

Wise Counsel.

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight
Cease from man and look above thee—
Trust in God and do the right!

Norman MacLeod.

The Storing Age.

It is given to none of us to realize during our youth how truly golden are those days. Then it is that we have true leisure. In older years we may have, perhaps, what we call leisure, but it is rarely free from thoughts about duties, cares and worries. We never abandon ourselves to letting time slip away unheeded, as when we were young. We have eaten of the tree of knowledge, and tasted the bitter-sweet fruits of experience. Our eyes are too widely open to present needs and difficulties for us to turn quietly and happily to pursuits of leisure.

In the days of boyhood and girlhood the capacity for absorption of learning and culture is enormous, while the power of assimilating them and developing original thoughts is very small. But in spite of much said and done to stimulate youthful minds to originality, and in spite of the belief of some that such absorption is merely stuffing, it remains true that the days of youth are the storing age. The ideas and facts apparently swallowed whole are in reality cunningly laid away in the mind, awaiting the days when the power to digest them develops, and when events of life occur which transform them into food for the heart and mind. Nature's plan of development can never be improved upon. Let us, then, follow her leading. When we gently stimulate the thinking powers of the young around us let us bend the most of our efforts to direct them to their storing age to the best foods, knowing that nature alone can tell them when the pupa stage is past, and when the cocoon spinning should begin.

We shall never have the opportunities for a wide knowledge of the realm of books as in the days of our youth. To be sure, we doubtless may appreciate the skill, and apply the idea of single books better at forty than at eighteen, but most of us have comparatively little time to read after the second decade is past. Then we draw on the stores of youth for inspiration and food for hard working bodies and minds.

"My daughter," said an earnest father, "you must not read so much. It's not reading to rush through one book after another. It's just guzzling!" There appeared to him waste in his girl's not stopping to ponder over what she had read, as he would have done, but she was following the law of nature, storing up for years to come. The youthful days are the days to plant abundant seed for the full harvest. The leisure time of middle and old age has only vitality enough at best for sowing and gathering of an after-math.

A busy woman confessed that if it were not for the books she had read in girlhood she should be ashamed to open her lips in intelligent society. "Then I read books by the hundred; good books, too, and not all novels, but history, poetry and biography. This last year I read only eighteen books. Keeping up with the current publications is an impossibility, and I think myself lucky if I manage to know the titles of the better books." Young men and women who fortunately receive college education have a leisure for acquiring, which I move prolonged than the majority. But even with them this time comes to an end, and they must work, either for themselves or for others, because the silken threads of character and unselfishness will not come from eating the leaves of knowledge; each one must spin.

The storing age for reading should begin very young, and to the mother is given the happy task of guiding her children through the narrow path of baby tales to the wide fields of literature. As soon as a little child can understand, this may begin with little jingles which hold the attention. When the minds are older may come the childish stories read aloud which helps strengthen the appetite for reading. This reading aloud, a pleasure both to mother and child, should not be fostered to the exclusion of reading for one's self. Some naturally indolent children find reading to themselves irksome, and will not try if they can find an indulgent reader. Cultivate the child's power to read himself. Furnish him with easy rhymes, and help him to spell them out himself. A child's magazine, with its pretty illustrations, is another incentive to the reading habit, and many a child will take courage to read the stories if mother would only break the way, as it were, through the maze of words by reading them aloud once.

Children will appreciate tales in prose and verse from the best liter-

ature earlier than is usually thought. Try reading aloud some spirited ballad or light verse. A child of six was delighted with Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, while Whittier's The Pumpkin, Wordsworth's We are Seven and Jean Ingelow's Song of Seven were gladly listened to many times. The chapter on Babies in Japan, from Miss Bacon's "Japanese Women and Girls," had interested listeners in two girls of six and eight years. Indeed, children often miss entirely the point of an ingenious, humorous child's tale, when they will readily grasp an interesting descriptive article written for adults.

By beginning in early childhood a mother can so vigorously develop a daughter's taste for literature that she will never be wrecked on the shoals of fancy work, the fate of too many. Fancy work may beautify the home, and, in rare instances, become a bread-winning art, but it can never be the resource against a narrow life, against trouble and against loneliness, which wide culture, fostered by the reading habit, becomes. The well-stored mind, the trained sympathies, the noble impulses which good books always foster, make the reading habit a liberal educator and teach the happiness of unselfishness in no uncertain way.

As with the girls so with the boys. Reading furnishes them not only with a resource in the years when stocks, machinery or groceries will absorb the freshness and vigor of waking hours, but gives them a weapon against temptations toward a lower, coarser life. A boy bred on good books will not care for bad companions, or long find pleasure in unrefined amusements. See to it then, oh, parents, while you are reaping your after-math, that your children are given every opportunity and encouragement to store away as much good literature as their health will permit. —Journal & Messenger.

A Little Story With a Big Moral.

