

What Would Jesus Do?

A young and earnest pilgrim,
Traveling in the King's highway,
Conning over the lessons
From the Guide-Book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true,
"If on earth He walked to-day,
What would Jesus do?"

It grew to be his watchword,
In service or in fight;
It helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsoiled, pure and white.
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him through and through,
To ask this simple question:
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in His footsteps
With ever careful tread,
O, let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask in each temptation:
"What would Jesus do?"
—The Silver Cross.

Seen of Men.

Sunday was the busiest day of the week with Miss Rush, though every day was crowded with duties which drove her, she often thought, like hard task-masters. She never forgot that she was the minister's daughter, and that the congregation looked to her for a good example.

On this special Sunday she rose with an aching head and dim eyes. She had been at work late with the Shop Girls' Guild the night before. Those girls looked up to her as a model of piety and good breeding, and she never missed one of their meetings.

"Teach me my verses, sister!" shouted Bob, climbing on her bed before she was awake. "I don't know one for Sunday school."

"O, do go away!" she said, pettishly, pushing him down.

She was so tired and worried that she could not think of her prayer. She mumbled over some familiar words, and then dressed herself. Margaret, the German nurse, was walking to and fro with the baby in the next room. She had been up with it half of the night, but how rosy and smiling she looked, and what a happy hymn she was singing!

"She has only mental work to do," thought Miss Rush. "She has not the eyes of the whole congregation on her."

Breakfast was hurried through in silence. Then she dressed herself carefully—her pupils were fashionable girls, with keen, critical eyes—and rushed away to Sunday-school.

Not only were her girls critical, but to-day the superintendent sat near her, listening to her exposition of the lesson. She naturally exerted herself to the utmost.

After Sunday-school, church. She was the leading soprano in the choir, and sang anxiously, knowing that much was expected of her.

At home, as she went in to luncheon, she saw Margaret in the garden with the baby in her lap, laughing as she played with it.

"Must you have the care of the baby all day to-day, as well as during the night, now that he is not quite well?"

"Your mother is not at home, you know, mees. She leave the baby in my care."

Miss Rush despatched luncheon hastily, and then hurried to a Bible class which she taught; then to a hospital to sing hymns in the convalescent ward; after that to the city prison to read to the woman convicts. She was always careful to fulfil these duties, as she knew that both the patients and prisoners were much impressed with the self-sacrifice which brought a girl of twenty to serve them.

Thus the hours were filled up till it was nearly time for evening service. She hesitated as she prepared to go out. Should she offer to take care of the baby and send Margaret to church? No. The congregation would think it strange if the minister's daughter should not be in her place.

She took her seat in the choir and joined in the hymn. When it was finished the choir-master said to her, "Your voice lags to-night, Miss Rush. You put no life into it."

It seemed to her that she had put no life into anything. She felt as if she had been posing all day for an audience on a stage, and posing badly.

As she went to her room she saw Margaret seated by the baby's cradle. The color had gone out of her plump cheeks, but she smiled brightly as Miss Rush entered.

"His teeth keep him awake a good deal," she said. "I think I shall have to sit up to-night. Your mother is not at home, you know."

Miss Rush looked at her curiously. "Margaret, are you never tired?"

"O yes, often."

"Why are you so happy, then, at your work?"

The girls face reddened. She hesitated, and then answered, gravely, "When I was come into the church I had promised to do all my work in God's eye, when I am tired I say, He sees me, and then my heart

is glad, and I laugh and sing hymns again."

Miss Rush left her and shut herself up in her own room. She remembered the text, "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

She had heard her father's comments upon it. But this poor servant's word and example were better than any sermon, and henceforth Miss Rush, too, could say, He sees me, and my heart is glad.

How is our work done? In God's eye or in man's?—*Youth's Companion.*

The Brave Sergeant.

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg (Dec. 13, 1862), hundreds of the Union wounded were left lying on the ground and the road ascending Marye's Heights.

All night and most of the next day the open space was swept by artillery shot from both the opposing lines, and no one could venture to the sufferers' relief. All that time their agonized cries went up for "water, water;" but there was no one to help them and the roar of the guns mocked their distress.

Many who heard the poor soldiers' piteous appeals felt the pangs of human compassion, but stifled them under dread necessity. But, at length, one brave fellow behind the stone rampart where the Southern forces lay gave way to his sympathy, and rose superior to the love of life.

He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon, he hurried to Gen. Kershaw's headquarters, and, finding the commanding officer, said to him excitedly,—

"General, I can't stand this any longer."

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it is more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But do you know," said the general, "admitting the soldier's noble spirit, do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?"

"Yes, sir, I know it; but, to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying, I'm running the risk. If you say I may, I'll try it."

The general hesitated a moment, but finally said, with emotion: "Kirkland, it's sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it, I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall, and applied himself to his work. Wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer, and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips.

Before his first service of love was finished, every one in the Union lines understood the mission of the noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot.

