

Voices from Heathen Lands.

MRS. M. M. GAY.

Hail workers from a hundred climes!
Thrice welcome to our land.
Brave toilers in the realm of truth, we give
these waiting hands.
God over all beholds to-day his glorious
flag unfurled;
The song that Paul and Silas sang is heard
around the world.

No prison bars obstruct the sound, no
clanking chains are heard;
The song rings out its silvery bars and
savage hearts are stirred,
While hill and vale and jungle dark re-echo
back the sound,
Till Africa's burning sands to-day are
flecked with Christian ground.

On Gange's scorching banks where the
dusky maiden stood
And drank the native music of its low im-
passioned flood.
Now is heard in thrilling peans on that
once benighted sod,
Through the lips of his anointed, the blest
words of God;

And standing now together here in free
communion sweet.
We hail the bow of promise where the cross
and crescent meet,
And listening hear the music flowing back
from Bethlehem,
Glory to God on high; on earth good will
to men.

Go rest, old soldiers of the cross; your work
is nearly o'er,
Soon you'll hear the angel footsteps across
the starry floor,
Drawing nearer, ever nearer, soon they'll
reach the shepherd's fold,
And with touch of seraph fingers open wide
the gates of gold.

—Boston Transcript.

Hold In Check

What a little thing the tongue is,
and yet how powerful! A few
words spoken by a general have
given a new heart, a new purpose,
to his soldiers, and they have won
the battle that was almost lost.
The word of a king, a judge, has
deprived a man of life. The little
word "yes" or "no," has decided a
boy's career. Not to know when
and how to use these words makes
a girl or boy miserable for life.
The tongue is a wonderful power.
The Bible says a great deal about
the tongue, among which is: "If
any man offend not in word, the
same is a perfect man." You see
by this that to be able to control
the tongue proves a man to be a
masterful man, one who controls
himself. He who controls himself
is a greater man than the one who
conquers a city. When can one be-
gin to be this kind of a man?

When a little boy. The boy who
keeps back the angry word, the
impatient word; the boy who never
yields to the temptation of telling a
lie, who speaks kindly, gently, is the
boy who grows into a strong, self-
reliant, kindly man. You know the
brain is master of the tongue. If
the thought is kind, truthful, calm,
the tongue will obey it.

Profanity is a sin of the tongue,
and is low, vulgar, and wicked. To
use profane words is not only to sin
against man,—for you offend the
ears of another,—but to sin against
God; it dishonors him. General
Washington said that profanity was
so contemptible that no gentleman
was ever guilty of using a profane
word.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness."
This is another sin of the tongue.
To tell what you know is
false, or have no knowledge of as
truth, to let a story be told in your
presence and not contradict it if you
know it to be untrue, or not say it
is doubtful if you have reason to
believe it is doubtful, is to break
this law. A good defense against
breaking this law is to practice the
Golden Rule. Then there is an-
other law that is worth remember-
ing: "Thou shalt not go up or down
as a talebearer among the people." You
will find this in Lev. 19:16.
Here are eight definitions of a lie,
given by Dr. Dwight:—

1. A statement which is known
to be false. 2. A declaration which
we believe to be false, but which
may in the end be true. 3. In-
asserting what is not true when the
assertion springs from a sinful
motivation. 4. In profess-
ing to declare the whole truth and
yet concealing a part of it, with in-
tention to deceive. 5. In so color-
ing facts as to make a wrong im-
pression intentionally. 6. Flattery,
in alleging, to support a cause,
some doctrine which we believe to
be unsound, or alleging those which
have some weight as having more
weight than we believe they have.

8. Promise-breaking.
Now, there is one more—exaggera-
tion. Dr. Pritchard gives the
following rules to help overcome the
sins of the tongue. He calls them
rules for avoiding sins of the
tongue:—

1. Avoid the company of those
who talk unkindly of other people.
2. Cultivate the habit of speaking
of things, not of persons.
3. Read James 3 once a week.

5. Charge yourself at night to
recall the uncharitable things you
have said during the day.

6. Appreciate the difficulty of
avoiding this sin, and ask God to
help you.—*Christian Union.*

Jacob's Well.

This is one of the spots in Pale-
stine whereof all tradition concurs as
to its identity. This makes it
venerable. And now we are look-
ing down into the well at which
Joseph so often watered the flock of
his father Jacob. The top has been
partly arched over, covering a little
space around what we would call the
"curb" of the well. The
dragoman gave me his strong arm,
and let me over this upper and outer
rim, and down a few feet to a point
where I got a nearer view of the
depth below. Explorers who have
measured it have found it over a
hundred feet deep, but a part of this
has been filled up by the stones cast
into it.

