

Since She Went Home.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old, glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence
blessed!
Untouched the pillow that her dear head
pressed!
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like
years.
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts
and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely
tears,
Since she went home.

—Robert J. Burdette.

A Cruel King.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

King Alcohol sits on his throne
and rules with a rod of iron. He
strikes to kill and always maims
when he does not kill. Tears,
hunger, despair, poverty, ruin and
death are some of the favors he con-
fers on his subjects. He is as heart-
less as famine, pitiless as pestilence
and cruel as death. When Rome
was burning, Nero got his melodies
out of the fiddle, but, this King gets
his music from the sobs of children,
the cries of the broken-hearted and
the awful crash of doomed souls.
Come with me and behold one of his
victims. I was told that a man lay
dying from drink in a dismal cellar
on one of the foulest streets of the
city. An outside cellar door and
with stone steps which led down
from the sidewalk, gave me entrance
to a dark, dismal hole in the ground.
A woman stood within and I said,
'They tell me a man is dying here.'
'Yes, he is in the back room.'

'Back room! Great heavens, can
there be anything back of this?'
I made my way into the black-
hole. A candle standing on the
head of a barrel gave but a faint
glimmer in the foul air, and I need-
ed to wait to get used to the dark-
ness. A groan from a corner, show-
ed me where one of the King's
victims lay on a little straw spread
on the damp floor. I went over to
him, knelt by his side, reached over
and grasped his bony hand and said,
'My brother, they tell me you are
dying.'

He snatched his hand away and
said, 'I am a dying wretch, but for
God's sake don't insult me.'

'Insult you! how have I insulted
you?'

'When you call a wretch like me
brother, it is an insult for you don't
mean it. I am brother to no man,
and no man is brother to me.'

'Give me your hand, for you are
my brother. God is your father
and mine. Christ died to save you
and me. The Gospel is good news
for us both. Let me hold your hand
while I pray for my brother.'

'Too late for that. I am beyond
all hope. Drink has been my ruin
and my curse and I am lost.'

He grew excited, and trying to
quiet him I said, 'What is your
name?'

'I won't tell you my name. I
go by such a name, but it's not my
real one.'

'Why won't you tell me your
name?'

'Because I don't want anyone to
know who I am or how I die.'

'Why not? Perhaps you have
some one who loves you yet, and
would want to know.'

'No! No!' he cried. 'Listen. In
a little church—a Presbyterian
church—in a little country village
over in Pennsylvania, and old white
haired man stands up every Sunday
and preaches this Gospel of which
you speak. That man is my father;
made prematurely old by the ruin
of his boy. Back of the church, in
a grave, lies my mother. My way-
wardness broke her heart and sent
her to an untimely grave. If my
father knew how his only boy died,
he would soon lie alongside of my
mother. I won't tell you I am. I
am beyond the hope of mercy.
Drink has been my ruin. You came
too late—too late!'

He lay dead. A nameless grave
to the Potter's Field contains the
body of some preacher's boy. And
since that day, sixteen years ago,
two million more have gone down
the same road.

Yet the King sits on his throne,
and laughs over the ruin that makes
heaven weep. 'How long, O Lord
how long?'

If one would feel the heat of the
sun's rays he should place himself
where he can catch the full strength.
If the Christian would feel the
warmth and glow of the divine love
he must get near to God.

A Word in Season.

"A word in due season, how good
is it!" The wise man tells us that
it is like apples of gold in a basket
of silver. Eternity only can dis-
close all the good that has been done
by a word or two uttered at the
right time, and often, too, by the
direct suggestion of the Holy Spirit.
A single remark of the Rev. Charles
Simeon on the blessings which had
resulted from the labors of Dr.
Carey in India, first drew the atten-
tion of Henry Martyn to the cause
of Foreign Missions. His mind be-
gan to stir under the new thought,
and a perusal of the life of David
Brainerd fixed him in his resolution
to devote himself to labors for the
benighted heathen.

