

God's Anvil.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated
On the hard anvil, minded so
In His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master's hand;
So I say, praying: As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

—From the German.

Converts From Rome.

The Boston, *Zion's Herald*, said recently: "Rev. S. McGerald, the able and very successful editor of the *Buffalo Christian Advocate*, is a converted Roman Catholic, and therefore takes a likely and especially intelligent interest in the conflict with Romanism in this land."

Rev. Thomas Hanlon, D. D., president of Pennington (Methodist) Seminary, New Jersey, is also a converted Catholic, and a man of mark as a preacher and educator. All the members of his family have been converted also from Romanism and are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There is no more honored and revered member of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church than Rev. J. Lanahan, D. D., who every year is elected manager of the Methodist Book Concern in that city. He is another converted Catholic who has attained distinction. Several years ago he was one of the managers of the great Methodist publishing house in New York. His brother is one of the leading Roman Catholic citizens of Baltimore.

We could fill several issues of *The Converted Catholic* with the names of converts from Rome who have become Methodists. There would be more of them but for the persecutions some of them have to undergo, as in the following case:

The Baltimore *Methodist*, October 2, 1890, says there is a great revival of religion in progress in Fayette Street Methodist Church in that city. "There has been a large number of conversions, and penitents fill the altar almost every night. Among the converts is a youth who is the son and in part support of a poor widow. He was employed by a Roman Catholic, who summarily dismissed him when he heard he had joined the Methodists. He took it like a hero."

On every hand converts from Rome have to suffer for their faith in Christ, but they do not retaliate by 'boy-cotting' their former associates; rather will they invite them into the larger liberty of the children of God. At the same time our Rome Catholic friends should ask themselves what would be their condition if Protestants should 'boy-cot' and dismiss them for being Romanists. They would not bear it like heroes. — *The Converted Catholic*.

Her Secret.

Miss Townley's class in the Sunday-school was always full. Of the thirteen members that composed it, the average attendance was eleven—the largest average attendance of any class in school. She had begun with three pupils, and they had steadily been added to until the present number was reached.

"How do you manage to keep them and make them punctual and add to their number so constantly?" said a co-teacher to her one day.

"In the first place," replied Miss Townley, "I am always there myself and before the school begins. My pupils are sure to find me there when they come. I may miss the morning service, or the evening service, but I will not be absent from the Sunday-school if I can possibly be there."

"In the next place," I am sure to find out every week where the absentees of the previous Sunday were, and why they were absent. If I cannot go to see them I send a postal-card or a letter. They each know that if they are not in their class on Sunday they will hear from me or see me early in the week. If they are sick I go to see them, and sick or well I visit them in their homes and get acquainted with their mothers, and see how their home-life runs and what temptations they are

likely to be exposed to, so I can know how to apply the lesson or general deductions from it to their individual cases. I want each to feel that I have a special interest in her, as I have, and that she has a friend in me."

"But all this must take time." "Of course, it takes time. One afternoon a week about covers my calls, and the postal-cards and letters come in at odd times. If my pupils are not careful to prepare the lesson, I try and interest their mothers in having them study it and in helping the mothers, too; and in more than one instance I have aided the mothers in influencing their daughters to wise decisions in practical matters of daily life."

"When I took my class my pastor told me that I must be pastor of my class and watch for their souls. This I try to do, and make it a part of my business, of things that must be done."

Was it any wonder that Miss Townley was a success as a Sunday-school teacher? She applied the ordinary methods of business men to her work, and it prospered in her hands, of course.

Young Man, This is for You!

1. Save a part of your weekly earnings, even if it be no more than a quarter of a dollar, and put your savings monthly in a savings bank.

2. Buy nothing till you can pay for it, and buy nothing that you do not need.

A young man who has grit enough to follow these rules, will have taken the first step upward to success in business. He may be compelled to wear a coat a year longer, even if it be unfashionable; he may have to live in a smaller house than some of his young acquaintances; his wife may not sparkle with diamonds nor be resplendent in silk and satin, just yet; his children may not be dressed as dolls or popinjays; his table may be plain and wholesome, and the whizz of the beer or champagne cork may never be heard in his dwelling; he may have to get along without the earliest fruit or vegetables; he may have to abjure the club-room, the theatre, and the gambling-bell; and to reverence the Sabbath day and read and follow the precepts of the Bible instead, but he will be the better off in every way for this self-discipline. Yes, he may do all these without detriment to his manhood, or health, or character. True, empty-headed folk may sneer at him and affect to pity him, but he will find that he has grown strong hearted and brave enough to stand and laugh of the foolish. He has become an independent man. He never owes anybody, and so he is no man's slave. He has become master of himself, and a master of himself will become a leader among men, and prosperity will crown his every enterprise.

