

How the Revival Came.

Y MARGARET J. BOWELL.

It was Sunday night in the Old Stone Church,
And the preacher's work was done;
But with weary eyes and an anxious heart,
He earnestly watched to see if a dart
Had entered the "hearts of stone."

With solemnly, silent, most orthodox air,
They listened to all that he said
Of the Saviour's love and His tender care,
Of the griefs He will tenderly, lovingly
share,
Of the beautiful home just ahead.

And then on the people their settled down
A silence both long and deep;
And the preacher's heart grew heavy with
pain.
And the clock ticked over and over again,
While the people seemed to sleep.

Then one of the brethren slowly arose,
And with solemn voice and slow,
He told what the Lord had done for him
About fifty years ago.
And his face was as long as the moral law
As he spoke of the Heavenly Prince,
And it seemed as if God had forgiven his
sins,
But had never done anything since.

Then followed a silence longer still,
That covered the church like a pall,
And the people with hungry, empty hearts
Just wondered if that were all.
And the pastor thought, with a wistful
face,
Of the lands far over the sea,
Where the servant of God toils night and
day,
But the people hear with gloom.

Then another brother slowly arose,
A man of most godly life,
Who, while loving the cause and the souls
of men,
Had grown weary in the strife.
His heart was heavy, his faith was weak,
And it seemed when he was done,
As if the Lord was a long way off,
And couldn't take care of His own.

Then followed a prayer of most awful
length,
Grammatically, polished and cold,
But it reached to the uttermost parts of
the earth,
As the waters did of old,
And the careless, ungodly, but hungry
hearts
That were just outside the fold,
Could but wonder if they had as good a
chance
As the sinners nearer the Pole.

Then a trembling sister slowly arose—
God's Spirit shone in her eyes;
A woman whose heart was true as steel,
Whose life was a sacrifice;
But her voice was timid, and weak, and
low,
And few were the words which she said,
And the sinners back by the door couldn't
hear,
So they rattled the seats instead.

Then the pastor arose with a sigh of relief,
For the hour of closing had come,
And the bustle of wraps and of overshoes
Proclaimed that 'twas time to go home.
When slowly, timidly, down the aisle,
With a child's unconscious grace,
Came a little figure, poorly clad,
And gazed in the preacher's face.

Her voice was clear as a silver bell,
And she spoke with childish ease,
As she timidly touched the pastor's hand,
Said, "I want to be a saint, please!"
You say he has gone to prepare a home
For the homeless, and that means me;
That he tenderly cares for us every day,
And I love him for that, you see."

Then followed a silence most strangely
sweet,
For all felt that God was there,
As the preacher knelt by the little child
And lifted his voice in prayer.
An hour passed swiftly, silently on,
But the congregation stayed,
While voices that long had been silent
there,
Thanked God for His strength and aid.

Then hearts that were weak grew brave
and strong,
And a mighty faith was shown,
And the angels sang in the heavenly choir,
"The Lord brings back His own."
And the preacher's heart grew light as a
bird,
Though he labored both early and late,
For the night was passed, the morning had
dawned,
And the Old Stone Church was awake.
—Z. Herald.

Why Young Men Fail.

On every hand we meet those
whose life has proved a failure, who
have never known anything but
poverty, to whom life has simply
been a continual struggle for bread;
comforts and luxuries they bade
farewell to years ago.

These men were once boys. The
future was just as promising as to
many of their fellows, upon whom
"fortune" has always seemed to
smile. Let us go back to those
early days.

In the vicinity where both lived,
there were farms on which there
was work to be done. The one,
ready to engage in any work of
necessity on the farm, lost no time
in securing the first job he could find.
Not always indeed was it in accordance
with his tastes; but he went
at it with determination to do his
best. By taking an interest in his
employer's business, he made it for
the time his own. His employer,
not slow to observe this, trusted
him more and more, and at the end

of the season was ready to retain
him at advanced wages.

