselves and
take her along?" said Robert, eagerly
scanning Bert's face to see how
the proposition struck him.

"Why, yes," said Bert, slowly,
"that would do if you are sure
she'll go."

"She'll go if she is sure we want
her. I tell you, Bert, she needs it
more than you or I do. I never
thought till lately what a grind her
life must be compared with old times,
when there was plenty of money
and father was here."

"The money is one trouble, can
we make it stretch? Suppose we
get some work to do and send her
off to the seashore for a regular out
and out good time."

"She wouldn't like it half so
well as going somewhere with us,
and I believe we can get all the fun
and the good of an outing without
going so far or letting it cost so
much. At any rate, we can take

the money and divide it by three,
instead of by two, and make our
plans accordingly."

"Yes," said the little mother,
laughing and blushing almost like a
girl as she looked down at the pale
dressmaker who was "hanging" the
skirt of her dark blue flannel dress,
"I'm really going into the woods
with my boys, and I'm as excited
over it as if I were only sixteen my-
self. They planned it all themselves,
bless 'em, and wouldn't take any ex-
cuses. I thought at first I would
just wear some old gown that I
could afford to spoil, but then I re-
member how it always pleased them
to have me look trim and pretty, and
I decided to have a neat outing suit,
seeing I should save its cost by not
needing any summer dresses. Be
sure you get it short enough."

"You're a happy woman," said
the dressmaker, with a faint little
sigh.

"I ought to be; I'm a blessed one
in spite of—'She did not say in spite
of what, but the dressmaker knew
very well she was thinking of the
loss that had once seemed too heavy
to bear."

"She sat down again to her ma-
chine, but Mrs. Hamilton's eyes
followed her thoughtfully.

"Jennie," she said, suddenly,
"why can't you come too? It would
make a new woman of you to live
out doors for a month."

The dressmaker's face brightened
with pleasure at the kindness of the
suggestion.

"Thank you for thinking of it,"
she said, in a tremulous voice, "but
it would be impossible. Happiness
to me means a chance to work, not
time for holidays, and I am so fortu-
nate as to have work engaged for
all summer. That is unusual be-
cause the people I work for nearly
all go away for the summer, but
this year I have three large house-
keeping orders of white goods to do
while they are gone. I like that
because there is no fitting or plan-
ning and I can take my time with
it."

"Then, Jennie," said Mrs.
Hamilton, with a sudden inspira-
tion, "bring your work and stay
here while we are gone. Here's this
big, old-fashioned house and the ham-
mock and garden and the hammock
—you could find some friend to
come with you, I suppose."

"O Mrs. Hamilton, said the
dressmaker, with dilated eyes, "do
you really mean it? It would be
like heaven. If you knew what
those hot little rooms are in a July
day,—Mrs. Hamilton—there are
six of us that have almost forgotten
how the country looks."

"You shall all come," said Mrs.
Hamilton, impulsively, "it will add
double delight to our outing to know
that somebody is enjoying the
flowers and trees and comforts here."

"If you would let us rent the
house for July and August."

"I couldn't think of it." Nothing
would induce me to rent my
dear old home, but to have my
friends in it, that would be much
better than closing it up. I leave
it in your care you see."

"We'll care for it as if it belong-
ed to the king."

"Why, so it does, and so do we
all, only sometimes we are in too
much of a hurry to stop and ask
what he wants us to do with his
property."

"There is one of the girls I'm
afraid will not come unless she can
pay. She's foolish, I know, but she
is that way about everything."

"Well, then, I'll tell you—you
shall pay five dollars apiece for the
house, and you shall be my treasur-
er. And I want you to use that
money in bringing people out here
for a day—women with babies, or
children, or anybody you like—use
it just as you please for those who
need it most, only don't make it a
burden on yourselves."

Mrs. Hamilton saw the tears
dropping on the white fingers that
were skilfully shaping the work, and
like a wise little woman hurried
away to busy herself in another
room.

"You look just like a girl," said
Bert, surveying his mother with ad-
miring eyes. "Look at her, Rob,
you'd never guess she had a gray
hair under that hat."

