

I Climb To Rest.

Still must I climb, if I would rest,
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf, on the tree-top high,
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds the hills to crown;
The plant arises from her root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away;
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work, to rest—for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease,
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own.
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,
All things are beckoning to the best;
I climb to Thee, my God, for rest,
Lucy Lovcom.

Out Of The Current.

Said a Christian lady sadly: "I feel that my religious life is empty and joyless. I still read my Bible daily and say my prayers morning and evening, but the peace and joy I possessed before changing my residence are gone."

The kindly answer was: "What you need is to get into the current again—the current of the Christian life of to-day."

This lady had been reared in a Christian household and in a community remarkable for its Christian culture and activity. She had been an active worker in her own church, and a participant in the co-operative activities that now engage the service of Christian women of all evangelical denominations. In her new place of residence she had, from one cause and another, failed to identify herself fully with the work of Christ. Still maintaining the forms of personal devotion, she had isolated herself from the working forces of the church. No longer keeping in the current of Christian activity, she found herself spiritually stranded. But her heart was too true for her to be satisfied in this state. God loved her too well to allow her to be satisfied while in such a state. The desires she felt for departed blessedness were kindled by the touch of the Spirit of life; the anguish of her aching heart was the evidence that God still loved her, and that he would lead her by the path of Christian service back again to the joys of her salvation.

Here is the secret of many a joyous Christian life. He who voluntarily separates himself from the living world around him will become morbid, miserable, and possibly mean. The Christian men and women who stand aloof from the activities of the living Church, and take no part in the practical ministries that engage the hearts and hands of the disciples of Christ who follow him in beneficent service, will surely pay the penalty. They will become morbidly fastidious and capricious, or cool into heartless indifference, or fall into doubtings—or, being too true and too deeply rooted in the Christian life to sink into any of these moods or states, the cry of their hungry souls will not be hushed until they recover their forfeited peace by resuming their neglected duties. All such persons must get into the current of contemporaneous thought, enterprise, and activity, serving their own generation by the will of God, or they will be stranded on the barren beach strewn with the wrecks of lives that might have been fruitful and blessed, but were ruined by the folly of disobedience to the command of the Master to go and work in his vineyard to-day.

Critical, caving brother, this is what ails you. You are not consciously hard or unjust, but your attitude as a mere spectator of what your brethren are doing is not favorable to right views or charitable judgment. You cannot appreciate the difficulties they meet, nor can you rejoice in the successes, in the achievement of which you have taken no part. Claim your privileges as a Christian worker, keep step with the marching hosts of Israel, and soon a carping critic will become a happy and fruitful servant of Christ. Get into the current.

This is what ails you, doubting, halting disciple. You have assumed the attitude of a philosopher when you ought to have been busy as a worker. You have read what bewildered theorists and empty-handed agnostics have written when you might have found in your own happy experience the truth of your Saviour's declaration that if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine. Your position is untenable, and you need never expect the blessedness of inward peace until you obey God. Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge, says one of the greatest of modern preachers, and universal Christian

experience attests that it is so. Get into that current, and your perplexing doubts and tormenting fears will leave you. There are many readers of this paper whose leaden skies would brighten again, whose sad hearts would pulse with new life and fresh joy if they would only go to work earnestly in the Church. Let them plunge into the current, and they would feel at once the swell of the waters, and their hearts would exult in the rapture of conscious salvation in Christ Jesus.

Get into the current. Take part in all the devotions and in all the activities of the Church as far as possible. It is your Church. Its head is your Saviour. Its work is your work; its privileges are your privileges; its promises are your promises; its grace is your grace. Waive all minor considerations, subordinate all inferior interests and motives, surrender all prejudices and preferences as to men and methods where no vital principle of truth is involved, and throw yourself without delay and without reserve into the full current of the Christian life that is flowing to-day, and to you will be given the full measure of blessedness for both worlds promised to the good and faithful servant who has well done his Master's will.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Abiding in Christ.

One afternoon, in an island city in China, feeling almost in spiritual despair, I was reading my Greek Testament, and in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, reading in course, I came across a verse which struck me as it had never done before. I was reading from the fifty-second verse onward; and if you will just turn to that passage, perhaps the train of thought that was such a help to me may help some one else here.

