

Live in Love.

Be not harsh and un-forgiving,
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living,
If an angry man should meet thee,
And assail thee indelicately,
Turn not thou again and rend him,
Lest thou needlessly offend him;
Show him love hath been thy teacher—
Kindness is a potent preacher;
Gentleness is e'er forgiving—
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with each other?
Man was made to love his brother;
Kindness is a human duty,
Meekness a celestial beauty,
Words of kindness spoken in season
Have a weight with men of reason.
Don't be others' follies blaming,
And their little voices naming.
Charity's a cure for railing,
Suffers much, is all prevailing;
Courage, then, and be forgiving;
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Let thy loving be a passion,
Not a complimentary fashion;
Live in wisdom, ever proving
True philosophy is loving;
Hast thou known that bitter feeling,
'Gendored by our hate's concealing;
Better love, though e'er so blindly,
Than thy foes will call it kindly.
Words are wind; O, let them never
Friendship's golden love-chorde sever!
Nor be angry, though another
Learn to call thee friend or brother.
'Brother,' say, 'let's be forgiving;
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.'

—Exchange.

What Ails The Children?

'Why is it that my children are not inclined to be religious?' said a mother to a Christian friend. 'I see other children whose whole tendency is to piety—united with the church early in life, interested in devotional services, and growing in strong attachment to the Saviour, while mine are becoming more worldly every day. Why is it? I send them to Sabbath school, I take them to church every fair Sabbath, but no saving impressions are made upon them. I can not understand it.'

Her friend proposed a few questions:

'Do you show any particular religious example daily to your children in the household?'

'I can not say that I do. But they know that I am a professor.'

'You say that you send them to Sabbath school and to church. Do you converse with them about the sermon they have heard, or do you discuss trifles of no religious bearing before them on their return?'

'I am afraid the former is never done, and the latter often. Still, there can't be much harm in that.'

'Do you ever speak to them personally about religious duties?'

'No; I do not like to. It is a very delicate subject.'

'Do you have family worship? Do your children hear your voice raised to heaven for them, and thus know that you have an interest in their religious welfare?'

'No; we never had family worship. My husband and I are both diffident, and never could bring ourselves to pray aloud. But we do pray for them in secret.'

'Do you allow them indiscriminate reading—newspapers, magazines, books, whatever they fancy?'

'Yes; we never trouble ourselves about that. They go to the circulating library and suit themselves. Reading, you know, is improving to their minds.'

'Do you cultivate worldly tastes in them—let them go into godless society, indulge and foster the love of fashion, send them to dancing schools, take them to the opera and the theatre, and thus nurture a keen relish for irreligious pursuits?'

'Yes; they must have some amusement. Their companions all do the same, and we want them to be in the best society.'

'Well,' she said, 'now look at the matter in the light in which you yourself have put it. You are a professing Christian, and you want your children to be the same. Yet you do nothing to make them such. You give them no religious counsel.'

'God has given you a child, purchased by Christ's blood and intrusted to your care for nurture, culture, and training. As you treat that child it may become a jewel for the King's crown, or a darkened, blighted soul unfitted for heavenly companionship. And how do you respect this trust? You throw it off from your keeping. You fail to watch it. You permit the King's enemies to surround it and impress their taint upon it. It is daily slipping away from you, while you are swiftly going to God to account for it.'

'The reason why your children are irreligious is plain from your own acknowledgement. The fault is not theirs, but yours. Change your treatment; give your children healthful amusement, such as will be good for soul and body; teach them to look away from follies for their enjoyment. Be what a mother should be to her children—spiritual director. Establish a confidence with them about religious matters. Let their eyes read upon your heart an intense desire for their salvation. Surround them with a religious

atmosphere. Show them that to be a Christian is to be cheerful, joyous, sunny, and at the same time of exalted purity. Teach them the sweetness and the delight of communion with God. Ask God's help upon this course, and you will see the result you desire.'—Selected.

A New Way of Folding Sheep.

Farmer James was an influential man in town affairs, besides being a deacon and leading man in the chapel. He worked most heartily for the success of the special mission, and was more than delighted when he knew that his own son Charles had been led to the light at the special services. It soon became apparent that the change which was wrought in the heart of the farmer's son was real, for his life was full of beauty and sweet fragrance, like the rose-bud after receiving a baptism from the warm shower, and then the sunny smile of the July sun. All in the farm noticed and admitted the change in Master Charles's life.

One day Charles glided alongside his father's arm chair as if he had something secret he wished to say; and, indeed, it was so. And at length Charles mustered up courage to open his heart.

Father, said he, I have been thinking I should like to become a member of the church, and sit down with you and mother at the Lord's table.

