

Gathering the Sheaves.

BY MRS. JAMES BLUNT.

The farmer smiles as he follows his plow,
Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.
Thanks to our Father for sunshine and rain
That ripens the fields of golden grain!

Of all the fields I love to view,
Tis the field of wheat of golden hue;
There's a thought in this our hearts to cheer;
For we know that the harvest time is near.

Yes, the fields are white and the reapers are few,
O weary sinner, we're calling for you!
Come thrust in your sickle, and offer a prayer
That God will remove the thorn and the tare.

Yes, our fields have been laden with golden grain;
If we know that which is good, we shall reap not in vain;
When the summer is ended and the harvest is passed,
We will gather the golden sheaves at last.

O weary sinner, may this not be your cry,
"The summer is ended the harvest passed by;
For God's richest blessings, like others, I've craved;
The harvest is ended and my soul is not saved!"

Oh, come to the Saviour and make no delay;
He is able to wash your sins all away;
And kindly he'll follow wherever you go—
Though your sins be as crimson, he will make them as snow!

Can we expect a robe and a crown
If in idleness we just sit down?
Where are the gleaners? There is work to do;
Come, gather the sheaves till the harvest is through!

There are souls to be saved and victories to be won;
Through Jesus, our Saviour, all things can be done;
Praise God, O my soul! for us he did die,
And he'll garner the sheaves in the sweet bye and bye!

Perryville, Ind.

John Henry.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* sends that paper the following true story:

"It is no use talking, the boy is thoroughly disagreeable. We are glad to have him out of the house; it is a positive relief. Look at the expression of his face as he sits out there upon the rocks."

Thus ended a conversation with Mrs. Palmer upon the merits and demerits of her only son, a bright boy of fifteen. Poor John Henry! He had long ceased to be his father's pride, his mother's joy; but the expression of his countenance, as he sat upon a rock and looked out upon the broad expanse of water, was rather dejected than unamiable. At least, so thought his kind and gentle aunt, who had been accused of undue partiality for the wayward boy. For, alas! John Henry was no saint, having been bred in a household where saints were very rare.

There was a time when Mrs. Palmer took great delight in her handsome boy, and looked joyfully forward to that happy period when he would come to manhood. But the cares of a large family were upon a disposition never sweet, and Mrs. Palmer had no idea how largely she was herself responsible for the somewhat combustible atmosphere in which she lived.

For pity's sake, Mary, take smaller mouthfuls. Sarah, make less noise with your knife and fork, or I'll send you from the table. Do, John Henry, sit up straight and look pleasant just for once before your face fairly freezes into its usual surly expression.

These gentle admonitions, and others of a similar character, were reiterated day by day, until the sensitive spirits were hardened, and nothing short of a downright explosion had any effect upon them.

The girls of the household had inherited from their father quiet, peace-loving dispositions, and they had resigned themselves to their mother's infirmity, taking it as quite a matter of course. But John Henry had his mother's vigorous energy and ardent temper. Between his mother and himself there was constant friction until John's failings became an established fact in the household, freely acknowledged and frequently commented upon.

His father attempted to stem the tide and right matters, but the difficulty had assumed large proportions before he recognized it. His sister, two years his senior, dimly realized the situation, but unfortunately did not prove equal to the emergency.

"Helen, my dear," said Aunt Annie, "I do wish you would be more patient with John. No doubt he is often provoking but if you would take a greater interest in him I am sure he would respond to it. He is a bright, manly fellow, and we always enjoy him when he comes to our house."

"O yes," replied Helen, "John's well enough everywhere but at home. Fortunately he doesn't condescend

to spend much of his time with us. I have to bear things with the best grace possible. Is he to be petted and coddled just because he is a boy? I am sure I don't know what is to become of John, but I can't for the life of me see why a boy must always take things in such a desperate way, or why all their friends should be expected to stand round and play the agreeable to them just for fear that they will go to the bad."

