

## The Answered Prayer.

Soft fell the mother's lullaby—  
The dusky room was cool and dim,  
The lace-crowned cot swung to and fro  
In rhythmic measure with the hymn:  
"From sin and sorrow, God of light,  
Preserve my little maid to-night!"

O love that trembled in the tone  
That sounded through the twilight room!  
O love that shone in dewy eyes—  
Like stars alight amid the gloom!  
While ebbed and flowed the accents mild,  
"From sin and sorrow keep my child!"

O tender bosom heaving high  
With mother love and pure delight!  
O words of happy melody—  
"God keep my little maid to-night!"  
While sweet the baby breathing low—  
And lace-crowned cot swung to and fro.

Gray crept the dawn behind the hill!  
And the dread night went shivering by;  
And o'er the watchers spent and chill  
The sun looked down with pitying eye;  
But no song rose amid the gloom  
That hung athwart that darkened room!

For God had heard the prayer she sang—  
That happy mother bending low—  
And answered it at break of day,  
While yet the cot swung to and fro—  
"From sin and sorrow," in his love  
Had called the baby-maid above.

## If Two Of You Shall Agree.

Two young ladies called on me  
one day in my study to ask what  
special work I could give them to do  
for Christ. They said they had felt  
of late that they were not doing so  
much for souls as they ought, and  
wished suggestions as to what they  
might undertake.

"We feel too timid to speak or  
pray in public meetings," said one;  
besides, that does not seem to be all  
the work needed. Others do that,  
and yet there does not appear any  
sign of the revival and awakening  
for which we are all longing. We  
want to do something else; can you  
tell us what to do?"

Have you tried to interest others  
in their spiritual welfare?"

We have tried the reply, but  
it is so hard to reach any that way  
that we have become almost dis-  
couraged; we don't seem to know  
just how. We are afraid, too; we  
make such blunders that we fear  
our efforts do more harm than good.  
Have you tried our Saviour's plan?"

Our Saviour's plan? What plan?  
The united prayer plan, I answered.

Oh, yes; we have united our  
prayers with others at the prayer-  
meetings; and of course we do not  
forget the church hour of prayer.  
(We have all agreed, at our last  
communion, to offer at least one pe-  
tition each evening between eight  
and nine o'clock for a revival in our  
church.) But cannot we do more?

Yes; take the plan our Lord gave,  
and plead that promise. Select  
some who are not Christians, and  
pray specially for their conversion.  
You will find the plan and the promise  
in Matt. 18:19: If two of  
you shall agree on earth as touch-  
ing anything that they shall ask, it  
shall be done for them of my Father  
which is in heaven.

We never thought of that, said  
both. We can easily do that, and  
it is just what is wanted, added one  
of them.

Whom shall we select? asked the  
other.

Anyone whom you choose. I re-  
plied; but you will pray with more  
interest, as well as anxiety, if you  
select some of your most loved  
friends.

Won't you please select? they  
asked.

In a few moments I thought of  
seven young ladies, friends of these  
two, and suggested them as special  
subjects for prayer. None of the  
seven were professing Christians,  
and as far as I knew, not one was  
specially interested in spiritual  
things. All were moral, and all  
but one regular attendants at church  
and Sabbath-school.

We will take these, said the two,  
when I handed them a scrap of pa-  
per on which I had written the seven  
names, and we will try to work as  
well as pray for their souls.

Before they left we knelt; I as  
their pastor prayed for the seven,  
and that the two workers might  
know how, and be successful in  
their efforts to bring their young  
friends to Christ. After the young  
ladies left I wrote down the names  
of the seven determining to watch  
closely the results following the uni-  
ted work and prayer of the two.

For a number of weeks the two  
continued to pray for the seven, and  
made special efforts to win them to  
the Saviour, but apparently without  
success. Once or twice they spoke  
to me despondingly, but were en-  
couraged and urged to persevere.  
They did not give up, but tried new  
methods to reach their young  
friends. A note was written to one  
of the number, urging her tenderly  
but earnestly to give her thoughts  
to her soul's welfare. A few days  
after, this young lady met the writer  
of the note, and asked:

Won't you try and lead my sister  
Maggie to Christ? When she

comes I will; I can't come and leave  
her.

