

LICENSE.

I.—FOR THE PEOPLE.

Licensed by statute, as wisdom foresaw,
Licensed to ruin and licensed by law,
Licensed destruction, unholy to sell,
Licensed, the record of horrors to swell.

Licensed, a fountain, unfathomed, of tears
Licensed, a deluge of terrors and fears,
Licensed, a torrent of passion and shame,
Licensed for money in equity's name.

Licensed, a mother's deep joy to efface,
Licensed to compass a father's disgrace;
Licensed, the infant to rob of its bread,
Licensed in virtue's pure name, be it said.

Licensed to plunder, aye, licensed to kill,
Licensed, the almshouse and prison to fill;
Licensed, an evil, for Satan's delight,
Licensed, alas, it is said for the right.

II.—FOR THE RUMSELLER.

Licensed for money, yes licensed to sell,
Licensed by statute, 'tis legal as well,
Licensed, yet may be if only you know,
Licensed has also a message for you.

Licensed, the danger of folly to know,
Licensed no pitying thought to bestow;
Licensed to listen to sorrow's appeal,
Licensed, no thrill of compassion to feel.

Licensed from justice and truth to refrain,
Licensed to barter thy conscience for gain;
Licensed, thy noble and good to conceal,
Licensed, thy sordid and base to reveal.

Licensed to fit your own spirit for hell;
Licensed, the tale of its ruin to tell;
Licensed, to die unlamented, and then
Licensed to wail Lord forever. Amen.

—Rev. Addison Bramard.

BUB.

BY MRS ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"The fact is," said Mother Joy
"we call the black colt Bub because
he is almost just like one of the boys
of the family. He knows as much
as some folks, and when it is time
for him to have his cut feed I tell
you he raises his voice; and if he is
not hitched by a very strong halter
he is out at the stable door and in
at the kitchen as likely as not. I
tell you he is just like a petted
child."

"I do not see you driving very
often."

"No, the fact is, we all think so
much of Bub that we never like to
take him out if it is too hot or too
cold, or too dusty or too wet, or too
far or if he has to stand in harness
for any length of time; and so it
comes about that we mostly go on
our own two feet when the distance
is short, and by the steam-cars when
it is longer."

"I should think the leisurely drive
to church on Sunday morning would
be good for him."

"Well, it might seem so, of course;
but you see Bub is used to having
his hot dinner at twelve of the clock;
and at that the children are about
going into the Sunday-school, and I
doubt if there is a hitching-post in
the village strong enough to keep
Bub from his dinner. Then, too,
the boys who are in the mill through
the week, like to pet and stuff and
groom him on a Sunday."

"I presume this colt is not for
sale?"

"For sale?" and the stout English
woman lifted her hands in dismay.
"I should think not. We should
almost as soon think of selling one
of our boys as of selling Bub.
Where could he go where he would
every day have his hot dinner of
steamed hay and vegetables and
Indian meal mush? Who else would
feed him biscuits and cake and sugar
candy? O no, indeed; we shall never
sell our Bub."

Nevertheless changes came to the
prosperous family. The mill was
burned. The father died, they all
had to move. The effects had to
be sold, the horse with all the rest.
Many were the tears shed over him,
but he went to a family friend who
lived on a farm and knew all his
likes, dislikes, and peculiar habits.
"And I will trust Bub to make his
own way with them," said Mother
Joy. So she settled down into a
state of blissful content as to her
favorite's future.

It transpired that Mrs. Hood had
a way of her own, and no sooner
were the joys out of town than she
said to poor Bub, "Now my fine,
lazy fellow, we will see whether
there is any energy in you or not.
It will do my very soul good to see
you at work. The first thing will
be to get off some of this unneces-
sary fat, and as we have a Bub
among our children you will hear-
after be known as lazy Dick; and
you will no longer be a pet and an
ornament, but a general utility
horse."

Here there were no hot dinners
for Dick, no steamed hay, short
biscuit, or sweetmeats; but it was
dry hay and cold water and go, go,
go, to mill and to market, to school
and to meeting—go, go, go. In
vain Dick neighed at the kitchen
door or put his head in at the open
kitchen windows; he was driven back
to his dry hay, and was made to
plow and to harrow and to draw
heavy loads when he was not on a
go, go, go.

