

Guide, Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Off the way is dark and rugged,
Of the shadow hides the sun;
Trembling, fearing, doubting, fainting,
Much I need thee, Holy One.
When the world's allurements tempt me,
How low though I know they be,
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
I would follow none but Thee.

Through the ages saints have followed
Where Thy guiding footsteps lead!
Of Thy Cross and wondrous passion
In Thy holy Book I've read.
None but Thee can lead me safely
Through life's troubled thorny way:
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Through the gloomy night to day.

I would follow where Thy leadest,
Valley deep or mountain-side;
Over oceans ridged with willows,
Or on calm and favoring tide.
Be my faith a martyr's triumph,
Or 'neath sunny skies a room;
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Till I gain my glory home.

Death shall lose its sting and terror,
If my faith on Thee is stayed;
Guilty though I am, yet ransom
By Thy suffering Thou hast paid.
I shall pass the gloomy portal
Safely, if Thou art my friend;
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Till my pilgrimage shall end.

"Out of Sorts."

I have heard of a good man who was very often what is called "out of sorts." Every Wednesday, his wife used to make a potato pie, of which he was exceedingly fond, though it was not fond of him; and the indignation which resulted made him feel very wretched. He became ill-tempered and unamiable, and even thought God had forsaken him. It happened so regularly that when he spoke grumblingly at everybody and everything, his friends would say: "Brother H— has been having potato-pie!" One day, after he had fasted from his favorite dish, he came home terribly put out. He found fault with everything, and said he had a good mind to hang himself. He was so very disagreeable that his wife urged him to go to the "class-meeting," and very glad indeed was she to get rid of him for an hour or two. On the way he met a friend, and told him that "everything was going to the dogs." His friend laughed, saying: "Brother H— what have you had for dinner?" When he was seated at the meeting, his looks might have spoiled the enjoyment of the others if they had not known his failing. The class-leader came in turn to the unhappy man who suffered from the agonies of doubt and the misery of bad temper, and smiling on him, with a knowing look, said: "Well, Brother H—, how are you getting on?" The poor fellow caught the look of the leader, and seeing the smile on the faces of the members, at once saw the cause of his miserable feelings, and exclaimed: "Don't ask me to say anything to-night. I am as unhappy as a man can be, all through that potato-pie: but I won't have it any more!"

How unlovely are many professing Christians! How repulsive are the sour, the snarling, the snappish, the censorious, the crabbed, the grumblers, and such-like, deformed with the ugliness of sin.

This morbid state of mind is often induced by extravagance in eating and drinking. If potato-pie, or any other luxury, does not suit you, and makes you "out of sorts" and unamiable then the only wise and safe thing to do is precisely what Brother H— did. "Lay aside every weight" is a general direction which may be applied to anything which prevents your making the highest attainments in the Divine life. If you want to be filled with joy and peace, "exercise thyself unto godliness" in eating and drinking, as well as in praying and working. Let holiness preside at your dinner-table, and piety rule over your pleasures.

What immense damage those unlovely professors do the cause of God! Indeed, they undo all the good they attempt to do, and they do much to neutralize all the good others are trying to do. Need we wonder that religion is anything but attractive to so many, when it has such miserable representatives? Many who have no pretensions to piety far surpass many professors of religion in amiability, the kindly graces of character.

Let us seek to be beautified with salvation. We have not sufficiently thought of salvation as an adornment, a thing of light and loveliness. We have not sufficiently thought to add sweetness to strength, and tenderness to integrity of character. Too often the thought of our happiness and safety has filled our mind to the exclusion of the nobler solicitude to be beautiful with Divine grace and radiance. Yet we are not growing in grace if we are not growing in amiability and love lines.

The beauty of holiness is the great want of the church; and, thank God, it is attainable, for Christ's great work of redemption provides for the entire transforma-

tion of our nature. To this he calls his people, and with this alone he will be pleased. There is no beauty like the beauty of holiness, radiating from us in our lives and character. When "the beauty of the Lord" is upon us, his work will "appear" more distinctly and impressively in a high standard and style of Christian life, as well as in the conversion of sinners and the reclaiming of backsliders. Nothing is so attractive and powerful for good. In proportion as we have this beauty upon us shall we be successful in winning souls. A spiritually beautiful Church would speedily win the world to Christ.

