

Invocation to Sleep.

I.
There is a rest for all things. On still nights
There is a folding of a million wings,—
The swarming honey bees in unknown
woods,
The speckled butterflies, and drowsy broods
In dizzy poplar heights,
For innumerable nameless things,
For the creatures underneath the sea,
And in the earth, and in the starry air...
Why will it not unburden me of care?
Comes to me, weary night, that brings no rest
To me!

II.
Spirit of dreams and silvery memories,
Delicate sleep!
One who is sickening of his tiresome days
Brings thee a soul that he would have thee
keep
A captive in thy mystical domain,
With Puck and Ariel, and the grotesque
train
That people slumber. Give his sight,
Immortal shapes, and bring to him again
His Psyche that went out into the night!

III.
Thou who dost hold the priceless keys of
rest,
Strew lotus-leaves and poppies on my breast
And bear me to thy castle in the land
Touched with all colors like a burning
west,—
The Castle of Vision, where the unchecked
thought
Wanders at will upon enchanted ground,
Making no sound
In all the corridors...
The bell sleep in the belfry,—from its
tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air,
Like thistle-down. Slumber is everywhere.
The rook's asleep, and in its dreaming, caws
And silence mopes where nightingales have
sung;
The Sirens lie in grottoes cool and deep,
The Naidas in the streams:
But I, in chilling twilight, stand and wait
At the periculis, at thy castle gate.
Yearning to see the magic doors of dreams
Turn on its noiseless hinges, delicate sleep!
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Saved from the Pit.

BY H. E. MILLS.

One of the most successful teachers
in the Oak Vale Sunday-school was
Henry Barton, who had a class of
little girls about the age of ten
years. He was a whole-souled, high-
minded man whom the community
respected, and his little class thought
there was no teacher quite equal to
theirs.

Mr. Barton was a successful
banker, and old Deacon Smith often
remarked: "He's too much appetite
for greenbacks." Business often
took Mr. Barton to Chicago, and on
one such trip he spent an hour at
the grain exchange, where new and
strange sights met his eyes. From
the balcony he saw below an excited,
seething crowd. Fortunes were
being made and lost every hour.
He saw a large man throw his hat
in the air with a shout, and soon
came up into the balcony, where a
little group of friends crowded him
with congratulations. "That man,"
said a gentleman near Barton, "has
just cleared thirty thousand on a
large wheat deal."

There was a fascination in the
place for the country banker, and
on his next trip to the city he ar-
ranged to spend a half day at the
exchange. From a favorable posi-
tion he closely watched the quota-
tions as every few minutes they
were bulletined. Just to test his
judgment he predicted to himself
that May wheat would next be
quoted at a quarter of a cent rise.
In a few minutes that very advance
was put on the board. Next he
propheesied on corn, and much to
his surprise it took a drop exactly
as he had guessed. He had always
held that gambling in stocks was
the same as betting on a horse race,
but somehow, face to face with the
possibility of a fortune amassed in
a day, the business wore a different
look, and he did not think of it as
gambling.

"Why shouldn't I get rich?" he
thought. "Since I've been sitting
here I could have cleared a thousand
dollars on May wheat, or on that
corn either."
It was almost time for his train,
so he left the fascinating spot, carry-
ing a desire for speculation from
which he had always before been
free. Going home his better nature
gained the ascendancy, and he said
to himself: "Henry Barton, I didn't
think you had so little sense. If
you could have laid your hands on
a thousand dollars to-day, you would
have bought a lot of wheat that
doesn't exist, and been a gambler
like the rest."

This bit of censure which he gave
himself seemed to place him in an
attitude he had always held toward
options, but it did not prevent him
from eagerly watching the market
quotations in the daily papers, nor
did it exempt him from a return of
the speculation fever.

Some weeks later corn took a
steady advance. Every morning it
would be about half a cent better.
Soon Barton must go to the city,
and he could not get his mind off
that rising corn. Saturday night
found him at the bank, remaining
on some pretext, after the office

force were all gone. Monday morn-
ing he must leave early for Chicago,
and now a desperate struggle was
raging in his breast.

"Take it; take it," said one voice.
"Yes, but it's bank money," said
the other.

"What if it is? You'll return it
in a few days."

"What if you lose?"

