

When Those we Love are Dead.

When those we love are dead—
Though they have faithful been, and kind
and true—
They cannot hear our words of tardy
praise,
Nor see the flowers remorseful passion
lays
O'er their still hearts; no whisper trem-
bles through
The silence of the dead.

When those we love are dead,
We spare no pains to honor their estate;
We deck them out in garments soft and
fine,
And sheer and snowy lace, and satin-line
Their beds; our love we show to late
When those we love are dead.

When those we love are dead,
Their faults are all forgot and put aside;
Their little frailties we forgive, and say,
If they could walk beside us one more
day,
And be to us as if they had not died,
Such tears we might not shed.

If they again were here,
How we would tell them of our love so
true,
And help them bear their burdens day by
day,
And often fair and fragrant flowers would
lay
In weary fingers; ah, so much we'd do
To make their path less drear!

If friends are with us yet,
Let us more patient be, and kind and
sweet;
With words of cheer, and gifts and
thoughtful ways,
Make glad and beautiful their passing
days,
So that, when marble stands at head and
feet,
Grief be not all regret.

—Lilian Gray.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALKS.

To the Idle.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

It is of no more use to give ad-
vice to the idle than to pour water
into a sieve; and as to improving
them, one might as well try to fat-
ten a greyhound. Yet, as the old
Book tells us to "cast our bread
upon the waters," we will cast a
hard crust or two upon these stag-
nant ponds, for there will be some
comfort about it, if lazy fellows
grow no better, we shall be none
the worse for having warned them,
for when we sow good seed, the
basket gets none the emptier.

We have a stiff bit of soil to plow
when we chide with sluggards, and
the crop will be of the smallest; but
if none but good land were farmed,
ploughmen would be out of work,
so we'll put the plough into the
furrow. Idle men are common
enough, and grow without planting,
but the quantity of wit among seven
acres of them would never pay for
raking; nothing is needed to prove
this but their name and their char-
acter. If they were not fools, they
would not be idlers; and though
Solomon says, "The sluggard is
wiser in his own conceit than seven
men that can render a reason," yet
in the eyes of every one else his
folly is as plain as the sun in the
sky. If I hit hard while speaking
to them, it is because I know they
can bear it; for if I had them down
on the floor of the old barn, I might
thresh many a day before I could
get them out of the straw, and even
the steam thrasher could not do it;
it would kill them first, for laziness
is in some people's bones, and will
show itself in their idle flesh, do
what you will with them.

Well, then, first and foremost, it
strikes me that lazy people ought to
have a large looking glass hung up
where they are bound to see them-
selves in it, for sure if their eyes
are at all like mine, they would
never bear to look at themselves
long or often. The ugliest sight in
the world is one of those thorough-
bred loafers who would hardly hold
up his basin if it were to rain por-
ridge, and for certain would never
hold up a bigger pot than he want-
ed filled for himself. Perhaps, if
the shower should turn to beer, he
might wake himself up a bit, but he
would make up for it afterward.
This is the slothful man in the
Proverbs, who "hideth his hand in
his bosom; it grieveth him to bring
it again to his mouth." I say that
men like of this ought to be
served like the drones which the
bees drive out of the hives. Every
man ought to have patience and pity
for poverty, but for laziness a long
whip, or a turn at the tread-mill
might be better. This would be
healthy physic for all sluggards, but
there is no chance of some of them
getting their full dose of this medi-
cine, for they were born with silver
spoons in their mouths, and, like
spoons, they will scarce stir their
own tea unless somebody lends
them a hand. They are, as the old
proverb says, "as lazy as Ludlam's
dog, that leaned his head against
the wall to bark;" and, like lazy
sheep, it is too much trouble to
carry their own wool. If they could
see themselves, it might by chance
do them a world of good, but per-
haps it would be too much trouble

for them to open their eyes even if
the glass were hung for them.