But how came Jacob to dig such
a well? is a question often asked.
He was close to the Vale of She-
chem, which is full of streams.
What need of boring a hundred feet
through the solid rock to find what
a mile or two distant was running
away in exhaustless abundance?
The answer is, that neighbors are
not always friends; that the inhabi-
tants of the towns and the shepherds
of the plains had little to do with
each other, and even might be in
open feud. In Christ's time, "the
Jews had no dealings with the
Samaritans," and seventeen hundred
years before, the progenitor of the
Hebrew race may have been to the
stranger and alien. The people
of Shechem might be friendly to-day
and enemies to-morrow; and though
they might have water flowing
through their city, they might at
any moment shut it off from him.

With all his flocks and herds, he
could not be dependent on such an
uncertain supply. And so he dug
his well, "and drank thereof him-
self, and his children, and his cattle."
The woman of Samaria, who
came here to draw water, had prob-
ably been out on the plain tending
the flocks, and at the sixth hour—
noon—had no other spring to go to
but Jacob's well.

But the chief interest of this spot
is, that one greater than Jacob or
Joseph has been here. On this very
ground, sitting where we now sit,
our Saviour sat and talked with
that woman of Samaria, revealing
to her astonished eyes that in the
worship of God the place matters
little; that "neither in this moun-
tain, looking up to Gerizim, which
rose above Him, nor yet at Jeru-
salem," shall men "worship the
Father," for that "God is a Spirit
and they that worship Him must
worship in spirit and in truth."—*H. M. Field, D. D.*

Take The Safest Path.

A father tells us how he once
started alone to climb a steep and
perilous hill, purposely choosing a
time when his children were at play,
and when he thought they would
not notice his absence. He was
climbing a precipitous path, when
he was startled by hearing a little
voice shout, "Father, take the
safest path, for I am following you."
On looking down he saw that his
little boy had followed him and was
already in danger, and he trembled
lest the child's feet should slip be-
fore he could get to him and grasp
his warm little hand. "Years have
passed since then," he writes, "but
though the danger has passed, the
little fellow's cry has never left me.
It taught me a lesson, the full force
of which I had never known before.
It showed me the power of our un-
conscious influence, and I saw the
terrible possibility of our leading
those around us to ruin without in-
tending or knowing it; and the
lesson I learned that morning I am
anxious to impress upon all to whom
my words may come."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

He Hears.

"Of all that I brought with me
from the home of my childhood into
the world," said a leading business
man in the West, "the most valu-
able possession was the habit of
kneeling to ask God's blessing night
and morning. Often it was a mere
mechanical form; at times when I
was in desperate straits, my prayer
was a single inarticulate groan for
help. But it kept alive in me the
idea that there was a power strong-
er than I, than money, or business,
or life itself. That idea saved me."

An African explorer, one of the
first to venture into the Dark Con-
tinent, wrote "In all the dangers
through which I passed in the long
fever, and even in the criminal
excesses to which I, a young man
and far from home, was a half-con-
senting witness, one thread kept me
from sinking and utter ruin. It was
the knowledge that on the other
side of the globe an old, grey-
haired woman was praying for me.
No man can go utterly to destruc-
tion as long as his mother keeps
one hand on him and the other on
his heart."

It is stated that John Wesley
was first brought to the consid-
eration of religious truth by the pray-
er of a poor servant for him. If
this be true, that prayer was the
lever which lifted not only one
man's soul, but ultimately the whole
Christian Church into life and
activity.

In one of our sea-board cities is
an immense building which is light-
ed by electricity. At the touch of
a knob in a closet, the countless
lamps and huge chandeliers flash in-
to radiance, and all the vast audi-
ence halls glow with light. A sick
child, the daughter of the janitor,
usually presses the knob with her
little finger, and is made happy by
knowing that she has given light to
thousands of people. The poor wo-
man in her closet, the invalid on
his bed of pain, praying for God's
blessing on others, put their hands
in faith on that power that controls
the world. They do not see the
result; they may even die without
knowing the light that they may
have caused to shine in dark places;
but they have the sure promise that
the Infinite wisdom and pity heeds
their summons, and does not turn
away from their pleadings.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Boy's Influence.

