

## In The Orchard.

Lazy, languid shadows stretch across the orchard grass,  
And warm and blushing snow-flakes drift downward as I pass;  
The robins whistle blithely; while butter-flies float by;  
One fleecy cloud has lost its way in the soft blue of the sky,—  
And the Spring is in my thought.

Light streams down through pale green leaves that whisper in the breeze;  
Deep in the heart of blossoms lurk drowsy, droning bees;  
The willows bend down slender leaves and dip them in the stream.  
The day floats by on fragrant wings like a sunny, golden dream,—  
And the Spring is in my heart.

Happy birds through languorous air now tell their secret's sweet;  
Clover leaves and tender grass are thick beneath my feet;  
Sunshine lights my baby's hair as at my side he stands,  
His treasure-trove of dandelions in tiny, tight-shut hands,—  
And the Spring is in my life!  
—Basar.

## Getting Ahead.

A business man recently said to me: "I never knew a young man to get ahead who commenced by going in debt." I replied that I never knew a young man to get ahead who did not make his start by getting into debt. We were both right. He was speaking of one kind of indebtedness; I, of another. He had in mind personal wants such as clothing, board, etc. I the nucleus for a home or business. Nothing indicates character in a young man, or an older one for that matter, more quickly and surely than his debts. If he has any. If for something to live on, or wear, the chances are at least ten to one that he will scratch a poor head all his days. If however, for a piece of land, a lot, stock in a building and loan association, or anything which has a home or the foundation of a livelihood for its object, each payment made means a granite stone in the foundation of his character. If Paul were writing again, "Owe no man anything." I think he would add, "past due." "To love one another" is always due. Other debts are not properly debts at all, in the sense he meant, until date of payment. Financial manhood is built up, not by keeping out debt, but by promptness of payment.

Another fact in the same line is that saving money is vastly more a matter of principle and habit than of amount of salary. Personally, I have never known a young man who, if he did not save money on a salary of forty dollars a month, would do it on seventy-five. If he did not on \$50, he would not on \$100. The man who saves nothing on \$1,000 a year will not do it on \$2,000 nor on \$3,000 nor even on \$5,000. If you think these are wild statements, and not borne out by the facts, ask any business man of wide acquaintance, or if you did not know one, ask your pastor, if he has had experience among salaried workers. Money in a savings bank is not the best financial test of a manly character. A partly or wholly paid for home, or a piece of land on which to build one, is a far better test. On the other hand, it is the best test I know of, unless building and loan association stock be excepted, for wage-working women, whether they work in homes, offices or factories. Naturally a man looks forward to buying ground and building a home; a woman to the furnishing which takes ready money.

## The Y. M. C. A. Saved Him.

"I owe my first start in life," said Superintendent Swift of the Union Pacific Railroad, "to a little circumstance. I had been an operator on the New York Central I was not a vicious boy, but bad company led me to drinking and gambling, and I lost my place. But I had obtained a new situation on the Union Pacific at Omaha. On the train going there I happened to get into a coach with a very pleasant gentleman, who amused me with several interesting stories. At Burlington, Ia., the stranger looked me in the eye and said gently: 'You are a young man, just starting in life. Where are you going?'"

"To Omaha," I said.  
"Do you know any one there?"  
"No, not a living soul."  
"Now, that's good," said the gentleman, who I afterwards found was Eli Perkins, "you will now have the best chance in the world to start life right, and make a success in your new field. I advise you, my dear boy, as soon as you get to Omaha, go right to the Y. M. C. A., and join it."  
"But I am not a good Christian," I said.  
"Never mind that. They will, perhaps, make you one. There you will meet clean young men and bright fellows, too. You will find baths and a splendid library, and companions who will help you socially."

"Well," continued the superintendent, I followed Perkins' advice. As soon as I joined the Y. M. C. A., and got away from old companions, I felt like a different man. I felt a new dignity and felt that I had as much manhood as any one. The other operators knew I belonged to the Y. M. C. A., and I felt I had an example to set. The boys began paying a deference to me. There was no swearing in the office. This made me feel proud, for I felt that I too was doing good.

"Well, I grew in the office, and grew in the Y. M. C. A. I lived in a new social world. When I wrote home to my mother, who is a praying Christian, that I had joined the Y. M. C. A., she sent me a letter stained with tears of joy. Then I was happy. Finally I became a church-member."

"You ask me if I am still an operator? Oh, no. My belonging to the Y. M. C. A. made the officials have confidence in me. I was promoted to assistant to the president, and now I am superintendent of the Valley Branch, and a little good business advice from Eli Perkins caused it all. The advice gave me the first boost, and the Y. M. C. A. drew me up and held me there."