Everything in the world is of
some use, but it would puzzle a
doctor of divinity, or a philosopher,
or the wisest owl in our steeple, to
tell the good of idleness: that seems
to me to be an ill wind that blows
nobody any good—a sort of mud
which breeds no eels, a dirty ditch
which would not feed a frog. Sift
a sluggard, grain by grain, and you'll
find him all chaff. I have heard
men say, "Better do nothing than
do mischief," but I am not even
sure of that. That saying glitters
well, but I don't believe it's gold: I
grudge laziness even that pinch of
praise. I say it is bad and bad to-
gether; for look ye, a man doing
mischief is a sparrow sitting on a
nest full of eggs, which will all turn
to sparrows before long, and do a
world of hurt. Don't tell me, I'm
sure of it, that the rankest of weeds
on earth don't grow in the minds of
those who are busy at wicked-
ness, but in foul corners of
idle men's imaginations where
the devil can hide away unseen
like an old serpent as he is. I
don't like our boys to be in mischief,
but I would sooner see them up to
their necks in the mud in their
sports than sauntering about with
nothing to do. If the evil of doing
nothing seems to be less to-day, you
will find it out to be greater to-
morrow; the devil is putting coals
on the fire, and so the fire does not
blaze, but depend upon it, it will
be a bigger fire in the end.

A good for nothing, lazy lout,
Wicked within and ragged without,
Who can bear to have him about?
Turn him out! Turn him out!

"As vinegar to the teeth," and as
smoke to the eyes," so is the slug-
gard to every man who is spending
his sweat to earn an honest living,
while these fellows let the grass
grow up to their ankles, and cumber-
ing the ground, as the Bible says.

A man who wastes his time and
his strength in sloth offers himself
to be a target for the devil, who is
a wonderfully good rifleman, and
will riddle the idler with his shots;
in other words, idle men tempt the
devil to tempt them. He who plays
when he should work has an evil
spirit to be his playmate; and he
who neither works nor plays is a
workshop for Satan. If the devil
catch a man idle he will set him to
work, find him tools, and before
long pay him wages. Is not this
where the drunkenness comes from
which fills our towns and villages
with misery? Idleness is the key
of beggary and the root of all evil.
We have God's word for it that
"the drunkard and the glutton
shall come to poverty;" and to show
the connection between them, it is
said in the same verse, "and drowsi-
ness shall clothe a man with rags."

Answering a Fool According to his Folly.

Let me tell a Dutch story right
here because it comes from a Dutch-
man in the eastern part of Pennsyl-
vania and must be a true story. The
Dutchman was never ashamed of
his religion. In his neighborhood
there was a skeptic who said, "You
can't believe anything you can't
understand," and so some of better
class of people asked the Dutchman
if he would not have a conversation
with him. He said, "Yes" if you
tink best."

"Have you any objections to the
neighbors coming in?"

"No shust as you tink best."

So they made the appointment
and everybody was there. The old
gentleman came in and laid by his
hat and was introduced to the
skeptic, and he began suddenly by
saying: "Vell, now look here. I
pleefs the Bible—what you pleefs?"

Said he: I don't believe anything
I can't understand."

"Oh, you must be one very smart
man. I was mighty glad to meet
you. I ask you some questions.
The odder day I was riding along
the road and I met von dog, and
that dog had von of his ears stand
up in this way, and the odder one
he stands down so. Now, vy was
dat?"

Now, that was very unhandy
just then, very unhandy. He either
had to prove that that dog did not
have one ear standing up and the
other down, or else say he did not
believe it. So he said, "I don't
know."

"Oh, then, you are not so very
smart after all. I asked anoder
question. I saw in John Smith's
clover patch, the clover came up so
nice, and I looked over into the
fields and dere was John Smith's
pigs; and dere came out hair on
dere packs; and in the very same
clover patch vas his sheep; and dere
came out wool on dere packs. Now
vy was dat?"

Now, that was as bad as the
other, because the same perplexity
arose. He had to prove there was
wool on the back of the pig or hair
on the back of the sheep; and he
couldn't tell why, and, therefore,
had no business to believe it. Finally
he said, "I don't know."

