

## Ministering.

What though your feet are often over-  
weary,  
On ceaseless errands sent;  
And tired shoulders ache and ache so  
sorely  
'Neath heavy burdens bent?  
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are  
serving  
Be soon beyond your care;  
Lest little wayward feet that you are  
guiding  
Slip past you unaware.

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and  
blessed,  
As spending months and years  
In ceaseless service for the vanished dar-  
lings  
So vainly mourned with tears.  
But while you have your dear ones still  
around you,  
Do not regret your care;  
Far easier aching feet and arms and  
shoulders,  
Than aching hearts to bear.

And still beyond your household duties  
reaching,  
Stretch forth a helping hand;  
So many stand in need of loving comfort  
All over this wide land;  
Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-  
morrow  
May with the angels sing;  
Some one may go straight from your  
earthly table  
To banquet with the King.

## The Brakeman At Church.

On the road once more, with  
Lebanon fading in the distance, the  
fat passenger drumming idly on the  
window pane, the cross passenger  
sound asleep, and the tall, thin pas-  
senger reading "General Grant's  
Tour Around the World," and  
wondering why "Green's August  
Flower" should be printed above  
the doors of "A Buddhist Temple  
at Benares." To me comes the  
brakeman, and seating himself on  
the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."  
"Yes?" I said with that inter-  
ested inflection that asks for more.  
"And what church did you attend?"  
"Which do you guess?" he asked.  
"Some union mission church?"  
I hazarded.  
"No," he said, "I don't like to  
run on these branch roads very  
much. I don't often go to church,  
and when I do, I want to run on  
the main line, where your run is  
regular and you go on schedule time,  
and don't have to wait at connec-  
tions. I don't like to run on a  
branch. Good enough, but I don't  
like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.  
"Limited express," he said, "all  
palace cars, and two dollars extra  
for a seat, fast time, and only stop  
at the big stations. Nice line, but  
too expensive for a brakeman. All  
trainmen in uniform, conductor's  
punch and lantern silver plated, and  
no train boys allowed. The passen-  
gers are allowed to talk back to the  
conductor, and it makes them too  
free and easy. No, I couldn't stand  
the palace cars. Rich road, though.  
Don't often hear of a receiver being  
appointed for that line. Some  
mighty nice people travel on it, too."  
"Universalist?" I suggested.  
"Broad gauge," said the brake-  
man; "does too much complimen-  
tary business. Everybody travels  
on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a  
fare once in fifty miles. Stops at  
all flag stations, and won't run into  
anything but a union depot. No  
smoking-car on the train. Train  
orders are rather vague, though,  
and the trainmen don't get along  
well with the passengers. No, I  
don't go to the Universalist, though  
I know some awfully good men who  
run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.  
"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the  
brakeman; "pretty track, straight  
as a rule; tunnel right through a  
mountain rather than go around it;  
spirit-level grade; passengers have  
to show their tickets before they get  
on the train. Mighty strict road,  
but the cars are a little narrow;  
have to sit one in a seat and no room  
in the aisle to dance. Then there  
is no stop-over tickets allowed: got  
to go straight through to the station  
you're ticketed for, or you can't get  
on at all. When the car's full, no  
extra coaches; cars are built at the  
shops to hold just so many, and no-  
body else allowed on. But you  
don't often hear of an accident on  
that road. It's run right up to the  
rules."

"May-be you joined the Free-  
Thinkers?" I said.  
"Scrub road," said the brakeman,  
"dirt road-bed and no ballast, no  
time-card and no train dispatcher.  
All trains run wild, and every  
engineer makes his own time, just  
as he pleases. Smoke if you want  
to; kind of a go-as-you-please road.  
Too many side tracks, and every  
switch wide open all the time, with  
the switchman sound asleep and the  
target-lamp dead out. Get on as  
you please, and off when you want  
to. Don't have to show your  
tickets, and the conductor isn't ex-  
pected to do anything but amuse  
the passengers. No sir, I was offer-  
ed a pass, but I don't like the line.  
I don't like to travel on a road that  
has no terminus. Do you know,

