

The Master Only.

Let us speak of the Master whenever we meet,
No theme is so precious, so stirring and sweet,
So kindly and quickening to faith and to love,
As Jesus, our Jesus, in glory above.

Let us speak of the Master wherever we go,
Displaying our colours to friend and to foe;
Exalting His person, His work and His ways,
His cross, and His coming; and all to His praise.

Let us speak to the Master for whatever we need;
In Him we are owners of riches indeed;
Since He is our Brother, our Treasure, and Store,
Even God who bestowed Him can give nothing more.

Let us speak with the Master by night and by day,
In constant communion beguiling the way;
Till, reaching His presence, we rest at His feet,
And know from that moment our joy is complete.

The King's Revenue.

THE DEACON'S TENTH.

You see the elder had preached a most powerful sermon on Christian giving, in which he took what I called pious strong ground. Among other things, he said 'I'd ought to do as much for our religion as the old Jews did for theirs' and while I was all right to lay up for a rainy day, and to get ahead if we honestly could, we should set apart at least one tenth of our income as the Lord's money.

"Now, I think the elder went a little too far," says I to my wife, Huldry, as we was a drivin' home from meetin'. "Givin' is well enough, but I get a most tired hearin' these ministers forever a dinkin' about it."

"Waal, Lyman," says Huldry, why don't you try givin' a tenth—try it for a year anyhow."

"Then I'm sure," says Huldry, with that queer little smile o' hers that she sometimes has, "I'd be a real savin' to ye to go in systematically a givin' yer tenth."

Now, I hadn't any idee of doin' it, an' keepin' a reckonin' of what I contribute—in fact, I thought that verse about lettin' yer right hand know what yer left was a doin' was rather agin it, but somehow Huldry has a cool way o' takin' things for granted, an' though the mildest of all women, she generally manages to carry her pin."

Next mornin' I see her makin' a book out o' some sheets o' paper, an' rulin' em off, an' stichin' 'em on to em a pasteboard kiver, an' on the outside she writ in big letters that was as plain to read as printin', "The Lord's Money." This she handed to me an' said nothin'.

That very week I got pay for my wheat; it was an uncommon good crop; it come to six hundred dollars. I was a settin' by the fire a-cuntin' when it up with some satisfaction, when Huldry jest stuck under my nose that book, "The Lord's Money."

"What's that for, Huldry?" says I.

"Why for the tenth," says she.

"Bless my soul!" says I a wriglin' an' twistin', "that would be sixty dollars; I can't stan' that."

She didn't say anything, but set a watchin' me, an' I knew it wasn't no use a doinkin' her; so I took six ten dollar bills, all crissan' near, an' laid 'em in a pile.

"Yis, yis," says I, a tryin' to scow my face into a smile, an' to act as if I'd been calkerlatin' all the way through, 'o give 'em.

Ye see there was an awful sight o' old Adam in me. I jest set there a begreidin' that money. I most wished the wheat hadn't come to so much. Then I happened to remember what the elder had said in his sermon—that it would be a mighty hard wrench on us at first to give a tenth—that when the fingers had got crooked up a graspin' this world's goods it was hard to get 'em straightened out, but that when we'd become used to this way o' givin', we'd enjoy it, an' be blessed in it as much as in prayin' and readin' the Scriptures. A thinkin' in on that sermon, I made up my mind I'd double my subscription for the elder's support, an' that would just take the sixty dollars.

As I harvested my crops an' sold 'em, I was astonished to see how the Lord's pile grew, an' I had to think it over middlin' sharp to know where to invest it so 't would do most good, an' I was gettin' over the wrench a little until my interest money come due. The year before Uncle Nat had died, an' most unexpectedly had left me five thousand dollars. If the legacy had dropped down from the skies I couldn't have been more surprised. Now I had three hundred a comin' in from it, an' it most killed me to take thirty on't, an' put it aside for the Lord. I c. ldn't help whinin'.

Now, Huldry, says I, don't ye believe the old Jews deducted their taxes afore they laid by their tenth?

I dunno, says she, we might read up Leviticus, an' Numbers, an' Deuteronomy, an' an' see.

"Bless my soul, Huldry," says I, "I'd rather pay the whole thirty dollars than wade through all them dull books; an' then," says I, a thinkin' hard according to what these agents that come around beggin' say, "I suppose it would be a good pecconyary speckleration to give to the Lord. They tell about throwin' out crackers and comin' back haves, and show how them is blessed in their basket an' in their store that bestow their goods on the poor. Anyhow, I've made up my mind to try it."

