

Return To Thy Rest.

He watches o'er his little pale;
He sees His sparrows when they fall;
Seed-time and harvest never fail;
The wild winds answer to His call;
All things obey His high behest;
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.

The life that His own hand has given,
Shall He not keep it to the end?
Through every step of earth and heaven
He will uphold thee and defend.
Trust Him; thy doubts and fears control;
Return unto thy rest, my soul.

Whether through pastures green and sweet
Thy pathway wind in pleasant ways,—
Whether He guide thy tired feet
Slowly through dark and troubled days,
He surely leads thee to thy best;
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.

There is no death; there is no loss;
He holds thy treasure safe for thee
In other mansions of His house
A little while, and thou shalt see
He will restore thee more than all;
Return unto thy rest, my soul.

—Rebecca Paley Uter.

Is She a Fool or a Hypocrite?

I met a young man in the inquiry-room a few years ago, who professed to be a sceptic. He said that he "did not believe there was any truth in Christianity."

I observed to him, "In that case you must believe that we Christians are all hypocrites, professing to believe something that we do not believe, and to be something that we are not; or that we are fools, who have been duped into believing a silly superstition to call it no harsher name."

"Well," he replied, "I would not have volunteered to make that declaration; but since you have been so kind as to put my thought into words, I must confess that you have expressed my sentiment about Christians in general. I think—you will excuse me for saying it—that they are either hypocrites or else victims of superstition."

"A little soft in the head," I replied. "Not quite up to detecting the fraud perpetrated by the wicked authors of the silly old Bible."

"Well, yes; if you choose to put it in that way."

"My dear young friend," I said to him (he was about eighteen years old, and a freshman in college), "is your mother a Christian?"

"She is a member of the church," was the reply.

"Then she professes to be a Christian?"

"Yes."

"Which is she, a fool or a hypocrite?"

"You have no right," said he, with some heat, "to ask such a question about my mother."

"Excuse me," I replied. "I mean no disrespect to your mother, for I do not know her. I will gladly assume that she is a refined, and in every way an estimable lady; but your general judgment of Christianity and Christians must apply with equal force to your mother. I think you must admit that. Now we will agree that your mother is not a fool—not a weak-minded woman who has been duped by some designing person into professing to believe the absurdities of the Bible. Then let me ask you: is your mother in your judgment a hypocrite?"

He looked steadfastly into my face for a few moments without replying. He saw the dilemma he was in. Moreover, his countenance began to betray great emotion. Presently his chin began to quiver; and bursting into a flood of tears he sobbed out between his hands, in which he had buried his face:

"Well, if my mother is a real Christian, why has she never spoken to me about my soul?"

"Ah, I must leave that mother and other such mothers to answer that question. I found the young man really anxious about his soul. But the fact that his Christian mother had let him grow up almost to man's estate without speaking seriously about his soul, had led him to doubt the reality of Christianity. His induction was a fair one. I fear there are far too many mothers and fathers of the same order.—Pentecost.

A Blessing in Disguise.

The following incident may be read by some doubting and disheartened Christian, who, after reading it, may be led to exercise greater faith in our heavenly Father, who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

A hard-working mechanic, well up in years, who had experienced the reverses of fortune, was informed a month or so ago that there would be no more work for him for a few weeks. Living in one of our large cities, where even the necessities of life are expensive, and not having been so fortunate as to have something laid by for a rainy day, he returned home to his wife and family with a heavy heart. Day after day he sought employment, but in vain, and retired at night with weary limbs and tired body. During the time he had been idle

there seemed to be a disorder in his system of some kind, which at times caused him great pain, and finally necessitated in consulting a physician. After examination the physician pronounced it a rupture of the bowels, caused by heavy lifting a few weeks previously, and said that "had he been working at his usual heavy work he might have dropped dead at any moment." A truss was prescribed, which, when applied, gave the patient ease from pain, and rendered him fit for his usual occupation. The following day he obtained employment, which has continued until the present time.

There must undoubtedly have been a kind, providential eye overseeing the steps of this child of God. While unfit for work, God in his infinite wisdom opened up no way for employment, but as soon as he was in a position to pursue his usual vocation without endangering his life, a way was opened, whereby he has since had continuous employment.

Very often what we have with our finite minds thought misfortune has turned out to be blessing instead, all things being overruled by God for the good of those who serve him.

The incident above related came to my notice a few days ago, and as I thought it might prove beneficial to some one, I have given it, trusting that God's blessing may attend the reading of it, and that many may be led to a firmer trust in God.—P. S. Lewis.

A Chinese Woman's Glorious Work.

