

Forgiveness.

once was a weary wanderer,
My soul was soiled with sin;
The world seemed dark around me,
And heavy my heart within.
The Holy Master called me—
His voice was sweet and still,
And it seemed to my thirsting spirit
Like the summer song of a rill.

The prayer which plead for the promise,
The heart which longed for love,
The faith which sought fulfillment,
Were not forgotten above.
The darkness of doubt has departed,
The winter is followed by spring,
The star of hope has arisen,
I bask in the smile of the King!

—Ch. Advocate.

Breaches of Trust.

When a man takes and uses for his own benefit a few pennies that do not belong to him, the act is called theft; and if the thief is tried and convicted he is sent to jail for his crime. But if a man who is the trusted agent or treasurer of a corporation takes and uses thousands of the dollars left in his keeping, his act is called embezzlement.

If he is short in his accounts he is a defaulter. He, too, if he is tried and convicted, is compelled to undergo imprisonment. It is a common notion that the fate of the great rascal is easier than that of the vulgar thief. This is not the case in States where the administration of justice is strict; for theft is punished by a few months' confinement in jail, while an embezzlement of trust-funds carries with it the penalty of several years at hard labor in a State prison.

There is a difference, however, in one respect, in favor of the defaulter. The thief who escapes out of the country can be demanded by the Government, under the terms of extradition treaties, and will be sent back for trial and punishment. Such treaties do not provide for the return of persons charged with breach of trust; and if a man who has made away with the funds of a bank, a railroad, or a manufacturing company, can reach Canada in safety, the law will not touch him.

Whether human justice, the retribution meted out by courts, judges and juries, does or does not satisfy itself upon the persons of embezzlers, it cannot be doubted that in a vast majority of cases such persons suffer ten times the mental agony endured by the ordinary criminal. What must be the feelings of a man who occupies a position of trust for which he knows he is unworthy, and who lives in continual dread that some accident will reveal him to the community as he really is?

He lives a life which is wholly false. He must be constantly on his guard, and continually nursing the plans which are to conceal his wrongdoing. He must school himself to appear calm and cheerful, when care and anxiety are gnawing at his vitals.

At last the catastrophe comes. Perhaps the wretched man finds that discovery is inevitable before any one can accuse him to his face of rascality. Perhaps he is suddenly confronted in his office or in his own home with the evidence of his defalcation. So far as his reputation is concerned it is all one to him. It was to save his name that he dissimulated so many years, and his good name is gone, irretrievably and forever.

Perhaps he will escape to Canada and save his person from the penalty which he has merited. Perhaps he will remain at home, unprosecuted by those whom he has defrauded. Perhaps he will, obeying the dictates of the remnant of his honor, stand his trial with a certain dignity, and, courageously and uncomplainingly, serve out his sentence.

Or, most tragic fate of all, in his despair, in his cowardice, or in his unwillingness to survive the loss of the respect of the community that has always believed in him, he takes his own life. Who can read the heart of the man, detected at last in a course of action which has cost him days and nights, months and years, of wearing anxiety to hide, who is willing to appear before the judgment throne of God rather than to answer for his misdeeds to a human tribunal?

Each fresh discovery of a breach of trust causes a shock, even a thrill of horror in the community. The modern methods of business require that men shall be put in positions where large sums and vast interests are confided to them, and where the sole security of the trust is in the honor of the trustee. When confidence is misplaced, not only is a good name wrecked, but society suffers.

It is only a malicious heart which can see anything but sadness in such a downfall. It is worse than frivolous to joke upon the flight of cashiers to Canada.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Traveler's Tree.

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananarivo, to the interior, had emptied his water-bask, and was suffering from thirst.

He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water.

"Any time you like," said the native, smiling.

The European saw no signs of springs of water; but the natives conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks and bright green, broad leaves, growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree.

"You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for."

He pierced the root of one of the leaf-stems, at the point where it joined the tree, with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spouted out, which the European caught in his water-can, and found cool, fresh, and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken a supply, the native who had spoken went on: "This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the traveler's tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains?" asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?"

"O, no," said the native. "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them it becomes very pure and sweet."

"And are there many of these trees on the island?"

"There are so many that sometimes one sees no other trees for a mile; and very often we take no provision of water when we travel because we know that we shall find the traveler's tree."

"And you say there are other things that they are good for?"

The native answered by asking another question.

"Do you remember," he said, "the village that we passed through this morning, with its wooden huts roofed over with leaves? Those huts were made of nothing but the traveler's tree. The wood splits easily, but makes tough planks for floors, and the walls of the houses are made of the bark. With the branches we make the rafters, and the leaves cover the roof. But this is not all that the good tree does. We are coming soon to a village whose people I know, and I will show you more."