It is said that Harlan Page once
went through his Sunday-school to
get the spiritual census of both the
teachers and the scholars. Coming
to one of the teachers, he inquired,
"Shall I put you down as having a
hope in Christ?" The teacher re-
plied, "No." "Then," said Mr.
Page very tenderly, "I will put you
down as having no hope." He closed
his little memorandum book and
left him. Those two solemn words,
"no hope" rang in the unconverted
teacher's mind, and the Holy Spirit
gave him no rest until he found a
hope at the Cross of Christ.

"I never can forget that one
word which was once whispered to
me in an inquiry meeting," said a
godly man to a friend. "What
word was it?" "It was the word
eternity." A young Christian friend
who was yearning for my salvation
came to me as I sat in my pew, and
simply whispered 'eternity' in my
ear with great solemnity and tenderness,
and then went his way. That
word made a tremendous impression
on me, and I found no peace until
I gave my heart to Jesus."

The sainted Robert Murray Mc-
Cheyne, of Dundee, was in the habit
of letting fall these words in season,
as God opened to him the opportu-
nity. He halted once at an engine-
house by a stone quarry, when the
fireman was opening the furnace
door to throw in some fresh coal.
McCheyne, pointing in to the bright,
hot flame, said kindly to the man,
"Does that fire remind you of any-
thing?" The man could not shake
off the solemn impression produced
by the startling question. It led
him to attend the house of God,
and was a turning point in his spiri-
tual history.

A great deal depends upon how
such words in season are spoken,
and by whom. When they come
from noisy, self-seeking people, and
are uttered impudently, or in a
perfunctory way, they may do little
good, and perhaps some harm. But
when they are spoken kindly, and
out of a full heart, they may become
a source of infinite blessing. "He
that is wise winneth souls." That
is the right reading of an often mis-
quoted passage; and the Revised
Version gives it accurately.

Fellow Christian, you certainly
have some influence over somebody.
If not, then your religion must be
down to zero. Have you never
spoken even one word to any im-
penitent friend about the most
momentous of all subjects? Then
I fear that if you get to heaven you
will not find any one there whom
you have guided or have even helped
thitherward. Your crown will
be rather 'starless'; perhaps there
will be no crown for thee at all.
For every idle word we must give
account in the day of judgment; but
the "words in season," spoken in
love, may find an echo up there in
some saved sinner's song of rejoicing.
—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Bits of Wisdom.

A young girl once heard a bit of
wisdom from the lips of a very aged
woman—a woman who had rounded
the full term of ninety years, and
with eyes still bright and clear
looked out upon the inrolling waters
of eternity. The girl was impressed
by the emphasis with which the
venerable dame said to her, "Bessie,
never insist on having the last
word." The determination to have
the final word leads to more quarrels
and more bitterness of feeling at
home than almost anything else in
domestic life. The fact is, that one
may so control her tongue and her
eyes that she may allow her oppo-
nent the pleasure of this coveted con-
cluding thrust and yet placidly re-
tain her own opinion, and in the
homely colloquial parlance of the
up-country, where one finds strong-
willed people living together in
great peace with the most pro-
nounced diversity of characteristics,
"do as she's a mind to."

Another bit of wisdom may be
condensed into a pithy sentence.
Avoid explanations. In some fami-
lies nothing is taken for granted.
Every action, every decision, every
new departure, every acceptance or
rejection of an invitation must be
endlessly talked and fussed over,
explained and re-explained. In that
way lie all sorts of stumbling-
blocks. As a rule, beyond your
parents or your husband there is
nobody who has the right to de-

mand of you explanations at each
step of your onward path. Don't
give them. Establish a reputation
for keeping your own counsel. It
will serve you well in many a crisis,
and be no end of a comfort.

