

Comfort one Another.

Comfort one another:

For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad,
There is heavy burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another:

With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And looks of friendly eyes,
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken;
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another:

There are words of music ringing
Down the ages sweet as singing
Of the happy choir above,
Ransomed saint and mighty angel,
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the eternal love.

Comfort one another:

By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with his precious blood;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that will not flatter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another:

Let the grave-gloom lie beyond you
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb;
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush to tear-drop starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his people room.

—Independent.

Hearing Ourselves As Others Hear Us.

BY MARY E. SWEETSER.

Mrs. Lamson and Mrs. Flanders exchanged a good morning greeting, as they stood in their respective doorways, where they had come to call their boys to breakfast.

"Come, Charley," said Mrs. Lamson, "breakfast is all ready."

"Come, breakfast is hot, come in now, George," said Mrs. Flanders. Charley smiled, and George frowned, as each started for home.

The sentences uttered by the two mothers, when written, seem to be very similar, but could you have heard them spoken, you would have found it difficult to believe the words were so nearly the same. Mrs. Lamson's call would have the effect upon your mind as if she had said,

"Come, Charley, my son, I have been preparing a splendid breakfast for you, and have no doubt you are all ready to enjoy it."

Mrs. Flanders' tone of voice said, "Come, come, come, I have been working hard, while you were playing, to have your breakfast hot, and now it will surely be all cold, before you are seated at the table."

Mrs. Flanders did not mean to fret. She seldom did allow herself to do so in words, but she did not in the least realize that the impatience which had become habitual in her tone, would be nearly as irritating to her children.

She sat sewing that afternoon, in her chamber, with the door ajar into the nursery adjoining, where her little six-year old Nellie, and a younger companion, were playing.

"Now," said Nellie to her visitor, "you be my little girl, and I'll be your mother and talk to you just like my mother does to me. You must ask me if you can go out and slide," prompted Nellie.

"Tan I go out an' slide?" quoted Katie.

"Yes, dear, you may go, but be sure and come home in half an hour. You have your mittens on, have you not?"

Mrs. Flanders dropped her work in utter amazement, at the exact counter-part of her own voice, in her imitator. Nellie continued to herself in the same querulous tone.

"She'll be sure to punch a hole in her mitten, and then I shall have it to mend. Oh dear! what a bother children are!" ("I never said such a thing," soliloquized the mother.) "I don't suppose she will come home in time, either. The half hour is gone! I must call her."

"Katie! come in! Let me look at your mitten. Yes, a hole, just as I thought. You are a very careless girl, Katie Jenkins. Have you sewed the square in your patch-work to-day? I thought not."

"Now you must say," suggested Nellie, to her very docile playmate, "But I had to do an errand for Mrs. Hyde."

"But I had to do errand for Miss Hite," promptly repeated Katie.

"Oh, yes! I do just wish Mrs. Hyde would do her own errands."

"My mother don't talk like that way," put in Katie.

"Mine does," said Nellie, emphatically. "Now," she continued, "you may come to supper, although it is altogether too good for such a child."

Mrs. Flanders heard no more. She was too absorbed listening to her own perturbed thoughts. "I never talk in that way, but certainly the words fit the tone, precisely. Is it possible that her quick little mind interprets the tone rather

than the words? It seems as if she had read my very feelings."

For several days Mrs. Flanders made a great effort to speak cheerfully, and as she noticed the quick, surprised smile in the upturned faces of her children, when the same commands were given with a different inflection of voice, her heart smote her that she had so long clouded their lives by her careless petulance. But the habit of years is not easily overcome, and as she sat sewing and thinking one evening she was startled, as she remembered that the old fretfulness had seldom been out of her voice that day.

Just then George passed through the hall, singing,

"What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer."

And to God Mrs. Flanders did carry her trouble, not for the first time, by any means, but with such a sense of her own weakness, and such faith that His strength, and His alone, could enable her to conquer, as never fails to find a speedy answer of relief.

That night, Mrs. Flanders dreamed that as she went about the usual work the next day, she was constantly followed, or accompanied, by a presence unperceived by all but herself, who noted every word and tone. Not once did she allow herself to speak to the children in any but the cheeriest manner, although often in her heart feelings of impatience had been cherished.

At night she was quite happy over her victory, and as day after day of a week went by and she still succeeded in controlling her voice, she ventured to inquire of the angel (for such she had concluded her visitor must be) if he did not think her bad habit entirely cured. As he did so, although he did not apparently speak, these words were revealed with dazzling clearness to her mind.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and awaking, she understood that if she did not pull the root of impatience from her heart, and plant the bulb of thankfulness, all her cutting off, and breaking down, would not prevent new sprouts from unexpectedly and persistently springing up.