With hearts full of hope and joy  
the two told me the request. Mag-  
gie was one of the seven. As soon  
as they could the two visited Mag-  
gie, and found her anxious to talk  
about her soul, and even more an-  
xious that her sister might be talked  
with also. It was then found that  
for several weeks the two sisters  
had, unknown to each other, been  
praying each for her own and her  
sister's salvation.

By this time a precious but re-  
markably quiet work of grace had  
begun in the church, and one after  
another of the unconverted were  
seeking Christ. Soon Maggie and  
her sister gave themselves to the  
Saviour; others followed and when  
the next communion more than  
thirty were ready to confess Christ  
before the world. Among the num-  
ber were six of the seven for whom  
the young ladies agreed to pray.  
Before a year had gone by the sev-  
en were anxiously seeking the Sav-  
iour. She, too, is now a hopeful  
Christian.

This incident carries its own les-  
son. Do we try faithfully the plan  
our Lord gave in praying for souls?  
Is there not a power in this plan,  
a power that we cannot afford to lose?  
The promise in it is a broad promise.  
It is a deep promise. It is a full  
promise. It is a promise that will  
bridge many a chasm between us  
and the unconverted ones. Why  
not use it oftener?—Selected.

## A Parable.

There was once a man who went  
to church somewhat irregularly.  
And when he did go he dropped into  
a seat very near the door. Then,  
as soon as the service was over, he  
took his hat and hurried out of  
church and scarcely ever shook  
hands with anybody. After a  
while this man began to complain  
of that church for its coldness. He  
met another man on the street one  
day, and began telling him about it.

"Why," said he, "it is the coldest  
church I ever knew" (he didn't say  
how few churches he really knew  
anything about). "Nobody shakes  
hands with a man. There is the  
minister, he never shakes hands  
with me, nor the deacons, nor any  
of the leading men. They'll talk  
about it, but I'd like to see them do  
it. I believe in practising what you  
preach. No, sir, I tell you it's the  
coldest church in this town."

And he really believed he was  
telling the truth. And his manner  
was so earnest that the other man  
was quite convinced, though he had  
never been to this church. So he  
went and reported this fact to a  
third man, with some pretty severe  
criticisms upon church members  
not living up to their professions.  
Of course, he told it to a fourth, and  
the ball went on rolling. Pretty  
soon quite a strong feeling was de-  
veloped in various parts of the town,  
especially among those who did not  
attend church, that this church was  
very cold, "high-toned," "stuck-up,"  
and "a sort of club for the rich  
folks, you know."

But, one day, the man who started  
all this talk got to thinking about  
it. Now, the fact was, that he  
didn't often get to thinking very  
hard over religious matters. But  
this time he did. And the more he  
thought the more surprised he be-  
came at himself. For this was  
about the line his thoughts took:

"Here I've been a telling how cold  
the minister and the deacons and  
the leading men of the church were,  
but how do I know it's so? Have I  
ever given them a chance at me? No!  
I've just hurried out of the church  
and never let the minister get  
within fifty feet of me, nor the  
deacons within thirty or forty, nor  
any of them very near. Is it fair  
to say they didn't want to shake  
hands, could they do it if my hand  
wasn't there to shake? Of course  
they could not. Now I believe I  
will just try them once. Yes, I  
will."

The next Sunday morning he just  
stood in his pew and faced the stream  
of people coming down the aisle.  
(He wanted to run, but he had just  
gotten enough of it.) And really  
how pleasant they looked at him.  
First one man shook hands. And  
then a second gave him a grip and a  
"Glad to see you, John." (Why, it  
was the very man he worked for!)  
And then a lady wished him "good  
morning" (Bless her!) After her  
two men tried to shake his hand at  
the same time. And the rich Mr. B.  
—stepped up and gave him a  
cordial grip. How the blood tingled  
in his ears as he thought of the hard  
things he had said about Mr. B.'s  
stiffness and selfishness.

Soon the deacons and the minister  
came along and shook hands in  
good, hearty, man fashion, and were  
glad to see him. And how asham-  
ed he felt when the minister said:  
"I've noticed your face fre-  
quently in the audience and wanted  
to shake hands with you and learn  
your name. But I never succeeded  
in reaching you, till now, before you  
got out of church." So, of course,  
he had to tell the minister his name,  
and where he lived, and the latter

said he would call on his family  
very soon. But, perhaps, the best  
of all was to have an old lady with  
such a kindly face put out her hand  
and say: "I don't know your name,  
sir, but I'm real glad to see you at  
church to-day. And wasn't it a  
good sermon?"

