

## Under His Wing.

BY REV. JOSEPH MOUNTAIN.

The strong, wild winds are dashing  
Earth's oceans into spray,  
And through the storms and darkness  
The lurid lightnings play;  
Amid the raging tempest  
My spirit sweetly sings;  
Safe in the heart that's hidden  
Beneath God's mighty wings.

The darkest clouds will vanish,  
The longest night will end;  
While we, with faith and patience,  
Before his footstool bend.  
Rest from his day's fierce tumults  
To every soul he brings;  
And darkest nights are cheerful  
Enfolded by his wings.

'Tis not because we're worthy  
The Father's care is given,  
But, rather, that he found us  
Before the tempests driven;  
We needed Him, and o'er us  
His loving care he flings,  
And gathers us so safely  
To rest beneath his wings.

Fear not the daily trials,  
For God will bear us through,  
He brings, with every burden,  
His help, so strong and true.  
With joy we sing the praises  
Of Christ, the King of kings.  
With joy we trust securely  
The shelter of his wings.

## "Women Wanted."

We often see advertisements of "Men Wanted" in the newspapers. This has led to the production of many suggestive articles and lectures on this subject. But is it not equally true that women are wanted in most departments of human endeavor, just as much as men? A few words on this topic may not be untimely or superfluous.

## WHERE ARE THEY WANTED?

Within the last few years there has been a great extension of the sphere of women to departments of labor from which they were long excluded. There is no doubt there will be still greater extension in other directions. This enlargement of the fields open to women embraces many forms of religious and benevolent work, as well as ordinary employment by which they can earn a living. It becomes increasingly evident that in the future a large proportion of the world's work will be done by women; though we believe there will always be a clear and well-defined distinction between the work of men and that of women. There are many important departments of active labor that cannot be effectively sustained without a good supply of suitable female workers.

They are wanted in the foreign mission field, as medical missionaries and Christian workers, where they have access to a large female population which male missionaries have no opportunity of instructing in the things of God. Women duly qualified by education, and possessing a large measure of patient zeal and Christly sympathy, may be eminently useful in this work.

They are wanted as teachers of the young, and as helpers wherever human suffering claims help and sympathy. God has specially endowed most women with an instinctive delicacy of perception and patient tenderness, which qualify them to win success where the rougher sex would fail. As visitors to the homes of ignorance and want, tender and devout Christian women may be the means of leading many to Christ. There is here a wide field for earnest, godly workers which is largely unoccupied.

Women are wanted above all in the home circle, which is the germ of the nation's life. We are pleased when gifted women are so circumscribed that they can take an active part in publicly promoting moral and social reforms. We are gratified to see societies of earnest women combining together to help forward the Temperance reform and missionary work. But none of these efforts can eclipse the vital importance of bringing up the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To speak of the duties of the home sphere as if they were of secondary importance or unworthy to occupy a woman's time and thought, is an outrage against the divine plan and order. The men and women of this country who shall take our places in all departments of Church and State, when our work is done, are at the present time receiving their training for life's duties in the homes of the people. The future character and the history of the country will be largely determined by the character and influence of the mothers of these children. What could more impressively show the immense importance of having the right kind of wives and mothers than this fact? The duties of a position of such far-reaching and deathless influence are invested with the profoundest interest.

WHAT KIND OF WOMEN ARE WANTED? It is not every kind of woman that are fit for these positions of influence and usefulness. Vain and fashionable women, who are willing to sacrifice almost everything to

gentility and respectability, are not the kind of women that are wanted. The frivolous and shallow-hearted, whose highest idea of life is to have the means of self gratification, who spend their time in a round of worldly amusements, and to whom any self-denial for the welfare of others is out of the question, are not wanted.