sir, I asked a division superintend-  
ent where that road run to, and he  
said he hoped to die if he knew. I  
asked him if the general superintend-  
ent could tell me, and he said he  
didn't believe they had a general  
superintendent, and if they had, he  
didn't know anything more about  
the road than the passengers. I  
asked him who he reported to, and  
he said, 'nobody.' I asked a con-  
ductor who he got his orders from,  
and he said he 'didn't take orders  
from any living man or dead ghost.'  
And when I asked the engineer  
who he got his orders from, he said,  
he'd like to see anybody give him  
orders; he'd run that train to suit  
himself, or he'd run her in the ditch.  
Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad  
man, and I don't care to run on a  
road that has no time, or makes no  
connections, runs nowhere, and has  
no superintendent. It may be all  
right, but I've railroaded too long  
to understand it."

"May-be you went to the Con-  
gregational church?" I said.  
"Popular road," said the brake-  
man, "an old road, too; one of the  
very oldest in this country. Good  
road-bed and comfortable cars.  
Well managed road, too; directors  
don't interfere with division superin-  
tendents and train orders. Road's  
mighty popular, but it's pretty in-  
dependent, too. Yes, didn't one of  
the division superintendents down  
East discontinue one of the oldest  
stations on this line two or three  
years ago? But it's a mighty pleas-  
ant road to travel on. Always has  
such a splendid class of passengers."  
"Did you try the Methodist?"  
I said.

Now you're shouting, he said with  
some enthusiasm. Nice road, eh?  
Fast time and plenty of passengers.  
Engines carry a power of steam,  
and don't you forget it; steam gauge  
shows a hundred and enough all the  
time. Lively road; when the con-  
ductor shouts all aboard, you can  
hear him to the next station. Every  
train light shines like a head-  
light. Stop-over checks are given  
on all through tickets; passenger  
can drop off the train as often as he  
likes, do the station two or three  
times and hop on the next revival  
train that comes thundering along.  
Good, whole-souled, companionable  
conductors; ain't a road in the  
country where the passengers feel  
more at home. No passes; every  
passenger pays full traffic rates for  
his ticket. Wesleyan air-brakes on  
all trains, too; pretty safe road, but  
I didn't ride over it yesterday.

Perhaps you tried the Baptist?  
I guessed once more.  
Ah, ah! said the brakeman, she's  
a daisy, ain't she? River road,  
beautiful curves; sweeps around  
anything to keep close to the river,  
but it's all steel rail and rock ball-  
ast, single track all the way and  
not a side track from the round-  
house to the terminus. It takes a  
heap of water to run it through;  
double tanks at every station, and  
there isn't an engine in the shops  
that can pull a pound or run a mile  
with less than two gauges. But it  
runs through a lovely country; these  
river roads always do; river on one  
side and hills on the other, and it's  
a steady climb up the grade all the  
way till the run ends where the  
fountainhead of the river begins.  
Yes, sir, I'll take the river road  
every time for a lovely trip, sure  
connections and good time, and no  
prairie dust blowing in at the  
windows. And yesterday, when  
the conductor came around for the  
tickets with a little basket punch, I  
didn't ask him to pass me; but I  
paid my fare like a little man;  
twenty-five cents for an hour's run  
and a little concert by the passengers  
assembled. I tell you, Pilgrim, you  
take the river, and when you want—  
But just here the loud whistle  
from the engine announced a station,  
and the brakeman hurried to the  
door shouting:  
Zionsville! This train makes no  
stops between here and Indiana-  
polis!—Robert J. Burdette.

## A First-Class Stranger.

Some shrewd man, when asked  
what he thought about the character  
of an neighbor, replied:  
"Mister, I don't know very much  
about him, but my impression is he  
would make a first-class stranger."  
There are a good many people  
in this world who might be ranked  
in the same class; persons whose  
friendship is worse than their enmity  
and whose acquaintance is to be de-  
precated and avoided.  
In making acquaintances we need  
to keep this fact constantly in mind.  
The Scripture warns us that we are  
to "make no friendship with an  
angry man;" and many a poor fellow  
has involved himself in serious  
trouble by companionship with the  
rash and hot-headed. A dishonest  
man makes a much better stranger  
than acquaintance. A tattling mis-  
chief-maker, who insinuates himself  
into your confidence, worms out your  
secrets, and then uses his power to  
dishonor and disgrace you, may be  
recommended as a first-class stranger.  
The fast young man, who dresses  
gaily, lives high, drinks and gambles  
freely, may be very fascinating to

young of both sexes; but those who  
knew him intimately, and those who  
have known others of his kind,  
are well aware that he makes a first-  
class stranger. There are persons  
who fear not God, who scoff at reli-  
gion, who tell vile stories, who mock  
at godliness, and despise reproof;  
all such persons are likely to make  
first-class strangers. Treat them  
courteously and kindly, but let them  
know that it is the kindness of a  
stranger, and not of a boon com-  
panion or bosom friend.