O fathers, mothers—husbands, wives—sons, daughters—brothers, sisters—guard the tones of your voice, as well as your words, most carefully in your daily conversation; but above all, "keep yourselves in the love of God" and each other, and your "good words" will "make glad the hearts" of those about you.

—Watchman.

Given Without Reserve.

When the heart is given to Christ, and given without reserve or compromise, all other things will be quite sure to follow. "Holiness to the Lord" will be stamped on them as a merchant stamps his trademark on his wares. Such practical questions as, "What work shall I engage in?" "How much time shall I devote?" and, "How much money shall I give?" will be settled by a conscience of which Christ is king. Christ will get the best.

The first-fruits will not be locked up in the granary, or the fattest sheep killed for the table of selfishness. The whole week will not be monopolized for business or household duties, and a hurried ten minutes be snatched for private prayer, or a sleepy hour be grudgingly given to a devotional meeting.

If there is a bright, intellectual son in the family, the first thought will not be to enter him in the race for wealth or fame or splendid station; but this other thought, "May not Jesus Christ have a use for his brain and tongue in preaching His glorious Gospel?"

There are some of us ministers who in heaven will thank a godly mother for having made this very choice for us, and for having consecrated us from infancy to this "high calling." There are very many other ways in which a man may serve God outside of a pulpit; but Jesus Christ ought to have the "pick" in our schools and colleges, and back of that in our homes and households. No young man or woman, ever consecrates himself or herself to the work of saving souls and helping their fellow-creatures Godward, and was sorry for it. The question, "Where shall I find a field of labor for Christ?" must be settled by the other considerations:

"What am I most fitted for, and where am I most needed?" Mary Lyon's injunction to her pupils at Mount Holyoke was worthy of Paul himself: "Young ladies, in choosing your place of labor, go where nobody else is willing to go."

The amount of our property to be consecrated to purposes of benevolence should be left to a prayer-enlightened conscience. If Christ keeps the check-book and the key of the purse, then He will get His due share; but not a dollar should be given to charity which is demanded by honest indebtedness.

"Owe no man any thing, but to love one another," is a divine rule whose claim is as binding as the

claim of God's treasury. The Bible rule is that every one should give "as God hath prospered him;" in other words, according to his means.

This puts the poor widow's mite on a par with the millions of a Morley, a Lenox, or a Wm. E. Dodge. The most effective way of consecrating money is to bestow it sympathetically—just as the River Nile gives so much soil and rice crop every year. But, good friends, after you and I consecrated our whole selves and all our possessions, we shall still meet our Lord in heaven as poor debtors.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Methods of Work.

As to commonplace and scrap books and a library, I would say that a young man is in danger of fancying that he needs more than he does need. In these days of large circulating and public libraries a professional man, who has no ambition to own a large stock of books simply for the name of having them, will buy only what he can use in his proper work, or wants as an intellectual stimulus. He will get the best books in his own line of study; he will buy and sell not. And if he is a wise man, and it is possible, he will buy his books, not from what he sees written about them, but what he sees written in them. Then, if he will arrange them on his shelves as he means they shall stay, and will use them pencil in hand, marking freely the parts most helpful to him, he will have less need of his *index rerum* and commonplace books. Such a practice at least has been a great help to me. For lighter and more extraneous matters, a series of scrap books, or something answering to them, will be found very convenient and useful.

There is another suggestion which may be of value. Make one day's work help the next, and one literary undertaking—or sermon—be an introduction to the following and always keep the homestretch in view. This has been a principle with me for years. When I began to write sermons one of my greatest trials was their lack of continuity. It was skip, hop, and jump the year through. Nothing could have been more unprofitable, or more unnecessary. One is reminded by the way in which we often deal with the Bible, of what the Frenchman said of truth, that it was so precious that it should be used only with the greatest economy. The book is a unit. Its great facts never appear as simple nuggets, but as the outcropping of massive veins that are without a break from Genesis to the Revelation. It is not systematic theology, nor any other kind of theological pedantry, that is wanted in the pulpit; but a systematic presentation of biblical teaching. And the point I am aiming at now is, that this kind of preaching will help the preacher quite as much as the people. Instead of being exhausted by a succession of sporadic, disappointing efforts, he will feel the inspiration that comes from a sense of being engaged in the great work of unfolding divine truth, a work that has its laws of growth and its certain culmination and results in the kingdom and the glory of our Lord.

—Prof. E. C. Bissel.

One Stitch At A Time.