Again, don't be forever setting
people right. There is a household
fiend with a memory for dates and
details, who can never sit still and
hear papa say that he went down
town on Monday at eight, without
correcting the statement with the
remark that the hour was half past.
If mamma happens to allude to
Cousin Jenny's visit as having oc-
curred last Thursday, this was like
impersonation of accuracy interposes
with the statement that it was Fri-
day, not Thursday, which brought
Cousin Jane. A dozen times a day
exasperating frictions are caused by
needless corrections of this sort, re-
ferring to matters where exactness
is not really imperative, the affairs
in question being unimportant, and
no violation of truth being for an
instant intended.

A manifest bit of wisdom is to
refrain from criticism of food. The
sauce may not be quite piquant
enough, the salad may be wilted,
but in the name of decency say
nothing about it in either case.

Silence is golden in nearly every
instance where a defect obtains in
the home economy.

To abstain from superfluous
apologies is also the habit of discre-
tion. There should seldom be the
occasion for apology in the house-
hold, where all would do well and
wisely to be constantly gentle and
courteous.—Harper's Bazar.

Helps to Patience.

A woman, whose life has been
long and checkered with many re-
verses, said lately: 'Nothing has
given me more courage to face every
day's duties and troubles than a few
words spoken to me when I was a
child by my old father. He was
the village doctor. I came into his
office, where he was compounding
medicine, one day, looking cross and
ready to cry.'

"What is the matter, Mary?"
"I'm tired! I've been making
beds and washing dishes all day,
and what good does it do? To-mor-
row the beds will be to make and
the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child," he said, 'do
you see these little empty vials? They
are all insignificant, cheap
things, of no value in themselves;
but in one I put a deadly poison, in
another a sweet perfume, in a third
a healing medicine.'

"Nobody cares for the vials; it is
that which they carry that kills or
cures. Your daily work, the dishes
washed or the floors swept, are
homely things and count for nothing
in themselves but it is the
anger or the sweet patience or zeal
or high thought that you put into
them that shall last. These make
your life."

No strain is harder upon the
young than to be forced to do work
which they feel is beneath their
faculties, yet no discipline is more
helpful. 'The wise builder,' says
Bolton, watches, not the bricks which
his journeyman lays, but the man-
ner in which he lays them.'

The man who is half-hearted and
lagging as a private soldier will be
half-hearted and lagging as a com-
mander. Even in this world, he
who uses his talents rightly as a
servant is often given the control of
many cities.

'They also serve,' said John
Milton, 'who only stand and wait.'

A Noble Example.

Judge McLean, Chief Justice of
the United States, was a skeptic in
early life, but listening to an earnest
gospel sermon he was convinced of
sin and embraced Christ. On his
return to his home he surprised his
wife, who was a Christian, by saying,
'I have found Christ and I must
set up my family altar. Let us go
into the drawing-room and pray to-
gether.'

It happened that the drawing-
room was occupied, and the guests
not being religious she felt that
their presence might not be accept-
able to them.

"There are four lawyers in there,
husband," she said, 'hadn't we
better go and have prayers in the
kitchen?'

"No," replied Mr. McLean, "It is
the first time I have invited the
Lord into my house, and I don't
propose to invite Him into the
kitchen."

He went directly into the draw-
ing-room, greeted the lawyers and
said to them: "My friends, I have
just been converted to the truth of
Christianity. I have found out
that Jesus Christ died for me on
the cross. I have given myself to
Him, and now I am going to invite
Him to my house. While I offer
my first family prayer you can re-
main, if you will. I leave it to
your choice." The lawyers all as-
sured him that they would be pleased
to remain, and did so while he con-
ducted the devotions.

Our Daughters.

