

Lord, I Believe!

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

"Lord, I believe!" yet oft I fear, My faith is like the mustard seed, 'Tis then I pray that Thou be near— A present help in time of need!

"Lord, I believe" thy promise true, That thou art near to those who seek; The fainting heart thou dost renew And word of heavenly comfort speak.

"Lord, I believe!" though vision fails To see the hand that points the way; The man who trusts in Thee prevails Nor sin, nor death, o'er him holds sway!

"Lord, I believe" that thou hast died To save me from the power of sin; Then let me near to Thee abide Till thou to glory draw me in! Can. Presbyterian.

Babylon's Revivals.

BY SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

"So the revival's over, is it?" said Almira Parsons to her neighbor, who had come in for a little talk.

"Yes it's ben runnin' nigh onter six weeks now, and I guess they've got 'bout all they'll git. There ain't many riz fer pray'rs fer a week, and it's sorter cooled down. We church folks feel now s if we'd done our duty, with these boys an' girls in the fold—some of the carelesst boys in town too. It's been a pretty heavy strain on us, too, an' no mistake. There's Deacon Chappie and his wife has ben in it, thro' stick an' thin, an' you know how much he has had to do since his wife's father's property has come into his hands; then Squire Hazen has his store to manage, and I'm most beat out too, goin' ev'ry night an' doin' my own work. But, Almira, I jest run in on purpose to ease my mind concernin' you. I think, an' there's others think so too, that you han't jest done your duty in these meetin's. To be sure, you've ben there regular enough, but that ain't it. You didn't talk, nor nuthin', an' it seems to me you haint ben bearin' your share of the burdens, a tryin' to convert them young folks over into Christians."

"I shall try to help them all I can to keep right; I hope every one will stick to it," mildly answered Miss Parsons.

"But that haint it. They've come out now, an' the battle's over. You orter to've ben in the thick of when Satan was a ragin' for their souls, and Christians had to rattle keep him off. Why, we never had such a time afore in this old town. I wouldn't ben without a hand in't fer nuthin'." Twenty of 'em more than they've had in Babylon for five years together. There's only one boy in the hull set that've haint had a chance at this year, an' that's Joe Smith. He haint ben near the meetin's, an' it wouldn't done him any good if he had; if he couldn't hold out any better'n he did last year. I expect them other three won't do much better—Sam Jones, John Todd and Fred Hall. But we couldn't hang on to the meetin's all winter for him. It's cost a heap, too, to keep up the old church so steady. Deacon Chappie says; an' he and the Squire concluded it wouldn't pay to hold on jest on unsantainty. But I honestly think, Almira, you've missed a part of your blessin' by not taking a more active part."

"I hope not," simply remarked Miss Parsons, as her visitor rose to depart.

"What was she sayin', Almira, 'bout the revival?" asked the old mother who was partially deaf. "I didn't rightly hear her."

"O, she was telling how many converts there were, and saying they've stopped because there wasn't anybody left worth saving, and Deacon Chappie got one of his pinching streaks, and she came to tell me I'd failed of my crown, because I didn't go and speak in meeting."

"Why, Almira, you seem kinder wrought up. Ain't you speakin' a little rumblin' like?"

"No, mother, I ain't. This town gets up a revival every winter, after Christmas, as regular as it does its base-burners; and for a little while every one is in a white heat over saving souls. Then there's some that crowd in to take the lead, like Deacon Chappie, stingy, hypocritical, and dishonest—it's the truth—and his wife as proud as Lucifer. And during the meetings they are hob-nobbing with Tom, Dick and Harry; then when they're over they wash their hands and say their whole duty's done, and blame every one as unchristian who doesn't take hold and pray and talk in the meetings as they do. All ain't made alike, and I ain't got the tongue to do it, though may be I'm all wrong not to, whether I have or not, but for my part I do believe in being the one thing straight along, and I think if they'd take the trouble to see, and cared as they ought to, they'd find Satan raging 'round after a revival fiercer than ever. If some of these workers

and talkers would stick to the work, then, instead of doing as they did with Joe Smith—"

"Come in?" as a knock interrupted her vehement speech.

"Why, Joe, it's you, isn't it? We were just talking about you. How is your ma?"

"Were you?" said the young man, with a sarcastic smile and ignoring the last question. "I wonder if it was anything good, Miss Parsons. I don't hear much that way, so I am always a little curious to know if anybody finds any in me," and he dropped into the proffered chair with a don't-care air.

"It wasn't neither good nor bad. I just spoke your name, that's all. Joe, why haven't you been going to the meetings?" she asked, abruptly. A sort of compound smile flitted over his face.

"Well, to tell the truth, Miss Parsons, I didn't want to go."

"But you know you ought to be a Christian."

"Well, I did try all-fired hard, last winter, and I thought I had come out; but I went back in mighty quick time after the revival was over."

"But what made you?" she persisted.

