

## Useful According to God's Will.

Let me not die, before I've done for Thee  
My earthly work, whatever it may be,  
Call me not hence, with mission unfulfilled;  
Let me not leave my space of ground un-  
tilled;

Impress this truth upon me, that not one  
Can do my portion, that I leave undone.

Then give me strength all faithfully to toil,  
Converting barren earth to fruitful soil,  
I long to be an instrument of thine.

For gathering worshippers unto thy shrine;  
To be the means one human soul to save  
From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave;

Yet most I want a spirit of content,  
To work where'er thou'lt wish my labour  
spent;

Whether at home, or in a stranger's clime,  
In days of joy, or sorrow's sterner time;  
I want a spirit passive, to be still,  
And by thy power to do thy holy will.

And when the prayer unto my lips doth  
rise—

"Before a new home doth my soul surprise,  
Let me approach some great work for thee,  
Subdue it, Lord; let my petition be—  
"Oh, make me useful in this world of thine,  
In ways according to thy will, not mine!"

## "I Have Done Giving."

Under this caption Dr. William Nevins' "Practical Thoughts" has the following suggestive hints, which are as much in point to-day as they were a half century ago, when they were first given to the public:

A gentleman of high respectability, and a member of the church, made this remark the other day, when informed that an application was about to be made to him in behalf of some charitable object. "I have done giving," said he. When I heard of his remark it awakened in my mind a train of reflection, which I have thought it might not be amiss to communicate.

"Done giving!" Has he, indeed? Why! Has he given all? Has he nothing left to give? Has this disciple done what his Master did? Was he rich, and has he become poor for the sake of others, that they, through his poverty, might be rich? Oh, no, he is rich still. He has the greatest abundance—more than enough to support him in elegance and to enable him to leave an ample inheritance to his children. What if he has a great deal? He has not only not impoverished himself, but is probably richer now, through the favor of Providence, than he would have been had he never given anything. Now if, by honoring the Lord with his substance, his barns, instead of being empty, have been filled with plenty, he had better continue this mode of honoring him. He should rather increase than arrest his liberality.

"Done giving!" Why? Is there no more need of giving? Is every want abundantly supplied? Is the whole population of our country furnished with the means of grace? Is the world evangelized? Have missionaries visited every shore? Is the Bible translated into every language and distributed in every land, a copy in every family, and every member of every family taught to read it? Are the accommodations for widows and orphans as ample as they should be? Is there a house of refuge for every class of the human family that needs one? Or have the poor ceased from the land? Oh, no! There are no such good reasons as these for ceasing to give. Why, then, has he done giving? Is it because others do not give as much as they ought? But what is that to him? Will he make the practice of others his rule of conduct, rather than the precept of Jesus Christ? If others do not give, so much the more should he. Will he add another name to the list of niggards?

Does he feel worse for having given away so much? Has it made him unhappy? Is his experience different from that of the Lord Jesus, who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?"

Has he, who thinks he will give no more, been led to that conclusion by having found that what has been given hitherto has done no good? And is it so, that no good has been done by all the Bibles published, and all the tracts distributed, and all the missionaries sent abroad into our own land and into the world; and all the schools established, and all the children taught to read, and all the civilization introduced, and all the asylums opened, and all the poverty relieved? Has no good been done? Good, great good has been done by what has been given; but still more will be done by what shall be given hereafter. Bibles can now be printed at a cheaper rate than heretofore, and the conductors of our charitable operations have learned by experience, that economy which can be learned in no other way. And yet at this time, when a dollar goes so far in doing good, here is a man who says, "I have done giving!" If I had his ear for a moment, I would ask him if he had done receiving—if God has done giving to him. I would ask him, moreover, if he is done spending, or done hoarding, or done wasting. Now, if he has not, he surely

should not stop giving. When he ceases to waste, to hoard and to spend, except for the merest necessities, then he may stop giving, but never till then.