He stayed there on that terrible field an hour and a half, giving drink to the thirsty and dying, straightening their cramped and mangled limbs, pillowing their heads on their knapsacks, and spreading their army coats and blankets over them as a mother would cover her child; and, all the while he was so engaged until his ministry was finished, the fusillade of death was hushed.—*Westminster Teacher.*

A Neglected Duty.

We talk much about the duties of parents to children. We want to reverse the question and say a word as to the duties of children to parents.

The first duty which a child owes to his parents is a happy acceptance of the favours which a parent gives. The father and mother love more than the child loves. God has so made the parent and the child that the parent's love is stronger than the child's. The parent, therefore, finds great joy in giving to the child. Some insects willingly lay up food for offspring which they shall never see. They do so by an unconscious impulse. But the parent joyfully labours and sacrifices for son or daughter. In their turn son and daughter should as joyfully accept these favours. Life they thus accept. All helpfulness they should thus accept. The son or the daughter is despising father or mother when their gifts are refused.

A second duty which the child owes to the parent is obedience. The parent has the right to command. Of course the command should be based upon the right and the true. Because the reason of the parent is superior to the reason of the child, because the experience of a parent is broader than the experience of the child, it becomes the duty of the child to obey. To obey the command of a parent is a stepping-stone to the obedience of the command of God Himself. Disobedience to the command of a parent is to foster that self-indulgence which destroys the vigour of manhood and womanhood.

Obedience to the command of the parent develops that self-restraint which is the cause of noble vigour in manly and womanly character.

The third duty children owe parents is that of appreciation. Common is the remark that children do not appreciate their parents until they become parents themselves. True is the remark as it is common. But each child should do all that is possible to regard with full regard the endeavours of his parents. When you, dear reader, stand by the grave of your father and hear the thud of the sod upon that coffin-lid, you will know as you have never known before that he has been a far better father to you than you thought. When at last you stand by the casket of her who in pain gave you life, and your lips kiss those white lips that never before refused their kiss of love to you, and when upon the silver hair your fingers linger for the last time, you will know that your mother has been a good mother to you. Appreciate your mother and your father while they are with you.

What All Mothers Should Know.

That over-feeding is the chief cause of cholera infantum and other forms of bowel complaint in young children.

That in summer it is often water not milk, for which the child is crying, and that the stomach may already be dangerously burdened.

That while the natural appetite of the young is a pretty safe guide, so long as the diet is simple, rich pies and cakes and other highly seasoned food tend to the habit of over-eating, and lay the foundation for future dyspepsia.

That the chief damage done by smoking—and cigarettes are at least as bad as cigars—is done within the growing age, while the child is still under the influence of the mother, and that the harm is most serious upon that center of life, the heart.

That the chest is packed full with the lungs and heart, and room is gained for the inflation of the lungs, only by a wonderful mechanism which lifts the ribs as the breath is inhaled, and that it greatly imperils health and life to bind down the chest, especially in growing girls, whether with corsets or tight dresses.

That the abdominal cavity is similarly packed with its organs; that the liver alone extends two-thirds across it, and that tight-lacing deeply furrows the liver, sometimes cutting it in two, a thin membrane alone connecting the parts; that the full stomach is thus often pushed up against a weakened heart, and the pelvic organs are so crowded as to produce serious and permanent ill effects.

That the lack of vitality in many children, by which they are rendered peculiarly susceptible to infectious diseases, is due to a deficiency of pure air in their sleeping-rooms.

That a child's brain is not in a condition for study before its seventh year, and that when a child is precocious there is special reason for holding it back, if it is to be saved from brain disease, future dullness, or possible imbecility.

That no growing child should fail to have at least nine or ten hours' sleep in a well ventilated room, and that no sleep is perfect with a light in the room.

That children under seventeen should not be allowed the excitement of evening parties.

That children, from the earliest practicable age should be trained to habits of self-control in all directions.

That every mother ought to make it a prime object to secure and maintain the fullest confidence of her children and her normal influence over them.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Kind Act Noticed.

It is not often that little acts of kindness are noticed or rewarded in this world; but there is none so small, no matter how small the hand that does it that God does not see, and the doer shall one day have his reward.

Things that public men and women do are noticed and told which would never have been spoken of if done by ordinary persons. This is a very pretty story told of the Prince of Wales, and it was a kind act which he did. In God's sight it would have been just as kind if done by any other man.

I was recently told the following story of a piece of silverware now existing in the plate-room at Marlborough House. One day the Prince of Wales, on alighting from his carriage, at the door of a house where he was about to pay a visit, saw a blind man and his dog vainly trying to effect a passage across the thoroughfare in the midst of a throng of carriages. With characteristic good nature the Prince came to the rescue and successfully piloted the pair to the other side of the street. A short time afterward he received a massive silver inkstand with the following inscription: To the Prince of Wales. From one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a

kind and Christian action. Neither note nor card accompanied the offering and the name of the donor has never been discovered. But I think that this anonymous gift is not the least prized of the many articles in the prince's treasure chamber. I can vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, as it came to me direct from a young English lady who, by the kindness of a member of the Prince of Wales's household, was shown through Marlborough House during the absence of its owners, and the inkstand in question was pointed out to her by her conductor.

