

The Sweetest Things of Earth.

What are the sweetest things of earth?—
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no return;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace.
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
A honest hand that needs no ward;
A life with right in true accord.
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.
Emma C. Dowd.

A Girl's Work.

The beloved German teacher, Tholuck, who won such numbers of students to Christ, when asked the secret of his success, said simply, "by seeking and following."

In this unvarnished story our readers will see that success means work in our day as in his.

Our modest friend may look troubled when her eye falls upon this outline of a noble work, but she must remember that the candle has no right to object to giving light. The light of life can only come from the great Source. Let it go back to Him humbly and gratefully.

Several years ago a young girl took a class of boys in a certain Sunday school. She was very young, had never taught, and therefore shrunk from the work, but with that instinctive sagacity which boys often show, they chose her, and persisted in their choice, and so, very doubtfully, she began her work.

There were ten boys in the class, and they lived in a village of four or five thousand inhabitants—a village which boasted of forty drinking saloons. They were not the good sort of boys—not at all; but they had a cordial liking for their teacher, and a strong class spirit was soon developed, of which our slender girl did not fail to take advantage. She encouraged them to stand together, and she stood among them. They learned to tell her everything, and she was the hearty, sympathetic adviser and personal friend of each.

Wise little woman! She was laying the foundation deep and strong. For well she knew that by-and-by the floods would rise; and the wind would blow and beat upon these precious human houses intrusted to her care; and so she dug deep into the solid confidence and affection of her boys.

The trial days did not delay to come. The boys were growing tall and manly. They were learning to smoke and to taste beer, and what more natural than that they should find themselves too large to go to Sunday-school?

"I had a dreadful time with those boys for four years," said the teacher, "but I could not and would not let them go."

"But how did you retain them?"

"Boys at that age are pretty strong." "Well, I followed them. As soon as a boy absented himself from Sunday school, I went after him. I had their confidence, and they would tell me even when they did pretty bad things, which, of course, was a great help. They were wide-awake, active boys, and wanted to try about every new thing, and they did, but I tried to keep along with them. At one time they formed themselves into a club, rented a room, and grew old very fast. I used to tremble in those days, and I had reason to. But I did not give up."

"It must have taken a great deal of time to follow them up."

"Well, yes it did. There have been weeks in succession when I was out every evening looking after my boys. But I thought it would pay."

"And has it?" asked the curious listener.

"I think so. Six of the ten remain, and I have no more difficulty in keeping them in Sunday school. The others have moved away, but I hear from them. All but two are Christians, and these two are steady and seem to be well established in principle."

"But they are men now. Do you still teach them?"

"Yes; I cannot induce them to go into the Bible class, though I have often tried to do so. They seem to dislike the thought of a change."

And little wonder.

So it came to pass that in a certain Sunday school there may be seen a class of young men respectful, attentive, absorbed, listening to the low-voiced teachings of a slender young woman as if they thought her words carried weight. And so they do, the weight of a life which means earnest purpose and faith in the work which is given us to do.

"But she had time to give to her class," some one says.

Listen: During all those years she was a hard working school-teacher, with but slender stock of

health and strength to draw upon. Yes, she had time to give to her boys, but where do you think she found it? Possibly some of the adornments and enjoyments of girlhood had to be given up. Did it pay?

"The Use of Margins."

This is the topic of an article by Miss Willard, in the *Golden Rule*, the "margins" of which she writes being the spare minutes which some young people use to their lasting good and which others use to their lasting hurt.

Most of us remember what Garfield said about those evenings when he was a freshman in William College and stood in his window and saw in the window of the young man who was his only competitor for first place in mathematics the light twinkling a few minutes longer than he was wont to keep his own light burning. That sturdy and well-balanced mind then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation-room. This he did, and soon stood unapproached in scholarship. President Garfield in an off-hand talk related this incident, of course more modestly than I have given it here, and said he was thankful that thus early in his life his attention was so emphatically called to the value of margins; for it is the margin of attention, of time, or earnestness, of power, that wins in every battle, great and small.

