

Jesus Knows.

Dear Jesus, when I think of thee
And all thy wondrous love to me
My heart o'erflows
I cannot praise thee as I ought,
But oh, how precious is the thought
That Jesus knows.

Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord,
That I am trusting in thy word,
My sins forgiven;
To thee I look for strength to live;
O Blessed One, for thou dost give
A hope of Heaven.

Thou knowest, Jesus, when I sin,
For thou canst see my heart within,
My deepest shame
Trembling I seek the Father's face,
And ask thy reconciling grace
In thy dear name.

Thou knowest, Jesus, all my grief,
For thou alone canst give relief
From every woe.
I lift to thee my streaming eyes,
And hear the answer from the skies—
My child, I know.

Thou knowest, Jesus, all the way
That I must journey, day by day,
Till earth is past.
O hold me, Saviour, by the hand,
And lead me to the better land,
To heaven at last.

Watchman.

The Girl Without A Talent.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

This sermon that day had been about service—"Go work to-day in my vineyard"—and there Dora found herself, trying to settle down to a Sunday afternoon nap on the parlor sofa, with those words persistently ringing in her ears. She shut her eyes and waited patiently for a drowse. It could not be induced even with favouring conditions.

"If it isn't just like a minister to get one all stirred up, and then not tell them what to do! I surely can't be a missionary, and never yet succeeded in holding a Sunday-school class. Here I am peering through the pickets into the vineyard much as Adam and Eve might have peered into Paradise. Deary me!" and she rose from the sofa and took a seat on the little uncomfortable hair-cloth stool by way of penance. She resolutely settled down to a meditation.

"I know," she declared to herself; "I'll just ask him what to do." And she did that very evening. To him she announced in her frank way:

"It's a stubborn fact that all this afternoon I have lighted a candle and searched diligently, and can't find a single available gift of grace; so, if you please, sir, if you want me to go to work, you must find some spot in the vineyard that doesn't require talent."

The minister grew thoughtful. "I want an organist for the mission Sunday-school," he said, after a little.

"Just as I thought," moaned this would-be laborer. "I don't know the difference between a scale and a key-board."

"Do you sing?"

"Occasionally. In fact, I fill the room and then empty it. Cousin John says it isn't quite so uplifting as the yell of a Comanche Indian. He has lived on the plains, you know."

"You can't visit the sick for me—began the pastor, and then hesitated. Dora was lame, and could not get about easily.

"I would be sure to say the wrong thing, even if I could get there," answered Dora. "I always used to. When auntie was sick I read the horror column of the newspaper to her, and left her with Taylor's work on Dying. After this do preach your text—"Go work to-day in my vineyard"—if you are equipped with talents. None others need apply."

"What is your speciality?" inquired the minister. "We have all some speciality, you know."

"It really isn't worth mentioning. Perhaps I shall differ with you."

"Well, it's the care of plants. Only this and nothing more." They will always blossom for me. I love even to pot and weed them, and the quantity of geraniums I slip for my friends is something incredible."

The minister did not reply at once. Indeed, not until Dora rose to go.

"Wait a bit—or, better yet, call to-morrow. I will let the sun rise on my plan first."

Dora went the next day. The pastor was a man of few words. "My plan is this," he said; "that you shall give each child in my Sunday-school a potted plant, with such instructions as you know how to give. In three months hold a flower show. I will furnish prizes for you to bestow on the best-cared for plant, for best collection of plants, for prettiest bouquet of wild flowers. It is no longer art for art's sake, but art for humanity's sake."

He waited for her approval.

"All very pleasant—but—is it Christian work?"

"Yes, it's the vineyard, though perhaps a byway instead of a highway. It will work variously. Think of tenement house windows full of bloom. Think of the soul culture which comes from the care of flow-

ers. Think of the hold we shall get on that community. Think of the additions to our Sunday-school. The fact is, think in any line, and it means a blessed service with a definite result."

"Enough," answered Dora, rising at once to action. "I will go to work to-day."

