

Be On The Watch For Jesus.

Be on the watch for Jesus!
Hear what he hath to say
From hour to hour; and he will shed
His light upon your way.
For every swift-winged moment,
His messenger shall be,
Bearing within its narrow bounds
Some word from Him to thee.

Be on the watch for Jesus,
And thou shalt learn to trace
His faithfulness, when clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
And in the humble path assigned
By His dear hand to thee,
Shall room be found to know thy Lord
And serve acceptably.

Be on the watch for Jesus!
Be careful lest thou miss
One tiny token of His love,
His presence, or His grace.
He toucheth thee at every point,
In common things or rare;
Go forth to meet him, dearest heart!
Thou'lt find him everywhere.

Be on the watch for Jesus!
Until thy vision keen
Grow quick to recognize His form,
To other eyes unseen.
Oh! keep thy heart for Him alone,
And so shalt thou abide
Beneath His shadow, with His love,
Forever satisfied.

A Labor Of Love.

In the archives of the British and Foreign Bible Society may be seen a curious copy of the New Testament, whose production was indeed a labor of love. It is all written by hand, but by no means elegantly done, the crude cursive, edifyingly betraying the toilsome patience of one little used to the pen rather than the rapid dexterity of a professional copyist.

This singular volume is the work of a poor Irish laborer, whose education was better than his advantages, and whose thirst for the word of God conquered every difficulty to obtain it.

In the county of Cork, when copies of the scriptures in the native language were a novelty and a rarity, a Protestant peasant learned that one of his neighbors, a country gentleman, owned a copy of the New Testament in Irish, and went to his house to ask the loan of the book.

"What would you do with it, my man?" said the gentleman, kindly, but in some surprise.

"I would read it sir; and if ye'd let me have it that long, I would write it off, an' be kapin' a copy o' my own."

"Why, how could you possibly do that?" exclaimed the gentleman still more surprised.

"I can read and write, sir."

"But where would you get the paper?"

"I would buy it, sir."

"And pen and ink?"

"Faith, I'd buy them too, sir."

"But you have no place of convenience to do such work. How would you manage that?"

"Ah then, where there's a will there's a way. Maybe your honor wouldn't be willin' to find the book?"

"Well, well, really, my man, I don't know where I could get another copy, and I should feel reluctant to let the volume go out of my house, especially for so long a time. You might come here and read it you know."

The poor peasant was evidently disappointed. But he made one more appeal.

"Beg pardon, yer honor, but if ye'd just allow me to sit in yer hall now, I cud come up whin me wurruk's done in the day, and write it off in the evenin'."

The gentleman was so struck with the pious sincerity of his humble neighbor that he was granted his request, and for months a candle and a place in his hall were allowed the poor man, till he had actually copied every word of the New Testament.

Let any of our young readers try the same task, and then say if aught but pure love for the precious word could supply the zeal and patience necessary to finish it.

Years afterward a printed New Testament was presented to the Christian peasant, when he gave up his manuscript copy to the society, which has since kept it as a relic.—*Young Reaper.*

On Stilts.

When I was a boy one of our sports was walking on stilts. We thought it was grand to be six feet high, even if two of the feet were of wood. We would hobble about and get many a fall, and yet we enjoyed it. It made us feel manly to be able to look down upon the big boys, and even upon the teacher. They knew that it was not growth, but only the stilts, and they laughed at us. But we did not care for them. We liked to be up in the world, if it was only for a little while, and by artificial means. We soon learned, however, that for all practical purposes it was better to be on our own feet. We were safer; could go faster, and could carry our books and lunch-baskets more easily. I thought of

of those school-boy days last Sabbath. I knew that it was wrong, but I couldn't help it. Our pastor was absent, and a young man just from the seminary, preached for us. He gave us more logic, more rhetoric, more Hebrew, more Greek and more English words "of learned length and thundering sound" in that one sermon than I had ever heard before for years. Some of the people thought that he was a wonderful young man, but to us old fogies he seemed like a conceited boy on stilts. He had picked up a little learning, and thought that he knew everything.

