

A Quarrel.

There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

—Selected.

Church Manners.

W. K. MARSHALL, D. D.

Be on time. When an hour is fixed and repeatedly advertised as the time for the commencement of religious worship, no one has a right to disturb a congregation, or interrupt a preacher, by being tardy. Men should be as prompt in filling their places in church as they are in meeting their notes in bank. No peril of protest should be invited in either case or place. Punctuality is a grace that should be coveted and cultured. There is an invention by which a buggy wheel marks its revolutions, and the number of miles it runs. Will not some genius invent an apparatus that can be so arranged, as that when the tardy ones enter their pew a bell will ring, or an index turn, or a little bird hop out of the clock, and sing, "Coo-coo, coo-coo; behind time, behind time."

Never look around to see who is coming in when the door opens. Obey the apostolic injunction, "This one thing I do; forgetting the things [persons] that are behind, I press [look] forward." It is quite as ill-mannered to look round to see who the tardy ones are as it is to be tardy. It always disturbs your devotions, if you have any, diverts your attention from the sermon, or whatever exercise is under way and is discourteous to the leader of the services.

Never talk or whisper in church, especially after the exercises are opened. To do this indicates one of three things—lightness of spirit, thoughtlessness as to your own good name and the character of the place and occasion, or intentional disrespect to the subject of religion and religious people. Either and all are alike inexcusable and reprehensible.

Never pull out your watch to see what time it is when the text is announced, as much as to say, "I'll time that sermon, if I don't feed on it," and then exhibit a chronic nervousness and itching restlessness by snapping open your hunting case a half dozen times during its delivery, to the infinite annoyance and supreme disgust of all who are so unfortunate as to be your neighbors in the church. And then, when the benediction is scarcely pronounced, do not show your lack of skill as a time-keeper by remarking to Brother Jones, with watch in hand, "That sermon was just forty-one minutes, nineteen seconds and a half long. A lee-e-le too long; ought to have left off the last minute, nineteen seconds and a half." "But what was the text, brother," inquires Deacon Jones, whose soul had been feeding on the sermon, as manna from heaven. "Wall, really you see, I wa'n't watching that; I was keeping time, you know," blandly replies brother Hunting-case. Just so.

Never leave church until the services are all closed. Never manifest your disapprobation of the utterances of the pulpit by frowns, or groans, or gaunts, much less by rushing from the house in a tempest of rage, as if the whole sermon was gotten up for, and directed especially to you. Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the preacher never knew there was such a unit as you in the universe. Remain in your seat until you are orderly dismissed, and the congregation will remain in blissful ignorance of your character. Every man who enters a place of worship loses his individuality, and becomes a part of the individual whole. Voluntarily placing himself in that relation, he has no right to disturb the whole body of worshippers by indecorously withdrawing, until all are dismissed.

Confirm to the usages of the church in which you worship. If the order is to kneel in church, kneel; if to stand, stand; if to bow the head on the seat in front, bow your head before God. To ignore the usages of the church is as unmannerly and indecorous as to ignore usages of a private house, the hospitality of which you are enjoying. The writer once attended the services of a Jewish synagogue, where the men all had their hats on. But he un-

covered his head, according to the custom of Christian people. Presently he was invited by an officer of the synagogue to put on his hat, which he did, although the said hat felt heavier then and there than ever before or since. From thence he went to a Catholic cathedral. With a fresh remembrance of his experience in the synagogue, he failed to uncover his head in the cathedral. Soon an Irish janitor stepped up to his side, and significantly remarked, "All gentlemen take off their hats in this place." So did this writer. The lesson thus taught has never been forgotten. We repeat, always conform to the usages of the church where you voluntarily make one of the congregation.

"We will now sing the doxology and pronounce the benediction," says the preacher; forthwith there is a general upheaval and outstretching of arms, very much to the distress of nervous women, and suggestive of dire consequences to bonnets of the latest style. When the last word of the good, old, long metre doxology is reached, and the familiar sound of "Old Hundred" has died away, it is found that every man has his gloves and overcoat on, with hat in hand, and every woman has her cloak adjusted, ready to run when the "Amen" of the benediction is said. Has not this photograph its original somewhere? Whenever the original is found, it might be well for the minister to close up the service by saying, "We will now sing the doxology, put on overcoats, adjust cloaks and be dismissed with the benediction."

"Let all things be done decently and in order." Amen.—Free Baptist.

Christianity and Beauty.

When Hiram Munger was once giving a somewhat unfaithful Christian a pretty thorough scoring, among other things he said:

"You are ugly, and cross, and homely!"

