

Nothing is Lost.

To talk with God—no breath is lost;
To walk with God—no strength is lost;
To wait on God—no time is lost;
To grind the ax—no work is lost;
The work is quicker, better done,
Not needing half the strength laid on,
Grind on!

Martha stood—but Mary sat;
Martha murmured much at that;
Martha cared—but Mary heard,
Listening to the Master's word.
And the Lord her choice preferred,
Sit on—hear on!
Work without God is labor lost;
Full soon you'll learn it to your cost;
Toil on, toil on!

Little is much when God is in it.
Man's busiest days not worth God's minute;
Much is little everywhere,
If God the labor do not share;
So work with God, and nothing's lost—
Who works with him does best and most;
Work on!
The Watchman

Fruits Of Family Worship.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE
SHOULD GO.—PROVERBS XXII. 6.

The much-neglected duty of family worship has in its possibilities for good which a striking incident may help careless parents to realize, as well as encourage those who are faithful. It is found in connection with the above text in an admirable collection of "Old Testament Anecdotes," recently published.

The opening scene is a dark one in every respect. At midnight in one of the inaccessible ravines in the Black Forest a century ago, a strange auction is in progress. The place was lighted by torches, which cast a ghastly glare through the darkness of the Abyss. Savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, were sitting in a circle, while one stood in the midst, holding up articles for sale. It was a gang of brigands who had that evening robbed a stage coach. According to their custom, they were engaged in selling the stolen articles among themselves. After a good many pieces of dress and travelling bags had been disposed of, and while the glass and the bottle were going from hand to hand, and each member of the company vied with his neighbour in making unseemly jokes and setting the Assembly in a roar, a New Testament was held up last of all. The man who acted as auctioneer introduced this 'article' with some blasphemous remarks, which made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested jokingly that he should read a chapter for their edification. This was unanimously applauded, and the auctioneer, turning up a page at random, began reading in a voice of mock devotion. While the company was greatly amused at this sacrilegious scoffing, it was not observed that one of them, a middle-aged man, who was one of the eldest members of the gang and used to be foremost in their crimes and in their debauchery, became silent, and clasping his hands on his knees, was absorbed in deep thought. The passage which the auctioneer had read was the same which that man's father had read thirty years ago at family worship on the day when he, to escape the hands of the police, fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again. At the sound of the words which he remembered so well, the happy family circle, of which he had been a member, rose to his fancy. In his imagination he saw them all seated round the breakfast table which was covered with the blessings of a new day. He saw his venerable old father sitting with the open Bible reading the chapter which was to prepare them for prayer. He saw his tender-hearted mother sitting by his father's side, attentively listening to the Word of God. He saw himself with his brothers and sisters joining in the devotional exercise, which entreated for them the guidance, protection and blessing of God during the day. He saw it all as clearly before his mind as if it had happened that morning. Since leaving home he had never opened a Bible, never offered up a prayer, never heard a single word which reminded him of God and eternity. But, now at this moment, it was as if his whole soul had awoke out of a long sleep of thirty years—as if the snow of a long, long winter melted away on a sudden at the sound of that well-known Bible word; and all the words which his good father had spoken to him from childhood, and all the lessons, admonitions and prayers of his pious mother—which then were scornfully given to the winds, now came flying back to his memory, as the winter crop bursts forth through the snow when the vernal sun unshackles the fields, and causes the hidden life to rise from the long dreary grave. Perfectly absorbed in those hallowed recollections, he forgot all that was around him, heard nothing of all the scoffing, laughing and blaspheming that was passing in his presence, until on a sudden he was waked out of his reverie by a rude tap on the shoulder, which was

accompanied by the question: "Now, old dreamer, what will you give for that book? You need it more than any of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament!" "So I am," he answered, struck to the very bottom of his heart by the truth which he recognized in that rough joke. "Give me the book. I will pay its full price."