Young man, life's discipline and life's success come from hard work and early self-denial; and hard-earned success is all the sweeter at the time when old years climb up on your shoulder and you need propping up.

A Home Without Religion.

Can it be a home, a child's home without religion? It may be a house, beautiful, enriched with art, knowledge and music; but without religion, without thoughts about God, without prayer, penitence, sweet Sabbath, faith, love, and the seeking after a life of holiness—it cannot be a home. This needs no argument. It needs much emphatic repetition, and it needs deep belief. All children are naturally religious. They have wonder, awe, reverence, trust, tenderness, the keenest sense of sin and love. No 'learning' comes so naturally to a child as the learning of God. The talk of children about God is as the talk of wise men. There must be religion if there is to be a home. We who are asking that all education shall be religious are, of all people, bound to see that our children find their first faith, their first prayer, their first thought of God at home. When the school-master gets our boys he ought to find that there is one elementary thing in their education well begun—religion. To send a boy or girl into 'new world' of a school without prayer, faith, love, reverence, and some experience towards God, is to send those most precious to us into their first day in the world and in life as unfitted for that world and for that life as a heathen child. — *Rev. G. S. Reaney*.

The Way Will be Cleared as We Go.

The driver of the tramcar through the streets of London starts with his car upon a line which runs continuously to his journey's end. If he goes on straight ahead he will surely come to the destined place. Should he be able to see all the route at once, he would observe many coal-wagons, furniture-vans, timber-carriages, brewers' drays, and the like, blocking up his road along the rails, and he might mournfully ask: "How can I move all these?"

Regularly of Habit.

One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire, says an able writer, is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons

But he takes no such lengthened view, and asks no such useless questions. As he moves along, all sorts of obstructive traffic gives way before him; even the van demons yield him the road. When one of them is a little slow in getting out of the way, our driver blows his whistle; and after two or three shrill appeals, the obstinate vehicle retreats. As the rails run all the way, so does the car.

Just so we are on the rails of eternal life. Between us and heaven there are a thousand obstructions, and, if we think of them all, we may well be fearful; but they will one and all disappear as we come to them. If they should seem likely to bar our progress, we must sound the whistle of prayer, and in due season they will turn aside, and leave us a clear road along the lines of covenant grace. Therefore go ahead, and fear no impediment; for the line is laid, and we have a legal right to travel along it, and none may lawfully hinder us.

This is what I learned from the driver of the tramcar. — *C. H. Spurgeon*.

Young Manhood and Purity.

Zion's Herald published recently a series of letters, purporting to be from 'Uncle John' to his young nephew, still in student life. From one of these, in which advice is given concerning the choice of his girl companions, we quote the following:

"Be respectful, courteous, and strictly honorable in all your relations with the other sex. So very much more of happiness and misery for yourself and others depends on this than you think. Don't even once allow yourself to be tempted to talk with or consort with the corrupted young men of your society. Courage is needed quite a little, to 'turn from them and pass away'; but once given way, once listen to the 'sowing the wild-oats' libidinous philosophy, and there is no return to that level of moral integrity. Fight your battle at the very beginning. It is easier than anywhere else. Behind the gilding of our modern drawing-rooms there is so much social rottenness that every pure and upright man must tremble for the inexperienced. To be pure in soul, never to have filthy thoughts trooping across the inward consciousness, is, it may be, with this nature of ours, next to impossible to us. Believe me, Frank, there is a music ever singing its low, sweet murmur in each soul. There is far more happiness in self-control than in self-indulgence. All lustfulness has in it an element of tyranny. There is only one spot in a man's life where assemble all the virtues and graces, hand in hand, to greet him—and that is on the virtuous side of the first uncommitted sin."

God's Chisels.

Look at the artist's chisel. Most certainly it carves the statue. The artist cannot carve without his chisel. Yet imagine the chisel, conscious that it was made to carve and that is its function, trying to carve alone. It lays itself against the hard marble, but it has neither strength nor skill; it has no force to drive itself in, and if it had it does not know which way it ought to go. Then we can imagine the chisel full of disappointment. "Why cannot I carve?" it cries. Then the artist comes and seizes it. The chisel lays itself into his hand, and is obedient to him. That obedience is faith. It opens the channels between the sculptor's brain and the hard steel. Thought, feeling, imagination, skill, flow down from the deep chambers of the artist's soul to the chisel's edge. The sculptor and the chisel are not two, but one. It is the unit which they make that carves the stone.

