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"SPEAK NAEE ILL"

Other people have their faults,
And so have you as well;
But all chance to see or hear
Ye have no right to tell.

"If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see and feel;
Naething has all too much o' woe,
And not enough o' weal."

"Be careful that ye make nae strife
Wi' meddling tongue and brain;
For ye will find enough to do
If ye but look at hame."

"If ye canna speak o' good,
Oh, dinna speak at all;
For there is grief and woe enough
On this terrestrial ball."

"If ye should feel like picking flaws,
Ye better go, I ween,
And read the book that tells ye all
About the mote and beam."

"Dinna lend a ready ear
To gossip or to strife,
Or perhaps 'twill make for ye
Nae sunny things o' life."

"Oh, dinna add to others' woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth;
But give ye kindly sympathy
To suffering ones o' earth."

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

BY REV. WM. SWAN.

No wonder that "the common people heard Him gladly" who brought the most exalted truths down to their comprehension through illustrations taken from their daily experience.

In making the way of grass and flowers, of birds and domestic animals, the channels of spiritual truths Jesus secured for his infinite teachings an influence on human hearts wherever Nature, with its many voices, speak to them.

A religion that thus honors the commonplace will always be the religion of the people.

Travellers in the East have often confirmed the aptness of our Saviour's tender illustration of the shepherd and his sheep, his knowledge of them and their recognition of him while fleeing from the stranger's call. But so beautifully was this relation exemplified a little while since, near home, that I am certain the narrative will not be devoid of interest.

One of our farmers, Mr. C., one morning, missed his flock of thoroughbred Southdowns and knew not whether they had strayed or been stolen.

After some time, through inquiry and advertising, he was put upon their track, and traced them, step by step, to the market of a dealer in Buffalo, who had bought them, as he supposed, of their rightful owner. This man had sold the flock to a party in Penn Yan, and thither the owner hastened to claim his lost property. But though easily recognizing his sheep it was more difficult to convince their purchaser of his ownership.

At last he said to him, "If I cannot convince you by the sheep themselves that they are mine I will not claim them."

Whereupon they went together to the field. The purchaser entered first, but the flock, as if frightened at his voice and presence, fled from him. Then Mr. C. went towards the timid sheep, quietly calling them as he was wont to do, and immediately they came crowding around him and licked his hand held out to them. It was enough, the sheep knew his voice, and they followed him. And though he had many miles to traverse, they came quietly along, never once seeking to escape by cross-roads, until he brought them home.

Dear reader, may you and I know our Shepherd's voice, so trust his loving care.

What is it to be a Christian but just to recognize and follow our rightful Master?

HINTS AS TO THRIVING.

Hard work is the grand secret of success. Nothing but rags and poverty can come of idleness. Elbow grease is the only stuff to make gold with. No sweat, no sweet. Every man must build up his own fortune now-a-days. Shirt-sleeves rolled up lead on to broadcloth.

Believe in travelling step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Every little helps, as the saw said when she snapped at a goat. Every day a thread makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips its own heels. Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

Make as few changes as you can; trees often transplanted bear little fruit. If you have difficulties in one place, you will have them in another, if you move because it is damp in the valley, you may find it cold on the hill. Where will you find land without stones, or meat without bones? Stick to it is the conqueror. He who can wait long enough will win.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at his

work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks. There is some discomfort in all trades except chimney-sweeping. If sailors gave up going to sea because of the wet, if bakers left off baking because it is hot work, if ploughmen would not plough because of the cold, and tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we should come to! Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had.

Plod is the word. Everyone must row with such oars as he has, as he can't choose the wind he must sail by such as God sends him. If the cat sits long enough at the hole she will catch the mouse.

Take time by the forelock. Be up early and catch the worm. The morning hour carries gold in its mouth. He who drives last in the row gets all the dust in his eyes; rise early and you will have a clear start for the day.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The artist is not in making money, but in keeping it.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and accosted with him, "Beg your pardon stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously: "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you sing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion; "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he has created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cares for the sparrow how much more for man created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—*London Freeman.*

Bishop Beveridge's Resolutions.

1. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to walk by rule, and therefore think it necessary to resolve upon rules to walk by.

2. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to make the divine word the rule of all the rules I propose to myself.

3. I am resolved, that as I am not able to think or do anything that is good without the influence of the divine grace; so I will not pretend to merit any favour from God, upon account of anything I do for His glory and service.

CONCERNING MY BEHAVIOUR IN GENERAL.

1. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to make Christ the pattern of my life here, that so Christ may be the portion of my soul hereafter.

2. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to walk by faith, and not by sight, on earth, that so I may live by sight, and not by faith, in heaven.

3. I am resolved by the grace of God, always to be looking upon God, as always looking upon me.

CONCERNING MY THOUGHTS.

1. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to watch as much over the inward motions of my heart, as the outward actions of my life.

2. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to stop every thought at its first entering into my heart, and to examine it, whence it comes and whither it tends.

3. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to be as fearful to let in vain, as careful to keep out sinful thoughts.

4. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to be always exercising my thoughts upon good objects, that the devil may not exercise them upon bad.

5. I am resolved, by the grace of God, so to marshal my thoughts that they may not one jostle out another, nor any of them prejudice the business I am about.