## Revival Methods.

I believe that when we preach the  
gospel we ought to look for im-  
mediate results. We ought to have  
some method of finding out whether  
or no people gladly receive our word.  
I don't like to keep firing with my  
rifle at a target without going to  
see where the bullet has struck.  
Sunday evening I have always found  
a most favorable opportunity for  
drawing the net—to use a favorite  
phrase of evangelists. I think we  
may always take it for granted that  
if the gospel has been faithfully  
preached there are some persons  
present who have been ripened to the  
point of immediate acceptance.  
These should have an opportunity in  
some way of declaring their belief in  
Christ, or their desire to know him.  
But fanatical and violent methods  
do more harm than good. Evan-  
gelists who deal in them, while usually  
they keep an accurate list of those  
who have been converted and baptiz-  
ed under their preaching, do not take  
pains to keep a record of the more  
thoughtful ones that have been re-  
pelled and driven off by evangelistic  
extravagances and mere appeals to  
emotion. Fish are sometimes caught  
by means of dynamite cartridges.  
The cartridge is sunk into a school  
of fish, and then exploded. It will  
kill all the animal life within a hundred  
feet. The fish come to the top of  
the water and are scooped into the  
boat. This seems a very effective  
way of catching them; but there is  
one serious drawback. The use of  
cartridges on a reef effectually scares  
away the survivors and the result is  
a scarcity of fish. So with extra-  
vagant evangelistic methods. They  
have a great immediate effect but  
the final result is disastrous. It is  
as if an Arab should cut down a  
date palm to get the dates.—Dr.  
Judson.

## Tell The Truth.

There are too many persons who  
sometimes find it convenient to "lie  
a little." The following incident in  
the life of General Grant is a severe  
rebuke to such persons:  
An important conference was be-  
ing held in the executive mansion  
in Washington. A caller had sent  
in his card, but either the caller was  
unwelcome or the time was quite  
unsuitable for his admission. One  
of the persons present turned to a  
servant, and said:  
"Tell the person who sent up the  
card that the President is not in."  
"No," said General Grant, "tell  
him no such thing." Then turning  
to his friends the general remarked:  
"I don't lie myself, and I don't  
want my servants to lie for me."  
That was noble. If our boys  
want to copy the example of great  
men, let them pick out such things  
as this, and follow them. Great men  
as well as others, make mistakes.  
The mistakes they make are not any  
better or nearer right, because they  
were made by great and leading  
men. We are not to be excused for  
following great men into wrong-do-  
ing. We should copy their examples  
only when they do right. The ex-  
ample of General Grant in reference  
to telling the truth is worthy of  
copying. His words, with a little  
change, are worthy of being used as  
a motto—"I don't lie myself, and  
I don't want any one else to lie for  
me."—The American.

## Family Prayers.

There is one mark of a household  
in which God is known and loved,  
which is too often wanting in our  
day,—I mean the practice of family  
prayer. Depend upon it, the worth  
of a practice of that kind can only be  
measured by its effects during a long  
period of time and family prayers,  
though occupying only a few minutes  
do make a great difference to any  
household at the end of the year.  
How, indeed, can it be otherwise,  
when each morning and perhaps  
every evening, too, all the members  
of the family, the old and the young,  
the parents and the children, the  
master and the servants, meet on  
a footing of perfect equality before  
the Eternal, in whose presence each  
is as nothing or less than nothing,  
yet to whom each is so infinitely dear  
that he has redeemed by his blood  
each and all of them? How must  
not the bad spirits, that are the  
enemies of pure and bright family  
life, flee away,—the spirits of envy  
and pride and untruthfulness and  
sloth, and the whole tribe of evil  
thoughts,—and make way for his  
gracious presence in the hearts of old  
and young alike, who, as he brings  
us one by one nearer to the true end  
of our existence, so does he, and he

alone, make us to be "of one mind  
in a house," here within the narrow  
presence of each home circle, and  
hereafter in that countless family  
of all nations and kindreds and people  
and tongues, which shall dwell with  
him, and the universal Parent of  
all eternity.—Canon Liddon.

