

In His Time.

Ecc. 3: 11.

On opening leaf and tender bud
The soft spring rain is falling,
And little birds on swinging sprays
Each to his mate is calling.

How beautiful in God's good time
Each season's sweet returning;
The summer with her roses sweet,
Such wondrous incense burning;

The autumn with her golden grain,—
Her tints of rainbow glory,
Her promise of the garnered sheaves,—
So sweet in song and story.

And winter's "snow and vapor" still
His mighty power proclaim;
His "hoar-frost" decks the naked trees
And sparkles in his name.

Give thanks, O earth / let all things praise
These wonders of his hand;
They flash us hints of heavenly shores
Where lies "the better land."

Standard.

Talmage On Quarreling.

I go out some summer day and find that there are two bee-hives quarreling with each other. I come toward them—do not come near enough to get stung, but I come near enough to hear the contest between them. The one cries out: "That field of clover is the sweetest." The other cries out: "That field of clover is the sweetest." I say: "Stop this quarrel. If you think that is the sweetest, go there. I want you to understand that that hive is the best that gets the most honey."

I see different denominations of Christians in contest with each other, some preferring this field of evangelical belief, and others that field. I say take your choice. If you like that evangelical belief the best, take it; if you like this evangelical belief the best, take it; but understand that Christ thinks most of that church which gets the most of the honey of Christian grace in the heart, and the most of the honey of Christian grace in the life.

You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband, and sometimes of the wife, to yield; but let both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict. Above all, do not both get mad at once. Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, is this: that once, having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said: "Now I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not?

Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband comes home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper: but let both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-hoop.

"It is Written."

When I was stationed at Preston, says Rev. Charles Garrett, a man was converted who had been known as the champion wrestler of Lancashire. He was, of course, a strong, powerful fellow; but it was for a time a question how he would find honest Christian employment. After a few weeks I lost sight of him. Then I met him one day unexpectedly in the street. How are you getting on? I asked.

Oh, very well, sir! I am in the police force.

That's right. Well, how are you doing in soul matters? Are you keeping near to Jesus?

Yes, sir, I think so; but I have a lot of opposition; it is sometimes hard work.

You must expect that. The man who expects to get to heaven without fighting has mistaken his calling.

The devil troubles me, sir, a good deal. You see I have to be a good deal alone, walking up and down at night by myself, and he is a great coward, and says plenty of things to me in the dark that I'm sure he daren't say if it was daylight. But I'll tell you what I do, Mr. Garrett. I've bought a pocket Bible, and I've turned down the pages against those texts which tell me of the love

of God for sinners, and the power of Jesus to save; and when the devil comes along and says, Think of all your past sins; you are a pretty fellow to speak in the class-meeting, and say you are a child of God. Did you not do this? Did you not do that?—I stop and pull out my little Bible, and turning to one of the places that is turned down, I turn my bull's eye full on the page, and I say, It's all true about my sins, but here it is written, The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin. Can you read that? He is gone then; he can't stand that, sir; and since I have found out that way of dealing with the enemy, I am no longer afraid of him—not a bit. —*Joyful News.*

An Honest Christian Man.

The following supposed incident will serve to illustrate the truth that a truly honest man will not take a larger sum for property than its just value even if he is offered more.

A certain man named George Smith came one day to a farmer named Daniel Jones, wishing to buy a pair of oxen, and said: "Those red oxen of yours suit me, and I will give you \$120 for them." Daniel Jones replied: "That is \$30 more than they are worth." George Smith looked wonder-struck at this remark. The farmer said: "I know the value of those oxen better than you do. One of them is a little 'breachy,' and the other one cannot bear the heat so well as some oxen, and yet there are good qualities in them, but all things considered, \$90 is all they are worth, and you may have them for that price." George Smith gladly took the oxen, and said to a man on his way home: "It beats all what a difference there is in the religion of men. Now there is old James Clark, my near neighbor; I have heard him make many a long prayer. If he had owned these beautiful oxen he would have asked me \$130 or more for them, and he would have called them a great bargain at that price, and he would not have said a word about one of the oxen being inclined to be breachy, and the other not very tough in hot weather. I do not know anything about religion myself, but one thing I know, as well as I know where the sun shines on a warm day, and that is, there is a mighty big difference between Daniel Jones' religion and James Clark's religion."

Transformed.

A woman famous as one of the most kindly and most lovable among leaders of the best American society once said:

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in my life, it is due to the words spoken to me in the right season when I was a little child by my old teacher. I was the only homely awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and, being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive. One day the French teacher—a gray-haired old woman with keen eyes and a kind smile—found me crying.

"Qu'as-tu, ma fille?" she asked. "Oh madam, I am so ugly!" I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me.

"Presently she took me to her room and said, 'I have a present for you,' handing me a scaly, coarse lump covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. 'Ugly,' did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name, then. It is you. Now, you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two."

