

Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, said he,
"Don't be afraid of giving
If your life is worth nothing to other folks,
Why, what's the use of living?
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the miserly sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buying a dinner."

I tell you my minister is prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him giving it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon,
Of course there couldn't be no mistake,
When he talked of long-winded praying,
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was saying.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheating,
And religions as good for every day
As it is to bring to meeting.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amen at the preaching;
And spends his time the following week,
In cheating and overreaching."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
But once after that to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
Its very refreshing diet.

The minister hit them every time,
And then he spoke of fashion,
And rigging out and bows and things,
As woman's ruling passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
And a nudgin my wife, says I "That's you,"
And I guess that set her thinking.

Says I to myself, "that sermon is pat,
But man's a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sin'ing,
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-praising."

Just then the minister says he,
"And now I come to the fellows
Who've lost this shower by using their
Friends."

As a sort of moral umbrellas,
"Go home" says he, and find your faults,
Instead of hunting your brothers.
Go home says he, and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others.

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smiling,
And lots of looking at our pew,
It set my blood a-billing:
Says I to myself, our minister
Is getting a little bitter,
I'll tell him when the meeting's out, that I
Am not that kind of a critter.

Walter Worries.

Every neighbor is a microcosm.
They say that it takes all sorts of
people to make a world, and we
have specimens of all the sorts in
every town and village, and even in
our country communities. The
Lord, in the distribution of the race,
did not put all the good people to-
gether, and all the bad people to-
gether; all the wise people together;
all the foolish people together; all
the handsome people together; and
all the homely people together; but
he mixed them up, as tares grow
with wheat, and weeds among flowers.
His object in this is the discipline
which will result from their mutual
attraction, as stones are rounded and
smoothed by rolling together in a
mountain stream. The worst man
in a community may be useful. He
is like a stranded wreck on a bar—
warning others to shun what ruined
him. A disagreeable man may be
a professor of amiability and polite-
ness. The young learn from him
to avoid what makes him unpopular.
A chronic grumbler may be a teach-
er of cheerfulness. We have such a
teacher in the person of Walter
Worries.

Walter is a well-to-do farmer.
He has a pleasant home and a nice
family. But nothing is ever just
right with him, or, if right now, he
is sure that it will be all wrong to-
morrow. I met him about two weeks
ago, and he had a face as long as a
fence-rail.

Oh Brother Smith, he said, what
is going to become of us? Here it
is in the first of April, and we have
no rain yet. The crops will all fail.
We shall have a year of famine, and
be obliged to mortgage our farms to
buy bread. I told him that though
the rains were late, they would come
in time, and that we ought to trust
in the Lord, and not be anxious
about the morrow. But I could not
get him to take a cheerful view of
the situation. In a few days from
that we had showers in abundance.
Now, I thought, Walter, for once in
his life will be satisfied. I met him
again. But he was no more cheerful
than at the former interview. Before
I could congratulate him on the
brightening prospects he began with:
I tell you Brother Smith, our crops
are going to be drowned. You see
the ground is soaked already, and
look at those clouds! They are full
of rain. We shall have a deluge.
A drouth would have been bad
enough, but a flood will be terrible.
It will not only ruin our crops but
will fill the air with malaria, and
we shall all be sick.

Poor Walter. He frets when the
sun shines; he frets when it rains.
He worries when he is sick for fear

