

Trust.

BY E. F. NASON.

O patient heart! I wonder, if you knew
Life's coming ills and cares; if you could
look
Along the years and read as from a book
The record soon to be your own; would you
Have courage still; would you as leal and
true
Remain as when God's kindest pity took
Such knowledge from you, while His love
forsook
You never, nor His helpful strength with-
drew?
Such blissful ignorance be still thine own!
Such patient love be thine for aye and aye!
Still, not by knowledge, strive to walk
alone,
But trust, trust that is quick and strong
to slay
All shrinking fears, all doubts that you
have known,
That so His hand may lead you on the way.
—Watchman.

Stopping the Paper.

Mrs. Jacob Willis was lost in thought, not very pleasant thought either, judging from the manner in which she knit her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mr. Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down, that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute, needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie, who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and to-morrow the milk-bill will be left. I owe Mrs. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription for our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder"—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabbily-booted foot went on.

"I believe it will have to be done; of course, I can't expect James to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard; but really, I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with our growing family and increasing expenses, I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school books must be bought, food is a necessity, and help in the kitchen I cannot do without; so I see no other way to begin saving but to write and stop the paper."

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. Jacob Willis, but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping her paper. "And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said, as she closed the envelope, and brushing away a falling tear, she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that, as he was to take part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said.

"Stopped it?" he ejaculated blankly; "why, wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling; "and besides," she added gently, "you have said for two or three successive years, when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a useless expense."

"Very true, so I have," assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can very well do without it; at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting of prayer without the useful hints with which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a few moments. "I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful recipes, such as you allowed me to copy, and I knew you would spare it a few moments."

"I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! oh, well, never mind," and the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as

I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jamie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday-school lesson. Where's the paper; I'll get it."

"We have no paper to night, Jamie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully, "so we'll try to get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jamie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh, dear me," piped up Jennie, "what shall we do?"

"And there's the story mother always read to us after the Sunday-school lesson was learned," wailed Jamie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear any more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough."

No more was said that night.

The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously, and crept painfully along, was seen coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor old Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good-morning, Mr. Edson; how is your wife this morning?"

"Better, sir, thank you; considerably better; she is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was so smart, to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper; wife said it would be good as a cordial, any day, to hear me read."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forthcoming declaration.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with this week's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject until the family were seated at their ample dinner, then Jennie asked, a little timidly:

"Pa, are you going to take mama's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it."

The children were very quiet for a moment, then Jennie asked, thoughtfully:

"And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the puddings? I'd a great deal rather have one nice story and a lesson every week than to have plum pudding."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother; "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl, and do more of my own cooking, that will probably be a great saving in more respects than one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

"It was surprising how much happier they all felt, and when, toward the last of the week, the paper came, impulsive Jennie actually kissed it."

"Why, it looks just like an old friend!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realized, and not only a friend, but a help and a teacher," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent. He saw the child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comment; but afterward, when only himself and wife were in the room, he said:

"Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the worth of a good religious paper—absolutely ashamed that my poorer neighbors and my own children knew more of the world and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future, do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction, and I promise you have heard the last from me you are ever likely to about not being able to afford one religious paper. We can't afford not to have it."

And that is how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—*Golden Rule.*

The Counsel of the Ungodly.

"What are you about today?" asked a bright, handsome woman of a friend whom she met on the street.

"Oh, a most interesting piece of business," answers the other, smiling gaily. "I haven't had a coat for three winters, and now I am going out to get a nice warm one, that will last me another three."

"Delightful! I'll go along," says Mrs. A., "and see that you get something suitable and becoming."

"I don't know whether I ought to let you go with me," says Mrs. B.,

honestly hesitating, "because you'll tempt me into extravagance."

"Nonsense," replied the other. "I am only going to see if the coat fits. Where are you going to try first?"

"I want to go to Barton's," says Mrs. B., with an added tone of doubt in her voice.

"To Barton's? Why, my dear, their things have no style at all. Now here we are at Antrim's; just let's step in and take a look at these wraps."

Mrs. B. sighed a little at being over-persuaded into the more expensive, fashionable store, but the coats were very handsome.

"Show me some Russian circulars, please," she asked the finely-dressed young lady who came forward.

"What price?" asked the girl, politely, measuring Mrs. A. with her practised eye, and wishing she were the customer instead of Mrs. B.

"Not over twenty-five dollars," and they "step back," past the long rows of silk and velvet and fur.

Mrs. A. is dissatisfied with each one that her friend tries on, and motions to the girl privately to bring something finer.

A forty-dollar cloak is brought, lined with quilted satin, and trimmed with handsome fur.

"Oh, don't show me that," says poor Mrs. B., "that's too expensive."

"Pshaw, Bell," says her friend. "What is fifteen dollars? I know your husband."

"Of course," interrupts Mrs. B., her cheeks aflame, "my husband gives me whatever I ask for, without questioning my plans, but—"

"Well, then, you just shall get this beautiful wrap; he'll be pleased I know, and you'll never regret it."

But Mrs. B., being a Christian, did regret many a time that she had spent the fifteen dollars she hoped to save for foreign missions. The cause suffered for lack of it, but her Christian character suffered more from following the kindly meant "counsels of the ungodly."

"Where are you going to send Robert to college?" asks Mr. A., as he dines with Mr. B. down town.

