

Lend a Hand.

Are you in the market waiting
While the world's great fields are white,
Effortless your strength abating
Since you use it not aright?
Lend a hand! The work is growing,
And the Master's service calls;
On His fields your toil bestowing
Ere the night inactive falls.

Hasten! Join the reapers willing
With full purposes of heart;
Since it is His will fulfilling,
Cheerfully do well your part.
Lend a hand! The work is growing,
And the Master's service calls;
On His fields your toil bestowing
Ere the night inactive falls.

Pain not, though the days are weary;
Murmur not, though they are long;
Love will make His service cheery,
Love will fill its hours with song.
Lend a hand! The work is growing,
And the Master's service calls;
On His fields your toil bestowing
Ere the night inactive falls.

—F. J. Stevens, in the Gospel in All Lands.

The Publisher's Story.

The editor went down stairs to consult the publisher about some little matters relating to the paper. The publisher said: Sit down, I have an interesting story to tell you, if you are not in a hurry. Always in a hurry, was the answer, but always want to hear a good story. Fire ahead! Then the publisher crossed one leg over his other and said: This story is founded on fact, indeed a number of facts. It is about a man; a really good man; a friend of ours. You know him, but I won't tell his name. Never mind, said the editor, proceed with your narrative. And the publisher proceeded:

My story is about a man who takes our paper. He went down as usual to the post-office. It was the regular day for the arrival of his religious weekly. But there was no paper there. He went away from the window, lingered a little in the door-way, and then returned. Did the other copies of that paper come? Yes, they did. Do you know why my copy did not come with the rest? No. I cannot imagine. He slowly crawls out again with a feeling of personal wrong in being discriminated against. Whose fault is it? Perhaps the postmaster has overlooked it. Or some mail distributor along the route has thrown it aside. Or the mailer in his hurry has written the address indistinctly, or has overlooked his copy this week. Or may be it is intentional. Anyhow, it is a gross injustice for which the paper is probably to blame. Why don't they conduct their matters better. So much carelessness and indifference! They don't care whether a subscriber gets his paper or not.

He carries his unhappy humor all the way home. The first thing he says to his wife is this: Paper did not come. Why not? How should I know? Some neglect. Children won't have anything to read Sabbath afternoon. Won't have anything to read myself. I wanted to send that paper to sister Jane.

Say, John, have you paid up the subscription lately?
No! What has that to do with it? Well, maybe they have stopped. Stopped it? They wouldn't dare to do that. Why I have taken it right along for six years, and have never paid up since the first year.

Well, don't you suppose it costs something to get up that paper and pay the postage on it all these years? There are 52 copies a year.

Well, what of that? A paper ought to run itself. They are glad enough to have subscribers take their old sheet. If they have stopped it on that account I'll never let it come in this house again.

Yes, but the editors and publishers have to make their living and pay a lot of hands. I heard the editor once say that it takes \$15,000 a year to pay the bills.

Well! they haven't got any of my money for several years.

Yes, but don't we owe it to them? It is an honest debt, isn't it? You have got the worth of your money, haven't you? You know how we all miss it when it don't come. Here is a sister looking for it now. Father did the paper come?

No! it didn't.

Well, John, it only costs four cents a week, postage paid, over four hundred miles. I think we ought to pay for it just as we do for our flour and other things we live on. You get awfully worked up when people don't pay you what they owe, and call them hard names. Now think of the golden rule your self.

Well, wife, don't let's talk about it any more; it is a just debt, and I reckon they need their money to pay their bills for work, if they don't have anything left to live on themselves. I'll send it right on, the next time I go to town.

Neighbor driving by, halts at the gate and halloo. Neighbor, here is your paper, it got folded with mine somehow, and the postmaster passed it out. I did not see it until I went to look into it as I came out of town. Fine paper, that. Growing

better all the time. Mighty cheap, too, considering the kind of talent they put on it. By the way, have you paid for it yet? I want to send off my subscription and thought maybe we might send it off together.

All right, call in as you go to the office to-morrow; wife was just saying we had neglected it too long.

It is now three days later, and those subscriptions have come to hand. I tell you, Presbyterians are inherently honest people. Read that letter. Money just come in time to help pay the bill for paper. Then there are the composers—they have to have it every week, for they live on their wages. And the press-men are pressing us. Wish a lot more of our subscribers that have forgotten how much they might help us, would pony up this week. They would, if they knew how much it would help. Presbyterians are the best people in the world. A little slow some times, the editor suggested. Well, maybe! But as sure as snout at the last. You can count on them every time. Let us go to lunch. Then they adjourned to their bread and milk.—*Mid-Continent.*

The Cruelty of Selfishness.