he will die, and he worries when he
is well for fear he will be sick.
Life with him is one long and cease-
less anxiety. He thinks of
troubles that may come, all
day, and dreams about them
all night. I am sorry for him. I
have tried hard to get him out of
the rut he runs in, but in vain. I
have finally concluded that he is use-
ful, as he is. When any of our
young people begin to worry we say
to them: Take care now; don't fall
into that miserable habit. If you
do, you will just be like Walter. I
have read somewhere in an old book
that the Greeks used to make one of
their slaves drunk; as an object les-
son for their children. See now,
what you will come to if you take
too much wine. Such an object les-
son is a chronic grumbler. He dis-
gusts everybody. His everlasting
whine is a standing admonition. It
says to all who hear it—if you want
to be popular and happy, be cheer-
ful. Everybody likes the man or
woman who is always making the
best of the present and is hopeful
in regard to the future. Away in
that narrow valley, on that narrow
bye-road, in that little brown cot-
tage, lives old mother Marley. She
is poor, and has been bed-ridden for
years. But she never murmurs or
complains. She is always praising
the Lord for his goodness. And
even the little children love to go to
the chamber where she lies. She
greets them, when they come, so
cheerfully and is so grateful to them
for whatever they take to her, that
they will say: Oh mother! give
me some of those nice cookies, or
some of this ripe fruit, to carry down
to Mrs. Marley's. It does me good
to see her so happy. And so the
aged saint is educating the commu-
nity. She is teaching both old and
young the blessedness of a living
faith in God.—Herald and Presby-
ter.

A Fight Against Cold.

On Pro. Tyndall's second ascent
to Mont Blanc he was caught in a
snowstorm at the summit. He has
given a graphic description of the
difficulty and danger which attend-
ed his attempts in performing some
scientific experiments in such cir-
cumstances. It offered a curious
illustration of the fact that there
are times when nothing is so wel-
come as suffering. The frost-bitten
man's case became more hopeful as
soon as he felt pain.

The clouds whirled wildly round
us, and the fine snow, which was
caught by the wind and spit bitterly
at us, cut off a visible communi-
cation between us and the lower
world. As we approached the sum-
mit the air thickened more and
more, and the cold became intense.
We reached the top in good con-
dition, nevertheless, and leaving Bal-
mat, the guide, to make a hole for
the thermometer, I collected a num-
ber of batons, drove them into the
snow, and drawing my plaid about
me, formed a kind of extempor-
e tent to shelter my boiling water ap-
paratus. The covering was tightly
held, but the snow was fine and dry
as dust, and penetrated everywhere.
My lamp could not be secured from
it, and half a box of matches was
consumed in the effort to ignite it.
At length it did flame up, and car-
ried on a spluttering combustion.

Meanwhile the absence of muscu-
lar action caused the cold to affect
our men severely. I myself was
too intent upon my work to feel it
much, but I was numbed; one of
my fingers had lost sensation, and
my right heel was in pain; still, I
had no thought of relinquishing my
observation until Mr. Willis came to
say that we must return speedily,
for Balmat's hands were frozen. I
did not comprehend the full signifi-
cance of the words, but the porters
presented such an aspect of suffer-
ing that I feared to detain them any
longer. I struck my tent, deposited
the thermometer, and as I
watched the covering of it up some
of the party commenced the descent.
I followed them speedily. Midway
down the first slope I saw Balmat,
who was about 100 yards in advance
of me, suddenly pause and thrust
his hands into the snow and com-
mence rubbing them vigorously.

The suddenness of the act surpris-
ed me, but I had no idea at the time
of its real significance. I soon
came up to him; he seemed fright-
ened, and continued to beat and rub
his hands, plunging them at quick
intervals into the snow. Still I
thought the thing would speedily
pass away, for I had too much faith
in the man's experience to suppose
that he would permit himself to be
seriously injured. But it did not
pass as I hoped it would, and the
possibility of his losing his hands,
presented itself to me. At last he
became exhausted by his efforts,
staggered like a drunken man, and
fell upon the snow. Mr. Willis and
I took each a hand, and continued
the process of beating and rubbing.
I feared that we should injure him
by our blows; but he continued to
exclaim:—

Don't be afraid! Strike all the
time! strike hard!
We did so till Mr. Willis became

exhausted, and a porter had to
take his place. Meanwhile Balmat
pinched and bit his fingers at inter-
vals to test their condition. But for
a long time there was no sensation.
He was evidently hopeless. At last
returning sensation in one hand an-
nounced itself by excruciating pain.
I suffer! he exclaimed at inter-
vals—words which, from a man of
iron endurance, had more than ordi-
nary significance. But pain was
better than death, and, under the
circumstances, a sign of improve-
ment. We resumed our descent,
while he continued to rub his hands
with snow and brandy, thrusting
them at every few steps into the
snow. At Chamounix he had skill-
ful medical advice, and escaped with
the loss of six of his nails—his
hands were saved.—Youth's Com-
panion.