Lazy Dick was a very different

quadruped from petted Bub. He
grew thin, weary, footsore, and dis-
couraged; and at length was sold
for a song to a man with three live-
ly boys, who where so glad to have
a horse that they could drive them-
selves that they petted poor old
Dick, as they called him, and amused
themselves by feeding him all
sorts of messes.

"He will eat anything that is
given him in an old tin milk-pan,"
said Amos, "and he will munch it
down like a great pig, although it
is so hot that it must burn his
mouth; nothing comes amiss with
him from fruit to gingerbread."

So old Dick recovered his spirits
in a measure, and most cheerfully
went at the top of his speed with
one or all of the three boys on his
back, or with them behind him in
the road-cart; and not having to
work, he was comparatively happy,
although often called upon to go, go,
go.

No matter how many hot messes
were served up to him by the boys
for their amusement, his appetite
was always good; and as soon as he
heard the haycutter in motion he
would dance and prance and whinny
and push his head as far as possible
out of his stall, as he had been taught
to do in his youth. His impatience
often made the boys impatient, and
he got many a spiteful blow. One
day Amos hit him with a feed-shovel,
injuring the lid of one of his eyes
very badly. Inflammation set in,
and poor old Dick became an object
of pity.

"I guess I shall have to have him
killed," said the boy's father to his
brother Francis, who had come on
a visit; but it seems a pity. He eats
as well as ever, and his feet and legs
are sound; but he is thin of flesh,
and a blind horse is never safe. I
don't like the look of that abscess
on the poor old fellow's eye."

Uncle Francis caught a glance
that was exchanged between Amos
and Sperry just then, and as soon as
he was alone with the two boys got
the truth of the matter out of them.

"I am awfully mortified and
sorry about it," said Amos; and if
father should find it out he never
would allow us to have the charge
of another horse."

"You deserve to be punished,"
said Uncle Francis; "so the sooner
you tell your father the better.
We should all consider that we are
put upon honor with animals. God
puts them into our care; he gives us
the use of them, he intends them to
be our servants but not our slaves."

To his brother he said, "I am
sorry for poor old Dick. If you
want to be rid of him I will take
him home with me and try to make
his last days his best days. He
shall be an exception to horses in
general, for usually old horses are
the most abused and neglected of
animals. Then, too, I have been
cheated out of two fine horses by a
trader. I have no horse. I will
take poor old Dick and drive him as
an object-lesson: 'This is what a
man comes to who deals with a jockey.'"

So poor old Dick again changed
homes. He was now given the nice
warm stall that had been the quar-
ters of the two fine steeds. He
wore a good harness, drew the light
phaeton, and when he had to wait
for his master to do an errand was
covered with a thick, handsome
blanket. He was without shoes; and
when he was taken to a shop to be
shod, the blacksmith looked him
over curiously, soliloquizing in a low
voice:

"I don't know? It don't seem
possible? It can't be? Well, I de-
clare; it must be, and it is. Halloo,
Bub Joy, old fellow; you are coming
up in the world again. I've shod
you when you was the fattest and
handsomest horse in all this region,
and now you are the thinnest and
homeliest; but you have got a good
home and a kind master, and you
will pick up. When you was young
your strength was saved, and you
have got lots in reserve. You re-
member your old name; don't you,
Bub?"

And stupid old lazy Dick pricked
up his ears and whinnied at the sound
of the cheery voice and familiar old
name, and then the blacksmith told
the story of the old fellow's pamper-
ed youth. His new master was
more than ever interested in his
protege, and began petting him right
away. He never went to the barn
without something in his pocket for
Bub, who learned to know his step,
welcomed him with a joyful neigh,
and poked his old nose into pockets
for biscuits, ginger-snaps, or apples.

He is never called lazy old Dick,
but always Bub, and apparently
looks upon those days of trial as a
vanished dream, and supposes him-
self to be a colt once more. With
good nursing his eye was entirely
cured, he has gained in flesh, his
coat has grown glossy, and he skips
along like a bird up hill and down,
and does not mind how much he is
required to go, go, go.

When his master carries out hot
water to make him a mash he whin-
nies as loud as in his young days;
and when ever he can get loose he
comes straight to the kitchen door
for a tid-bit, showing that though

well along in years his memory is
not impaired. If not the fattest or
the handsomest horse in town he
supposes himself to be so; and so as
he is the safest his mistress is well
content, and his master says:
"After all I made a pretty good
bargain when I brought home Bub."

The True Story of a Dog.

