

I Dare not Idle Stand.

I dare not idle stand,
While upon every hand
The whitening fields declare the harvest
near;
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for thee,
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet;
Beneath some shell's rough side
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,
While over all the land
Poor, wandering souls need humble help
like mine;
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But at my Lord's command,
Labor for him throughout my life's short
day;
Evening will come at last,
Day's labor all be past,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

—Presbyterian.

A Suggestion From Dennis.

BY MARIE JAMES.

When Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time I was almost indignant. We were sitting by the fireside one evening—he had been reading the paper, and I was almost dozing over a dull book—when he looked up quite suddenly and said, 'I have been thinking, Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically.'

'Giving systematically to what?' I asked in genuine surprise, and endeavored to look wide awake and interested.

'Why, to the church and missions and so on,' explained Dennis.

'Give what?' I asked again, setting my lips a trifle firmer and making it just as hard for poor Dennis as I could.

'Money, of course,' he answered. 'You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithe-box! At present we really give nothing worth speaking of. We mean to, but when Sunday comes there is no small change in the house, or we neglect to take it. Then we have not felt able to pay for sittings in church and it is beginning to seem easier to stay away than to ask the ushers for seats every time. If we had the tithe-money, things would be very different with us, I imagine.'

'Whatever are you thinking of, Dennis,' said I, 'to talk so soberly of giving when you know we have not nearly enough to live on as it is? It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet. To be sure, one-tenth of it is small enough to be ridiculous; we would not care to have any one know how small; but we could never do without it, that is certain.'

I looked meaningfully around the plain little room, with its modest, lonely-looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue and the many things we both needed. I even quoted scripture to the effect that it is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet. To be sure, one-tenth of it is small enough to be ridiculous; we would not care to have any one know how small; but we could never do without it, that is certain.'

The matter was not again referred to between us, but it came again and again to my mind. It seemed quite out of my power to forget it, for I was conscious that the responsibility of the final decision being mine, the guilt, if guilt there were, was mine too. But Dennis did not have his salary raised and expenses increased rather than lessened, economize as I would. It was still true that there was frequently no money for the Sundays collections, regular or special, and we attended service less and less frequently, feeling sure our acquaintances remarked our having no sittings in our own church.

In this state of affairs a serious illness came to me and as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child in the orphan's home. I knew she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwillingly consented. Maggie was a capable, well trained girl, and made herself very necessary to me from the first day. She had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice, and I loved to hear it so well that, during my convalescence, I kept her talking on one pretext or other most of the time. In this spirit, I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

'This is my tithe-box,' said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full on me. 'I was just counting the money over to see how much I have for the missions next Sunday.'

'Why child,' said I, 'come here

and sit by me, I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me that you give a tenth to the Lord?'

The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence, but she answered simply, 'Why, yes, ma'am. I'm very sorry it is so little I can give, having only my earnings. Sometimes I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole is such a trifle, should give one-fifth. There is so much need of money, you know. It is different with rich people; one-tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it.'

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument—such a decided inversion of mine—but she, sweet child, all unconscious of my thoughts, went on to tell me of the good matron at home, who had taught her, as a little child, that she had a Father in heaven ready to be more to her than the father and mother she had lost. 'She told us,' said Maggie, 'that when Jesus left the earth, after his resurrection, he put the missionary work he had doing for three years—and, for him; and he said plainly that every one of us who loved him shall show it by what we do of the work he loved. If we cannot preach, or teach, or give up all our time to him or over the seas, we can at least give a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people he loved; and so must be the division of one's money which pleases him best. 'It is his right,' the dear matron said one day, 'to have, a tenth of our all, and after that, if we spare more, we can call it a gift.' She gave us all a tithe-box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it. Since then I always have a little to give to the Lord's work, though it grieves me that it is often only a few cents, when hundreds of dollars are needed. But I remember the matron's saying that it is wicked to fret even about that; we must pray the more for his blessing on the little.'

'But how do you manage to live, Maggie? Do you have anything left for yourself?'

'Oh, yes. I earn money by working in different ways, sewing and helping sick ladies like you, and what is left after I count out the tenth seems to go so far in bringing what I need that I always have enough.'

'So your matron thought that everyone should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?'

'No, ma'am,' was the quiet answer. 'She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our every-day living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are so glad when we once begin to give in that way, and the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of him with the one he accepts, so it is lifted above being ordinary money and does us far more good.'

My mind was busy with these sweet words long after Maggie had left me and the question came, If she can give out of her pitiful poverty what is my excuse? Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been all in the wrong and a stumbling block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cozily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis, 'I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of it? And then I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul, as well as to my body, and showed him a little box on which was written, 'Tithes.' Dennis did not speak at first, but a glad look shone in his eyes and he clasped my hand very tenderly.'

'The Lord's hand is in this, Clara,' he said at last. 'We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us over this little box, won't we?'

The first bit of money went inside that very night and a new content came into both our hearts. Any day has an added pleasure when Dennis and I sit side by side to count out the tithes and put it safely away. There is no more trouble about money for missions. We soon found that we could afford a modest seat in the church and straightway felt at home there as never before.

It would be a half truth to say we never miss that money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better, and need to fret about matters no more. 'O Dennis,' I said the other day, 'how well worth heeding that suggestion of yours has proved.'

—Interior.

The Young Man of Principle.

A young man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars which did not belong to them would come into their hands. All depended upon the clerk serving their purpose. To their vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be tempted to sell his conscience for any one's favor, and he was discharged from his place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation and the gentleman

being pleased with his address, asked for any good reference he might have.

The young man felt that his character was unsullied, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

'I have just been dismissed from his service, and you can inquire of him about me.'