"Done giving!" That is, done lending to the Lord! Done sowing and watering! Done offering the sacrifices with which God is well pleased! Done making the widow's heart leap for joy, and bringing on himself the blessing of them that were ready to perish! Well, I am sorry—sorry for the sake of the poor, and the sick, and the ignorant, and the heathen. But no less sorry am I for the man's own sake. Poor man! poor with all his affluence; for there is really no one more poor than he who, with the ability to give, has not the inclination. He has it in his power to give, but not in his heart. He is enriched with abundance, not with liberality.

"Done giving!" Well then, if he will not give his money, he must keep it. And yet, how short the time he can keep it! Had he not better freely give away some of it, than to wait for it all to be torn from him? The thought that he has given, will be at least as agreeable a meditation in his dying moments as the reflection that he spent, or that he laid up.

I hope that gentleman who said "I have done giving," will recall his resolution and, taking revenge on himself for having made it, give more liberally than ever.

## Show Your Love.

When a man chooses from all the women in the world, one woman to be his companion in life, he solemnly promises before God and man to love her with an affectionate love. And that love should be as real and genuine after they have been married twenty-five or fifty years as it is on the morning of the wedding day. It need not be so demonstrative. We hardly expect the same outward expression of love in an aged couple as in a newly married couple. But the love should exist all the same—less demonstrative because age is less demonstrative than youth, but real and genuine, and manifesting itself in a thoughtful courtesy, a true politeness and a gentle lovingness toward her who has walked by his side for many years, and with him borne the burdens of life.

You may give your wife costly Christmas, or birthday, or wedding anniversary presents; you may furnish her with fine dresses, a beautiful home, costly carriages, and send her to fashionable watering-places, but her heart hungers for something more, even the free, hearty, continued, daily affection of your heart. Nothing else can take its place. The other things are valuable only as they are tokens of such affection. And do not always assume that she knows of your love. God knows that we love him—if thus we do—but he wants us to tell him of it every day. You know that your child loves you, but you never tire of having that child put its little arms around your neck and say, "Papa, I love you ever so much." It will give your wife immeasurable pleasure if you occasionally tell her, with a kiss, that she is dearer to you than ever.—Rev. R. T. Cross.

## The Way To Conquer.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt till he ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.—The Examiner.

## How to Help a Meeting.

Come. Come early. Bring somebody else. Take a front seat. Sing. Supposing you don't know one note from another, you will feel better for having tried, and will encourage others. Say something, if it is only two words; twenty-five short testimonies are better than a whole "posy-bed of glittering nothings, or beautiful sunset sky rhetoric." Men who come don't want gush, but they want life. Don't keep your mouth shut for fear of making mistakes. Bless your heart, the fact that you used frightful grammar won't bother you a bit if some soul was saved because you did say something. Don't start a discussion. Don't wait till the last one; somebody will say just what you wanted to. It always happens so. Don't think about that engagement to-morrow. Too much world

in your heart will act like water on a fire.

If the meeting drags, don't you drag; make it snap somehow. Look just as pleasant as you can. It's contagious. Remember that it is God's service and not the human being leading. Remember that the leader needs prayers, sympathy and support. Remember that long prayers are too good for a good meeting. Finally, take home that part of the meeting that hit you the hardest and think it over. Don't pass it over your shoulder to the one back of you. Make the stranger welcome. Talk the meeting up and not down. If you cannot say anything good about it, keep quiet. Pray much for blessing.—Church Herald.

## "Where is Your Child?"

A father took his little child out into the field one Sunday, and, as the day was hot, he lay down under a beautiful shady tree. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to her father and saying, "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see her. He called aloud for her, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance he looked down, and there, upon the rocks and briars, he saw the mangled form of his beloved child. He rushes to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being a murderer. While he was sleeping she had wandered over the precipice.