In the fifty-sixth verse: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him." I had read the verse in the Authorized Version, "dwelleth in me, and I in him," a hundred times, and never connected it in my mind with this fifteenth chapter, where the word happened to be rendered in that version, "abide in me." But, of course, reading it in the original, my mind was carried on by the verb from the sixth to the fifteenth chapter, and I saw at once—why! there is a little light on this great and difficult problem. I have been evidently making a mistake about this subject of "abiding in Christ."

I had thought that abiding in Christ meant keeping our hearts so fixed upon Christ, so constantly meditating upon him and dwelling in him, that we never lost the consciousness of his presence. I thought we were continually, so to speak, to realize his presence, and continually to look to him for blessing and help and guidance. Now, what I thought was abiding I have since seen was feeding upon Christ. Feeding is a voluntary act. We go to the table and sit down, and partake of what is there. That is a voluntary act. But the man who wanted to feed all the day, and wanted to feed all the night, too, wouldn't be a desirable member of any community. That was what I was trying to do, and because I couldn't manage it, I would get into a sort of almost religious dyspepsia.

I had a little hospital and dispensary work that kept me busy. Perhaps a man would be brought into the place with an artery cut and in imminent danger; within half an hour the question whether he would live or die would be settled, and one's whole attention would be wrapped up in the patient, and one wouldn't think of a thing else until the result was known; and then the thought would steal over me, "Why, for two hours I haven't thought about Jesus"—and I would go off into my closet almost in despair and confess this sin. I was in very great distress, indeed. I wanted to be feeding at the table all the time. Now, if a man has two or three square meals every day, and perhaps a lunch or two between, he ought to be able to go to work.

Abiding in Jesus isn't fixing our attention on Christ, but it is being one with him. And it doesn't make any difference what we are doing, or whether we are asleep or awake. A man is abiding just as much when he is sleeping for Jesus as when he is awake and working for Jesus. O, it is a very sweet thing to have one's mind just resting there!—*Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.*

Bemoaning The Past.

It is not unusual to meet people who are always bemoaning the past. There are many such who spend more energy in thinking what they ought to do and planning how to do it. Life is really too short for this sort of thing; there is too much to be achieved in the present and in the future to justify continuous dwelling on unimproved opportunities in the past. It is always in

order and in time to turn over a new leaf to begin again, to make stepping-stones of the past, remembering them only so much and so long as to learn how to avoid and overcome them in the future. "Oh, if I could only live my life over again," says one, "how differently I would act." But you can't live it over again. The only thing you can do is to live to-day as well as you can, to straighten your lines of action and see that all point upward, away from the wrong, toward the right. Time spent in mere idle regret is worse than wasted. Even Job, that man "divulged through heaven to all the angels," refers to the "sins of his youth," and begs that they be remembered not against him. The atmosphere of regret is debilitating, enervating, asphyxiating. It should be avoided by us as we avoid malarial atmospheres and those saturated with infection. A great purpose will live one out of regrets, and, failing a great purpose, many smaller ones will accomplish the same end. In such a world as this there is always enough affirmative, positive good to be done to occupy all one's time and thought, all one's capacity of doing and willing.

"Has your life a bitter sorrow?"

Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow,
Live it down.

You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.

You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.

Make your life so free from blame,
That the lustre of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?

Live it down.
Useless griefs will make it double,
Live it down.

Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through your years—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?

Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.

Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored, ere he dies;
Live it down.

A True Story.

"Papa, will you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? 'Most all the academy girls have theirs."

"No, May: I can't spare the money."

The above request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school, one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink. As usual, there were others there, and the man who could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat, treated the crowd.

When about to leave, he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat."

"All right," said the dealer, and taking up the half dollar from the counter, he handed it over to the girl, who departed smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked alone, and said to himself: "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop."

