

Forgotten Workers.

They lived, and they were useful; this we know.
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left, to show
How soon they died;
They did their work, and then they passed
away.
An unknown band;
But they shall live in endless day, in the
Fair, shining land.

And were they young, or were they grow-
ing old,
Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had they wealth of
gold—
No one can tell;
Only one thing is known of them—they
faithful.
Were, and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong, through
prayer
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God;
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might
be
Helper or friend,
And in the joy of their ministry
Be spent, and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on
earth;
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Though here unknown.
And there lost names shine forth in bright-
est rays
Before the throne.

O, take who will the boon of fading fame;
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my
name
Forgotten be;
And as within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God resound
For all His grace.

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

The Crowned Young Man

After one has gained victories and been triumphant, there come rewards—some of them the direct and others the indirect results of his victories. Every work done has a result beyond its own particular labor. A completed house is more than a house finished. Its completion brings comfort and joy to the builder, him who lives in it and a multitude of others who had no part in its construction. Thus mere victory is not the end of a man's triumph; there come rewards afterwards.

1. The triumphant young man is crowned in his own heart—in the sweet peace and delight which fill his own soul. We do not mean by this self-conceit, or any feeling of self-righteousness, but that deeper delight in consciousness that sins are all forgiven, that he and God are reconciled, that Christ has become his righteousness, that his sins are all wiped out and the future provided for. Such is the first blessed reward which comes to the new-born soul. Some persons mistake the Christian life for only a rule of living, a system of belief, or a condition of salvation by and by, giving to the heart a mere hope that somehow at some time all will be well. But the Gospel of Christ is no such cold, doubtful hope as that, but a present pardon and righteousness in Christ. Its first crown is salvation now—sins all forgiven, and such is the highest condition into which the soul can come in this life. It is a glorified experience of the affections, and into it some of the loftiest as well as humblest minds have entered, so that amid earthly cares their hearts have overflowed with unutterable joy and hope.

2. Another crown which comes to the triumphant young man is the love and approbation of all good people. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." We do not mean the compliments in flatteries which are the reward of smartness or popularity, but the downright esteem of good men, when they say of a young man, no matter how poor he is, "He is trustworthy and honorable and to be depended upon." When a young man's name is all the recommendation he needs, then he has a crown of honor of more value than any jewels which princes can bestow. For the time being, to be called smart or brilliant has a fascination about it which also carries with it a great temptation to questionable ways of living; but when the best people and the common people say of a young man, "He is goodness and honor," and when they love him not for his talents but for his character, then he is crowned with honor.

3. The triumphant young man is crowned in the memory of good people. There is much of present attention bestowed upon men which is purely a transient and selfish affection. There are multitudes of men, great and small, who are petted and complimented for their wealth or position or success, but whom, when they die, no one will regret or honor. "The memory of the wicked shall rot." There are young men who seem to be sailing upon the crest of fashionable society, but who, if they should die, would be remembered for no good or noble deeds, while other very common young men will be loved and honor-

ed more after their death than before.

Perhaps some one asks, "What good is it to a young man to be loved after he is dead?" All history answers the question, and all the living answer it. Is it possible that the dead themselves are blessed by it? No man can say it is not so. It is pleasant for us when we go from home or from where we have lived, to learn that we are loved by those we have left behind, and may not such be a part of the joy of those who leave us for the "better land," to know that they are loved still and loved more than they thought?—for we love the good and those dear to us more after they go hence than we do while they are with us. While we can not communicate with the departed, it is a beautiful thought that they may know of us and see from their higher life in heaven the fruits of their labors and the love we have for them.

4. The triumphant young man is crowned in his own memories. This is a part of what our Saviour meant by the words, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." What a rich thing a sweet memory is! Years ago you helped some old man to rise who had fallen down, or you wiped the tears from some little child's face whom you met on the roadside, or you said a kind word to some sad one, and though twenty, thirty, or forty winters have come and gone, the memories of those little deeds are as singing birds in your heart to-day. Thus he whose life is packed full of kind words spoken or good deeds done, is making for himself a heaven of sweet songs in the world to come. Very much of hell will be when memory uncovers herself and all past unkindness and evil deeds come up to look a man in the face; and heaven to the saved man will in part be one long picture gallery of sweet memories. We love to look at old scrap books full of incidents of other days. We are now making our scrap books for eternity.

