

"Whoever."

There are children on the floor,
Conning Bible lessons o'er.

"Which word all the Bible through
Do you love best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one;
"Jesus is my word alone."

"I like Hope;" "and I like Love;"
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more smaller than the rest,
"I like Whoever best;"

"Whoever, that means all—
Even me, who am so small."

"Whoever!" Ah! I see,
That's the word for you and me.

"Whoever will" may come—
Find a pardon and a home.

—Gleanings for the Young.

Going Around In A Half Bushel.

BY MRS. ANNIE. A. PRESTON.

Parson Clark had malaria. He had it the very worst kind, so that for a week he was almost ready to believe that there was imminent danger of the top of his head breaking out into a nest of active bumblebees.

He could neither read, write nor visit, and was very much tried that he should be obliged to lie quietly in a hammock, wrapped in a blanket, when there were so many things to do.

On Saturday morning he found himself so much better that he said to his wife as he nibbled his toast and sipped his coffee:—

"I am going into the study immediately, and you must remember that I am not to be disturbed; that peculiar buzzing in my head has developed a somewhat remarkable train of thought. I have tried all the week to get hold of it by the right thread, and this morning I seem to have it where it will reel off like one of the skeins of worsted I used to hold for you to wind that winter of our first acquaintance. Eh, my dear?"

Before the pink glow that had flamed up in the young wife's cheeks had quite died out under her husband's admiring glance, a neighbor came who for some time had been desiring speech with the parson. Before he could be dismissed, a second caller divided the poor minister's attention, and soon a third parishioner drove up with a request for him to attend a funeral that afternoon in a remote corner of the town.

Of course he could not refuse to go, but his habitual cheerfulness seemed to have taken leave of him, and he said almost fretfully as he harnessed the horse:—

"Well, Lord, there is just this one thing about it. If you don't want me to make preparations for Sunday, I will do the very best I can without preparation, that is all."

On Sunday morning he picked up the heads of a sermon he had noted down some weeks before, and went to church. It was a suggestive subject, and firstly and secondly went of very well, but on thirdly he stuck fast, and although he took up the usual time, he had never been so utterly dissatisfied with himself.

I never in my life made such works of preaching," he said to his wife, who had remained at home with the baby. "It was like going around and around in a half bushel, I couldn't get off from thirdly. I tried. I struck off upon fourthly, and skipped over into fifthly and sixthly, but it was of no use; I found myself back hammering away at thirdly: I must admit that I have made a fool of myself in the Lord's house, and I am ashamed. I felt more chagrined over it because neighbor Walker was there; and he so seldom attends any church, that when he comes to hear me, I want to make him feel paid."

Monday morning Parson Clark really felt as if he didn't care to meet any one who heard him preach the day before, so wandered off by himself out back of the barn to the further garden. While he was engaged in examining potato-tops to see if a further application of Paris green was in order, his neighbor Walker who was at work in the next field came up to the high rail fence, and leaning upon the top, said:—

"I felt as if I wanted to tell you about my yesterday's experience."

"Oh, dear! Yes, he was disgusted, of course," groaned the minister in spirit. But Mr. Walker went on:—

"You know I am not much of a meetin' goer, but somehow I have been a good deal worked up over your sickness. It set me thinking that if you should die, or have to go away from here on account of your health, this neighborhood would be quite a different place to live in. You have had a good influence on the community, and if you can stay your term but, will do a great deal of good. Then I thought your sickness might be partly due to discouragement because the men did not turn in to help

you, and I never felt so self-condemned in my life, and I resolved that if you were able to preach on Sunday, I would go and hear you. Perhaps you noticed that I was there, and I must say I was surprised at your preaching."

"Poor man!" groaned the parson inwardly. "I think he ought to have been surprised." But Mr. Walker continued:—

"I don't suppose you meant to preach to me exactly, but you made it so plain to me that it was the duty of every citizen and head of a family to attend divine worship and to support it by his money and his presence and his example, that I am resolved to start out anew and to lead a different life. I was always a believer, but I never understood, until yesterday, that by not confessing Christ I was denying Him. I don't know whether I am what you call converted or not, but you showed me myself as God must look upon me, as Christians must look upon me, and you helped me to see my duty; and now, if I can do anything in any way to help the Lord's cause, or to help you or any one else, including myself, I want you to call upon me, for I've told the Lord that I'm ready, and I mean it."