And he kept his pledge.—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

DOES A KIND WORD cost any more than an unkind one? No; but we constantly let our moroseness, our indigestion, our weariness, and our nervousness off in sour, harsh words, when a kind word would have gone far to cure us and worked wonders in the way of helpfulness to others—a helpfulness that would return increased a hundred fold, to cheer, bless, and strengthen. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Why not, then, when the good pastor comes down from the pulpit, having labored hard to instruct, admonish, and reprove, take him by the hand and give him a few earnest words of thanks and encouragement? Why not be on the lookout, with warm heart and earnest sympathy, to drop a kind word, an encouraging look, a pleasant smile of love, sympathy, or recognition, into every human life that passes your way, or that may be reached by your exertions?

THE PASTOR.—First Dame.—"How do you like your new minister?" Second Dame.—"Well, he never shirks his pastoral duties, I can say that for him. He attended sixteen funerals and seventeen private christenings last week." "He

did!" Yes, and he was present at all the mite societies, church sociables, class meetings, etc., besides being at six evening parties given by members of the congregation. His wife told me he had not been in his own home half an hour a day, except at meal-time, and the evening entertainments and beside visiting had kept him up so late that he had only got about four hours' sleep." "How noble! He must be a treasure of a minister." "Yes, in that respect we can't complain; but most of us are much dissatisfied with him, and I think we will make a change soon." "Why, what's the matter?" "Oh! he preaches such poor sermons."—*The Living Church.*

A Parable.

While travelling in a coal-mine district, I noticed how very dingy the towns appeared. The coal-dust seemed to blacken buildings, trees, shrubs—everything. But as I and the foreman were walking near the mines, I noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals were as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy field.

"What care the owner of this plant must take of it," said I, "to keep it so free from dust and dirt!"

"See here," said the foreman, and taking up a handful of coal-dust, he threw it over the flower. It immediately ran off, and left the flower as stainless as before.

"It has an enamel," the foreman explained, "which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for just such a place."

I have often thought of the enamel of this white flower as being like the covering or protection which Jesus gives to his own in contact with this sinful world of ours.

GO TO NATURE, and observe the method by which she performs her stupendous feats. How noiseless are her Titan powers, how tranquil her mighty operations! With what easy, silent pull, gravitation swings the tidal wave, and whisks the giant sun on its appointed path! What ear ever heard a blow of those magic axes that frame the cedar's lofty columns, or caught any noise, however faint, of those suction-pumps that fill the cloud reservoirs with the distilled waters of the sea? Every drop of rain that falls from the sky brings bottled up with it electricity enough to rive an oak in twain, and every sunbeam that gently glides an emerald grass-blade works in it a chemical change that the most powerful reagents known to science cannot effect. Yes, Nature, let us go to thee for instruction and learn how in quietness and confidence we may test find strength how in silence we may best perfect the most glorious tasks, and by tranquil toil easily pass by the columns whose noise and dust delude men only for the hour!—*Rev. J. T. Bisby.*

Arithmetic.

A careful housewife recommends the following arithmetic lesson to the attention of drinking workmen: "Two drinks of whiskey means a pound and a half of beef-steak; two beers, a dinner of nut-chops; a cocktail, an egg-plant or a head of cauliflower. 'What'll you take, Charlie?' stands for a nice oyster stew for the whole family Sunday morning. 'Set 'em up again' means sugar in the house for a month."

MORE THAN HALF the human family are women. Our mothers were all women. Our sisters are all of "the gentle sex." And yet nine tenths of the preaching of to-day is to "men" and "boys." True, Eve is mentioned pretty often in connection with "the fall," but most of the discourses from the sacred desk are addressed to the male portion of the congregation. "A man should be honest," "Christ died to save men," "Young men should be studious, honest, and Christ-like," etc., etc. Might it not be well to so modify our language in our sermons as to occasionally say something direct to women?

BE PATIENT with men. Often a man speaks hurriedly. When he has come to himself, he feels he has made a mistake. He is not quite man enough to acknowledge his own fault. If you hold him mercifully to the record he has made, you will make an enemy. Be large enough to overlook his fault, and take him for what, on the whole, he intends to be. Many misunderstandings and serious differences would be avoided by obeying this.

FIVE MINUTES' private personal entreaty will often accomplish more in winning souls to Christ than five months' public preaching. Close action is effective. A pistol at a man's breast is more dangerous to him than a hundred cannon thundering at him two miles away. The preaching may mean any one or no one in the crowd; but when you talk to me, you mean me.—*Hastings.*

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