

### Written For One In Sore Pain And Sickness.

Shepherd, on before the sheep,  
Hear thy lamb that bleats behind!  
Scarcely the track I stumbling keep!  
Sore I shiver in the wind.

Turn and see me, Son of Man!  
Turn and lift thy Father's child!  
Scarcely I walk where once I ran;  
Carry me—the wind is wild.

Thou hast strength enough to share;  
My poor weight thou wilt not feel;  
Weakness made thee strong to bear,  
Suffering made thee strong to heal.

I were still a wandering sheep  
But for thee, oh, Shepherd man!  
Following now, I faint, I weep,  
Yet I follow as I can.

Master, if I fall, and lie  
Mourning in the frosty wind,  
Yet I know I shall not die—  
Thou wilt miss me, and wilt find!  
GEORGE MACDONALD, in *Sunday Magazine*.

### How to Mark Your Bible.

Have one to mark, one of your own, one with good print, marginal references, well bound in silk, printed on rice paper that will stand ink. One with a text book bound in the back is the best.

Might as well use other people's hats or shoes as to use other people's Bibles. I'd sell my clothes any day to buy a good one if I had none.

Mark the first page with your name and your life text, and then add your year text as the years come and go.

Make a memorandum of your conversion and the dates of great spiritual blessings. If some earnest prayer gets a mighty answer, make a note of it, with a reference to the promise which brought the blessing.

Make the promises stand out by underlining them with ink. When you find a promise for gold, mark that. There are hundreds of Bible verses that centre around Haggai 2: 8. I always go to them when in need of money, then work, and it always comes. Take a promise like Matt. 7: 7, and you should mark it so you could find it almost in the dark. Take the prayer verses and mark them in red. Know just where they are to be found.

Every great event of your life ought to be marked in your Bible. That's the place to put it; for God by His promises and providences is working out your eternal welfare, all for your good if you will let Him.

Mark the books and chapters; for instance, at the beginning of Exodus write "Book of Redemption;" over Jeremiah write the "Backslider's Book;" over James write "Work;" over the eleventh chapter of Hebrews write "Faith Chapter;" and so on till each chapter and book is well marked. When a preacher takes a text and gives you some good thoughts, mark by its side date of sermon, and preacher, with the seed thoughts; when you return to that it will all come back as fresh as when delivered. Don't mark your Bible up with poor sermons.

Take the promises for grace and mark them. Why, Corinthians 9: 8 is as powerful as an army! One promise like that is better to trust in than forty centurion bands.

You want the passages marked that will help you in dealing with inquiries of every kind. Then too, you want the texts that will help you to feel weak and discouraged Christians.

When souls come into the light put their names in your book; then when you see them, pray for them.

Now and then a stanza of some hymn will be so blessed to you that you will want to copy it on the blank pages.

Have some blank pages put in rubber; when full you can take it out. Also have a place where you can make a note of good illustrations. Lastly, have your own plan, but have one. If you don't make a note of the good things they will go from you. Put your own name alongside of the best promises; mine is written many times all through my Bible; this makes them more personal to me, and thus the Bible becomes a very precious book. I'd not take a thousand dollars' cash for my own Bible. It's priceless.

Don't overlook it. Some Bibles are so marked up that God's work is second and human thought, notes and words first. This is not right. —C. H. Yatman.

### On Another Errand.

A Vermont Baptist minister who is not too grave and dignified to enjoy a good joke, even when it is on himself, narrates a ludicrous incident of his early life. Soon after being settled over a new congregation, he one day received a note asking him to be at home that evening at eight o'clock. The writer added that he was intending to be married at that hour, and would call at the parsonage with his bride. It was but a few minutes before eight o'clock when the door bell rang, and, a

moment later, the servant announced that a young couple awaited the minister in the parlor.

Going down into the parlor, accompanied by his wife, the pastor found a neatly dressed, intelligent appearing young man and a bright-looking young woman who rose to receive him.

"I am Mr. Homer," said the young man, "and this is Miss Cress." Having another engagement for the evening, the minister said immediately, "I received your note this morning, and we will proceed with the ceremony at once. Please join your right hands."

In great bewilderment which the minister mistook for natural embarrassment, the young couple timidly clasped hands and the ceremony was about to begin when the young man said:

"I—we—what ceremony is it?"

"Why, the marriage ceremony of course."