In a little town down in Connecticut, the other Sunday, a man in church died without warning. There was nothing very extraordinary in the event thus far, for many men die without warning and a certain percentage of them die in church. It was not thought remarkable that this man should die in church, for he had a great fondness for the church and spent all the time he could at the services on week days as well as on Sundays.

But what makes the case noteworthy is this: the man thought so much of the church that he had intended to leave a handsome legacy for it when he died. But it is the old story—he did not expect to die without warning; and he made no will.

Now it will be the other old story, the heirs who care nothing for the church will not regard his wishes, and the money will go in other directions. Legacies to churches are sometimes doubtful benefits, but in this particular case doubtless the money which the dead man intended to give would have been an inestimable boon. For the church is weak and struggling and yet the place is one which has peculiar need of the preaching of the gospel.

We wonder if any other laymen (this man was a Baptist) will take warning from this case. A great many men expect to do some good with their money when they die; to help a church, or to help a missionary society, or to help a college. But the percentage who fail to carry out their good intention, simply because they die intestate must be pretty large. Why will not men give their money while they live and thus enjoy seeing the fruit of their generosity; or if they are not ready for this, why will they not spend a couple of hours in putting their wishes into legal form, whereby they will be of some avail?

Everybody believes in the uncertainty of life. The pulpit teaches it, the press echoes it, and every day furnishes abundant illustration. Everybody knows something of the proverbial greediness of heirs-at-law and that not once in a thousand times will a man's expressed wishes be carried out unless the law says they must be carried out. The insurance companies tell us of multitudes of cases in which men in the prime of life die within thirty days of the time when a medical examination pronounced them perfectly sound and the best kind of risks.

Add to the case already cited that of the man in New York, reported a few days ago, who died while writing his signature. In this case there was warning of coming death; there was time to make the will; there was a sound mind, which got everything into the document in legal form. But even in this case, death having other engagements, was obliged to hasten, and did not give the man quite time enough to write his name. The name was more than half written. But those two or three letters lacking at the end of the name invalidated the

whole thing, and the man's wishes were defeated. Why should we not rather say: The man defeated his own wishes!

To return to the original case. The dead man might have helped to preach the gospel in that little Connecticut town and in the church which he loved, for centuries; he might have had his part in saving the souls of generation yet far away. But on the threshold of the new year the opportunity which God had held out to him for so many years was withdrawn. Why should the man who had waited so long, act this year, or the next, or the next?

The man is dead, the church which he loved must struggle on in its poverty, and the money which the man worked hard to accumulate must go where he would not have it go. How many readers expect to do a great deal for the Lord some time? And how many of them will be surprised by death with nothing done? —The Standard.

Preparing for Sunday.

"It is hard to get ready for church Sunday morning at our house!" exclaimed one of the best mothers in Israel!—or so at least Mrs. Dixon was rated in the neighborhood.

"Tell me some of your hindrances," said her visitor, who was one of a generation older than the little woman who was sincerely regretting her own irregular attending at church.

"In the first place, breakfast is very late."

"Mistake number one!" said Mrs. Sutherland. "Breakfast at eight would allow a Catholic maid her early mass; which, by the way, is a reflection on your church-going is it not?"

"Yes, it is," allowed Mrs. Dixon, with flushing face. "If a Roman Catholic maid cannot have her ten o'clock mass, she will cheerfully go at seven or even at six o'clock, and we cannot get ready to go at the eleventh hour! I never thought of this so directly before."

"Well my dear, Norah has shown you how cheerfully one may give up the Sunday morning sleep. A little extra rest is quite sensible, but if church-going were as interesting or as important to us as business or sight seeing or shopping, you could manage it; don't you think so?"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Sutherland! You make me feel positively ashamed. But breakfast is not all that hinders. One or two of the family, or more must have their bath."

"Not must have on Sunday, unless it is a daily custom!"

"Why, yes, to change underwear!" Mrs. Dixon exclaimed.

"But why not before retiring Saturday night? or before dressing Sunday morning, by some good-natured arrangement between Mr. Dixon and your sons?"

"I suppose they might," said Mrs. Dixon, sighing; "but they don't."

Certainly "cleanliness is" only next to godliness—or, as I should render it, one form of godliness—and church-going is another form; but as the bath can be taken any night or any other morning, I should advise my dear ones to do without it, if there were not time for it on Sunday before ten o'clock."

"Oh dear, you make it seem absurd; you must reason with papa and the boys. While they were little fellows we always went to morning service!"

"They all have Saturday afternoon free from business, I think I queried the earnest old lady.

"Certainly; but they go somewhere—they must have some recreation."

"I see! But must the recreation always be such as prevents Saturday from being the 'Preparation Day'? If the recreation is of so fatiguing a nature as to make it necessary to spend Sunday morning, up to a late hour, in rest, is not such a recreation itself a form of Sabbath-breaking?"

"Give the boys that idea! But there are other things that turn up almost willfully, one might say—a spot to be cleaned from somebody's suit; a button comes off a glove. Henry says those things are akin to the beast in the ditch; that was taken out, aunty."