"Whatever things are lovely,"—worthy of love,—think on these things." "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."—*Meth. Magazine.*

Trials Of Honesty.

It is not always easy to be strictly honest. This is true of many people, who find no difficulty in being honorable, when engaged in business. They have no disposition to cheat a patron out of a cent in money matters. It is easy for them to deal squarely with everyone whom they have occasion to transact business with. The sharp trial of their honesty does not come here; but it comes under such circumstances as this: A person who goes to their home for a visit whom they do not really care to see. As they meet him at the door, they are tempted to say, as they have said hundreds of times before to others, "I am glad to see you." And without much thought at the time, perhaps, they do meet this visitor with such a salutation. And then, as he is about leaving, they say: "Now, do come again and make us a good visit," when the truth is, they are not glad to see him when he came, but were glad when he went away, and did not want him to come again! Now, this is dishonest. It is telling a falsehood; and thousands of people do it, who would charge one with slander if he were to say that they were dishonest in dealing with their fellow men. But some one says: "It is only a matter of ordinary politeness and decent usage, to speak to a visitor in the manner indicated."

Well, I say that a person can be truly polite, and treat those who call upon him or her decently, without telling a falsehood, even indirectly. No one should appear to be polite at the expense of honesty. If you are not glad to see a person, when he comes to your house, then don't say that you are. And if you do not want him to come and make you a visit again, don't say that you want him. Your excuse about acting politely towards him, does not atone for your want of truth in the matter.

Then, too, another trial of honesty comes upon us, with reference to the invitations which we have to pass judgment upon a certain person or thing. It is expected, oftentimes, that we will say a very favorable word in behalf of a certain person; and, if we be not very careful, we will say the favorable word, when we know at the same time that, if we do say it, it would be directly contrary to our honest conviction of the truth. And yet, rather than give offense, or be accused of uncharitableness, how many they are who say of a certain one that he is a "fine man," when they know, if others do not, that he is far from being such a man! But you say it is very hard to refrain from speaking favorably of such a one, under the circumstances. Yes, it may be so; and this is the same as saying that it was very hard to be honest under certain circumstances. But, is it not far better to be honest under all circumstances, than to be otherwise under any circumstances?—*C. H. W., in the Watchman.*

Don't Scold.

Mothers don't scold. You can be firm without scolding your children; you can reprove them for their faults; you can punish them when necessary, but don't get into the habit of perpetually scolding them. It does them no good. They soon become so accustomed to fault-finding and scolding that they pay no attention to it. Or, which often happens, they grow hardened and reckless in consequence of it. Many a naturally good disposition is ruined by constant scolding, and many a child is driven to seek evil associates because there is no peace at home. Mothers, with their many cares and perplexities, often fall into the habit unconsciously; but it is a sad habit for them and their children. Watch yourselves, and don't indulge in this unfortunate and often unintentional manner of addressing your children. Watch even the tones of your voice, and, above all, watch your hearts; for we have divine authority for saying that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Things She "Hadt'time" To Do.

Here are a few of the things that bustling, worried-looking little Mrs. Burton declared she "hadn't time" to do:

She "hadn't time" to help Johnny with his reading lesson—though the child's teacher had again and again asked her to do so.

She "hadn't time" to write a letter to Brother Joe—though no doubt, the dear fellow was terribly lonesome and homesick, away off there in that dreadful mining town! She *did* hope Joe wouldn't fall into bad company; it would break her mother's heart, if he should.

She "hadn't time" to read the Chautauqua course—though her friends begged her to do so, and her husband looked just the least bit disappointed when she refused.

She "hadn't time" to attend the ladies' missionary meeting—though the struggling little auxiliary sorely needed her presence, and her voice in song.

