

We all Might do Good.

We all might do good,
Where we often do ill—
There is always the way,
If there be but the will;
Though it be but a word
Kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may guard off some pain,
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good,
In a thousand small ways—
In forbearing to flatter,
Yet yielding due praise;
In spurning ill humor,
Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly
The heart we have won.

We all might do good
Whether lowly or great—
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate;
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for heaven.

—Selected.

My Assistant Pastor.

I am asked what a club of boys or girls can do to help their pastor. I answer with a story. A few years ago, when preaching in Boston, I was favored with an assistant pastor. Not that we called him an assistant pastor. In fact, he never knew that he held that office. I did not know it myself until after he was gone, and the church did not know it until I told them. But an assistant pastor is one who helps the pastor to do good and build up the church. As I was looking at his photograph one day, it suddenly recalled a person whom he had brought into the church, and then another, and then another. I put upon the back of the card the initials of the persons whom he had brought into the Sunday school, and then of the persons whom he had helped bring into the church, and, after seeing how much he had helped in two years, I put on the front of the card, under his face, his initials, F. F. and his title, A. P. I did not give him a theological title, because he had not graduated from a theological school. This was because he was only eight years old. Moreover, as the church did not know he was an assistant pastor, it did not pay him \$1,000 or \$1,500 a year. This was a great saving. What is stranger still, and perhaps never happened in the case of another assistant pastor, my assistant was not even a member of the church. I found him, also, in a strange way. I was called to visit his sister, who was ill with the scarlet fever. I then saw F. for the first time. He had a very troubled look on his face. One sister had died. Sister H. was very ill. F. and his brother A. were exposed to the disease. I knelt down and asked God to make H. well again, and to keep the boys well in body and in spirit. The Lord helped the mother and the physicians and the girl, and she became well, and the rest did not catch the fever.

A few weeks later I was invited to take tea with the family. We all felt grateful, and, as we sat down around the table, the father asked me "to return thanks." This pleased F. greatly, and, after I was gone, he asked his father about praying and returning thanks. He was not a pious boy, lecturing his father and mother upon religion. He was simply a boy of common-sense and conscience and childlike faith. He believed in prayer, and he believed in his father and mother, and thought they could pray as well as the minister, or the teacher at school. So he asked them why they did not pray. They did not begin having family prayers once, but they thought much of F.'s question. A week or two later, I met the three children at Sunday-school, and was told by F. that they were to be regular scholars at our school. I next saw the father and mother, with the children, at the preaching service. The father said, half apologetically, when I shook hands with him, "F. wanted us to come." So F., in addition to asking questions about family prayers and a blessing at the table, had been the chief means of bringing three persons to the Sunday-school and five to the preaching service.

The father and mother soon accepted Christ as their Lord and Saviour. I now think that the children accepted Christ as fully as the parents. But the parents thought the children too young to be enrolled as Christians. I did not know or trust children then as fully as I do now. I remember F. saying at the time that he thought the children, too, ought to be members of the church. But we did not heed his words, and simply enrolled them as members of the Sunday-school. F. worked for the church more than many of the members. He told his aunts of the services. They came to the preaching service, and presently to the Sunday-school. Later, they united with the church. F.'s grandfather lived about a mile from F.'s home. The boy often visited him on Sundays. When my assistant pastor

for him to tell his grandfather that he was going to meeting on Sunday, and to invite the grandfather to the service? The grandfather did not come. At that time our church sometimes had Sunday-school concerts in the evening. I now prefer them in the afternoon, so that boys and girls may be at home at night. The assistant pastor saw that many came to the concert who did not care for a dull sermon. So he told his grandfather about the crowd at the concerts and asked him to come to them. Still the grandfather did not come. One day he said to me, "Grandpa told me the other day that, if I would speak a piece at the next concert, he would come." Other children had cut out selections from papers and magazines for me, and I had forty or fifty clippings in a large envelope. I soon found a selection for F. He learned it, and, on the night of the concert, he spoke with the other children. But the grandfather forgot to come. The assistant pastor was troubled, but not in despair. After school, the next day, he saw his grandfather. I think the aged man was rather pleased that his absence was noticed, but sorry that he had disappointed the child. He promised that he would surely come next time. So F. asked for another selection a few weeks later and told me we would surely see grandpa at church this time. The assistant pastor always studied his part well. So, although he had rehearsed his selection to his Sunday-school teacher, yet he thought he would speak it to his father and mother before going to church. He stepped to the door to clear his throat. The steps were slippery, and he fell and struck his head. He did not seem to be badly hurt, but his father said he would tell the pastor and the grandfather that F. had hurt his head and could not come. I do not like the close of my story, because good boys obey the laws of the body as well as of the spirit, and are not so apt to die as bad boys. But the religion of Christ does not insure long life and honor on earth. It insures spiritual health and is good for us, whether we live long or die early.

