

"My Presence and My Rest."

BY MRS. A. W. CURRIE.

My presence shall go with thee, to guide and lead thee home,
Yea I'll lead thee through the desert, and
I'll guard thee as my own.
And when the journey's ended, my people shall be blest,
For they, shall reach fair Canaan and there shall be at rest.

Such was the promise given, in answer to the cry
Sent up, by faithful Moses, to Him who reigns on high;
Your faith has saved, lost Israel, fear not, nor be oppressed,
"For my presence shall go with thee, and I will give the rest."

Thus he led them through the desert, and His presence made them strong,
Though trials thick beset them, and foes around them throng;
And when faint and worn with hunger, He shows his wondrous love
By feeding them with manna, rained down from Heaven above.

Ah weary, doubting pilgrim, can you in faith rely
Upon the gracious promises that's made for you and I?

We are travelling through a desert, like the Israelites of old,
To a fairer brighter Canaan, whose streets are paved with gold.

He has promised thus to lead us, where crystal fountains flow,
And with His heavenly manna, to feed us as we go;
Though temptations may beset us, and trials bring dismay,
His presence shall go with us, to lead us on our way.

And when our journey's ended, and our troubles all are o'er
We'll shout the glad Hosanna, on Canaan's happy shore;
And in those Heavenly Mansions, we shall be forever blest
With the brightness of His presence, and the sweetness of His rest.

Recollections of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

We were taken to call very soon after they arrived. Mrs. Browning received us in a low room with Napoleonic chairs and tables, and a wood fire burning on the hearth.

I don't think any girl who had once experienced it could fail to respond to Mrs. Browning's motherly advance. There was something more than kindness in it; there was an implied interest, equality, and understanding which is very difficult to describe and impossible to forget. This generous humility of nature was also the last one special attribute of Robert Browning himself, translated by him into cheerful and vigorous goodwill and utter absence of affectation. But indeed, one form of greatness is the gift of reaching the reality in all things, instead of keeping to the formalities and the affectations of life. The free and easiness of the small is a very different thing from this. It may be as false in its way as formality itself, if it is founded on conditions which do not and can never exist.

To the writer's own particular taste there never will be any more delightful person than the simple-minded woman of the world, who has seen enough to know what it is all worth, who is sure enough of her own position to take it for granted, who is interested in the person she is talking to, and unconscious of anything but a wish to give kindness and attention. This is the impression Mrs. Browning made upon me from the first moment I ever saw her to the last. Alas! the moments were not so very many when we were together. Perhaps all the more vivid is the impression of the peaceful home, of the fireside where the logs are burning while the lady of that kind heart is established in her sofa corner, with her little by curled up by her side, the door opening and shutting mean while to the quick step of the master of the house, to the life of the world without as it came to find her in her quiet nook. The hours seemed to my sister and to me warmer, more full of interest and peace, in her sitting-room than elsewhere. Whether at Florence, at Rome, at Paris, or in London once more she seemed to carry her own atmosphere always, something serious, motherly, absolutely artless, and yet impassioned, noble, and sincere. I can recall the slight figure in its black dress, the writing apparatus by the sofa, the tiny inkstand, the quill-nibbed pen—the unpretentious implements of her magic. "She was a little woman; she liked little things," Mr. Browning used to say. Her miniature editions of the classics are still carefully preserved, with her name written in each in her delicate, sensitive handwriting, and always with her husband's name above her own, for she dedicated all her books to him; it was a fancy that she had. Nor must his presence in the home be forgotten any more than in the books—a spirited domination and inspired common-sense, which seemed to give a certain life to her vaguer visions. But of these visions Mrs.

Browning rarely spoke; she was too simple and practical to indulge in many apostrophes.—From "Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

A Snail's Ways.

One day I found a snail in the woods. He was crawling on a mossy log. His shell was glossy, and of a light brown color. The snail was pale brown. He looked soft, as if he had been made out of jelly. He had a pair of little horns thrust out from the front of his head, to warn him of danger. When I picked up the shell, Mr. Snail quickly tucked himself out of sight inside. I took the shell home in my pocket, and at night laid it on my table.