Aunt Annie turned away with a heavy heart, feeling that the angels might weep over a household disunited and inharmoonious, into which the element of discord had come with the evident intention of making a long stay. On her way home she met John Henry, who greeted her with pleasant smile, and a frank and cordial manner.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," she said, as she returned his kindly greeting.

"How are you getting along?" The old, dejected look crept over his face as he replied "Worse and worse, Auntie; I have about come to the conclusion that it is no use trying to be good. Hang it! if it wasn't for father and you I believe I would clear out altogether."

"That was hardly spoken like my brave and manly nephew," replied his Aunt Annie. "No one ever redeems his character by running away, except where one flees from temptation. Make a brave and steady stand for the right, and you will be sure to come off victorious. How your poor mother would feel if you should run away."

"You think so, do you?" said John, with something very like a sneer. "Well, let me tell you she wouldn't care a straw. I threatened to run away the last row we had, and she told me to go and welcome, the sooner the better."

"I am sorry to hear you speak so, John," his aunt replied. "You try your mother's patience sorely, and she speaks without thinking. I am sure she loves you dearly, and if anything should happen to you she would be greatly distressed."

"Yes, I think I have heard you say something very like that before," John replied, with an incredulous air.

With a hasty 'good-bye' John hurried away, leaving his aunt by no means reassured by her conversation with her nephew.

The next morning at breakfast no John Henry made his appearance. The breakfast bell was rung twice with considerable energy.

"Do let the boy sleep, Mary," said Mr. Palmer; "he is probably tired. He did considerable running about for me yesterday."

"That's no reason why he shouldn't get up this morning," Mrs. Palmer replied; "and if he doesn't come soon he'll lose his breakfast."

Eight, nine o'clock came, and no John appeared.

"That boy is enough to try the patience of a saint!" exclaimed his mother. "Here he is late for school. Step up stairs, Helen, and insist upon his getting up."

Helen went up-stairs as directed, but her knock at John's door received no response. With a vague sense of impending trouble she opened the door, and was startled to find the room vacant and the bed undisturbed. She hastily called her mother who looked about the room with a troubled air, but said:

"Ah! this is a new trick; he threatened to run away the other day, and this is to frighten us a little."

Just then Helen spied a note upon the cushion on the bureau. It was directed to his father, but his mother eagerly opened it. It read as follows:

"Dear Father: When you read this I shall be miles away. I shall take the night train for New Bedford, and I shall soon be far off on the ocean, for I am going to sea. I knew you would never give your consent, so I am going without it. Forgive me, father! I know it is mean and cowardly, but I can't help it. Everything is against me at home, and I never could do anything to please mother. She will be glad to get rid of me, and I hope things will be pleasant when I am gone. Give my love to Aunt Annie and the girls, and don't feel bad. I may come back a rich man, and then you will be proud of me. I am sorry I have been such a trouble-some boy. I shall remember you all, and I sha'n't forget to say my prayers."

JOHN HENRY.

"P. S.—I should be awful sorry if I thought mother would really care. In fact, I wouldn't go. But she won't; she said she wouldn't."

Mrs. Palmer read this boyish epistle with a dreadful sinking at heart. Every word was like a knife, piercing sharp. She saw, too late, her mistake, and beheld as if in a vision the rock upon which their household happiness had been shipwrecked. With her usual energy she dispatched Helen to the store for Mr. Palmer, who rapidly made arrangements to follow his son, and if possible, bring him home again

Mr. Palmer returned in a few days. His journey had proved unavailing. But a letter came from John. He had set sail in a whaling vessel, to be gone three years. Mrs. Palmer's strength and energy vanished with the last hope of John's return, and for a few days she was really ill. Bitterly she reproached herself with having driven her boy from home, and fervently she prayed, with lips unused to supplication, that he might be preserved from every danger and returned in safety to his home again. The proud spirit of the woman was broken, and an accusing conscience found its only relief in the hitherto unsought comforts of religion. If John Henry could now have looked into his home he would have doubted the evidence of his own senses. What tears of joy were shed over his first letter home, and tender words and loving were those that reached the lonely boy months afterward.

