

Forgotten Workers.

They lived, and they were useful; this we know,
And naught besides;
No record of their names is left, to show
How soon they died;
They did their work, and then they passed
away.

An unknown band;
But they shall live in endless day, in the
Fair, shining land.

And were they young, or were they grow-
ing old,
Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had they wealth for
gold—

No one can tell;
Only one thing is known of them—they
were faithful.

Were and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through
prayer.

To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God;
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod

The rugged ways of earth, that they might
be
(Helper and friend,
And in the joy of their ministry
Be spent, and spend.

No glory clusters around their names on
earth;
But in God's heaven

Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Though here unknown;

And their lost names shine forth in bright-
est rays
Before the throne.

O, take who will the boon of fading fame;
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my
name

Forgotten be;
And as within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God resound
For all his grace.

—Selected.

Sad, But True

FANNIE EDWARDS.

"Mamma, mamma!" pleaded lit-
tle Nellie. "Mamma will you tell
papa to come and hold me a while?
I am so tired."

"Darling, papa is not here," re-
plied the weeping mother, as she
folded her arms about the slender
form of the suffering child.

"Where is papa?" queried Nellie,
the golden curls falling back from
the broad, white forehead, a hectic
flush on either cheek. The pretty
blue eyes opened wonderingly with
a strange light shining in them, the
rosy lips quivering with emotion.

The crisis had come. Tossed with
fever, racked with pain, the life of
little Nellie was fast ebbing away.

"Oh! why is not Henry here to-
night?" groaned the agonized
mother. "Top well, ah! too well!
I did know that he was revelling
in the intoxicating cup."

Once more in her wild delirium,
"Where is papa? Is he dead?"
burst from the lips of the dying
child.

"Is he dead? Oh! how those
words pierced the heart of the lone-
ly watcher, with the most excruciat-
ing sorrow, as with unutterable
agony she paced the floor."

"Dead!" Yes. All that was
true, pure or noble in his better-self
was dead long ago, drowned in the
wine-cup, sacrificed at the shrine of
folly and dissipation. Henry Vale
was a complete wreck, a miserable
drunkard, a ruined man. The shat-
tered fortune, blasted reputation,
and sad home, were as monuments
to his memory, or rather witnesses
of his dissipated career.

And now in the most trying hour, the hand
which should have protected, was
raising to his lips the vile draught
which deprived him of all reason,
sent delirium to his maddened brain,
crushed out all love for his family,
and left him a tottering form, a
sickly specimen of a fallen man.

As these thoughts pass through
the mind of the broken-hearted
mother, again the childish voice
rings out with touching sadness:

"Mamma, I am going; good bye!"
The darkness of night faded into
dawn; the soft zephyr breeze played
softly and sweetly among the trees;
the bright rays of the rising sun lit
up the eastern sky and beamed with
grandeur upon the little cottage;
but all within was still and dark; it
was the chamber of death. Two
forms of human clay lay side by side;
two lives were ended: two hearts
had ceased to beat, two spirits flown
beyond the world.

The miserable drunkard staggered
to his home. The sight that met
him seemed to sober his senses.
Gazing upon the silent marble-like
features, his life rushed before him
like a dream; he could hear the
plaintive moans of little Nellie, the
anxious query of her childish voice;
he could hear the tender pleadings
of that devoted wife, whose voice
was hushed forever, her heart crush-
ed by sorrow, her spirit worn out
with care; and this is what his life
had wrought.

Oh, what a picture! How sad!
O, erring fathers, poor misguided

souls, before you raise that poison-
ous draught, think of the little
infants in the cradle; think of the
agonized wife, how her heart grieves!
Will you crush her only hope? Will
you take the clothes from off your
children's backs, the shoes from their
feet, the victuals out of their
mouths, and sacrifice all to rum?

Will you wreck your home, squander
your fortune, blight your existence,
and ruin yourself? Will you thus
far forget the pure, the good and
true, and sink beneath the brute?

O young man, beware of the first
glass! heed not the tempting offer;
there is death in the cup; spurn its
intoxicating influence.

How many homes which once
were prosperous and happy are now
ruined and sad; how many hearts
broken; how many lives wrecked,
and brilliant talents, and bright
hopes, have been sacrificed at the
bar? How many there are, pictures
of misery, disease, and corruption,
had it not been for the use of intoxi-
cating liquors would be enjoying
health, happiness, and comfort!

Let thy watchword ever be: "Touch
not; taste not; handle not."—Chris.
Standard.

The Influence of Companions.

BY EDWARD HALLER.

Constant intercourse with any
one thing has the effect of causing
us to become like it, either good or
evil.

This law is especially apparent, if
the associate has a stronger charac-
ter than our own. Of two friends
the one with the stronger will gen-
erally controls the other.

Sometimes this influence is far
from beneficial. If we select our
friends among the vicious we shall
certainly become vicious.

An immoral boy or girl, by the
power of influence gained from
superiority in games, may thus
become a teacher of bad morals to
a whole company of young people.

Fortunately the law of good influ-
ence is the same. The stronger
character prevails in influence for
better or for worse.

