

## A FISHERMAN.

BEFORE.

A long cold journey through the night,  
A toil that lasts till morning light,  
A careful watch for shifting cloud.  
Storm-secrets told in whispers loud,  
Thoughts of some comrades who are dead,  
A struggle with the sea for bread,  
Lessons in patience, caution, strength,  
And slight reward, perhaps, at length.

BEHIND.

A little fireside, bright and warm,  
A snug safe shelter from the storm,  
The wife who shields her own from blame,  
Sweet little ones who speak my name  
Kneeling beside the mother's chair,  
And talking to her God in prayer,  
Small comforts making a small home,  
And all half empty till I come.

AROUND.

'God's great, wide water-world outspread,  
And His dead stars above my head,  
A faint light on a surging sea,  
A few whom I trust, who trust me,  
Men who are at their best aloft,  
A little tight and tested boat,  
A harvest free for me to reap,  
And I must work while others sleep.

WITHIN.

Thoughts which I do not care to speak,  
A shrinking dread when I am weak,  
Courage and hope when I am strong  
A joy that often turns to song  
A sorrow no one knows but I,  
A prayer on wings that reach the sky,  
A little warmth about my heart,  
And brave resolve to do my part.

AFTER.

A crowd of people pitying me  
In all my perils on the sea  
Who knows not they are fishermen,  
Living my old life again!  
They also toil upon the deep,  
They sometimes watch while others sleep,  
They struggle for their bread, and I  
Send to the towms my sympathy.

ABOVE.

I do not always think of Him,  
But be the sky or bright or dim,  
While I am one upon the sea  
I have a Father watching me.  
A poor man, to the world unknown,  
Am I but He is on the throne,  
And I shall sail away some night;  
And reach my Father's House in light.  
MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

## An Eventful Twelvemonth.

"Not one cross word in one kind year."

"He never spoke an angry word to me."

It was just one year ago, December 31, that the fearful wife of my neighbor made to me the above remark. Poor Charley! He ran a locomotive between Boston and—He was killed on the last day but one of the year.

Now this simple verdict from the lips of his wife set me to thinking. I remember that I took the resolve that very night, as in company with a brother of our lodge, I turned away from Charley's door, "So help me God, my wife shall be able to say as much of me this coming year." And now I may, I trust, record it. I have lived one kind year. To many other people, I presume, I have been about the same sort of a fellow as for many years. But to my faithful wife I have not spoken one fretful or cross or complaining word, to the best of my knowledge and belief, for twelve months last past. I have not made much money this year, but I have made one heart glad.

Now let me tell you how difficult this was. Did you ever stand by a running stream and think how smooth as oil its swift flow was? Then you thrust your hand in the water, and lo! it was a mill race. The waters boiled and splattered about your hand till you could hardly hold it there.

Well, now I never realized the force of my snappy, scolding habit to that woman till my new vow began to check it. I found that I had been in the constant habit of playing the coward—that is, scolding a good woman. A dozen times each week the fretful words sprang to my lips. I shut my mouth tightly, and my! how the bitter stuff bubbled and boiled against my teeth on the inside! You may laugh, but actually, I had to chew the words. My wife, quite a lady for proprieties, used to exclaim: "Harkley, I do wish you would not chew that spruce gum as you leave the door. How it looks on the street!" which generally made me laugh as I kissed her good morning. Dear heart, it was far better that I chew my spleen than her gentle spirit with biting words this one kind year.

I have noticed an increase fondness in my wife, this one kind year. She draws nearer to me oftener, she confides in me more, she has lost that "I-am-afraid-of-you" look that half the time she used to wear. We consult now about family matters; before we used to telephone to each other, as it were. Her spirit has improved. The irritation that I had inflicted, it seems she caught, and now that I am a better man she is a sweeter woman. It makes my heart ache to recall how often she used at first in this kind year to glance up at me with surprise and a questioning look, when I spoke gently. I caught her studying me curiously, as if she were wondering if I had secretly made a fortune recently, or had met with what the

minister calls a change of heart, or was growing to be a boy again. I think she decided on the latter; for her eyes grew soft and young like the girlish eyes I first loved years ago. And she began to act young herself. She resumed the use of the pet name she gave me long ago. I never let on; I just silently kept to my resolve: "Not one cross word in one kind year."