"O-o-h!" shrieked the young lady, withdrawing her hand, and covering her face with a handkerchief. "I don't understand this at all," said the young man, sharply. "We came here simply as a committee from the Young People's Society of the Methodist Church to ask you and your wife to be present at a public entertainment we are about to give, and—"

It was now the minister's turn to say "O-o-h," and he said it in genuine astonishment at the very moment that the maid ushered in the young couple who had "matrimonial intentions."

The mistake evidently started the first young couple into new lines of thought, for, a year later, their own pastor being ill, they called upon the Baptist pastor, and did not protest that he was going too far when he again asked them to join hands. —*Youth's Companion*.

### Doing Her Work.

About thirty years ago a young girl in a western city was given charge of a Sabbath-school class of rough boys, usually known as "river rats," who had never been in any school before. When she entered the room she found them lounging on the desks and benches, wearing their hats, puffing vile cigars, a defiant leer on every face. They greeted her with a loud laugh, and one of them exclaimed:

"Say, sis, you going to teach us?" She stood silent until the laugh was over, and then said, quietly, "Do I look like a lady?"

An astonished stare was the only reply which they gave.

"Because," she continued gently, "gentlemen, when a lady enters the room, take off their hats and throw away their cigars."

The lowest American secretly believes himself to be a gentleman, and in a moment every hat was off, and the lads were ranged in orderly attention.

So remarkable was the success of this girl in managing and influencing men of the roughest sort that she made it the work of her life. She established clean and respectable boarding houses for sailors and boatmen, and reading and coffee rooms for laborers, and founded an Order of Honor, the members of which strove to lead sober, Christian lives themselves and to help their fellows to do the same.

Some of the members of her first class were her efficient helpers for twenty years in all her work. It was a favorite saying with them, "Once let Miss—get her hold upon a man, and she never lets him go."

She never did let go, but followed him to sea, to the most distant parts of the world, or even to prison, with letters and little gifts. With all the tender pity of a mother, she strove, as many a mother does not strive, to bring the wanderer back to the faith and innocence of his childhood.

Thousands of men passed under this single woman's influence, and learned something of her Master through her wonderful purity and strong faith in Him.

Such instances of helpfulness are not rare in this country. Every year the zeal of educated Christian men and women finds new and practical methods of reaching and elevating the more ignorant people.

Singularly, these efforts are more common in cities than in smaller towns and villages, where everybody knows everybody, and where the gradations of caste are, perhaps fixed by stronger prejudices.

Many a young lad or girl who reads these lines leads an idle life in such a village, indulging it may be, in occasional vague visions of going to India or Africa to teach the heathen how to be Christians, while the wharves or taverns of their own native village are filled with heathen for whose souls no man has cared.

Let every Christian ask himself as the day closes, "have I stood idle in the market-place? Has not my Master hired me with a great price to do his work?" —*Presbyterian Observer*.

### Mysteries Of Life.

Things that seem very simple and eminently reasonable to one experienced in the ways of civilized life, would seem inexplicable, if not actually silly to an untutored savage.

Take, for example, our postal arrangements. Suppose an Indian chief, who had never known anything of such a matter, should be sent a message to, and to get an answer from, a friend across the continent. He would see us take a piece of paper, trace on it a number of crooked marks, fold the paper and fasten it in a paper pocket, trace a few more black marks outside, carry it out to a lamp-post, and push it into a small opening in a box fastened there, and then return to our house, telling him that we would wait for a stranger to come to our door, bringing a similar paper pocket containing another piece of paper, on which there would be marks giving an answer to the message we had sent to our far-off friend.

What a mystery this would be to him; and how difficult it would be to get into his mind the idea of the great Government above us, through the agents of which communication could be kept up between any one of fifty millions of people and any other of the number, from gulf to lakes and from sea to sea. And how much more difficult it would be for him to comprehend the fact that through the relations of that Government to the rest of the world, any one of those fifty millions of people could be in special communication with any citizen of all the hundreds of millions of citizens of all the countries of all the earth! The simple faith in the power and the unfailing fidelity of that Government which we would display in stepping out from our home to thrust that bit of paper into the opening of that little iron box against the lamp-post, would seem to him like blind superstition or unreasoning presumption.

Yet he perhaps would be a wise and powerful chieftain in his own range of experience and conviction. His trouble would be in his total unfamiliarity with our sphere of thought and life. He would, in fact, be as completely off a fair basis of judgment as is the unbelieving scientist, who sees a citizen of the spiritual kingdom dropping on his knees and speaking a few simple words of large request in a low, quiet tone, in the firm conviction that the Government he serves will see to it that his message is carried safely beyond the stars, and that a favorable answer is returned to it. Scientist and savage are alike in their inability to comprehend that which is utterly foreign to their field of sight and knowledge. And there is a spiritual realm outside of and beyond the natural realm of both savage and scientist. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned."