Four Shillings From The Lord.

The short and simple annals of
the poor, contain many instances of
the watchful providence of a prayer-
hearing God interposing for the re-
lief of his suffering children. One
of these is related by Dr. J. E. Cum-
ming in the *British Messenger*, upon
the authority of a member of his
congregation who was in a position
to guarantee the correctness of the
story.

Two deacons of a church who
were accustomed to visit the poor
and pray and labor with them, hav-
ing received a sum of money for dis-
tribution, went out together one
winter evening to carry their doles
to the poor people in whom they
were interested, having been permit-
ted to do so very much at their dis-
cretion. They had nearly finished
their round and it was growing late;
all their intended visits had been
made with one exception. A widow
whom they desired to help had late-
ly changed her residence without
giving notice, and no one could
give her new address, so that the
sum which they meant to give her
was still unspent.

Turning their faces homeward,
the two friends began to think it a
pity to carry home any part of the
sum which was meant for distribution
that evening, and one of them sug-
gested that it should be given to
another poor woman, the mother of
a large family, in whom he had taken
an interest. Her house was not in
the neighborhood which they had
been visiting, but it was not very
far from the road by which they
were to return home. Accordingly
the suggestion was agreed to, on
condition that, as it was late, they
should not go in to pay a visit, but
should hand the money in at the
door and pass on. The house was
in a very poor locality, up two or
three stairs, which were very dark,
and it was now after 10 o'clock.
At length they stood at what was
thought to be the door, and knocked.
They heard footsteps, and the door
was opened, a female voice asking
them what they wanted. They
asked where Mrs. — lived, found
it was the right house, and in the
dark handed to her, wrapped up in
paper, the sum which they intended
to leave. When asked from whom
it came, they answered, From the
Lord, and left. The friend who
spoke was the treasurer of this fund
and was unknown to the woman.

A fortnight afterwards there was
a District Meeting, at which my in-
formant was present, and several
people gave their testimony to the
goodness of the Lord, and the bless-
ing they had received. Among
others a very poor woman rose and
said that she had a little story to
tell that was almost like a miracle.
She and her children had failed to
get work, and been a week or two
ago in starvation. One day it had
come to a crisis with them. They
had had no food. The children had
been put to bed, and had cried them-
selves hungry to sleep. She was
heart-broken and in despair. There
was no fire in the house, and she
was on her knees begging before
the Lord, telling him that she was
willing to die if he wished it, but asking
him to spare the children, and plead-
ing that they had had nothing to
eat. While she was on her knees a
knock at the door startled her, com-
ing as it did at so unusual a time.
On opening, she could just see in
the darkness that two men were
standing there. One of them, in a
voice she did not know, asked her if
she were Mrs. —, and put the sum
of four shillings, wrapped up in
paper, in her hand. She asked
what it was and who it came from,
but for answer got just this, it is
from the Lord! And to this day,
she added, I know no more where
the money came from, or whether
it was two of the Lord's angels
whom he sent to my door.—The
Christian.

Tight Clothing.

A young lady a few weeks ago
applied to a physician for treatment.
She suffered from continual head-
ache, and had done so for years, and
she had other troubles. The physi-
cian examined her thoroughly, and
satisfied herself (the physician was
a woman) as to the causes of the
patient's maladies.

"I cannot treat you," said the
doctor, "unless you will follow my
instructions implicitly. But if you
promise to do so, I think your health
will improve immediately, and will
soon be entirely restored."