## The Higher Habits.

We hear much of the power of habit and of the wisdom and necessity of forming good habits.

We praise a man highly when we say of him that he has no bad habits. By good habits is meant an obedience to the laws of health and the daily practice of the lesser Christian virtues.

Faith, patience, and submission are hardly classed as habits, at least so few of us are always able to see with the eye of faith, to wait and bear patiently, and to always say, "Thy will be done," that these attitudes of mind may be called occasional and not habitual with most people.

Let me tell you of one to whom even these highest virtues, through years of suffering, came to be habits. Mrs. James, from a little girl, had always had a quick temper—her red hair showed that. Now we think red or auburn hair is beautiful, but fifty years ago people laughed at rusty braids.

But as the years came they brought with them harder things to bear than the possession of red hair. Poverty, the death of loved ones, little children, and years of work, with the wolf of hunger never far from her door, work as she might, taught, or, rather, engraved, lessons upon her mind that not even death will efface.

But with all her sorrows and privations she had been given superb and elastic health, and she could do the work of two ordinary women and not seem to feel it.

I say seem, but in her sixtieth year she broke down entirely, and the doctor said she had nervous exhaustion, and had been overworking all her life.

Mrs. James had never before this been in bed a week of her life, had scarcely known what pain and bodily languor meant, but now week after week she lay prostrate and helpless, often in dreadful pain and consumed with thirst, yet no complaint was made, no sighs or lamentations were heard. The doctor stood amazed, and could hardly be made to believe that his patient had never been sick before. Ah, not for nothing had the red hair grown gray. He who had helped her through bereavements and losses, besides which her present sickness was as child's play, did not forget her in her helplessness and pain.

By His aid she had formed habits of faith, of patience, of submission, and in her sickness they became anchors of strength to her soul.—Selected.

## Bridal Gifts.

The bride stood in fair robes before the altar. The voice of the man of God had just given to her the sacred name of "wife." Among the guests stood a gracious form, with face tender as a mother's joyous as a child's, and fond as a lover's. She brought gifts and said:—

"To the young wife I bring womanly devotion that shall hold her husband's heart. I give the raptures of reciprocal affection. All down the years her life shall be enriched by me. I give the caresses of sweet baby lips, the touches of dimpled fingers. Her tasks I will lighten, her burdens lift, and make music and sunshine in her heart in hours of pain and gloom. Myself I give to her, and I am a part of God. My name is Love."

There strode forward a strong and resolute warrior.

"I, too, give myself to the bride," he said. "My name is Courage. With me shall you go forward calmly, to face an unknown future."

Then a placid and aged woman, with face pale but content, began:—"I am Patience," she said, "and I give myself to the bride. Through my presence she shall learn to rule

her own spirit, and to overcome the ills, toils and vexation of life. I will help her to endure the faults of others, and to bear pain, delay and disappointment."

Beside her stood an angel with bowed head.

"And I," she said, "am Sorrow. Mortals dread my coming, but I bear precious gifts for the bride. I gave her a tender spirit that can feel the woes of others, and her tears shall fall for the griefs of those about her. She will become dearer to many after I visit her, and her heart, like a flower that is crushed, will give forth sweetness. My touch will give to her a gentler tone, a more loving look, a warmer pressure of the hand, and I alone can wean her away from earth to a better country where her treasures shall be gathered."

A ringing voice broke in:—"My name is Hope, and I give myself as the best gift a bride can have. With me, she will face all ill and not lose cheer, for I can point her to a rainbow against every dark cloud of care and grief. By my leading she shall be the sunshine of sorrowing lives. Without Hope, sad indeed would be the bridal hour."

Then Pain came as a kind physician, and she said:—"The young bride fears me, but my gifts to her are priceless. Some day I will come and teach her how to value her hours of health and ease, and to realize what others suffer. After I have been her guest, she will learn patient endurance and sweet compassion."

The young wife left the church, leaning lightly on the arm of her husband. Before her went Joy, dancing in merry glee, but following her footsteps came Love, Courage, Patience, Sorrow, Hope and Pain, a blessed company.—Advance.

## Courtesy to the Aged.

Nothing more quickly brands a young man as a gentleman than deference to the whims and habits of those past middle life. Not much complaint can justly be uttered against American young men on this score, but something may be said about the temptation all young people feel at times to be impatient because "the old folks" seem "behind the times." It is easier to look backward than forward, and it may be well to bear in mind that inasmuch as people have always been more or less influenced in their old age by their early training, so will it be in the future; and that the next generation will probably find the young men of to-day in very many cases "behind the times."