CONCERNING MY AFFECTIONS.

1. I am resolved, by the grace of God, always to make my affections subservient to the dictates of my understanding, that my reason may not follow, but guide my affections.

2. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to love God as the best of goods, and to hate sin as the worst of evils.

3. I am resolved, by the assistance of divine grace, to make God the principal object of my joy, and sin the principal object of my grief and sorrow; so as to grieve for sin more than suffering, and for suffering only for sin's sake.

4. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to desire spiritual mercies more than temporal; and temporal mercies only in reference to spiritual.

5. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to hope for nothing so much as the promises, and to fear nothing so much as the threatenings of God.

6. I am resolved, by the grace of God, to arm myself with that spiritual courage and magnanimity as to press through all duties and difficulties whatsoever, for the advancement of God's glory and my own happiness.

7. I am resolved, by the grace of God, so to be angry, as not to sin, and, therefore, to be angry at nothing but sin.

SUFFERING AND SYMPATHIZING.

He who has passed through the trial can feel most tenderly for those who are similarly afflicted. This is so true that the inspired writer has said even of Jesus: "In that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted;" and, indeed in one aspect of it, the very necessity for the incarnation is found in the principle just enunciated. To have a sympathizing God we must have a suffering Saviour, and there is no true fellow-feeling with another save in the heart of him who has been afflicted like him. Nay, more: the having suffered like another impels us to go and sympathize with him. Those of us who have lost little children feel a prompting within us to speak a word of comfort to every parent who is passing through a similar experience.

We cannot do good to others save at a cost to ourselves, and our afflictions are the price we pay for our ability to sympathize. He who would be a helper must first be a sufferer. He who would be a saviour must somewhere and somehow have been upon a cross; and we cannot have the highest happiness of life in succoring others without tasting the cup which Jesus drank and submitting to the baptism. Every real Barnabas (Son of Consolation) must pass to his vocation through seasons of personal sorrow; and so, again, we see that it is true that "by these things men live."

The most comforting of David's Psalms were pressed out of him by suffering; and if Paul had not had his thorn in the flesh we had missed much of that tenderness which quivers in so many of his letters.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

Evil-Speaking.

Slanders, like thistles, fly far, catch soon and would grow large and fast; like bitter pills, would soon cease to taste so badly, and might even prove salutary, if swallowed quickly and not rolled too long under our tongues; like tramps, would soon die, if nobody fed and lodged them; like sparks, would soon harmlessly burn themselves out, if

they fall not upon combustible and explosive material.

Slanders, like flies, light mostly on sores; like birds, peck first at the ripe fruit; like buzzards, gather around the carrion.

There would be fewer open mouths, if there were fewer open ears. Itching ears start itching tongues. Who will carry goods where they can find no market?

The best shield against evil-speaking is good living.

Random Readings.

There are no stillborn children in the family of grace.—*Secker.*

An idle life and a holy heart is a contradiction.—*Brooks.*

Human things must be known in order to be loved; divine things loved in order to be known.

Seek thou thy God alone by prayer, And thou shalt doubt—perchance despair.

But seek Him also by endeavor, And thou shalt find Him gracious ever.—*Aken.*

If the mercies of God be not loadstones to draw us to heaven, they will be millstones to sink us in perdition.—*Secker.*

To him who is good, goodness has ceased to be either object or abstraction; it is in him—a thirst to give, a solemn, quiet passion to bless, a delight in beholding well-being.—*Paul Faber.*

The little word "Father" (saith Luther) lisped forth in prayer by a child of God, exceeds the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and all the other famed orators of the world.—*Brooks.*

The countenance that reflects most of Christ, and shines most with his love and grace, is most fitted to attract the gaze of a careless, giddy world, and win their restless souls from the fascinations of creature-love and creature-beauty.—*Dr. H. Bonar.*

Labor is sweeter, for Thou hast toiled, And care is light, for Thou hast cared; Let not our works with self be soiled, Nor in unsimple ways ensnared Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Jesus! be our light.—*F. W. Faber.*

You had better be a poor man and a rich Christian, than a rich man and a poor Christian. You had better do anything, bear anything, and be anything, rather than be a dwarf in grace.—*Brooks.*

SIX BIBLE NAMES.—Say these six names over a good many times until you can remember them, and the order in which they are given: Adam, Enoch, Abraham, Solomon, Christ, John. Repeat them again and then learn the following bit of Bible chronology:

1. From the time Adam was created until the time Enoch was translated was a thousand years.

2. From the time Enoch was translated until the time Abraham was born was a thousand years.

3. From the time Abraham was born until the time Solomon dedicated the temple was a thousand years.

4. From the time Solomon dedicated the temple until the time Christ was born was a thousand years.

5. From the time Christ was born until the time John died was a hundred years.

Thus is the Bible history of forty-one hundred years divided.

ALWAYS FINDING FAULT.—Let us take care to include in our petitions an urgent entreaty that the Lord in his mercy will keep us from finding fault with each other. This habit, allowed to grow and grow, becomes a very upas tree in many a household, killing all peace and breaking down the unity and comfort of home. It is so easy to point out what is wrong and forget that the action criticised was perhaps done with the best ability of the doer. Even if we are really sure of being able to do it better, there is no excuse for discouraging the attempt made by another.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. *jun16ly*

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