How important therefore that we
exercise care in choosing our friends,
and at the same time be careful for
the influence we exercise over
others. How truly do we need to
watch and pray that all our influ-
ence be for good.

Those who make God their con-
stant companion, and His Word
their light and guide, themselves
shed a light and influence around
that exert a benign effect on all who
come in contact with them.

Such companions are to be desired
and such we should try to become
to others, extending the love of
Christ wherever we go.

We have other companions that
exert as real an influence as those
of flesh and blood.

Books—literature, are mental
associates.

As we read we think; as we
think so we are.

A bad book is a bad companion,
and a pure and fruitful mind may
by its influence be ruined. If it is
essential to choose good companions
it is of no less importance to select
good reading. Books and papers
are often to be found in families
where the authors would not be
tolerated.

If we make Christ our leading
friend, His Word should be our lead-
ing book. It should be our best-
loved companion among books; the
one we read the most, the one most
above every rival. Having this we
have the rarest treasure in literature
the oldest and most enduring of all
literary works.

Let us prize it and study it, and
yielding to its divine influences be-
come "wise unto salvation."

[The above is the production of a
boy of poor parentage, and with few
opportunities for an extensive choice
among either books or other com-
panions. We print it for its intrin-
sic purity of sentiment and as an
encouragement to him and all other
aspiring young people.—Chris. In-
quirer.]

Possibilities of An "Only."

Only a little, old lamp, but it laid
Chicago in ashes.

Only a little thistle, yet it freed
Scotland.

Only an ignorant boy, but conse-
cration enabled God to develop him
into the honored Dwight L. Moody,
who has gained the attention of a
civilized world, and led tens of
thousands to the Saviour.

"But we are 'only' women," we
say, and are so narrowed in our
influence, so limited in our ambition,
so timid, that the most we can do is
to make our homes pleasant and
raise our children in the fear of the
Lord. There could be no nobler
work; but does our responsibility
end here? Are we not doing ourselves
an injustice and reflecting on our
Creator's gifts to ignore our privi-
leges of leading other souls, outside
our family into the fold? Perhaps
the caller we had yesterday was
really hungry for Christian cheer
and help! Had it "only" been up-

permost in our mind that whatsoever
we say or do should be done to the
glory of God, the conversation would
have been less upon the threadbare
topics of the weather, the annoyances
of servants, the aches and ills of
life, and more upon "whatsoever
things are pure, lovely, and of good
report."

"Only" a word of charity might
have checked that caller's unkind
remark about "Mrs. So-and-so."

Only a penny in the hands of a
little missionary girl at Eureka—
yet love found a way of investing
and reinvesting it, until it brought
three hundred fold to the Mission
Band within six months.

Only a penny a day gives \$3.65
per year, which, if given by each
member would bring our fund into
the thousands.

"Only" an artificial flower, and it
is "perfectly lovely," and "so becom-
ing," yet it only lasts one season and
costs ten times the price of a Testa-
ment.

Only a few moments spent in
reading over the latest fashion or
society gossip—but it might have
been spent in self-improvement that
would have furnished a better equip-
ment for life's work.

Only a sweet promise of God
given with a timid woman's beating
heart and trembling voice, yet it
dropped courage into the life of a
disheartened sister at the prayer-
meeting.

Only a faltering voice raised in
prayer at the Ladies' Meeting, but
it was sincere, and God heard it,
and hungry hearts were blessed by it.

O sisters! Let us realize what
our consecration as Christians means
and shrink not from doing the thing
that lies nearest us, and say to pride,
"Get thee behind me, Satan," when
tempted to withhold our pennies
because they are not dimes, or our
"testimony" because it cannot be
given in eloquent phrases. Let us
realize the possibilities of the "only's"
when, like the five barley leaves,
they are accompanied by the Savi-
our's blessing.—Chris. Standard.

Count Your Mercies.

"What wrapped in gloom again?"
queried a bright-minded believer, as
he entered the counting-room of a
friend, who was seated at his desk
brooding on the discouraging aspect
of affairs.

"Yes, why not, when there is
nothing but gloom in the outlook?"
replied the melancholy merchant.

"But," rejoined the caller, "I can
see rifts of light in the clouds which
oppress you, and you would see them
too, were it not for your habit of
looking only on the dark side of
things. He who would see light
must open his eyes. Suppose, now,
instead of dwelling on your present
and prospective troubles, you spend
the next half hour in counting your
mercies, past and present, and in
searching for facts on which to build
hope for brighter days to come.

Good morning."

With these sensible words the
cheerful brother left, leaving a ray
of light behind him. "He bade me
count my mercies," thought the sad-
hearted man. And he began to do
so, casting swift glances over all the
good things in his possession; over
God's leadings in his past life; over
the grounds on which faith and
hope might safely build for the
future; until his heart leaped, his
counting-room grew bright as with
the presence of angels, his business
prospects seemed no longer shrouded
in utter blackness, and he began
softly to sing Addison's glad lines:—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love and praise."