How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men, are sleeping now while their children wander over the terrible precipice right into the bottomless pit of hell! Father, where is your boy to-night? It may be just out there in some public house; it may be reeling through the streets; it may be pressing onward to a drunkard's grave. Mother, where is your son? Is he in the house of the publican drinking away his soul—everything that is dear and sacred to him? Father you have been a professed Christian for forty years; where are your children to-night? Have you lived so godly, and so Christlike, that you can say, follow me as I followed Christ?

Are those children walking in wisdom? are they on their way to glory? have they been gathered into the fold of Christ? are their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life? How many fathers and mothers to-day would be able to answer? Did you ever stop to think that you were to blame; that you had not been faithful to your children? Come, O Lord, and wake up every mother! And may every one of us who are parents feel the worth of the souls of the children whom God has given us. May they never bring our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, but may they become a blessing to the Church and to the world.—D. L. Moody.

## "Among Whom ye Shine as Lights."

Holiness is self-demonstrative. He whose heart is pure surrounds himself with a spiritual atmosphere, and adorns his life with a constant succession of godly and benevolent actions. As a man traveling to a distant country thinks, reads and talks of the land he longs to see, so the holy man thinks, reads and speaks of the city of God whither he is journeying. Hoping to receive an inheritance in that dwelling-place of sinless souls, "he purifieth himself as he is pure." The strongest desire of his soul is expressed in these lines of St. Ambrose:

"Meet for thy realm in heaven,  
Make me, O holy King!  
That through the ages it be given  
To me thy praise to sing."

When visiting a gentleman in England, I observed a fine canary. Admiring his beauty, the gentleman replied: "Yes, he is beautiful, but he has lost his voice. He used to be a fine singer; but I was in the habit of hanging his cage out of the window; the sparrows came around with their incessant chirping; gradually he ceased to sing and learned their twitter, and now all he can do is to twitter, twitter." Oh, how truly does this repeat the case of many Christians! They used to delight in the songs of Zion, but they come into close association with those whose notes never rise so high, until, at last, like the canary, they do nothing but twitter, twitter.—D. L. Moody.

## Pernicious Reading.

The bad influence of pernicious books, especially on the young, is set forth in these anecdotes:

The boy David Hume was a believer in the Scriptures until he ransacked the works of infidels to prepare for a debate in which he was to take part.

It is said of Voltaire that when only five years of age, he committed to memory an infidel poem, and was never able after that to undo its pernicious influence upon his mind.

Thomas Chambers, an officer of the British Government, says that all the boys brought before the criminal courts can ascribe their downfall to impure reading.

Wilberforce, speaking of the works of Lindsay upon his mind, thus wrote:

"It was a foolish curiosity, and I was obliged to stop when I had proceeded a little way in the second volume; for, though I was sensible of the sobriety and effrontery of many of his arguments and objections, yet, somehow, my mind was entangled and hurled after I had put the book away, it was two or three days before I was composed again."

Robert Hall tells us in one of his sermons, that after reading a certain work, he "could scarcely go through the usual devotional exercises of the sanctuary."—Selected.

## The Cross in the Light.

A man was confined many years in a dungeon. There was but one aperture in the wall. Through that the sunbeams came a few minutes daily, making a bright spot on the opposite side of the cell. Often the lonely man looked upon that little patch of sunshine. A purpose to improve it grew within his soul. Groping on the floor of his cell he found a nail and a stone, and with these rude implements he set to work on the white portion of the wall for a few minutes every day during which it was illuminated, until he succeeded in bringing out upon it a rude sculpture of Christ upon the cross. Circumscribed may be our lot, yet we shall discover some tiny chink through which the sunshine shall come. On the spot where its light shall fall let us, with such means as we can command, hew out, not in cold stone, but in living love, the likeness of the sacrifice of Christ.—The Presbyterian.

## Domestic Crumbs.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come.  
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;  
And a little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,  
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

Concession is the best peacemaker.  
Nothing is so clear-sighted as love.—Taylor.

To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without is power.

They that do nothing are in a ready way to do worse than nothing.—Matthew Henry.