She "hadn't time" to teach her children about Christ and his claims upon them—though she herself sighed, now and then, at the thought of their utter ignorance.

But if you could have seen how full Mrs. Burton's time was, you would scarcely have wondered that she had room for none of these things.

She took a fancy-work magazine, and spent hours, every afternoon, in "picking out" its intricate patterns of knitted and crocheted lace.

She often went shopping; and so particular was she, that it sometimes took her half a day to match a skein of embroidery silk, or to buy a yard of ribbon.

She rearranged the furniture in her parlor every other day, and was always contriving and executing something new in the way of picture draperies and mantel scarfs.

She went to the matinee once a week—but that, of course, was for rest and relaxation.

Do you wonder that she "hadn't time" to teach her children, to strengthen her influence over her only brother, to improve her own mind, or to labor for the extension of Christ's kingdom on the earth?—*Christian Standard.*

Keep Up Your End.

"When I was a boy in the lumbering region," said an old doctor, "the fellow who would not hold up his end of the log, but let the weight sag on the others, was looked upon with contempt by all the camp. Wherever I go now I think I see logs carried—one end held up by hearty willing hands, and the other dropping out of lazy, selfish ones."

"When I see an old father toiling to give his son the education that is to help him through life, and the boy yawning over his books, tricking his teachers, smoking cigarettes and swearing, I feel like calling out: For the sake of your own soul, boy, grip the end of the log and hold it up!"

"Sometimes I see a man working hard all day, and too tired to rest at night, while his wife and daughters read novels, embroider and gossip with women as useless in the world as themselves. Do they keep up their end of the log?"

"Or quite as often, it is the wife who stunts and saves until her life is barren and bare as a dusty road at noonday, while the husband spends his time at saloons and pool rooms."

"Or I see one bright courageous member of a family—usually a woman—working, joking, hopeful; while the others crawl along, groaning, complaining, dropping every day and hour their burden of poverty, disease, toothache, or bad weather on her shoulder. She has all the log to carry."

"Again, it is a human being for whom God has done much in birth, rank, education, friends, who for the love of a glass of liquor or a pack of cards allows his life to drop into the slough. Paul bids him 'work out his own salvation; and I feel like telling him to hold up his own end of the log.'"

What does our reader think of the doctor's homely lesson? What is his burden in life? Somebody shares it with him; no man bears his load alone. Does he carry his part with a hearty good will, or does he drop it on weak willing shoulders?—*Christian Commonwealth.*

A Mother's Influence.

Benjamin West said: "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

Yes many a mother by one look, one word, one touch, one kiss, has made her boy both great and good, honored and loved, by God and man.

But why not? From earliest childhood has she not had the very best chance of all to win her boy's heart, to fashion his mind, to make him all that he is? His infant lips drank from her breast, his tired head nestled in her bosom, her sympathetic ear drank in all his childish sorrows and boyish disappointments, her soft, quiet voice healed all his hurts, her open hand supplied all

his needs, her unwearied feet hastened to do his bidding, his soul learned to look to God at her knee, and his whole life seemed to be a part of hers.

But a mother's influence reaches beyond this world; it fashions the soul as well as the body and brain, mind and heart, work and life; it trains to pure and undefiled religion; it makes ready for heaven.

A good man once said: "When I was a child, my mother used to place her hand on my head while she prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth she died. I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked by the soft hand of my mother upon my head, as in my infancy, and there came a voice in my heart: 'Oh, do not sin against God!'"

The priceless boon of a good and holy mother can only be appreciated fully by supposing her to have been the direct opposite of what we have been delineating. Such a change in her would fulfil that passage of Scripture, which, almost above all others, has seemed to be specially awful to us, where God threatens his disobedient people: "I will curse your blessings." Yes, a bad mother would curse our very blessings.

Happy that boy who, from earliest years, has been favored with a mother's influence that has been good, only good, and that continually.—*Standard (Phil.)*

Home Duties.