My dear boy, said the father, as he drew him tenderly towards his knee, I am pleased to hear you talk like this; but you see you are only a little boy yet—quite a tender lamb; and I assure you, if you go on as you are going, nothing will give me greater joy, after a time, when I see how you grow, to mention your name to be proposed as a member of our church.

Charles said nothing in reply, but retired with his heart too full to speak to anyone except to his Saviour; and this he did in secret.

After a few days more had quietly passed away, they were one day seated at tea; his father had come in off the farm, and had quietly removed his gaiters and big-nailed, lace-up boots, when all of a sudden the father exclaimed, Oh dear! Oh dear!

What is the matter, father? asked the good housewife; nothing wrong I hope, father?

Oh, no! replied the father, only I have taken off my boots and gaiters, and I quite meant to set a new fold for the sheep this afternoon. Charles, said the father, you are growing a big boy now, do you think you could manage to set a new fold for the sheep?

Oh, yes! said Charles, delighted to be entrusted with such an important duty. I have seen you set a fold a good many times, father. I am quite sure I can manage that job.

Bravo, my boy! said the father. Then you go and try what you can do, and let us see how well you can manage it.

The father felt quite proud of his son's confidence, and Charles was equally pleased to be trusted, and away he went with the large mallet on his shoulder, and a big iron bar in his hand, singing his way off to the field. He soon withdrew the stakes and completed his new fold, and secured the sheep for the night in a place of safety and good pasture. When he returned home, he was soon called to his father's side, to know the result of his first efforts at folding the sheep.

Charles, said the father, have you set a fold?

Yes, sir, was the quick reply.

Have you made it secure, do you think?

Yes father; quite secure.

Did you drive your stakes well down into the ground?

Yes, father! I gave them an extra tap with the mallet, so I know they are all right.

Good lad! Did you put all the sheep in the fold?

Yes, father; and I counted them when I had done, so I know they are all right.

Good boy! You put the lambs in the fold with the sheep, did you not?

No, father, I left them outside; I thought if they grow and stand we can put them in another day.

My boy, said the father-deacon, you know too much for me. I will propose your name for church-membership at our next meeting.—J. Manton Smith in *Sword and Trowel*.

Interesting Conversion.

Father Chiniquy writes as follows, from Kankakee, Illinois: About the year 1860 two little Roman Catholic girls, who had lost their mother, were sent from Bourbonnais, Illinois, to Canada, that they might be brought up in the Church of Rome and kept safe from the Protestant schism and heresies which were spreading fast all around. The youngest died not long after her arrival in Canada—and the elder was received in a nunnery, where they gave her the best education which can be given in those institutions.

Having finished her course of studies, she was persuaded by her Father, Confessor to become a nun, as the surest way to be saved. She made her vows of poverty, obedience and celibacy at the feet of one of the bishops of Canada and became a nun. At first, everything seemed to go as smoothly as possible in what she called her Holy Monastery; and she sincerely hoped that she was on the surest way to eternal salvation. One of her occupations was to make the wafers. She had to select the best wheat flour, mix it with a little water, and put the dough between two well heated engraved irons where they were soon baked and turned into little white cakes called wafers. She then respectfully presented these wafers to her priest, who was turning them into the body, blood, soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, by pronouncing upon them the Latin words: Hoc est enim Corpus Meum. Though her eyes, her intelligence, all her senses were telling her that these wafers were absolutely the same after as before the priest had whispered the five Latin words she perfectly silenced the voice of her intelligence, and she believed that the priest had made as many Gods and Saviours Jesus Christs as she had put wafers into his hands. But when she had succeeded as perfectly as possible to silence the voice of her common sense and her intelligence, as the Roman Catholics must do in this matter, she began to see and hear several things done and said by the priests and the nuns which were so much against her notions of morality and Christianity that she was absolutely stunned by them. She tried at first to shut her eyes and her ears to what was said and done around her, but there was no help; she had to see and hear them.

At last, one day came when such unbearable things were done that she felt that the nunnery was the abode of unprincipled tyranny. With her mind filled with disgust she went to the bishop and sternly told him that she did not want to be a nun a single day longer—she wanted to go back home. Three days later she was here, in Ste. Anne, with her dear old father. She bravely told him what she had heard and seen during the years spent in the nunnery—just the very opposite of what she expected. To that day that honest man had been one of the most determined Roman Catholics of this place, but his religious views were so modified by what he heard from the very lips of his daughter that he said: Now I understand why the priests have such a fear that we should read the Bible. It is because their bad deeds and religion are condemned in the divine book. My dear child, let us read the Bible, and I hope that God will grant us to know what we must do to day. And the escaped nun was of one mind with her father. By the grace of God they have read the Book since, almost day and night, not only with attention but with an unspeakable joy, for every word of it has come to their souls as the drops of water which flow from the fountains of eternal life. In the marvellous Book they have found that Jesus was the only way, the only light, the only hope, the only life and the only Saviour of the world; they have accepted him and in him they have found that peace and that joy which surpass every understanding.

