

Why Mother is Proud.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise,
Roguish and blue and quick to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her nicest old chair,
Quickest to get to the top of the stair,
Quickest to see that a kiss on the cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter,
to speak.

Look in her face and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or wish might be;
Scarcely one. They all forget
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her
face,
And hunts for her spool, which is out of
its place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he
can—
That is why she is proud of her little man.

—Phrenological Journal.

Mr. Martin's Opportunity.

AND HOW HE IMPROVED IT.

"I have been thinking, mother," said farmer Martin to his wife, "that I will be obliged to give up the paper. Things haven't gone well with us, you know, and we shall have to begin retrenching somewhere right at the beginning of the new year."

"You mean the country paper," replied his wife, with a note of inquiry in her voice.

Her husband answered hesitatingly: "No; we could not do without the *Times*. We always want to hear the home news, of course, and with our produce and marketing to dispose of every week, we must keep posted on the ever changing market. It was the church paper I was thinking of stopping. We will miss it, of course, but necessity knows no law."

"Can't we manage in some way to keep this lifelong friend, father?" asked Mrs. Martin with real concern in her voice. "I can not recollect when it was not a regular visitor, first, in my father's house, and next, for nearly a score of years, in our own. If retrenchment is necessary, better let it begin somewhere else, where it will not be felt so much."

"I do not see where the retrenchment be less missed, Abby," argued Mr. Martin. "We must have sugar and coffee and tea, even if we do raise our own bread and meat, and use all the economy possible; clothes will wear out, and shoes must be replaced, as the children cannot go barefooted."

"That is quite true; still I think for all the church paper costs, we might make an effort to deny ourselves so as to continue it," urged Mrs. Martin. "A few cents here and a few cents there would soon amount to two dollars, all it costs, though I am sure we get ten times that amount out of it in solid reading."

I am not complaining about the makeup of the paper, Abby. It is all well enough, so far as I can see, although I sometimes think that if religious papers were not so plentiful, there would be more time for Bible study."

"Instead of hindering Bible study, I find a great assistant in the paper, insisted the farmer's little wife. "And I am quite sure the children will say the same. They are all fond of reading, and in putting such pure literature as is found in our church paper into their hands, we are cultivating their tastes in the right direction. If we do not choose their reading matter for them, we may rest assured that they will select for themselves, and of a kind that we do not approve, very probably, into the bargain."

"Well, well; I suppose all that you say is true, wife," admitted the husband; "still, I can not see my way clear to take on any expenses this year that can be set aside. Perhaps after awhile if things brighten up a bit, I may change my decision, but just at present we must try to get along without the paper. I can not spare two dollars to pay for it, and you know it has always been a principle with me not to go in debt, and, at my years, I do not intend to change."

Mrs. Martin knew from his voice that he did not intend to be persuaded to change his opinion, even if there were no principle at stake, and so she wisely concluded to bide her time, though, plucky little woman that she was, she meant not to give up the church paper.

"Where is the paper?" asked Fred, the oldest son, the first Sunday after the paper had been stopped. Mrs. Martin heard the question, but read on in silence, leaving the father to make what explanation he could. After searching through the wall-pocket in vain, the boy repeated the question, this time ad-

ressing his father and adding that he wanted to study his Sunday-school lesson.

"Haven't you a quarterly?" asked his father evasively, not looking up from his book.

"Yes; but the notes are so brief that they don't throw much light on the subject. At least the explanations in the paper are so much fuller that I am not satisfied till I study it over carefully."

"Well, you will have to get along without it to-day, Fred, for it did not come," said the father, not explaining why.

"Didn't come?" exclaimed Fred. "Why, I never knew it to miss before; it was always as regular as the clock; but I suppose I will have to do without it," and with a look of disappointment he took his Bible to look up the home readings.

"Half an hour later, little Dot came in with a request from grandma, who was one of the dear 'shut-ins,' that if no one was using the paper, she would like to have it, to read the sermon."

No one else answering, Fred said, "Tell grandma it didn't come. And it is too bad, on grandma's account particularly, for she can not go to church, and she will miss the sermon sadly," he added, thinking of the patient invalid upstairs.