The tears of joy and of humility ran down the parson's face. "Thank the Lord for keeping me in a half bushel," he said. "I see now why He did so."

That was not the last of it. During the week it seemed to him that half the people he met told him of some way in which they had been helped by that sermon.

"I never since have complained of being kept in any space where God desires to keep me," he said, the other day, when telling this incident.

"If the Lord keeps you in a half bushel, trust Him to bless you in it, and the little space filled with God's love shall become a Bethel, and therefrom shall go out rays of light by which, although perhaps unknown to you, Christ shall be glorified."—*Zion's Herald*.

Church Member Interviewed.

"Deacon B., what evening in the week do you have prayer meeting?"

"Don't have any now. We used to, but it got to be an old story and we gave them up."

"How often do you commune?"

"Oh, just as it happens; perhaps once in one or two years."

"Keep up a monthly church and fellowship meeting, I suppose?"

"Why, yes; but seldom more than four or five attend, and often no one."

"Do you have regular preaching on Sundays?"

"Yes, when we can get some one to preach. We are destitute now; we want to engage a pastor right away."

"What salary do you pay your preachers?"

"Well, it depends on the minister, whether he suits the people well. If he does, we could get more for him; but if they don't take to him we can't raise so much."

"Well, about how much have your salaries averaged?"

"Oh, from two to three hundred dollars. Once or twice we got a right smart man and we paid him four hundred dollars, but it was tight pulling to get the last of it."

"You furnish parsonage on that limited salary, I presume?"

"No; we have no place for our ministers to live. They have to get in wherever they can."

"I suppose you furnish them fuel, and hay for their cow and horse?"

"No, we give so much and let him buy to suit himself."

"How do you raise the minister's salary?"

"Well, after he preaches a few times so we can judge of his talents, we go around among the people with a subscription list and get subscribed all we can. If we don't get the sum agreed on put down then we get up festivals parties, fairs, and the like to raise the balance."

"Do you pay in regular installments monthly?"

"Well, that depends on how they pay up. Some pay in a little along at times and some not until the last end, and we pay the preacher as we can catch it, little by little."

"Have your pastors generally had a family to support?"

"Yes; some of them quite large."

"They generally move into their field of labor?"

"Not always. Sometimes they only supply on Sundays. They come and go, back and forth, from ten to forty or fifty miles."

"At their own expense?"

"Yes; we give so much and they have to pay their own travelling bills."

"Why do you not build a parsonage?"

"Oh, too poor! We have not fully recovered from the expense of building our church some twenty-five years

ago. It was an awful draft on the taxpayers."

"About how much wealth is represented by your present membership?"

"Some of us are poor and some quite well off."

"How poor?"

"Have nothing to call their own."

"How rich?"

"Well, from five to ten, fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred thousand dollars."

"But about how much is the aggregate wealth of the church members?"

"Well, farms, stock, and money at interest, for a rough guess, I think the membership will average \$5,000 each."

"Can not your members well afford to assess a three-mill tax on their property annually for salary purposes?"

"Oh, that would be enriching our pastor and he would become proud and puffed up. We believe in keeping our ministers humble, and in order to do that we must keep the tax down to just a fair living. We want them to live as well as we do, but it would not do to lavish wealth upon them lest they become proud and vain."

"So you conclude that a three or four hundred dollar salary, and out of it your minister must pay his house rent and feed his family and keep up his incidental expenses, is about the best you can do?"

"Well, yes, ordinarily."

"Well, ordinarily, Deacon B., you must be satisfied with ordinary preachers. If you keep your minister down in the valley of humiliation by hunger and want, depend upon it the anxiety of his soul to provide for his family against a rainy day will so depress his spirits that you will be but little benefited with his labors. Ministers, like other men ought to lay aside a competency for old age, or an orphaned family, or a lone widow. If you compel your minister to resort to the trades or to the farm to help piece out his salary you will be disappointed when Sunday comes, and you expect to hear a great sermon from your preacher, to find it is about the same thing over and over again; and the result will be gradual decline in church interest and a final extinction to close your record."—*Observer*.

"Sychar Ministry."

