

## Soul Agony.

Lord Jesus, lead me! I would leave  
The sins and cares that burn my soul;  
Distressing thoughts my spirit grieve.  
The world distracts, and sorrows roll  
Like conflicts o'er my dreary way.  
Jesus, it seems so dark to-day!

My trembling feet have often tried!  
To tread the way thy feet have gone;  
But they have failed. A human guide  
Has led through paths to them unknown.  
Be near me now when all is night;  
Jesus, I see no breaking light!

The way seems long that lies between  
This lonely earth and gates of gold;  
I know if I may only lean  
Upon some arm to lift and hold  
My tottering steps, I soon shall gain  
My home, though days are dark with rain.

Lord Jesus, lead me! Take my hand;  
Leave me not here to find my rest;  
For who can lead in this strange land?  
I would be home upon thy breast.  
Be thou near me while yet I stay;  
Jesus, it seems still dark to-day!

—Telescope.

## Occupations of Women.

Every ambitious girl is at some time possessed by a desire to earn money, and looks about to discover what she can do.

There are over three million women and girls in the United States who are engaged in other than household occupations, and the army is constantly increasing. In other countries women have long mingled with men, and performed labor which an American would be liable to consider adapted to male laborers only. Many people would be amazed if told that there are sixty thousand female farmers, or agricultural laborers, in the United States; yet good authority gives this estimate. In Georgia it is not thought improper for girls who work in the field to wear male attire. By doing so, they escape the cumbersome dress which would drag in the dirt and catch on weeds and briars. Two girls, sisters, in New Orleans, have gone into the dairy business. They have large stables, milk many cows, and appear to be doing well. The business is a paying one, and not so unwomanly as might appear at first thought. There are others in various parts of the country who are similarly employed.

In New York City there are three women who are well known as butchers, and one has followed the business at the same place for twenty-five years. Another has been a butcher for twenty years. One would naturally expect such women to be coarse and masculine, but one of them is said to be "a delicate and refined looking little woman, and in or out of her store would hardly be supposed equal to so robust an occupation."

San Francisco has a girl blacksmith, aged fifteen years, and it is said that she can turn out as fine a shoe as ever graced the foot of a race-horse. Here, again, one would expect to find a stout, coarse grained person; but, on the contrary, she is said to be rather fragile than strong, with a slender arm and shapely hand. The delicate finish of her work shows a fineness of nature unlooked for in a girl blacksmith. She does not, however, intend to put her accomplishment to a practical use.

In Bay City, Mich., girls are employed as shingle packers. There are thousands of odd and unexpected things which women and girls do in order to earn money. It is merely a matter of taste or choice that decides whether a girl will do housework, stand behind a shop counter, or perform one of the many things which she can do if she tries. It is plain to be seen that her sphere is not so limited as is usually supposed. Nearly every person is adapted for something. If a girl can make money by milking a cow, making horseshoes or packing shingles, it is quite as respectable for her to do it as for a man. There was a girl in Connecticut who served as fireman and engineer on a locomotive. Of course she was obliged to disguise her sex in male attire. She was an English girl who had performed similar work, in disguise, in her own country.

The professions are open for girls. They may become doctors, lawyers, ministers, etc. At the present time there are at least twenty-five hundred women physicians in this country. A great Frenchman has said: "Women show themselves superior to men in all kinds of offices; men can only keep up with them, when cultivating themelves more, with lifting and educating themselves to a higher standard." If this is true, then our girls should take courage. They have a natural advantage over the opposite sex at the start, which will, in time, overcome the artificial disadvantage of social restriction; where women have genuine superiority—as they surely have at many points—it is certain to place them on a level with if not above, their brothers. There is one rule which holds good for both sexes, "Learn what you can do best, and do it to the best of your ability."—*Treasure-Trove.*

## Hard Work.

Hard work accords with simple common sense. Work gives strength. Unused muscle deteriorates. Singers in constant service increase in power. Witness the singer's throat and the blacksmith's arm. It is the brain that is kept at work that solves the difficult problem. We appeal to the heart that carries many burdens when we would have help for one more good cause.

A lady asked Turner the secret of his success. He replied, 'I have no secret, madam, but hard work.' I think it was Agassiz who defined genius as "the capacity for an infinity of hard work."

Over sixty years ago Gladstone formed the habit of shutting himself up with his books out of everybody's reach from ten in the morning till two in the afternoon. See the result! At eighty he is one of England's giants. Said one of our own strongest preachers, nearly seventy with all sails set, Four hours of brain-sweat every day I live. That is my rule. Alcott told us, in his talk on the genesis of an Emersonian essay, that the old Sage of Concord worked in an attic which he reached by a ladder through a trap-door, upon which he placed his chair.