The best of all is the decided improvement in the dear woman's health. Now some of your doctors explain that if you can. My wife eats better, has more nerve, more vitality every way. The children do not worry her half so much as they used to. She gets along with less fretting at the servants. Can it be because I worry and fret her less? Is there anything to that old story about a man being "the head of the family"? If so, why, when the head goes wrong, the whole body is sick; eh? Exactly. I'd rather have any kind of an ache than an ache in my headpiece. Now it is true that by cheerful kindness I have saved my wife's nerves and turned the doctor out of doors, ought I not to give her a present of the amount of her usual doctor's bills? That's an idea; and I will! It is a good way to wind up this one kind year.

It is curious how smiles furnish a house. I presume you know what it is to have your wife beg you to buy a new chair, or picture, or some other thing. Our things get worn out. Well, my wife hasn't asked me such a thing all this one kind year. Yet somehow I say the old home looks better furnished than it did a year ago. May be it's the sunshine on the old things. Sunshine can do almost anything.

I have been surprised by my own increased appetite for breakfast and dinner. A fellow can't eat and scold to. Now breakfast was my favourite time for scolding—except dinner at night—for I take my lunch down town. Let me see; that makes every meal at home a growler's feast. Well, that was about so. My lunch was my best meal, for I ate alone, and there was nobody to fret at. Now all is changed. Meals at home, I like them. There are no salt tears on the bread. God forgive me! How often I used to make somebody cry, wife or one of the two children, at table. All is now changed in this one kind year.

In fact, the thing has gone with me to the store. I have gradually got in the habit of being first civil, then kind, to the boys. It is like oil down there the last few months. It is queer, but everybody hates to be scolded; even I do. A kind word is better than a whip with a Yankee clerk. Now I am going on one kind year more. I don't make any very loud pretensions, but I think there's a deal of gratitude to the Almighty in being kind to his creatures. Perhaps it will go further than longer creeds. For if a man is not kind to his fellow, whom he has seen, how shall he be to his God whom he has not seen.—*New York Weekly.*

## A Remarkable Conversion.

Many instances could be told of conversions in the meetings of Rev. B. Fay Mills as wonderful as any told of the revivalists of other days. That of a veteran newspaper reporter was one of the most interesting in the recent Chicago meetings. The Cleveland papers published this remarkable incident which occurred during the Mills meetings there:

In a neighboring State there lives a lawyer of distinguished ability. He has always been esteemed a man of sterling worth, honorable, and strictly moral. He has been a disbeliever, an infidel of the Ingersoll school. The past five years have been a time of unusual anxiety to him, because of a suit in which he has been engaged, involving the ownership of a tract of land worth \$50,000 or more. The suit has been tried several times, and has now been carried up to the Supreme Court of the State. The lawyer has invariably won his case, but by fraud. The principal witness on the winning side has been a man whose testimony was bought for the price of \$2,000. Of this, \$700 was paid down before the last trial of the case. But, smitten by remorse, this miserable purveyor when he had spent \$200 of his price, brought back \$500 to the lawyer, and gambler though he was, declared that he would not and could not use it. Shortly after this he died, his death undoubtedly the result of his long-endured distress of mind.

Undeterred by this event, the lawyer made his plans for the further prosecution of the suit, whose successful conclusion was to bring him the snug fee of \$12,000 already secured by mortgages on valuable property. On a matter of business he came to Cleveland, and on Sunday was registered at a prominent hotel. Observing the general interest in the work going on at Music Hall, and purely for curiosity, he decided to go there. Sunday evening found him in the immense audi-

ence listening to Mr. Mills as he preached from the text: "And he came to Kadesh-barnea" (Deut. i. 19). As the preacher proceeded, describing in simple but most impressive language the magnitude of the crisis to which the children of Israel had come, with the land of promise before them to enter if they would, and with years of wandering in the wilderness as the retribution for their stubborn faithfulness, the sharp, irresistible conviction was borne upon this man's soul that his Kadesh-barnea, the unlooked for but inevitable and awful crisis of his life, was confronting him. All the sophistries of his sedulously cultivated disbelief shriveled away in the strong light of truth. He saw what was involved in the forsaking of his sin—the utter sweeping away of false reputation and stolen wealth, perhaps heavy punishment of his crimes.