The next day F. was very much worse, and, before night, our heavenly Father took him home. Perhaps he had a better field of work for him in heaven than in Boston. One day, after the funeral, I was thinking about F. and I counted eight persons whom I knew he had brought into the Sunday-school, and seven persons who became members of the church, in part, at least, through him, and several who came to the services through his invitation. Did he not deserve the title A. P.?

You must not think of him as a solemn little man with a white necktie and a pious air. He was a cheerful little fellow who believed in prayer and prayed every day, who studied his lessons and obeyed his teacher at school, and who played with all his might during play-hours. He was simply a healthy, common-sense boy, who first wanted to help his pastor, who next thought about ways of helping his pastor, and who, in the last place, had the courage, or—better—the conscientiousness to do what he thought would be helpful. Be sure in the first place, that you want to help your pastor, and, in the next place, think about the subject, and, in the last place, act up to your convictions, and you will find some ways of service for yourselves before my next letter reaches you. That will be better than to accept other people's methods. REV. J. W. BASHFORD, Ph. D., in *Land and Hand*.

The Missing Link-Note.

Men decide questions sometimes according to evidence, and sometimes according to authority. They look to prominent and respectable men, hear what they say, and come to a decision. Often they thus do great injustice. The men who pronounce judgment may be ignorant of the facts in the case, or may be prejudiced and totally wrong in their decisions.

There are many dark looking circumstances which only time can unravel. The Scriptures tell us to "judge nothing before the time until the Lord come;" and yet how frequently men make up their minds and pronounce judgment at once; and still more frequently they save themselves the trouble of making up their minds, and pronounce judgment by accepting the judgment of others who have already judged ignorantly or rashly.

Many a man is judged wrongly, falsely, and unrighteously, both in church and in state, but there is no redress for him. The man who believed him will not acknowledge the truth; the man who condemned him will not take the trouble to ascertain the facts; and he has nothing to do but to appeal to God and wait till in his mysterious providence, he shall "bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and to manifest the secrets of the heart." What strange strokes will then come to the judgment of the just!

who have condemned the innocent, who have turned their backs upon those who were accused, and who have lent themselves to perpetuate the wrong-doings of which others have been guilty.

The following story is one of many which should lead thoughtful persons to hesitate before they accept the judgment of others in matters which ultimately concern their fellowmen.

"More than fifty years ago, a young man lived in a Western city, and, as a druggist was accumulating property, possessing the respect and confidence of the community as was proved by the fact that, as he was about starting to the East to lay in stock, the cashier of a bank handed him a package of money in bills to be handed to a bank officer in Philadelphia. Being very obliging, he received the package and promised to deliver it promptly on his arrival, which he did; the cashier of the bank to whom he delivered the bills looked them over hastily, placed them in a drawer saying it was 'correct,' and went on with his writing.

"A month later the Western banker came to the young druggist, and informed him that a bill of large denomination was missing. The young man said he did not know how that could be, for he had delivered the package as he had received it; that the Eastern banker had looked it over, and pronounced it correct, and that he thought his responsibility ended there. The facts thus: two prominent business men in responsible positions, on one side, and the unsupported 'say-so' of a young druggist on the other. The odds were too unequal, and the young man had to go to the wall; the community withdrew their patronage and their confidence, his business was broken up; he first attempted one thing, then another, but a cloud seemed to hang over him.

"Years rolled on. The story was handed down from one to another, and new comers imbibed the prejudices of the old; and twenty years later there was an odium attached to his character, so that at the mention of his name there was that falling of the countenance which meant, 'no confidence.' The young druggist became an old man, but never succeeded in regaining the social position he had lost. He died in 'Coventry.' After he was dead and buried the cashier's old desk was taken to a shop to be repaired. On removing the drawer, the missing bank-bill was found to have been lodged behind it."

The mystery was explained; and probably numbers of this dead man's neighbors who had distrusted and suspected and repelled him for years, were ready to say that they never really believed any harm of the poor man.

That victim of prejudice and suspicion is gone; others are living and dying! When they are gone, some one will suddenly discover what good men they were, and regret that they did not know it sooner. Reader, who will it be?

