

## Not My Own.

Thine alone, entirely thine,  
Purchased by a right divine,  
Never more mine own to be;  
Lord, I would be lost in thee!

Thine my strength, or more or less,  
Thine my hand, its work to bless;  
Only thine my passing days,  
Thine my hours to fill with praise.

Not mine own the gifts I bring,  
Tribute of my Lord and King,  
Only mine as treasure lent,  
For the owner used or spent.

Oh it comes, O blessed thought,  
With unceasing light inwrought,  
Thine forever, thine alone,  
Lord of life, and not my own.

When my spirit is perplexed,  
When by devils currents vexed,  
Calmly I look up to thee,  
Best of friends and guides to me,  
Thou wilt keep me, thou wilt save,  
Thou wilt make me ever brave;  
In the utmost stress and strife  
I may trust for death or life.

Never bearing pain or loss  
But in shadow of the cross,  
Never walking on alone,  
Always with thee, not my own!

Nothing would I hold as mine;  
Joy of joys, my will is thine;  
Lord, the full surrender take,  
Own the seal, for Jesus' sake.

—M. E. SANGSTER.

## Encourage The Pastor.

Encouragement is needful in every department of life. Approbation consoles, invigorates and incites. The minister needs its exhilarating influence. His work being arduous, difficult and trying, confronted with discouragement and opposition, and dark pictures of flitting across his vision, he prizes the voice of cheer and favour. His soul craves it as eagerly as the starving man demands bread. When received, it is as balm to his weary spirit. It is his right and privilege.

As he is benefited by it, so are his people. The reflex influence tells advantageously upon them in better preaching, more efficient work, a more kind and appreciative ministry, a fuller, heartier and more responsive service, a longer, sweeter and more fruitful pastorate, and a more refreshing, congenial and helping intercourse and association.

In all kinds of work men need sympathy, especially the manifested interest of those in whose behalf they labour. Under its manifestations zeal is quickened, and activity aroused. The workmen feel that they are not alone, but have interested, friendly co-operators. Herein the pastor is no exception. He yearns for the sympathy of those for whose benefit he prays and preaches and toils. If it be free, spontaneous and constant in its expression toward him, he works with more buoyant spirit, greater fidelity and larger success.

## Tell Mother It's Brother Will.

At a meeting in Chicago, Major Hilton related the following incident which occurred on the Scottish coast:

Just at break of day of a chilly morning, the people of a little hamlet on the coast were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing on a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow-beings clinging to the rigging, every now and then some one of them swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered. "Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?" But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. Oh! how those on shore watched their brave, loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance, they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers: "Are they all here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came: all but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one.

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What? leave one there to die alone! Man

the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with worn garments and dishevelled hair, who with agonizing entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother!

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. Oh stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With "a God bless you, my boy!" she released him, and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed and waited—those on the shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast-sinking ship by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hands to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of landing, Hardy called back: "Tell mother it is Brother Will!"

## Dull Children.

Some of the most eminent men of all ages were remarkable only for dullness in their youth. Sir Isaac Newton in his boyhood was inattentive to his study, and ranked very low in school until the age of twelve. When Samuel Wythe, the Dublin schoolmaster, attempted to educate Richard Brinsley Sheridan, he pronounced the boy an "incorrigible dunce." The mother of Sheridan fully concurred in this verdict, and declared him the stupid of her sons. Goldsmith was dull in his youth, and Shakespeare, Gibbon, Davy and Dryden do not appear to have exhibited in their childhood even the common elements of future success.

When Berzelius, the eminent Swedish chemist, left school for the university, the words, "Indifferent in behavior and of doubtful hope," were scored against his name; and after he entered the university, he narrowly escaped being turned back. On one of his first visits to the laboratory, when nineteen years old, he was taunted with the enquiry whether he "understood the difference between a laboratory and a kitchen." Walter Scott had the credit of having "the thickest skull in the school," though Dr. Blair told the teacher that many bright rays of future genius shone through the same "thick skull."

Milton and Swift were justly celebrated for stupidity in childhood. The great Isaac Barrows' father used to say that, if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising. Calvisius the greatest mathematician of his age, was so stupid in his boyhood that his teachers could make nothing of him till they tried him in geometry. Corraci, the celebrated painter, was so inept in his youth that his master advised him to restrict his ambition to the grinding of colors.

"One of the most popular authors of the present day," says an English writer, "could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said, as everybody did learn, with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen, the apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work; before thirty, had published thirty volumes." Dr. Scott, the commentator, could not compose a theme when twelve years old; and even at a later age, Dr. Adam Clark, after incredible effort failed to commit to memory a poem of a few stanzas only. At nine years of age, one who afterward became a chief justice in this country, was, during a whole winter, unable to commit to memory a little poem found in one of his schoolbooks.

## A Noble Act of Heroism.

I remember a little incident that happened many years ago. When I was in Cornwall, in 1854, I visited the mine where the incident occurred. Carlyle refers to the story in one of the chapters of his "Life of Sterling." Two men were sinking a shaft. It was a dangerous business, for it was necessary to blast the rock. It was their custom to cut the fuse with a sharp knife. One man then entered the bucket and made a signal to be hauled up. When the man entered it, and with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fuse, he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place.

One day they left the knife above, and rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire!" Both men leaped into the bucket, and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one, could escape. One of the men leaped up, and said to the other: "Up wi' ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute!"