Last Sabbath, after the service, there was not a dry eye among the multitudes of converts who were filling our large chapel, when both of them, stepping on to the platform, took my hands, and asked me to help them to break the heavy and ignominious chains by which they were tied to the feet of the idol of Rome, that they might go with us to the feet of The Lamb, to become free with His words and pure with His blood.

I give you no more details about the remarkable conversion of that nun and her father, for she is writing a book on that subject under the title, "L'Experience d'une Religieuse dans des Couvents du Canada," which will be one of the most interesting publications of the age.

A Word In Season.

What are you good for, anyhow? The young man so addressed flushed hotly and made no reply.

Sunday after Sunday he had come to the Sunday school with his fiancée and watched her with admiration, and listened to her with undisguised pleasure as she taught her class. Every Sunday the superintendent had come to him and asked him to take a class. But, no; he didn't know how to teach; he didn't understand that kind of work; he had no gift in that direction. The superintendent, as is often the case with that officer, was short of teachers, and pressing every available candidate for that position into service. He knew any Christian man or woman of common sense could learn to teach a Sunday school lesson, and in impulse of impatience he asked

the blunt question: What are you good for, anyhow?

Seeing that he had irritated the young man, he went away and left him to think, as he said afterward, that if he had the superintendent out on the pavement he would show him what he was good for.

The question kept working in him. Why should not he learn to teach? He certainly could if he put his mind to it, and he did, with such energy and success that he is now superintendent of one of the largest and most flourishing Sunday-schools on this island of Manhattan.

Now he wants to know why every member of the church should not, if it is possible, be a member of the Sunday-school as teacher or scholar. Why not?

Theatre.

BY GEO. MAY POWELL.

Moral teachers aside, the testimony of police and of criminal court judges and officers proves the theatre to be the lock of strength of the Demon of Impurity. Generations of experience prove the financial success of theatres is in exact proportion to their allowance on the stage of what should not be seen or heard by those who would be pure in heart.

As plain as the fiery hand-writing on the palace wall of a Babylonian monarch are the recorded warnings of a considerable number of actors and actresses that the theatre is no place for those who would remain pure in thought and life.

Great actors and managers have also put themselves on record as unwilling their own wives and children should attend theatres. When asked for counsel they have with equal emphasis advised young men and maidens not to fit themselves for the stage. For many and startling facts under this head see a little book on theatres by Josiah Leeds, of Philadelphia. It should be in the library of every Sabbath-school and pastor and Christian worker. It is for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms. Still, notwithstanding these clouds of witnesses, the theatre thrives.

It is no doubt correctly claimed that theatres could not be sustained without the patronage of those who profess to believe the Bible—persons who are either members of churches or of their congregations and sabbath-schools. —Sunday-school Journal.

What a Lady Does not do.

There are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember.

A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it.

Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

Fail in answering letters or returning visits, unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun or the rain, the air or the lack of it.

Make an engagement and then not be on time.

Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers.

Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather and herself.

She believes in the golden rule and endeavors as far as possible to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day. —Ladies' Home Journal.

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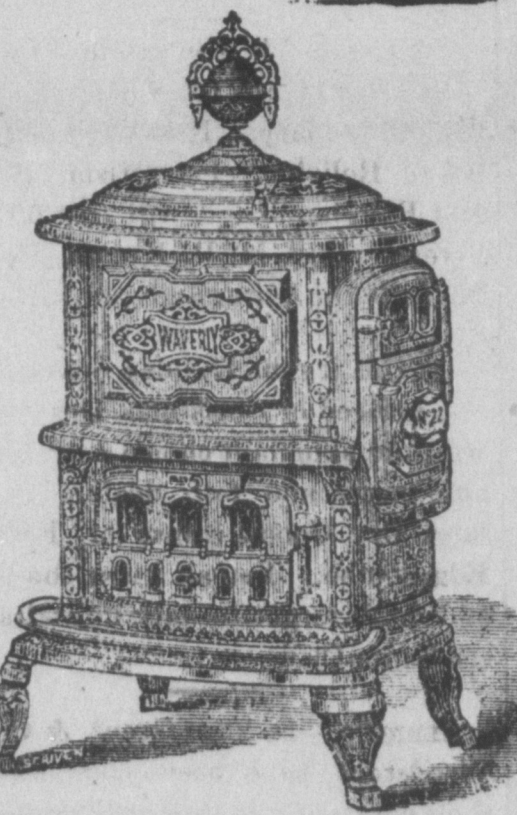
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1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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1885.....	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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