"I am thinking of sending him to D," says his father.

"Indeed! do you think D. will offer him as great facilities for a practical education as E.?" asks his friend.

"I am not sure that it will," replies Mr. B. gravely; "but it will, I know, afford him a good sound education, and, to tell the truth, I value the religious influence its students are under, while I dread the free-thinking tendencies at E."

"Yes, to be sure; that is to be looked at," says Mr. A. courteously (he does not himself believe in religion, but he believes in politeness). Then adds, with a certain lightness of tone that generally accompanies such witticism, "D. will have to make Robert a very pious youth indeed, if he is ready to forgive you presently, for putting him out of the advanced line of students of his day. Good-bye; my compliments to Mrs. B."

Mr. A. is a sensible, genial fellow, and he is giving his friend what he believes to be sound advice. The trouble is, his stakes are set only for this world. "Let us take a good place in this life, for to-morrow we die," is his highest idea of life.

After all, Robert goes to E., and "advances" clean out of sight of old-fashioned Bible truth.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. . . . But his delight is in the law of the Lord."—*Elizabeth P. Allan, in the Morning Star.*

How to do it, And How Not to do it

IN A MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A fixed hour and moment for the opening of the school will contribute largely to its success. A prompt superintendent will make prompt teachers and scholars. Time lost in a Sunday-school is as valuable as time lost in a counting-room or work-shop. Take a school of three hundred members, with five minutes unnecessary delay by a careless superintendent, and 1,500 minutes are wasted. Twenty-five hours, or six months of lesson hours, by the tardiness of one man. General Mitchell, the Christian soldier and devout astronomer, once reproved an army officer who came to apologize for a little delay—"only a few moments."

"I have been in the habit," said the General, "of calculating the value of the thousandth part of a second." Let every leader of a Sunday-school try to win Henry Martin's honorable title, "The man that never wasted an hour."

PRAYER.

Why is it that some men pray in the Sunday-school for "all the world and the rest of mankind?" If anywhere on earth there should be definite prayer, it should be when one stands before a company of children. The lesson of that hour should be the subject, and the only plea to be presented to him who hears and answers; and the prayer should begin, and end, with the one subject. "Lord save me or I perish!"

was Peter's direct request, and Mr.

Moody says, "If Peter had put as long a preamble to that petition as some men do now-a-days, Peter would have been forty feet under water before he got to his cry for help." Pray for the Sunday-school: its needs, and those only, should be the rule at the opening of every service. Dr. Payson, when a student, began to beg God's blessing on his daily studies, and gave as the result: "I have done more in one week than in the whole year before."

So a blessing on the coming Scripture lesson for both teacher and scholar should be pleaded for, and the Holy Spirit will be the chariot by which the desired gift shall come. Many of our schools and churches introduce into their service the "Lord's Prayer." It is surprising to some of us laymen, why many of the pastors fail also signally in their effort properly to lead a congregation in this petition. They will seem to start right, the congregation join in, but by the time the "daily bread" is reached, the leader is going at a 2. 40 pace, and those who attempt to follow must pass over half the sentence in order to reach the Amen with the leader. If such pastors would occasionally exercise their gift with their Sunday schools, they would learn how not to do it.—*S. Brainard Pratt.*

Do Your Best.

The great secret in any enterprise lies in the thoroughness of the work performed. It matters little whether the work be of hand or brain; if it is well done, it seldom fails in its object. If it is done in a heedless, slovenly manner, only a change of circumstances can render it successful, and that success reflects less credit on the doer than on the favourable circumstances which render it possible. If a man be a common labourer, he can gain such respect by doing his work so well that his labour will be sought for and he will be honoured for his fidelity. Such men will not be long out of employment even in hard times, while those who are known to perform their work with the least possible trouble to themselves, or unskillfully, will always be complaining of the hard times.

If you are a maid in the kitchen, do your work so well that you will be invaluable in a household. A faithful servant is a friend, and will be so considered by those who do their work well.

Whatever your station in life, aim to do your best, and you can but honour the station you occupy. Think no work degrading which is well done, and all work degrading which is half done.

Dr. Douglas was once astounded at the sudden and somewhat remarkable effect of a sermon of his on that subject, had on an old woman who was a member of his congregation. A few days afterward the old woman stopped the doctor on the street and said:

"Doctor, that sermon of yours on the subject of economy was the best I ever heard. I never was so impressed by the duty of becoming economical, and I conclude to practice as well as believe your advice."

"I am glad to hear that you are pleased. What have you done, if I may inquire?"

"I have reduced my contribution to the church from \$12.50 a year to \$10."

The best part of the story is that the old woman was really in earnest, and thought she was simply doing her duty.

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The Waiting Angels.

We have, somewhere, read that, on the shores of the Adriatic, the wives and children of the fishermen who ply their craft by day upon the sea, assemble at sunset and join in singing some familiar household hymn, and they sing, and sing again, sending their voices clear and strong out upon the waters, until their waiting ears catch a response telling them that their loved ones are almost home. So when our days of earthly toil are over, when our suns of life are fast setting and we draw near the eternal shore, may our dull ears catch the sweet songs of the waiting angels, and our faltering lips send back a responsive chorus announcing that we too are almost home—almost in the arms of the shining escort, almost at the doors of the Father's house with many mansions.—*Interior.*

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