"Now, Lyman Tubbs, don't ye go into this tenth business with no such worldly motives. If ye do ye'll be worse than Ananias and Sapphira who was struck dead at once. Not but that the Lord has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' and if yer undertake to drive a sharp bargain with him, ye'll find out that he'll get ahead of ye every time. No, he's given us all we have, and I'm thinkin' he'll ask us some mighty close questions about the way we've used it."

Huldry didn't very often preach, but when she did her sermons were what I called pointed.

Time passed on, an' I got used to givin' my tenth. I didn't squirm over givin' it as I did; in fact I got kinder raised, an' to feelin' liberal. I didn't sell as much as a turkey without puttin' aside tithes of it.

It happened in the summer that my wife's cousin Silas an' his family came to see us, an' I was a braggin' about givin' my tenth, an' I supposed he'd never heard of such a thing, but Silas says, says he, "I've done it ever since I was converted. I aim two dollars a day, an' every Saturday night I jest set apart one dollar and twenty cents; an' I pray over it; it's sacred; it's the Lord's money."

"Don't ye take yer livin' out o' it first?"

"Yer what?" says Silas, amazed. It's jest so much I aim, an' the ability to aim it comes from the Lord, an' I joyfully give back to him the little part.

But says I, aint that kind of risky? Ye might be too sick, or yer work give out; I should be a little fearsome.

These are the promises, said Silas. My God shall supply all your needs, an' Lo, I am with you; they are all yer an' amen.

Waal, if I didn't feel small after that, I had simply given a tenth of all I'd sold, an' grumbled over it at that, an' there were all those broad acres that had fed us, an' those big trees in the woods that had kept us warm—blessin's that I hadn't counted, an' here was Silas with nothin' but his hands, an' yet so willin' hearted an' doin' so much. When I carried him an' his family back to the city I jest filled my wagon body full o' things, an' felt as if I was givin' directly to the Lord.

One day the elder an' his family were over to our house, an' we were a talkin'. His son, Fred, was a playin' with my Thomas—they were awful good friends—an' says the elder, if I had as much money as you have, Deacon Tubbs, I'd send Thomas to school, an' ask the Lord to make a minister out o' him.

Well, thought I, that's the last thing I wanted him to be. Ye see I had other plans for my boy, but I said nothin'.

My next neighbour, old Mr. Hodge, had a son who went to the city, an' studied law, an' got to be a judge, an' comes home in his big carriage once in a while to visit the old folks, his wife and children dressed to fits, an' secin' them I had a natural hankerin' for Thomas to turn out like that. I was a sayin' this to Huldry when the elder's folks were gone.

Now, Lyman Tubbs, says she, a lookin' at me with them great, earnest eyes o' hers, would you really like to have our Thomas jest like old Hodge's son—a breakin' the Sabbath, he an' his boys, a shooting ducks, an' a drinkin' an' a playin' cards? Be you a deacon an' a member of the church, an' not feel as if it was tigger business to persuade men to forsake their sins and to love the Lord Jesus Christ?

Ever since Silas was here my mind has been dreadfully took up with something he was telling me. He said some good, Christian men had hired rooms in the worst part o' the city, an' made them bright an' attractive, an' was a singin' hymns an' a preachin' to the folks all without money an' without price, and some sech work as that is what I'd been a wishin' my boy could do, an' jest then Thomas come in an' stood beside his mother. He had the same hair as hers, an' the same brown eyes, an' something told me that if he took to preachin' he'd be one of the convincin' set, for I must say that nobody's words could hold of an old sinner like me as Huldry does.

Well, my tenth money grew; half the time I didn't know what to do with it. I was over to the elder's one day and he was a tellin' me of a school near by which he thought would be a good place to send our Thomas—he had noticed how cra-

the boy was for books and learning, an' the ministers said he had a cousin a livin' just out of the village that would take good care of Thomas, an' board him an' he would be under good Christian influence.

"What do you say, Huldry," says I, as soon as I got home.

"I would like him to go," says she, "an' for the elder's boy to go with him."

Sure enough he should an' that would be a use for the rest of my tenth, an' Thomas an' Fred was awful good friends; they was like David and Jonathan, an' what do you think, there was a revival that, jest like a big wave, struck that school, an' in fact, the whole community, an' both the boys and girls was converted, and you can't think how I felt, so glad about it, an' kinder streaked too, for I knew it wasn't none o' my doin'; I'd been sech a poor, good for nothin' Christian all my life, it was enough to set my Thomas agin' the Lord.