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendation, but the gentlemen called on the firm, and found the only objection was that he was 'too conscientious about trifles.' The gentlemen had not been troubled with conscientious clerks, and he preferred those intrusted with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty, so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in his favor, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms of Boston.

'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterward to name some reliable person as suitable for cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

'You can depend upon him,' he said, 'for he refused to work for me on Sunday.'—Selected.

A Good Man's Tenderness.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want! He went at once to the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance and flutter down to the floor, broken hearted almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young—apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young, still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At the same time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

Set the Clock Right.

In one of our daily papers there lately appeared a story of a colored man, who came to a watchmaker and gave him the two hands of a clock, saying: 'I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jess don keep no mo' keere, time for mo' den six monfs.' 'Where is the clock?' asked the watchmaker. 'Out at de house on Injun Creek.' 'But I must have the clock.' 'Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'bout de han's, and I doce brought 'em to you. You jess want de clock so you can tinkler wid it and c'arge me a big price. Gimme back de han's.' And so saying he went off to find some reasonable watchmaker. Foolish as he was, his action was very like that of those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They do wrong, but refuse to believe that the trouble is with their hearts. They are sure that it is not the clock, but the hands, that are out of order. They know no more of the need of a change in their spiritual condition than the poor negro did of the works of his clock. They are unwilling to give themselves over into the hand of the great Artificer, who will set their works right, so that they may keep time with the great clock of the universe, and longer attempt to set themselves, according to the incorrect time of the world. And their reason not putting themselves into the hand the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave.

They are afraid the price will be too avoid this or that bad habit.' But the great Clockmaker says: 'I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the clock. I must have the clock.'

Secret Sins.

How may inbred sin, that lurks within so deep that it fails to report itself to the consciousness, be dislodged? To meet such a case, how futile are all human methods! How weak is mere self-culture or self-struggle! How insufficient are all our schemes of benevolence! He who 're-quireth truth in the inward parts' only knows how to provide the method of full recovery. The merit of His Son is sufficient; and this is for the neediest and the weakest. This is that which comes as a gift, and yet comes only to the humble and prayerful.

Who can make our hearts receptive, sincere, and believing? Only one power can do this—the Holy Spirit. He waits at the door of each heart. If we call, He will enter. Our ignorance He will remove. The healing virtue will penetrate the deepest recesses of the soul; faith will spring up and become a divine, appropriating principle. The work of God will be then fulfilled.

Fulfilled? Yes! But not in the same sense of removing the necessity of continued growth in all goodness; but fulfilled in the sense of showing the art and bestowing the ability of applying the cleansing blood by faith constantly, so that this experience shall become the ruling habit of life. This is an application of Christ's blood that is consistent with human frailties—an application that requires and aids us to bring forth continually the fruits of the Spirit in all godly tempers and works of righteousness.

'I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee;
And waiting for the blood to impart
The spotless purity.'

Pass On the Comfort You Receive.

At a railway station a benevolent man found a school-boy crying because he had not quite enough to pay his fare, and he remembered suddenly how, years before, he had been in the same plight, but had been helped by an unknown friend, and he benighted that some day he should pass that kindness on. Now he saw that the long expected moment had come. He took the weeping boy aside, told him his story, paid his fare, and asked him in his turn to pass the kindness on. And as the train moved from the station the lad cried cheerily: 'I will pass it on, sir.' So that act of thoughtful love is being passed on through our world, nor will it stay till its ripples have belted the globe and met again.

RANDOM READINGS.

The great central truth of Christianity is the Atonement. If men are not clear on this they will not be clear on any Christian doctrine, for all others depend on this. We believe that the doctrine should be preached a great deal more than it is, and that its preaching would have a great effect.—*Christian Secretary.*

There is no event in life which does not carry its own lesson; and that lesson ought to be recognized by us as the best that we can learn at that particular moment. Failure in any enterprise is just as much a fact as success in that same enterprise would have been. But it rests with each person to make every fact in his experience a factor in his progress.—*Sunday-School Times.*

Anywhere, everywhere, hate evil, shun falsehood, deny self, trust in the love that died for you, realize the mercy that waits for you, open your heart to the grace that is sufficient for you; and then, though all un-heralded by mystic voice, or blazing apparition, the unseen one reciprocates your filial yearnings, and manifests himself to you in another way than he does unto the world.—*Rev. Peter S. Menzies.*

Strive everywhere and in all things to be at peace. If trouble comes within or without, treat it peacefully. If joy comes receive it peacefully, without excitement. If we must needs flee from evil, let us do it calmly, without agitation, or we may stumble and fall in our haste. Let us do good peacefully, or our hurry will lead us into endless faults. Even repentance is work which should be carried on peacefully.

Never give way to melancholy. Nothing encroaches more. I fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is to take short views of life. Are you happy? Are you likely to remain so till this evening, or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by a distant misery, which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.—*Sidney Smith.*

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For Death Claims.....	\$104,954 02
Interest on.....	1,731 38
Endowment Claims.....	5,433 96
Surrendered Policies.....	20,308 00
Dividends.....	268,412 08
Temporary Reductions.....	\$ 28,639 30

2. SECURITY OFFERED.	
Surplus above all Liabilities.....	\$ 129,413 04
Capital Stock, paid up.....	100,000 00
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Total Surplus Security for Policyholders.....\$1,129,413 04

Note the following illustrations of Profits:—				
Name.	Residence.	Insured.	Original Premium.	Present Premium
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Dr. Inches.....	St. John.....	1871.....	52 84.....	23 25.....

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1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00.....
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43.....
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14.....
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.00.....
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.91.....
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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