Some time ago I attended a reli-
gious meeting, and at the close of
the exercises the audience was in-
vited to participate in testimonies. A
middle-aged man arose and said, in
substance: "I've been saved from
intemperance by my little boy,"
pointing to a bright lad in the audi-
ence. "I owe my conversion under
God to my own little son. Religion
has made me a sober man and helps
me to live an honest, industrious
life. It was not always so. On
one occasion I was absent three or
four days from my home, and my
poor wife and boy were nearly
broken-hearted. On the fourth day
my dear child asked his teacher to
let him go home at recess, as he was
not feeling well. The boy was sick
at heart on my account; when he
reached home he burst into tears,
and said to his mother, 'I can't
study in school, I can't sleep at
night, my head aches and my lips
are parched praying to God to send
home father. Mother, does God
hear?' His mother strove to com-
fort him, but her faith was begin-
ning to waver, for through her
married life her unceasing prayer
had been for his reclamation.

"After wandering from one
saloon to another, at the end of the
fourth day I returned home intox-
icated. Did my boy turn from his
drunken father? No, he ran to me
clashed his arms about my neck,
and wept tears of joy. After his
emotion his first words were:
'Father, I almost feel I can never
pray again, for God has let you
come home drunk.' The words
struck me to the heart, and I said:
'Don't lose your faith in God, and
your poor miserable father will never
get drunk again.' God heard that
promise, and has enabled me to keep
it.

This man is among the most
earnest workers in the temperance
cause to-day. He had lost all self-
respect and had sunk very low, but
could not bear to see his child lose
confidence in God; therefore, the
boy became the means of the father's
reformation. The exertions put
forth on behalf of children in tem-
perance instruction will not be lost
in the home, but will produce last-
ing fruitage.

The Silent Sermon.

It has been truly said that a holy
life is a continual sermon. Though
it be silent in its speech, yet it
speaks with a force that cannot be
unheeded, even by the most care-
less—a force that pulpit oratory
never can attain, however eloquent
it may be. We may extol the name
of Jesus from the pulpit in words
of eloquence and elegance, and be
listened to with indifference; but
let the humblest disciple of Christ
manifest holiness in his daily walk
and conversation; let him be meek
and lowly as our Saviour was;
patient under difficulties; bold and
fearless in danger; trusting and
confident even in the darkest hour;
and he fields an influence for Christ
which all the eloquence and wisdom
of this world cannot equal. Best
of all sermons is the silent sermon
of a holy life; and indeed without
it all other preaching is useless and
vain.—*J. S. Thorpe.*

There's the Lord's Answer.

Many years ago, when in my
country charge, I returned one
afternoon from a funeral, fatigued
with the day's work. After a long
ride I had accompanied the mourn-
ers to the churchyard. As I neared
my stable door I felt a strange
prompting to visit a poor widow,
who, with her invalid daughter, lived
in a lonely cottage in an outlying
part of the parish. My natural re-
luctance to make another visit was
overcome by a feeling which I could
not resist, and I turned my horse's
head toward the cottage. I was
thinking only of the poor widow's

spiritual needs, but when I reached
her little house I was struck with its
unwonted look of barrenness and
poverty.

After putting a little money into
her hand, I began to inquire into
their circumstances, and found that
their supplies had been utterly ex-
hausted the night before. I asked
them what they had done. "I just
spread it out before the Lord!"
"Did you tell your case to any
friend?" "Oh, no, sir; naeboddy
kens but himself and me. I ken he
wadna forget, but I didna ken hoo
he wad help me till I saw you come
riding over the brae, and then said,
'There's the Lord's answer!'"

Many a time has the recollection
of this incident encouraged me to
trust in the loving care of my
heavenly Father.

Friendship.

Times of trial and adversity test
friendship. If such times prove the
hollowness of much that goes by the
name, they also demonstrate that
sincerity and fidelity are not un-
known.

"Is this friend a helper to me in
that which is good?" is a question
we should often ask with respect to
an intimate associate. If he does
not make right doing easier, he
makes it harder.

It is our own fault if we are with-
out friends; if we withdraw from
others, they will withdraw from us.
Demonstrate good-will and unselfish
regard for others if you would be
loved.

He who would be a true Christian
cannot choose the unbelieving and
worldly for his friends. "If," said
a master of one of the great English
schools, "any of you has enough
regard for his own soul to be really
anxious to get to heaven, and there-
fore to live from first to last a Chris-
tian life, I cannot advise him to link
himself in anything he can call
friendship with one who has no such
anxiety. Not only I cannot advise
him to do so, but I tell him that he
cannot."

For his best loved and most trust-
ed friend, the wise will choose the
Lord Jesus. He alone can go with
us through the dark valley. "And
now," said Jonathan Edwards, as
on his death-bed he turned from his
earthly friends toward the approach-
ing darkness, "where is Jesus of
Nazareth, my true and never-failing
Friend?"—*H. M. Groot, D. D.*

Praying With Children.