If we want to bring anything good to pass let us remember the old Latin proverb, 'Labour omnia vincit.' God's best people have worked hard with their muscle before brain-work was the order. The first man was a gardener. Krummacker, in one of his "Parables," tells how the curse was mitigated: "Adam had tilled the ground and made himself a garden full of plants and trees. He rested himself with his wife and children upon the brow of a hill. The watcher of Eden came to them, but he was without his flaming sword, and his countenance was kind. He saluted them, and said: 'Behold, no more do fruits grow of themselves for you. You must labor to eat bread in the sweat of your brow; but after you toil you rejoice in the fruits acquired.' His goodness is great, even when he chasteneth," said Adam; 'what have we to atone for this? Prayer,' answered the watcher: 'toil is the earthly gift of Jehovah.' Then Adam lifted up his face, gave thanks, and prayed."

"Aurora Leigh" says, "God gives us better gifts in cursing than mercy in benediction." David was a shepherd. Elisha a farmer, Amos a herdsman, Paul a tent maker and Jesus of Nazareth a carpenter. Our Lord said of his divine service, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—*J. P. Willing, in Our Youth.*

## Plain Attire.

The Princess of Wales dresses her daughters in the plainest possible way—calicoes, gingham, muslins, and flannels being the rigid rule.

No corsets, no tightness of any kind; and as for ornaments, such as rings, ear-rings, or bracelets, her Royal Highness would be astounded if such an idea were as much as mooted.—*Youth's Companion.*

Just think of it, young ladies, here are three young princesses dressed in the plainest possible way whose adornment is that approved of God, the adornment of their minds and hearts. But no bangs or frizzes, not a single article of jewelry, no lace, no flounces; yet they are the healthiest, wealthiest, (and we may add) among the wisest princesses in all the earth; their father has an income ten times as great as that of the president of the United States, and they themselves are favorites of the greatest queen living, on whose empire the sun never sets. Young ladies should remember that ribbons, feathers, and other ornaments on top of their hats are considered a sure sign of a lack of brains under the hat.—*Brother's Work.*

What does that gaudy ribbon and those ornaments upon your dress say to every one that meets you? It makes the impression that you wish to be thought pretty. Take care! You might just as well write it on your clothes, "no truth in religion." It says, "give me dress; give me fashion; give me flattery, and I am happy." The world understands this testimony as you walk the streets. You are "living epistles, known and read of all men." Only let Christians act consistently and heaven will rejoice and hell groan at their influence. But, oh! let them put feathers in their hats, and heaven puts on robes of mourning, and hell holds a jubilee.—*Finney.*

If young women only knew what young men think and say of them, when they pass along the street in pyramidal hats, which are but cages of dead birds, dresses displaying the bandaged, hour-glass waist, the camel's hump, the mopping skirt, with front so strapped as to display the lower limbs in most unseemly fashion; with arms akimbo and so pinched that a sausage is their only parallel; and this fashionable effigy upborne upon the same hideous,

slant-heeled pedestals that the demi-monde of Paris wear. If even these young women could hear the remarks of the young men as they pass by, they would never again appear in such a hideous guise.—*Frances E. Willard.*

## The Old Lady Knew It All.

A traveller once put up for the night with a simple-minded old couple in a lonely farm-house. As he rode up to the door, he heard the old woman say, in a tone of deep conviction:

"There! I knew somebody'd come before night, for I dropped my fork on the floor, this morning, and it stuck straight up. Then I dropped the dishcloth at noon—another sure sign of company."

Entering the house, the visitor carelessly struck his foot against the step, and came near falling. Ah! said the old lady quickly, which toe did you stub, right or left? The right was the reply.

That's good; it's a sure sign you're going where you are wanted. Pa, shoo that rooster off the fence. If he crows there, it will rain before morning.

A little boy ran into the room, crying out:

"Oh, grandma, look! Here's a copper I found in the road."

I'm not a bit surprised. Don't you remember, Tommy, that you dreamed of finding a nest of hen's eggs last night? I told you then that you'd find some money before a week.

A young woman was washing on a porch back of the house, and the old lady cried out:

There, there, Susan, if you haven't splashed soap-suds all over the front of your dress! And if you don't get a drunken husband for it I'm wonderfully mistaken. I've known that sign to come true, often and often. But you can keep it from coming true by hanging all the clothes on the line wrong side out, and you'd better do it.

So Susan did, as the traveler noticed, to his great amusement.—*Selected.*

## A Young Man's View of old Pastors.

As a young man I feel an interest in the discussion now being carried on in the columns of *The Inquirer* as to the comparative merits of old and young ministers. I am unfashionable enough to prefer an old man for my pastor.

I like the reverence due to the pastoral office to be merited also by the man who fills it.

I like my pastor to have had a longer experience in the Christian life than I have had.

I like my pastor to have the wisdom obtained by concourse with men for years.

