

The Westward Window.

I'm looking out the westward window,
Where the sun sinks slow to rest,
With lengthened shadows softly creeping
Over hill and mountain crest;
The forests and the groves are vocal
With the songster's parting lay,
And redolent are all the woodlands
With the hues of parting day.

The streamlet murmurs down the hillside,
Flowing onward to the sea,
And bears my spirit, on its bosom,
Forward to eternity.
The cloud expanse is being gilded
With the crimson, purple, gold,
God's chariot through gates is passing,
Gorgeous with wealth untold.

I seem to hear the faint voices
Out from yonder distant shore,
And friendly hands they seem to beckon,
As they beckoned me of yore.
It's toward the east are the beginnings,
Where our memories fondly dwell,
But westward are the soul's aspiring
Visions faith and hope foretell.

I'm looking out life's westward window,
Where life's day is fleeting by,
Beyond the vision of life's present,
Where the unseen we descry.
It's through the open westward gateway
That I shall be passing soon,
Beyond sun's rising and its setting,
Where is high eternal noon.

Inquirer.

Both Sides of The Story.

Two young girls sat on the porch
Of a seaside hotel in which they had
been guests all summer; near them
was a gentleman who had just arrived.

"There!" said Miss B. "There goes those lovers off for a stroll. It is said they are actually engaged! So absurd! Both middle aged; he is a pompous fool, and she is pock-marked. What can they see in each other?"

"They have been lovers since they were children," gently answered Miss C. "But she has devoted her life to nursing her mother, who has been ill for years with an incurable disease. Now her mother is dead, and they will be married soon."

Presently:—
"Do look at those Wright sisters!" cried Miss B. "I'm sick of the sight of them. The elder sails along with that slow, majestic gait, as if they were of royal birth, and the ugly little one trots after her—never leaves her a minute. It's a wonder that it never occurs to her that she may be in the way when a pretty girl is talking to a gentleman."

"Her sister does not think her in the way," quietly said Miss C. "The reason she walks and moves slowly is because she is subject to terrible attacks which are brought on by rapid motion. Her sister never leaves her, because if she were not there to apply the remedies, the poor girl would die. There never was a more unselfish sacrifice of one life to another," she added, warmly.

Her companion was silenced, but only for a few minutes.
"There is that stupid Miss Blank going away. That is a relief! When women get to be as old and ugly and uninteresting as that, they ought to be kept out of sight among their friends."

Miss C. hesitated a moment.
"Do you know that Miss Blank engaged two rooms for the entire season, and has kept them filled with poor teachers and widows, and mothers with sick babies, not one of whom would have been able to leave home but for her? She has given them happiness and health, and, perhaps, new life. I heard this from one of them—not from herself," she added, quickly.

And so, on and on, one seeing the shadow in each character, the other the bright side.

The new-comer keenly inspected the faces of the two girls as they rose and passed him. Both were young and pretty; but one face was already lined with discontent and mean, vulgar thoughts; while the other turned on life eyes full of serene and joyful calm. Whatever their future lot, one will find disappointment in the world but to the other it will always be, as Charles Kingsley says, "full of sweet and noble souls."—Selected.

Hasty Judgments.

It is well to suspend judgment in many cases until we have had time to review circumstances and trace motives. Especially where children are concerned should we be very careful not to confuse their sense of right and wrong by acting with injustice, scolding or censuring them for mistakes due to their inexperience, and perhaps inflicting punishment when none was deserved. A little child once ran nearly a mile from her own home to that of a friend, carrying an umbrella to her mother, whom she supposed to be there. Great gusts of wind arose, and streams of rain fell and drenched the little one before she arrived at her destination, wet, breathless, and quite unable to explain why she had come, when met by curious eyes and amazed questions. The mother had seen the impending storm and

had gone home; and the result of the whole proceeding was—for this true story took place in sterner days than ours—that the child was shut up for many hours of the next day to think over the fault of equivocation.

A mother whose temper is impulsive should never trust her first hasty judgment in the management of her little ones.

In the larger affairs of the neighborhood and of society the prudent person refuses to judge hastily. He gives the benefit of the doubt wherever and whenever and to whomsoever he can. People have a right to ask that before they are weighed in the balances and found wanting their cases shall be looked at from all sides and from the most favorable point of view. It is not well to assume that blushes and down-dropped eyes always indicate guilt. Innocence, falsely accused, is often ashamed to look its accuser in the face. Judge not, that ye be not judged, was said by the purest lips that ever spoke on earth.

The man or woman whose habit it is to indulge in snap judgments of any kind is necessarily narrow and undeveloped.—Harper's Bazar.

Troublesome Treasures.

It was Harriet Beecher Stowe who said in reference to children: "Between the worry of their living and the fear of their dying (mothers) die daily." There are few mothers who would deny the statement, for, from the moment the wee bit of humanity is laid in the mother's arms, the worry and fear—one or both—are constantly with the mother. The wee one may grow to manhood, and go hundreds of miles from home, but the mother thinks anxiously of him as when a child, though she may not, in these later years, be worried with his living.

But it is in the days of childhood that the mother is most weighed down with the bairns. The ignorant young mother fancies that her babe is dying at every attack of colic, but he survives to frighten her again times without number, during the various stages of teething, whooping cough and measles, and other childish inevitables. Then how soon, how very soon, these little ones show an inclination to assert themselves in opposition to their elders. A conscientious mother will find herself sorely puzzled many times to know what course to pursue. Often she feels that she is not equal to the task given her, but the task is hers, and she cannot shirk it. True, she is not equal to it, but he who commissioned her to care for and instruct the little ones will also strengthen and assist her.