There are some people in this world who never own a piece of silver; but if one were given for each kindness they have done their homes would be full, and there would not be room for them all.

Feelings, Good and Bad.

There is a story, somewhere, of a teacher in Sabbath-school, who, upon asking a class of little girls the name of the first man, received the prompt reply from a little Dutch girl, "Adam, sir;" whereupon another little girl cried out, "You needn't feel so good about it; he wasn't a Dutchman." And the countenance of the Dutch girl fell, the pride she had felt in her knowledge was gone. This is a world of feeling, and there are certain natures like fire and water, when they come in contact they invariably quench each other. Perhaps you know the old lady who never could enjoy a pleasant day because she was sure it was a weather breeder. "It can't last, there's a storm a brewin' somewhere," she adds, with a sad shake of the head. And we pass out into the sunshine thanking God that we can feel the good of his blessings. Yet, despite our best efforts, we are sometimes depressed by just such remarks as this. If mother gets up in the morning tired and cross, the chances are that the whole household will soon be under the influence of the spell. On the contrary, if mother is bright and cheerful, the spirit of content will dwell in each breast. We have no right to depress each other so. The Master, even in his deepest agony, had only words of cheer and comfort to disperse. Yet because of some trivial incident or accident which adds to our discomfort, we have only dejected looks and stinging words for all who cross our path. Such behaviour is an absolute insult to our fellows and a disloyalty to God.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Prayer for Pastors.

An eminent minister was congratulated upon his power in the pulpit. His answer was, I ought to speak with power. Before each service twenty-five of my most devoted young men gather in my study, and a volume of prayer goes up to God for me. I go into the pulpit, and stand on the prayers of those twenty-five young men.

Did you have a good time, papa? Yes, my son; the Lord wonderfully owned his word. I knew you would. Nellie and mamma and I were praying for you.

Pray for your pastor. In the prayer meeting, at the family altar, in your closet, just before you go to the service, while he preaches. Any pastor will feed and bless his people if they will pray for him enough.—*Illustrator.*

A REAL RELIGION.—A religion that does not govern us according to the pattern of Christ, in this world, will not give us an abundant entrance into the heavenly world.

A religion that does not separate us from sinful acts in this life, will not separate us from sinners in the life to come, in the world of the lost.

Heaven and hell are conditions of the soul in this world and are the foretaste of the conditions, the companionship and the eternal abode hereafter.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

All beds seem hard to the rheumatic. Then hearken ye peevish sufferers! Apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to your aching joints and muscles. Rely on it that you will experience speedy relief. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who have used it. The remedy is likewise successfully resorted to for throat and lung diseases, sprains, bruises, etc.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

THE MOST EXQUISITE handkerchief perfume—"Lotus of the Nile."

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera, Morbus, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 3 cts.; 6 bottles, \$2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

FALL DRY GOODS.

Tennant, Davies & Co

—HAVE JUST OPENED—
New Ulsterings and Jacket Cloths
JERSEY JACKETS, ULSTERS, &c.
New Fall Dress Goods,
LATEST STYLES AND COLORINGS.NAVY AND GREY FLANNELS, etc.
TENNANT, DAVIES & CO.,
Sept. 6. 202 Queen Street, Fredericton.

STOVES. STOVES.

Cook Ranges and Stoves
Both to Burn Coal or Wood.
Self Feeders Hall & Parlor Stoves
FOR COAL OR WOOD.
Dining & Bedroom Stoves
For sale at the usual low prices.
CALL AT

NEILL'S STOVE WAREROOMS,

And examine his large and well-assorted stock of Stoves. Remember the old stand, just opposite the County Court House,
348 TO 354 QUEEN ST.

Sun Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872.....	\$48,210.93.....	\$546,461.95.....	\$1,076,350.00
1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
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
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	17,164,383.08

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN, PRESIDENT. R. MACAULAY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 Princess & 143 Germain Sts., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION, HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT.

PER S. S. DAMAZA. 94 KEGS Borden's best and pure colored paints. Just to hand and for sale low by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

PER S. S. MANITOBA. FROM GLASGOW. 2 CASES containing 20 dozen Scotch Augers, latest improved style. Easy to bore. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

STEEL STEEL. Just received—11 TON Sled Shoe, Sleigh Shoe and Toe Caulk Steel. Usual length and thicknesses, in good order and well assorted sizes, and for sale at market rates by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

PER S. S. NOVA SCOTIAN. 1 1/2 Tons Cable Chain, Assorted sizes, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received—R. CHESTNUT & SONS.