In the year 187—the steamship
"Swallows" left the Cape of Good
Hope, bound for England,—for
home," the passengers, all English,
called it. Among them was a lady
with a child of two years and a
nurse. The lady had also brought
with her a huge, handsome New-
foundland dog.

The voyage had lasted about six
days. No land was visible, and the
island of St. Helena would be the
nearest point. The day was a beau-
tiful one, with a soft breeze blow-
ing, and the sun shining down
brightly on the sparkling waters.
A large and gay company of the
passengers were assembled on deck.
Merry groups of young men and
girls had clustered together. Now
and then a laugh rang out or some
one sang a gay little snatch of song,
when suddenly the mirth of all was
silenced by the loud and piercing
scream of a woman.

A nurse who had been holding a
child in her arms at the side of the
vessel had lost her hold of the leap-
ing, restless little one, and it had
fallen overboard into the sea,—into
the great, wide Atlantic Ocean.
The poor woman, in her despair,
would have flung herself after her
charge, had not strong arms held
her back. But, sooner than it can
be written down, something rushed
swiftly past her, there was a leap
over the vessel's side, a splash into
the waters, and then Nero's black
head appeared above the waves,
holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon
as possible; but by that time the
dog was far behind in the wake of
the vessel. A boat was quickly
lowered; and the ship's surgeon,
taking his place in it, ordered the
sailors to pull for their lives. One
could just make out on the leaping,
dancing waves the dog's black head,
holding something scarlet in his
mouth. The child had on a jacket
of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like
a spark of fire on the dark blue
waves.

The mother of the child stands on
the deck, her eyes straining anxiously
after the boat and the black spot
upon the waves still holding firmly
to the tiny scarlet point. How long
the time seems! The boat seems
fairly to creep, though it speeds
over the waves as it never sped be-
fore.

Sometimes a billow higher than
its fellows hides for a moment dog
and child from the anxious, strain-
ing eyes. One can almost hear the
watchers' hearts then throb with
fear lest the waters may have swal-
lowed them up. But the boat comes
nearer and nearer, near enough at
last to allow of the surgeon's reach-
ing over and lifting the child out of
the dog's mouth. Then a sailor's
strong arm pulls Nero into the boat,
and the men row swiftly back to
the ship.

"Alive?" is shouted from every
lip, as the boat comes within hail
of the steamer; and, as the answer
comes back, "Alive!" a "Thank
God!" breaks from every heart.
Then the boat comes up to the ship's
side. A hundred hands are stretch-
ed out to help the brave dog on
board, and "Good Nero!" "Brave
dog!" "Good fellow!" resound on
every side. But Nero ignores the
praise showered so profusely on him.
He trots sedately up to the child's
mother, and, with a wag of his drip-
ping tail, looks up into her face with
his big, faithful brown eyes. It
was as if he said, "It is all right;
I have brought her back quite safe."

The mother drops on her knees
on the deck, and, taking his shaggy
head in both hands, kisses his wet
face again and again, the tears pour-
ing down her face in streams.
There is indeed not a dry eye on
board. One old sailor stands near
with the tears running down his
weather-beaten, brown face, all the
while unconscious that he is weep-
ing.

Well, as one can imagine, Nero
was for the rest of the voyage the
pet and hero of the whole ship. He
bore his honors with quiet, modest
dignity. It was curious, however,
to see how from that time on he
made himself the sentinel and body
guard of the child he had saved.
He always placed himself at the side
of the chair of any person in whose
arms she was, his eyes watching
every movement she made. Some-
times she would be laid on the deck
with Nero only to watch her; and,
if inclined to creep out of bounds,
Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the
skirt of her frock, promptly drew
her back. It was as though he
thought, "I have been lucky
enough, Miss Baby, to save you once
from a watery grave; but, as I may
not be so lucky again, I shall take
care you don't run any unnecessary
risks in future."

When the steamer reached her
destination, Nero received a regular
ovation as he was leaving the vessel.
Some one cried, "Three cheers for
Nero!" and they were given with a
will. And "Good-by, Nero," "Good-
by, good dog," resounded from every
side. Every one crowded around
to give him a pat on the head as he
trotted down the gang-plank. To
all these demonstrations he could,
of course, only reply with a wag of
his plumed tail and a twinkle of his
faithful brown eyes. He kept close
to the nurse's side, and watched
anxiously his little charge's arrival
on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his
little mistress, where he lived, loved
and honored, until he died of old
age, with his shaggy gray head rest-
ing on the knee of the child (a
woman now) that he had saved. His
grave is in an English churchyard,
in consecrated ground. He lies in
the burial plot of the family to which
he belonged. His grave is marked
by a fair, white stone, on which is
engraved,—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF NERO,
FAITHFULST OF DOGS.