And is there no reward for those days and nights of anxious watching over the sick child, and the hours of anxiety lest he go astray? Yes, great is the reward. What more can she ask than that her child attain a perfect manhood or perfect womanhood? And when the child, grown to manhood, lovingly kisses the mother and says, "All that I am I owe to your care, your instruction and example"—for this, I say, there is not a mother in the land but would rejoice that she was privileged to "die daily."—F. M. T.

"Plain-Spoken" Persons.

There is a class of people who pride themselves on their honesty and frankness because, as they tell us, they "say just what they think," throwing out their opinions right and left, just as they happen to feel, no matter where they may strike or whom they may wound. This boasted frankness, however, is not honesty, but is rather miserable impertinence and reckless cruelty. We have no right to say what we think unless we think kindly and lovingly, no right to unload our jealousies, envies, bad humors, and miserable spite upon the hearts of our neighbors. If we must be bad-tempered, we should at least keep our ugliness locked up in our own breasts, and not let it out to wound the feelings and mar the happiness of others. If we must speak out our dislikes and prejudices and wretched feelings let us go into our own room and lock the door and close the windows, so that no ear but our own shall hear the hateful words. If any man seemeth to be religious, or even morally decent, and brideth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain and his character is unprincipled and base.—Detroit Free Press.

Archdeacon Farrar on the Drink Curse.

Archdeacon Farrar, writing of the awful drink sacrifice, says: At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows, ruined through drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school-fellow, a clergyman, who, after a long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes, and almost of food. I enquired the cause; it was drink.

A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink. When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of *delirium tremens*, through drink. When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant waiter; he died in the prime of life, a victim to drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist, who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happenings? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns? It is because drink is one of the surest of "the devil's ways, to man, and of man's ways to the devil."

Are You Drifting?

Some years ago there was a vessel coming down the Niagara River, which, when a few miles above the falls, took fire. It was soon found there could be no particle of hope for saving her, so the crew and passengers were taken ashore in boats, and the vessel abandoned to her fate. It was night, and the scene is said to have been grand beyond description. The banks were lined with people who waited in breathless suspense for the inevitable moment as she swept toward the awful verge. At length, with a frightful plunge and hissing sound, amid flashing fire and gleaming spray, she made the bound, and disappeared in that awful flood.

How sad it is, but it is none the less true, that there are hundreds of young men in our cities and villages just as hopelessly on fire with evil habits; and through the dark night of temptation they are floating down with the current toward a more awful plunge. But surely this is not a manly course.

There can be no glory in mere drifting—going with the current. Floating is essential weakness. A cork can do that. Going against the current is strength. Surely no manly young man needs ever to be convinced that moral weakness is a disgrace, and moral strength is pride and glory. And let it not be forgotten that vacillation in regard to beginning the Christian service is as unworthy, if not more so, than any other. If you have not done so, my brother, you owe it to your manhood to begin a decided Christian life. You know it. Your reason, your heart, your conscience all tell you so. You not only owe it to God—and you owe it to him—but you owe it to your own self to take this step, if you have not, and to do so at once.—The Young Christian.

Mr. Jefferson's Memory.

Not all of us are so unfortunate as the forgetful pastor who shook hands with his wife and told her that he was glad to see her out at the prayer-meeting. But the most of us have had experiences uncomfortably like this one:

Mr. Joseph Jefferson had difficulty in remembering names. He told this story to a friend: "I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock Exchange Building, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a number of years since we had met, and was very gracious and friendly. But I couldn't place him, for the life of me. I asked him, as a sort of a feeler, how he happened to be in New York, and he answered, with a touch of surprise, that he had lived there for several years. Finally, I told him, in an apologetic way, that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me for a moment, and then he said, very quietly, that his name was U. S. Grant."

"What did you do, Joe?" his friend asked.

"Do?" he replied, with a characteristic smile; "why, I got out at the next floor, for fear I should be fool enough to ask him if he had ever been in the war."

Why am I not a Christian?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule and of what others may say of me?

"Whoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, . . . of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid I shall not hold out?

"He which have begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter, without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Will You be a Christian NOW?

—Selected.

The Neglected Letter.

The importance of present hours and present opportunities is often but little felt. "To-morrow shall be as this day, and more abundant," is the fond dream of the idle, the indifferent, and the pleasure-seeking soul. But how often sad surprises break in upon our mirth and ease, and blast our cherished hopes.

Many years ago, a Greek nobleman made a feast for his friends. In the midst of the festivities, a messenger entered in great haste with a letter. It was from a distance, and was sent to inform him that a plot had been formed by his enemies to kill him that night.

"My lord," said the messenger, "my master desired me to say that you must read the letter without delay; for it is about serious things."

"Serious things to-morrow," said the nobleman, as he threw the letter aside, and took up his cup of wine. The delay was fatal. Before the feast was at an end, his enemies rushed into the hall and slew him.

He neglected his last chance, and perished through his own folly. And are there not thousands who to-day are neglecting opportunities and disregarding warnings, who will mourn at last, when they are lost beyond remedy? To-day God sends his message to us. O, read the letter to-day, for, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—The Christian.

A Little Fun at Home.

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold without when they come home at night. When once home is regarded only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun at their own hearthstones; they will seek it at less profitable places. Therefore let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make home delightful with all those little arts parents so well understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment within doors, the merriment of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright home.

Do not despise children because they are little. So is the helm that governs the ship. So is the bit that guides the horse. So is the word that rules the world.

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1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,841,478.00
1882	254,541.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.10
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.00
1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.10
1886	373,600.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.00
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