It was in the waiting-room of a popular city physician, one dark, drizzly afternoon. The leather-cushioned chairs were filled with waiting patients, some in real and some in imaginary need of healing.

Among those who had longest been in waiting were a mild-mannered lady with a babe in her arms, and a well-dressed man and woman. But while they frequently expressed their vexation at the length of time consumed by those before them in the consulting-room, the gentle-faced lady spoke not a word of fault finding, although, as she paced up and down the carpet with her fretful child in her arms, there was a look of deep solicitude on her face. Gradually the babe became quieter, but the anxious look only deepened the mother's face, and she looked a shade whiter and almost stopped breathing as she stopped once to press her face against the babe's cheek. Then she glanced longingly toward the door of the consulting-room, but was compelled to renew her restless pacing up and down, with more nervousness in her step than before.

At last, when it came the turn of the hysterical-looking lady to enter, the distracted mother in a moment of desperate anxiety for her babe, which overcome all her natural timidity, took a few quick steps, and, with a hurried apology for her boldness, asked if she would not grant her the privilege of taking her turn. 'I would not ask it, but for my baby's sake, which I fear is—'

Your baby seems quiet enough,' was the freezing reply of the other, in the tone with which she would address an inferior; 'and I'm sure my sufferings deserve some consideration.'

With this the lady (?) swept in, to consume the busy doctor's time in detailing the minutest symptoms of her latest ailment, while the anguished mother pressed her infant closer to her heart and renewed her walk, more to give vent to her own nervousness than to quiet the child.

When the lady came out, the mother looked up to cast one appealing glance at the gentleman who was to follow her, and who evidently was her companion. But she was met only by a solid expression of indifference, and subsided into her weary rounds of the room.

At last it came her turn. With nervous haste she struggled toward the door, pausing a second on the steps to remove the covering from the child's face. No one could ever forget her cry of startled horror and the expression of white despair on her face. There was no need for her to see a physician. The child was quiet enough, as she had been told; but it was the quiet of death.

The physician said that it was one of those cases where prompt attention might have saved life. No doubt both the persons who had denied the mother's request with such heartless incivility would have written a liberal cheque to relieve a case of need, or welcomed some great opportunity to play the benefactor; but it is the little calls for humanity that run counter to our own love of ease, or that call for some common sacrifice of pride or self-interest, that most bring out the exceeding cruelty of selfishness.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Duty of Being Pleasant.

In his speech at the Dean Stanley commemoration, James Russell Lowell told of a tombstone in the neighborhood of Boston, on which was recorded the name and the date of death of a wife and mother, and then the words, 'She was so pleasant.' Applying this thought to the subject of his address, Mr. Lowell added, 'I think no man ever lived who was so pleasant to so many people.'

'So pleasant to so many people.' The whole force of the sentence lies in the latter half of it; for everybody knows how easy it is to be

pleasant at times, and to certain people, but when it comes 'so many,' ah! there's the rub; for no man, be he dean or deacon, or nobody in particular, could ever win a like encomium by being pleasant only when it was pleasant to be pleasant.

Very lovely must have been the life of the New England mother whose biography could thus be summed up in one short sentence which yet leaves nothing to be told, and of that other mother whose resting-place in an old England churchyard is marked with a marble slab bearing the beautiful words, 'She always made home happy.'

Many a time must the outcries of wearied muscles and overtaxed nerves, not to speak of sorrow smitten hearts, have gone unheeded in order that the face might seem full of sunshine to the sharp eyes ever upon it.

It may appear a hard thing to say, but can it be gainsaid, that there is no duty more largely neglected by the average everyday Christian than the duty of being pleasant?—which, in view of the fact that no other duty is so easy of performance, and costs so little, seems passing strange, particularly when, of all people in the world, Christians ought to be the most cheerful in their social relations.

Understand me. I have no reference to that thin veneer of geniality which the gruffest of us can assume together with our 'company manners.' There is something so patiently insincere about this it hardly deceives even the children. Nobody would earn the Massachusetts mother's epitaph, though they practiced that kind of pleasantness all their days. True pleasantness, like true beauty, must be more than skin deep. It must have its roots in the heart ere it flower forth in the face to brighten and bless.

If Christians only realized, as they should, the gain of being pleasant, they would surely take more pains to cultivate the grace.—*Sunday-school Times.*

Looking Backward.

Just keep your eye on the flag, and you won't have much trouble keepin' a straight furrow; but if you're a lookin' backward, slip goes the plow, and there's a crooked, on-slightly furrow.