If you have ever potted seventy-five geraniums, begging jars here and there, you will know how tired Dora was when she had arranged and prepared her rows of plants; how tired and how happy, for it was really a blessed service. She liked to think how they would look in wretched homes, if they could get courage enough to bloom amid such uncongenial surroundings. They were her messengers to tempted, sorrowful, barren human lives, and they were living things. She relieved the backache and general feeling of collapse by long-continued gazings at the row of plants. She met the school on an appointed day, gave the simple instructions, and dwelt enthusiastically on the flower show. A merry little company left the mission school that day, each one hugging a plant jar.

To tell all that came from cultivating that byway in the vineyard would take too long. Some of the little plants froze, which called attention loudly to the little human plants and their slim chances of escaping a like fate—so loudly, indeed, that a relief commission investigated the places and brought health and warmth. Flowers blossomed in windows forever unused to beauty. Cleaner rooms and dresses and faces and lives became the accompaniments and were the direct results of blooming windows. That flower show, Dora declared, "came to the girl without a talent."

"Like the benediction That follows after prayer."

One poor little forlorn plant, with only three disconsolate leaves, and they looking as if about to give up the life-struggle, brought out the fact that the owner had kept it alive in a basement, by dint of tenderest care. Oh, it told a whole story, that little, pitiful, half-dead plant, and Dora saw to it that a prize was awarded to the sad little owner, for "evidence of culture under difficulties." It was actually said that the child would give it an airing every pleasant day, taking it to walk with her in a most companionable spirit, which probably had kept the breath of life in it. I can't stop to tell of the profusion of wild flowers or the display of health plants or the delight of the children when gala day came. Sufficient to say, that because one girl cultivated her speciality, not despising its littleness, but consecrating it to Christian service, influences of heavenly origin, taking hold of the future for beyond human ken, reached down and lifted up, to better living and brighter hopes, the poor and halt and maimed and blind.—*Christian Union.*

Mothers And Children.

What part of the household deserves more careful thought and attention than the children? Truly, childhood may be likened to a beautiful spring morning, to the glistening of dewdrops on the grass, the chirping of songsters in the forest, a scent of blossoms in the air and sunshine over all; and how strange and cold and dark the world would be without the sunny eyes and the joyous voice of the young!

Do we realize the responsibility that is upon us when God lends us one of these dear little ones? Are we anxious to train them up for His service, or for a place in the most fashionable society?

I am sure if we always go to that source where for the asking we shall receive the needed wisdom—liberally without any upbraiding—we shall be enabled to speak the right words and sow the right seed very early in life.

Let us try to make them happy. It is the little things we do that have a far more lasting influence than the many greater deeds.

The little opportunities that come to us day by day, and that are fleeing so rapidly away, must be seized upon to reach the deepest recesses of the child's nature if we would cultivate refinement and delicacy of feeling and tender thoughtfulness, and make those natures wide and deep and broad.

Many children are stunted and dwarfed for want of these little attentions; and the deeper feelings of love, gratitude, respect and reverence lie dead or unawakened, and they grow up cold and indifferent—worse even than that—stony-hearted unbelievers.

Above all, send the children to bed happy. Never let them sleep with a threatened punishment in anticipation. Settle all such things before dark, that the child may go to rest with a sense of forgiveness and peace in its heart. They will not be children long; let them be as free from care and pain as possible these few short years. Send them to rest with a smile and a good night kiss as your last act.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle good night,
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light,
And may be—God knows—on this little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite;
The spirit may slip from the morning to-night.

Four Bells Behind.

There is a story told of an engineer on a steamboat which was making its way through a dense fog on a narrow river, where much care was necessary to keep off the banks. The bell rang its signals so frequently that the engineer became confused. He tried to obey the bells in the order they were rung, until the boat stuck fast in the mud. The captain ran down below and demanded why he did not answer the bells.

"Answer? did I not answer the bells as fast as I could? and was I not four bells behind when the old bulk struck?"

