

Entered In.

At length the door is opened, and, free from pain and sin,
With joy and gladness on his head, the pilgrim enters in;
The Master bids him welcome, and on the Father's breast,
By loving arms enfolded, the weary is at rest.

The pilgrim's staff is left behind, behind the sword and shield,
The armor dimmed and dented on many a hard-fought field;
His, now the shining palace, the garden of delight,
The palm, the robe, the diadem, the glory bright.

And now from out the glory, the living cloud of light,
The old familiar faces comes beaming on his sight;
The early lost, the ever loved, the friends of long ago,
Companions of his conflicts and pilgrimage below.

O, who can tell the rapture of those to whom 'tis given,
Thus to renew the bonds on earth amid the bliss of heaven?
Twice blessed be his Holy name who for our fallen race
Hath purchased by his bitter pains such plenitude of grace.

—Advent.

A Lesson For Fathers And Sons.

Ebenezer Webster, Daniel Webster's father, a sturdy New Hampshire farmer and miller of the last century, was one of those intelligent and generous parents whose most cherished purpose is to give their children a better education than they have enjoyed themselves. Every one was poor then in the northern parts of New Hampshire; there were but few books, and none but district schools; and, therefore all the latter years of Ebenezer Webster's life were a severe struggle to accomplish this purpose. Daniel Webster relates, in one of his letters, an affecting conversation which occurred one hot day in July, 1792, in the hayfield, between his father and himself, when he was about ten years old. It shows something of the character of both the father and the son.

A member of Congress came out to the hay-field to see Captain Webster (he was called captain from his having commanded a company in the Revolutionary War) and, when the member had left, the old man called the boy to him, and they sat down on a hay-cock together under an elm-tree.

"My son," began this strong minded, proud but uneducated man, "my son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it, as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here."

The tender hearted boy was much affected at these words, and began to cry.

"My dear father," he exclaimed, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest."

"My child," said the father, "it is of no importance to me—I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—learn—learn—and, when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

The ten-year-old little Daniel threw himself on his father's breast, and as he sobbed aloud, he registered a vow deep in his heart that he would never idle away a moment that could be devoted to study. In 1796, when Daniel was fourteen years old, his father, who had been made county judge, at a salary of four hundred dollars a year, was able to send him to the famous academy at Exeter, N. H. When he had been at school a few months, and was at home for the vacation, his father told him that he meant to send him to college.

"The very idea," says Mr. Webster, "thrilled my whole frame. I was quite overcome, and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared to me so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father so great, I could only press his hand and shed tears."

"I live for my children," said the generous old man, "and I will do all I can for you, if you will do all you can for yourself."

Daniel was sent to Dartmouth College before he was properly prepared for admission. But his wonderful talents and his studiousness enabled him soon to get abreast with all his classes, and to graduate with distinction. His father lived to reap the reward of his parental devotion by seeing the unfolding of his son's unequalled talents. Daniel Webster's reverence for his father,

and his appreciation of the good old man's affection and self-sacrifice, were conspicuous traits of his character. In the height of his fame, his lips quivered and his voice trembled whenever he spoke of him; and once every year he took his own children to the log-cabin in which his father had lived, and to the humble grave in which his remains reposed.

Such an eminent instance of parental devotion and filial appreciation, when rightly considered, elevates one's conceptions of human nature, and strengthens our faith in the capabilities of man.—Ledger.

Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago, the superintendent of the "Little Wanderers' Home," in a distant city, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them utterly friendless and homeless—said: "Mr. T., can you take any of them?"

"Certainly; I can take them all," was Mr. T.'s prompt reply.

"Ah! what in the world can you do with them all?" asked the judge.

"I'll make women of them."

The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her!" Mr. T. replied, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and supplied with good suppers and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the other children. Mary was the little girl whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T., in reference to her:

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, but failed."