As we came out of church, old Elder K. said to me: "Brother Smith, do you think that young man ever expects to get up another sermon?" "I suppose so; but why do you ask?" "Because he has tried to tell us everything, and to solve all the problems of theology, in this one." I went home sad. If there is anything that I especially dislike, it is ambitious preaching. If there is any place in the world where a man should stand squarely on his feet and talk plainly as a man to his dying fellow-men, it is in the pulpit. I would rather see him get down on his knees than get up on stilts. And yet, I am sorry to say that there are a good many people who like to see the preacher on stilts. To them he is a sort of a robot, and the service is a mere spectacle. They enjoy his lofty flights of imagination as they would enjoy seeing him go up in a balloon, wondering as they watch the ascent how he is going to come down. I wish that I could get a score or two of our newly fledged preachers out here, and have a talk with them. I would plead with them to remember "the simplicity that was in Christ," and that the common people heard him gladly. We plain folks want the truth as the Bible presents it—not in words of human wisdom, but in those of the Holy Ghost. We want the gospel preached so that even our children can understand it. And that is the style of the greatest preachers. No one has to go to the dictionary to find the words that Spurgeon uses; nor those of our own John Hall, though his congregation is equal in culture to any in the world. Men make a great mistake when they parade their learning in the pulpit. The hearers see that they are preaching themselves instead of Christ. Learning is excellent in its place. Nay, it is indispensable to the highest success in the ministry. But learning, after all, is very much like the tools and models of the sculptor. It belongs to the preparation, rather than the presentation of the truth. When the sculptor has his statue finished, he leaves his mallet and chisel in the studio. He takes the result only of his labors into the exhibition room. And that is what the wise preacher of the gospel should do.—*Seneca Smith in Journal.*

Modern Mistakes in Grammar.

Faults are pardonable in conversation which are not pardonable in written compositions. But we must be careful not to take too much leeway in this regard, and not to make mistakes in grammar or pronunciation. Some people are guilty of grammatical blunders through sheer carelessness. Thus, a lady of my acquaintance, who understands trigonometry, and can translate Virgil, often says to me, "you was," and yet she knows perfectly well that this is an inexcusable mistake. Other people who ought to know better, say "he don't" for "he doesn't," "I don't know as I do," instead of "I don't know that I do." "Aint" and "taint" are not often used now by educated people, unless in a jesting way. It is an unwise thing, however, to be careless or inaccurate in one's pronunciations, or use of languages, since tricks of speech are easily caught and very hard to get rid of. Thus, when one is talking to servants or other uneducated people, one is often tempted to adopt their phraseology, in order to be readily understood by them; but it is better to withstand the temptation, even if one should be obliged in consequence to take more trouble to express one's meaning clearly.

Little Temptations.

There was once a fierce and savage tiger, who had met the most powerful animals of the jungle and vanquished them in mortal combat, who, when captured, kept the bravest keeper at a distance from his cage. One day this ferocious beast was found crouching in a corner in apparent fear, he suffered his keeper to approach, and even sprang near him for protection, his eyes appealing to man, his enemy to defend him. He remained so for days together. At first no one could divine the cause of his dread; but at last they heard a little mouse gnawing at the wood partition in one corner of the cage. The mighty king of the jungle was afraid of a little mouse. So it is often with us. The little trivial cares, the annoyances, the

the French "c'est moi." But our English grammar does not, like its French namesake, justify the employment of certain pronouns, merely for the value of euphony. "He is older than I" may not sound so well as "he is older than me" yet the former is the correct form. It is a very common mistake to say "Between you and I," and yet a moment's reflection should convince any one who has ever studied grammar that he should say "Between you and me."—*Florence Howe Hall, in Ladies Home Journal.*

How to Cure Exaggeration.