Rev. J. McGowan said: "Until you convert the females of China, you will never convert the Chinese. We have now a large church in Amoy, which has been self-supporting for many years. That church is entirely owing to the efforts of one woman, whom I remember meeting twenty-three or twenty-four years ago. 'I will tell you how it was. When our work first commenced, this woman, as she was passing, came into our church one day to listen to the Gospel. She went home, and her son, who was a great, rough man, of both mental and physical power, said to her, 'Where have you been?' She said, 'I have been to church, and have listened, for the first time in my life, to what these people have to say. The son said, 'That is wrong for you, and he was quite indignant. He had great reverence for his mother, and he told her that she had made a mistake. The mother said, 'You do not know what I have heard to-day; you are mistaken about this doctrine; will you not come and listen, and hear for yourself?' He said, 'No, never; and I shall strive to get you never to go there again.' 'Ah!' she said, 'I must go back there, for I have heard something that will remain in my heart as long as I live.' She came to the church Sunday after Sunday, and one day her son, just to find out the mystery of the place, came himself. The very first Sunday he came he became a Christian, and for twenty-five years he was my right-hand man in the church. He had not been in the church long before we recognized him as a leader of men, and for years, in every Christian work, this man was the foremost. What was the result of the woman's work in her family? She had four sons, and they became Christians; their wives became Christians, and a year ago I was engaged with some native ministers in ordaining one of her grandsons as pastor of one of our chief churches. That old lady has been the means of bringing fifty or sixty people to the Church of Christ.—Times of Refreshing.

"Who has seen Christ in You to-day?"

"The parson asked a strange question this evening," said John Swell to his wife, Ann, on his return from church one Sunday.

"What was it, John?"

"Who has seen Christ in you to-day?" I wish you had been there to hear him, Ann; he made it pretty plain that all who love Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest."

"That's true, John. I know that I often fall short of what a Christian should be."

"I'm sure that you and the children have not seen Christ in me to-day. If I'd remember to be like my Master, I should not have been so cross with you because you wanted to take your turn this morning."

"And I shouldn't have snapped you up and been so vexed," interrupted Ann.

"Then I used Tom roughly, because he worried me, and when he cried I boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made him all right. There are plenty of things I should have done, even to-day, if I'd acted up to the parson's question."

"We'll try to begin afresh, John. You're quick, and I get vexed. We've both a deal to learn. We must just pray that the children and our friends may see Christ in us."

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went to work he asked that Christ might be seen

in him that day. Ann did not forget that she too wished that Christ might be seen in her; and at breakfast time the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving toward one another and toward their companions.

Thus, throughout the family, tempers were quelled for Christ's sake, and pleasant acts were performed for Christ's sake; and John was able, in that same strength, to ask a fellow workman to forgive the sharp words he had spoken to him the previous Saturday.

"I've had the happiest day I ever spent," John remarked to his wife that evening. "I know I've long been a professor, but I have not shown by my behaviour that I do really want Jesus to be seen in me."

"I'm sure it's just the same with me," replied Ann.

"I know why some of our fellows in the shop find fault with religious people, and call them no better than those who have no religion at all. We Christians are shining lights; we get into the same tempers, and use the same sharp words as men of the world, so we bring reproach on Jesus."

Dear reader, will you take this question home: "Who has seen Christ in me to-day?"—Standard.

Trust The Children.

None are so proud and happy as young children when they first understand that their parents have confidence in their honor and in their faithful performance of such duties as are committed to their care. The feeling of responsibility awakened by this knowledge, in little children, brings them their first sensation of self-respect. They soon learn that faithfulness is absolutely necessary to the satisfactory execution of any work they are called to perform. Thus, good seed is daily sown which in after years will yield abundant harvest, and repay all the trouble it may have cost to prepare the soil to receive it.

It is not easy to train children into such habits, and if conscience would absolve the mother, she would doubtless prefer to do herself all the work she assigns to the child. But such lessons are a part of a mother's mission, and should never be delegated to another.

As soon as a young child has learned how to do certain things, it is wise to leave these small "chores" for the child to do alone, when the mother is not looking on. Should some trivial thing be not done exactly right, no great loss will follow. Just say to the little three or four-year-old child, "Mamma must go for a little while. I don't like to leave the room in such disorder. But Willie is such a helpful little man I'm sure he will put all these playthings up nicely before supper; and when Jennie has finished her duty she knows just how mamma likes to have her dolls things folded and put away. When I come back the room will be very nice I know."

This proof of the mother's confidence will make the little ones very happy, and they will try to merit their mother's approbation. It may be necessary to be a little short-sighted when overlooking the work. Let all criticism wait a while. Appear pleased, nay, be pleased, with their childish effort. Give as much sweet praise as is judicious—and perfectly truthful—to gladden their hearts and make them eager for other efforts. When not called to put playthings away, it may be well to say, in an easy—but not fault-finding—tone, "I think you had better put these books on this shelf instead of putting them into the box with the other things. They might get injured there, you know. And, Jennie, dear, I would fold this little doll's dress this way."

Gentle hints, interspersed with much approval as can be conscientiously given, will so fix the lesson in their minds that it will not be long before they will be proud to do such work without being told.