Another consideration that should have more weight is this, that those who boast superiority as to manners mental endowments and physical strength can well afford to be magnanimous in their judgment of others less fortunate. Young men, above all others, should not kick a man who is down. On the contrary it is the part of manhood to help the fallen, to provide out of our plenty that the meagre resources of others may be less noticeable. But if the old people cannot go so fast—cannot be lifted out of the "ruts"—cannot learn the "new-fangled notions"—then more's the pity. The differences may be less noticeable by generous conduct on the part of those who can, if they will, conform to the eccentricities of the others.

If grandmother uses "is" for "are," it is to be borne in mind that it is much more difficult for her to change the habit of half a century than for a young man to abandon his daily quota of cigarettes. If grandfather uses his knife for his fork at table, remember that it is a fault that is not comparable with the impatience which will not permit them to overlook it.

With all progression and energy and high ambitions, we are not as good as our fathers, nor can we be until struggles with the world shall have taught us patience with others' faults, generosity towards those weaker than ourselves, and gallant helpfulness to those on the downhillside of life.—Young Men's Era.

## School Blunders.

A teacher in a public school gave out a list of words to be defined and put in sentences. Among them was the word "chasm." A little girl looked in the dictionary, and, not being quite satisfied, inquired if "chasm" meant "gap."

The teacher absently replied, "Yes," but was astonished when she presented her paper with this sentence: "When I am sleepy, I always chasm."

But this is hardly equal to another teacher's experience in a little district school some years ago. She gave out words for analysis. "Bank-note" was one of them, and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis:—

"Bank-note is a compound, primitive word, composed of 'bank' and 'note.' 'Bank' is a simple word, meaning the side of a stream; 'note' to set down. 'Bank-note,' to set down by the side of a stream." —Vineland Independent.

## NEVER.

There are certain things which a person should never do, if he would have a reputation for courtesy. These are some of them:

Never call on people just at bedtime, or during dinner or before they are down in the morning.

Never stop people who are hurrying along the street and detain them for ten or twenty minutes.

Never, when you see two people engaged in earnest talk, step in and enter upon miscellaneous conversation.

Never begin talk about "this, that and everything" to one who is trying to read the morning paper or anything else.

Never fail to keep an appointment.

Never inconvenience people by coming in late at church, lecture or concert.

Never delay in answering letters or returning books.

Never tell long stories of which you yourself are the hero.

Never speak disrespectfully of your parents nor of your sisters. People may laugh at your wit, but they will despise you for it.

Never talk when others are singing or doing anything else for your amusement, and never, the instant they have finished, begin to talk upon a different topic.

## Paying for the Privilege.

Bishop Coxe, in his lecture at the Y. M. C. A. in Buffalo according to the *Courier* of that city, told this story:

"When I was rector of a church in Baltimore I used to see a dear old lady in the garb of a Quaker very often in the congregation of the church. One of the wardens said to me, 'Mrs. Blank is a great friend of yours.'"

"I am glad to hear it," I said. "Yes," said the warden, "she said to me, 'I love to hear your pastor preach, but I should like him so much better if he did not receive money for it.'"

"But said the warden, 'he pays \$20,000 a year for the privilege of preaching to us.'"

"Does he, indeed; and how so?" asked the old lady.

"Well we both were educated at the same time, we are about of an age, and I earn \$25,000 a year at my profession, while he only receives \$4,000."

"I tell thee," said the dear old Quaker, "I shall always hear him hereafter with a great deal more pleasure."

## The Secret of Power.

A teacher to have great power over his class, must be a person of much prayer and decided faith. God influences the heart, and his spirit's presence is all useful for carrying home saving impression and good instruction. He who feels this will be an earnest wrestler at the mercy-seat, and will have faith in the success of his work. Using all diligence in preparation, wise in effort, and expecting God's assistance in the way sought for, he will work hopefully and successfully. There is, then, an intimate and potent connection between the closet and the class room—between the heart and the mind of the teacher "steeped in prayer" and warmed to expectancy—and the pupils whose minds and hearts are moldable and under the Holy Spirit's plastic touch.

Praise, so to speak, is the religion of saints above—the pattern for saints on earth.—Anon.

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As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no magical cure for disease. The effect, however, of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases orders comes as near magic as can be expected of any mere human agency. This is due to its purity and strength.

## A CHILD SAVED.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate and so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child.

MRS. WM. STEWART, Campbellville, Ont.

## "German Syrup" Lawn Tennis!

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-

An Episcopal schnee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Bosch's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

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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
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888	373,500.31	1,573,027.16	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
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