

## A Plea for the Heathen.

I plead with those whose lives are bright,  
For those who dwell in gloom,  
On whom there breaks no starry rift  
Of hope beyond the tomb;  
Plead with those whose homes are fair,  
For those whose homes are dim,  
Oh guide them in the way to Christ  
That they may learn of Him.

Borne far across blue rounding waves,  
A wailing voice I hear,  
"Uplift us from this place of graves,  
Alas! so vast and drear!"  
That call from China's crowding host  
Blends with the Hindu's cry,  
"O sisters of the blessed life,  
Come hither ere we die!"

Turn Eastward still; the Rising Sun  
Looks down on eager hands,  
Sweet daughters of sea girt Japan,  
Who stretch imploring hands,  
And beg with eager hearts to-day  
For Christian knowledge fain:  
It cannot be their earnest plea  
Shall come to us in vain?

Well may we scorn for gold and gems  
And brodered garments fine,  
To cumber Christ's victorious march,  
To shame his conquering line;  
The banner of the Cross shall float  
From every mountain crest  
For He must reign o'er all the earth,  
By all their King confessed.

He stoops to-day our aid to ask,  
His name He bids us wear,  
The triumph of his outward path  
By sovereign grace we share:  
O loiter not! to heathen gloom  
Bear on the torch, His Word—  
What glory for a ransom soul  
To help the Almighty Lord!

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

## Unwise Economies.

"She has done all her own work since the baby was three weeks old, and is continuing her study of medicine." These words were in a letter which I received the other day. They were written as cheering news of the young cousin whose first baby came to her four months ago, but I read them with dismay.

"What can Alice be thinking about, or her husband, either?" was my inward ejaculation. "He a physician and she studying medicine! Surely they should both know better; surely they should know that nature keeps strict accounts."

It would do no good to argue the question with them; let me rather use the message as a text for my little homily.

A woman who felt herself to be breaking down, and who feared the trouble was the beginning of consumption, to which she had hereditary tendencies, went to her physician to have her lungs examined. He told her that they were perfectly sound, and that there was nothing the matter with her except overwork.

"But," said she, "I am not doing any more than I have been doing for the last ten years."

"Madam," snapped out the gruff old doctor, "don't you know a woman can't go on overdoing for ten years and not feel it?"

There was the truth in a nutshell. These ten years of overwork were caused by what seemed to her a necessary economy. She could hardly afford to pay for help if she would make ends meet. However, nature was inexorable, and exacted "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." During the ten succeeding years that woman was forced to be idle, to spend all her living on physicians, and at last to become dependent upon the kindness of her relatives. A few dollars judiciously expended now and then during the years of work would have relieved the strain, and doubtless would have prevented the years of invalidism. What say you of such economy as that?

It so rarely happens, either, that once having given out thoroughly, a person ever regains full strength. One becomes comfortable, perhaps; one gets on by taking care, but there always remains the secret sense of weakness and insecurity. Many a woman goes through all her later years, doing much good work, it may be, but only able to do it because she recognizes her limitations, and the bounds beyond which she may not go. Never again comes to her the free, glad sense of power. If she is wise, she makes the best of life; but she cannot help in her secret heart turning ruefully back to those years when she might have practiced that true economy which conserves the most precious things.

The most precious thing in matters temporal (will anyone dispute it?) is health. Give me health, and, woman though I am, I can defy the mutations of this uneven existence. Say I am poor; I can earn my daily bread. Say I am solitary; my cheery face shall win me friends. "My mind to me a kingdom is," if it be "a sound mind in a sound body." Do not doubt that health is the best blessing, aside from the favor of God.

Carlyle says: "Folly is that wisdom which is wise only behindhand." Ah! so many women have that wisdom. They know now how they might have done better. They are wise behindhand; but if their folly

may teach some one else to be wise beforehand, then it has not been quite in vain.

My young cousins (to return to my text) are just starting out in their home life. I dare say it is a prettily-furnished home, with plenty of bric-a-brac to be dusted. Doubtless the new-fledged physician hasn't many patients yet; there isn't much money to spare for domestic service. Let him beware lest he soon have in his wife a life-long patient who will pay him no bills!

Alas, for the little baby boy who is so good that his mother can do all her work, and study medicine besides! Better let out your lungs and screech, my youngster, until a helper becomes a necessity, else I warn you that sweet mother of yours is sure to grow irritable and a scold, simply because overwork has overstrained her nerves.

Such a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels! Such a hoarding of dollars and expenditure of life! Youth always thinks the same thing; it always believes its health resources are inexhaustible, until the bank breaks. So they might be practically inexhaustible if a spendthrift were not using them. Better pinch in fine clothes and household furnishings than in needed service.

There are economies and economies. The very poorest sort is to be lavish of health in order to save some lesser good; for you will find, sooner or later, with wise Dr. Franklin, that you "paid too dear for the whistle."—H. A. H. in *Home Maker*.