"She's forty times better looking
than any girl in the country," said
Rob, stoutly, taking in every detail
of the costume—trim skirt, jaunty
little blazer, gray outing shirt with
soft, full tie of silk, and rough straw
hat that shaded a face full of quiet
happiness. "Tisn't every mother
that would take so much pains to
get herself up nice to go into the
woods with boys; everything sensible
too, and stout enough to stand the
racket, only you ought to have a
cap, mamma dear."

"I've got one," said Mrs. Hamil-
ton, pulling a blue tennis cap from
the pocket of her blazer. "I thought
I wouldn't put it on till I got away,
for fear people might think I was
too giddy for an old woman."

"Let anybody call my mother an
old woman," said Rob with a
threatening scowl. "She's my best
girl, and I never mean to have any
other."

And so the three lovers went
away on their holiday journey of
mountains and valleys, forests and
farms that lay at no great distance
from their home, so near in fact
that most summer travellers over-
looked it altogether. They set up
their tent among the hemlocks by a
tiny lake, from which a crooked
channel led into another and much
larger one. And there through long
days they hunted and fished and
followed faint, mysterious trails
through the forests to dim little
pools, under those shadowed banks
the speckled trout lurked, shooting
out suddenly into the sparkling
current and slipping down stream
under their very noses. They made
excursions for blueberries or rested
for days in quiet farmhouses; they
read and studied and played games
through days of rain; they came
back from long tramps tired and
ravenous, and ready for such bliss-
ful sleep as new-created soul and
body. And when, at last they cross-
ed the track of some of their school
friends, off on a pedestrian excursion,
the boys took staff and knapsack
and joined them, while Mrs. Hamil-
ton took up quarters at the sleepy
little homestead where the life of
the last century seemed never to
have felt a ripple of change.

They came home clear-eyed and
refreshed and full of new vigor.
The plain old home with its simple
furnishings looked sumptuously by
contrast with tent and cabin, and all
three took up their work with keen
pleasure.

"We never had such a tiptop
vacation," said Bert, "and just look
at the little mother; she's gained
fifteen pounds."

"I think I must have gained
fifty pounds."

"I feel as if I must have gained
fifty when I think how I've been
eating. I tell you what, Bert, it
adds a good deal to the fun of camp-
ing to have somebody along that
knows how to cook."

"And somebody that's good com-
pany rainy days."

"And all other days. Don't you
remember how Ben Nash roped us
into playing cards last summer be-
cause we were all so sick of each
other and didn't know what under
the sun to do? Now, I've done
half my work in English history
when I should just have been growl-
ing at the weather."

At that very time the "little
mother" with tears in her brown
eyes but a smile about her sweet
mouth, was folding up a letter in
which she read: "You never can
know, dear Mrs. Hamilton, how
much good you have done us this
summer. Mary Dean was breaking
down under the pressure of her
work and we were all of us tired
and discouraged. The blessed change,
the sweet air, the things that took
us out of ourselves and, more than
all, I think, your loving kindness
has put new heart into us. And I
can't keep thinking of the many
beautiful homes that are shut up
and left alone every summer that
would be like heaven to tired folks
who can't be helped in any other
way. But I suppose people who
are used to such things don't think
about it."

"I know one woman," said Mrs.
Hamilton to herself, "who will
never forget it again. I've learned
more than one lesson of this sum-
mer's experience and so have my
boys, bless their dear hearts."—*Con-
gregationalist.*

Getting Married.

That wise counselor of the young,
Dr. Wayland Hoyt, says of this sub-
ject, in the *Golden Rule*:

Somehow, out of the world's
crowd, out of its jostling millions
sweeping on through life, two hearts
have found each other out. By
strange and subtle magnetism they
have found themselves attracted
each to each. For them the double
world of the two melts now into a
single larger world, in which hence-
forth they are to dwell together.