### 'I Was Kicked Up.'

Kind thoughts will lead to kind words. An ounce of praise is worth a pound of blame, any day. Yet in many families we hear much more of the latter than we do of the former. I have seen children who could truly say, as one said to me once, when I asked him how he was brought up, "I was kicked up."

Not only are parents sinful in this regard, but older brothers and sisters are too often culpable as well. Many a young heart has bled because of the lack of some word of kindly encouragement. There are some of the teachers who can easily remember the longing which they had as little children, for that praise which would have cost so very little, but would have gone a great way in helping them bear the burdens of childhood. Kind words are like oil, but harsh words are like sand. The one oils the machinery of life, and makes it run smoothly; while the other causes friction, and may even bring the whole machine to a standstill. Besides this, kind words are cheap; they cost absolutely nothing.

Yet I have seen persons who so seldom used them that their lips moved as reluctantly for a kindly word as a door that has not been opened for years swings on its hinges. "Say so" is a good text from which to preach to such people. If you feel kindly towards any one, say so. You say so if they are worthy of any blame, do you not? Well, then, why not do as well by them when they have deserved an encomium? There is a great difference between flattery and well-merited praise. The one is harmful and disgusting; the other is very helpful. Many a son has said kind things about his mother after she was dead, which, if said before she died, would have prolonged her life for years. Kind words are tonics better than any doctor can administer. Out with them, then, and, as you go, try in this way to bear the burdens of others. —*Sunday-School Times*.

### Different Ways Of Being Busy.

There are different ways of being busy, and the busiest way of all is that which often looks least like business. It is sometimes derisively said that one is "busy doing nothing." But "doing nothing" may mean one thing to one kind of worker, and another thing to another kind.

"Your work is only headwork," said the college whitewasher to the college professor, quite contemptuously. The locomotive engineer on the lookout for the fast express, with his hand on the throttle, may seem to the purely physical laborer, or to the purely intellectual toiler, to be "busy doing nothing." He calls no muscle to action, he evolves no abstract thought, no philosophy, no science. He appears to be enjoying the view from his cab window just about as idly and complacently as does the recreating tourist behind him whose very life is committed to the inactive hands of that engineer. The engineer to all appearances is "busy doing nothing." But the difference is that the tourist passenger is inert while the engineer is alert. And this unbroken alertness, this sense of tremendous responsibility unlifted for one moment, is the busiest of all ways of being busy. Every muscle is ready, every nerve is tense. The whole man, physical, mental, moral, is exhaustingly engaged—albeit the whole man may outwardly seem to be "doing nothing." The hardest part of any one's business is that part of it which lives and dies within himself. The unceasing, unbroken alertness, the ever conscious responsibility for right action at the right time, is the busiest of all businesses, the first business of every business—of every life. —*Sunday-School Times*.

### Five Minutes More To Live.

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now; as you have only five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigor!

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing, "I had only one little brother. He had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him, without cause, and killed him by a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. Whiskey has done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of the Judge. Never, never, never, touch anything that can intoxicate!"

Think what one indulgence to drink may do.

This youth was not a habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.

**TWELVE HELPFUL RULES.**—Here are some that have been tried with noticeably good effect.

1. Do not interrupt others in conversation unnecessarily.
2. Be unselfish.
3. Have courage to speak the truth.
4. Do not shirk.
5. If you have been to blame, do not try to throw the blame on some one else. "If she hadn't done so-and-so, it wouldn't have happened."
6. When you have used an article put it back in its place; especially if it is one used by the family in common.
7. Remember that by your conduct persons judge of your home-training and home-influences.
8. Be careful to meet your engagements promptly.
9. Be punctual at meals.
10. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
11. Help others.
12. Let your friends feel that you can be depended upon to keep your word. It will be a comfort to them to have some one to turn to in a time of need, and it will be a deep and lasting pleasure to you to know they have confidence in you. —*Ladies Home Journal*.

PIETY AND GOOD WORKS are inseparable. It is folly to pray for bread, and not put forth proper efforts to secure it. To be in favour of the spread of the gospel and opposed to missions is a contradiction. Wherever there are intelligent and consistent piety there will be not only sympathy with righteousness but there will be an active connection in money and effort with the institutions that seek the promotion of righteousness.

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