## How A Servant Girl Blessed A Home.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Lizzie Fielding is absent again," said the pastor of a large city church one pleasant Wednesday evening. "I fear she is ill. I am so in the habit of looking over into this remote corner for her never withheld word or testimony that I feel as if a star was missing from one of my constellations," and he smiled down at the group who had lingered a few minutes after the close of the prayer-meeting for his kindly greeting.

"She is ill, sir," said one of the bright, earnest-faced girls, whom, although they were all working girls, the pastor numbered among his most helpful members. "She is still at her place, No. —Forty-second street, and is very kindly cared for; but she will be pleased to hear that you missed her."

The pastor's memorandum book came out and Lizzie's name went down on the page for imperative next day's duties.

The call was not allowed to be crowded out by some pleasanter demand. The young nurse girl was comforted by his words of prayer and good cheer; and the good man, with the joy of Christian love brightening his face, was taking up his hat in the hall when a gentleman appeared at the open library door.

"You are Mr. —," he said pleasantly, "the pastor of my little granddaughter's nurse-maid? It was kind in you to find time for such a humble member of your flock, for you must be a very busy man."

"With the Good Shepherd all lambs are alike precious," replied the minister.

And the master of the house went on cordially: "Do not hasten, please. Come in. Let me show you my paintings."

The invitation was accepted, and at the end of a most agreeably spent half hour the pastor, with a bunch of freshly cut carnations in his hand, found himself once more in the roomy hall.

Instantly, like a pang almost, a thought shot across his brain, and he said, with an effort unusual to him in his daily work, "You have been very kind, sir; I have enjoyed my call exceedingly. The Lord has blessed you abundantly in this world's goods; may I ask if you are a servant of his?"

The gentleman's face softened, he turned about, walked half the length of the long hall, came back, and said, with a broken voice: "I am not a Christian, and this is the first time the question has been asked me for thirty years. Will you come back to the library and let me tell you? I am not unmindful of such things. I realize how near we are living to the borders of the unseen world. I know Jesus died for me. I know I am a lost sinner; but, my dear sir, my mother has been many years dead, and no one on earth cares for my soul. I have been led to think more than usual of such matters since this Lizzie Fielding has been ill, for every evening her little charge, my granddaughter, comes and asks me if I will hear her say her prayers. It seems nurse Lizzie has taught the child of God and of Jesus, and I am hoping that, when she gets a little older, that she will pray for me."

"Pray for yourself, man."

"Do you think the Lord would listen to me after he has cared for me, and I have turned my back on

him all these years? I would be afraid and ashamed to go to him. Some one must intercede for me."

"Jesus has promised to do that, my friend. We will both kneel and pray. Have you forgotten the promise: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do?' Let us ask now, in faith, that his name may be glorified."

"I know now what it means to pass from death unto life," said the gentleman next day, as he presented himself in the minister's study. "I am a new creature, and this is a new world. Verily, the Lord must have sent that faithful Christian girl into my household, and sent you to look after her. He took that way to reach me."

"What if I had neglected to call on her," said the pastor, "and what if I had allowed myself to leave the house without speaking to you? I was sorely tempted to do so."

Lizzie said when she was told the story: "What if I had neglected to teach little Winnifred to pray or failed to make her understand that Jesus is her loving friend, so that, for fear of grieving him, she would not neglect him for a single night? Or what if I had neglected to give my testimony at the meetings, so that the pastor would not have missed me when I was ill?"

Is not this story a lesson to us all to be mindful of little present duties?—*Congregationalist*.

## A Good Test.

In an Eastern town, the board of selectmen who governed its local affairs was composed of four Universalists (or men who contended for the final happiness of all mankind, whether Christians or not), and a pious physician. They acted through the year in great harmony as to the business of the town, but, at their last meeting, it was determined to attack the religious doctor. After they had finished their transactions, one of them said:

"Doctor, we have been very happy in being associated with you the past year, and that the business of the town has been conducted in harmony, and to the satisfaction of our constituents. We have found you to be a man of good sense, extensive information, unbending integrity, and of the purest benevolence. It is astonishing to us, that a man of your amiable character should believe in the doctrine of future punishment."

The doctor replied: "Gentlemen, I should regret very much the forfeiture of the good opinion which your partiality has led you to entertain of me. Will you have the goodness to answer candidly a few questions? Do you believe in a future state?"

They replied, "We do." "You believe that death will introduce all men to a state of perfect happiness?"

"Of this we have no doubt."

"Are you now happy?"

"We are not; we are far from it."

"How do men act when they are unhappy, and know that happiness is within their reach?"

"They endeavor to attain that happiness."

"Do you believe that I understand the nature and operation of medicine?"

"We have no doubt, doctor, of your skill in your profession; but what has that to do with the subject?"

"In this box," said the doctor, taking a tin box in his hand, "are pills, which, if you swallow each of you one, will, without pain, carry you, within an hour, out of this world of trouble, and, if your doctrine be true, place you in a world of perfect felicity. Will you accept one of them?"

"No, sir." "Will you?" "No, sir."