His portrait hangs over the chil-
dren's picture of an English draw-
ing-room, beneath which sits, in a low
arm-chair, a fair-haired girl, who
often looks up at Nero's portrait as
she tells the tale of how he sprang
into the waters of the Atlantic
Ocean after her, and held her up
until help came.—Emma Maude
Phelps, in *Harper's Young People*.

The Best Words.

A loving word is always a safe
word. It may, or it may not, be a
helpful word to the one who hears
it, but it is sure to be a pleasant
memory to the one who speaks it.
Many a word spoken by us is after-
wards regretted; but no word of af-
fectionate appreciation to which
we have given utterance finds a
place among our sadly remembered
expressions. Looking back over our
intercourse with a dead friend or
fellow-worker, we may, indeed, re-
gret that we were ever betrayed into
a harsh, or hasty, or unloving
word of censure or criticism in that
intercourse; and we may wish vainly
that we had now the privilege of
saying all the loving words that we
might honestly have spoken while
he was yet with us. But there will
never come into our hearts at such a
time a single pang of regret over
any word of impulsive or deliberate
affection which passed our lips
at any time. We have reason to
be on our guard in our speech in
most directions; but we can be fear-
lessly free in our loving utterances.
Apart from any question of the
good we do to others by our words
of love, we are personally the gain-
ers, for now and for hereafter, by
every such word which we speak out
explicitly; and we are sure to be
the losers, now and by-and-by,
from every such word which we
ought to have spoken and failed to
speak.—*Sunday School Times*.

In the temple of thy heart, be-
loved believer, there is a secret place
within the veil where dwells often
all unknown the Spirit of God. Do
thou bow in deep reverence before
the Father, and asks that he may
work mightily. Expect the Spirit to
do his work; he will make thy inner
man a fit home, thy heart a throne
for Jesus, and reveal him there.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Do TELL ME? the name of that de-
lightful Perfume you use. With plea-
sure. "It is the Lotus of the Nile."

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had
Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many
remedies and doctors, but got no re-
lief. His appetite was very poor, had
a distressing pain in his side and
stomach, and gradual wasting away
of flesh, when he heard of, and im-
mediately commenced taking, North-
rop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery.
The pains have left and he rejoices in
the enjoyment of excellent health, in
fact he is quite a new man."

*The Medicine for Liver and Kidney
Complaint.*—Mr. Victor Auger, Oc-
tawa, writes: "I take great pleasure
in recommending to the general public
Parmalee's Pills, as a cure for Liver
and Kidney Complaint. I have doc-
tored for the last three years with
leading physicians, and have taken
many medicines which were recom-
mended to me without relief, but after
taking eight of Parmalee's Pills I was
quite relieved, and now I feel as free
from the disease as before I was
troubled."

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try
Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia
makes you nervous, and nervousness
makes you dyspeptic; either one
renders you miserable, and these lit-
tle pills cure both.

CHANGE IS WELCOME.

GENTLEMEN,—For twenty years I
suffered from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia,
Poor Appetite, etc., and received no
benefit from the many medicines I
tried, but after taking five bottles of
B. B. I can eat heartily of any food
and am strong and smart. It is a
grand medicine and has made a won-
derful change in my health.

Mrs. W. H. Lee,
Harley, Ont.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South
—Mississippi, written in April, 1880,
just after the Grippe had visited that
country. "I am a farmer, one of
those who have to rise early and
work late. At the beginning of last
Winter I was on a trip to the City
of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well
drenched in a shower of rain. I
went home and was soon after seized
with a dry, hacking cough. This
grew worse every day, until I had
to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon
who has since died, and he told me
to get a bottle of Boschee's German
Syrup. Meantime my cough grew
worse and worse and then the Grippe
came along and I caught that also
very severely. My condition then
compelled me to do something. I
got two bottles of German Syrup. I
began using them, and before taking
much of the second bottle, I was
entirely clear of the Cough that had
hung to me so long, the Grippe, and
all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and
have felt that way ever since."

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RUGS, MATTS, LACE CURTAINS,

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

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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	278,378.68	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	17,164,383.08
1890	889,078.87	2,911,014.19	20,698,589.92

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