Mr. T. said, afterward, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression—yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school, he called her into his office, and said pleasantly: "Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her much. A kind gentleman and lady have adopted her, and I would like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny and told her she might go to a shop and get some candy. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her:

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up those papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, and half fearful of mental wandering, he went to her and said: "Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got some one to love me! somebody to love me!" the child answered, earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not, at first, believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one loved her, and desired her affection, that so lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home, but more than all its beauty and comfort running like golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.

How Margie Died.

The Illinois Central train was half a hundred miles out of Chicago, headed for the city, and at a little station an old farmer came aboard. He was a little weazened man, with a sensible mouth half concealed by an iron-gray beard. His ill-fitting clothes were evidently his most uncomfortable best, and he moved awkwardly and stiffly in them. There were no vacant seats and after some hesitation he slid softly into one occupied by a grave stranger, intent upon his paper. The old man was ill at ease and as he turned a careworn, haggard face toward the brown, flying landscape it showed marks of some recent trouble. The stranger laid aside his paper after a while and half wistfully the old man glanced at him. He spoke at last with a strange hesitancy.

"I'm goin' to the city for the second time in my life," he said, half startled at his own voice.

"Yes?" and in the intonation of the other's there was an invitation to go on.

"The second time," repeated the old man; "thirty years ago, come June, I went there for a wedding suit and I'm goin' back there to-day for a coffin and a shroud for—the little woman that—married me."

His voice broke, and turning again to the window he looked out upon the dull, cold landscape and was silent many minutes.

"You don't understand what it is, mister; you can't understand," and he was crying very softly and hopelessly. "You don't know what it is to live and work 'longside a woman for thirty years, day in and day out, to find her always patient and willin' and workin'—and then leave her a layin' dead and cold with her worn-out hands crossed on her breast. You don't have no idee what it is," and the sleeves of the old man were drawn apologetically across his eyes.

"I've ben thinkin' a good deal since last night when Margie died; it kinder puts a man to his thought. It was just a little after the turn of the night, and nobody but me was watchin', when she kinder woke up, like as if she'd ben asleep."

"David," says she, 'tis restful—so restful, and I took hold of her hand; 'is that you a-singin', David?' says she. "Go on," but I hadn't sung a word and couldn't 'a done it—go on," David," says she, 'and I'll be restin', for I'm so tired.' And so she went to sleep again and waked up in eternity."

"And do you know, stranger, them words 'o' her'n have set me to thinkin'. Poor, tried soul! and I never thought how much she needed rest. I thought as I set there, watchin' her breath a-goin' out last night, that maybe we'd made a mistake of it all. We never thought of it while we was a-workin' and a-skipin' and a-savin'—tryin' to make both ends meet and to lay up somethin' for the children. But I thought about it all last night when only me and her was waitin' for the last. She never had no pleasure."

She never had no holidays nor visited like other wimmen. She raised the children and slopped pigs and milked cows and churned and cooked for harvest hands. I never knowed nor thought how she done it all till I saw them poor, crossed hands with little white posies in 'em. Some 'un 'o the neighbors put 'em there, and it kinder choked me when I looked. I knowed she'd never had time for posies when she might have smelled 'em. She didn't have time for nothin' but the thorns, mister, and—that's what hurts me."

After a moment he looked up through his tears.

"Some folks may 'low it won't do no good, mister," and his voice grew stronger; "but I'm a-going to see that she's put away in somethin' rich. We wasn't skimpin' and savin' thirty year for this, but I'm a-going to have the best money'll buy. She's earned it, God knows; and she's earned somethin' else—she's earned that white raiment that the good book says is washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The old man's voice sunk into that reverent whisper so common to the God-fearing of his class at the utterance of holy things, and in the silence which followed he sunk into a reverie. He was awakened from it only by the stopping of the train at Van Buren street. At the door of the car he shook hands with his companion and a moment later was swallowed up in the crowd. It was pitiful—all of it. And yet there was a passenger on that train who is the better man for recalling it; the better man for the recollection of the old farmer's look and gesture, and for the thought that there are silver handles to the coffin that holds his sacred dust, lying out under a dark mound amid the barren brown of an Illinois prairie.