5. The triumphant young man is crowned by the larger life and greater powers which come to the soul in the future life. Heaven is not simply looking back upon the good done in this life and listening to the sweet songs of memory, nor is it a stand-still and admiration of new glories, but rather an eternal expansion and progression of all the faculties of mind and heart,—an everlasting growth in knowledge and goodness. As a bird's life, after it leaves the shell, is one of stretching in a new atmosphere and in new light, so the soul when free from the body rises in its capabilities and opportunities as an eagle goes up in the clouds and basks in the noon-day sunbeams. Heaven is eternal health and youth, and hence is eternal growth. A young man is not to plan for a life of thirty or fifty or eighty years, but for millions of years, and think not simply of the time when he shall walk with white locks among men, but of when he shall be a glorified spirit ten thousand times ten thousand years hence.

Such is the true idea of the Christian life and the crowns which come to him who is triumphant in Christ over sin—a crown of salvation, a crown of love from all the good, a crown of blessed memory by those who knew him, a crown of sweet singing memories in his own heart, a crown of eternal growth in knowledge and joy. Let us lay aside, then, every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race set before us, for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath in store for those who love him.

The Miner's Place of Prayer.

A miner, poor, but not quite illiterate, for he knew that best body of literature well—the Bible—could be seen with blackened face and hard grimy hands, almost any evening in the week, coming out from the mouth of one of our Welsh coal mines on his way home, having finished his day's work. His cottage lay at some little distance from the mine; between them was a small piece of brush, or coppice wood. It was tenanted only by the wild birds, whose songs cheered and delighted the lonely wanderer who might happen to pass that way. No house was within the little grove. It was a lonely spot. The pious miner wanted such a spot, unfrequented by men, unknown to the world, where he might, among the bushes and the soothing whisperings of the leaves, hold communion with God, pour out his soul in prayer, and find refreshment for his spiritual nature. That was his place of prayer. For many, many years, most evenings, on his return home, before he sought the rest and cheer of his cottage, just as he was in his miner's dress, black and weary from his day's labor, he turned aside to the little grove to spend a few moments in prayer. That grove was his Mamre;

that spot was to him a Bethel; it was consecrated with tears, the scene of many a struggle and triumph, and, doubtless, angels were not far away, for God was surely in that place. The pious miner became an aged man, and, through physical infirmities, unable to follow his occupation. The prospect was dark. His scanty earnings had only sufficed for his daily wants, and those of his family. The outlook was poverty, if not want. The old saint repined not. The suffering would not be long. Better than all, there was heaven in the near future. But there was a smiling face behind this frowning providence. The Lord had raised up a helper. The good miner thought that God alone had seen and watched his secret movements and visits to his place of prayer, and his pious exercises among the bushes and leaves. In that he was mistaken. A gentleman of fortune, whose mansion was not far from the consecrated spot, was led to observe the miner's mysterious movements, and became satisfied of his genuine piety. His heart was moved with admiration and compassion. When old age made further labor impossible, the rich neighbor sought the privilege of providing for the old man's wants. Thus a friend was raised up against the day of adversity, whose beneficence gave the clouds a silver lining, and whose sympathy and compassion rendered the descent to the grave smooth and gentle.—*William Parry, in Sword and Trowel.*

Where To Choose A Wife.

While we have no words strong enough to express our dislike of silly flirtation in the prayer-meeting or in any of the services of the house of God, we think parents have very little to fear for their sons and daughters from the acquaintance usually made at such places. Supposing Henry does think that black-eyed Nelly, whom he saw at the prayer-meeting, is a remarkable nice girl, and Nelly, on her part, believes that Henry is an unusually fine young man. They may both be very much mistaken, but they are far more likely to be right than the Henry and Nelly who meet for the first time at the theatre, or the ball, or on the street. Suppose their hearts do go pitty-pat when they meet in the entry after the meeting is over, and Henry does propose to guard Nelly from highway robbers until she reaches her home. If they are no longer boys and girls, who will blame them? For our part we would prefer, all things considered, to have our Henry find his Nelly, or our Nelly find her Henry, at the prayer-meeting, rather than any other place.

Miss Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College, does not hesitate to say, apropos of the question of the relation in study of young men and women of the age of the usual college student, that "she sees no objection whatever in the common assertion that these students are almost certain to become interested in one another. To her mind, marriages made on the basis of mutual tastes and common studious interests are quite as likely to be happy as those made from the knowledge that ordinary social life gives young people of one another. Affection that grows up in a college class-room is as good as that which springs from mutual interests of other kinds."

We can go a little further than this and say, affection that grows through common Christian work is better than that which springs from mutual interests of other kinds.—*Golden Rule.*

A Story For Wives.