But, alas! we yet reap as we sow, and despite the penitent tears the fact remains. John Henry is spending three years in the mixed company of a whaling cruise. How will he bear the test? We know not; but of one thing we may be sure—he will bear to the grave scars which he would never have received had the sweet angel of charity and peace sooner taken its abode in the home of his childhood.

A Mother's Kiss.

"Why didn't you strike her back, you silly thing? Such were the words which caught my ears, and made me raise my eyes from my work to look at a little group of my pupils who were playing near the house."

A little girl was running away as fast as she could, whilst the others gathered round little Amy, who was looking at her small, fat hand, with a sort of indecision, and at the same time striving to repress the evident desire to cry.

Amy was a sweet little girl, the only child of a widow lady who had recently come to the village, and who attracted the respect and sympathy of all who had anything to do with her.

I waited with interest to hear the little one's reply to the question of her irritated companion, "Why did you not strike her back?"

"Because—because mother would not have kissed my hands this evening if I had struck any one." And she sobbed aloud, softly rubbing one little hand, red from the blow received. It could be seen the blow had struck the heart as much as the hand.

"Will not kiss your hand to-night! What do you mean? What a funny idea!" said the children in chorus.

"Mother always kisses them when they have not done anything naughty during the day. To give a blow would be naughty; the mother of the little girl who struck me, wont kiss her hands this evening, will she?"

And Amy lifted her innocent eyes to her school-fellows' faces, while they caressed and comforted her.

I went out to speak to her. Stroking her head, I said: "Will you take me to your mother, my dear?" "O ma'am," cried all the other children, if you only knew! Caroline struck Amy such a hard blow, just because she refused to go with her. Wasn't it bad?"

Of course I admitted it was very bad, and then went with my little conductor to her mother. I related the garden scene to her, and begged her to enlighten me as to what the child had said.

The mother smiled, replying: "Perhaps it is childish on my part, but ever since she was a tiny baby I have liked to kiss her little hands as well as her rosy lips. I used to put the little palm on my mouth and kiss it till she smiled. I have continued this habit; every night, on undressing her, if I omit to kiss her hands, Amy knows that they were not clean from some naughtiness. If they had been raised in anger against her nurse or some little friend, mother could not kiss them. And this was a serious matter to my darling, I assure you. And the same with her lips; if knowingly, a bad word escaped them or if in the course of a day my dear child had told an untruth, I could not kiss her lips. I always kissed her forehead and cheeks, but she cared much more for my kisses on her lips and hands. Little by little the offense disappeared, and every evening she would say 'Clean hands, mother, clean hands! Mother kiss baby to-night!' And even now that she is five years old, I continue the practice, because I think it helps her to become good."

"I much desire that my little Amy should grow in truth and kindness, and that every word and act should be pure; and I rejoice if, by the kisses of her mother, God has given me a means of education pleasing to Him. And I mean to follow the same plan until my child is old enough to walk alone under God's eye."

So, thanks to the prospective reward, the blow had not that day been returned, and the rosy lips had abstained from hard words.

Dear mothers, are you thus leading your children in the paths of goodness.

Burdette on Time.

