

## "For Whom Christ Died."

He walks beside you in the street,  
The crowded street of common-place,  
And does but glance into your face  
A moment when you chance to meet;  
But eyes made wise by love can see,  
However swift his steps may be,  
He carries with him everywhere  
A weight of care.

You have your burden, too; but yet  
It does not press at all sometimes,  
And you can hear the heavenly chimes,  
And so the weary way forget;  
You have a friend your griefs to share,  
And listen to your softest prayer,  
You know how safely they abide  
For whom Christ died!

But he has found it hard to trust,  
For life is hard and rough to him.  
The skies above his head are dim,  
And his work lies among the dust.  
Small hope has he to cheer his way,  
Nor light of love to make his day,  
No heavenly music meets his ears  
Through all the years.

He is your brother, give him love!  
"Destroy not him for whom Christ died!"  
By tyranny, neglect or pride;  
Within the Father's house above  
Is room for him and you; and here  
You well may hold your brother dear,  
Nor make the space between you wide  
For whom Christ died.

O greet your brother in the street,  
With friendly smile and helping hand;  
Give him his portion in the land,  
Be good to him whenever you meet;  
It may be through your love that he  
The Father's love and care will see;  
Then win and keep him by your side,  
For whom Christ died.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## The Death of Old Wife.

She had lain all day in a stupor  
breathing with heavily laden breath,  
but as the sun sank to rest in the  
far-off western sky, and the red glow  
on the wall of the room faded into  
dense shadows, she awoke and called  
feebly to her aged partner, who sat  
motionless by the bedside. He bent  
over his dying wife, and took her  
wan, wrinkled hand in his. "Is it  
night?" she asked in tremulous  
tones, looking at him with eyes that  
saw not. "Yes," he answered soft-  
ly, "it is growing dark." "Where  
are the children?" she queried, "are  
they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he  
answer her? the children who had  
slept for long years in the church-  
yard,—who had out-lived child hood  
and borne the heat and burden of  
the day, and, growing old, had laid  
down the cross and had gone to  
wear the crown before the old father  
and mother had finished their so-  
journ. "The children are safe,"  
answered the old man, tremulously;  
"don't think of them, Janet; think  
of yourself; does the way seem  
dark?" "My trust is in thee; let  
me never be confounded! What  
does it matter if the way is dark?  
I'd rather walk with God in the  
dark, than walk alone in the light.  
I'd rather walk with him by faith,  
than walk alone by sight." John  
where's little Charlie," she asked.

Her mind was again in the past.  
The grave-dust of twenty years had  
lain on Charlie's golden hair, but  
the mother had never forgotten him.  
The old man patted her cold hands—  
hands that had labored so hard  
they were seamed, and wrinkled,  
and caloused with years of toil, and  
the wedding-ring was worn to a mere  
thread of gold, and then he pressed  
his thin lips to them, and cried.

She had encouraged and strength-  
ened him in every toil of life. Why,  
what a woman she has been! What  
a worker! What a leader in Israel!  
Always with a gift of prayer or  
service. They had stood at many a  
death-bed together, closed the eyes  
of loved ones, and then sat down  
with the Bible between them to read  
the promises. Now she was about  
to cross the dark river alone. And  
yet it was strange and sad to see the  
old man, and the yellow-haired  
granddaughter left them, to hear  
her babble of the walks in the woods,  
of gathering May flowers, and strol-  
ing with John, of petty household  
cares that she had always put down  
with a strong, resolute hand; and  
wedding-feasts and death-bed tri-  
umphs; and when at midnight she  
heard the bridegroom's voice, and  
the old man bending over her cried  
pitifully, and the granddaughter  
kissed her pale brow, there was a  
solemn joy in her voice as she spoke  
the names of her children, one by  
one, as if she saw them with un-  
wounded eyes, and with one glad  
smile put on immortality.

They led the old man sobbing  
away, and when he saw her again  
the glad sun was shining, the air  
was jubilant with song of birds, and  
she lay asleep on the couch under  
the north window, where he had seen  
her so often lie down to rest, while  
waiting for the Sabbath bell. And  
she wore the same best black silk,  
and the string of gold beads about  
her thin neck, and the folds of white  
tulle, only now the brooch with his  
miniature was wanting, and in its  
place was a white rose, and a spray  
of cedar,—she had loved cedar—she  
had loved to sing over her work:

"O, may I in his courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar, fresh and green."