Mr. Martin winced and turned red, and though he went on with his reading, he felt very uncomfortable at having deprived his old mother of her enjoyment.

Dot was disappointed too, for grandma had promised to read her the children's stories, which were always "so beautiful."

"I was hurrying to get through with my work, to read the new chapter in the serial," pointed Lottie. "It was at its most interesting point, and here I will have to wait till to-morrow to find out whether Ben Holt won the scholarship."

With a sigh of regret as she noticed the cloud that settled on Lottie's fair face, her mother thought—"She will have to wait longer than to-morrow. I am so sorry on her account, for she is so susceptible to good influences as well as bad, and the beautiful life of the young girl in the serial she was reading with deep interest had already made an impression on her plastic nature"—an impression which, as she went on reading, the mother hoped would deepen till it became permanent.

"I have been hunting for the paper for the last half hour," said Tom, after the family had returned from church. "I have to lead prayer-meeting to-night, and want to look over the Young People's columns. I wonder where it can be."

"That paper again!" said the father to himself; "I had no idea it was in such demand." Then he said aloud, "There was no paper last week, or, at least, we did not get one," and then as if half ashamed of his evasion, he added, "The truth is, Tom, the times are so hard that I have had to stop the paper."

"Stop the paper!" chorused half a dozen voices in astonishment; and Tom said, "Why, father, we can not possibly do without it. Every one of us had a department, and our comparing of notes on what we have read furnished amusement for a whole evening. I am sure I speak for all when I say we would rather do without all kinds of presents on Christmas than do without our paper."

"But the Christmas gifts must be sacrificed too, this year," said his father. "You all know that this has been an unfortunate year, and we will have to retrench in many places to make ends meet and to avoid debt."

"I am certain I shall miss it, if only for its missionary intelligence," Mary said thoughtfully. "Since Mrs. Owens appointed me leader of the children's circle, I have learned to depend greatly on its suggestions for conducting the meetings. They are always so bright and fresh, and I have so few good ideas of my own."

"That idea of sticking to the paper is a fairly good one," said Tom. "At any rate, you have plenty of company, and if the question of paper or no paper were put to vote, the affirmative would gain the day."

Just at this juncture the door opened and a little girl, the daughter of a poor neighbor, came in to inquire if her mother could have the paper while the family were attending evening service.

"We did not get the paper last week, Mattie, but I will find something else for your mother to read while alone," said Mrs. Martin, as she went to the bookcase.

"I wish I had taken an inventory of the good qualities of that paper before I stopped it," thought Mr. Martin, as he watched the child go away with a book. "I actually don't believe that it was ever so popular before. Everybody wants it just because it can't be had, and I must confess that I miss it myself more than I thought I should; I feel so lost without the weekly church news, and then I do not know the prayer meeting topic. I am to make remarks upon it the next night, too."

That night at family prayers he read for the evening lesson the sixth chapter of Galatians, and though he had often read it before, there was one verse that came to him like a revelation. It was this: "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

"As we have therefore opportunity" were the words which emphasized themselves with peculiar force in his mind. The incidents of that day had convinced him that he had a great opportunity of doing good to others, outside of his own family as well as at home, by simply renewing his subscription to the church paper. He had never fully understood its worth before, but, his eyes being opened, he could not fail to see the influence for good which it had upon his growing family. Money was scarce, to be sure, but he now agreed with his wife that retrenchment must begin somewhere else. They could not afford to give up the religious paper any better, not half so well, as the county paper on which they depended for the home news, as well as for the report of the fluctuating market, which regulated the prices of what they had to sell. He had discovered that it was necessary to keep abreast of the religious world, as well as of current events, and wisely decided that before another Sabbath should return the dear old paper should be reinstated in its rightful place, no matter what it costs. "I will give up my tobacco, and by so doing accomplish a double purpose," he said, wondering why he had not thought of retrenching in that way before. Next morning he threw the plug that was in his pocket into the open grate, and, without mentioning his plan even to his wife, the money for another year's subscription was forwarded for the paper, with the request that it be sent immediately, so as to reach its destination before the next Sunday. He was not disappointed, although he had a trip to the postoffice after the Saturday night train came in, but the eagerness with which the papers were received the following morning rewarded him fully for his trouble, and it will be a very dark day indeed when he again discontinues his religious paper.—*Christ. Intelligencer*.