I would rather fight under the hero of scores of victories than under the youngster just out of school.

On the other hand, I don't care to be under a pastor best described by the word "fresh."

I cannot enjoy the preaching of a man who has thought much less than I have on religious truth.

I don't like my pastor the pet of women and children.

I don't like my church to be so run as to obtain the well-deserved name of "The Baptist of Kindergarten."

Nor yet am I anxious to be under the care of a champion amateur athlete.

For all of which reasons I am little inclined to fear white hairs on my pastor's head.—*Chris. Inquirer.*

THE POWER of the Gospel is strikingly illustrated by an incident related at the recent Missionary Conference in Calcutta. Mr. Mason of the American Baptist Mission in Assara stated that a few years ago he was constrained to tell a native Christian boy that he could not keep him longer in his school. The boy seemed to be unusually and hopelessly stupid, and Mr. Mason did not think it was proper to keep up schools at mission expense for such disappointing cases. The boy was sent off. He returned after a little time, and told Mr. Mason that a teacher was needed in a certain village, and, if Mr. Mason would consent, that he would go. The boy went to the village at Rs 3 a month. At the beginning of his work he had a vision. God said to him: 'You are the only witness I have here. Let your light shine.' The boy was obedient to the heavenly vision. To-day there is a Christian church of two hundred members in that village, and the people have built a house for Mr. Mason, hoping to have him come and live with them a while. Mr. Mason said that when he went to this village first, the men and women hid away, lest he should see them, and the boys and girls climbed up the trees and stretched themselves on the branches like squirrels. When he went the second time, a few people heard him, but soon turned away. Now there is a church and a house for a preacher, built without instruction or advice from the mission.

## A Practical Joke.

Most squirrels keep two or more stores of food. Wood, the British naturalist, tells of a friend who found one of these reserve stores which a squirrel had provided for an exigency, and the friend, in a moment of thoughtlessness, determined to play a joke on the squirrel. He accordingly replaced the nuts by small round stones, and carefully concealed all evidences of his visit. One cold day in winter he passed the spot, and found that the squirrel had called there a short time previously. This he knew by the fact that ten inches of snow had been scratched from the top of the hole, outside of which the stones had been cast by the disappointed animal. This struck the joker with remorse. He said: I never felt the folly of practical joking so much in my life. Fancy the poor little fellow, nipped with cold, and scanty food, but forseeing a long winter, resolved to economize his little hoard as long as possible. Fancy him at last determined to break this—perhaps his last—magazine, and cheerfully brushing away the snow, fully confident that a good meal awaited him as the reward of his cold job, and, after all, finding nothing but stones. I never felt more mean and ashamed in my life, and really would have given a guinea to know that injured squirrel's address. He should have had as fine a lot of nuts as would have put him beyond the reach of poverty had he lived to be as old as Methuselah.—*Globe Democrat.*

## Parental Prayers.

Surely among all prayers that go up to God none are dearer or more prevailing than the intercessions of parents for their children. They are the hallowed breathings of the purest, tenderest love. Such prayers, if persistent, believing and important, may we not say that God always answers in some way in the end? Monica, the mother of Augustine, prays for her son. For a time he goes deeper and deeper into sin, and it seems that the mother's supplications are unheard or unavailing. But she faints not; she will not give him up; she refuses to be disheartened. For many years her son wanders far from God, farther and farther; but she stays at her altar, undismayed, believing still, and pleading with renewed earnestness. At last all her intercessions are answered in one hour when Augustine falls down at Jesus' feet in submission, and instantly turns all the wealth of his splendid life into the service of his new Master.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.—The *Interior* of Chicago has the happy faculty of saying some very good things in a very happy way, as may be seen from the following: "Men of the rule-or-ruin stripe are to be found in many secular establishments, and, alas! in more than a few churches. We would like to see a convention of these self-assertive people after the style of a summer assembly. How warm they would make it for each other! Ocean-breezes and shade-trees would soon be at a high premium. We have just heard of a likely candidate for president of such a gathering. He does his wrangling in the Baptist fold, and he lives in England. When appealed to in behalf of a proposition for arbitration on points at issue, he denounced arbitration as a worldly thing, having no place in the church of Christ. And when the split occurred, and many scholars left the Sabbath-school, he expressed pious satisfaction, since it lessened the number of children for whose spiritual welfare the teachers were responsible. That man has a genius for fighting things to the bitter end, which entitles him to the chieftainship of the rule-or-ruin tribe. American mischief-makers must take back seats."

A SAVING WOMAN at the head of a family is the very best savings-bank established. The idea of saving is a very pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they could cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus, when they are not aware of it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy. The best way to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Whether five hundred dollars or five thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice, but a mere obligation that rests upon women as well as men.—*Sel.*

No man or woman should domore work of muscle or brain than he or she can perfectly recover in a good night's rest.

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