"But you won't lose. That corn
will advance for at least a week
longer. Everything indicates it."

"Are you really going to gamble?"

"Gamble? Bah! Hundreds of
good men are dealing in stocks, and
you might as well take advantage of
your chances."

"What would people think?"

"People don't need to think.
This is part of my business, and not
theirs."

"Yes, especially the stockholders
of the bank. Of course it isn't any
of their business!"

"No, it isn't their business. I,
as president, am managing this
bank. If I lose I'll make it up
from my salary."

"But suppose you lose so much
that you can't?"

"But I'll stop before that. Be-
sides, I'm going to gain, not lose.
Suppose there is a little risk, we
always have to run something of a
gauntlet whatever we do."

The reproving voice kept silent
while the other added: "Now
make a draft for two thousand, and
if the outlook is unfavorable bring
the money home."

He wrote out the little slip, gave
it to the bank's seal, and tucked it into
his pocket. His conscience began
to raise some objections, but he
stifled its compunctions, and went
home. He tried to study the Sun-
day-school lesson for the next day,
but the title, golden text, and cen-
tral truth all seemed a rebuke to
him. At last, laying down the
books, he said: "I'll just ask the
questions in the quarterly. That
will be enough for to-morrow."

The night he dreamed of stocks
and bonds and options. He seemed
to be losing a large amount, but on
awaking he thought: "Dreams
always go by contraries, so this
must be a good omen."

At Sunday-school his class were
as glad to see him as though he had
come with a light heart, and not
from a sense of duty. During the
opening exercises little Nora White,
the youngest member, a very sweet,
confiding child, sat next to him,
where she seemed perfectly happy.

He entered into the lesson with very
little spirit, simply reading off the
questions.

"What is our lesson about Jen-
nie?"

"The Holy Spirit, our Leader,"
she answered.

Other questions went round, and
little Nora was asked: "What is
it to be led of the Holy Spirit?"

She thought a moment, then her
face brightened, and she replied:
"It's always acting as though Jesus
was right with us."

The next question he put to them
all. "Do you know any one whom
you think is now led by the Spirit
of God?" One mentioned their
minister, another Mr. Moody, and
another Mr. Spurgeon. Little Nora
suggested some one. "Whom did
you name, Nora? I didn't under-
stand," said the teacher, kindly.

She spoke still lower, but Mr.
Barton caught the word as she
simply answered, "You." The child's
reply came like a blow to the strong
man. He led by the Spirit of God!
Did that trusting little one really
believe that he always acted as
though "Jesus was right with him?"

Then the real blackness of his heart
stood out in awful relief against the
purity which little Nora thought
was there. A terrible sense of
guilt took hold of him. It was all
he could do to finish the lesson. He
did not wait for the sermon. Hur-
rying home he paced up and down
his room, the picture of the child's
sweet face constantly before his
mind, and her words ringing in his
ears. "She thinks I'm a saint,"
he said, "when really I'm about to
become a tool of the devil. What
if I lose, and—" "But you won't
lose," broke in the other voice.

Again the two natures within had
a fierce struggle, but at length the
forces which Nora had aroused and
marshaled forth, were victorious,
and Barton cried: "Oh, God, help
me, forgive me, lead me."

Taking the draft from his pocket
he put it into the fire, then he fell
on his knees, and in an agony of
repentance he implored mercy and
help. When he rose he went
straight to the home of his pastor,
a man whom he fully trusted and
told him the whole story.

"I was afraid," he said, "that if
I tried to refrain all by myself, the
temptation would be too strong
sometimes."

A few days afterwards, when he
returned from the city, he had not
been near the pit. Some weeks
passed, when the papers came out
one morning full of a big bank
failure in a neighboring town. The
cause of the trouble, so ran the re-
ports, was grain speculation by the
officers. On looking up the matter,
Barton found that for a long time

they had been dabbling in stocks,
and were about even on their losses
and gains, but on the very day
when he had intended to purchase,
they had bought large options on
corn, almost at once meeting a turn
in the market. To cover this de-
cline they had several times advanced
large sums in the desperate hope
of a rise, but the market kept its
downward course, until all they had
invested was swept away, and their
bank a wreck. "Thank God," said
Barton, "that I was not in that
whirlpool!"