We want intelligent women. The time has gone by forever when culture and knowledge were assumed to be the exclusive privilege of the sons of a family. Women need education not only to enable them to perform the duties of positions for which without it they would not be qualified; but they also need mental culture in order that they may be intelligent companions of their husbands, and wise and capable teachers of their children. We need godly women. Nothing but the religion of Christ can subdue natural selfishness, and enable our women to consecrate their gifts and powers to the promotion of the well-being of others. Life must be a wasted and fruitless thing without that grace which enables those who receive it to yield their lives in willing service to Him whom it is life eternal to know and serve. Anything that increases the intelligence and piety of the women of the community is a great blessing to the church and to the country.—*Guardian.*

## A Christian's Last Hours.

Death-bed scenes of thrilling interest are very rare; for, as a rule, people are almost or quite unconscious for some time before death; but occasionally the Lord seems to permit his saints to have some foretaste of the heavenly joys before they reach the pearly gates. The following is a very sweet and touching account of a Christian's last hours:—

Frances Ridley Havergal, during her last illness, while suffering intensely from a high fever, in sweet submission, said, "God's will is delicious; he makes no mistakes." Bidding one of her physicians goodbye, she asked, "Do you really think I am going?" He answered, "Yes." "To-day?" she inquired. "Probably," was the reply. Then she exclaimed, "Beautiful! too good to be true!" And, looking up with a smile, added, "Splendid! to be so near the gates of heaven!" Later, as the time of her departure came, she nestled down into the pillows, folding her arms upon her breast, saying, "There—it is all over! Blessed rest!" Her countenance became radiant with the glory seemingly breaking in upon her soul, and those who watched her, thought she appeared as if she were conversing with the King in his beauty. She tried to sing, but after one sweet note her voice failed, and she was gone, to be with her Lord.

## The Use Of Pain.

Our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. Without the warning of pain we might lose one limb after another until we had none left; we might work till we dropped dead from sheer physical exhaustion. Without pain a "burnt child" would not dread the fire, and might be consumed by it. Without pain, we might all become dyspeptics and be hopeless invalids before we were aware of it. Pain is the sentinel that watches perpetually over our safety, and gives notice of the first approach of the diseases which are our worst enemies. Remove the sentinel, and the foe would surprise us before we were aware that he was near, and would be in full and fatal possession of the very citadel of our existence before we could make the least attempt to resist him. This war on the walls of our human habitation may often annoy us by awaking us from our comfortable sleep and pleasant dreams; but he is a loyal servant and a faithful friend in rousing us to defend ourselves against the insidious ills that flesh is heir to.—*Popular Science News.*

## Timely Advice.

Young man, young woman, put something away for the days which are coming. Times may not always be so good as now. Your health and ability to earn may not be so vigorous a few years hence as they are now. The decay which comes with age is the lot of all. Therefore, save while you are young and strong and thrifty. What spectacle is more sad than frail old age struggling from day to day for the necessities of life? and what an innumerable number of such misfortunes could have been averted if the fruits of younger years of industry had been garnered!

Now, let everybody try the experiment of saving something. Start with a dollar, if you have no more; it will be a nest egg. The savings bank will take good care of it, and pay interest on it. Then add another and another, as often as you can. You will find it a pleasure while in progress, and an individual comfort in old age.—*Pittsburg Penny Press.*

## Women as Physicians.

Years ago there was a prejudice against women practising medicine, but that has almost totally disappeared, and capable and excellent women physicians are now graduated, and their services are in demand.

Dr. Mary Jacobi, who is one of the best physicians in New York, and whose income is put as high as 40,000 yearly, says that women physicians are in great demand, and are making rapid strides forward.

A great many women are to-day serving in the capacity of nurses who ought to be making money and fame, and, best of all, alleviating distress, as physicians. They lack only the necessary collegiate training and hospital experience, and it is well worth while to put themselves to some trouble to acquire it.

A woman in taking hold of the practice of medicine, or rather her preliminary education, should study her ground carefully. She can in a short time make blunders which years will not undo. She ought to decide what particular branch of practice is best suited to her tastes, and to the locality which she proposes to select for her home.

It is useless for a woman to attempt a general practice such as we see most men physicians engaged in. They are not physically able to endure it, neither is it prudent for them to be abroad at night even with an attendant. Of course exceptional cases will arise where her services will be needed at night, but in nearly every instance she can be prepared for it, and use her own good judgment in planning her arrangements. A man physician is not expected to consult his own pleasure as to the class of people he is called to attend, the character of disease, or anything of that kind, but with a woman it is different. She cannot tear away from the custom of her sex and still command respect.

