

Behold, the Fields are White.

The Master calls. The harvest fields are white;
The reapers answer, and in numbers go,
Can I, with soul and sense in weakest plight,
A sickle wield, uncertain, faint and slow?

Also! in some small moments of weak faith
I do misdoubt me if that Voice divine
Mean very me, when in my soul it saith,
"Mine handmaid, lo! my chosen, thou art mine!"

I am so weak—but O, He is so strong!
I may not stand—But O, He holdeth me!
My steps may falter—He ne'er leadeth wrong,
Mine eyes be blinded—His the whole way see.

And so unknowing where, I will go on;
And so, unknowing how, I will begin
To do what'er I may; now in the dawn
With loving trust, His fields I enter in.

Perchance among the gleaners I may find
Some grains that fall from off the golden sheaves;
Or, better, I may help some tired one bind,
And under breath cheer some sad heart that grieves.

Then if I follow softly all the way,
And if I hush my tears now falling fast,
And work behind the reapers, as I may,
The Master, He will know, as I will know at last!

—Clare M. Greene.

Protracted Meetings in the South.

In the Northern States protracted meetings are held in the winter; the late summer is the time for revivals in the South. In Southern cities protracted services are held in the winter, spring or fall months; but in the rural districts it is the universal custom to hold revival meetings in the summer. There is good reason, as there always is, for a general custom. In most Southern sections there is abundant leisure from the middle of July to the latter part of August. "Crops are laid by." Fodder pulling does not begin, as a rule, for some weeks. Except in some of the more southern counties cotton picking is not yet. The "first bolt" of the cotton crop for 1888-89 reached market this year, July 5th, from the plantation of Primus Jones, of Southern Georgia. He has brought the "first bolt" to market for several years past. But this does not mean that "cotton picking" has fairly begun. The last work has been done that can be done, another lick would now be hurtful; all that the farmer can do for his crop now is to let it alone.

So he goes to meeting. All over Georgia protracted meetings are in progress; all pastors—except the city men—are hard at work with all the help they can get. This is true of all Churches that hold protracted meetings. In this country Churches that do not hold them do not amount to much. "Camp-meetings" among the Methodists, also to some extent among the Presbyterians—Old School and Cumberland—are in full blast. But the camp-meeting is mostly a Methodist institution. In Georgia a full dozen will be going on next Sunday. I have promised to visit three within the next two weeks. The tents are wood structures, built cheaply, and for feeding and sleeping crowds. I expect to be guest next Saturday and Sunday with a Methodist of Hancock county who will think nothing of feeding a hundred people. About two thousand people will be at the meeting, and nine out of ten visitors will be guests. There is a "public tent" there, but these people count it an innovation. They do not like it, they think the old way better, and friends and strangers will be made welcome as guests.

"Basket-meetings," as they are called, are everywhere. Nearly every country church in these States will hold such a meeting between the first of July and the last of August. The Baptists do not use the camp-meeting as a rule; but the basket meeting they make the most of. A prayer meeting at nine, preaching at eleven, "intermission" and one or two hours for dinner; baskets opened, dinner served on rude improvised tables, or upon cloths spread on the grass, or taken from the baskets and discussed in the original way—fingers and pocket knives—the eaters standing about in groups under the trees, talking, laughing, eating—all happy. This intermission for dinner allows the social instinct—so strong in Southern country people—fair play. Kindred, friends, neighbors meet and talk of what concerns them, and all go back for the evening service, and then home to sleep, those nearest entertaining the visiting kin and brethren. Back again next day, till the four-days' meeting is over. If there be great interest it becomes a protracted meeting.

Preachers and zealous laymen do their best now; it is the time of ingathering. Much of the preaching is as good as this country (I mean the United States, can afford; and much of it is otherwise. But the Churches grow, and in the Southern States they are predominant. In illustration: the Southern Methodist Church, May, 1866, reported a membership of about 45,000; in May, 1888, over 1,100,000. The Baptists have grown nearly as fast.

What of the colored people? With exceptions so few as not to affect the question at all, the colored people are "to themselves." They are nearly all Baptists and Methodists, and are likely to continue so for a long time.—*Chicago Advance.*

The Unruly Member.

In the Scriptures we read, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." James 1:26. All know what effect bridling has upon horses; that we can, as the apostle says in another place, make them "obey us,"—bring them into subjection, and cause them to do whatsoever we will,—and this is just the way the Lord would have us to do with our tongue. "But," says one, "The tongue can no man tame," for the Bible says so; and for that reason I will have to do the best I can under the circumstances." To that I will say, that what man cannot do, God can; and if you do your very best, God will supply your deficiency. He has created it. He can also, bridle it. It is necessary that it be controlled, for the apostle James tells us that it "is a fire, a world of iniquity;" and that it "setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." Just think of the fire of destruction already begun in us by means of this unruly member of the body,—the tongue.