In an exchange, a remark is made about a beloved brother who frequently seeks to stir up his fellow saints to what he designates "Sychar ministry,"—that is, a ministry to one soul at a time, as the Saviour himself dealt with a single soul at the Well of Samaria. Many persons, at first thought, are likely to say that in this way no considerable progress can ever be made. But recall the case of this woman. How soon she became a power to reach other souls! "Many of the Samaritans believed on him because of the word of the woman who testified. He told me all things that ever I did." The Samaritans besought him to abide with them and great blessing followed. "Many more believe on him." From this mount of observation the Saviour pointed out the ripened harvest field to stir the hearts of his disciples to pray for more laborers. Take also another view in connection with this "Sychar" work. The souls that do the work get great blessings by this personal dealing, "meat to eat that the world knows not of," the consciousness of God's approval and favor.

This mission work can be done without organizing a society. The highest, best work that can ever be done for a human soul is ever at hand, and the highest welfare of the missionary is secured in being always ready for the work. In that readiness will be found all the sacrifice adopted to the chastening of souls. Remember, you who are expecting sometime in the future to save a thousand souls in a day, that should your dreams ever come to pass, he who daily pushes his "Sychar" mission will gain ten thousands souls where you gain a thousand. Dealing in detail with souls is the best of all preparation for dealing with them in multitudes.—*Star*.

Be Not Anxious.

God's children need not worry, for God will care for them. Will he? Well, if he will not, then throw away the Bible. But will he give them all they want? That is another question. Will the wise parent give the child all it wants? Will the physician give the patient all he wants? Will the teacher give the pupil all he wants? Never; for that would often ruin, instead of profiting. Ask again, will God give His child all he needs? We have his word that, if we seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things shall be added unto us. God is pledged to supply all the real needs of his people, in such manner as is indicated by wisdom and love combined with power. And the trouble arises just here, that men are

not willing calmly to trust to this Divine guidance.

Just imagine a family of children who are never restrained, and whose every wish is always gratified. They come and go as they please, they spend according to their judgment, they study and play to suit themselves. No restraint at all is put upon them. What kind of men and women do you suppose they will grow up to be? Will they make a success of life, or will their lives turn out to be miserable failures? Probably the worst thing that could happen to a family of children would be just such treatment as this. Better for them were they all to die of scarlet fever before they are five years old. So, were God to give his children all they fancy they need, it would ruin them for time and eternity.

Now, while Christ tells us what not to worry about, he tells us what to seek after. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." On this we are to bestow our first energies. It may be well just here to pause and ask ourselves what is the object of our most devoted search. Some are seeking for riches, some for education, some for position, some for power. Every one has something for whose possession he is most earnest, and for the sake of which he would sacrifice all else. What is your most coveted object in life? Find out, and then lay it in the balance on one side, and put "the kingdom of God" in the other scale. Now say, candidly, which outweighs the other? Which is the more valuable? Which will last the longest? Is it any wonder, then, that the Son of God says seek this first? And since he was right in his estimate, will you not follow his command?—*Sunday-school Times*.

Who Was The Richer?

An aged Christian man was on his deathbed, and was happy in the prospect of soon entering into the joy of his Lord. He had a brother who had made the world the great object of his life, and who, of course, was very poor towards God; for with all his worldly shrewdness he was so shortsighted as to have made no provision for the world to come, and had no idea of seeking an inheritance beyond the grave.

His dying brother had given greater attention to the acquirement of the true riches than to the realization of worldly wealth; so that in his infirmities and sickness he needed that Christian friends minister to his necessities. His rich brother came to see him, and upbraided him for having given so much attention to the things of God, and having given away so much of his substance for religious purposes, and thus subjected himself to poverty; when, if he had followed his advice and example, he might now have been in the enjoyment of plenty, instead of being, as he termed it, "a burden to his friends."

With great calmness and earnestness the dying saint replied—waving his wasted hand towards his poor deceived brother—"Quiet! quiet! Whist, whist, Tam! I have a kingdom not begun upon, and an inheritance that I have yet seen."

Who was the richer of the two brothers? The one who had his good things here in this perishing world, or the one who was begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and who knew that he was heir to an inheritance which is "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven?" Reader, while you provide for things honest in the sight of all men, let your chief care be, not to be rich in the world's estimation, but to be rich in the estimation of God—to have a good hope through grace of enjoying the everlasting inheritance which is laid up in heaven for all believers.—*A Tract*.