When they had all refused, the doctor said:

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, from embracing your doctrine, until I have better evidence that you believe it yourselves." This closed the debate.

—Tactless.

There is a class of unfortunates one of whom is usually to be found in every school or community. They are often able, scholarly and witty; they have kind, generous hearts, yet they go stumbling stupidly through life, wounding the hearts and nerves of acquaintances and friends at every step.

Mary Campbell belongs to this order of girls. She spends a winter in laboring faithfully with a Sunday-school class of poor children, and then mortally offends them by harshly telling them of their faults, and hoping that when they meet her in the autumn their conduct will be greatly improved. She anxiously recommends the minister, just after a tedious discourse, to study Robertson's sermons as models of force and vivacity. She insists on talking to a man just married to a second wife of the virtues of the first. She gives handsome gowns and hats to her poorer cousins, and invariably adds, "because you can't afford it, you know, my dear."

When one does her a favor, if it

be but the gift of a bunch of roses, she is careful to send before nightfall a present of at least equal money value.

Her brother many years ago gave up drinking, but whenever she is with him now she harasses him with thanksgivings for his reform, and tells the story of his fall and victory to any stranger who may be present.

With all these blunders, Mary's intentions are kind, and it never has occurred to her that her instincts are not fine or her remarks delicate and sympathetic.

"The most intolerable of all people," remarks a witty American, "is the foolish man who means well."

Our French cousins called the unerring perception which enables us to say without fail the right thing in the right place the sixth sense. Some of us are born with it. It is as natural a trait, indeed, in the American character as it is rare in that of some other peoples.

It can be gained by cultivation of a kindly spirit, and the habit of placing ourselves momentarily in each man's place before we speak to him.—*Youth's Companion*.

## One Man's Work.

My friend, Stanley Smith, after he had been for seven months in China, thought he would give himself a vacation to go and see a friend who was distant from him three days' journey. Half-way across he came to a city of which he had never heard before, and in which no evangelistic work had been done. While the mules were eating their dinner he went out to preach the Gospel, and it was not with him any question as to missionary methods, but he said: "You all know what you ought to be; why are you not what you ought to be? You all know what you ought to do; why do you not do what you ought to do? Is it not just this, that you like to do the thing that you know to be wrong rather than do the thing you know to be right?"

Now I have not come to talk to you about philosophy, but to tell you about a living Saviour, who is willing to forgive all your sins if you will only go to him." A young Chinaman was passing by, a learned man, a bachelor of arts of his university. He heard these words, and said: "If there is a Saviour like that, there is not a man in this who does not want him. He accepted him then and there, and after a short time he came to my friend to learn more about Christianity. A question was afterward put to him by a native Christian: what have you done for Christ since you believed? Oh! he said, I am a learner. Well, said his questioner, I have another question to ask you; when you light a candle do you light it to make the candle more comfortable? Certainly not, he said; in order that it may give more light. When it is half burnt down do you expect that it will first become useful? No; as soon as I light it. Very well, he said, go thou and do likewise; begin at once." Shortly after that there were fifty native Christians in the town as the result of that man's work.—*J. Hudson Taylor*.

## Humble Beginnings.

Moses was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a threshing boy; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsman; several of the apostles were fishermen; Zwingle was a shepherd; Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner; Fuller was a farm-servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindostan, was a shoemaker; Dr. Milne was a herd-boy; Adam Clarke was the son of Irish cutters; John Foster was a weaver; Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman.—*Selected*.

Faith is very comprehensive. We are called to exercise it with regard to God's dealing with us, and Christ's work for us. We are to exercise it both for the life that now is and for that which is to come.

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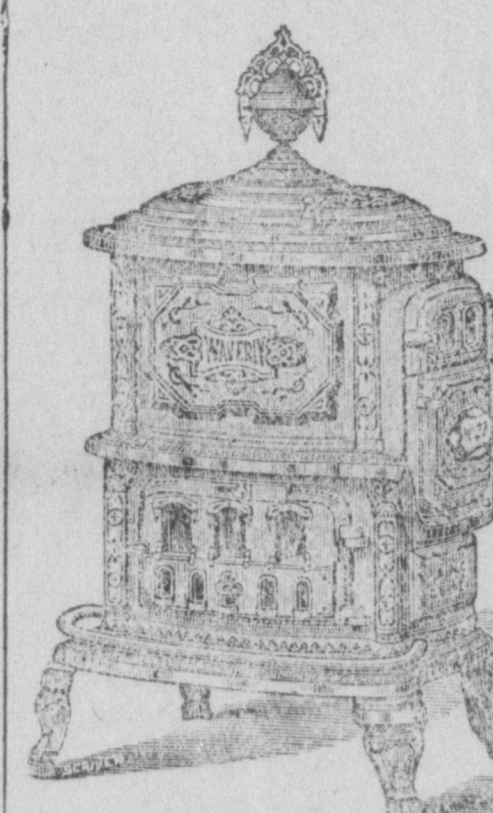
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