

"Not Lost, but Gone Before."

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. 12:23.

"Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."—1 Thess. 4:13.

"Not lost, but gone before!"—O heart bereft and void,
Whose gilded cup of earthly bliss
Proves thus alloyed;
Take this, God's consolation now,
And be o'erjoyed.

"Not lost, but gone before!"—Not lost—
Ah! 'tis not so;
Though God's fair plant shall blossom here
No more below,
Yet in His lovelier Eden there
'Twill better grow.

"Not lost, but gone before!"—Swift on
Sped the dear feet
Gaining ere thine the pearly gate,
The golden street,
To stand for aye before the King
In rapture sweet.

"Not lost, but gone before!"—Yea, gone
With Christ to be,
Life's conflict o'er, to find at last
Full liberty,
And wait with all expectant joy
To welcome thee.

"Not lost, but gone before!"—Ah! soon,
The waiting o'er,
In blest re-union each to each
God shall restore;
Henceforth to know no parting pang,
For evermore.

"Not lost, but gone before!"—'Tis thus
God pours His balm,
In wounded hearts, and for unrest
Gives wondrous calm;
Changing the lamentation sore,
To praiseful psalm.

—WILFRED A. IVERSON.

SNUFFY.

A London crowd, which, by the way, is perfectly unique in its composition, was gathered on Wednesday morning, Dec. 23, 18—before the Admiralty building in Whitehall. The cause of the crowd was a huge gaping fissure in one of the walls where a can of dynamite had been exploded with tremendous force, wrecking nearly all one side of the structure. In an upper room, now looking out of the window, stood Richard Colman, a young man of 25, or thereabouts. He looked down on the surging mass of the people and heard the rough jokes that passed; for a London crowd is always witty, whatever the occasion of its gathering. He saw the blue-coated policemen forming a cordon round the damaged part, while inside of them stood a detachment of Coldstream Guards the crack regiment of the British army, with bayonets fixed and guns loaded. Turning to his left, on the opposite side of the street, was the old palace of Whitehall, from whose window Charles I, when his clock of destiny had struck XII, stepped out to be beheaded—every inch a king—and made every other ruler fear that hitherto unrecognized quantity, the people. Farther up, he could see Trafalgar Square, celebrated at that time for the brutal way in which the police had crushed out the Socialists. At the other end of the street rose the lofty tower of the Houses of Parliament, and around the corner stood Westminster Abbey, with its illustrious dead, and not far from it Westminster bridge spanning the Thames.

Shadows crossed the young man's face as he stood there and thought. His mind crossed over to Ireland, where, in Dublin, his father was working on so hard, as the pastor of a Baptist church; of his sainted mother, wearied to death with work in a ungenial spot, now buried in "God's acre," on the outside of the city. Men's hearts were shaking with fear. Lord Fred Cavendish and Mr. Burke had just been foully murdered by a band of assassins in the Phoenix Park. Mr. Foster, the former Irish Secretary, had been shadowed and hunted, and only a miracle had saved his life. A widespread conspiracy existed to force, by brutal destruction, British Parliament vote passing a "Home Rule" Bill for Ireland, and all over the Kingdom Dynamitards, as they were called, were at their hellish work. Parcels of dynamite were exploded on the underground railway, frightening and killing; on the bridge's buttresses; in the House of Commons, and in the railway depots. Manufactories of infernal machines were being discovered, and no one knew where the next blow would fall. Every one carrying a black bag was regarded with suspicion, and was not allowed in any of the public buildings or parks without examination by the police. The last attempt had been to blow up the Admiralty building, in the morning, and it had partially succeeded—so glom hung over the nation.

But there were pleasant thoughts in his mind on Boxing day, (as the 26th of December is called in England). He was to be married to a fair girl, daughter of one of the seniors working in the same office, one of the permanent officers who, whatever the change in the political parties, remained in office. So highly were both the men respected that the wedding, to take place in the

Metropolitan Tabernacle, was to be graced by the highest of the Admiralty officials, and it was even whispered that the First Lord had intimated his intention to be present, so that there was every prospect of a brilliant assemblage, while the celebrated Spurgeon was to perform the ceremony. But now "Big Ben" boomed out the hour of 12, and, putting on his hat and hurrying down stairs to lunch, he nearly ran over a boy sitting on the stone steps, and, recovering himself and looking into the lad's face, he cried, as he recognized him, "Hello, Snuffy! you here?" to which the boy responded with a pleased "yes," at the hearty greeting. Now it was evident that the boy had something to say, and, as Colman looked into his keen, pinched face, he said, "Come and have something to eat with me." And so the strangely matched pair went into the restaurant close by, and Snuffy ate ravenously.