He thoroughly learned all the
details of the business. Was it
fitting the ground for growing crops
—he ever endeavored to the best
of his ability to do his work so well
as to give perfect satisfaction. If
crops were to be put in, he followed
instructions, and none were put in
carelessly. At harvest time he was
told to save carefully what had
matured, as it was a great waste not
to secure what had cost time and
labor to plant and cultivate.

Thus he learned valuable lessons
in economy. The same interest he
had in his employer's work made
him careful as to the use of tools.
Farm tools were put in their place,
and many little repairs given, at a
time when single bolt, a nail driven
or some little thing attended to,
would prevent breakage and loss.

All these little things, each seem-
ing small of itself, secured him a
steady place at the best wages, until
he finally accumulated a sufficient
sum to start for himself. I need
not follow him further, the secret of
his success is plain.

But how about the other young
man, who lived near, with as strong
muscle as the first? He obtained a
situation equal to that of his fellow.
His employer went with him to the
field to start the plough. After a
few furrows, he left him with the
injunction to see that every sod was
turned over. For a little the young
man obeyed orders; but getting im-
patient, he began to neglect his work,
thus soliloquizing: "The old man
will never know the difference after
I have dragged it over once or
twice."

At sowing time, instead of follow-
ing instructions to fit the ground
thoroughly, he did what he was
obliged to, caring not what the
harvest might be. He was always
ready to find fault with his employ-
er's manner of doing work to any
who might be passing, and was
always quite particular about the
kind of work he should do. . . . Is
it any wonder he is to-day on the
town—he who began his early life
in this manner!

It is the careful attention to little
details that fit the young man to
occupy positions of trust. Not un-
frequently we hear young men
complaining because no one appreci-
ates their abilities. They expect to
step at once into a good position at
full wages. Every young man may
safely lay it down as a rule that if
he faithfully performs the work at
hand he will be appreciated, and
higher positions will open before
him; but if he wishes to look for-
ward to years of poverty, let him
find fault with his employer when-
ever his back is turned, slight work
and grumble at his wages.—Country
Gentleman.

Prayer and Privilege.

We are tired of hearing the
changes rung forever more on duty.
Duty is all well enough in its way.
It is a sort of fly-wheel, with a reser-
voir of power in it to carry us past
the dead points when the sinuous
of duty is not for us, but for
it is a cold, hard, joyless, loveless
thing. There are things that only
a stern sense of duty would ever
prompt us to do. To reprove the
faults of a friend is not a pleasant
task, at least not for a noble and
sensitive soul. To preach of hell is
not a thing to take delight in,
though there be some who preach
as if it were. No true minister of
Jesus Christ will ever preach it ex-
cept from stern constraint of duty.

But there are some things in
respect to which considerations of
duty should never be needed to
furnish a spur. And prayer has
been belittled and degraded by
dwelling upon it as a duty to be
done instead of a privilege to be
enjoyed. I pity the man who
simply prays because he must,
scourged to his duty like a galley-
slave, instead of flying joyfully to
a throne of grace, as a weary wander-
er to love's embrace. Oh, brethren
if our God be the King of kings and
Lord of lords, then access to his
presence and assurance of gracious
audience is a privilege of supremest
honor. If he be an infinitely ten-
der-hearted Father, then prayer is a
privilege of sweetest joy. If he
be an omnipotent ruler who can
guide us in perplexity, who can give
us light in darkness, comfort in
tribulation, bread for our hunger,
healing for our diseases, salvation
for our souls, salvation for our
friends, who can smooth all earth's
rugged pathway for us, and prepare
us for him and give us an abundant
entrance—then prayer is a privilege
of grandest opportunity.—Dr. Hen-
son.

Too Late.

A story is told as authentic of a
young man in the Highlands of
Scotland who became a drunkard, a
gambler, and in the expressive
Scotch phrase, a "ne'er-do-weel."
His father owned a small farm
which had been in the family for two
hundred years. But to save Jock
from the consequences of his mis-
doing, he was obliged to mortgage it

far beyond the possibility of redemp-
tion.