The next day the brigands dispersed through the neighbourhood to turn their bargains into money. The man who bought the Bible went also on his errand, but he directed his steps to no receiving house. He repaired to a lonely place where he spent the whole day in the agonies of unspeakable remorse, and but for the consoling words which his Bible held out to him, he would certainly have made away with himself. But God had mercy on that repenting sinner, and sent a message of mercy and peace to his heart. The next day on entering a village where he resolved to speak to a minister, he heard that the gang was overtaken the night before by a detachment of soldiers, and taken to prison. His resolution was confirmed now all the more. He told the minister the whole of his life's story, and requested him to direct him to the police office where he gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of the sincerity of his repentance saved his life. His comrades were all put to death, but he obtained a reprieve from the Grand Duke, to whom his story was reported. After an imprisonment of some years he was set free on account of his exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household till he died in peace, praising Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.

—Can. Presbyterian.

Mastering a Language.

More than thirty years ago, when Japan was closed against foreigners—only the Dutch having a slight foothold on the coast—there was in that country a native physician, Sho-Wo Murakami by name, who desired to extend his knowledge of the sciences. In the house of a Dutch family he found a copy of a treatise on chemistry by Thenard, a French chemist. This book the doctor set about mastering.

But how was he to read it? He knew not French; there was no one to teach him, nor was there so much as a French-Japanese dictionary in the country.

After considerable search he found a French-Dutch dictionary. He knew a little of Dutch already, and enlarged his knowledge by study. Then he began, word by word, to puzzle out the French treatise on chemistry, first translating each word into Dutch, and then into Japanese.

In order to master a language, however it was not enough to get at the meaning of each word separately. Some knowledge of the grammar is essential. Murakami obtained a French grammar, and worked at that and his Dutch lexicon for three years. At last he achieved his end, and by this time he was as much devoted to the study of the French language and literature and institutions as he was to the science of chemistry. For his use in his studies he had made for himself a French-Japanese dictionary; this he published. He had the acquaintance of several public men, and inspired them with an interest in European science and institutions which helped in the development of Western ideas in Japan.

Murakami founded a French school at Tokio. He is still living, at the age of 82, and he is known in Japan as the "father of the French language." The French Government has made him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Such an example may well be taken to heart by students who, with every advantage, find it burdensome to learn a foreign language, even though it be closely allied to their own. An American student may realize the difficulties of Murakami's task by imagining what it would be if he were required to master the Chinese language by the means of a German Chinese lexicon.

A POINT IN MANLINESS.—Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an understanding with a person whose promise is not to be depended upon—and there are plenty of them in this wide world, people whose promise is as slender a tie as a spider's web. Let your given word be as a hammer, a chain of wrought steel, that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far to making a man out of you; and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty, molded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression; but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant, and reliable character, a positive quantity that can be calculated upon.

Slamming The Door.

A suggestive little squib with a moral is going the rounds of the papers. Bessie and Willie overheard a quarrel between their parents. "Which of them is getting the worst of it?" asks Bessie. "I don't know yet," answered Willie, "I am just waiting to see which of them will slam the door going out." Willie had found a better and more universal test of human frailty than he knew. The man who gets the worst of it usually slams the door. To "get mad" is not only a sign of weakness it is a sign of defeat as well. The successful person can afford to keep his temper and wait for time to vindicate his course. Some people slam the door in the newspaper with a vicious, ill-tempered article. It helps our cause not one whit, but indicates that they have had recourse to a defeated man's last resort, an ill-natured fling. Others metaphorically slam the church door. They get angry with a brother member, call him names, provoke a quarrel, and perhaps a serious division results. The man who has a good cause can afford to be patient. He can meet his enemies' arguments, if it is worth while, or he can let them go for old Father Time to bury in oblivion. He is not greatly ruffled or annoyed even by slander and abuse, for he knows that a barking dog is estimated pretty accurately at his true value in this practical world, and that the best poultice for the wounds caused by hard words is silence. Nothing is gained by slamming the door. The angry man forgets that his opponent's fingers are not in the crack of the door and that the sound neither hurts him nor destroys his arguments nor heals the pain he has inflicted, but only seems to make the slammer ridiculous and indicates that he is worsted in the combat.

—Golden Rule.

Save The Boys.

The best argument found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was, for political reasons, mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him which ran something like this:—

"Where were you born?"

"In a village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequently disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum shops and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous villages on the globe."

"How long did you remain in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

"That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till they are twenty-one. It is the youth that the whiskey and beer men want."