We are but the chisel to carve God's statues in this world. Unquestionably we must do the work. Our hands must touch men's lives and save them. Our lips must speak the words that shall convict sinners of their sins, point penitent ones to the Lamb of God, comfort the sorrowful, put hope into the hearts of the tempted, the struggling and the weary toilers. The mother, the teacher, the Christian friend, must carve the soul of the child into the beauty of the Lord. But the human worker is only the chisel of the great Artist. The artist needs his chisel; Christ has chosen to use the human hand. But the chisel can do nothing, produce no beauty of itself. The artist must seize it and the chisel must lay itself into his hand and be obedient to him. We must yield ourselves to Christ and let him use us. Then his power, his wisdom, his skill, his thought, his love shall flow through our soul, our brain, our heart, our fingers. That is working by faith. — *Dr. Phillips Brooks*.

Regularly of Habit.

One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire, says an able writer, is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons

is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. We know persons who have a multitude of duties, and perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties, and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is in hand. This done, other engagements are met, each in order, and a vast deal is accomplished, not by strained exertion, but by regularity. The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful, when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mix, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive, and the exact difference between them is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush, and attempt to do several things at once, and accomplish a vast deal of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.

"SHE DIED AN HOUR AGO."—One day the conversation at dinner, in a family well known to the writer, turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household, because of some little peculiarities. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms, the married sister added: "I can't endure her; and I believe I will not return her call if she comes here again." Her husband who had hitherto remained silent, replied: "She will not trouble you again, my dear; as she died an hour ago." You do not mean it? Surely you are only teasing us for our uncharitableness?" "She is really dead. I learned it on my way home to dinner." Overwhelmed with shame, the little group realized for the first time the solemnity of such sinful conversation. Let us take warning, and speak of those about us as we shall wish we had done when they are taken from us.

A WAIF of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the corner yesterday with the air of a starveling, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes; but he glanced down at the vagabond dog, and said, in a friendly way: "Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!" The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food. "Say, do you want this wot nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?" The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf. "Nuff said," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously: "I ain't the fellow to see a pard in trouble." And the boy went one way, and the dog he befriended another, both the better for the encounter.

Come: Go. These two words present a very large part of the substance of our Lord's teaching during his short ministry. The greatest missionary himself, he would have his church a body of missionary laborers. To the world his constant message was 'Come'—'Come unto me.' But no sooner had they come and enrolled themselves among the disciples than the message changes. Now, it is go—'go disciple all nations.' The message has no more changed than has the Master. To-day it is the same—to the world 'Come'—to the disciple, go.—*Record of Christian Work*.

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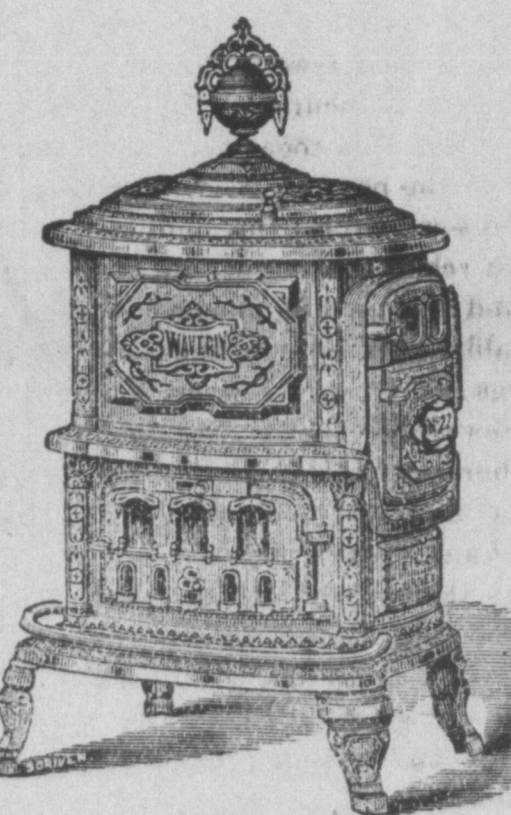
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1880.....	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886.....	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888.....	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
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