Six working days a week; that's all you can get unless you steal from Sunday, and if your business requires you to steal either time or money, you'd better give it up and get into something with more honesty and less profit in it. What you cannot finish this week postpone until next, or forever; and what sticks out over the end of the year saw off and put in the stove, writes Robert J. Burdette in his department, "From a New Inkstand," in the *March Ladies Home Journal*. Four seasons have passed, and that's all there is. You must make a fresh start every year. It isn't an easy matter to learn how to do this, but you've got to learn it sometime, either before you die or when you die. Why not learn early and get the good and the comfort of it? Every day of my life the evening is apt to find something on my programme that I haven't got to. I say, "Maybe I won't do that to-morrow," and as a rule I don't. I go to sleep and forget about it. Every year closes with uncompleted work on my hands, and that year ends this work. I'm not going to drag it along with me into a new year. I used to do that, so that about half the time I was working six weeks ago instead of to-day, and dragging, wearisome business it was. When you die there will be unfinished work and raveled-out plans on your hands. Then what are you going to do? Take it to heaven with you and bother and drag along with it there? Not much you won't. Well, then, why not learn to drop some of it here? It is a lesson not so easily learned, but once learned, it is more refreshing than a glass of cool milk to the lips of a man with the grip.

Shingling His Own Roof.

Chaplain McCabe tells the story of a drinking man who, being in a saloon late at night, heard the wife of the saloon-keeper say to her husband: "Send that fellow home, it is late." "No, never mind," replied her husband, "he is shingling our home for us." This idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months. When passing the saloon-keeper in the street, the latter said: "Why don't you come around to my place any more?" "Thank you for your kind hospitality," replied the former victim, "I have been shingling my own roof lately." The industrial aspect of the temperance reform is embodied in this illustration. The chaplain also said: "One of the Chicago papers discoursed last winter in this wise: 'It is a week of prayer, but it strikes us the poor need bread more than they need prayer.' Well, at first that looks plausible, but it isn't so, after all. They need prayer more, for if you can only get them to praying they will soon be earning their own bread. 'As a man thinketh in his heart so is he,' and universal prayer would soon assuage the woes of all the world."—*Temperance Advocate*.

True peace consists only in the possessions of God, and the possession of God here below is only to be found in submission to the faith and in obedience to the law.—*Penelon*.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

"MAUD S." CONDITION POWDER is a capital thing to mix in food for poultry.

MOTHERS AND NURSES.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

RAPID RELIEF.

DEAR SIRS,—I had for years been troubled with dyspepsia and sick headache, and found but little relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which made a perfect cure. It is the best medicine I ever had in my life, and I will never be without it.

HATTIE DAVIS,
Clinton, Ont.

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 Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Thomas Myers, Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

"August Flower" Lawn Tennis!

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccupping or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Racquets! Balls! Nets! Croquet Fishing Outfits!

Oiled Silk and Silk Lines for Salmon and Trout; Flies—best home make; Hooks of all kinds; Gut; Casting Lines; Reels; Bait Boxes; Fly Books; Landing Nets; Bamboo Poles; Good Poles.

Base Ball Goods.

Bats, Balls, Masks, Belts, Gloves, Hammocks.

All of which will be sold low to close out stock.

HALL'S BOOK & NEWS STORE

FREDERICTON.

BELYEA HOTEL

253, 255 and 257 Prince William St.,

Saint John, N. B.

JAS. L. BELYEA, Proprietor.

ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING.

Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

Permanent and Transient Boarders Ac. accommodated. Terms reasonable.

MARCH 25th.

TENNANT, DAVIES & Co.

We have received and are now opening over 50 packages

SPRING DRY GOODS

NEW DRESS GOODS, NEW PRINTS,
NEW COTTONS, NEW CLOTHS,
CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, OIL CLOTHS,
RUGS, MATTS, LACE CURTAINS,

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

INSPECTION RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Tennant, Davies & Co

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

OUR GRNAD MIDSUMMER

REMNANT

BARGAIN SALE.

FRIDAY, 15TH INST.

DOORS OPEN AT 9 O'CLOCK.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

Sun Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

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.....	773,895.71.....	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.....	498,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	528,273.58.....	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

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

R. MACAULAY,
PRESIDENT MANAGING DIRECTOR

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

The Great Church LIGHT.
FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Safest, the Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Public Buildings, Factories, Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade. L. F. FRANK, 651 Pearl Street, N. Y.