With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up, and the one man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the blast had loosened a mass of rock, and it lay diagonally across him; with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, he was unhurt. When asked why he urged his comrade to escape, he gave a reason that skeptics would laugh at. If there is any being on the face of the earth I pity, it is a skeptic. I would not be what is called a "skeptical" to-day for all the wealth of the world. But what did this hero say when asked "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his quaint dialect he replied: "Because I knowed my soul was safe; for I've giv' it in the hands of Him of whom it is said, that faithfulness is 'the girdle of his reins,' and I knowed that what I gied him he'd never gie up. But, 'other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance.' All the infidelity in the world can not produce such a single act of heroism as that."

## A Remarkable Providence.

A poor woman who had been washing for us said: "Seems as if the Lord took very direct ways of reaching people's feelings sometimes. Now, I was astonished once in my life. I lived away out West, on the prairie, me and my four children, and couldn't get much work to do, and our little stock of provisions kept getting lower and lower. One night we sat hovering over our fire, and I was gloomy enough. There was about a pint of corn meal in the house, and that was all. I said, 'Well, children, may be the Lord will provide something.' I do hope it will be a good mess of potatoes," said cheery little Nell, "seems to me I never was so hungry for 'taters before.' After they were asleep I lay there tossing over my hard bed, and wondering what I would do next. All at once the sweetest peace and rest came over me, and I sank into such a good sleep. Next morning I was planning that I would make the tin full of meal into mush and fry it in a greasy fry-pan. As I opened the door to go down to the brook to wash, I saw something new. There on the bench, beside the door, stood two wooden pails and a sack. One pail was full of meat, the other full of potatoes, and the sack filled with flour. I brought my hands together in my joy, and just hurried for the children to come. Little dears! They didn't think of trousers and frocks then, but came out all of a flutter, like a flock of quails. Their joy was supreme. They knew the Lord had sent some of his angels with the sack and pails. Oh, it was such a precious gift! I washed the empty pails, and put the empty sack in one of them, and at night I stood them on the bench where I found them, and the next morning they were gone. I tried and tried to find out who had befriended us, but I never could. The Lord never seemed so far off after that time," said the poor woman, looking down with tearful eyes.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

## 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 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 sun-set 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, a hundred years from now 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. Its contagious. Remember that its 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.—*First Church Herald, Chicago.*

## Holiness In The Home.

Holiness at home means habitual sweetness of temper and work. Not feigned or affected, but the pure, honest outflow of a pure heart. This makes full allowance for annoyances, perplexities, sadness, grief, but rules out all "bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, with all malice" (Eph. iv. 32).

In the home, as elsewhere, things will sometimes go wrong; disappointments will come; occasions of sudden excitement occur; provocations to anger and rashness arise; but if "the heart be established with grace," the result will be patient endurance, without either sudden sourness of spirit, or violent ebullitions of passion. The presence of these would but too surely prove the absence of that wisdom from above, and which is "first pure [the equivalent of holy], then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated," etc.

Holiness at home means a cheerful mingling of holy precept and example. To achieve the highest result for good upon the home circle, these must never be separated, and, especially must never be in conflict. Are there children in the home? Paul enjoins with reference to the children of Christian parents: "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This can only be done by wise union of right precept and example.

## His Mother.

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was the yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!" The vessel rocked, and the waters chased by fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry:

"If I could only see my mother!" An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man, asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me, 'My son when you come to die, you will remember this! Oh, if I could only see my mother!'"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Boys, be good to your mother.

## 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, Costiveness, 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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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:

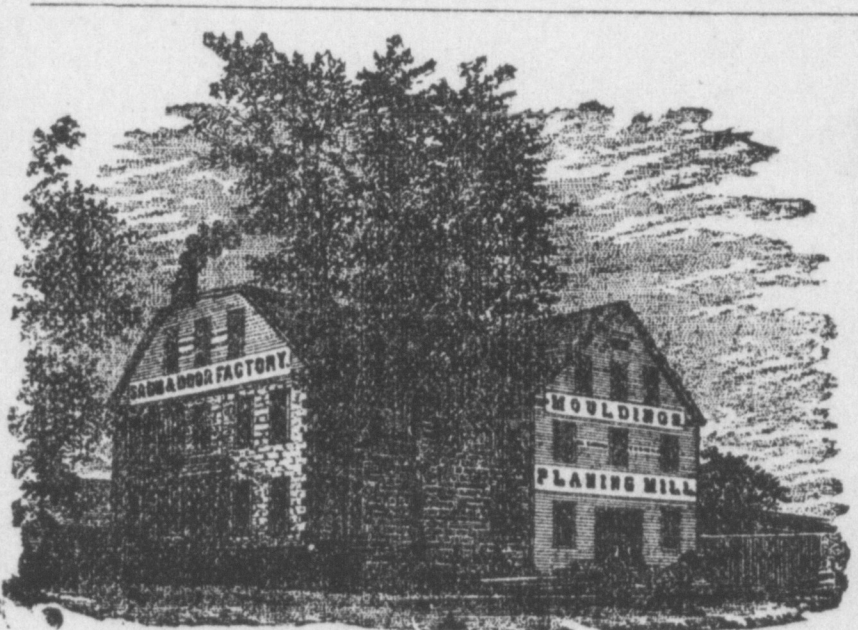
1. The Interest received from investments more than paid the death losses again last year; a fact which attests (1) the quality of its risks, (2) the quality of its investments.
2. The Premium Income of 1886 was nearly half a million, or a quarter more than in 1885.
3. The profits to Policy-holders for the 5 years—1881 to 1886—are more than double those of 1876 to 1881.
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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	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.19
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

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