ONE LIFE'S INFLUENCE.

From the *Youth's Companion* we clip the following most interesting account of what one brave, true, young man accomplished.

A little more than forty years ago there came to London a young apprentice. He was poor and friendless; he had but a single endowment—Christian faith. He took lodgings in St. Paul's Church-yard. He came to his room unknown, and there made a simple prayer of consecration alone. He felt the solitude of the city. Some eighty young men were employed in the same establishment as himself.

"I resolved," said a great reformer, "to have no friends by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me in my spiritual life."

The young apprentice had a like purpose. He found a few young men among his fellow-workmen whose lives had a moral aim and purpose. Some of these he invited to hold religious services with him in his room. These invited others to meet with them for the same purpose. The meetings grew in numbers. They multiplied. Young men's meetings for young men became a movement among the London trades, and in 1854 they led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association.

The society spread. Its influence was felt throughout England; America took up the work; the islands of the Pacific; parts of Asia.

Nearly three thousand associations were represented or reported at the tenth annual conference held in Berlin. Now the movement is found to meet the needs of colleges, and more than two hundred associations have been formed in Colleges and schools.

Some months ago a gentleman walking along the Thames Embankment saw the grand dome of St. Paul's illumined by the twilight, and recalled to a friend the historic associations of the church.

"And yet," said the friend, still

gazing upon London's crown, "the influence of that church during the present century has, I think, been out weighed by the work of a single individual."

"Who?"
"A mere boy." He added, "I mean the apprentice who began in his simple room in St. Paul's Church-yard the work of Young Men's Christian Associations in the world."

We cannot weigh influences, but the above remark is inspiring in its lessons to those who seek to be helpful to others, but whose only resource is—faith.

Rest in The Lord.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest." Tossed and beaten by storms of passion, restless as the heaving tides, God's peace is unknown to them. They have no inward rest, and they have no resting-place where their soul can find refuge. Like Noah's dove, they "flit between rough seas and stormy skies. To mortals thus laboring and heavy laden, Christ sends the gracious invitation "Come unto me, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

The restless cannot rest wherever they are; and the faint and weary fail to rest because they have no resting-place. Christ gives an inward rest, a rest to the soul, and he also affords a resting-place where heart and flesh may find repose.

Rest in the Lord. Rest in his love, which satisfies the deepest yearnings of the human heart; rest in his care, which watches over the lowliest, and notes the sparrow's fall; rest in his providence, which never fails, and which is over all his works; rest in his promises, which are exceeding great and precious, and which cover the needs of his trusting children in every state and condition of life. O weary, way-worn, burdened, tempted, despondent, troubled soul, there is rest for you. Go to him who giveth rest. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." And beyond the blessedness of this present rest of faith and hope and love, "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." Blessed are they who shall gain that Sabbath and share in its sweet repose.

"NEITHER"

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good, moral life, should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady, a few days ago, in a conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one; "Suppose you and I wanted to go into a place of interest where the admission fee was one dollar. You have fifty cents and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither," was the reply.
"Just so; and, therefore, the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreathing sinner. But now suppose a kind and rich person who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense! What then?"

"Well, then, we could both go in alike; that is very clear."

"Thus, when the Saviour saw our perplexity, he came, he died, and thus 'obtained eternal redemption for us,' Heb. ix, 12, and now he offers you and me a free ticket. Only take good care that your fifty cents do not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admittance at last."

Reader, there is a solemn moment coming! Have you the ticket of admission?

RANDOM READINGS.

Hurt not your conscience with any known sin.—*S. Rutherford*.

Life and religion are one, or neither is anything.—*George MacDonald*.

Doubt springs from the mind: faith is the daughter of the soul.—*Petit Sem.*

Act as if you expected to live a hundred years, but might die to-morrow.—*Ann Lee*.

Never think that you can make yourself great by making another less.—*Rev. J. Vaughan*.

"Some days must be dark and dreary"; but no day need be wholly so, upon which shines the light of God's love.—*Frederic R. Marvin*.

If thou wouldst be happy and easy in thy family, above all things observe discipline. Every one in it should know their duty, and there should be a time and a place for everything. And, whatever else is done or omitted, be sure to begin and end with God.—*Penn.*

We cannot live on bread alone: we need every word of God. We cannot live on air alone: we need an atmosphere of living souls. We must be constantly giving ourselves away: we must dwell in houses of infinite dependence, or sit alone in the waste of a godless universe.—*George MacDonald*.

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