Never crowd too much work into a given time by having three or four rooms cleaned in one day. Never allow dilapidations of linen or articles of furniture to remain unrepaired; the latter give an untidy appearance to a house, and the former is subversive of all comfort. A pair of stockings may be mended in a quarter of an hour, more or less. This portion of time will scarcely be missed, while to mend two pairs will take a longer time than can perhaps be spared. Keep a rag-bag, a paper-bag, and a string-bag all conveniently to hand; a small drawer with nails, tacks, hammer, pincers, and chisel; but all these tools, with the addition of a glue-pot, keep under your own eye, or like pins and needles, they will no where be found when wanted. Keep all receipts and file them.

Sew them through the centre with strong needle and thread; place a strip of paper round each packet, with the date of month and year. Have no secrets from your husband, either as to your proceedings or expenditure. If a husband is kept in ignorance of his wife's carelessness or debt, it is like walking over the concealed crater of a volcano, which may break at any moment and periculate him beneath; and that which, if told in confidence, would have been received in love, may destroy the peace of a house forever by being concealed.

The Girl Who Helps Mother.

There is a girl I love to think of. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers; she is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the house-work, or the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth wasting on "only mother." And when there comes a day when she must bend over the body of her mother, hands folded, disquiet merged in rest, the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The true Christian is like the sun which pursues his noiseless track and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessing upon the world around him.—*Luther.*

His own medicine and balsam for the wounds and fever-heats of life; "Be still and know that I am God."—*J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

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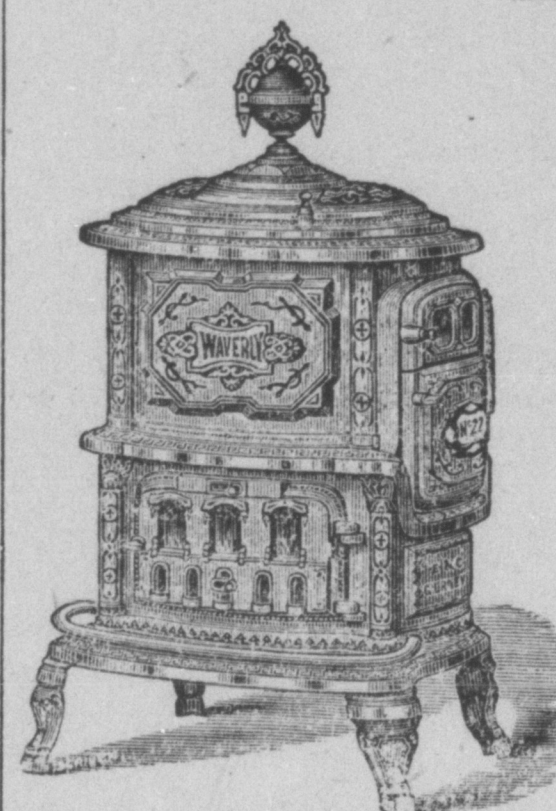
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EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

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 \$705,226.99 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 \$563,140.52, 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..... | \$48,165.29 | Dividends on Capital..... | \$ 7,500.00 |
| Annuity..... | 5,035.00 | Death Claims, including Bonuses..... | 109,141.97 |
| Accident..... | 24,741.55 | Matured Endowments including Bonuses..... | 2,688.05 |
| | \$47,941.84 | Annuity Payments..... | 1,845.70 |
| Pd. Reassurances..... | 1,667.81 | Accident Claims..... | 12,835.00 |
| | \$476,274.03 | Cash Profits paid Policyholders..... | 15,834.19 |
| Interest..... | 85,531.87 | Surrender values..... | 88,149.03 |
| Rents..... | 1,334.62 | Expense Account..... | 52,242.30 |
| | | Commissions..... | 11,287.44 |
| | | Medical Fees..... | |
| | | Total Disbursements..... | 304,437.49 |
| | | Surplus over Disbursements..... | 258,703.03 |
| Total Income..... | \$563,140.52 | | \$563,140.52 |

R. MACAULY, President.

A. W. OGILVIE, Vice President.

J. B. GUNTER, General Agent.

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