He further represents it as "full of deadly poison." How long can life be maintained when exposed to deadly poison? No longer can spiritual life exist, exposed to this deadly poison of the tongue. Our Saviour has spoken very definitely on this point. He says (Matt. 12:36, 38), "But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Is it not of very much importance, then, my brethren, that our words be choice? If we must give account for every idle word spoken, what will it be with the words that are worse than idle? O, what an account that will be!

But further, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Shall our words be such that they shall tend to our justification? or shall they condemn us? Now is the time for us to decide this question. God has conferred a great blessing upon us in that he has given us organs of speech. What a crime, then, must it be to use them to disgrace Him, ourselves, and our fellow-men, and not make them a blessing, as He intended. We read that the exalted, holy beings before the throne of God, who have never been the subjects of God's redeeming love and grace, as we have, "rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" and we who ought to be more grateful, dishonor Him, rather than praise Him. My brethren, these things ought not to be. Shall we not resolve to use every means procurable to guard against the improper use of that one member we find so unruly, and bring it to be a blessing instead of a curse? "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction." Prov. 13:3.—*Review.*

"Now Squire, old Natur."

It is sometimes said that a man's sincerity of purpose is proved if he puts his hand in his pocket-book. Certainly the old gentleman of the following anecdote proved his. He was a stingy Christian and sat listening to a charity sermon. As he was nearly deaf, he was accustomed to sit facing the congregation directly under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directly upward toward the preacher.

The sermon that day moved him. He had a habit of communing aloud with himself, and as the sermon proceeded he said: "I'll give ten dollars." Then he said: "I'll give fifteen."

At the close of the appeal he was greatly affected, and declared he would give fifty dollars. But when the boxes began their rounds his generosity quickly oozed away. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, and finally said, "I guess I won't give nothing to day." As the box moved nearer to him he again soliloquized:

"Yet this won't do. Who knows how much may depend on this! This covetousness may be my ruin." The box was coming nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was under his chin—the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during his soliloquy which unconsciously to himself, had been audible to his near neighbors. At the final moment he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying, as he did so:

"Now squire, old natur."

It was a noble victory, that over self. That deaf old gentleman gave an example worth imitating by many others.

Father Knows.

A gentleman was one day opening a box of goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the box he laid them upon the arm of the boy.

A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said: "Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Johnny in a happy tone; "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in him that God desires all children to possess.

God Answers.

I was seeking a text for the next Sunday's sermon, what should it be? Text after text was studied and laid aside. Preach on Sunday-school lesson; it is about the destruction of Sodom. It seemed as though I could not preach on the awful subject. But I could not get away from that lesson. The sermon, written as it was read over, it still seemed impossible to use it. In the regular prayer-meeting I told my experience and asked the brethren to pray for the Sunday morning service. That was the subject of prayer that evening.

Sunday morning came. In the congregation was a young man, who had been in only a few times. He was not a Christian. He listened attentively. At home he said to his mother, That sermon was preached for me, I shall follow Christ. That week, within an hour of his death, he sent for the pastor whom he earnestly thanked for that sermon.

Does God answer prayer? What profit there might be if the church would heartily pray for the truth to be spoken.—*Standard.*

Habit.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at this business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was force of habit. And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.—*Christian at Work.*

The Silent Sermon.

It has been truly said that a holy life is a continual sermon. Though it be silent in its speech, yet it speaks with a force that cannot be unheeded, even by the most careless—a force that pulpit oratory never can attain, however eloquently it may be. We may extol the name of Jesus from the pulpit in words of eloquence, and be listened to with indifference; but let the humblest disciple of Christ manifest holiness in his daily walk and conversation; let him be meek and lowly as our Saviour was; patient under difficulties; bold and fearless in danger; trusting and confident in the darkest hour, and he yields an influence for Christ which all the eloquence and wisdom of this world cannot equal. Best of all sermons is the silent sermon of a holy life; and, indeed, without it all other preaching is useless and vain.—*J. S. Thorp.*

"The reaching power of personal effort for Christ and the church" is a profitable topic for prayer-meeting at this season. See how it shines out in the cases of Andrew and Philip, in the beginning days of Christian discipleship. It has been inestimable in results ever since. Personal effort on the part of every member would fill the churches and bring multitudes of souls to Christ. Nothing can take the place of it. If you do not exert this power, what excuse will you offer to God?

Miscellany.

