

## For Jesus' Sake.

Three little words, but full of sweetest meaning,  
Three little words that heart can scarcely hold,  
Three little words, but on their import dwelling,  
What tenderness of love do they unfold!

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy,  
On earth this was my work; I give it thee;  
If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,  
Take thou and bear my cross and learn of me.

"For my sake" let the harsh word die unuttered,  
That trembles on the swift impetuous tongue;  
"For my sake" check the quick rebellious feeling  
Which rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" press thou with all patience onward,  
Although the race be hard, the battle long;  
Within thy Father's house are many mansions,  
There thine own voice shall join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,  
If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss,  
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went before thee;  
They only wear his crown who share his cross.

—Sel.

## ANGELS UNAWARES.

## A True Incident.

BY LEIGH YOUNGE.

The chill November rain had been falling all day, until by night the earth was soaked, and the wind blew so that one could scarcely keep his footing. The night was dark as pitch, when a forlorn-looking man slowly ploughed his way down what is called in Kentucky a dirt road. It was literally almost ploughing, for the stiff clay had become liquid mud.

"A nice fix I'm in now," he said to himself, "to have gotten myself lost among these mud roads, but there's a light ahead," and he pushed on with vigor to the farm-house, where the lamp shone like a beacon to the weary traveler. And worn and weary he was when he reached it, with just enough strength left to give a rap at the door.

"Who's there?" called the farmer from within, as he unbared the door. Just behind him stood his wife, with a candle in her hand.

"Who's there?" called the man of the house again, as the rays from the candle fell on the muddy figure before him.

"Can you give a night's shelter to a man who has got belated and lost his way?" asked the stranger.

The keen eye of the old farmer viewed the disreputable-looking person standing in the shelter of the porch, and he said, in a surly tone: "No I can't; I don't keep a hotel, nor give shelter to tramps."

"But I have nowhere to go," pleaded the stranger, in a feeble voice, "and it's a bad night to be abroad without a shelter."

"It is a wild night, and no mistake," said the farmer, with some signs of relenting in his voice, as he looked out into the darkness and the rain. But before the stranger could speak, Mrs. Jones, who evidently looked with disfavor upon the softening manner of her husband, said quickly:

"I wish you would shut the door, husband; the wind'll blow the light out; and as for the man, it's not our business to find a place for him. It's as much as we can do to keep a roof over our own heads, let alone taking care of all the tramps that come along. Besides, how do I know but he might murder us in our beds?"

A faint smile came over the face of the so-called tramp, who looked scarcely like a murderous person, so weak and faint he seemed. The farmer hesitated, and then said:

"I tell you what; you can go in the shed yonder, but there ain't any room for you in the house; and the door was shut in his face."

Ruefully the man looked at the open door of the shed, but it was dark, damp and dirty, and the pains in his limbs were increasing; so he shook his head, and tramped on for another half mile, perhaps; then, shining through the trees, he saw a light like a star.

"There's another house," he said to himself. "I might try again; but how do I know but they'll turn me out like a dog, too? However, I cannot die here; and on he plunged. Stumbling over the gate, he found the entrance, and had just strength to give a faint rap at the door.

"It's a wild night, and no mistake, I tell you, mother," said Farmer Moore, stretching out his hands over the bare, brown branches of a great tree against the window-pane. "God pity the poor who have no shelter. I am thankful for the roof over our

heads, though how long we shall keep it, God only knows."

"This dreadful mortgage," answered the wife; "and it would be so little to some people—only five hundred dollars! It does seem hard in our old age. But God will take care of us, husband. Keep up heart, he'll not desert us in our need. But don't that sound like somebody knocking at the door? Just listen."

They listened, but nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind.

"I don't believe it was anything but the wind," said he.

"Suppose you go and see, anyway," said she; "I'm sure I heard something."

As he unfastened the door, a great gust almost extinguished the light.

"I told you there wasn't anything, mother," he said, peering into the darkness.

Just then his foot touched something, and, stooping, he cried:

"Sure enough! Here's a man; and he's dead or dying."

"Bring him in, and let's see," she answered.