## If You Would Be Happy.

Beware of the man of two faces.  
Persevere against discouragement.  
Take a cheerful view of every-  
thing.

In all promised pleasures, put  
self last.

Trust in God and mind your own  
business.

Pray for a short memory as to all  
unkindness.

Do not talk of your private, per-  
sonal, or family matters.

Put not your trust in money, but  
put your money in trust.

Cultivate forbearance till your  
heart yields a fine crop of it.

Give your tongue more holiday  
than your hands or your eyes.

Examine into your own short  
comings rather than those of others.

Act as if you expected to live a  
hundred years, but might die to-  
morrow.

Compare our manifold blessings  
with the trifling annoyances of each  
day.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee;  
thy second duty will already have be-  
come clearer.

Be content to do things you can,  
and do not fret because you can not  
do everything.

Never reply in kind to a sharp or  
angry word; it is the second word  
that makes the quarrel.

Make the best of what you have  
and do not make yourself miserable  
by wishing for what you have not  
got.—Good Housekeeping.

## The True Wife.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship  
glide by against the tide as if drawn  
by some invisible bowline, with a  
hundred strong arms pulling it.  
Her sails unfurled, her streamers  
drooping she had neither side wheel  
nor stern wheel; still she moved on  
stately, in serene triumph as with  
her own life. But I knew that on  
the other side of the ship, hidden  
beneath the great bulk that swam  
so majestically, there was a little  
toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of  
fire and arms of iron, that was tug-  
ging it bravely on; and I knew that  
if the little steam-tug untwined her  
arm, and left the ship, it would  
wallow and roll about, and drift  
hither and thither, and go off with  
the reflux tide, no man knows  
whither. And so I have known more  
than one genius, high-decked, full-  
freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned,  
that but for the bare, toiling arms  
and brave, warm-beating heart of  
the faithful little wife, that nestled  
close to him, so that no wind or  
wave could part them, would have  
gone down with the stream, and  
have been heard of no more.—Oliver  
Wendell Holmes.

## A Good Memory.

Bishop Hutton was once traveling  
between Winsleydale and Ingleton,  
when he suddenly dismounted, deliv-  
ered his horse to the care of one  
of his servants, and retired to a  
particular spot, at some distance  
from the highway, where he knelt  
down and continued for some time  
in prayer. On his return, one of  
his attendants took the liberty of  
inquiring his reasons for this singu-  
lar act; when the bishop informed  
him that when he was a poor boy  
he traveled over that cold and bleak  
mountain without shoes or stockings  
and that he remembered disturbing  
a cow on that identical spot where  
he prayed, that he might warm his  
feet and legs on the place where she  
had lain. His feelings of gratitude  
would not allow him to pass the place  
without presenting his thanksgiving  
to God for his later mercies to him.

I am not what I was; I am not  
what I would be; I am not what I  
should be; I am not what I shall be;  
but, by the grace of God, I am what  
I am.—John Newton.

The world breaks the hearts of  
its best benefactors, and then, after  
many days, builds them sepulchres.  
If you would raise the age in which  
you live, you must live above it,  
and to live above it is to be misunder-  
stood, perhaps persecuted.

A piccolo player at a rehearsal  
stopped playing, thinking his instru-  
ment would not be missed in the  
crash of cymbals, but Sir Michael  
Costa hushed the music of the whole  
orchestra, missing him. So God  
may be waiting and listening now  
for music which is in our heart, and  
within our power to waken.

Never be discouraged because  
good things go slowly here; and  
never fail daily to do that good  
which lies next to your hand. Do  
not be in a hurry, but be diligent.  
Enter into the sublime view of it.  
God can afford to wait; why cannot  
we, since we have him to fall back  
upon. Let patience have her per-  
fect work, and bring forth her cele-  
stial fruits.—G. Macdonald.

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