From that day he fully consecrated
himself to God with his business,
and every since he has known the
unspeakable blessedness of being
led by the Holy Spirit.—*Congregationalist*.

Picking Folks to Pieces.

How easy it is to see the faults
of those around us! We are all of
us apt at the business. It is only
after our friends are dead that we
are able to perceive their virtues.

No live man is anywhere near per-
fect; but after he is dead he never
had any faults, if you may judge by
the way people speak of him.

It is a musing to a person of an ob-
servant turn of mind to notice how
all creation finds fault with every-
body else.

Suppose some public man, an
orator, for instance, is under dis-
cussion. Conversation begins by
one person asking another the
simple question:

"Where you at the lecture last
evening?"

Response in the affirmative.

"How did you like Mr. B.'s dis-
course?"

"Oh, very well indeed; but did
you notice how he drawled his
words? And what a strange way
he had of rolling up his eyes? I do
so dislike that in a speaker; it
makes me so nervous. But then I
don't suppose he is conscious of it."

"Well, no, perhaps not; but I
could not help noticing the way his
coat hung behind. Did you observe
it? Maud wanted to know what
tailor I thought he employed.
Strange that those public men will
be so careless!"

"Well, poor man, he hasn't any
wife to see after him. I fancy I
can tell a man without a wife by
the way his clothes look. There is
apt to be dandruff on his coat collar,
and somehow he always seems as if
he didn't feel quite sure about his
buttons and things."

"Why I thought Mr. B. was a
married man."

"O, he was once, but then had a
misfortune, you know."

"A misfortune! Why, how
you talk! Is that so? Well, now
that I think of it, it did strike me
that he had a melancholy sort of air
about him. Was there another man
in the case?"

"I cannot say. She was a very
high-toned woman, and nobody
knew exactly how it was. Many
blamed him."

"I have heard that he was awfully
high-tempered."

"His eyes look like it."

"So I said to my husband. And
then hair of that color is generally
found with a temper. Well, I
shouldn't want to marry one of these
public characters, everybody knows
so much about them; and I should
hate to be talked about so."

"It isn't nice. And it is strange
that some people can take so much
delight in picking folks to pieces.
Now that is something I never do.
If I cannot say any good of anyone
I will not say anything bad. By
the way, did you hear about Mrs.
Jones' daughter Jane?"

"No. What about her?"

"Why, they say she has been
discharged from Green's because
there was a roll of ribbon missing
from the store and nobody knew
what had become of it. Isn't it
dreadful! Well, Mrs. Jones was a
Bingham, and the Bingham's never
did have a very good name. Old
Mr. Bingham used to give short
weight, they always said; and his
wife was a dreadful scandal-
monger. Blood will tell. And I
never did like the looks of Jane's
nose. I've always noticed that
people with noses like hers are apt
to be meddlesome and dishonest.
But there, this is a world of fraud
and deceit, and I am glad I can
look forward to a better one. It is
such a comfort when I think how
surrounded we are by evil-doers on
every side. Such a comfort! Yes,
indeed!"—*Presbyterian Banner*.

Be Truthful.

"Speak ye every man the truth
to his neighbor." We cannot. We
want to do it sometimes; we have
got so far as to say that honesty is
the best policy, but any honesty
that is based on lines of policy is
dishonesty. Honesty and policy
cannot live in the same heart. Who
can make anything of the liar? He
is the worst of all men. He has
lost the higher qualities of man-
hood, yet the base deeper can
shudder when he sees a poor drunk-
en man who may be a saint compar-

ed with himself. The liar cannot
be converted, unless it be by the
whole force of the Deity. He is
hollow, he has killed his conscience,
he has sold his honor. Never allow
a liar to come into your house.
The liar is a composite sinner; he
sins all around, or would sin in any
direction and every direction if it
would serve his purpose so to do.
Have faith in every man that loves
truth. Though he fall seven times
a day he shall stand at eventide.
Any sins that lie along the line of
passion are nothing as compared
with sins of deliberation, plan,
scheme, thoroughly wrought out,
purposeful. I have known many a
soul overborne by gusts from the
bottomless pit, not wanting moral
quantity and fine quality, but I
have never known a liar that was
worth being touched by the point
of the longest instrument nor
fashioned by human hands.—*Dr.
J. Parker*.