"I'll tell you the hull on it, Miss Parsons. I did want to be a Christian, and I went to the meetin's and did so, and finally I thought I was converted; I felt dif'rent, and I prayed reg'lar, too. It seemed like living in a new world, too, where all was tryin' to help you along, and people who felt so big was so pleasant and friendly, as if you were somebody. It made a fellow respect himself, and that'll help keep anybody up. Well, the meetin's closed, and I had to go it alone. Of course, I expected to, in a sense; but I did think I'd be a little more one of 'em after that—Christian fellowship was what they talked about a good deal; but I tell you, Miss Parsons, in a revival and out of it is two dif'rent things. I was out then, and if the church did not know it, my hardest time 'd come. There was the boys laughing at me and teasing me, and coaxing me into this thing and sneering me into that."

"But you ought to've kept right on praying and got strength—kept right on serving the Lord."

"I did keep praying, but I hadn't got so I could walk alone; I was only a-toddlin' along. Now, if some of the church folks had lent a hand, then I could've kept the track and finally went alone. Why, when old Uncle Barr came over one day and talked with me—not at me, nor to me, but just with me, as if I'd been his own boy, and as good as he, why, I fought along awhile as easy as could be. But he died a week later, and there are precious few Uncle Amoses' in this town; leastwise I haint found 'em."

"But you didn't give up just because of that?" Miss Parsons had shut her lips tighter and contented herself with a glance at her mother.

"I don't know. I only know that just as soon as that revival was over, things went back right where they were afore. Squire Hazen hardly knew me when he saw me, though he'd shook hands with me every night of the meetin's; and Deacon Chappie hired me to do some work, and then cheated me out of half the pay. All the time I worked there, he never said a word that'd lead me to think he'd ever had any interest in anybody or anything, save a cent, let alone souls. Then I saw them all smiling and bowing and shaking hands with Jim Bowman, as big a scamp as there ever was in town. He'd boasted he could make more converts, and hold 'em, too, than the church could, and he has drawn more boys into devilry than anyone else. But he had just bid up high on a pew, and subscribed big for the preacher's salary and the charities. My even the minister rushed right past us boys without seeing us, to get hold of his hand. Of course, the boys laughed, and I got sick and disgusted, and, after a while, I made up my mind there was a big mistake made somewhere by somebody, and I quit."

"But didn't the minister have talks with you?"

"Once 'bout four months after the revival; but my strength had all peered out—salt wouldn't've saved me then," was the reckless reply.

"What did he say?" with a laugh.

"Why, he remonstrated with me on the way I was going. That's what he said he'd come for, and said he'd pray for me. I say, Miss Parsons, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table, "if I die without being a Christian, these church people 'll be as much to blame as any one—not one lifting a hand to help a fellow when he needs it most, but, like Miss Drew, death on you at revival times. Sam Jones and the rest 'll go to the dogs just like me, too. It'd only ben the same thing over if I'd a gone. So, now, you see why I didn't go to meetings. But mother wanted to borrow your flat-irons, if you can lend 'em."

"I see, and I don't see," remarked

Miss Parsons, somewhat enigmatically, as she handed the irons to him.

When the door closed behind him, she burst forth, Joe's wrong as to his own responsibility; but he's more than right in the other ninety and nine things. The hotel will hold a revival now—cards, and billiards, and drink. Satan don't get tired. He'll rage after those boys fiercer than ever now, and what will they have to help them? A few church sociables, some nods from church members, and church prayer meetings with lots of remonstrances and wagging of heads, when they see them sliding back into the old ways again. Poo! what a saving way of doing! I don't believe the church's duty ends with the revival. In my opinion it's only just begun, for those young converts have the world, the flesh and the devil to contend with until they're strong. It's a sin to drop hold of them this way, when they need help and encouragement most. I guess it is my time to speak in meeting, and I'm going this very Wednesday night."

She went, and she spoke. Miss Drew was thunderstruck that any one who had let the rest bear the brunt in the revival should have the hardihood to say what she did. Deacon Chappie thought it was scandalous for a woman to intimate that the church and its "pillars" had not done their whole duty; Squire Hazen moved very uneasily in his seat. He thought the revival was over for the winter; while the minister sat and murmured, Is it possible? in a tone of mingled exclamation and interrogation, as she went on to unburden her mind and conscience freely and fully. She had her say, and as she descended the steps she was met by the trio, of whom Miss Drew had such misgivings.

Miss Parsons, she spoke the truth! We need help now, every one of us. There don't seem to be a place to turn to, since the meetings stopped. It seems as if we were forgotten, but the bar-room is open night and day, and the stores are full of a loafing set. We don't know just what to do with ourselves.

Well, boys, perhaps the revival will begin in another way. I've stirred the folks up, at least, and I mean to make them hang on to you all. I couldn't somehow do much during the meetings, but I guess my work was to prod the rest on when they got tired and set down to rest.

"Miss Parsons," said Joe, when he brought the irons home a few days later, "I am goin' to begin to go to church again. The minister called on us yesterday and had a good talk with me. He said they meant to do something to hold fast the young folks, and not let them go overboard now; and asked me to make up my mind to join them again, and I'm goin' to do it. If they'll only back a fellow up a little steady like, and not by jerks, I'm most sure I could pull through."

"Thank the Lord!" she ejaculated as she closed the door.