That man went home with his  
heart in his mouth. He told his wife  
all about it, and fairly cried when he  
acknowledged how he had misjudged  
those good people. And he wound  
up by saying: "Fact is, wife, it's  
mighty easy work to misjudge peo-  
ple."

Then, he went out and met some  
of his former friends and told them  
what an experience he had just had.  
"Why, to think," said he, "that I  
was such an idiot as to go around  
telling you that those church people  
were all cold and selfish, when I didn't  
know anything about it. Don't  
any of you ever tell anybody after  
this, that I said such things about  
any of them. I was just a fool, that's  
what I was. But I'll tell you what  
I am going to do. I'm going to hire  
two seats in that church and be there  
every Sunday morning with my  
wife. See if I don't. And the min-  
ister's coming to call on us, and I'm  
going to get acquainted with him,  
and the rest of them. For I tell you,  
boys, I've just learned one thing.  
You can't get acquainted with folks,  
and you can't shake hands with  
them, if your hand isn't there to  
shake."—REV. FRANK H. KASSON, in  
Advance.

## Modern Marthas.

"I haven't read a chapter in the  
Bible in two weeks!"

It was a professing Christian who  
said this. She was a member in  
good standing of a large and influ-  
ential church. She attended the  
services regularly, at least on the  
Sabbath. She went to the commu-  
nion. She gave liberally of her  
means to all the charitable enter-  
prises of the church. She gave her  
time and efficient assistance to the  
fairs, societies, and Christmas en-  
tertainments. In fact, if you had  
asked the pastor who were his best  
parishioners, he would certainly  
have named Mrs. A.—among the  
number; and yet—she had not read  
a chapter in the Bible in two weeks.

Why? Did she not feel the need  
of it? Did she not know that her  
soul as well as her body craved its  
daily bread? Perhaps she thought  
the verse or two on the wall-roll  
sufficed; but would she have fed  
her body on crumbs alone? But she  
had been unusually hurried and  
care-burdened. Time passed so rap-  
idly; there was so much to do, and  
to think of. It was the busy season  
in house-keeping. Unexpected com-  
pany had come and claimed atten-  
tion. Frankie had been quite ailing  
and fretful, and his mamma had to  
rock him and sing to him whenever  
she could find time to sit down for  
a few minutes. There was a dress-  
maker in the house for Lena's new  
winter outfit; so, taken altogether,  
there seemed to be more than one  
frail woman could well manage, and  
she found no time to read a chapter.  
But neither had she read the daily  
paper, and her favorite magazine  
had lain with uncut pages on her  
table for several days.

Be not too hard upon her, O ye  
of ample leisure, "whose idle days  
glide idly by," who have but to  
speak and others execute; who know  
not the pressure of multiplied duties;  
who do not lie down every night  
with a disheartening sense of failure  
in meeting demands, knowing that  
in spite of every effort there are  
still some of to-day's duties to be  
carried over to increase the burdens  
of to-morrow. You do not realize,  
perhaps, that the longing for rest—  
not only bodily but soul rest, for  
quiet and opportunity to read and  
think—is one of the most intense  
desires of such burdened ones; that  
they watch for its gratification as  
travelers in the desert watch for  
the cooling and restful oasis. There-  
fore let your judgment be merciful!

But, on the other hand, would  
not these women of many cares and  
claims, of limited means and strength,  
find the little time taken for the  
daily chapter or two more than  
made up to them in change of  
thought, and lightened heart, and  
serenity of spirit? Would they not  
be more than paid by the blessed  
consciousness that the highest duty  
had not been neglected, and that  
they are not classed among those  
who "receive seed among thorns" and  
let the "cares of the world and  
the pleasures of this life choke the  
Word?"—Congregationalist.