**Small Arts Which all Should
Cultivate.**

This advice is given by a cultur-
ed Englishwoman to the girls and
young women who would make
friends and a place for themselves
in the social world:

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-
toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around
you, and seemed pleased with all
them and all they do for you.

The charm of making little sacri-
fices quite naturally, as if of no ac-
count to yourself.

The habit of making allowances
for the opinions, feelings or preju-
dices of others.

An erect carriage—that is, a
sound body.

A good memory for faces and facts
connected with them, thus avoiding
giving offense through not recogniz-
ing or bowing to people, or saying
to them what ought to have been
left unsaid.

The art of listening without im-
patience to prosy talkers, and smil-
ing at the twice-told tale or joke.

OBEEDIENCE.

I say to those mothers and fathers
whose boys have not yet gone
astray, to mothers and fathers whose
little families are the care of their
lives, teach your children obedience.
I want it written large. I wish I
could make it blaze here in letters
of fire. I wish I could write it in
imperishable, glowing letters on the
walls of every home—obedience,
obedience, obedience! Obedience
to law—to household law, to pa-
rental authority; unquestioning,
instant, exact obedience. Obedience
in the family, obedience in the
school. Wherever, from the begin-
ning, from the first glimmer of in-
telligence in the child, there is
expression of law, let there be taught
respect for it and obedience to it.
It is the royal road to virtue, to good
citizenship; it is the only road.—
Rev. John Brubaker.

To be beaten, but not broken; to
be victorious, but not vain-glorious;
to strive and contend for the prize,
and to win it honestly or lose it
cheerfully; to use every power in
the race, and yet never to wrest an
undue advantage or win an unlaw-
ful mastery,—verily, in all this
there is training and testing of
character which searches it to the
very roots; and this is a result which
is worth all that it costs us.—*Bishop
Potter*.

Hard words are like hailstones in
summer, beating down and destroy-
ing what they would nourish were
they melted into drops.

**Minard's Liniment relieves
Neuralgia.**

"MAUD S." CONDITION POWDERS
will cure roughness of hair in your
horses and put a glossy coat.

LOCAL OPTION.

THIS term should be applied to the
choice every intelligent person
has between Burdock Blood Bitters,
the natural and certain remedy for
dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation,
headache, and bad blood, and the vari-
ous imitations offered by unscrupulous
parties as being "just as good." There
is nothing else as good as B. B. B. It
is an honest medicine and has made re-
markable cures right in our own time.

The public should bear in mind that
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing
in common with the impure, deteriora-
ting class of so-called medicinal oils. It
is eminently pure and really vicious—
relieving pain and lameness, stiffness
of the joints and muscles, and sores or
hunts, besides being an excellent
specific for rheumatism, coughs and
bronchial complaints.

No one knows better than those
who have used Carter's Little Liver
Pill's what a relief is given when taken
for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the
side, constipation, and disordered
stomach.

Many people, not aware of the
dangers of constipation, neglect the
proper remedy till the habit becomes
chronic, or inflammation or stoppage
results. A dose or two of Ayer's Pills
in the beginning would have prevented
all this.

German Lawn Tennis!

A Throat
and Lung
Specialty.

Those who have not
used Boschee's Ger-
man Syrup for some
severe and chronic
trouble of the Throat
and Lungs can hard-
ly appreciate what a truly wonder-
ful medicine it is. The delicious
sensations of healing, easing, clear-
ing, strength-gathering and recover-
ing are unknown joys. For Ger-
man Syrup we do not ask easy cases.
Sugar and water may smooth a
throat or stop a tickling—for a while.
This is as far as the ordinary cough
medicine goes. Boschee's German
Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat
and Lung Specialty. Where for
years there have been sensitiveness,
pain, coughing, spitting, hemor-
rhage, voice failure, weakness, slip-
ping down hill, where doctors and
medicine and advice have been swal-
lowed and followed to the gulch of
despair, where there is the sickening
conviction that all is over and the
end is inevitable, there we place
German Syrup. It cures. You are
a live man yet if you take it.

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-BARGAINS-

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The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following
Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872.....	\$48,210.93.....	\$546,461.95.....	\$1,076,350.00
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.....	773,855.71.....	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.....	495,851.64.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.68.....	1,874,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	17,164,383.08
1890.....	889,078.87.....	2,911,014.19.....	20,698,689.92

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