Evidently, something was on his mind, and, waiting his opportunity, Colman asked the boy, who was about 11 years of age, and looked 40 by his face, what was the matter. "You know the cove as you spoke about last Sunday, what got killed cos' he loved kids like me, and what said as how we should get killed for some other fellow as we liked, if he wanted it; wa'll I loves him, and I wants to know whether he means that for a poor nipper like me." All the meaning of the strange question did not break out till afterwards, when every word came back with a terrible distinctness, and explaining the story of the matchless love of the Christ to the very poorest, and how a boy could let it flow, in its self-sacrificing power, through him, he sent him on his way.

II

Snuffy was the son of an Irishman fond of taking snuff; hence the name given the boy. He lived in a poor, miserable room on the south side of the Thames, in a crowded lodging house, and never seemed to have anything to do. The poor lad was pinched and starved, while his clothes consisted, as he said, "mostly of fresh air." In that locality some of the Tabernacle workers had started a ragged school, and, of the class taught by Richard Colman, Snuffy had been an interested member. On the Sunday before the golden text of the lesson had been, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren"—the practical application of which we have heard from Snuffy.

The boy had paid unusual attention, and this had given birth to hopes in the teacher's heart that the seed had fallen on good ground. On going home that night he had found three or four rough-looking men in close conversation with his father, while on the table was a black grip, about the medium size. So deep were they in the discussion that he was not noticed, and, going over to the heap of straw in the corner of the room called in courtesy, a bed, the boy threw himself down and, covering himself from the bitter cold as well as he could, was soon asleep. He didn't know how long he slept, but, on awaking, he saw that only one man was left with his father, and he was describing the working of a kind of clock, standing on a box used as a table. Then, catching his own name from his father's lips, he aroused himself to listen the more attentively; and though the tones were low and guarded, he heard a plan arranged that thrilled him.

Briefly it was this: In order to carry out the old diabolical ideas of the force, or terrorist, party, as they were called, a number of explosions, in large public buildings, were to occur simultaneously, and the day chosen was, above all days, the one after Christmas. The expected wedding at the Tabernacle was known, and the crowd that would gather, and the plan was to explode an infernal machine in the very midst of the service. It was known that it was quite easy to find access to the place and yet to ally suspicion, Snuffy was to carry the bag and place it under one of the seats where no one would notice it in the press excitement. Then followed an explanation of the working of the machine. On the clock-like face was a hand which pointed to an hour, at which it would explode the dynamite. That was to be set for 11:30 in the morning, all weddings at that time having to be before noon, in disarming meeting-houses. He was to be started from home at 10:30. It would take him about half an hour to get there, and, by 11, he could have it in its place.

The boy had no sleep that night. What was he to do? If he told his teacher, it would get his father into trouble, and perhaps cost him his life; and, strange as it may seem, he loved the rough, drinking, swearing man, he called his father. Throw the bag away! This was impossible without its hurting somebody in the crowded streets; and, besides his father was to go with him to the Elephant and Castle, a noted saloon

close to the church. "Ye ought to lay down your lives for the brethren," rang through Snuffy's mind, and a strange, new resolve awoke in his heart.

III

The wedding morning came, beautiful and bright and frosty; and the large crowd gathered in the mighty building. Bride and bridegroom, so fitly matched in strength and beauty, stood before the great preacher. A crowd of notables, even larger than had been expected, graced the occasion with their presence, and altogether it was a brilliant affair.

After signing the register in the vestry, the new husband and wife slowly came down the aisle and descended the steps to the carriage in waiting, amid a shower of rice and flowers, thrown on them by enthusiastic friends. Just as the door was being closed on them a policeman was seen approaching in great haste and with excitement and emotion clearly visible on his face. He spoke a hasty word in the groom's ear and immediately ordered the coachman to drive to St. Thomas Hospital with all speed. What was the matter?

That morning Snuffy's new born resolve had awakened into action. His father, unaware that the boy knew anything about the matter, had bidden him to take the grip and told him what to do with it. The boy had made no objections, but, with white, scared face, that might have aroused suspicion in any other person, and with trembling hands, had lifted it up. A whistle in the alley had drawn down stairs his father, and in that minute of loneliness the boy had opened the bag, seen the clock hand pointing to 11:30, and deliberately moved it back to 10:45.

When the carriage stopped at the hospital and the newly married couple (for his wife refused to be left behind) passed through the wards, many poor sufferers thought they had seen a vision of angels. They were led into the accident ward, and there in one corner, on the single, clean, comfortable bed, lay the mangled remains of poor Snuffy. His father was there looking grim and sad. A cherry nurse was trying to make the boy comfortable, and the attendant surgeon told how there had been a terrible accident, the particulars of which he couldn't make out; but it seemed as though in going up one of the many back alleys in the south of London, at about a quarter to eleven, something had exploded near the boy, shattering his limbs, shaking and partially demolishing the houses on each side, and digging a deep hole in the ground.