Some fill time, some squander it, some invest it. The lives clearly show which of these three things they have done. He who runs may read. The very direction of the wrinkles of their foreheads will teach an observant person which of three they have done. The very look in the corners of the mouth, the glint of the eye, each attitude, each motion, tells as plainly which of these three they have done as if they had written it out before you on a blackboard. A lady who knew Joseph Cook when he was a student at Andover mentioned to me that while waiting for breakfast at the boarding house the young men would stand about, chaffing each other; but he, if there were so much as half a minute, turned to the big dictionary in the corner of the room, and learned the synonyms for a word, or searched out its derivation. It is a cheap thing to say that Joseph Cook has evidently swallowed the dictionary, and I have heard the remark made by cheap people; but our age has not produced a nobler genius, or a more magnificent specimen of true Christian manhood. The question is, as Garfield says, one of the "margins." How do you use the little ragged edge of time between classes, on the way to your recitation? Are you turning over some rich morsel of the Gospel? Are you learning a bit of verse from some great author? Are you thinking of the original utterances of your professor in the last recitation? In short, is your mind working? For the mind can always be at work in the most useful, vigorous kindly and tranquil way, unperturbed by mean little jealousies, contumelies, detractions, flying on its strong, swift wing up above the fogs and damps of ignoble gossip and fruitless colloquialism. You have the wings, are you using them? Macaulay, whose memory was perhaps unequalled in his day, said that as a boy he formed the habit of taking his eyes off the book or paper when he had read a page or a column, and of obliging his memory to reproduce for him what he had read. He said this became such a fixed habit that he could not comfortably do otherwise. To my mind that habit was worth more than a million dollars in the bank. It was worth more to his character, to his work in the world, to his fame. And fame is a great and beautiful thing when honestly earned and humbly enjoyed, when it is simply the mercury in the barometer showing how high the atmosphere of our spirits has ranged. It should never be the end, though it may be to all adventures and dauntless souls, for the reason that the good-will and confidence of men are among the best indicators that we have of those qualities carried to the infinity of God's nature, and in the general opinion of the best men and women among whom we live we can see something of a reflex of his judgment as to what we are trying to accomplish.

A Reminiscence.

During the great religious awakening throughout New England which commenced in 1831, a church in a country town less than forty miles from Boston was also wonderfully blest.

A prominent business man of the town was absent at the beginning of the revival, and knew nothing of the good work. He was fond of his home and family, and as he neared the familiar spot he exclaimed, 'Home will be welcome enough to-night, for I am tired, cold and hun-

gry.' Judge of his surprise on driving into his own yard to see his three younger children running around with dirty faces, while the yard itself was strewn with various things belonging to the house.

"Mamma's gone to meeting," the children said; "and we are having meeting out here with the chairs."

No fire, no cheerful welcome, this was dreary enough; and, in spite of himself, the merchant indulged in a good share of ill-humor. The frown was dark on his face when his wife and eldest daughter returned.

"You'd better be at home looking after your family then running after with a lot of fanatics while things go to waste and ruin. It's much encouragement for me to work and slave and worry to make a comfortable living for you all."

The wife was silent. She had learned that there are times when silence is "strength in its grandeur."

The house and surroundings were soon restored their usual order, the children tidied up, and a most appetizing supper spread for the hungry man. All this was without its effect upon the merchant, and his anger was soon forgotten.

"Husband," said the wife, gently, "I have some good news to tell you; yes, exceeding good news. The Lord is with us in wonderful power. Sinners are flocking to Christ in scores. Some of the most hardened souls in our neighborhood are yielding to the influence of the Holy Spirit. Those long and bitter feuds which have existed between some of our neighbors are all forgiven, and the parties are rejoicing in the Lord. You know what a scolder Mr. Small always has been. It would surprise you to hear that man testify for Jesus. Our daughter here Minnie, has found the 'pearl of great price.' Is it not time that her father was seeking the 'one thing needful' also?"

Just then Minnie came forward, and, throwing her arms around her father's neck, exclaimed, "Come, papa, please go with us; Jesus is so precious." The strong man was moved as he had never been before. He attended the meetings, sought a friend the Saviour, and became a staunch pillar in the church. Such is the power of God.