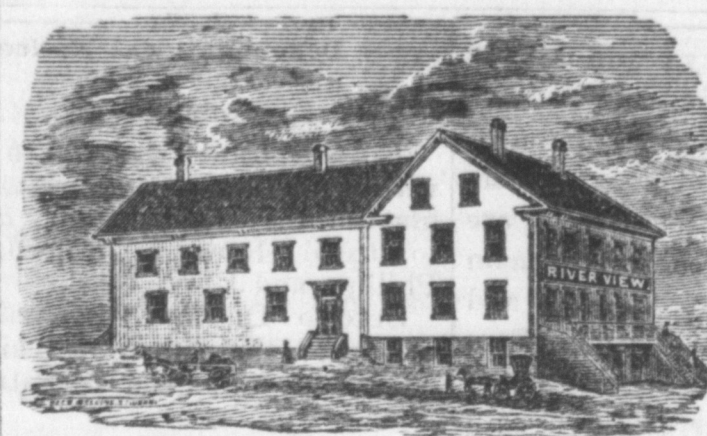
The loving instruction of a mother
may seem to have been thrown
away, but it will appear after many
days. "When I was a little child,"
said a good old man, "my mother
used to bid me kneel down beside
her, and place her hand upon my
head while she prayed. Ere I was
old enough to know her worth she
died, and I was left too much to
my own guidance. Like others, I
was inclined to evil passions, but
often felt myself checked, and, as
it were, drawn back, by a soft hand
upon my head. When a young man
I travelled in foreign lands, and
was exposed to many tempta-
tions; but when I would have yielded
that same hand was upon my
head, and I was saved. I seemed
to feel its pressure as in the happy
days of infancy; and sometimes
there came with it a voice in my
heart, a voice that was obeyed: 'Oh,
do not this wickedness, my son, nor
sin against God.'"

John Wesley's Reply.

From an Exchange.—A lady once
asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that
you knew that you were to die at 2
o'clock to-morrow night, how would
you spend the intervening time?"
"How, madam?" he replied.
"Why, just as I intend to spend it
now. I should preach this evening
at Gloucester, and again at 5 o'clock
to-morrow morning; after that I
should ride to Tewksbury, preach in
the afternoon, and meet the societies
in the evening. I should then re-
pair to friend Martin's house, who
expects to entertain me, converse
and pray with the family as usual,
retire to my room at 10 o'clock, com-
mend myself to my heavenly Father,
lie down to rest, and wake up in
glory."

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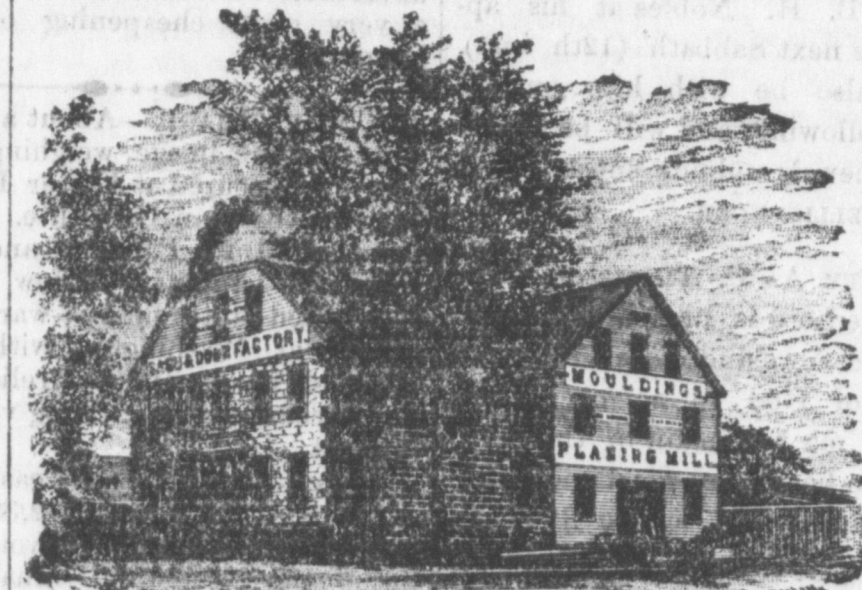
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millions were written in the year.
Over quarter of a million profits to be distributed among the Policy-holders
this year.

Here are a few facts selected from the Annual Report for 1886:
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,
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1874	64,072.88	621,302.81	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	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.19
1884	276,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885	319,987.06	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886	373,500.31	1,673,027.10	9,413,358.07

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