So into the warm room they brought the wayfarer, and with hot flannels and stimulants succeeded in restoring him from the faintness which, from exposure, had overcome him.

"Where am I?" he said, raising himself with difficulty and struggling to rouse his recollection. "Ah, yes, I know; they turned me from the other place to die like a dog, and then I remember knocking at your door; I must have fainted on the step, and you good Samaritans took me in; God will reward you for it, and he sank down into unconsciousness again."

"What'll we do with him, wife; make him a bed here on the floor?" asked Mr. Moore.

"No," she answered, "it's too hard; the poor fellow's in for a spell, and it'll go pretty hard with him I'm a-thinking. No; take him upstairs, I'll take care of him; maybe we'll never have another place where we can nurse a poor-creature, but as long as we have we'll use it."

So up into the clean, though homely, chamber, where had died the only son of the old couple, they carried the tramp, and laid him on the white bed, and there for long days and nights the good woman nursed him.

His old clothes were brushed and cleaned and laid away; his name, as they found from a letter in his pocket, was John Earle. But more than this they did not know, for with a scrupulous delicacy they had put away unopened the packet of papers which had been found in his pocket; that they might have found the relatives of the sick man from his papers, and perhaps they ought to examine them, had never occurred to these simple-minded people.

The papers were not theirs, and they had no right to pry into another's affairs because he was unable to prevent it, so the packet was locked up in the farmer's old secretary.

In the meantime John Earle's consciousness returned only by fits and starts, and even then he only talked of houses and lots in Chicago, until they thought he was dazed. But at length one morning in the chill before the dawning the change came. He opened his eyes and saw Mrs. Moore's kindly face bending over him.

"Good mother," he said faintly, "I know more than you think, of what you have done for me, and God will reward you for it."

"Are you one of God's children?" asked the good woman, with misty eyes, for she knew the end was not far off.

"Aye, that I am," was the answer; "I have an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that passeth not away."

"Thank God," said his nurse, kneeling by the bedside.

"Amen," was the response from the sick man.

There came a pause, and then he said:

"My papers, where are they? Have you them?"

"Yes," she said, "they are all safe; no one has looked at them."

"It is well," he replied; "examine them when I am gone; they will tell you all."

And then the unmistakable look of death came over his face. Smoothing the hair back from off his face, the good woman stooped and kissed the brow.

"That reminds me so of my Charlie," as she told her husband, and said: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Instantly the response came from the pallid lips:

"Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet I will fear no ill, for thou art with me; and his eyes closed."

"Who was the man?" asked the neighbors, when they came in the next day.

"His name was Earle, that's all we know," answered Mrs. Moore; "but husband is going to take the papers to town this afternoon, as the poor young man told us."

The old man returned from Frankfort with a peculiar look on his face.

"What is it, father?" she asked as soon as she saw him; "what's happened?"

"Let us thank God, mother," he said; "our troubles are over."

And then he told her that when Lawyer Thomas opened the packet of papers, he found that their guest was an eccentric Englishman, with no relations, and in the will which he carried in his pocket, he had left all his property—fifteen thousand dollars in Chicago lots—to whoever would take him in, in his time of need, and care for him when he was dying.

"And to you it rightfully belongs!" said the lawyer, who had waited in the outer room, while the farmer told the strange tale to his wife.

"But it was not for pay," said the tender-hearted woman; "and oh, the poor young man, and that is what he meant when he kept saying the Lord would reward us. But I always told you, husband, that the Lord would deliver us in some way, and you see he has done it."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "you have entertained angels unawares."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Jones, when she heard of what had befallen her neighbor, "some people do have luck."—*Journal and Messenger.*

## Provisional Aid.

Elder John Stephens held a pastorate in the Free Baptist Church, at Gardiner, forty-odd years ago.

Remarkable alike for sincere piety and genuine humor, the good man so tempered his teachings as to make them entirely acceptable to saint or sinner. Riding one day along the road to West Gardiner, he overtook an ox team that was stuck in the mud. The discouraged cattle had refused to pull, and the driver, who had sworn till the air was blue, was preparing another string of oaths, when the parson stopped his horse, and said: "Try prayer, my friend. Try prayer."