In the same revival an unbeliever upon learning his daughter's intention of joining the Church, gave her her choice of two things—either to abandon the idea altogether or leave her home forever, and allowed her two days in which to decide. At the end of her probation she sought her father, saying, "Father, I have decided for Christ. 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

A Methodist local preacher, who was something of a farmer as well, was in the habit of stopping with her father when on his way to market with his produce. Happening along at this very time, he invited the young woman to go with him. She found a ready welcome in his family for many years. Shortly after, the young woman obtained license to preach, and went from place to place as the Lord called her, and had the joy of seeing souls brought into the fold through her faithful labors.—Star.

Reproving a Child Before Company.

Should it ever be done? That wise and tender sympathetic counselor of mothers, Helen Hunt Jackson, thought not. In her "Bits of Home-Talk" she says:

Probably most parents, even very kindly ones, would be a little startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others. This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it; nobody thinks of considering whether it be right and best, or not. But it is a rudeness to a child. I am entirely sure that it ought never to be done. Mortification is a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent, it is all the more certain to rankle and do harm. Let a child see that the mother is so anxious that he should have the approbation and good-will of her friends that she will not call their attention to his faults; and that, while she never, under any circumstances, allow herself to forget to tell him afterward, alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of public reproof; and, while the child will lay these secret reproofs to heart, he will still be happy.

I know a mother who had the insight to see this, and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more patience, far more time, than the common method.

Once I saw her little boy behave so boisterously and rudely at the dinner-table, in the presence of guests, that I said to myself, "Surely, this time she will have to break her rule, and reprove him publicly." I saw several telegraphic signals of rebuke, entreaty and warning flash from her gentle eyes to his; but nothing did any good. Nature was

too much for him; he could not at that minute force himself to be quiet. Presently she said, in a perfectly easy and natural tone, "O Charley, come here a minute! I want to tell you something." No one at the table supposed that it had anything to do with his bad behaviour. She did not intend that they should. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his cheek flush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat with a manful but very red little face.

In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork, and said, "Mamma, will you please to excuse me?" "Certainly, my dear," said she. Nobody but I understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child away from the table in any other way. "But what would you do," said I, "if he were to refuse to ask to be excused?"

Then the tears stood full in her eyes. "Do you think he could," she replied, "when he sees that I am only trying to save him from pain?" In the evening, Charley sat in my lap, and was very sober. At last he whispered to me, "I'll tell you an awful secret, if you won't tell. Did you think I had done my dinner this afternoon when I got excused? Well, I hadn't. Mamma made me, because I acted so. That's the way she always does. But I haven't had to have it done to me before for ever so long—not since I was a little fellow [he was eight now] and I don't believe I ever shall again till I'm a man." Then he added, reflectively: "Mary brought me all the rest of my dinner upstairs; but I wouldn't touch it only a little bit of the ice-cream. I don't think I deserved any at all; do you?"

"A Gentlewoman."

That ideal hero, John Halifax, made it the aim of his life to be worthy, in the best sense, of that good old English title, "Gentleman." It is an aim no less honorable, to be worthy to be truly called "a gentlewoman." A writer in *Harper's Weekly* says:

A gentlewoman never fails in the small, sweet courtesies. Instinctively she respects the feelings of others, and having the golden rule by heart, it is from her heart that all lovely, love-compelling graces flow. "In her tongue is the law of kindness," and she has the ready tact which takes advantage of every opportunity to render the lives of others happier.

And every morning, with "Good-day," makes each day good.

Her winning smile and gentle ministrations, her soft voice and unfeeling sympathy, insure her always a ready welcome, and, like the sun, she "finds the world bright, because she first makes it so." The fairy tail of our younger days has a peculiar charm and attraction. The courteous, cheerful maiden who draws water for the withered old crone, and who listens to her, and replies with amiability, is rewarded with the gift of uttering pearls and diamonds; and, in the less romantic German version, Frau Holle bestows gold pieces as the reward of civility and diligence with that delightful prodigality so characteristic of fairy land.

True grief hath ever something sacred in it; and when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

FOR A THOROUGHLY good Extract of Lemon, try the "Royal."

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Don't waste time, money, and health, trying every new medicine you may see advertised in the papers. If the cause of your trouble is in the blood, liver, stomach, or kidneys, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla at once, and be sure of a cure. Take no other.

G. Bert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland writes:—"I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of Rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

"August Flower" Lawn Tennis!

Dyspepsia.

There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and when ever I am, I take one or two tea-spoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

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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	5,849,880.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888	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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