Some habits are so unconsciously practiced that a moment to detect them is the only way to detect them. The beam in one's eye is less noticed than the mote in another person's eye.

The family, while at the breakfast table one morning, pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the "consequence."

As a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it: "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to her compact, said: "The truth is, I was lazy, and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago."

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding: "I never was so cold in my life."

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify her statement with, "Oh! I don't think I was so cold after all."

A third remark to the effect that Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city we recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant correction in the interests of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careful statements demanded under this new law.

Drawbacks.

The person, we care not in what sphere in life he may be, who does not have a "drawback" is exceptionally lucky.

It is said that at a certain place, one time just at the base of a high hill, used to lie a great gray boulder, which caused all the teamsters great vexation. They were always obliged to turn out from it, and many were the collisions that took place at the spot, calling forth many angry words. Finally one man, who had frequently to pass that way, determined to roll it one side. It took too much time and labor, and he was quite worn-out before he was done. But he thought of the future ease with which he, and all other travellers, would be able to climb the hill; of the many breakdowns which might be avoided on dark and stormy nights; and so he persevered. His reward came sooner than he looked for. No sooner was the stone rolled away, than he saw beneath it a lump of gold, enough to make a fortune! Do you think he ever regretted that morning's toil?

There are many who find difficulties just as great, though of another kind lying directly in their path. But they, too often, are contented to go around them the easiest way they can. If they would only put their shoulder vigorously to the work, and roll them out of the way, they would find a reward more valuable than golden nuggets.

If you wish to get learning you must study diligently and daily. You must pick up knowledge in all your odd minutes, and make it your own by thinking much over it. If you wish to get a competence by the work of your hands, you must be willing to rise up early, and work hard and faithfully, while you live frugally. You must not turn out for every stone in your way, but resolutely set to work to move it out of your road.

The Rules for the Journal of Life.

Never ridicule sacred things, or whatever others may esteem to be such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never show levity when the people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, nor seek any occasion to retaliate.

Never judge a person's character by external appearance.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never think the worse of another on account of his differing with you in politics, or religious opinions.

Never dispute if you can fairly avoid it.

Never dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor an enthusiast.

Never effect to be witty, or jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

Say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near to you.

Aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Do not obtrude any advice unasked.

Never court the favour of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices.

Stepping On A Shadow.

One dark night a man who was about to leave a steamboat saw what he supposed to be a gang-plank, but it was only a shadow. He stepped out upon it, and of course fell into the water below.

He thought he was taking the right way, but his thinking so could not make any difference in the result, so long as he really did not take it.

Just so in matters of far greater importance. You must be right, not merely suppose you are right, if you are to avoid the evil consequences of wrong doing. This man might have put it to a proof whether it was the gang-plank or not before trusting himself upon it. Do not be like him, but test your beliefs and see if they are well-grounded.

Many a young man has been ruined by a course of conduct which at first he felt sure would do him no harm. Many a man has followed his own notions of what is right, instead of taking God's word as a guide, and awakened in eternity to find that he had stepped upon a shadow and fallen.

THE RULES OF ELIZABETH FRY.—

1. Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day; but always be in the habit of being employed.

2. Never err the least in truth.

3. Never say an ill thing of a person, when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.

4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.

5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.

6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is difficult, put confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thine own powers as far as they go.

A SENSIBLE polite person does not assume to be better or wiser or richer than his neighbor. He does not boast of his rank, or his birth, or his country; or look down upon others because they have not been born to like privileges with himself. He does not brag of his achievements or of his calling, or "talk shop" whenever he opens his mouth. On the contrary, in all that he says or does he will be modest, unpretentious, unassuming—exhibiting his true character in performing rather than in boasting, in doing rather than in talking.—*Sel.*

HOLINESS should be sought rather than happiness. There may be animal excitement and sentimental hilarity without holiness; but there can not be holiness without producing in the soul real, solid, enduring peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Therefore, holiness is the thing to be sought, and the happiness will not fail to follow as a natural result.

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