## The Brave Grenadier.

There is a beautiful story told of  
one of Napoleon's soldiers. Latour  
D'Auvergne was very modest and un-  
ambitious, but he was a brave man,  
and there came a time when he had  
an opportunity to show his skill as  
well as his courage. A portion of  
the French army was in danger.  
The Austrians must not be permit-  
ted to go through a certain moun-  
tain pass. If they could be held  
back twenty-four hours, all would  
be well. Grenadier D'Auvergne  
carried the tidings to the French

fort, and lo, the thirty men who  
composed the garrison had all fled.  
But they had left their guns and  
ammunition. At once the  
grenadier determined he would in-  
dividually and alone hold the situa-  
tion. The cannonade began. In  
quick succession, and with precision,  
the guns were fired. Little did the  
enemy imagine the work of destruc-  
tion was all done by one man. Again  
and again they approached the de-  
file, but each time they were repulsed  
with great loss of life. At length  
the trumpet was sounded from the  
fort. "We are ready to yield if we  
may go out of the fort carrying our  
guns with us." This was readily  
granted, and then Grenadier D'Au-  
vergne walked forth loaded down  
with arms. "Where are the others?"  
was the inquiry. "There are no  
others," was the response. How  
surprised and chagrined were the  
Austrians! They looked down  
upon that solitary man with won-  
der and then with admiration. They  
pronounced him "the bravest of the  
brave," and men were sent to carry  
out the other guns that he had used.

Is it surprising that France was  
proud of this man, and that Napo-  
leon offered him a high position in  
the army? This he refused to re-  
ceive. He was satisfied to remain  
a grenadier, and to serve his coun-  
try and general to the best of his  
ability as a common soldier. But  
when, shortly after, in the year  
1809, he fell in battle, the emperor  
ordered that his name should not be  
dropped from the muster roll; each  
day it was called, and then a ser-  
geant stepped forth, and with a  
distinct voice responded: "Dead, on  
the field of honor." Let the soldier  
in the army of the Lord learn a les-  
son. Single-handed and alone we  
are often compelled to meet the foe.  
But we have good guns and plenty  
of ammunition. We are in a strong  
fort, and best of all, we have with  
us that which the grenadier had not.  
Our great general Jesus is  
with us, close by our side, yea, with  
in our heart. How the conscious-  
ness of his presence strengthens us!  
We are never alone. We are not  
dependent upon our individual  
strength and skill. Furthermore,  
we are sure of victory. We are in  
every battle more than conquerors  
through him that hath loved us, and  
given himself for us.—Rev. P. Stry-  
ker, D. D.

## At The Silly Age.

When a criticism is passed upon  
the questionable action of some giddy  
school-girl, the criticism is frequen-  
tly tossed lightly aside with some such  
words as these; "O, she is at the  
silly age! She mustn't be held ac-  
countable for her behavior!"

We wonder if we have, among  
the girls of THE FAMILY, any who  
are "at the silly age." If so, we say  
to them, never trust those who tell  
you that you are not to be held ac-  
countable for your behavior. There  
is no reason why a girl of sixteen  
should not behave at least as well  
as her ten-year-old sister. There is  
no reason why she should talk and  
laugh boisterously on the sidewalk  
or street-car. There is no reason  
why she should whisper and titter  
at church or at the concert-hall.  
There is no reason why she should  
not conform to the rules of correct  
manners, at least as closely as she  
conformed to them when she was  
several years younger.

In this country great liberty is  
allowed to young girls. They ex-  
ercise an independence of action such  
as is quite unknown in European  
countries. In some instances they  
are allowed to choose their dresses,  
their associates, and even to a con-  
siderable extent their amusements.  
This state of things has its advan-  
tages, and it has also its very serious  
disadvantages. To many a girl partial  
independence makes partial resis-  
tance to the law. There is always  
present danger that she will over-  
reach the barriers of propriety, and  
cheapen her future womanhood by  
behavior such as she may hereafter  
blush to remember.

But the maiden of conscience and  
right intentions can move safely  
through the perilous years of young  
girlhood, losing neither her common  
sense nor her self-respect. Unless  
she is very unfortunately placed in  
life, she will find within her reach  
wise counselors—parents, teachers  
or friends—on whom she can lean  
in hours of perplexity. She will  
find, to that her effort at self-con-  
trol and lady-like behavior is hon-  
ored, and that fewer temptations to  
impropriety are offered to her, as  
this effort becomes generally recog-  
nized.