"More pathetic instance of the returning of good for evil there cannot be, than the oppressed paying with smiles the frown of the oppressor." The light on the Watch Tower that shines for all humanity sends its white rays to the bottom of society's pit, and on the bottom, I see the lowest and most wretched of the world's oppressed. She is clothed in scarlet and covered with smiles ghastly as the grin of a skeleton, the first lesson in sin taught her that her oppressor would not brook "low spirits," whatever she suffer. Abandonment and desolation are the penalty of being "doleful," so, with every fiber of soul and body torn, she goes down to death and hell—"gay!"

HOME SAYING.—Set aside some time every Sabbath for singing, and choose the best of old hymns, such as grown people can sing heartily. Never, never give the children the idea that the singing is done solely for their benefit. Children do not want to be patronized, any more than their elders do. The moment they feel that their elders are singing to please them they lose all interest in the exercise; but let them see that father and mother really enjoy it as much as they do, and they will not quickly tire of singing. It will be just as pleasant to them as useless shouting, and a great deal more beneficial.

Whose Work.

The astronomer Athanasius Kircher had a friend who professed himself unable to believe in a personal God, the Creator of the universe. Calling one day on the astronomer, he found that he was for a moment so occupied that he could not be interrupted. While waiting in his study and looking about him, the sceptic's attention was drawn to a beautiful artificial celestial globe, which he had never before seen, and when the astronomer came in he expressed his admiration, and asked: "Where did you obtain this fine globe? Whose work is it?"

Kircher turned to him wondering, and answered: "Where did it come from? No where. 'Who made it?' Nobody."

"How absurd!" promptly replied his friend.

On this the astronomer came and confronted his visitor, and said, "You will not believe that this poor little globe here made itself, and yet you proclaim that the grand and glorious original which you gaze upon with amazement, and of which this is but a pitiful picture, was made by nobody, and that the eternal laws which control it came by accident!"

How to Reach the Unsaved.

Almost two thousand years have passed since the ascending Lord left to the church the responsible trust of giving the gospel to the world; and that trust is not yet fulfilled. Not only in the far-off lands beyond the sea, but in the very neighborhood of Christian churches and homes, men and women are living without the gospel. The light of the world has no more reached them than sunshine has the bugs that burrow beneath the stones by the wayside. How shall the church of Christ do her duty to the dying about her doors? How turn the heavy trust into the sceptre of power, and this sacred commission into a crown of glory? There must be a new baptism of prayer. We must look facts in the face, confront our opportunities and our responsibility, weigh the worth of immortal souls in the scales of God, and measure the power of the gospel by the might of him who gave it. Prayer can unlock prison doors, and make shackles to fall from hands and feet, and the iron gate to swing open of its own accord. When God gives a command, the command is a pledge of power to fulfil it.—A. T. Pierson.

A Great Man.

Rev. Dr. Broadus recently related the following incident, during a Sunday-school talk in Detroit:

An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuitous pennies, near the Houses of Parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiring he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic chamber barely furnished with cot and stool.

You are lonely here, the missionary said. Has any one called upon you?

Oh, yes, he replied, several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me.

Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?

He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me.

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool in an attic reading the word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.

Brotherly Love.

Some people have decidedly selfish views of brotherly love, as is illustrated in the following, as told by Rev. Sam Jones:

"A poor fellow, a tramp, was walking along the road, and came upon a Christian man sitting by the roadside eating his luncheon; and upon asking him to divide his meal with him, the Christian gave him a little piece of bread, and as the tramp was about eating it the Christian stopped him until he could ask a blessing, and began thus, 'Our Father.' When he had finished, the tramp said, 'Did you say our Father?' 'Yes,' said the other. 'Well, does that mean he is your Father and mine?' 'Yes.' 'Then we are brothers, ain't we?' asked the tramp. 'Yes,' said the Christian.

'Well, then, if we are brothers, give me a bigger piece of bread.'

"I'M AFRAID TO DIE RICH."—Such was the reply, not long since, of a man who noted for his liberality in doing good. He had just been giving a large sum to a certain benevolent object, when a friend inquired if it was not more than he could well afford, and why it was that, with all the demands upon him for his business and his family, he gave away so much. And his reply forever memorable, was: "I feel that as to my property, I am but God's steward, and I am afraid to die rich!"

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