Take A Religious Paper, Brethren.

A correspondent of a temporary says:—

My observation has been that brethren who take and read a good Church paper are, as a rule, almost without exception foremost in every good work. Families that are strangers to the literature of the Church cannot keep abreast of the religious progress of the times. This I regard as essential to a vigorous, aggressive Christianity.

A religious paper ought to be in every Christian home. And it ought to be regularly read by every member of that home that is able to read.

Congregations can render no greater service to the community than to see that every family of the Church (if not of the community) has a Church paper.

The head of a Christian household should as soon think of dispensing with almost anything else as to think of retrenching by giving up his paper. It is not to be considered a luxury only, but a necessity. The man who begins to

economize by leaving out of his calculations a religious paper is the poorest economist in the world.

For the foregoing and the following reasons take a good paper, brethren:—

1. It keeps you posted in the work of the Church at home and abroad.

2. It keeps you in sympathy with the whole Church.

3. It helps you in your study of God's Word.

4. It gives you a broad conception of Christianity.

5. It sweetens and cheers home life.

6. It gives you a general knowledge of what is going on in this world.

These are only a few of the innumerable reasons that might be assigned. We have a periodical literature that will compare favourably with that of any religious denomination and that is a credit to any home.

If you want to be a bright, active, aggressive Christian, my brother, read your Bible and a good religious paper.

Strong Testimony.

The other day, my attention was attracted by a boy singing, "Glory to God." He was apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age; his dress was poor; his pale face bore the appearance of having suffered want.

Accosting him, I said: "Hello, boy, what are you shouting 'Glory to God'?"

"'Cause I'm happy, sir!"

"Happy!" I said, "What do you mean?"

"I gave my heart to God, sir, and I'm happy. I was a great sinner; but Jesus died on the cross for me; his blood washed away all my sin, and now I'm happy."

His earnest, simple faith was very touching; I felt my eyes getting moist. I asked him how long he had been happy.

"Only a month," he said.

"Where were you converted?"

"In the Lake-Road Mission Hall."

"That is where Mrs. Booth preaches?"

"Yes; I gave myself up to God there one night, and I am happy since, and I don't want for anything now. I pray to God, and he sends me jobs."

"What business are you in, my boy?" I asked.

"I ain't in no regular business," he said; "I'm an errand boy; I have no regular work, but I pray to God, and he sends me jobs. I have no job to-day yet, but God will send me one. I never want now."

It was very touching to hear his simple but strong faith and trust in God. "Bread enough and to spare," was his testimony of the Father's house.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."—God in Business.

IT WAS A SAYING OF McCheyne: "I must see the face of God before I see the face of man." The religious life depends much on prayer being the first thing every day. Let it be neglected or postponed and we enter on the day without having sought the help we need, and will find ourselves lacking the equipment necessary for encountering its temptations and difficulties. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." But if we are not led to earnest prayer we may doubt the possession of faith which overcomes.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR—Where can I get a good Flavoring Extract? Ask for the "Royal." They are the very best.

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There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

It is not the extremes of heat and cold so much as the sudden changes in temperature that cause certain climates to be unhealthful. When, however, the system is invigorated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, these changes are rarely attended with injurious results.

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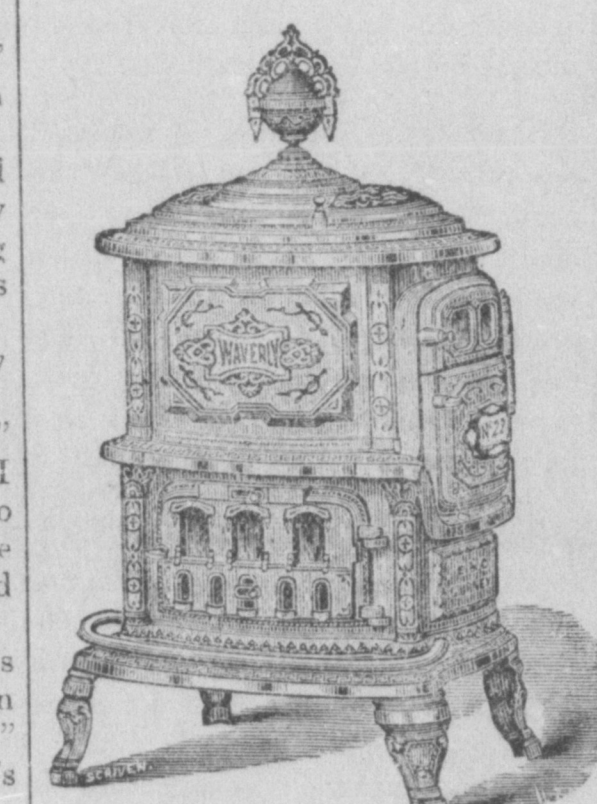
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1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1887	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1888	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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