The old man sank under the
disgrace and misery, and died,
leaving his wife, two or three child-
ren, and worthless Jock. But the
shock of his death brought the boy
to his senses. He foreswore cards
and whisky, came home and turned
into hard work. He toiled steadily
for years. At last his mother was
"struck with death."

Jock, now a middle aged, grizzled
farmer, stern and grave, was sent
for in haste. He stood in silence by
her death-bed for a moment and
then broke forth:

"Mither! mither! gin ye see
feyther there, tell him the farm's
our own again. An' it's a reecht wi'
me!"

The story reminds us of Doctor
Johnson, who went, when he was an
old man, to stand in the market-
place of Uttroter, his grey head
bared to the pelting rain, in bitter
remembrance of some act of disobe-
dience to his father on that spot
when he was a boy.

But of what avail are these tears
or acts of atonement when the old
father and mother whom we have
hurt and slighted so cruelly are
dead? Do they see? Do they forgive?
Who can say?

"It is only," said another lately,
"since my own children speak to me
with rudeness and contempt, that I
understand how great the debt was
which I owed to my mother, and
how poorly I paid it."

Many a poor girl who reads these
words, who treats her mother as a
member of the family who does the
work of a servant without a servant's
wages, or a lad who flings about the
money which the father is fast spend-
ing his feeble life to earn, will
awaken some day to utter their
remorse in an exceeding bitter cry;
to which, alas, there can come no
answer.—Baptist Weekly.

Marmoring.

I was tired of washing dishes; I
was tired of drudgery. I had al-
ways been so, and I was dissatisfied.
I never sat down a moment to read
that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a
bit of paper to scribble on, or a bi-
t of soap to make bubbles. "I'd
rather be in prison," I said one day,
"than have my life teased out so,"
as Jamie knocked my elbow when
I was writing to a friend.

But a moment came when I had
one plate less to wash, one chair
less to set away by the wall in the
dining room; when Jamie's little
crib was put away into the garret,
and it has never come down since.
I had been unusually fretful and dis-
contented with him that damp May
morning that he took the croup.
Gloomy weather gave me the head-
ache, and I had less patience then
than at any other time. By and by
he was singing in another room:

"I want to be an angel."

and presently rang out that metallic
croup. I never hear that hymn
since that it doesn't cut me to the
heart, for the croup cough rings
out with it. He grew worse to-
ward night, when my husband came
home and went for a doctor. At
first he seemed to help him, but it
merged into inflammatory croup
and was soon over.

"I ought to have been called
sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash dishes
now; and when a visitor comes I can
sit down and entertain her without
having to work all the time. There
is no little boy worrying me to open
his jack-knife, and there are no
shavings on the floor. The maga-
zines are not soiled with looking at
the pictures, but stand prim and
neat on the reading-table, just as I
leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty,"
say weary, worn mothers to me.

But my life is as weary as theirs
—weary with sitting in my parlor
at twilight, weary with watching
for the little arms that used to
twine around my neck, for the curls
that brushed against my cheek, for
the young laugh that rang out with
mine, as we watched the hissing
coal fire, or made rabbits with the
shadows on the wall, waiting mer-
rily together for papa's coming
home. I have the wealth and ease
I once longed for, but at what price?
And when I see other mothers with
grown-up sons driving to town to
church, and my hair silvered over
with gray, I think what might have
been had I murmured less at the
providence of God.

Reader—your mother you may
be—had you heard this mother tell
her story, you would have felt dis-
posed to say with the writer, "I will
be more patient with my little ones
I will murmur less."—Home Mag-
azine.

A Hint.