Two yet one, husband and wife, they
stand together; he to be to her the
most royal king, she to be to him
the queen graced and garlanded,
to his heart, in an equal royalty. The
husband—he has promised her affec-
tion undivided, purity untarnished,
devotion fervid and unwavering, a
manly arm to protect, a manly
strength to lean upon, a manly
energy and skill and capacity to
support. He has told her she might
trust him, and that, too, with a trust
so great that she might dare to stake
upon it all the wealth of her affec-
tion, all her hopes of happiness, the
sanctity of her womanhood, her en-
tire destiny. This much the woman
risks by marriage. She leaves every-
thing for the man, that she may find
her life and love in the home with
him. She shuts behind her the old
parental door. She lays off from
herself the name her parents gave
her. She puts herself under the sole
protection of this comparatively
stranger heart that has called her
from the world's crowd. She cuts
herself off, as no man can every cut
himself away, from old associations.
At the man's call she brings her
whole life and her whole self, and

risks them at his feet. It is much,
too, that a man risks in marriage.
To be sure, the circle of his life takes
in a wider sweep than just the circle
of the home, so near in fact to the
struggle of the daily life, in the
necessary mingling with the great
world, he must have much with
which to fill his hands and
time. But if she whom he
thought a saint turns out to be but
a common earthly creature after the
irrevocable words are said, if in-
stead of help in her he find hind-
rance, if she whom he thought so
worthy in the parlor before marriage
turns out to be worthless after
marriage, if either to him or to her
the intimacies of the home they have
entered and must both stay in re-
veal mistake, then there is scarce
mistake so terrible.

Said Sir Philip Sidney: "When
it shall please God to bring thee to
man's estate, use great prudence
and circumspection in choosing thy
wife. For from thence will spring
all thy future good or evil; and it
is in action of life like unto a strat-
agem of war, wherein a man can
err but once." That is true, Sir
Philip Sydney. And what you
have said so well to the man you
might also say well to the woman.
When it shall please God to bring
thee to woman's estate, use great
prudence and circumspection in
choosing thy husband. For from
thence will spring all thy future
good or evil; and it is an action of
life like unto a stratagem of war,
wherein a woman can err but once.

Every way the true marriage is
God's best blessing; a bad marriage
is the saddest blight that can fall
on man or woman. Every way
this marriage is the most solemn,
far-reaching, heaven-freighted or
hell-freighted crisis of the life.

Why Am I Not A Christian?

1. Is it because I am afraid of
ridicule, and of what others say of
me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of
me and of my words, of him shall
the Son of Man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsis-
tencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account
of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing
to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he
gain the whole world, and lose his
own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that
I shall not be accepted?

"He that cometh unto me I will
in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too
great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleans-
eth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid I
shall not hold out?

"He that hath begun a good work
in you, will perform it unto the day
of Jesus Christ."

7. Is it because I am thinking
that I will do as well as I can, and
that God ought to be satisfied with
that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole
law, and yet offend in one point, he
is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing
the matter without any definite
reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow,
for thou knowest not what a day
may bring forth."

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with Chronic Rheumatism for several
years, and have used numerous patent
medicines without success. But by
using six bottles of Burdock Blood
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SARAH MARSHALL
Kings St., Kingston Ont.

NOTE.—I am acquainted with the
above named lady and can certify to
the correctness of this statement.

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vitality to the afflicted. In this lies
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in your lungs, and you will soon be
carried to an untimely grave. In this
country we have sudden changes and
must expect to have coughs and colds.
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fect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Con-
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Five Years.

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"have had the best
"medical advice,
"and I took the first
"dose in some doubt. This result-
"ed in a few hours easy sleep. There
"was no further hemorrhage till next
"day, when I had a slight attack
"which stopped almost immedi-
"ately. By the third day all trace of
"blood had disappeared and I had
"recovered much strength. The
"fourth day I sat up in bed and ate
"my dinner, the first solid food for
"two months. Since that time I
"have gradually gotten better and
"am now able to move about the
"house. My death was daily ex-
"pected and my recovery has been
"a great surprise to my friends and
"the doctor. There can be no doubt
"about the effect of German Syrup,
"as I had an attack just previous to
"its use. The only relief was after
"the first dose." J. R. LOUGHHEAD,
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