The native was eager in his haste to show to the traveler what the tree still had in store for him, and the European, for his part, felt no little curiosity. They arrived soon at the village, and the guide conducted the traveler to the hut of a friend, who received them very hospitably, and soon spread a meal for them.

First he placed upon a sort of table a spread made of some vegetable substance, very light and pretty; then he set before his guests two drinking vessels of a material which the white man did not recognize, and then he gave them two utensils, which, although rude in shape, served in the stead of knife and fork.

In the midst of the table he placed a large bowl, filled with cream of very appetizing appearance. In another vessel there was a quantity of oil, with almonds floating upon it.

"Before we begin," said the guide, "I must tell you what I promised. Every thing that there is upon this table comes from the traveler's tree. You see this table-cloth? It is made of the fibers of the leaves of the tree. These drinking-cups, these plates, these knives, are made of the wood or the bark of the tree. What you take to be cream is a dish made of the seeds of the tree, pounded up with meal, and mixed with a kind of milk drawn from the trunk of the tree. What you think are almonds are little cakes made of these seeds, and oil is pressed from the skin or shuck of the seed. As for the water you are about to drink, you know that already. And we get not only these things, but some of the people of Madagascar have made a kind of cloth that they wear out of the fiber of the wood."

—Selected.

Unconscious Influence.

Much unconscious influence flows out in schools, in society, and in all the callings and relations of life. A teacher got a dirty scholar to wash his face. When he went home, the mother scarcely recognized the boy. Her husband returned from his daily work, was struck with the changed appearance of his wife and washed his face. It spread through the family, among the neighbors and all along the dirty alley. The change was very marvelous.

In 1856 I entered Jefferson College. My room-mate was a stranger to me. He was a Christian, and I was not. The first night we were together, he retired before me. But before going to bed he knelt at the bedside in prayer. Like John following Peter into the Sepulchre,

I followed him in secret devotion. For thirty years the unconscious influence of that example has been affecting my daily life.

This unconscious influence may be very silent. So is a burning lamp, but it gives light to all that are in the house. It may seem to be a very little thing. So is the pebble that falls into the ocean, but it starts a circle of waves that widen more and more till they reach the farthest shore.

Nor does death end it. It was said of Abel's faith, "and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh" (Heb. xi. 4). John Bunyan, Luther, Calvin, the Wesleys, Harlan Page and Harriet Newell still live in the influence of their lives. And so with Voltaire, Hume and Paine. Ingersoll's blasphemous utterance will still live, and poison the souls of young men after he is dead.

Begin at Home.

A slovenly carpenter was once heard at a weekly prayer-meeting to pray with great fervency for the spread of Christ's cause—a cause which he disgraced and hindered in his sphere every time he stood at his work-bench. When he ended his prayer a hearty "Amen!" came from a servant who put her mistress out of temper a hundred times a day by her carelessness.

A clerk was also there who, although he taught a class in the mission school on Sunday, was always late at his employer's store on week-days. He whispered "Amen," too, and meant it, so far as he knew himself.

A lady hearer, as she listened, resolved to join the church missionary society, and then went home and found unreasonable fault with her cook. And others also felt warmed to do something for Christ who never seemed to have thought that religion, like charity, begins at home. The mechanic who is powerful in class-meeting and weak at his trade is no credit to the profession he makes.

The servant who drops tears feelingly at religious services, and drops dishes unfeelingly in the kitchen, has her tenderness altogether too much on one side.

And it is a poor, kind of religion which seeks opportunities to set others straight but overlooks its own crookedness.—*S. S. Times*.

All Ordered.

Every member of the Church should recognize that he is ordained to service. Every one in Christ, man or woman, hath some testimony to bear, some warning to give, some deed to do in the name of the holy child Jesus; and if the Spirit of God be poured out upon our young men and our maidens, each one will be aroused. Both small and great will be in earnest, and the result upon the slumbering masses of our population will surprise us all. There is an old proverb which says of So-and-so, that he was "as sound asleep as a church." I suppose there is nothing that can sleep so soundly as a church. But yet the Spirit of God still remaineth and therefore churches can be awakened. If the Spirit be with us, there will come multitudinous conversions. We can not get at "the lapsed masses," as they are pedantically called. We can not stir the crass infidelity of the present age; no, we can not, but *He* can. All things are possible with God. When once the Spirit of God putteth forth his might, all things else will be in accord with him. Great commotions will co-operate with the Holy Spirit. We may expect that God will work for his people if they will be faithful to him. Empires will collapse, and times change, for the truth's sake.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*.

Home First.

Let home stand first before all other things! No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, build up a true home before everything else! Be not its slave; be its minister! Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land. Is this an over-wrought picture? We think not. What honour can be greater than to found such a home, what dignity higher than to reign its undisputed, honoured mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform to large, intelligent audiences, or the wisdom that may command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and so preside over a true home, that husband and children may "rise and call her blessed!" To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit, in such a position, is higher honour than to rule an empire.