The man was, it appeared, with him; but the boy had lingered behind, and so he had got some little ahead of him. Since reaching the hospital the lad had only been conscious for a moment or two, and then had whispered his name and said something about the Tabernacle, and so they had sent on. It was a strange scene—never the like before or since then. A poor little city Arab, starved, ragged, dirty, pinched and dwarfed, lying, slowly bleeding to death on the bed. Kneeling on one side, in her bridal array, a beautiful woman, and on the other a stalwart, handsome man, with attendants round, watching for a minute of returning consciousness, and so of recognition.

Presently it came. A shiver passed over the small body; a smile rose over his face, clothing it with beauty; he opened his eyes and, looking steadfastly, yet dreamily, on the face of his teacher and friend, murmured some words. Ending his ear close to the boy's lips, Colman heard him: "So—loved—us—ought—to—die—for—brethren." A chill struck the lips, and he was dead.

IV

Let the curious visitor to the old country visit Kensal Green Cemetery and search out the plain tombstone of white marble, over a well-kept grave, ever fresh with flowers, and look on the simple epitaph and figures:

A delicate lady's right hand outstretched to meet a stronger man's hand, and that placing a ring on the finger, carved in the stone, and these words:

"SNUFFY."

"HE LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS."

The Young Man's Sin Found Out.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B. D.

Moses told the elders of the tribes of Reuben and Gad, when they were entering into covenant, on condition of possessing Gilead and the adjacent territory, to go before the host armed for war to bring their brethren into their land—that if they failed to do so, to be sure that their sin would find them out. This is a truth of universal application. As a dark spot on a white sheet draws the eye, so a sin committed commands the attention of God. It

matters not how it has been done, there it is and its punishment will follow without fail.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Numb. xxxii. 23.

It may be done alone, as in the case of Cain, Gen. iv. 10.

It may be done secretly, as in the case of Moses, Exod. ii. 14.

It may be done cunningly, as in the case of David, 2 Sam. 12.

It may be done in concert, as in the case of Joseph's brethren, Gen. xli. 16.

It may be done piously, as in the case of Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, Numb. xvi.

It may be done outside the knowledge of any other, John viii. 9.

It may be done in fellowship, as in the case of Judas, Matt. xxvii. 4.

It may be done in greediness, as in the case of Achan, Josh. vii. 25.

It may be done in lust and passion, as in the case of Solomon, 1 Kings, 11.

It may be done in fear, as in the case of Abraham, Gen. xxi. 8.

It may be done with the approval of others, as in the case of Absalom, 2 Sam. xviii. 14.

It may be done under the counsel of others, as in the case of Jacob, Gen. xxxii. 7.

"It shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him; but it shall not be well with the wicked." Eccl. viii. 12, 13.

Counsel With Your Boy.

Let your boy feel that you are always ready for him, always interested in his plans, however wild they may be. You can no longer command him. If that has been your only hold, then may God have mercy on you and on him. His judgment is beginning to grow, perhaps. Encourage it. Take him into your counsels. It will not hurt you to ask his advice about family matters.

See how kindly he will take to being looked up to. Do you not like to have your friends put confidence in you? He is only another you. If his self-respect be small you are cherishing its growth. How do you treat the tender plants in your garden? Do you keep sunshine away from them, and step on each tender little shoot as it lifts itself up to the unknown light of a great and strange world? And as the plants gain strength and courage to stand alone, do you nip off their leaves savagely and water them as with a flood that they have hard work to stand against? Do you leave them to droop for a bit of encouragement, to grow away for want of a little support to guide them till strong enough to stand alone? Or do you furnish props on every side, and leave the full-grown stem a derision to beholders?

Never let your boy feel that the household is complete without him.

He may prefer anything and every thing to his home, but when his "reasons grow," he can not help coming back to it, if you are faithful to your trust. Never indulge in despair, however hopeless the case may seem, but keep a beautiful trust in him that will shine in your welcome. He may not be worthy, but he will grow to it.—Ez.

Inculcate Self-Reliance.

Let parents, to whom experience has brought wisdom, teach their children to boldly face a difficulty, meet and overcome it. Let them never shrink or steal away from a known duty, however hard that the strength and self-reliance, so much needed in maturer years, may, by slow but constant growing, be developed in them against the time of need.—H. T. Conklin.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

FAMILIAR FAMILY FRIENDS.

The family store of medicine should contain a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, of Rosaway, N. S. says: "We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for six years, for coughs, colds, burns, sore throat, croup, etc., and find it so good we cannot do without it."

Provide yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine, it has no equal, and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.

Mrs. Harry Pearson, Hawtrey, writes: "For about three months I was troubled with fainting spells and dizziness which was growing worse, and would attack me three or four times a day. At last my husband purchased a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, from which I derived considerable benefit. I then procured another, and before it was used my affliction was completely gone, and I have not had an attack since."

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

Dollars, which might otherwise be thrown away by resorting to ineffectual medicines, are saved by purchasing that inexpensive specific for bodily pain and remedy for affections of the throat, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which does not deteriorate, and is thorough and pure.

"German Lawn Tennis Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well. @

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1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
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
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
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