In the morning it was gone. Looking about the room, there the snail was, climbing up the wall, half way to the ceiling! I stood on a chair, touching him gently on the head, and in the fright he drew into his shell, and it fell from the wall into my hand. Then I took a large china dish, and put in it a nice stone from the brook. The stone had little lichens and bits of water-weed on it. I put the water in the dish. Then I set the snail on the stone. Snails like nice cool, moist things. My snail at once came out to see his new home. He began to travel around it at a great rate. He crept to the water on every side. I saw that he ate the lichens. I said: "You must have some dinner, my little friend." So I brought a nice young lettuce leaf, wet it, and laid it on the stone. When the snail in his journey reached it, he touched it with his horns. Then he crept upon the edge of the leaf, turned sideways, and began to eat fast. He seemed very hungry. He moved along the edge of the leaf, gnawing as he went. After he had eaten about a quarter of the way along the leaf, he turned and went back still eating. So he kept on, until he had cut a deep scallop. Then he went to another place, and ate out another scallop. The children said that he liked scalloped lettuce. I kept the leaf wet. At first I thought this greedy little creature did nothing but eat; but I found that he liked to play, and was fond of travel. He would go to the edge of the water, and holding fast to the stone, would dip his head in for a drink, or to get it wet. When he did this, he drew in his horns until they could not be seen. Then he tried to cross the water, and to reach the side of the dish. He would cling fast by the hind part of his body, raise his head, and stretch himself as far as he could, to try and take hold of the dish. He often fell short and tumbled into the water. But out he would come and try again. When he succeeded he would walk all around the rim of the dish. One night he came out, dropped to the floor, crept over the carpet, up the leg of the table, along the top, and then travelled all over Nan's new bonnet. He tried to eat the artificial leaves on the bonnet. There I caught him in the morning. Wherever he went he left a thin trail like glue. I could follow his steps, as you can those of a careless boy who forgets to wipe his feet.—*Santa Claus.*

Post Office Don'ts.

Don't mail any letter until you are sure that it is completely and properly addressed.

Don't place the address so that there will be no room for the postmark.

Don't fail, in the hurry of business, to write the name of the State you intend and not your own—a very common error.

Don't fail, to make certain that your manner of writing the name of an office or State may not cause it to be mistaken for one similar in appearance. It is often better to write the name of the State in full.

Don't fail, if you are in doubt as to the right name of the office for which your letter is intended, to consult the Postal Guide, which any postmaster will be pleased to show you.

Don't mail any letter until you are sure that it is properly stamped. Don't fail to place the stamp in the upper right hand corner.

Don't fail to bear in mind that it is unlawful to enclose matter of a higher class in one that is lower; e. g., merchandise in newspapers.

Don't mail any letter unless your address, with a request to return, is upon the face of the envelope; so that in case of non-delivery it will be returned directly to you.

Don't fail to give your correspondents your full address, so that a new postmaster cannot fail to find you. Don't fail to notify your postmaster of any change in your address.

Don't trust to the fact that you are an "old resident," "well-known citizen," etc., but have your letters addressed in full.

Don't fail, if you intend to be away from home for any length of time, to inform your postmaster what disposition shall be made of your mail.

Don't delay the delivery of any mail that you may take out for another.

Don't fail to sign your letters in full, so that if they reach the dead letter office they may be promptly returned.

Don't mail a parcel without previously weighing it to ascertain the proper amount of postage.

Do You Sleep Well?

A reader asks a remedy for insomnia. A remedy cannot be given for sleeplessness unless the cause is known; and the different constitutions demand different treatment. Some persons cannot sleep unless they have eaten a hearty meal before going to bed, while others cannot sleep until some hours after a meal. Sleeplessness may proceed from the persistent activity of the brain caused by overwork, by anxiety or by disease; or it may be caused by indigestion. It is an ailment that should not be regarded as trivial. Its origin should be carefully traced, and that should determine the mode of treatment. Sleep comes when blood is drawn from the brain. That is why a moderate meal before bedtime is often an advantage; the process of digestion tends to detain a certain amount of blood that would go to the brain. It is advisable to keep the body warm all over so that the circulation is unimpeded. Sometimes, by getting out of bed for half a minute, the surface of the body will be momentarily chilled; there will be a rush of blood to restore the surface temperature, and that will relieve the brain. Plenty of fresh air by day and good ventilation of the bed-room at night are strongly conducive to sleep. Beware of all kinds of sleeping draughts, as their effect soon passes away, and they are almost certain to set up a harmful and obstinate habit. Any one who takes fresh air by day, who under goes sufficient physical exertion to be tired, though not too tired, who avoids excitement of every kind, and who occupies a warm bed in a well-ventilated room, ought to be able to sleep.—*Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly.*

A Sad Case.