A wife once retired for the night, worn-out and petulant because of her many cares and her husband's absence when she thought he might have been at her side. After a time he came home, sat down to his desk, and worked long and hard at his accounts, while she lay looking out at him, and feeling angry that he seemed wholly unmindful of her. When he had laid away slate and books she saw him unlock a drawer, and take from it a picture, which he lingered lovingly over, tenderly kissed, and then replaced. Her woman's curiosity was roused, and she determined to know more of the matter. So, while he was getting ready for bed she feigned sleep. He soon slept soundly, and then she crept from her place, like a thief in the night, took the keys, unlocked the desk and drawer, and found that her husband had been kissing a picture of herself, which was taken when they were first married. Then she was chagrined and mortified because she had not been a more loving wife, and went back to bed with new resolutions formed. In the morning she put on a wrapper that was clean and very becoming, a collar and bow, and carefully brushed her hair. When her husband came in to breakfast, he looked at her, caught her in his arms, and kissed her. Then he asked the children if the little mother didn't look pretty. She was wise enough not to forget the lesson.

A White Baby In A Congo Town.

An amusing incident is mentioned in a letter from the Rev. W. Holman Bentley of the English Baptist Congo Mission, showing that even a baby may give efficient help in missionary emergencies. On the mission steamer Peace, the party had been making its way to the Upper Congo, and were in the Upper Bolobo district. The natives of the Moi towns, Mr. Bentley says, "have been very sullen and indifferent."

"In the afternoon," he writes, "we steamed to the Moi towns. As we neared this beach, the people told us to go away, they had no food to sell us."

"Baby was taking his bath at the time, but I called for him to be brought up quickly. The moment he appeared there were shouts of delight and a crowd assembled. In less than two minutes after we had been told to go away, I had to take the baby ashore and my wife go into the town. Such delight, shouting, crowding, all in good part, no rowdiness. A great number wanted to hold him for a moment. Was he born like ordinary children? Which was his mother? They could scarcely realize that there were also white women. Some of them who held him for a moment had rubbed themselves with powdered camwood, staining his white dress a bright red; one or two were in mourning and had rubbed themselves with soot and ashes. Baby's general appearance after a visit of this kind may be guessed. Very soon, the women were busy cooking food and I strolled through the town, exchanged presents with Ngoi, the chief of the adjoining town, and returned to the Peace.

Of course, the baby was a nine days' wonder, and his unexpected visit made a grand and favorable impression.

Cancelled And Nailed Up.

There is a beautiful Oriental custom of which I have read, that tells the story of Christ's atonement on the cross very perfectly. When a debt had to be settled, either by full payment or forgiveness, it was the usage for the creditor to take the cancelled bond and nail it over the door of him who had owed it, that all passers-by might see that it was paid.

Oh, blessed story of remission! There is the cross, the door of grace, behind which a bankrupt world lies in hopeless debt to the law. See Jesus our bondsman and brother, coming forth with the long list of our indebtedness in his hand. He lifts it up to where God, and angels, and men may see it—and then, as the nail goes through his hand, it goes through the bond of our transgressions, to cancel it forever; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, that was contrary to us, he took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross!

Come to that cross, O sinner! Not in order that you may wash your sins by your tears, or atone for them by your sophistries or self-deceptions. But come rather, that you may read the long, black list that is against you, and be pierced to your heart by compunction and sorrow that you have offended such a being; and then that lifting up your eyes, you may see God turning his eyes to the same cross at which you are looking, and saying, "I, even I, am he that blot out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—*A. J. Gordon.*

A Revival Every Year.

Most churches, if they enjoy a time of spiritual refreshing, seem to think that for quite a series of years they have done everything in that line that can be expected of them. "The year of the revival" is spoken of as if there was but one, and could be but one for a long series of years in the history of that church. It seems to be taken for granted that the ground will be burned over, and that no further effort need be put forth until, after many years, it will be time again "to break up the fallow ground." This prevailing notion is as harmful as it is unscriptural. We find no warrant for it in history and no analogy for it in nature. We cannot eat enough in a day to satisfy us for a week. We cannot crowd all necessary sleep for a week into one night of the seven. God does not give one harvest in a dozen years, and make ploughing and harrowing and sowing and cultivating unnecessary the other eleven. No more has he ordained that there shall be a spiritual harvest once in five, ten or twenty years only. Every week of prayer may and should see a revival in every church. The readers of this paper know that we do not undervalue Christian nurture and culture, and the ordinary means of grace. To promote these very things is the object of every issue. But because we believe so strongly in Christian nurture, we believe just as strongly in a revival every year.—*Golden Rule.*

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