

## The Helper.

"He saw them toiling in rowing."  
It was all calm where Jesus was  
On the still mountain height,  
But a fierce storm of hindering wind  
Was on the lake that night,  
And in the wave-tossed boat the men  
Were longing for the light.

Alone with God, Christ spent the hours  
In solitude and prayer;  
No storm could break the quietness  
And peace that lingered there,  
But how those weary, toiling men,  
Needed the Master's care!

And as a mother, though sweet sounds  
Of music bid her stay,  
Hears through the strain the child's faint  
cry,  
And hastes to him straightway,  
So Jesus, when they wanted him,  
Could not his help delay.

The waters rose to meet his feet,  
As over them he sped;  
And "It is I, be not afraid,"  
The Master gently said;  
So fear passed to tranquillity,  
And they were comforted.

Oh, toilers on the sea of life,  
Yield never to despair!  
The music of the highest heaven,  
Drowns not your lightest prayer;  
Christ sees and hears you, and his help  
Can reach from anywhere.  
—Marianne Farnham.

## A Grain of Salt.

There seemed so little that Jane Smith could do for the "advancement of the race." She was timid in the presence of strangers, and the sound of her own voice in the prayer and class meeting frightened her, even when she knew every one who heard her speak and that they were friendly. She was not highly educated, and she did not occupy a social position. What money she had earned by faithful and only moderately remunerative labor. But she was a sincere Christian, and she did earnestly desire to be useful to her fellows.

One day she heard a sermon from the text, "If the salt have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted?" The preacher explained that in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea were beds or strata of earth saturated with salt, and that supplies of salt for sacrificial uses were obtained from this source, blocks of this earthy salt being stored in the temple inclosure, and that if kept too long the salty properties were lost, and the earth, becoming worthless was thrown away.

"I can be a perpetual grain of salt," she said to herself while thinking over the sermon. "Bible reading and prayer with the blessing of God which is promised, will keep me continually saturated with the salt of the Gospel. One can't put a grain of salt into any mixture but it will impart its saltiness to the whole mass. If I can put a taste of Christian salt on the tongue of every one I come in contact with, that will certainly be doing good, though in a very quiet way and the good I do must be done in a quiet way."

She made it a point to be always in her place in the sanctuary. Whether the day was cold or hot, or clear or stormy, she was in her seat, praying for the preacher, listening to his word. She made one in the assembly of the saints. She was punctual in her attendance on the Sabbath-school. Her pupils knew that she would be there, and in case of her enforced absence, that she would be prepared with the lesson and find out whether they had prepared it or not. They knew that if they were absent, she would call on them and find out why they didn't come. Each pupil was made to feel that her teacher had a personal interest in her progress in Bible knowledge, in study at school, in lady-like deportment, in growth in character, in a saving faith in Christ. The superintendent could depend on her to be present at Teachers' Meeting and co-operate in the plans determined on for the conduct and growth of the school.

In the prayer and class room her seat was seldom vacant. Her words were low and few, but they were not wanting. Some promise always on her lips, some sweet song of praise in her mouth.

Who can estimate the amount of good done by this quiet worker in the vineyard of the Lord? Still she lives and labors, a grain of salt, giving the savor of righteousness to all she comes in contact with.

## A Temperance Illustration.

A few years ago a noted wild beast tamer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theatres. He took his lions, tigers, leopards, and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his wonderful nerve and his control over them. As a closing act to the performance, he was to introduce a boa-constrictor, 35 feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old; and for 25 years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he

often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an Oriental band steal through the trees. A rustling noise is heard and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erected. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man,—man is victor. The serpent is under the control of a master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him, and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the mass. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite into a thunderous burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for 25 years had now enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating-liquor has the boa of intemperance in his bosom. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even 25 years, but it is continually growing. And some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul, and bear it to those regions of woe "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." The unchangeable decree of almighty God is, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."—S. S. Times.

## Father Knows The Way.

Two little children were returning with their father from spending an evening with some friends at a distance. They staid longer at their friend's house than they at first intended. The shades of the evening had fallen, night was coming on, and before they had proceeded far a heavy curtain of murky clouds seemed drawn about them. They had to cross a moor, pleasant enough in broad day-light, but not so pleasant with darkness around. A silence fell on all, as the father, busy with his own thoughts, took a little hand in each of his, and pressed forward.