This from the Baptist Weekly
has a moral:

A Boston physician was called
out of a sound slumber the other
night to answer the telephone.
"Hello! what is it?" he asked,
little pleased at the idea of leaving
his comfortable bed. "Baby is cry-
ing, doctor, what shall I do?" came
across the wire. "Oh, perhaps it's

a pin," suggested the doctor,
recognizing the voice of a young
mother, one of his patients. "No,"
was the reply, "I am sure it can't
be that." "Perhaps he has the
colic," returned the doctor, with
well stimulated solicitude, "No, I
don't think so," replied the anxious
mother, "he doesn't act that way."

"Then perhaps he's hungry," as
a last resort. "Oh, I'll see," came
across the wire; and then all was
still. The doctor went back to bed
and was soon asleep again. About
half an hour afterward, he was
awakened by the violent ringing of
the telephone bell. Jumping out
of bed and placing the receiver to
his ear, he was cheered by the
following message: "You are right,
doctor, baby was hungry."

The incident is natural enough
and has a wider application. Pas-
tors sometimes 'call up' the editor
to inform him that there's trouble
in their churches, and they don't
know what to do. The brethren
are cross, and fault-finding, making
things disagreeable—the pastor can't
tell what's the matter with them,
thinks they are dissatisfied with
him—guesses he will have to resign.

Now, although we do not set up
for a church doctor, we are inclined
to suggest that perhaps the "child
is hungry."

Nothing puts a church into such
good humor as to feed it well; noth-
ing so quiet a quarrelsome spirit
and silences carping criticism of the
preacher, as for him to put the riches
and fullness and variety of the
gospel into his sermons and prayer-
meeting talks. Preach better,
brother, perhaps they are hungry
cross.

Still Room.

Room for the prodigal who had
wasted his substance in riotous
living, and was returning in his
rags and filth; room for the weakly
wicked who denied him, for Peter
found a welcome; room for the cruel
persecutor, for Saul of Tarsus saw
him, "as one born out of due time;"
room for the degraded outcast, for
the woman that was a sinner who
wept at his feet, heard him say,
"Thy sins, which are many, are
forgiven thee;" room for the world's
outlaws, for the dying thief who
humbly prayed, "Lord remember
me when thou comest into thy
Kingdom," heard dying lips frame
themselves to the firm assurance,
"This day thou shalt be with me in
paradise."

Yes, there is room for all in that
heart of him who 'so loved the
world that he gave his only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth on
him might not perish, but have
everlasting life."

Daily Winding.

The watch in your pocket, or that
clock on the mantel-piece needs to
be wound every day or every eight
days. Neglect them over the day,
or over the week, and soon the tell
tale hands will remind you, and the
confusion in your household or busi-
ness would loudly call for the re-
winding. Do you think your pri-
vate devotions, or family prayer, or
social and public worship would be
more faithfully attended to if they
were some tell tale hands to show
you that you were not coming up to
time? Because God does not treat
you like a machine, and does not
remind you in a way that cannot be
overlooked, will you therefore give
more attention to your time piece
than your altar? Shall your own
pleasure and convenience and
secular business be of more regard
to you than your religious condition,
your spiritual happiness, or your de-
votional duties to yourself, to others
and to God?

Rebellious Delay.

If a father should bid a child do
such and such a thing, would he
answer him, "I hope to do so after
awhile?" What would the father
say to him if he did? What could
he do but punish him for impudent
disobedience? And you who put off
the Lord Jesus till a more conven-
ient season, what are you doing? Is
not your procrastination flat re-
bellion? I cannot make anything
else out of it. Do you think that
God will?—C. H. Spurgeon.

Receive Christ with all your heart.
As there is nothing in Christ that
may be refused, so there is nothing
in you from which he must be
excluded.

Faith, though weak, is still faith
—a glimmering taper, if not a glow-
ing torch. But the taper may give
light as truly as the torch, though
not so brightly.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to
bear as the thought of sorrow com-
ing. Airy ghosts that work no
harm do terrify us more than men
in steel with bloody purposes.—T.
B. Aldrich.

To attempt to serve God without
love is like rowing against the tide;
but love oils the wheels and makes
duty sweet. The angels are swift-
winged in God's service because
they love him. Love is never
weary.—Watson.

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