"Now, if you won't mind plain speaking, Janette, I think you forget to use Saturday as a preparation day for the first of the week."

Not a word spoke Mrs. Dixon, but she bent over the needle-work industriously.

"You may remember Saturday afternoons, when you were a girl, my dear, when you used to call for my girls—"

"No!" interrupted Mrs. Dixon. "to be honest, they used to call for me, and hurry me, sometimes help me, to go for a ride or a visit! They were always ready on time."

"Yes, Saturday was our seventh day. No piece of work was ever begun Saturday; by noon all household work was done, only the meals remained to be despatched. All my life my girls and I had a half-holiday on Saturday afternoon; and Sunday morning found us refreshed. Clothes

were looked over, shoes and gloves put in order, Saturday morning."

"I see," said Mrs. Dixon; "I will turn over a new leaf."

"Amen," said Aunt Sutherland, and let all the Dixons say Amen."

Conversion of A Jewess.

A Jewish lady in Baltimore gave herself to Jesus. There was a protracted meeting in progress, in which there was noticed a Jewess several evenings. Afterwards her experience came to the knowledge of the church in this way: Her husband a gay man of the world, was in the habit of passing the evenings with congenial friends at the theatre and other places of amusement, leaving her alone at home. To relieve the monotony of an evening (the Methodist church in which a protracted meeting was in progress, being situated on the same street), she slipped out, and, impelled by curiosity, attended one of the services. The first evening's service left no particular impression. The question simply arose in her mind, just as a cloud floats over the sky, "Suppose that Jesus was the Messiah?" The next night Jesus again was preached, and before the sermon was over, the question became more than a question; she said to herself, "Jesus was, perhaps, the Messiah," and it greatly distressed her. On the third night the thought seized her soul and shook it through and through, "Jesus was the Messiah." Of course there came with it—invariably to a Jewess—the conviction, "I am lost forever, for my people slew him." And in that spirit she went home sobbing and weeping. Her husband returned at midnight, and she met him in tears and said at once, "Go to some Christian neighbor's and borrow for me a New Testament." He tried to laugh her out of her impressions, or argue her out of them; but it was of no use, and so for the love he bore her, he went out at half-past twelve in the morning, and rang up a Christian neighbor.

When he came to the door the caller said, "I beg your pardon, but will you be so kind as to loan me a New Testament?" You may be sure the request was most cheerfully granted. The neighbor thought "There is a work in that house to be done for Jesus to-night," and as soon as he could properly dress himself, he hurried to a Christian brother's and with him repaired to the Jewish mansion. The door was instantly opened, and the mistress met him with a smile, saying, "I have found Jesus!" And then she told the story I have told you, with this addition: She said that when the New Testament was put in her hands, she went to her room and kneeling, lifted up her face to heaven, and cried, "O, Lord God of my fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, give me light, give me light!" She opened the Testament with closed eyes, and chanced to open it at the beginning of the epistle to the Romans. She read slowly, and the verses went tearing through her soul like hot thunderbolts, until she came to the sixteenth verse—"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth to the Jew first"—there she stopped; her bursting tears blinded her. She looked again. It is "To the Jew first, and also to the Greek." As she read these words she believed them and she knew it. When the Christian brethren came, she was a Christian. —Hebrew Christian.

"I DIDN'T THINK," is a poor answer. Persons ought to think. "I forgot," is a poor excuse. No person ought to forget the things that it is his duty to attend to. A boy does not forget a thing which interests him. Whoever knew a boy to go fishing and forget his bait? Whoever knew a girl to forget her ornaments? The reason people forget things is because they do not care about them. The way to remember is to care; and if we have a care for our ways and our work, then we shall not forget to attend to our duties.—Selected.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion. —Laplace.

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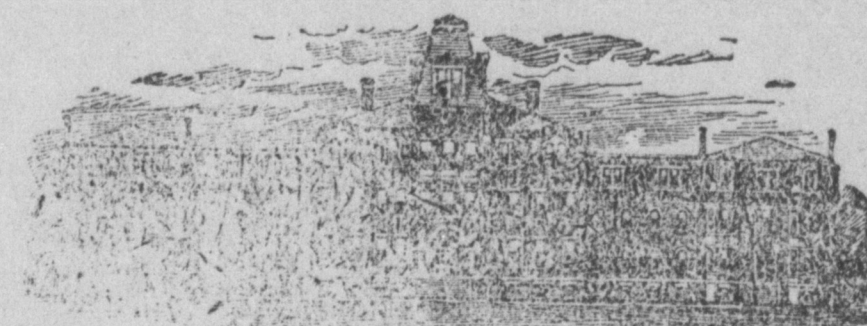
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"This after the

down the canal

go—"

"Your cousin

I saw them."

"And I want

at me, and said

are going to be

strong enough

boat. I wish

"Poor boy!"

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