"Vell," he said, you are not half
so smart as you tink you are. Now

I asks you anoder question. Do
you pleeve dere is a God?"

"No, I don't believe any such
nonsense."

"Oh, yes, I hear about you long
ago. I know all about you. My
Bible knows about you, for in my
Bible he says: 'The fool says in his
heart there is no God,' but you big
fool, you blab it right out."—Presi-
dent G. P. Hayes.

The Maid's Example.

An eminent lawyer in Boston,
forty years in his profession, once
told me how a principle governing
his life had been set into his mind.

While a student, he went to a
meeting held in behalf of missions
in that city. One speaker, a plain
workingman, stated that then in his
family was living "a great Sunday-
school and missionary girl." She
came from New Hampshire; her
wages were "nine shillings per week;"
"She had a class of street boys in
the Sunday school, who
never missed her from her place;
and she gave one dollar every month
to missions. He said further: "She
is the happiest, kindest, tidiest, girl
I ever had in my kitchen." "I
went home," said the now venerable
lawyer, "with a stirr-d-up heart by
this narrative: 'Class of street
boys; one dollar a month to missions;
and happiest girl,' etc. The three
things kept running through my
mind. I was ashamed of myself.
I'll have a place in Sunday-School,
was the first resolve. If she can
give a dollar a month, I can and
will, came next; and as to the hap-
piness, I'll see."

His resolves became acts. Teach-
er, superintendent, valuable helper
in Sunday-schools, conventions and
councils, all these years have shown
him to be.

His gifts to missions and to all
Christian work have been steadily
growing, and might comparatively
be called princely. In tens, hun-
dreds, and thousands he has bestowed,
at times matching by his own
contributions of the entire
church of which he is a member,
and which is no mean New England
church.

"In three directions," says an
eminent German scholar, "we ac-
knowledge impassable limits to
natural science;" naming as the last
"that which leads from the physical
phenomena in man to those of the
soul." The instance we have told
here does better than the philosoph-
er, for it plainly adds to his three
one more, and of far more real worth
than all his—the measureless limits
of a good example! Can we calculate
the result of that lowly kitchen-
girl's example, upon and through
even this one man? The Sunday-
school work it led him into still
keeps him busy; the steady forty
years' living, its effects upon him-
self, upon the church of which he is
a member, and upon all who know
him; the missionaries his gifts actu-
ally have supported; the converts led
to Christ by them, and the other
soul-harvest by those converts, and
to be followed by successions of
converts to the end of time; the
Bible translated, printed, given to
the heathen, into which work his
contributions through these years
have entered; the Sunday-schools
and even theological schools which
have grown up in these his giving
years—ah! where are the limits?

What that humble young Sunday-
school and missionary woman did is
just what, in other forms, any like
her in spirit, in work, in sacrifice
for Christ, can do.—DR. WHITTING,
in *London Sunday School World*.

Cause for Alarm.

A young man carelessly formed
the habit of taking a glass of liquor
every morning before breakfast.

An older friend advised him to
quit before the habit grew too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger; it is a
mere notion. I can quit any time,"
replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow
morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do
so. But I assure you, there is no
cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met
his friend again.

"You are not looking well," ob-
served the latter, "have you been
ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. But
I am trying to escape a dreadful
danger, and I fear I shall be, before
I have conquered. My eyes were
opened to an imminent peril when
I gave you that promise a week ago.
I thank you for your timely sugges-
tion."

"How did it affect you?" inquir-
ed the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived
me of appetite of food. I could eat
no breakfast, and was nervous and
trembling all day. I was alarmed
when I realized how insidiously the
habit had fastened on me, and I re-
solved to turn square about and
never touch another drop. The
squaring off has pulled me down
severely, but I am gaining, and I
mean to keep the upper hand for
this. Strong drink will never catch
me in his net again."—*Church Life*.

Be Honest With Your Children.