The pilot was bound to follow the regular routine and have everything in order. Other people have made and still are making the same mistake. There is a time for all things, and it is of vast importance for us to know, not what might have been our duty years ago, but what are the present marching orders of the Captain of our salvation. There are some who are forever living on the past. If they talk religion they begin with telling what happened forty years ago; their enjoying and feeling, and doing goes back there; they live on the mouldy bread of past experiences; they are trying to drive their machinery with water that is past; they seem to think they can run their engine with steam that is blown off. They are simply mistaken; they are four bells behind. So people are discussing by-gone issues, arguing over creeds and reviving buried controversies, threshing straw, grinding bran, and neglecting present opportunities, and present duties.

There is a better way. We are to drive our machinery with water that is running now. We are to live, not by the food we ate forty years ago, but by the living bread of God that comes from heaven to-day. We are to seek to do, not things which were appropriate perhaps for a by-gone generation, but the things which are given us to do, which are within our reach, and for which we shall be held accountable. Dear friends, let us remember that "now is the accepted time," and let us see to it that we keep up with the duties of the hour, instead of being four bells behind.

There are persons who do little or nothing until others rebuke them, reprove them, and show them the way. They lack the spring and energy that comes from a conscious connection with the great Source of power. But those who have endured with the "power from on high" are like the men of Issachar, "which had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do," and were attending to present duties, instead of being "four bells" behind, and never able to meet the demands of the living present.—*Contributed.*

How To Succeed.

There are three dangers in your path; the first is the drinking of liquor, the second is speculation, and the third is "endorsing."

When I was a telegraph operator in Pittsburg, I knew all men who speculated. They were not citizens of first repute; they were regarded with suspicion. I have lived to see all of them ruined, bankrupt in money and bankrupt in character. There is scarcely an instance of a man who has made a fortune by speculating and kept it.

Nothing is more essential to young business men than untarnished credit, and nothing kills credit sooner than the knowledge in any bank board that a man engages in speculation. How can a man be credited whose resources may be swept away in one hour by a panic among gamblers? Resolve to be business men, but speculators never.

Assuming that you are safe in regard to these your gravest dangers—drinking, speculation and endorsing—the question is, how to rise. The rising man must do something exceptional, and beyond the range of his special department. He must attract attention. Your employer must find out that he has not a mere hireling in his service, but a man; not one who is content to give so many hours of work for so many dollars in return, but one who devotes his spare hours and constant thoughts to the business.

Begin to save when you begin to earn. This is one sure mark of the coming millionaire. His revenues always exceed his expenditures. He begins to save as soon as he begins to earn. Capitalist, trust the saving young man. It is not capital your seniors require, it is the first hundred

dollars saved which tells. And here is the prime condition of success, the great secret: concentrate your energy, thought and capital exclusively upon the business in which you are engaged. Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line; to lead in it; adopt every improvement, have the best machinery and know the most about it. Finally, do not be impatient for as Emerson says, "No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves."—*Selected.*

How Sin Deforms.

Many years ago there lived a great painter whose name was Leonardo da Vinci. He was some years painting one of the most famous pictures in the world. It was the last supper of our Saviour, when He sat with His twelve disciples and took bread and wine. The painter wanted to have a very holy-looking young man to help him in drawing the likeness of the Saviour. At length his attention was fixed on a chorister in the cathedral named Pietro Bandinelli. He had a very noble face and a devout demeanour. The great painter used him as a model for the Lord. Soon after Pietro went to Rome to study music. There he remained for some years, was led by bad companions to drink, and became a very wicked youth. The painter went on year after year with his picture. He had completed all but one face—that of Judas the apostle. He walked about the streets of Milan, seeking a suitable person from which to draw a portrait marked by crime. One day he met a miserable, unclean beggar-man in rags, with a villainous look about the face. Looking at him more narrowly, he found it was his old friend Bandinelli. His wickedness had changed his countenance from being beautiful to become hideous. Ah, my dear young children, I have known very handsome people become dreadful-looking through sin. I wish the story had been the other way. I have known persons who once had sour, angry-looking countenances, become quite pleasant through turning from sin and following Christ. You would all like to be beautiful. Jesus Christ will make everybody beautiful that loves Him, if not in this world, yet in the world to come. All who go to heaven become like Jesus Christ. There He is the Chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.