Farmer Hodgson saw me watching him placing the furrowing pole, surmounted with a white flag, at the opposite side of the field, in direct line with the furrow he had started, and gave me the above information. Deary me, thought I, that advice applies to our case exactly.

When we first put our hands to the plow of Christian profession, how firmly we hold fast to church duties, but presently our hands relax their grasp as we look backward at worldly pleasures, and zig-zag goes our Christian walk and conversation, making anything but the clean furrow we intended to make. A first-class Christian should be as afraid of an unsightly furrow as is a first-class farmer, and just as soon as he loses sight of his pole of duty, he swerves from the right path, and the goal he started so earnestly to reach is lost sight of in the buzzing whispers that Satan is so ready to tempt us with. Suppose you do stay away from prayer meeting to attend—something else—what harm is it? Plenty of other people do so. When this furrow crooks, you will find it very easy to attend church but once on Sunday; too wet, too dry, too tired, cannot digest but one sermon. Then not capable of teaching in Sunday-School, haven't the faculty for study, follows naturally. Excuses multiply as the furrows of duty curve, and presently Christian duty resolves itself into an attendance at church on Sunday, a small sum paid toward church support, and a hope of reaching heaven at last. Let us, dear friends, stop looking backward, and keep our eyes fixed on the only true guide—Christ Jesus. Let us use faithfully the chart he has given us, filled with advice, promises and loving words. Then Christian duties will become such delight that we would not neglect them if we could do so. The simplest duty performed in his name becomes unalloyed pleasure.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Commencing Right.

In the year 1827, a young man, then studying for the ministry, was requested to preach in a town in this State. The meeting was held in the evening at a private house. Knowing that two or three deacons were present, some remarks were made upon the authenticity of God's Word. The president of an infidel club arose, and interrupted the speaker, who mildly said to him, 'Sit down, and after meeting I will talk with you.' When the services closed, there was hardly time for conversation, and an appointment was made that the parties should meet at the house of a friend on the following morning. At the appointed hour, the president, with several infidel books under his arm, and a large handkerchief full of pamphlets and papers, made his appearance, in

company with two members of the club. No sooner were the parties seated, and the large table covered with his religious dissecting knives than the infidel began with much warmth to pour forth his contempt for the Bible.

'Stop, sir, stop,' said the student. 'Let us commence right, and then we shall end well. Do you believe there is a God who made all things? a God who has a mind?'

'I do.'

'Do you believe he created you, feeds, clothes, and watches over you and yours, without any reward?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, sir, that we commence right, please lead in prayer. Ask the God in whom you believe to direct us to the rejection of that Bible if it is false, and if it is true, receive it. We do not want to be deceived.'

The man hesitated, and said, 'I never pray; I do not believe in prayer.'

'Never pray, sir! do you not believe in prayer when your God has done so much for you? never thank him for his goodness! Have you no father?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you never thank him? If you had a child whom you had always blest, would he not thank you when you bestowed upon him a little trinket?'

'I suppose he would.'

'Well, sir, commence right. Just pray; pray and thank God.'

'I can't pray.'

The student then turned to his infidel companions, and asked them to pray, and they both declined. With indescribable feelings he knelt, and, with great freedom, poured out his whole heart to God. As he finished they all three arose from their seats. The president passed his fingers through his hair, and as he gathered up his books, said: 'I think we will talk no more. It will do no good.'

The student waited on them to the door, and in a short time heard that the club had disbanded.—*Sel.*

A Word to Conquer by.

Never is the only word that conquers. Once in a while is the very watchword of temptation and defeat. I do believe that once in a while things have ruined more bodies and more souls, too, than all the other things put together. Moreover, the never way is easy and the once-in-a-while way is hard.

After you have once made up your mind never to do a certain thing, that is the end of it, if you are a sensible person. But if you only say: This is a bad habit, or: this is a dangerous indulgence; I will be on my guard, and not do it too often, you have put yourself in the most uncomfortable of all positions; the temptation will knock at your door twenty times in a day, and you will have to be fighting the same old battles over and over again as long as you live.

When you have once laid down to yourself the laws you mean to keep, the things you will always do and the things you will never do, then your life arranges itself in a system at once, and you are not interrupted and hindered, as the undecided people are, by wondering what is best, or safe, or wholesome, or too unwholesome, at different times.

The wife can not interest and entertain the husband in the home if his heart is in his store or office; nor can the husband be delighted with his wife and home if she receives him with whinings and complaints. When the wife makes the home pleasant and cheerful, and the husband manifests his appreciation and delight, then does the home become the ante chapel of heaven.

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1880.....141,402.81.....911,132.93.....3,881,478.09

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