"Eh! what is it, Almira?" queried the old mother. "Anything 'bout the revival?"

"Yes, mother," she answered, "a new one has set in that, in my opinion is just as important as the other."—Journal & Messenger.

Motives For Marriage.

That charming writer of verse and prose, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, has been saying some very suggestive things about that event of all events, the "union of hearts and union of hands."

"Marriage, it seems to me should be waited for, not sought. Who knows round what corner his destiny may be hiding—at what unexpected turn he may come upon the face of all faces for him? To put aside as far as possible, the thought of marriage until compelled to think of it by some strong and special person is wiser than to be seeking in chance acquaintance the possible husband or wife. 'We shall meet the people who are coming to meet us,' no matter in what far-off land their journey toward us begins.

"Perhaps parents are more to blame for worldly marriages than we are apt to think. How constantly we hear the term 'married well' applied, not to character or congeniality or true fitness, but to a comfortable income. And yet there is something to be said for 'the stern parent' of the novels, with his 'hard facts.' This old adage, that 'when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window,' is true only of small and poor natures—natures incapable of a great love; but it is nevertheless, true that to be loved, it is necessary to be lovely, and that it is more difficult to be lovely when we are hard pressed by want, and rendered fretful by care and overwork. Human creatures cannot build their nests as inexpensively as the birds do, and not even the scant hospitality of homestead eaves or orchard boughs await their fledglings. To marry for money, or for any object whatever save and ex-

cept immortal and all powerful love is to perjure and debase the human heart; but to marry without some provision for the future, such as money or money's worth in a well-furnished mind and a capacity for skilled labor, is to defy common sense and invoke the evil fates.

What Journalists See.

One of the great trials of the newspaper profession is that its members are compelled to see more of the sham of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, go all the weaknesses of the world—all the vanities that want to be puffed, all the revenges that want to be reaped, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers that want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial column in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who were never right; all the crack-brained philosophers with stories as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger nails in mourning, because bereft of soap—all the bores who come to stay five minutes but talk five hours. Through the editorial and reportorial rooms, all the follies and shame of the world are seen, day after day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man, nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in this profession, there are some sceptical men; I only wonder that newspaper men believe anything.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

A Practical Religion.

We want a religion that softens the step and tunes the voice to melody, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke, a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends, a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is fretful, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvestmoon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern figtree, bearing on its bosom at once the beauty of its tender blossoms and the glory of the unripened fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway of life and the sensitive souls that are travelling over them.

In a certain house belonging to a rich family, there was never any blessing asked at table, and when once the clergyman of the place was invited to dinner, he begged that grace should be said, not only that time, but also in the future. This request caused some embarrassment, and a long silence, which the master of the house broke at length with the remark that the daily prayer at mealtime was only a matter of custom, and that the repetition of the same words, year after year, must necessarily become monotonous and meaningless. The seven-year-old grandchild kissed his hand and said: "Dear grandpa, must I not come any more to you every morning and say, 'Good-morning, grandpa, or at evening, Good night, grandpa?' Another silence ensued, which the clergyman interrupted, looking at the child with great delight, reminding all of the words of the Psalmist, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings.

Do you like your pastor's preaching very much? Are you helped by his ministry? Suppose you advise him of the fact. Perhaps the good man is discouraged; thinks his ministry unproductive. Probably, the better the man in the sacred office, the more liable is he to be disheartened, because he is the more solicitous about results. Lift up his weary hands if he is doing you good, by words of appreciation fitly spoken. Go a step farther. Tell others what a profitable pastor he is to you. How faithfully he delivers the message of the Master. As the old Methodists used to say, do not eat your morsel alone. Induce others to sit with you at the feast. Let him that heareth say, Come.—Methodist Protestant.

A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil and then dust over with fine flour. When this covering dries hard repeat the oil and flour dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.

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Statement of Accounts for '87.

Table with columns for INCOME, DISBURSEMENTS, and Total Income. Includes items like Premiums—Life, Accident, Less Paid for Re-Assurances, Interest, Rents, Profits on Real Est. and Deb. sold, Dividends on Capital, Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Annuity payments, Accident Claims, Profits paid Policy-holders, Surrender values, Expense Account, Commission, Medical Fees, Total Disbursements, Surplus over Disbursements.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Debentures, Stock—Montreal Loan and Mortgage Co., Loan on Hamilton Provident and Loan Co. Stock, Loans on Real Estate, Real Estate, Loans on Company's Policies, Cash on hand and in bank, Bills receivable, Office furniture, Agents' balances, Committed commissions, Interest due, Interest accrued, Rents due and accrued, Outstanding premiums on Policies in force, Capital stock subscribed, but not called up, Total Assets, Life Reserves, Annuities in table, Annuity reserves, Less reserves on Policies re-assured, Unearned Accident Premiums, Death Claims [life] reported but not provided or awaiting discharge, Profits due Policy-holders, Sinking Fund deposited for Debentures, Total Liabilities, Cash surplus to Policy-holders, Capital paid up, Surplus over all liabilities and Capital Stock.

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