"What do you publish a paper for I'd like to know?" sarcastically inquired an irate politician, tackling a country editor. "For \$2 a year, in advance," responded the editor; "and you owe me for four years."—*Grocers and Cannery's Gazette.*

One-half of the scholarships given this year at Cornell were won by women. Rather curiously, too, the scholarships in question were given as prizes for the best records in mathematics, architecture and botany, two branches at least in which the masculine mind has been held to be invincible.

"I am very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me instead of your own minister?" "Weel, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it just reet for our ain minister to run the risk."—*Punch.*

The lightest metal known is lithium, and it is quoted at \$7,000 a pound, more than thirty times as costly as gold. Here is an idea for the jeweler. Lithium is rare and costly, therefore but few can have it. Why not manufacture lithium jewelry? No matter whether it is beautiful or not, being rare and costly it will sell. Whatever the multitude cannot have, some people want very much indeed.

That dogs oftentimes display a keen sense of humor is testified by a correspondent of *The Spectator*, who mentions an incident, related to him by an eye-witness, of a dog who had a constant feud with fowls, which were prone to pilfer from the basin containing his dinner. On one occasion he was lying in front of his kennel quietly watching a hen as she made stealthily and tentative approaches to his basin, which at length she reached and looked into, finding it perfectly empty. The dog wagged his tail.

The English railways have recently increased the speed of their already fast trains, so that the northern lines from London to Scotland make a run of about 400 miles at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, including stops, with twenty minutes or half an hour for lunch. The actual run is made at the rate of nearly fifty miles an hour.

Pat had recently secured a place on a farm. One day at noon he was handed a glass of buttermilk. He tasted the liquid, set the glass down and went into the house. "O say, sor," he said to his employer, "don't yez tink O'd better be afther goin' out an' seein' to the stock?" "Why?" "Because O've some suspicions that somebody's left the cow standin' in the sun and lettin' her milk get sour."

Manual training is one of the few good things good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work. It is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the things he must handle for his living afterward. It is good for the bookish boy, to draw him away from books. But, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him that there is something he can do well.

The daily food of the Sultan of Turkey is cooked by one man and his aids. It is prepared in silver vessels and each vessel is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp after the meal is cooked. These seals are broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes a spoonful of each dish before the Sultan tastes it. The annual expenditure of the household is over \$41,000,000.

The King of the Belgians very graciously received the deputation appointed by the Pan-Presbyterian Council to wait upon him with reference to the liquor traffic in the Congo State. His Majesty expressed his gratitude that the Christian Church was now moving in the matter.

Canon Wilberforce has caused much indignation in Dublin by letters published by him in his parochial magazine, in which he states that the two Protestant cathedrals in Dublin are both memorials of drink. St. Patrick's Cathedral having been built from the proceeds of porter brewing, and Christ Church Cathedral from whiskey distilling. The largest Presbyterian church, says the canon, was also built by a whiskey distiller.

The Queen of the Tonga Islands has petitioned to have her country taken under the protection of Great Britain, to save her land from the curse of strong drink, which the traders are forcing on her people. Great Britain led the way in the abolition of the slave trade. Cannot she lead other Christian nations in the abolition of this international drink traffic?

At a recent convention of brewers and liquor-sellers in one of the cities of Ohio, it is reported, one of the mottoes emblazoned on the walls of the room where the meeting was held was, "Down with the white-livered clergy and the Sunday-school." True enough, one or the other, church or brewery, saloon or Sunday-school, must go down.

The *Woman's Journal* prints the following:—"A young man of Jackson, Mich., called upon his lady-love, and she met him at the door. By some means not explained, while in the hallway she found that his breath smelled strongly of whiskey. She led him to the door, and with more of sorrow than of anger in her voice, she said: 'Joe, this country has voted on the prohibition question, and now I am going to vote. I vote no! Now don't come back until you have got around on the side of the majority.'"

It is stated that a severed nerve in the thumb of a surgeon, who suffered injury while performing an operation, has been mended, and it is believed successfully, by the insertion of a nerve taken, with every antiseptic precaution, from the thigh of a rabbit. The sense of touch has already, two months after the operation, returned in a measure into the injured thumb.

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

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

Note the following illustrations of Profits:—

Name.	Residence.	Insured.	Original Premium.	Present Premium.
M. P. Ryan.....	Montreal.....	1872.....	\$194 75.	\$94 75.
Dr. Inches.....	St. John.....	1871.....	52 84.	23 25.

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1874.....	64,072.88.	621,362.81.	1,864,302.00.
1876.....	102,822.14.	715,944.64.	2,214,093.43.
1878.....	127,505.87.	773,895.71.	3,374,683.14.
1880.....	141,402.31.	911,132.98.	3,881,478.09.
1882.....	254,841.73.	1,073,577.94.	5,849,88 9.1.
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.	9,413,358.07.
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