God Sees.

It is related of Sir Henry Lawrence that while commanding the British army in India, one night, after a severe engagement, he went with his staff to succor the wounded lying on the battle-field. A deep groan arrested him. It came from a dying Hindu *subahdar*, or inferior officer of a native regiment fighting for the English.

"I thirst," he groaned. Sir Henry raised him gently and held a vessel full of water to his parched lips. The dying man feebly waved it away. To take food or drink from the hand of a European is, according to the Hindu religion, to lose "caste" and commit a deadly sin.

"My poor fellow," said Sir Henry, "drink. Not a soul will see you."

"But God sees," murmured the Hindu.

Is there not a lesson here for us? Think for a moment how that great truth, "Thou, God, seest me!" was realized by the poor ignorant heathen. Now, I ask, does God see you rejecting with proud indifference or turning aside with cold neglect from His proffered pardon and grace, presented as a healing draught from the fountain of life? Are you afraid of losing caste—that is, losing the favour of your companions or friends—if you give your heart to Christ? Ah! He left His throne of light above, until

Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee, The Crucified hung on the accursed tree.

How does God see you treating His offers of life?

—

Mr. Gladstone's Power over Audiences.

Of the peculiar charm of Mr. Gladstone's oratory, the London *Spectator* says:

There is no gorgeous rhetoric, no melody of words, no spice of epigram. Again, there is no attempt to show learning, there is no special depth of thought, and there is no great newness of view or originality of conception. All these powers of the mind Mr. Gladstone no doubt possesses in a high degree, but unquestionably he does not let them be seen in his popular addresses to large, mixed audiences. They contain plenty of good sense and good feeling adequately expressed, but to say more of them, judged on the surface, would be impossible. How is it, then, that they are so successful and please so much more than the efforts of men who pack their speeches with the best things in the best language?

We believe that the answer is to be found in the fact that Mr. Glad-

stone has realized exactly the intellectual capabilities of popular audiences, and so manages to make every shot tell. Burke praised one of the statesmen of his day, we believe it was George Grenville, for always being able to "hit the house between wind and water." This is what Mr. Gladstone does; he never wastes shot on the decks or the rigging, but pegs away at the place where he can do most execution. But to hit this place among the majority of mankind, an orator must never be the least afraid of being commonplace, of moralizing, or of stating things which are supposed to be known to every school boy.

Go Because it Rains.

"I suppose that you won't go to Sabbath school to-day, Lucy?" said a mother, one stormy Sabbath morning, settling herself to read.

"Please let me go to-day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home. How can you make it a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always goes, mamma, in all weather, although she lives so far away. She told the class that one Sabbath, when she went through the storm, and did not find even one scholar, she was so discouraged that she could not help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our day schools in the rainy weather, and she said, while we must obey our parents, if we ask them pleasantly to let us go, they would likely be willing. Mamma, will you please let me go to-day?"

"Well, I am willing, my dear, if you wear your school suit. Go and get ready."

But the mother no longer took any interest in her book, but said to her husband (a lawyer) who came in from the library: "Lucy is going to Sabbath school to-day because it rains, so that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. Suppose we go to the chapel for the same reason, if not for a better."

"Agreed. I never could plead a cause to an empty court-room, and the minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews."

Marriage is a Failure.

When there is too much latch-key.

When dinner is not ready at dinner-time.

When he snores the loudest while she kindles the fire.

When politeness, fine manners and kindly attentions are reserved for company or visits abroad.

When the lord of creation pays more for cigars than his better half does for hosiery, boots and bonnets.

When the money that should go for a book goes for what only one side of the house knows anything about.

When both parties persist in arguing over a subject upon which they never have thought and never can think alike.—*Springfield Union*.

Love is the fulfilling of the law; the end of the gospel commandment; the bond of perfectness. Without it, whatever be our attainments, profession or sacrifices, we are—nothing!

Who are the meek?—A superintendent once asked the children of the Sunday-school this question:

"Children, who are the meek?"

A little boy gave him this answer:

"They are those who give soft answers to rough questions."

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1878	127,505.87	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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