We got the good news on Saturday mornin' an' in the afternoon was the covenant meeting. It was jest about a year from the time that Huldry handed me the Lord's money book. I remember how I got up in the meeting then, and talked, not because I'd anything to say, but bein' deacon, I felt as if I ought to, an' told the brethren I hadn't made no progress, an' all that—jest what I commonly said. How could I talk that way now when I'd had a year o' sech uncommon blessin', an' with Huldry beside me a cryin' for joy because our Thomas had been converted. No, I couldn't keep from breakin' down, an' thankin' the Lord for his goodness to me an' mine, an' I knew that givin' my tenth, though it had come so begreidin', had been a help to me. I wasn't sech a small, wapissh critter as I was afore.

The next year I was man enough to divide my tenth with Huldry, an' sech good times as we had investin' it. Now, Huldry was great on what we call the Inasmuch charities—Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one o' the least o' these, etc. She was always a findin' some bed-ridden woman to help, or crippled child, or some other cases o' need while I couldn't hardly sleep o' nights a thinkin' o' the great West, with the foreigners a coming into it, an' of the poor freedmen of the South, or of the great heathen world that so needs the gospel. We'd spend hours an' hours a talkin' it over, an' as we did so, we'd get nearer to each other, an' I trust, nearer to the Lord.

It's now been a good many years that we've been a tryin' this tenth business, an' I wouldn't go back to the old helter-skelter way o' givin' for anything.

Huldry has just been to the city to see the children, an' she came home with her face all aglow. Our Thomas an' the minister's Fred, who married our Mary, have gone into business together, and are doing first rate; but that isn't the best of it; they've started a mission in the wickedest part o' the city, an' Huldry said it did her old soul good to hear those young voices a tellin' them poor, ignorant ones of the love of Jesus, and to see them a listenin', an' a comin' into the kingdom.

As I'm a closin' I've got this much to tell you; if you want to be a happy Christian you must let your prayin' an' praise an' givin' go together, an' I will say that Huldry never did a better thing for me than when she gave me The Lord's Money book.—The Examiner.

Breakers Ahead.

A furious winter storm roared over the sea. The huge steamer rolled helplessly. Ice had clogged her wheels, and she refused to mind her helm. Foaming breakers were just ahead, and the winds were driving the ship directly on them. Despair had settled upon the hearts of the half-frozen crew. Even the brave captain could see small hope of saving the steamer and the lives in it.

But he had battled with fierce storms before, and had by God's mercy conquered. Why not again? He would try. He fastened the hatches down upon the shrinking passengers. He lashed the pilot to the wheel, bidding him steer straight through the breakers. He lashed the look-out to the mast, and himself to his place and then awaited the shock. Like a maddened steer plunged the ship headlong among the breakers.

The salt foam dashed over them, freezing as it struck. It blinded all eyes. The waves hissed and howled over the decks, sweeping all before them, and bursting into the cabins where the appalled passengers, who had been desperately struggling to escape from probable certain death, for not one of them could have remained a moment on the decks. The ship seemed to have entered the jaws of destruction, to have gone down to the depths of the sea. Each man gave himself up for lost.

Presently all felt a steadier motion; the waters fell from the good

ship's decks, and were shaken from her sides.

"Pilot!" shouted the captain in renewed hope, "does she mind her helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the glad reply. The breakers they had expected would prove their death, had cleared the steamer's clogged wheels and she was saved.

Each human soul is a ship upon the stormy sea. Breakers are near, and sometimes there is no escaping them. Sometimes with clogged wheels and powerless helm we find ourselves blown upon them. What shall we do? Give way to terror and confusion? Settle into despair?

Not so. Let Captain Will take full command; let him nail down the hatches on all that would add to the tumult and danger; let him lash each faculty to the post of duty, and himself to the vital standpoint; let him dash "head on" against the breaker, and force the good ship through.

The will is the captain in every craft. As that is true or false to God and duty, the ship sails safely into port, despite all ocean perils; or she is left to roll helplessly among the rocks, a wreck.

The Sanctified.

Here, in twenty particulars, is William Secker's description of the characteristics of sanctified men and women:

1. Sanctified Christians do much good and make but little noise.
2. They bring up the bottom of their life to the top of their light.
3. They prefer the duty they owe to God to the danger they fear from man.
4. They seek the public good of others above the private good of themselves.
5. They have the most beautiful conversation among the blackest persons.
6. They choose the worst sorrow rather than commit the least sin.
7. They become as fathers to all in charity and as servants to all in humility.
8. They mourn most before God for their lusts which appear least before men.
9. They keep their hearts lowest when God raises their estates highest.
10. They seek to be better inwardly in the substance than outwardly in appearance.
11. They are grieved more at the distress of the Church than affected at their own happiness.
12. They render the greatest good for the greatest evil.
13. They take those reproofs best which they need most.
14. They take up duty in point of performance, and lay it down in point of independence.
15. They take up their contentment in God's appointment.
16. They are more in love with the employment of holiness than with the enjoyment of happiness.
17. They are more employed in searching their own hearts than in censuring other men's states.
18. They set out for God at the beginning and hold out with him to the end.
19. They take all the shame of their sins to themselves, and give all the glory of their services to Christ.
20. They value a heavenly vision above an earthly possession.