"I planted it and watched it carefully: the green leaves came out first, and at last the golden Japanese lily—the first I had ever seen.

"Madam came to share my delight. 'Ah!' she said significantly; 'who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that ugly thing? But it took heart and came into the sun.'

"It was the first time it ever occurred to me that in spite of my ugly face I might be able to win friends and make myself beloved."

—Presbyterian.

Religion Personal.

Salvation is an individual work. Though Christ died for all men he made no arrangements to save them in regiments. He takes them one by one. If you are saved it will be by giving personal heed to his word, and by an individual surrender of your soul to God. Men can preach to you, can teach and exhort you to flee the coming wrath: they can not save you. No great tide of spiritual influence will sweep you into the kingdom. Such a gracious visitation may open a favourable door, but salvation will not come to you until you give personal heed to it. He who is mighty and able to save stands at the door and knocks; hear his voice and open the door before it is too late.

The Ministry Of Trouble.

The mastership of life is not to be gained by playing coward and hiding away from trouble. You are not taught to pray that God shall remove you from trial, whether it accords with the Divine will or not. You need not expect to grow into stalwartness and robustness of Christian character by any desertion from duty, or any flinching under pain, or any retirement from discipline. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world." Neither are you to take any such prayer. God will take you out of the world in good time. God will remove the thorn in the flesh on proper occasions. God will straighten the tangle of circumstances when he sees fit.

"I pray that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." That is the prayer you need to make. You are sure as to the rightness, the wisdom, the blessedness of such a course.

How much it means to us toilsome, disheartened people. It is possible that these very occasions and experiences which we thought to avoid are not only the very means that shape us into nobility, but also the very means by which God makes closest approach to our souls, and gives sweetest testimony as to the realness of his presence. Is it possible that God employs this rigid system to press us into thought upon himself, and to urge us into glad assurance of his Divine helpfulness? Is it possible that God selects this kind of life apprenticeship with the purpose of courting us into great palpitant, victorious, all-ministering sympathy with men?

Men of business, pursue your honorable career, seeking that help in trial and gloom which is vouchsafed you. This is your line of prayer and labor. Woman of sorrows, pine not that you are grievously circumstanced. "Come unto me.... and I will give you rest." That is your line of prayer and labor.

Man, woman, whatever your sphere and condition of life, be it joy or grief, health or sickness, household worries or community persecutions, envious success, of ignominious defeats, your line of prayer and labour is marked. Learn to brave the world. Learn to use the world. Learn to meet the ills and allurements and contradictions of the world with such faith in the support of Christ, with such appropriation of the strength in Christ that you shall yourself be conqueror and more than conqueror. —*Wesleyan Methodist.*

Sacrifice And Duty.

A great many Christians are ready for duty, who are not ready for sacrifice. The mere putting forth of energy is not a disagreeable thing, when it falls in the line of one's inclination and ability. On the contrary, such exercise of our powers affords the keenest satisfaction, not only in the results obtained, but in the process of attainment. Duty well done is the highest pleasure.

But when the element of sacrifice enters into the thing to be done, the case is immediately felt to be different. We have carried bullion to the mint of duty, and it has come back to us stamped and shining coin. But when we are called upon to sacrifice ourselves for a certain end, it seems like rendering up our gold for no equivalent. The virtue that proceeds from us, in this case, proceeds out of us. We cease to be merely beneficiary agents and middlemen, and give out more than we receive.

This is what makes sacrifice so hard. It involves the parting with a certain portion of our own capital of God-given good.

And yet every Christian is constantly called upon to make sacrifices. We cannot live, religiously, on the interest of our good deeds. God is all the time making demands upon the capital. We must learn to sacrifice ourselves; and we must learn to do it in the right spirit.

On one of the old Roman coins there is a picture of an ox standing between the plow and the altar, with the inscription, "Ready for either." This should be the attitude of the Christian—ready to render or to be rendered; wholly devoted, so that he shall be as ready to sacrifice himself as to exercise his powers in the service of the Master.

It is a rare spirit, this. Yet some Christians possess it, and manifest it in their lives. Paul was such a Christian, as distinguished from Peter, who loved duty until it touched upon sacrifice, and then recoiled from it as with a sort of natural shrinking. Yet even Peter finally attained the true spirit of sacrifice; and so may every Christian, who has the true love of Christ in his heart. —*F. Herald.*

BADGERED, snubbed, and scolded on the one hand; petted, flattered, and indulged on the other—it is astonishing how many children work their way up to an honest manhood in spite of parents, or friends. Human nature has an element of great toughness in it.