How To Keep Scholars In A Class.

We give six short rules that are roads to success:

1. Keep yourself there. A good way to kill is to keep away. The class scatters when the teacher is absent. Where you find a class without its teacher, you will soon find a teacher without his class. Be there yourself.

2. Know your lesson. To attract and fix others, have something with which to attract and fix. If you would draw the iron, there must be power in the magnet. A empty teacher will empty his class seat.

3. Keep the scholars by keeping the parents. Call at the homes of your class. You strengthen your hold on the scholar when you secure a hold on the parent.

4. Have an interest in everything affecting their welfare. Guide them in their reading, and have a thought for their health. What does our class cost us? The amount of cost will measure the size of results. It is useless to expect a crop when you sow

little and cultivate less. By loving and serving your class you keep them.

5. Keep your scholars by mighty prayers for them, by an Israel-wrestling style of supplication. Let your aim and effort be to bring every scholar into obedience to Christ. The more religion in the scholar, the greater attachment to the teacher. It is the converted boy or girl that makes the permanent scholar.

6. You keep most when you think least of keeping, and simply give in to God the full measure of your duty, up to the brim, doing intensely, persistently, thoroughly, when you yourself are submitted fully to the Lord Jesus, and just breathe out the spirit of consecration that abode in him.

A bit of Manners.

It was not because he was handsome that I fell in love with him. For the little fellow was not handsome as the phrase goes. But he had clear, honest eyes that looked friendly into yours, and a mouth that smiled cordially if shyly, as my friend touched his plump little hand which rested on the back of the car seat. He was with his mother. She was plainly clad as was he. She had a thoughtful face, perhaps a little sad. I fancied she was alone in the world; that her husband might be dead and this little boy her sole treasure. He had a protecting air, as if he were her only champion and defender. But he could not have been more than five years old.

We arrived at our station and left the car. We waited for the long train to pass. As the car in which our little friend was seated came up, he was at the window. He caught sight of us, and with the instinct of established courteous habit his hand went up to his cap, and the cap was lifted. A bright smile on the bonny face and he was gone.

Is it not a comment on the manners of ninety-nine boys that this little five-year-old fellow is the "one in a hundred" that we remember?

The Power Of A Tract.

The force of conscience, even in the heathen, as also the value of Christian tracts, are well illustrated in the following incident: A young Hindu, of some education, fell into bad habits, and in his extremity stole three dollars from his aunt. Passing on his way he found in his path the Heart Book, a small treatise translated and printed in his own language. On reading it his attention was arrested and his conscience aroused. He went home, confessed his theft, and restored the money. For six months he read and re-read the graphic description of his own heart-workings in the little book.

His conscience, so seared and dead before, now gave him no rest. His aunt advised him to go to a friend in a near village, who had a larger book, which they called "God's Word." He went, borrowed the friend's Bible, and read it as he had read the Heart Book. He was converted, ceased all idolatrous worship and rites, and was baptized. His family persecuted him, cast him out, and performed his funeral rites, but he lives, an earnest, happy Christian.—*Missionary Review*.

Riches for Christ.

Dr. J. H. Barrows has been giving, through an exchange, some sensible suggestions respecting the power of consecrated wealth. We quote:

"Among the happiest men whom I have recently met were two who, within the last year, have each given two hundred thousand dollars to the kingdom of God. Christ can turn the palaces of London, New York and Chicago, wherein there is so much of restless ennui and disappointment, into homes of heavenly joy, if men will only let go of their grasp on pelf, and suffer benevolence to take the place of selfish hoarding or selfish pride, learning that the millionaire who to-day gives half his wealth to the Lord will feel to-morrow four times richer than to-day. We who have the gospel of Jesus Christ know that what we hold is a trust from our Lord, and that as we have received, so are our responsibilities. We shall be judged by our faithfulness. The golden key by which some men have unlocked the treasures of this world may become a key of iron to close against them the gates of paradise."

Missing at the Prayer-Meeting.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together" (Heb. x, 25). Ah! who missed me there? My Saviour, my pastor, and my brethren and sisters in Christ.

And what did they miss there? They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of heart in prayer.

And what did I miss by my absence? I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience, and the love of Christ's friends.

And why was I missed at the prayer-meeting? I forgot the hour, and was too far away in body and heart to reach there.—*The Occident*.

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