At your own will you may see in the gutter either the refuse of the street or the image of the sky.—Ruskin.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he be in the right.—Cato.

The person of whom you have spoken evil is thereby removed farther beyond your reach for good. The helping hand and the blistering tongue have no fellowship.

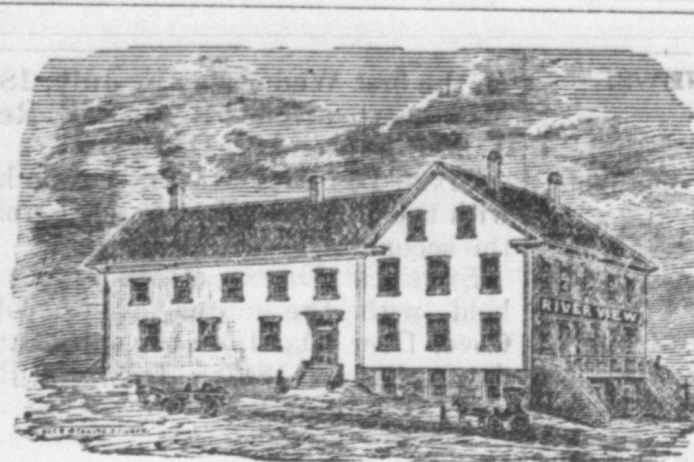
I have a good deal of respect for the old woman who, in the time of the war, started out with a poker when the enemy was approaching. She was asked what she could do with that, and replied: "I can show them which side I am on."—Moody.

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## ENJOY LIFE.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up, disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that Green's August Flower, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

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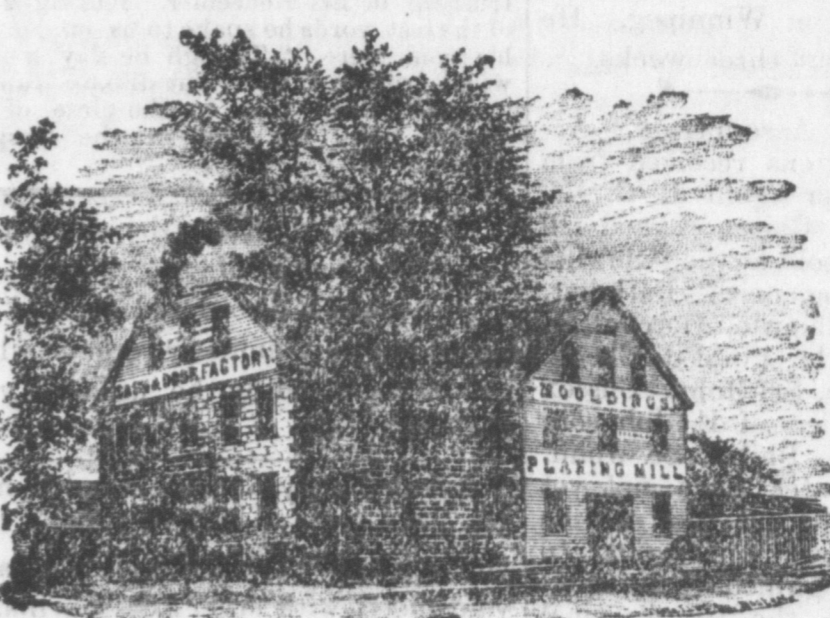
1. The Interest received from investments more than paid the death losses again last year; a fact which attests (1) the quality of its risks, (2) the quality of its investments.
2. The Premium Income of 1886 was nearly half a million, or a quarter more than in 1885.
3. The profits to Policy-holders for the 5 years—1881 to 1886—are more than double those of 1876 to 1881.
4. The management still rests in such hands as—Sir W. P. Howland, President; Hon. W. McMaster, Vice-President; J. K. McDonald, Managing Director.

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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	715,944.64	2,214,093.00
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.43
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.14
1882	254,841.73	1,079,577.94	5,849,889.19
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885	319,967.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07

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