But what a strange transfor-  
mation was there! The wrinkles were  
gone. The traces of age, and pain,  
and weariness were all smoothed out;  
the face had grown strangely young,  
and a placid smile was laid on the  
pale lips. The old man was awed  
by the likeness to the bride of his  
youth. He kissed the unresponsive  
lips, and said softly: "You've found  
Heaven first, Janet, but you'll come  
for me soon. It's our first parting  
in over seventy years, but it won't  
be for long—it won't be for long."  
And it was not. The winter snows  
have not fallen, and to-day would  
have been there diamond wedding.  
We had planned much for it, and I  
wonder—I wonder—but no! Where  
they are there is neither marriage  
nor giving in marriage. —John  
Greenleaf Whittier.

## Salvation from Anger.

A lady friend said to me, "I see  
through the teaching that has been  
going on that we can have deliv-  
erance from our sins. My besetting  
sin is irritability. I have a husband  
that is not a Christian, infants to  
care for, and I have to do my work,  
until I have no rest for body and  
soul. I have no good government,  
and when everything goes wrong,  
and I am irritable, then my husband  
taunts me, and says 'That is your  
Christianity!'"

I said, "There is deliverance for  
you at once. You need not wait if  
you will trust the Lord. I am not  
here to give you any opinion of  
mine, but the word of Christ. He  
is in this room. Does he know  
everything here? Does he hear your  
conversation with me? Does he  
know what you want? Does he  
offer it to you? What would be  
your answer if you could hear him  
saying, 'What wilt thou?'"

"Oh that I might be made whole!"  
she replied.

"What would he say back?"

"According to your faith be it  
unto you."

"Well, what are you going to do  
about it?"

"I don't think you can appreciate  
how bad my circumstances are."

I saw I would have to deal more  
severely with her. I said, "Suppose  
your child should come from school  
with a hard lesson, and should say,  
'I never can get that lesson,' and  
you should say, 'I will show you,'  
but she keeps crying over the lesson;  
and you say again, 'I will show you  
how to do it,' but she does not pay  
any attention to you. Pretty soon  
you will get righteously indignant  
with that child. Now, how long are  
you going to keep Christ saying,  
'My grace is sufficient for thee?'  
Are you going to keep him waiting  
any longer?"

"No, I won't." She said it with  
a good deal of strength. In a  
moment she said, "Why didn't you  
tell me this before?"

I said, "That is what I have been  
trying to do right along."

I met her afterward, and asked  
her about these children.

She said, "Those children have  
so changed, and my husband has  
grown tender and considerate. I  
never thought I had such a good  
husband." She laughed, little think-  
ing that the change was all in herself.

I could repeat story after story.  
One more case. Near by our house  
lived a woman, known to be the  
greatest scold in town.

I got powerfully impressed about  
how fully we could be saved from  
sin; so I said, "God wants to save  
you from all this sin."

She said, "But I have grown up  
with this disposition, until it has  
become a fixed thing with me; you  
may talk to my husband. I am  
thankful I am not like him." She  
was justifying herself for her tem-  
per.

"But," I said, "Jesus has made  
full atonement for your sins." It  
went into her heart. She went down  
on her knees. She said, "I am  
purchased, and saved by the blood  
of the Lamb." She prayed that  
Christ would save her from that  
temper. She trusted it to him.

I asked her husband about her  
later. He said, "She don't look nor  
act the same; something has come  
over her." It went all through the  
place that she had been tremendously  
saved.—Selected.

## The Change.

In the museum at Rotterdam is  
the first piece painted by the re-  
nowned Rembrandt. It is rough,  
without marks of genius or skill,  
and uninteresting, except to show  
that he began as low down as the  
lowest. In the same gallery is the  
masterpiece of the same artist,  
counted of immense value.

A lovely young lady who had  
just united herself with God's peo-  
ple, thus consecrating herself to the  
Lord's service, was asked to take  
a class in Sabbath-school.

"I have never taught," she said.

"One has to begin somewhere,"  
remarked the superintendent, with  
a smile of encouragement.