"What is the secret by which you do your work so beautifully?" The questioner held in her hand an exquisite piece of crocheted work, wrought by the lady to whom the question was addressed.

"There is no secret about it," replied the lady; "I only make every stitch as perfect as I can, and am careful to put it exactly in the right place. There isn't one wrong or careless stitch in all that work. If I make a mistake I ravel it out and correct it."

One perfect stitch at a time! So the marvelous fabrics of lace at fabulous prices are made. So the intricate and exquisite embroideries are wrought. So the costly garments of men and women are put together. One perfect stitch at a time.

The noblest lives are lived—one moment at a time. No moments wasted; no moments carelessly spent; no moments viciously spent. Wrong stitches in crocheting can be raveled out and made right. But who can reverse the tide of time, and undo a wrong act, and make it right?

Some unknown friend left a card on our desk on which was printed this: "I shall pass through this world but once! Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it, now, in *His name and for His sake!*" Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Is there a better secret than that for making the whole fabric of life perfect? "Any good thing that I can do," that covers all our duty to God and to ourselves. "Any kindness that I can show to any human

being," that covers all our duty to our neighbor. Love to God and to our neighbor is the fulfilling of the law.

One stitch at a time! Sometimes we allow ourselves to become confused with the thought or feeling that we have a dozen things to do at once. But that is a mistake. We can do but one thing at a time, think one thing at a time, speak one word at a time, see one thing at a time. For every duty really required of us, we have time given to do it in. We may pass rapidly from one task to another, we may construct machinery by which much of our work may be done simultaneously, and we thus multiply our executive power, but to live two minutes at once no mortal can do, any more than we can recall one act or one moment of the past.

"Let us then then be up and doing, Heart within and God overhead."

—Christian Advocate.

Speak To Them.

A young lady called to see a friend who was ill, and on leaving, one of the children, a sweet, intelligent little girl, took her down stairs. She was her own special favorite and pet, and yet, being naturally of an extremely reserved disposition she had never spoken one word to her on the subject of religion.

Looking down into the thoughtful, loving eyes, under a sudden impulse, she asked the question: "Maude, my darling, do you love Jesus?"

To her astonishment, the child stopped abruptly, and drawing her into a room which they were passing she shut the door, and clinging closely to her, burst into a flood of tears. Looking up at last with a glad, happy face, she said: "Miss Alice, I have been praying for six months that you would speak to me of Jesus, and now you have! Every time I have been to your house I hoped you would say something, and I was beginning to think you never would."

It was a keen reproach to her friend, and one she never forgot. Little Maude is now an earnest young soldier in Christ's army. No one who knows her doubts the reality of her religion, and certainly it gives her character an attractive grace which nothing else could give.

How many poor, sad, seeking souls, like little Maude, wonder why Christians never speak to them of the things nearer their hearts! O Christian, why do you neglect to let your light shine, and guide these weary wanderers home to God?

I Will Tell It.

Many a physician has gained his practice by one patient telling others of his cure. Tell your neighbors that you have been to the hospital of Jesus and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat and drew near to the gates of death; and, maybe, a poor soul just in the same condition as yourself will say, "This is a message from God to me. Above all publish the Lord's goodness for Jesus' sake. He deserves your honor. Will you receive his blessing, and then like the nine lepers give him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the crowd who was healed by touching the hem of his garment, and then would have slipped away? If so, I pray that the Master may say, 'Somebody hath touched me,' and may you be compelled to tell the truth and say, 'I was sore sick in soul, but I touched thee, O my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of thy grace I will tell it, though the devils should hear it. I will tell it, and make the world ring with it according to my ability, to the praise and glory of thy saving grace.'—C. H. Spurgeon.

Gentleness.

Gentleness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that soul of speech which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence, which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light and warmth and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many creaking sound.—It is the curtain, which from many a beloved form wards off at once in the summer's glow and winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmy dream. It is consideration. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths and all its delicacy. It is every thing included in that matchless grace, the gentleness of Christ.—Dr. James Hamilton.

Holiness consists of two things, two endeavors—the endeavor to know God's will and the endeavor to do it when we know it.

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Interest on ".....	1,731 38
Endowment Claims.....	5,433 96
Surrendered Policies.....	20,308 00
Dividends.....	268,412 08
Temporary Reductions.....	\$ 28,639 30

2. SECURITY OFFERED.	
Surplus above all Liabilities.....	\$ 129,413 04
Capital Stock, paid up.....	100,000 00
Capital Stock, subscribed, not called in.....	900,000 00

Total Surplus Security for Policyholders.....\$1,129,413 04

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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.....	5,849,880.19
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
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