"But I'm not to blame for being homely," pleaded the victim.

"Yes you are," said he. "You look well enough when you've got the grace of God in your heart."

Solomon said, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine." And we know that that beautifying illuminating wisdom has "the fear of the Lord" as its 'beginning.'

On the contrary, sin, anger, vice and ignorance rob the face of its beauty, and cover the fairest countenance with ugliness and shame. Many a man wears the record of his sins upon his forehead.

Speaking of the gospel among Indian tribes, Miss Carpenter declares that the effects of Christianity were visible not only in the habits of some of the Indian tribes, but in their very faces.

A writer in the *Times* makes some remarks on some photographs of the races of India, published by the government:

"A few plates at the end of the volume are devoted to Malay, Burmese, and Karens. Of the last there is one group, a family of Karens, who have become converts of Christianity, who in their intelligent faces, neat dress, and generally orderly appearance, present a marked contrast to those of their kinsfolk who are still either Buddhists or pagans. Were it not that photographs are necessarily faithful, the change would seem almost too great to be entirely credited."

There is nothing incredible in this to those who believe that man was made in the image of his Maker, and defaced by sin and transgression, and who know what it is to be created anew in Christ Jesus.

The countenance of the converted man or woman is a faithful index of the divine power that works within. And while fops and flirts are busied with their paints and jewels and tricks of adornment, true Christians whose hearts are filled with the peace of God have no need of these outward attractions; they look well enough without them; and their best adorning is that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"That Means Me."

Many of the Dutch farmers in Africa have held the black natives in great contempt, as the planters once despised their slaves.

As one of these farmers was riding out one day, he saw one of the blacks sitting by the roadside reading, when he jeeringly asked: "What book have you there?"

"The Bible," replied the Hottentot.

"The Bible! why, that book was never intended for you."

"Indeed it was," replied the black, confidently; "for I see my name here."

"Your name! Where?" asked the farmer, getting down from his horse; "show it to me."

"There!" said the poor fellow, putting his finger on the word "sinners"—"there! 'sinners' that's my name. I am a sinner, so that means me."—*The Sunlight.*

Opportunities.

How many and varied they are, and how they rise up before us. Happy is he who grasps them as they present themselves, and wrings from them all their possibilities.

Opportunities for self-improvement, growth in various directions meet us at every turn in life. The perfectly developed character loses none of them, but is ever on the alert, and seizes upon and appropriates whatever will tend to one's advancement, and thus some of our most prominent men and women have attained to their present high positions.

But opportunities are not afforded us for self-improvement only. The occasions when the helping hand may be extended, or the word in season spoken, how often they come to us.

One of our city belles was walking down street one day, and just before her were three young men; two of them were evidently urging some matter on their companion, and a temporary obstruction on the sidewalk enabled her to hear them say:

"O, come on and take a drink first, and then I'm sure you'll go with us."

A truly womanly heart beat beneath the fashionable attire of the young lady near him, and as he hesitated a moment, she without a second's delay stepped forward, and laying her daintily gloved hand on his arm, said:

"Excuse me, but please don't go with them."

He turned in surprise, lifted his hat and said:

"Thank you, I won't," and walked away from his companions.

It was all over in a minute, the crowd moved on, and the lady was lost in it, but she had met her opportunity and improved it. She may never on earth see the fruitage those words have borne, but that young man says that those few pleading words rang in his ears when he was tempted as he was that day, and by God's grace aided him to plant his unsteady feet on the firm rock, from which safe vantage ground he watches for opportunities to help his fellows, strangers it may be, as he was that day.—*Christian at Work.*

A Memory of a Village Church.

As a little child in a village church, I remember with great distinctness a very forlorn old bachelor who always sat in the end of the front bench of the amen corner. His face was wrinkled and sorrow, his eyes were sunken into great hollows, his hair was thin and gray. He always listened with rapt attention, whoever the officiating minister might be, and when the hymns were sung he would close the book on one long bony finger, throw back his head, close his eyes, open his toothless mouth and sing with his whole soul. I often wondered if he knew the whole hymn book by heart, and watched to see if a stranger in the pulpit would not some time stumble upon a hymn which would make it necessary for him to open his book.

A year or two later, a schoolmate, thoughtless and fun-loving, used sometimes to make herself and her companions right merry over his forlorn appearance and odd ways. "He'll never die," she would aver, "for there will be nothing left to die; he is already skin and bones. The rest will just dry up and fly away to heaven, or else he will sing himself away to everlasting bliss." I laughed with her then, but, later still, when the old man lay in his narrow bed, his place in the church empty for the first time since I had known him, I heard some things which made me feel that I had seen one God's holy ones and knew it not.