AN ENGINEER'S RACE WITH DEATH is described in a pass despatch from Dubuque, Iowa. The man was on an engine on the Wabash road, when he felt the premonitory symptoms of a paralytic seizure. He knew exactly what they were and what they meant, for he had lost many relatives in that way, and believing that his end would be like theirs he had studied the signs of its approach. Knowing that he would become helpless soon, his anxiety became intense. If, when the train reached Sparta, Mo., he had not sufficient consciousness or strength to stop his engine, the train would dash past the station and might collide with something in the way, and cause destruction of many lives. He looked at his watch, and calculated that it might be possible to get there while he retained his power. He put on all the speed he could, and told the fireman what to do in the event of death beating him in the race. As the train flew on, his concern increased for he felt the lifelessness creeping through his limbs. At last the station came in sight, and the engineer, with a sigh of relief, seized the lever with his left hand, which alone was capable of motion, and shut off the steam. It was his last act. When the train stopped at Sparta he was lifted from the cab, and died in a few minutes. It was a pathetic effort, with which every man who realizes his responsibility can sympathize. The thought that death may come upon him before he has done all his duty is an incentive to diligence in the Master's service. —(John ix. 4).

Cruelty to Animals.

This is what John Bright said at the Sunday-School Conference at Rockdale, England: "There is nothing to my mind more base than to cruelly treat animals, who cannot answer, who cannot resent, who cannot avenge themselves, who cannot escape, and who, whatever their sufferings may be, are not able to utter a word about them. I don't know anything more base than the cruelty which you sometimes see shown to dogs and horses. I have a great affection for dogs, and a very great regard for horses. I think dogs are what are called more intelligent, but horses are much more intelligent than what the world generally give them credit for; and with them, however much kindness is shown, that kindness is repaid a hundred or a thousandfold by the good services and the generous return they make for the good treatment they receive. Therefore, if I were talking to children, this is one of the things I should now and then call their attention to." —*London World.*

Study Unselfishness.

A gentleman of some eminence said: "I remember having to advise a man who had fallen into a sad, morose life, and had put himself under my counsel; and I said: 'Suppose you begin by passing the butter at the table.' He needed to be on the outlook, consciously, for little occasions to serve those around him. Take care in the least trifles that you care for others.

"I do not like that man," said a sound observer to me; "I saw him let his wife pick up her own handkerchief." This critic was right in that quick judgment.

"I judge him by the way he treats his dog." This is a wise criticism. And if it is wise in criticism it is wise in life. Train yourself to unselfishness in what the world pleases to call little things.

Afraid of God.

Some years ago a band of missionaries in the Fiji Islands found their home surrounded by a troop of savages armed for battle. Being both unable and unwilling to fight, they shut their door and began to pray.

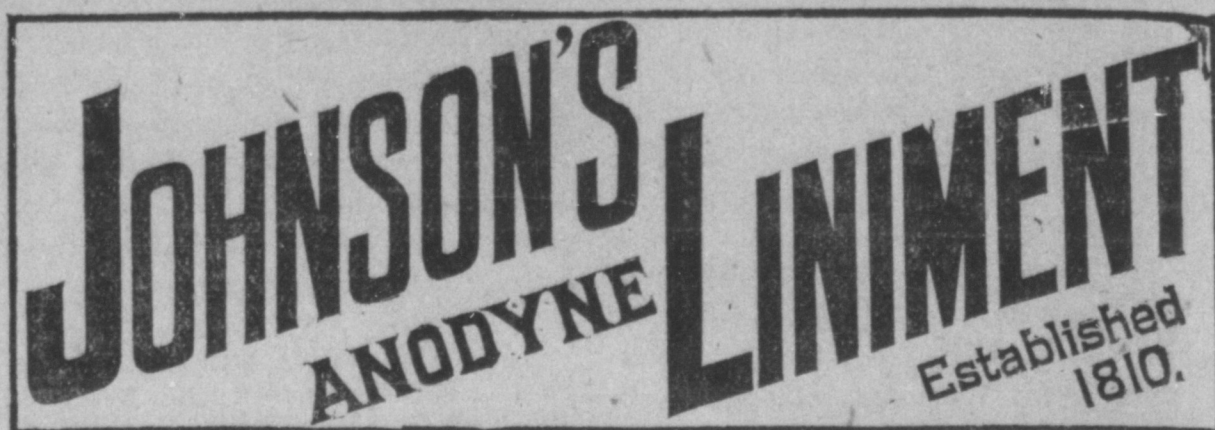
Presently the howling of the savages ceased. Then one of the missionaries went out, and found only one savage there. Said the missionary: "Where are your chiefs?"

"They are gone. They heard you praying to your God, and they know your God is a strong God; and they are gone."

The savages were right at last. God is a strong God; strong to help those who love Him, strong to punish His enemies. This strong God is the friend of loving little children. What good news this is for the weak and helpless! —*Young Reaper.*

Ask Mother.

What we are at home is what we are. No one is better than his home-life. These homes are the wonderful revealers, tests, not concealers, of characters. That was a pertinent rejoinder which a Salvation Army soldier made to a person who interrupted her exhortation with the query: "How do you behave at home?" "There's my mother," she said, "ask her." Whereupon her mother arose and declared: "She lives at home just as she talks in meeting."



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