The curse of our modern society
is that our young women are taught
that the first, second, third, fourth,
fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth,
tenth thing in their life is to get
somebody to take care of them. In-
stead of that, the first lesson should
be how, under God, they may take
care of themselves. The simple fact
is that the majority of them have
to take care of themselves, and that,
too, after having, through the false
notions of their parents, wasted the
years in which they ought to have
learned how successfully to main-
tain themselves. It is inhuman and
cruel for any father or mother to
pass their daughters into woman-
hood having given them no facility
for earning their livelihood. Ma-
dame de Staël said: "It is not
these writings that I am proud of,
but the fact that I have facilities in
five occupations, in any of which I
could make a livelihood." We
should teach our daughters that
work of any kind, when necessary,
is a credit and honor to them. It
is a shame for a young woman be-
longing to a large family, to be in-
efficient, when the mother and
father toil their lives away for her
support. It is a shame for a daugh-
ter to be idle while her mother toils
at the wash-tub. It is as honorable
to sweep the house, make beds, trim
hats, as it is to play a piano, twist a
watch-chain or embroider a slipper.
—Selected.

A Quiet Little Woman.

"Such a quiet little woman; I
don't believe she ever attended a
convention in her life." We happen
to know the little woman of whom
the above remark was made, and
this is what we know of her: Every
evening she attends a convention of
well-clothed, well-fed, well-trained
boys and girls, who gather at the
home fireside and worship at the
home altar—a happy family circle
with mother for its center. Once a
week she attends a Sabbath conven-
tion, where children are taught not
only to "remember," but also to
love the Sabbath day and keep it
holy. Now and then she attends a
reform convention, where, under the
sweet influence of her Christian life
and example, sons and daughters,
and others also, are inspired to at-
tempt better things. There is also
a workers' convention where her
presence is an inspiration and her
influence is felt, even if it be only
within four walls. Some day she
will attend a convention of the gen-
eral assembly and Church of the first
born which are written in heaven,
and will be surprised, possibly, to
find her sphere of work greatly en-
larged by the announcement:
"Thou hast been faithful over a few
things; I will make thee ruler over
many things; enter thou into the joy
of the Lord."—Christian Index.

The Heritage of Children.

"Love God and little children." was
the motto of an old Portuguese
priest of the fifteenth century.
"Truly there is nothing in the world
so blessed and so sweet as the heri-
tage of children," says an English
writer. "Who is not attracted,"
wrote the Greek Epictetus centuries
ago, "by bright and pleasant chil-
dren, to talk and to play with them?"

"Oh, how precious to me," says a
Christian writer, "have been the
prattlings of little children, and those
subtle questions and still subtler
replies which I have heard coming
from innocent lips, and have listened
to as oracular breathings!" "God
send us children," writes a third,
"for another purpose than merely
to keep up the race; to enlarge our
hearts, to make us unselfish and full
of kindly sympathies and affections;
to give our souls higher aims, and to
call out all our faculties to extended
enterprise and exertion; to bring
around our fireside bright faces and
happy smiles, and loving tender
hearts. My soul blesses the great
Father every day that he has glad-
dened the earth with little children."
—Christian Herald.

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self pass in, and the beauty of great
action is gone, like the bloom from a
soiled flower.

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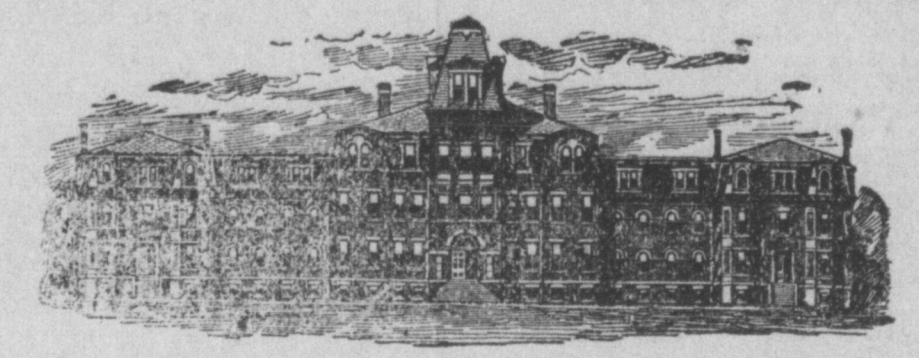
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