Do not put on a sort of super-
natural gravity, as though you never
liked sportfulness. You liked it
just as much as your children do.
Some of you were full of mischief
you have never indicated to your
children or your grandchildren, and
you never got up in the morning
until you were pulled out of bed!
Do not stand before your children
pretending to be specimens of im-
maculate goodness. Do not, be-
cause your eyesight is dim and your
ankles stiff, frown upon the sporti-
fulness which shows itself in the
first luster of the eye and in the
bounding foot of robust health. Do
not sit with the rheumatism wonder-
ing how the children can go on so.
Thank God that they are so light
of spirit, that their laughter is so
free, that their spirits are so radiant.
Trouble comes soon enough to them.
Dark days will come soon enough
to them and heartbreaks and desola-
tion and bereavement will come
soon enough. Do not try to fore-
stall it. Do not try to anticipate
it. When the clouds come on the
sky it is time enough to get out the
reef tackle.—DR. TALMAGE.

Blessed His Mother First.

A touching incident marked the
consecration of Bishop Horstmann
in Philadelphia the other day. At
the close of his sermon, Archbishop
Ryan addressed a few words per-
sonally to the bishop-elect. "May
you be ever, as you have been in
the past, the sentinel of the sanctu-
ary," he said. "You are soon to
give us all your blessing, but, first
of all, let the first blessing of your
episcopacy be bestowed upon your
mother, who is present here today
and is justly proud of her son." Every
member of the vast congrega-
tion gazed expectantly at Bishop
Horstmann, when, after the mitre
had been placed upon his head, he
passed down from the altar and
paused in the centre aisle before the
first pew. A tall, gray-haired
woman, her eyes beaming with such
a proud love as shines only in a
mother's eyes, arose to receive his
first blessing. The blessing done,
she threw her arm impulsively about
his neck and kissed him. All were
affected by the touching scene, and
many a handkerchief was raised to
tearful eyes throughout the im-
mense cathedral.—*New York Tribune*.

Good Manners.

Never try to outshine, but to
please.

Never press a favour when it
seems undesired.

Never intrude ill-health, pains,
losses or misfortune.

Never intentionally wound the
feelings of a human being.

Never talk or laugh aloud in
public places or upon the street.

Do not ask another to do what
you would not be glad to do under
similar circumstances.

Never omit to perform a kind act
when it can be done with any
reasonable amount of exertion.

Do not make witticisms at the
expense of others which you would
not wish to have made upon your-
self.

Remember that good manners
are thoughts filled with kindness
and refinement and then translated
into behaviour.

Be rude to none; rudeness harms
not even the humblest and poorest
to whom it is directed, but it injures
the exhibitors.

How mankind defers from day to
day the best it can do and the most
beautiful things it can enjoy with-
out thinking that every day may
be the last one and that lost time
is lost eternally.—*Max Muller*.

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ness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of
the joints, throat and lungs, are re-
lieved by it.

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find no relief until I began to use
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for a few months, and my health was
completely restored."—D. W. Baine,
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and prevent its return. Carter's Little
Liver Pills. This is not talk, but
truth. One pill a dose. See advertise-
ment. Small pill. Small dose.
Small price.

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What Is
It For?

This is the query per-
petually on your little
boy's lips. And he is
no worse than the big-
ger, older, balder-head-
ed boys. Life is an interrogation
point. "What is it for?" we con-
tinually cry from the cradle to the
grave. So with this little intro-
ductory sermon we turn and ask: "What
is AUGUST FLOWER for?" As easily
answered as asked: It is for Dys-
pepsia. It is a special remedy for
the Stomach and Liver. Nothing
more than this; but this brimful.
We believe August Flower cures
Dyspepsia. We know it will. We
have reasons for knowing it. Twenty
years ago it started in a small country
town. To-day it has an honored
place in every city and country store,
possesses one of the largest manu-
facturing plants in the country and
sells everywhere. Why is this? The
reason is as simple as a child's
thought. It is honest, does one
thing, and does it right along—it
cures Dyspepsia.

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1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
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