Brother Mossback to Sister Twitter

The venerable "A. Mossback" sends, through the *Golden Rule*, "An Open Letter to Sister Twitter." There are many "Sister Twitters," who would do well to read these words and to profit by them:

You are always getting "pained" about something or other. A little while ago you were "pained" because I passed you on the other side of the street without bowing, when the truth was that my old eyes, which, without my glasses, are a little dim, did not recognize you. Then you came to me again, "pained" because you had heard the report that Deacon G— was seen coming out of a rum-shop in the city of B—. In the first place, it was only a rumor; in the second place, the deacon might have gone in to convert the rum-seller; and in the third place, as turned out to be the case, it might have been some other body who looked like Deacon G—. Why in the world didn't you accept one of these working hypotheses, instead of fretting and worrying, and losing two nights' sleep over the silly story?

Then you heard that a certain distinguished preacher in the city of C— had turned out to be a sad heretic, and had even preached a sermon confirmatory of his heresy. Again you were "pained," and again you had all your pain for nothing, for it turned out to be a mistake of the reporter.

There are plenty of painful things in this queer old world that come in our way, without going out to meet those which we might avoid. When next you come across a nettles patch, dear Sister Twitter, do not sit down in it; and when you next come to a bee-hive, don't stick your head in it for fear the bees are not building their cells just right. You will be sure to be "pained" if you do.

EVERYONE SHOULD TRY

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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. of CANADA

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Report of the Directors for the Year ending 31st December, 1889.

The Directors have pleasure in presenting their Report of the transactions of the Company for the past year. An examination of the accompanying statements of accounts will show that the progress made has been rapid, solid and in every way satisfactory.

During the year we received 2,755 applications for life assurance amounting to \$4,102,710.55. Of these 2,504 for \$3,732,331.15 were accepted and policies issued thereon, the balance being declined or withdrawn. This total is \$706,226.99 in advance of the previous year and the passing of the four million line marks another mile post in the Company's history.

In the accident department, the applications were 1,363 for \$2,420,300.00, and the policies issued 1,347 for \$2,375,300.00. The combined applications of the two branches thus reached the handsome total of \$6,523,010.55.

The assurances in force at the close of the year were as follows:—

LIFE.....8,951.....\$13,337,983.08
ACCIDENT.....2,064.....3,826,400.00

TOTAL.....11,015.....\$17,164,383.08

The financial position of the Company is very gratifying. The income has increased until it now amounts to \$663,140.52, or nearly \$2,000 for every working day in the year. The death claims which fell in were \$5,538.49 less than in 1888, although in natural course they should have increased. An addition of more than a quarter of a million has been made to the assets, bringing their total up to \$2,233,322.72. The cash surplus has also advanced to \$219,036.64, or \$156,530.64 beyond all liabilities and capital stock. And last, but by no means least, is the fact which does not show on the surface, but to which we can testify, that the quality of the assets is exceptionally high. In view of this prosperous condition of affairs, there is no risk in predicting that the surplus to divide among Policy-holders at the end of the present quinquennium will be large and satisfactory.

INCOME.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Prem's—Life.....	\$448,165.29	Dividends on Capital.....	\$ 7,500.00
Annuity.....	2,035.00	Death Claims, including Bonuses.....	109,141.97
Accident.....	24,741.55	Matured Endowments including Bonuses.....	2,688.05
Pd. Reassurances.....	\$477,941.84	Annuity Payments.....	1,845.70
Interest.....	1,667.81	Accident Claims.....	12,835.07
	\$476,274.03	Cash Profits paid Policyholders.....	2,913.74
Rents.....	85,531.87	Surrender values.....	15,834.19
	1,384.62	Expense Account.....	88,149.03
		Commissions.....	52,242.30
		Medical Fees.....	11,287.44
		Total Disbursements.....	304,437.49
		Surplus over Disbursements.....	258,703.03
Total Income.....	\$663,140.52		\$663,140.52

R. MACAULY, President. A. W. OGILVIE, Vice President.

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

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