If we hold up that as a mirror, do we see ourselves reflected in it?

—King's Highway.

Running Away.

A lady who does not believe in the present "high pressure" system of work and amusement says that she owes her placidity of disposition and her capacity for endurance, to an old habit of running away.

"When I was a child," she says, "I had a notoriously hot temper. As soon as my mother saw one of the 'fits' coming on, she used to say gently, 'Perhaps you'd better run away a little while, dear.' Then I would take my sled, or my little garden hoe, according to the season, dash out of doors, and stay there until the evil spirit had passed by."

"We kept up that little habit, my mother and I. I entered the young ladies' seminary of our town, and there I worked very hard, but, unlike many of the girls, I did not break down. Whenever my mother noticed that my forehead was beginning to tie itself up in a knot over my books, she would say: 'Run away for an hour, daughter. The sunshine is very bright, and I want you to go out and soak yourself in it.'"

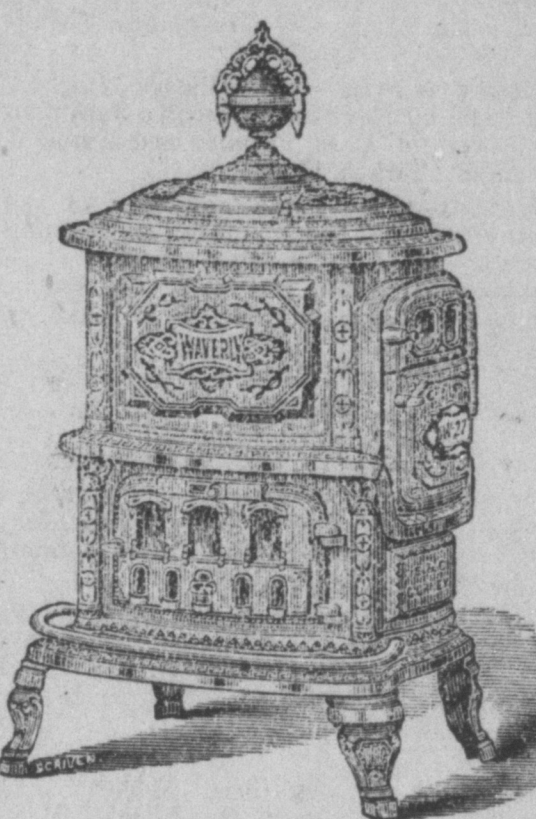
"Of course, I didn't always want to go, but mother could be firm as well as indulgent, and the result was that I did a great deal of running away, either to bed or in the open air. The other girls kept themselves awake on coffee in order to study late at night, and some of them did out-strip me in book-knowledge. Still, I came to believe so fully in my mother's prescription that I made it one of my rules of life, and I am consequently one of the people who have

"Lived to fight another day."

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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

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kind of defective sight.

"Grasp the nettle
And it shall not hurt you
Take this little bit of wit
Into every thing
If the lesson's long
At it with your wit
Do not let it conquer
While you've strength."

Foolish people state
Wonder what to do
Bear their trouble
Such a silly crew
Get the trial over,
Never frown and
With a brave and
Put the foe to rout.

Carry not too far
Little heart, to
Trip with happy feet
Life's uneven way
"Grasp the nettle
And it shall not hurt you
Take this little bit of wit
Into every thing
If the lesson's long
At it with your wit
Do not let it conquer
While you've strength."

He was going to

real woods-and-fiel-

first time in his life

the Park many a time

was a sort of chum

spent a summer

somewhere, was al-

the Park and to

nothing but a big

"Jes' wait till

comin' in, and the

lashin' their tails

fish skippin' in the

ball-room floor, an'

back 'along the

tumblin' in the gr-

Go 'long Jack, don't

it makes me kind o'

And now Jack

for himself. This

pened. He was

paper that evenin'

man who bought

the boy, took a s-

him and said, "S-

along, and I'll t-

country with me

Jack looked at

ragged trousers,

shirt, and hesitat-

said the gentlemen

anything about cl-

Bnt, when Jack

full of white-dres-

for them at the