Was The Parson Crazy?

An auxiliary sends us an account
of a minister who used to "hammer
away" at people about their salva-
tion. A lady often warned, but
only hardened her heart, invited
him to tea. What did he do? Go
and sip tea, ask after the health of
the babies, discuss Mr. B.'s last
book; and say a patronizing good-
night. Not he! too wise for that
style of stuff. Being an especial
friend of the family, the lady good-
naturedly took a cup of tea from
the waiter and presented it to him.
He took no notice of her, at least
he pretended so. Again she offered
the cup; but he seemed engaged
in conversation with his neighbor.
She could stand it no longer, and,
addressing him in a commanding
tone, demanded an explanation of
his rude behavior. He quite un-
concernedly turned towards her, and
softly asked her if she was address-
ing him.

"Mr.—, I am really shocked at
your impudence and indifferent treat-
ment to my repeated solicitations.
Again and again have I asked you
to accept this cup of tea, but you
apparently would not even as much
as notice me."

"Mrs.—, I beg your pardon for
my assumed behavior—please sit
down." At the same time taking
the cup from her, he told her that
he did it on purpose.

"On purpose? Why, what do
you mean, Mr.—"

"Have I not often spoken to you
about the Saviour offering each one
of us the cup of salvation, and you
on every occasion made light of it.
Now you cannot deny it. How
will you account for your behavior
to that loving Father when you
stand at the judgment day?"

The shot told. She hung her
head down for some time. Then
she lifted a face beaming with joy.
"I understand it now. O Mr.—
I thank God for permitting you to
teach me in this way!"

Ever since the lady has been a
faithful servant of the Lord.—N.
J. War Cry.

Self-Reliance.

There are many who are neither
little children, nor invalids, nor
victims of great sorrow and trial,
who yet insist on laying on others
the loads which belong to them-
selves. In this way they also become
hinderers instead of helpers. They
think that they believe in the inspir-
ed lesson, "Bear ye one another's
burdens, and so fulfil the law of
Christ;" but they get only one side
of it, availing themselves of its privi-
leges in their need, without ever
putting themselves under its re-
quirement on themselves. They be-
lieve in others bearing their bur-
dens, but they have no thought of
bearing the burdens of others. The
other burden text, "Every man shall
bear his own burden," they seem to
be wholly ignorant of. Yet there
are loads which none of us have a
right to shift to other shoulders
than our own. We have no right
to ask others to take their time to
attend to our affairs. We have no
right to expect others to solve our
little perplexities, and help us to
bear our little trials, and sympathize
with us in our little disappoint-
ments, when we are just as strong
for these burdens as our friends
are. We ought to cultivate self-
dependence to think and plan for
ourselves, to meet our own ques-
tions, to do our own work with our
own hands. Especially should we
shrink from needlessly becoming a
burden to those who love us, or who
are patient enough to be willing to
help us. We should, at least, seek
to help our friends by not hindering
them unnecessarily with our cares.
We should learn the gospel of self-
help even if we do not get into our
life the other hemisphere of Chris-
tian duty—the unselfish side of bro-
therly help.—Sunday-School Times.

The Two Compasses.

When crossing the Atlantic I
noticed that our steamer was fur-
nished with two compasses. One
was fixed to the deck where the man
at the wheel could see it. The
other compass was fastened half-way
up one of the masts, and often a
sailor would be seen climbing up to
inspect it. I asked the captain,
"Why do you have two compasses?"

He said, "This is an iron vessel, and
the compass on the deck is often
affected by its surroundings. Such
is not the case with the compass at
the mast-head; that one is above
the influence. We steer by the
compass above."

In the voyage of life we have two
compasses. One is the compass of
feeling, often sadly influenced by
surroundings. The other is the
compass of faith, above these influ-
ences, and ever pointing true through
storm and sunshine to the course
marked out on the eternal chart.
Let us steer by the compass above!

DEATH is a great mystery. There
is only one that is greater, that is,
life. If one is afraid to die, much
more may he be afraid to live. No
one but Christ can take away the
fear of death; so, no one but he can
give us newness of life. It seems
strange that one just coming into
young manhood should die, that the
shaft should be broken just as it is
starting up from the base. But if
it were given us to set the hour
when to die, we would refer it back
to God. Whether it comes early in
life or after our work is done, sud-
denly or after weary weeks of sick-
ness, how wise in God to keep it
from us! If we knew the hour
that death was to come for us or
our loved ones, how changed the
whole world would be. We know
not whose turn it may be to be
summoned next, but we know that if
we are in Christ we shall triumph.—
Inquirer.

Cheerfulness makes the mind
clearer, gives tone to thought, and
adds grace and beauty to the coun-
tenance.

Good manners, as we call them,
are neither more nor less than good
behavior, consisting of courtesy and
kindness.

He who does a good deed is in-
stantly ennobled; he who does a
mean act is by the action itself con-
tracted and degraded.

The heights of early promotion
and glory lift us no whit nearer
heaven. It is easier to step from
the lowly vale of humiliation and
sorrow.—Poor.

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