"Try it yourself," retorted the vexed teamster.

"I'll do it," said Elder John, and dropped on his knees in the wagon. For a while he prayed around his subject as if afraid to touch it. Gradually, however, his faith strengthened, and in a voice which bade fair to arouse the neighborhood he besought the owner of the cattle on a thousand hills to move the hearts and legs of those stubborn oxen. The prayer was unconsciously long, and no sooner had it ended than the impatient driver prepared to start his team.

"Stop," said Elder John, descending from his wagon; "as I have done the praying I feel that I ought to do the driving. Hold my horse and give me the good stick."

The man consented to the arrangement, and with a grin waited to see the parson worsted. At that moment another ox team was seen approaching.

"Halloa, neighbor!" the parson shouted to the new comer. "Lend me your cattle for a moment."

"Hold on!" cried the owner of the mired cart. "That's not fair. If you can handle this team better by praying than I can by swearing, do it; but no doubling up, mind you; no doubling up."

Elder John's robust figure was drawn to its fullest height and his voice was like the roar of the ocean as he answered: "My friend, the Master I serve is abundantly able to move this load with a single yoke of oxen—or without any oxen at all; but when in direct answer to prayer he sends me an extra pair of cattle, I'm going to hook 'em on!"

And with the aid of reinforcements the loaded cart was easily drawn out of the mud.—*Lewiston Journal.*

## The Power of One.

Many years ago, an invalid lady whose home was in the country, visited a large city near which she lived, on a sultry summer day. She had business in the smaller streets and alleys, and was appalled at the number of pale, puny, and sick babies in their mothers' arms, who were literally dying for a breath of fresh air. What could she do?

"I cannot save all," she said, "but I may save one. There is room for a mother and her child at home."

She took the one mother and her child to her country house, kept them for a fortnight, and then took them home and brought others. Her neighbors followed her example.

The next summer the number of children entertained amounted to hundreds; the next thousands.

Another woman who lived in the city, and had money to give, was vexed that she could not help in this most gracious charity. "I can at least tell others of it," she said. She wrote an account of it for a New York newspaper.

A third woman, possessed of great wealth sent a thousand dollars to the editor, with the request that he should open a fund for this noble purpose. The Fresh Air charity was the result. The various organizations throughout the United States

for the removal of poor children from the poisonous air of the cities to the country, have grown out of this first attempt of a single weak woman to save one dying baby.

During the last two years the charity has taken root in England and on the Continent. No one but God knows how many lives have been saved by it.

If the woman who thought of it on that torrid day, as she passed, sick and weary through the slums, had decided, "I cannot save all; why should I trouble myself with one?" how many lives that might have been saved would have been lost!—*Sel.*

## To Make A Happy Home.

1. Learn to govern yourself, and to be gentle and patient.

2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer, penitence, and a sense of your own short-comings and errors.

3. Never speak or act until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.

4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often much more valuable.

5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and which we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

7. Beware of the first disagreement.

8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.

10. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

12. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

13. Learn to deny yourself, and to prefer others.

14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

16. Be gentle, but firm, with children.

17. Do not allow your children to go away from home at night without knowing where they are.

18. Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.

## People Who Are Not Soul-Winners.

The husband who blows up his wife before the children because she happens to get too much saleratus in the biscuit.

The mother who can talk by the hour about the dresses and bonnets of her neighbors, but can't say a word to her little ones about the love of Christ.

The Sunday school teacher who don't know enough about the lesson to ask questions without reading them from the lesson paper.

The woman who talks about heaven in church, and about her neighbors on the street.

The young lady who hands wine to callers.

The sectarian who never has a good word for any other denomination.

The man who rings a bell every time he puts a dime in the contribution box.

The man who never goes near the church on lodge night.

The man who blows a tin horn and shouts himself hoarse during a campaign, but is down on anything like excitement in religion.

The woman who knows in her heart that she is wrong, but is too proud to own up to it.—*The Ram's Horn.*

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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
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