A man who used to go every morning with head bent, trembling limbs, and uncertain gait, to the shop where liquor was sold, was met by some men, who offered him his day's food, a good place to sleep, opportunity to bathe and be comfortable, books to read, clothing for the present necessity, and more as soon as he could earn them; in short, all he needed, except a chance of turning something into liquor; and the arrangement to continue until he had so mastered himself, and recovered from his body's dependence on drink that he could be a man again.

But he refused. He went to the shop, spent his last cent for liquor—his morning dram; and then went about the village for a chance to earn another dram.

By cleaning out the spittoons of the hotel, carrying away the oyster shells from the saloons, and emptying the garbage barrels of the grocers, he earned enough to get drunk.

Many a father has a son whom he would gladly educate, if for no other purpose than to enable him to enjoy the competence or riches that will be his inheritance, and the boy has refused to do well, and has made a wreck of life.

To take the words of a good Baptist minister: "Many a fond and doting parent has been forced to exclaim, like Aaron, almost in his words, and in a sense not very different, 'I cast gold into the fire, and there came out this calf.'"

—*Sunday-school Times.*

Cleansed as She Went.

A young lady was deeply concerned about her spiritual interests, and after a severe struggle started to visit her pastor, to ask him to show her the way of life. As she entered a horse-car in carrying out her purpose, she saw seated there several of her friends, who asked her where she was going. The tempter immediately said to her, "Don't tell them where you are going, but answer them in some evasive way." At the same time the Spirit whispered to her, "Be brave and conscientious about this. Tell them of your purpose, and ask them to go with you." She obeyed the latter voice. Her friends declined to accompany her, and she went on alone. When she came to the minister's house, he came to the door to meet her. She paused from embarrassment for an instant, and then said, "Doctor, I started to come to see you to ask you to lead me to Christ; but now that I am here, I have come to tell you that I have found Christ." As she went she was cleansed.

You can never regret saying a kind word or doing a loving act; you may bitterly regret having done neither.

Seven Years Without a Birthday.

A Scottish clergyman who died nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Leishman, of Kinross, used to tell that he had once lived seven years without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 29th of February he would have no birthday except in a leap year. But leap year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only; their first thought would, therefore, naturally be that the old man, who, in fact, was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion.

At the present time there can be very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the twenty-ninth day of February at least ninety-six years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and indeed there are, no doubt, some readers who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap year, and 1900 will not be. The February of the present year had twenty-nine days, but in all seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight.—*Tribune.*

THERE is much grace needed for managing a balky stove. You, being in the hardware business and interested in certain patents, may begin to rattle over the names of stoves which never flinched, which never take up the habits of our human race and begin to smoke, and never let the fire go out. But we do not believe you. Stoves belong to a fallen race, and the best of them sometimes prove tricky. Sometimes they fly into a hot temper and burn things up, and sometimes they will pout for half an hour because a green chip or unseasoned stick of wood is thrown at them. The best dispositioned stove will sometimes refuse to broil, or stew, or bake, or frizzle. You coax it in every possible way. You reason with it and tell it how important it is that it do its duty, for company has come, or a departing guest must meet the train, or you are too tired to bother any longer, and all it does in reply is to sputter. Here is a place for Christian sympathy and help. For lack of this Martha of Bethany acted precipitately, and many a good woman has lost her equilibrium.

CHEAP PLEASURE.—A Piedmontese nobleman, weary of life, was hurrying along a road to the river purposing suicide when he experienced a sudden check from the pull of his cloak by a little boy, who unceremoniously wanted to gain his notice. He thus accosted him: "There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food." The nobleman said to himself: "Why should I not relieve this wretched family? I have the means; it cannot detain me many minutes."

He then went to the scene of misery—he threw them his purse; the poor people's burst of gratitude overcame him—it went to his heart. "I will call again to-morrow," he cried, exclaiming: "Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where so much pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!"

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A PERFECT COOK. A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after you use Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

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DIARRHŒA AND VOMITING.

GENTLEMAN.—About five weeks ago I was taken with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. The pain was almost unbearable and I thought I could not live till morning, but after I had taken the third dose of Fowler's Wild Strawberry the vomiting ceased, and after the sixth dose the diarrhœa stopped, and I have not had the least symptom of it since.

MRS. ALICE HOPKINS, Hamilton, Ont.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

A Germ Disease.

The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

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	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.....	715,944.84.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,605.87.....	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.....	496,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
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1890.....	889,078.87.....	2,911,014.19.....	20,698,589.92

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