"Johnny," whispered Amy's timid voice, in her brother's ear, "are you frightened?"

"No," replied the little man, as a little man should, "not at all."

"Why, Johnnie, it is awful dark," again murmured the timid voice, this time almost with a sob.

"But you see," replied the boy, confidently, "father knows the way."

The father had heard the low conversation, and stooping down, he lifted Amy into his strong arms, while he clasped his boy's hand more tightly.

"Thank you, my children," he said, "you have taught me a lesson. I, too, am going home to my Father's house above. It is but a little way, yet often dark and dreary, so that my heart gets afraid. Still it is the best path, and when I get home I shall be constrained to declare: 'He led me by the right way.'"

As Amy's mother laid her down to rest that night, the little girl murmured very contentedly:

"Mamma, I was not one bit frightened when I remembered father knew the way."—Central Presbyterian.

## Epigrams by a Popular Preacher.

The Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian church, New York, is, perhaps, the most popular preacher in that city. His church is always packed. He owes his popularity very greatly to his pithy sayings, which flow from his pen as easily as from his tongue. In an article in the March Forum, on "What the Public School Should Teach," occur the following epigrammatic sayings:—

People have to pay for being stupid.

Money cannot make brains, but brains can make money.

Whether in a millpond or in the swim of life, it is a man's head that must be kept above water if his whole body will be saved from drowning.

Industrial ignorance is the mother of idleness, the grandmother of destitution, and the great-grandmother of Socialism and Nihilistic discontent.

A good deal of what we are pleased to call our goodness is only another name for methods of behaving that we have drilled into us until they have become habits.

We want to avail ourselves of the pressure of theistic motives, not for

the sake of keeping the children out of hell by-and-by but for the sake of keeping hell out of the children now.

Furthermore, honesty and its associate virtues are no more hereditary than arithmetic and spelling, but have to be acquired by something of the same tutorial process, which must begin with the boy's beginning and grow with his growth, if it is to be in him an integral element.

It is to be wished that there were a law prohibiting the issue of spelling-books and grammars. I studied grammar in the ordinary way about three weeks, just long enough to find out what a genius some people can show in putting asunder what God hath joined together. It is a splendid device for using up a poor boy's time and souring his disposition; but it will not keep him out of the grave, nor help him pay rent and butcher's bills.

## She Always Had Her Own Way.

While boarding at the hotel of a health resort, a mother came there with her daughter, whose nervous system was sadly unstrung; so much so, that she seemed on the verge of insanity. Educated and fine looking, she was attractive in personal presence, excepting when her strange wild moods made her repulsive. Her mother a woman of quiet, practical cast, was experimenting with her by change of place and treatments, including in the latter even clairvoyance. The case attracted attention from the singular combination of intelligence with an air of lawlessness, and independence of maternal control. A single remark of the mother shed light on the painful mystery, when, alluding to her unyielding spirit under uncongenial authority, she said, "She always had her own way."

We were reminded by the statement made by Dr. K., whose special work in his profession was the treatment, privately, of the insane, that many of the most trying and difficult cases among his patients had been the young people of wealthy and indulgent parents, who were never taught obedience, and were driven by an imperious will which could not brook control, but became more and more exacting in its demands, into a moral insanity, which, sooner or later, included the mental state. What a fact in parental responsibility! And how inexorable the divine law, so benign in its operations when allowed to fulfil its design, in its visitations of penalty if disregarded, whether from unnatural and cruel neglect, or an equally cruel perversion of it by ruinous indulgence. In society, in the home, and in the soul, righteous authority, ignored, creates anarchy; and beyond all human restraints, and the surface dressing of civilization, anarchy is hell.—Congregationalist.

## Love For Parents.

I no longer remember a single instance of a young fellow going to the bad who was tenderly devoted to his parents. The biographer of President Garfield states that, amid all his wonderful successes, the chief pleasure he found was the thought of the gratification which the news of each advance would give to his mother's heart.

When Goethe, long after his mother's death, visited Franklin, he made it a point to seek out every one who had been kind to her, and personally thank him.