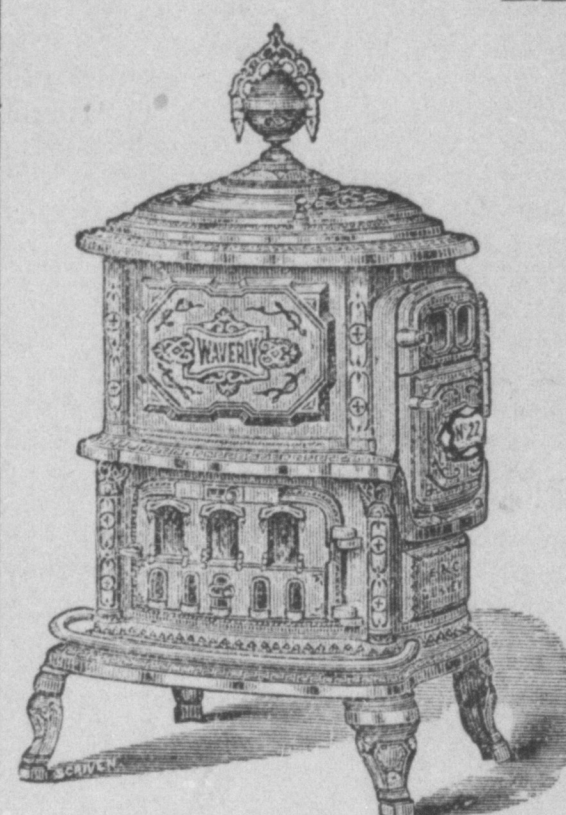
Dear girls, no one expects that  
you will at sixteen, be deeply pro-  
found, or imperturbably grave, or  
pordusly dignified. But you may  
gladly if you will be modest, sensible  
and charming. There need not be  
for you a "silly age."—Chris. Stand-  
ard

If your faith is weak, do not wait  
for unusual manifestations or novel  
proofs of things unseen, but use the  
means of knowing God which others  
have found sufficient, and which God  
has actually furnished.—Dods.

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WILL  
MAKE HENS LAY  
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## My Boy.

Do you think I've found  
I carried him at night  
Many fair children I  
But I think that I  
For he was our first-  
And I have not the  
To love him less; wh  
He's my boy still.

I remember when he  
How he used to climb  
How proud we were  
Of his wit and m  
And I know quite  
With a wild and st  
But whatever he is  
He's my boy still.

He was just like sun  
In the days of his  
You know that he sa  
He had courage, ar  
And though he has w  
I'd rather you'd sa  
He is sure to come b  
He's my boy still.

I know there was ne  
And I can rememb  
How often he went w  
And I knelt at my k  
And the man will do  
Sooner or later he  
The Bible is warrant  
He's my boy still.

A mother can feel w  
She is wiser than a  
My boy was trained  
I shall certainly ge  
And though he has w  
And followed his w  
I know whatever, wh  
He's my boy still.

The Boy That Wo  
Coast.

REV. EDWARD

I would like to h  
I could get a chan  
store, I would take  
said John Gordon  
"That's it, John  
an old soldier, but  
"A poor man like  
talk that way."

"What's that, fi  
John Gordon liv  
village close by the  
roar of the fierce  
heard?"

"Johnny, perha  
glers. It is a goo  
be out. Don't ye  
fort."

"I won't help t  
What is a smugg  
ask? It is one w  
into a country w  
that government  
Napoleon the Fir  
shut up all contin  
ships of England  
damage John Bull'  
better of the in  
English goods w  
Salonica in Europ  
they would go on  
Hungary to Vienn  
point they would  
where. Perhaps a  
upon the emperor  
sight of which he  
nose, knowing it  
from England a  
round to his very  
the other hand, ha  
in its shops, that  
across the Channe  
slipped round thr  
south-east, traveli  
Archangel in the  
two years! Eng  
about five million  
goods stealthily  
country by the be  
land was obliged t  
sive coast-guard to  
smugglers. Whe  
trade, smuggling c  
able, and the Eng  
out of existence.  
day there were sn  
and did the old  
the sound of their  
went to their bo  
and watch for any  
might come by w  
"Father, I'll g  
bring you word,"  
his father was int  
of news that migh  
break up the mon  
life.

And who was it  
A neighbor comin  
old soldier any bi  
Judging by the si  
must have carried  
neighborly items,  
fat man.

"Looks like  
grocer!" thought  
what he wants!"

When John we  
first he could se  
twinkling back of  
"I know what  
The coast-guard  
on the watch for  
guard will be dow  
On the hill bac  
row of short tow  
thick, and at the