And Miss A—began "some-  
where." She took the lowest class  
in the school, not the youngest, but  
the roughest and most undesirable

—a class of three street Arabs.  
They were dirty, rough, uncouth, as  
uninteresting to the masses as  
Rembrandt's first dull picture at  
Rotterdam. But Miss A—earn-  
estly, patiently and sweetly began to  
sow the seed in those young, un-  
tutored hearts. Faithfully she  
worked, trustingly she waited. And  
the years rolled by, six of them. At  
the beginning of the seventh there  
was a happy party at the tea-table  
at Miss A—'s home one evening.  
The dear old superintendent, who  
had advised Miss A—to begin  
"somewhere," was there, and so  
were three fine-looking young men,  
each and every one a professed  
Christian. They were all going  
away, one "beyond the sea" as  
assistant to a young missionary, to  
help in active Christian work;  
another as a general care-taker and  
cheery companion of an invalid youth  
belonging to a wealthy but irreligi-  
ous family, to sow seeds of immortal  
life in his soul; the third to enter a  
college preparatory to studying for  
the ministry. At last the supper  
was over and the good-bye spoken  
with voices deep and husky.

"Good-bye, Miss A—," said  
one. "God bless you for your good-  
ness to me!"

"I shall always pray for you,  
Miss A—," said another; "you  
are the best friend I ever had—the  
very best except my Lord and  
Master."

"I shall climb as far as I can,  
Miss A—," said the third, "both  
for your sake and for the sake of  
Christ who died for me."

Their tones were tremulous with  
tears and their eyes were dim. Then  
the superintendent and Miss A—  
were left alone, and the former  
said:—

"You began your work on rather  
unpromising material, my dear  
friend, but the Lord only knows  
where it will end."

And thinking of Miss A—'s  
noble work still growing as the years  
roll on, we feel almost appalled at  
its magnitude. What is Rembrandt's  
grand masterpiece, for this world  
only, compared to the faithful young  
teacher's work for eternity! —West-  
minster Teacher.

## The Coming Girl.

The coming girl will cook her own  
food, will earn her own living, and  
will not die an old maid. The  
coming girl will not wear the Gre-  
cian bend, dance the german, ignore  
all possibilities of knowing how to  
work, will not endeavor to break  
the hearts of unsophisticated young  
men, will spell correctly, understand  
English before she speaks French,  
will preside with equal grace at the  
piano or wash-tub, will spin more  
yarn for the house than for the  
street, and will not despise her  
plainly clad mother, her poor rela-  
tions, or the hand of an honest  
worker.

The coming girl will walk five  
miles a day, if need be, to keep her  
cheeks aglow; will mind her health,  
her physical development, and her  
mother; will adopt a costume both  
sensible and conducive to health; will  
not confound and hypocrisy with polit-  
eness; will not place lying to please  
above frankness.

The coming girl will not look to  
Paris, but to reason, for her fashions;  
will not aim to follow a foolish  
fashion because milliners and dress-  
makers decree it; will not torture  
her body, shivel her soul with  
pauerties, or ruin it with wine and  
pleasure. In short, the coming girl  
will seek to glorify her Maker and  
to enjoy mentally his works. Duty  
will be her aim, and life a living  
reality.

## A Cross-Eyed Christian.

I was talking with Solomon Sharp  
the other day. He is both wise and  
witty, but inclined to be censorious.  
And by the way, I have noticed that  
people who make no pretensions to  
piety themselves are always quick to  
observe the defects and inconsisten-  
cies of Christians. Solomon  
rather prides himself upon being a  
sort of free-thinker, and of course he  
ought to be charitable. But that is  
just what he is not. Yet there is a  
good deal of shrewdness sometimes  
in his caustic comments, and it was  
so in this case. Deacon Isaac Inman  
came along. After he had spoken  
to us and passed on, Solomon said:

"Senex, that is what I call a cross-  
eyed Christian."

"A cross-eyed Christian—what  
do you mean?"

"Well, you know when a man is  
cross-eyed you never can tell whether  
he is looking at you or not. When  
you think he is, he isn't; and when  
you think he isn't, he is. And that  
is the way that Deacon Inman talks.

You can never tell what he means  
by what he says. When he pre-  
tends to agree with you, it is all  
pretence. When he makes you a  
promise, it is ten to one that he don't  
mean to keep it. Now, when I meet  
you, you look me square in the eyes.  
I know by your words just what you  
think. You don't believe as I do in  
regard to a good many things, but  
then you are just as frank about our  
differences as I am. I consider you  
a first-class specimen of a religious

fanatic, and you consider me, no  
doubt, a fair average specimen of an  
agnostic, or religious know-nothing.  
But when I meet the deacon he pre-  
tends to see in me what I know isn't  
there. He says: 'Oh, Bro. Sharp,  
you don't mean what you say. You  
believe in Christianity, and only  
talk as you do for the sake of talk-  
ing.' And yet, when the fellow gets  
with his cronies he tells them what  
a blatant infidel I am. Now, I  
don't like such folks; I want a man  
to talk to me face to face just as he  
talks behind my back. I think it  
was Talleyrand who said that language  
was invented to conceal our  
thoughts. But Talleyrand was an  
old-fashioned diplomatist who  
thought everything was fair in  
politics as in war, and that we are  
to use our wits in imposing upon  
each other. I know that I am a  
hard case, and that you think I am,  
but I am no hypocrite and I despise  
a man who says one thing while he  
means another. This mental disease  
is worse than strabismus."