Pastoral Visitation.

Dr. Cuyler says he never accepted the excuse, "you should have missed me out of church" as a sufficient reason for not telling him about sickness in his families. A man may be absent from church for any one of a dozen reasons. Besides, a minister should worship in church as well as any other member of the congregation. He cannot worship and take the census of the congregation at the same time. He is not in the pulpit as a census enumerator. Counting the people is not worship. Look around for absent parishioners is neither praise nor prayer, nor preaching.

We have heard ministers boast that they could make a survey of the people and count the absentees during the singing. Singing is praise, or at least should be. Is it not the privilege and duty of the minister to praise God? Fancy a minister saying let us praise God by singing the 23rd Psalm and as soon as the people began to sing he began to take the census.

The best way to explode many an

error is to state it plainly. Let us try that plan on the census in church theory. Imagine a congregation singing hymn 167 while the minister enumerates:—

Congregation sings: "Give me the wings of faith to rise!"

Minister (inwardly): Don't see Brown in church this morning.

Congregation: "Within the veil and see."

Minister: Smith is absent this morning again. Cannot get that man to attend regularly. Wonder what excuse he'll have to-morrow.

Congregation: "The saints above, how great their joys."

Minister: Robinson is not back yet. Will he ever get over that pet about his pew?

Congregation: "How bright their glories be."

Minister: Jones has never been in church since the election. Expected the Presbyterian vote, but he did not get it.

Does this seem irreverent? Perhaps it does, but the irreverence is in the thing, not in the stating of it. If it is right to do that sort of thing it cannot be wrong to give a literal description of what is done. The wrong must be divided between the parishioners who make it necessary for the minister to turn himself into a census enumerator when he ought to be praising God and the pastor who yields to the pressure.

An occasional minister may possibly be able to count the absentees without thinking of the causes of their absence, but the great majority cannot. The causes are not all spiritual, not even ecclesiastical. Sometimes they are only too well known, and thinking over them even for a moment may easily put a sensitive minister into a frame of mind utterly fatal to the edification of his congregation. Should the whole congregation be asked to suffer because one man who may have the sulks instead of sickness does not happen to be in church.

Is there no remedy? It is useless to speak of the minister doing all! No living pastor can keep the exact condition of hundreds of families before his mind every day. Elders can do much by keeping an eye on their districts and reporting cases of illness. The remedy, however, must come, if it ever does come, from the people themselves. When the people stop saying: "I thought you would know," or "I thought some person would tell you," or "I thought you would miss me out of church,"—when they stop saying these things and deal as fairly with their pastor as they do with their doctor, there will be no more trouble. May a kind Providence speed the day. *Knoxonian, in Canada Presbyterian.*

Not a Waste.

TO SPEND YOUR MONEY FOR ANYTHING THAT WILL GIVE YOU PLEASURE.

It is not a waste to spend your money in cabs, in good medicine and in good things to eat, when you are going to get health from them.

It is not a waste to buy somebody a bunch of flowers, a box of candy, or a new book, for it is going to bring a smile to her face and happiness to her heart.

It is not a waste to scatter pleasant words everywhere; you will reap a benefit from them.

It is not a waste to have your coats and trousers, gowns and jackets well made, for they will wear much longer.

It is not a waste to spend your money on newspapers and magazines, because then you learn to talk about something else besides your neighbors' affairs.

It is not a waste to spend your money at all—that is what money is made for. It was made to give the greatest amount of pleasure to you and me.

—He that said, in the Gospel, "I fast twice a week," was a Pharisee; he that can tell how often he hath thought on or prayed to God to-day, hath not meditated nor prayed enough.—Donne.

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"German Syrup" Lawn Tennis!

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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1887.....495,831.54.....1,750,004.49.....9,413,358.07

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