"One Only Name."

It is well to be "liberal," but we must not give away the foundation. It is well to be "broad," but we must beware of subtle devices for getting into heaven by some other way than the meditation of Christ. Whatever else we may find in the Bible, we can never find it saying that there is any other way to be saved. Remember the four "only's": The Bible only; Jesus only; the Holy Spirit the only fountain of holiness; Faith, the only condition of justification. On the cover of Longfellow's fine edition of his *Divine Passion* there is a Greek cross, on the four arms of which are the words *Rec, Lex, Dux, Luce*, Jesus being the center to which they all converge and apply. So on our hearts let him be written as our only King, our only Law, our only Guide, our only Light.—*Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.*

A Good Sermon.

What is a good sermon, is a question not so easily answered as one would think. Many grand sermons have been preached in the world, but have done but little good. Some sermons have been admired and loudly praised for the intellectual feasts they furnished more than for their soul-saving influence. A good sister in answer to the question, "What is your standard of a good sermon?" said, "When a sermon makes you feel that you ought to do better, and that you can do better, I call it a good sermon." Matthew Henry said, "That is a good sermon which does me good."

Not The Sermon That Did It.

"It was not your sermon, pastor," said a lawyer to his minister, when asked what led him to Christ, "though it was a strong one; but the word of yonder old lady, who asked me with a face full of heavenly peace and kindness, if I loved the Saviour. I don't know why her words so affected me, but I was never content a moment afterward until I had given myself up to his love." Ought not such a testimony encourage those who have not great talent or large opportunity for serving Christ to go on their way rejoicing that they may even speak one word for him?

Random Readings.

Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead?—*Carlyle*.

The world proposes rest by the removal of a burden. The Redeemer gives rest by giving us the spirit and power to bear the burden.—*F. W. Robertson*.

When we are most filled with heavenly love, and only then, are we best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burdens.—*Maria Hare*.

He who possesses the love of his family, the respect of his friends, and who believes in God, has happiness enough to triumph over all possible misfortunes.—*From the French*.

It is a happy thought, the many angel faces and angel voices in heaven which are those of children. What a thronged children's church there is in the Golden City! The "Church of the Innocents."—*J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

If there's a right thing to be done and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to do it, depend upon it there's another way to it and a better one, and it is our own fault, and not God's, that we do not find it.—*Edward Gannett*.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.,
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I wish I had used B. B. sooner, which would have saved me years of suffering with erysipelas, from which I could get no relief until I tried B. B., which soon cleared away the itching, burning rash that had so long distressed me. Mrs. Edward Romkey, Eastern Passage, Halifax, N. S.

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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.

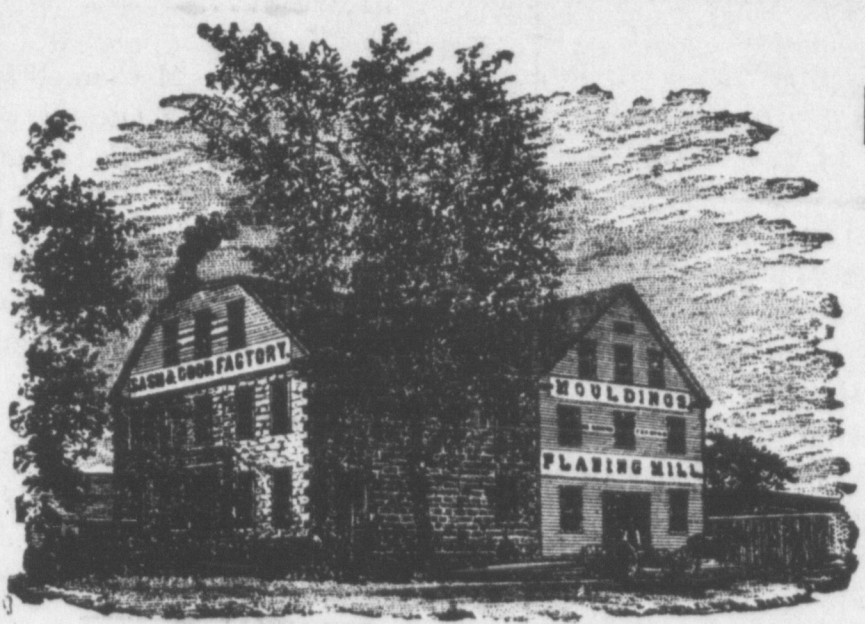
4. The management still rests in such hands as:—Sir W. P. Howland, President; Hon. W. McMaster, Vice-President; J. K. McDonald, Managing Director.

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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	

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