I think that Solomon was right,  
and that his name for the disease, or  
sin, is a pretty good one. The Bible  
says: "If thine eye be single, thy  
whole body shall be full of light." Let  
us cultivate sincerity. "Speak-  
ing every man truth with his neigh-  
bor." "Speaking the truth in love."  
—Senex Smith.

## The Power Of Grace.

There is an old story of a certain  
minister, who, in arranging his toilet  
for his parochial calls, found a but-  
ton going from his shirt collar, and  
all at once the good man's patience  
left him. He fretted and scolded,  
and said undignified and unkind  
things, until the tified wife burst  
into tears and escaped from the room.

The hours of the afternoon were  
away, during which the parson called  
on old Brother Jones, who was all  
bowed down with rheumatism, and  
found him patient and even cheerful;  
upon young Brother Hall, wasting  
away with consumption, and found  
him anxious to go and be with  
Christ; upon good old Grandmother  
Smith, in her poor, miserable hovel  
of a home, and found her singing  
one of the good old hymns as happy  
as a bird; upon Young Mrs. Brown,  
who had a few weeks before buried  
her only child, and found her trust-  
ful and serene, in the view of God's  
love which had come to her through  
affliction.

The minister went home filled  
with what he had seen, and when  
evening came, and he was seated in  
his easy chair, his good wife near  
him busy with her needles, he could  
not help saying: "What a wonder-  
ful thing grace is! How much it  
will do! There is nothing beyond  
its power! Wonderful! Wonderful!  
It can do all things!"

The little wife said: "Yes, it  
is wonderful, indeed; but there is  
just one thing that the grace of God  
does not seem to have the power to  
do."

"Ah, what can that be?" said  
her husband.

"Why, it does not seem to have  
the power to control a minister's  
temper when a shirt-button is gone."

This was a new version of the  
doctrine of grace to the parson, but  
it was such a version as many  
another religious man needs to re-  
member. There is many a man who  
can stand up before a multitude and  
"confess Christ," who can be most  
meek when insulted in some public  
place, who can rub his hands in  
blessed God for the power in religion,  
but who is too weak to keep his  
temper at home.

The value of art is the fitness of  
the work; the perfection of music  
is in little accuracies. So the beauty  
and power of our religion are seen  
when we manifest grace in little  
things. As it takes greater skill to  
engrave the Lord's Prayer upon a  
five-cent piece than upon a broad  
steel plate, so it takes more grace to  
live a good Christian at home than  
in public.—Golden Rule.

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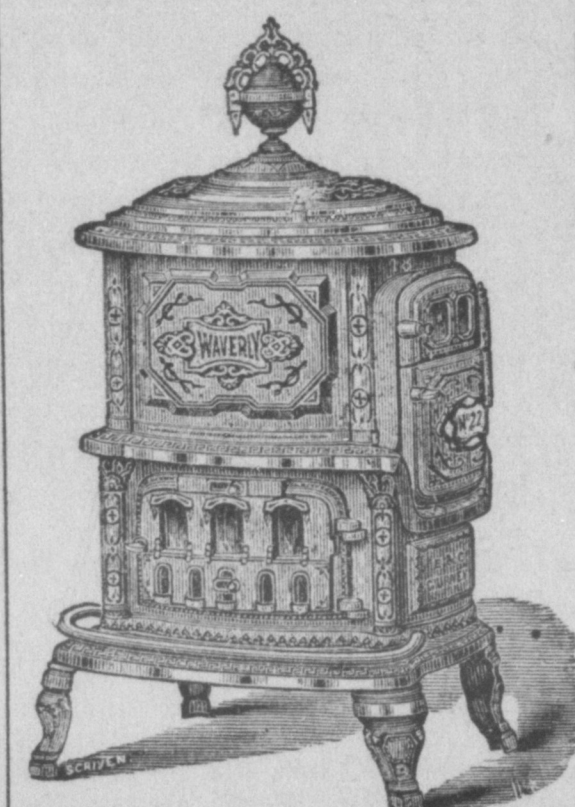
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