The patient promised entire com-
pliance with the instructions of the
physician.

"The first thing for you to do is
to take off your corsets, or wear
them so loosely that your vital
organs will not be at all compressed
even when you take a full breath.
Then suspend all your clothing from
your shoulders, and have nothing
hang from your hips. Procure a
pair of low-heeled shoes about two
sizes larger than you wear now.
Give up drinking tea and coffee, or
take them very weak. At first you
may miss the stimulus, but only for
a few days. Eat nourishing food at
regular intervals, and go to bed
early and get your sleep out. Walk
to and from your place of business
so as to get all the exercise possible
for you in the open air."

A little medicine was given the
patient for some local trouble, but
treatment was relied on for the main
difficulties. She did exactly as her
physician told her. In a few days
she was free from headache, and in
a few weeks she was enjoying a de-
gree of health up to that time en-
tirely unknown to her. The heart
was able without check from tight
clothing to do its work; her lungs
had full play, and could purify the
blood without hindrance from cor-
set laces; the abdominal organs,
no longer crowded down upon the
delicate organs below them, per-
formed their functions without in-
terfering with any other organs of
the body; elasticity gradually came
back to the step of the young woman
color came to her face, light to her
eye, and the cheerfulness born of
good health to her heart.

The physician from whose mouth
this statement was received averred
that the good results this patient
enjoyed were directly from the
treatment she received and gave
herself, and not from the medicine.
—Ex.

The Union Jack.

The red cross of St. George was
the national flag of England until
the accession of James I. The com-
bination of the crosses of St. George
and St. Andrew produced the first
union jack in 1606. It symbolized
the union of England and Scotland.
The second union jack, the "meteor
flag of England," was established
by royal proclamation on the 1st of
January, 1801, when Ireland became
an integral part of the United
Kingdom, her union with England
and Scotland being symbolized by
the insertion of St. Patrick's Cross
in the existing flag. Properly speak-
ing, St. Patrick's "Cross" is an in-
correct statement. The Irish Cross
seems derived from Constantine's
famous standard, the Labarum—an
emblem which the early Irish Chris-
tians seem to have known and esteem-
ed. Fitzgerald bore a red diagonal
cross on a white ground from early
times, and as early as 1719 this was
spoken of as the flag of Ireland. It
was sufficiently national to be regard-
ed as such in 1801, and was com-
bined, as we have said, with the
saltire or white diagonal cross of St.
Andrew already in the union. These
two are countercharged; the white,
as representing the senior member,
is uppermost in the first quarter;
the red is edged with white as a
fimbriation. This explains why the
red cross of Ireland is narrower than
the white cross of Scotland. The
white border of St. George's Cross
has always been officially ordered to
be one-third of the width of the
cross itself; this border is not in-
tended as a fimbriation; it is really
a white cross underlying a red cross
one-fifth of a width. It is strange
to think that this "white border"
of our present union jack is most
probably a direct result of the battle
of Agincourt in 1415. This white
cross was almost certainly the
French cross adopted into the Eng-
lish flag during the minority of
Henry VI. The term "jack," ap-
plied to the flag, is considered by
some to be an abbreviation of King
James' signature, "Jac." But a
more probable derivation is that the
surcoat worn over a trooper's armour
was called a "jacque," and this in
the middle ages was usually emblaz-
oned before and behind with the
red cross of St. George.

THE FOURTH WATCH.—It was
not till the fourth watch of the night
till after three o'clock in the
morning, that Jesus appeared to the
disciples "toiling in rowing, for the
wind was contrary to them."
When he came the storm subsided,
and when he gave command to let
down the nets they were filled with
fish. Their experiences in storm
and in profligate labor taught them
their own impotency and Christ's
wonder-working power. Often we
should do well to inquire, when we
regard all things as against us, if it
is not a divine discipline to humble
us and lead us to depend on Christ.

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1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.00
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,869.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.58	7,030,878.77
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