Poor in this world's goods, he was rich in faith. Working hard, living alone on a small salary, always presenting a thread-bare appearance, yet he wielded a power in that community of which few ever dreamed. He wrestled in prayer and had power with God and prevailed. One who had known him long, and perhaps more intimately than any one else, told me that for many years he had a habit of selecting some one among his acquaintances, or one who in some way had been brought before his attention and interest, and wrestling in prayer for that person with a faith and persistency that always found an answer. As soon as one object of his prayers became a Christian, he would seek out another in the same way. The number who had come into the church thus one by one, in direct answer to his prayers was wonderful, and some of them had been previously known as the "hardest cases" about town.

Why do not we Christians more fully appreciate our resources? By this one little wand of prayer which God has placed in our hands we call to our aid nothing less than almighty power. We ask, believing that God means what he says, and he sends the Holy Spirit into the heart

of some friend, changing the whole life and character of the friend, for "He turneth the hearts of men whithersoever He will." Was it to the Syrophenician woman alone He said, "Be it unto thee as thou wilt?"—*Annie E. Wilson, in The Interior.*

The Colporter and Bismarck.

A German colporter who stopped at Varzin gives this account of his experiences there at the castle of Count Bismarck, the German premier:

Arriving at my lodging after my day's work, I was invited to attend evening worship at the castle, strangers being always welcome. I gladly went and found the men and maid servants and the day laborers employed by the owner of the place, and also a number of villagers gathered in the large "prayer hall."

Some of the men, whom I had met during the day, invited me to a seat with them. The hall was filled.

Before long the owner entered, and while passing through the aisle on his way to the desk he smilingly bowed to the right and the left. Taking his stand at the desk he looked at me sharply, but at the same time kindly, in the face and said:

"Have we not a Bibleman in our midst?"

All present fixed their eyes upon me, when the speaker continued:

"You would be kind enough to conduct this service and worship with us, would you not?"

"Pardon me, your Excellency," said I, "but I—"

Interrupting me here he said:

"Ah! my dear man, what are you talking about 'excellency' for? Here before God we are all poor sinners! Come this way and take your place here and lead us in our worship this evening."

He then stepped down and took his seat among the people. I could not but obey. At the close he warmly shook my hand, thanked me, and wished me God's blessing upon my labors.

Simple Willingness.

"A simple willingness to serve the Master." It was a petition in a good man's prayer, which, falling on the ear of the writer, has long dwelt in her memory.

In this busy, hurrying age, when so many are working at fever heat, in the Church as well as out of it—when our books and papers, the sermons we hear, even our intercourse with friends, all seem to stimulate to yet greater activity—that prayer for simple willingness falls like a soothing balm upon the overwrought.

There are some of us—just a few—whose hands are not idle, but who chafe and fret against the bounds of our appointed place, and look longingly towards what we deem a nobler larger work. The words "mission," "vocation," a higher sphere of activity, so much on the lips nowadays, too often steal between us and a simple willingness.

We are too prone, "the daily task forgotten," to look too eagerly beyond to some great work we should love to perform for the Master; while we count as "common" the work He Himself has laid upon our hands. We want to serve Him in the throng, when He calls us to a desert place.

"Do not pray for strength to bear the tortures of the Inquisition," says Spurgeon, "when what you need may be grace to darn the family hose uncomplainingly!"

We may fondly think how well we might serve the Master 'if I were free from such heavy, homely cares,' sighs one. 'If I had only my once firm health,' moans another.

But what we may need for service anywhere is the simple willingness to 'do the next thing,' whatever that may be.

How would the Church-aye, the world—grow in grace if the servants of Christ more frequently and sincerely lifted and practiced this beautiful petition!—*Selected.*

The Best Argument.

The best argument in favor of religion is pure, patient, unselfish, loveable, earnest and helpful living. Said a young man who had tried to be an infidel: "I could answer every argument in favor of religion to my own satisfaction, except the consistent living of my own father." The disciple who "photographs in his daily conduct the life which his Master Lived" is "an epistle known and read of all men," and in thus "adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour" he builds up an argument which all the forces of an unbelieving world cannot break down.

Many people spend their time in trying to find the hole where sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into the millpond, they had better hunt for some hole to get out, rather than get into a long argument about the hole they came to fall in.

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1876.....	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,063.43
1878.....	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,663.14
1880.....	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.91
1884.....	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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