Therefore it is best for her to select a specialty and conduct as far as possible an office practice. The diseases of women are especially to be recommended. In this direction lie the greatest possibilities, and if women physicians were to study this branch of practice devotedly and conscientiously, and crown their work with success, the day is not far distant when the man physician would be the second choice of suffering womankind. This is but natural.

The diseases of the eye, ear and throat offer the most flattering pecuniary advantages and freedom from exposure.

For the woman who has sufficient bravery and energy, who will study with her whole heart, and win a diploma meritoriously, there seems to be a bright future just discernible in the distance all rosy with the prospects of success.—*Woman's Work.*

## What the Deacon Was Good for.

E. A. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?"

"That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for, and having found it put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people, and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Blank to lead us in prayer.

"Taint no use askin' me," he said, "I can't do it."

"Suppose you start the next hymn, then."

"Can't sing, either."

"How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that?"

"No, I'm a bad hand at getting around. Better get some one else."

"Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking-stick an idea was suggested.

"Well, brother, do you think you're able to keep out the dogs?"

"You bet I air," he confidently replied. Then taking a seat at the door he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting, and after it was over more than one of the congregation were followed home by yelping curs with broken limbs."

Every man has his sphere of usefulness.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

## A Great Man's Greatest Thought.

At a dinner at the Astor House, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state under President Fillmore, after a period of silence which fell

upon the company of some twenty gentlemen who were present, one of the guests said "Mr. Webster, will you tell me what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?"

Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone inquired of one near him, "Is there any one here who does not know me?"

"No; all are your friends."

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said Mr. Webster, "was that of my individual responsibility to God."

And after speaking on this subject in the most solemn strain for some twenty minutes, he silently rose from the table and retired to his room.

This incident, related by Harvey in his "Reminiscences," serves to illustrate the attitude of great minds toward eternal things. Great men are not scoffers. The men of flippant sneers and godless jests are men of small calibre and shallow intellect. It is not the wise man who has "said in his heart there is no God." It is not the great man who casts off fear and restrains prayer before him.

A great man comprehends something greater than himself, for he is but the image of a divine Creator, marred, defaced, and distorted by sin, yet bearing testimony to the dignity and grandeur of the divine original, whose glory is so faintly shadowed in the man whom he has made and endowed with intellect and will and conscience, and whom he has made to feel in the depths of his soul the importance of his "individual responsibility to God."

MIRRORS.—We are mirrors. We can not help being reflectors. We reflect in our character every influence that touches our lives. I am introduced to you. You speak one sentence—I know that you are an Englishman, or an American, or a Spaniard. You are a combination of reflections. We become like those with whom we associate. Two boys in a university in England roomed together for eight years. Toward the end of that time these two boys were so much alike that it became remarkable. They had reflected and reflected until one was almost the image of the other. If you called on one, and found the other one instead, you might talk to him on the same subject and expect to receive the same answers that you would from the other. I once knew a girl who was growing so saintly that every one wondered.

No one guessed her secret. She became very ill, and a dear friend of hers obtained permission to open a locket which she wore constantly about her neck. There she saw engraved on the inside of the locket the clue to the secret: "Whom having not seen we love." If we reflect the glory of the character of Christ, we shall be changed from glory to glory—that is, from character to character. How this is I cannot tell. Had Paul written in these times, he would probably have used the photograph instead of the mirror as a symbol. I cannot tell how the intangible shadow which appears on the plate is fastened there—no one can. And I cannot tell how character is changed. We reflect Christ for a time, and then we are changed, and then we are changed again, and then again, and so on from glory to glory. First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear, and after that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Do you not see the infinite possibilities of this? We are to go on and on. We are to be God's reflectors in this world.—*Professor Henry Drummond.*

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Plant your faith in truth.

Root your habits in industry.

Root your feelings in benevolence.

Root your affections in God.

For directions, see the Holy Scriptures.—*True Temperance Banner.*

## RANDOM READINGS.

—Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration. Patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

—In this world, a great deal of bitterness among us arises from an imperfect understanding of one another.

—The strength of a man consists in finding out the way God is going, and going in that way too.—*H. W. Beecher.*

—For the heart grows rich in giving; All the wealth is living grain; Seeds which mellow in the garner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.—*Mrs. Charles*

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