The poet Gray never mentioned his departed mother without a deep sigh. One day I went to Stoke Pogis, just that I might have a glimpse of the scene of his exquisite "Elegy," and I was touched by observing that, on the memorial which he erected over his grave he describes her as "the careful tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

Although William Cowper's mother died when he was but a child, her memory was to him, throughout his whole life, an inspiration; and he declared that for fifty years there was not a single week that she was not uppermost in his thoughts.—Dr. Thain Davidson.

## Put On The Buffers.

Did you ever notice the way in which a train of railroad cars are fastened together? At the end of each car is a bolt, which slides in and out a little way, to which is hooked another bolt just like it on the next car. When the engineer backs and the two cars come together, they do not strike with a hard bump, jolting the passengers out of their seats; but the two fastenings meet, each slides in a few inches, breaking the force of the blow, and the two cars come together easily and gently. These slides are called buffers, because they buff each other and save the cars from many a bump. Now, do you know that everybody can carry with him a buffer, which will help him to avoid hits with other people. That buffer is kindness.

A kind word, spoken gently even in answer to an unkind one; a kind action, seeking the good of another; above all, a kind heart, full of love will make all around us friendly, and fill the world with sunshine.

You remember how Joseph went out of his prison to become a prince. If he had moped and sulked in Potiphar's house, as he had some reason for doing, or had sat down in the prison, cross and snappish, do you suppose he would have risen to greatness? No, with all his ability, but for his kindness and cheerful, helpful spirit, you and I would never have heard of his name. Kindness will often succeed where eminent ability will fail.—Ez.

## Backbiting.

Backbiting is the habit of dogs, and only mean dogs at that. It certainly can not be a characteristic of good Christians; and as for sanctified persons, we would naturally conclude that they have no teeth to use in this way. It were impossible that they could be found biting at the back of a brother by sly insinuation, by damaging misrepresentation, by tale-bearing and gossip—so it would appear from what is required in the Bible of Christian, and from what is claimed by all professors of sanctification. The Scriptures plainly forbid evil-speaking, and all professors of perfect holiness assert that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. But what are the facts revealed in practical life? We know that many converted persons are not saved from backbiting; it is a habit with them to do more or less of detraction. And it is not a sad fact that even those who witness to the attainment of full redemption are found sometimes nipping at the backs of their brethren? Their teeth are not sanctified, at least not wholly.—Dr. A. Lowery in Divine Life.

## RANDOM READINGS.

The best way to get more of the talents is to improve the talents we have.—Bickersteth.

A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as the body.

It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes life worth looking at.—Holmes.

We are taught, and we teach by something about us that never goes into language at all.—Bishop Huntington.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go.

It is not enough in this world to "mean well." We ought to do well. Thoughtfulness, therefore, becomes a duty, and gratitude one of the graces.

"If a man keep my saying he shall never see death," so, when we come to die, our eyes will so really see Jesus himself that we shall not see death.—F. R. Havergal.

Two million and a half is the number of persons who are said to be slaves to Sabbath toil in America, and they generally receive no more than six days' wages for seven days' work.

He who never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes; and he was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

You say that you "have a hope which you would not exchange for worlds like this." A very practical suggestion arises just here. How much are you willing to sacrifice that others may be made partakers of the same hope? Had others made no sacrifices where were your boasted hope?

Doing admirable things is quite different from doing things for the sake of being admired. While it is true that admirable deeds do not always bring admiration to the doer, it is also true that admiration for the doer does not always signify that he has done admirable deeds. The one thing certain is, that nothing is admirable that is done merely from a love of admiration.

Some men pray and pray in order to bring themselves into communion with God, while others, always in a state of communion, utter their prayers as part of their fellowship. This fixes, perhaps, the relation they bear to each other, of long or short prayers at least as such as are private, and helps persons understand the devotional exercises of other Christians. A very brief prayer need not be thought irreverent.—United Presbyterian.

It should not be forgotten in all of our churches that the centennial of Dr. Judson's birth occurs August 9th. It will find us in the vacation season; it is true, but the day should not be allowed to pass unnoticed in any of our churches. Let early arrangements be made for a suitable observance of the day. An earlier or later date may be found preferable for the memorial service.—Zion's Herald.

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Dr. Inches.....	St. John.....	1871.....	52 84.....23 25

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1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.00.....
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.43.....
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.14.....
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.19.....
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04.....
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77.....
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