All night alone he faced the crisis. At noon on Monday he was at the Old Stone Church, irresistibly drawn to hear what might be said there. Among the company at the noon meeting was Mr. E. F. Mattison, a man whose name is familiar in business circles. This Christian man had not intended, being there, thinking the two preceding services of the day would be all he could well attend. But as the hour approached there came a conviction of an unknown duty calling him, and he obeyed. As the company dispersed he saw the haggard face of the stranger tarrying behind and went to him. A few words revealed the spiritual emergency, and for an hour the two talked and prayed, the agony for the man's soul breaking forth in earnest entreaty. Rising from his knees, he confided to his new found friend the whole sad story of his misdeeds, and his awful dread lest he had sinned beyond redemption; and was bidden to make a complete confession and full restitution, though it might leave him penniless. The mercy promised by the Bible was explained to him, and he was encouraged to believe that even he might be saved.

At the close of the afternoon service several clergymen and a prominent lawyer were called into consultation. Long and earnest was the talk and fervent the prayers, and before it ended light came to the penitent man and the glad consciousness of divine forgiveness. This man was at the evening service. The light of pardon was in his steady eyes, and his voice was clear and firm as he declared his full, glad assurance of God's favor and his purpose to go straight home and give up all he had to undo the evil he had done. Tuesday morning found him on his way with clear purpose to meet the utmost consequences of his guilt. "My wife will be so happy," he said. "She is a Christian woman, and however poor we may be, we shall be glad."

It is no breach of confidence that this story is told, the penitent man himself having given his full consent that his sad history should be made known, in hope that some young man just entering the way of temptation might be saved from treading its weary length.—*Journal Messenger.*

## The Rum Devil.

Who can estimate the terrible ravages of intemperance? Of it Bishop Peck once said:

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands victims for your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the patrician's axle.

It burns up man, and consumes woman, detests life, curses God and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers

our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatisfied with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, and father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

## A Modern Miracle.

Some time ago a Roman Catholic curate of excellent character, but weak intellect, was suspended because of mental incapacity for the exercise of his office. As he had no private means, and was a man of very benevolent disposition, he was generally penniless. While in this state of chronic impecuniosity, he was invited to stay with a brother priest, and got up early one morning to take a stroll before breakfast. On the road near the presbytery he met a widow with a troop of little children, who, in pious and pathetic language, asked his charity: "Do, yere Reverence, for the the honor of God an' the Blessed Vargin, do give us a little hand-reach, for we're starving wid the hunger." "My poor woman, I'm sorry to refuse you; but, if ye only knew it, I'm as bare as yerself," said the good priest. But these denials, however true, are never accepted as true in Ireland; and the appeal was renewed. "Do, father dear, try in yer pocket for wan little shixpence!" Instinctively, the priest plunged his hand into his trousers' pocket, whence, to his great amazement, he pulled out a half-sovereign. "Glory be to God an' the Vargin!" said the mendicant. "A miracle, a miracle, father!" The piece of gold was handed over to her, and the donor hurried back to the presbytery. He found his host still asleep, in the condition of the sluggard,—

"As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,  
Turns his side and his shoulder and his heavy head."

"Wake up, wake up, Father Tom, till you hear about the miracle!" At length a drowsy, uncourious voice replied: "A miracle! What miracle, what miracle?" But, as the tale unfolded itself, the interest of the listener visibly increased until, at last, the truth having dawned on him, he sat up in bed, and exclaimed, "Well, I'm blessed if the poor innocent hasn't put on my trousers by mistake, and given the 'buccaugh' my half-sovereign!"—*The Spectator.*

THE BALL-ROOM.—There is an old legend of the middle ages to the effect that once upon a time a church-member died at a ball. Satan came along and took his soul, and was flying off with it, when St. Peter, finding it out, put after him, and demanded restoration. He was a Christian," said St. Peter, "and you must give him up." "Christian!" exclaimed Satan, "who, I found him on my premises." "If that is the case," said St. Peter, "I give it up." We commend the above to all professing Christians who attend theaters, balls, and other places of questionable amusement.—*Bombay Guardian.*

## Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

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FIVE TO ONE.

DEAR SIR,—Last winter I had five large boils on my neck and was advised to use B. B. B. Before I had finished the first bottle I was completely well and think B. B. B. cannot be excelled as a blood purifier. JOHN WOOD, Bound Plains, Ont.

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For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Liver Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

ATTACKED BY AN ENEMY.

DEAR SIR,—About a year ago I had a very bad attack of dyspepsia. For nearly four months I never ate a meal without suffering pain after. I had got so weak I could scarcely walk, when one day I saw an advertisement for B. B. B. and thought I would try a bottle. Four bottles cured me completely, and I am now strong and healthy.

MISS JANET STUART, Muskoka Falls, Ont.

## "August Flower" Lawn Tennis!

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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
1889	563,140.52	2,223,322.72	17,164,383.08
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