

BLIND.

JOHN 9:1.

So blind! Thou dost not see the way
Thou treadest now, nor dost thou know
Thou leadest ever farther on
From light and life to darkest woe.

So blind! The Healer passes by,
And turns His pitying eyes on thee;
Unknown to thee that look of love;
His lovely face thou canst not see.

So blind! And yet thou knowest not
That thou art blind; ne'er having seen,
Life's glorious realities
Are like as if they ne'er had been.

For thee the "Son of Righteousness"
Shines not "with healing in His wings";
To thee heaven's glories are as nought
For thou art blind to heavenly things.

So blind! But Christ can give thee sight;
Thy sin-bound eyes the Lord can heal;
And bid thee see the glorious light
Which only God can e'er reveal.

—B. L. BARKER.

The "Ifs."

"I want something which will
take the 'ifs' out of my life."
"Do you have more of them than
most people?"

"Well, I can't exactly look into
the inside of other folks' lives, but
judging from outward appearances,
I think I have."

"Why?"
The talkers were two women.
The one was on the border line. You
couldn't say she was old; her hair
had scarcely a silver thread in it,
and time had set his foot only light-
ly at the corners of her eyes. She
was pale and fragile-looking, but
decidedly she was not young. The
other had passed on to the serenity
of seventy years. It was she who
said, "Why?"

"That is a difficult question to
answer, because it involves telling
things one doesn't care to talk about;
still I don't mind saying that in a
few months I shall be at the end of
my resources."

"Why look forward a few months?
Remember the adage: 'Doe ye the
next thyne.'"

"Oh, I'm tired of that saying—
there's a fallacy in it. Suppose the
next thing one has to do is to look
fairly into the future, and suppose
what oneness there is falling strength
age coming on, poverty, absolute
destitution, what then of the 'next
thing' prosperous people talk so
glibly about?"

"Then I should say, 'Guide me,
O Thou great Jehovah,' was the
quiet reply."

The defiant face softened a little.
"I do try to say it, and to feel
that He will; but it has always been
a hard part of my experience that
while I can trust God implicitly for
my eternal life, I find it difficult
to trust Him for the temporal life.
I think the reason is that I know I
can't save myself, but in affairs of
this life so much seems to depend on
my own course. If I could be sure
I always did the best thing it would
be different, but my own mistakes
may be to blame for some of my
misfortunes. I remember an old
lady who used to say she 'wasn't a
bit afraid the Lord wouldn't do his
part, she was only afraid she
shouldn't do hers.'"

"The latter half of her remark
meets my case. Yet I really have
tried to do my part—the number of
doors I've pushed open, only to have
them slammed in my face! I tell
you it isn't the easiest thing for a
woman whose youth is past, and who
never was very rugged, and who has
been trained to no special occupation
to find work which will give her
even a moderate support. And I
shan't be old enough to enter an Old
Ladies' Home for some years yet,"
she added with a rueful attempt at
pleasantry.

"My dear," said the gentle voice,
"do you know that yours is not a
strange case? The same afflictions
are accomplished in your brethren
that are in the world. I don't
think misery ought to have com-
pany, for that is very selfish; but it
is a comfort that the Lord is seeing
and helping through a vast number
who suffer in a like fashion to our-
selves. I too have passed through
an experience of life, not less trying
than yours, yet the Lord has brought
me into 'a large room.' Sometime
I will give you the story, but just
now may I tell you what gave me
greatest comfort while 'passing
through the waters?'"

"Yes," was the response, with an
eagerness quite pitiful to see.

"I was naturally of a caretaking
disposition. As circumstances be-
came straitened, that degenerated
into worry. I had as many 'ifs' as
trouble you now. I think what first
roused me was not the knowledge
that worry was sinful, but that it
was sapping my strength both
physical and mental. No person
can do good work when discouraged."

"I wish successful people under-
stood that, and would sometimes say
an encouraging word, provided they
wouldn't do it in a patronizing way,"
interrupted the listener. "But
pardon me."

"I was becoming unfitted for the
very exertions I needed to make.
Then Common Sense said: 'What

good does worry do? It cannot ac-
complish one thing.' After that
came the conviction of sin in taking
anxious thought. Now, my child
(tears filled the eyes of the other—
she was motherless), perhaps you
won't think what I am going to say
is practical advice, but I am an old
woman and I have proved it. You
must believe the Bible."

"Believe the Bible!"

"Oh, I know you think you do;
but in a practical way. Believe
that when God says he will direct
your path if you commit your way
to him, he really will do it. Faith
will not paralyze effort—the right
kind of faith will not. You can
work all the better, can you not,
thinking of the wonderful Counsel-
lor? Then you must believe in his
providence. A friend told me this
incident, which has helped me ever
since as an illustration. She visited
the Tower of London some years ago,
at a time when guides were dis-
pensated with. The tourist took only
a guide-book, and went through the
building by himself. But in every
needed place, there was some mute
direction where to go next. Perhaps
you started to go down a staircase,
suddenly a chain stretched across
and barred the way; but you turned
and saw a side stairway which was
open. In one room every door was
locked but one—you must go out at
that. In another a molded hand
with outstretched finger pointed the
way. Everywhere was this silent
guidance. As my friend said, it was
so like life; ways hedged up, pur-
poses thwarted, but always the
pointing finger if we look for it,
always God's way out of a difficulty.
Don't you remember Helen Hunt's
lines? I have repeated them so
often that even my old memory does
not fail me."

"Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
Not as I will."

"When one's own resources seem
exhausted, then is the time to recall
the inexhaustible resources of our
Heavenly Father. When every-
thing looks dark, my dear, just turn
to the sixth chapter of Matthew,
and read on from the twenty-fifth
verse to the close. Were there ever
sweeter words than 'your Heavenly
Father knoweth that ye have need
of all these things?' Then turn to
the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews,
the fifth and sixth verses. Can any-
thing be stronger than that passage,
as it is given in the revised version?
The promises were made to fallible
human beings, and just because they
are liable to make mistakes. The
faith that God will guide you, and
by guiding help you to do your best;
and that having done your best, you
may safely trust him to supply all
your need; that faith will take the
'ifs' out of life, I am sure. It is
his own word: 'Thou wilt keep him
in perfect peace whose mind is stay-
ed on Thee, because he trusteth in
Thee.'"

"Thank you," was the only falter-
ing answer, but the eyes reflected
something of the peace which rested
on the older face. —New York
Observer.

Good Advice for a Young Man.

The New York Herald having
been asked by a young man from
the country how to win wealth and
fame in the great city, begins by
recommending its correspondent to
get rid of all "excelsior" nonsense,
stay down below and let the glaciers
and the mountain peaks take care
of themselves.

Second, Do your work well, no
matter what it is. Study your
business. Make yourself master of
it by putting your head and heart
into it. If it is book-keeping, then
keep books in such fashion that the
angel Gabriel will want to lend you
his crown as a token of approval. If
you are a mechanic, or artisan, or
farmer, be proud of yourself and the
rest of the world will soon come to
be proud of you. Nothing is need-
ed so much in this generation as a
man with skilled fingers. You may
have a long pull, but the clock will
strike an unexpected hour, and the
opportunity—which comes to every
body in turn, but which most people
miss—will present itself. Study the
bulldog, and when you get your
teeth into a big thing let them stay
there.

Third, Save money. The coward
runs in debt, the brave man has a
five-dollar surplus in his pocket. The
world may laugh at you because you
can't have a four-in-hand necktie.
All right, let it laugh. You are your
own world, and the people who
sneer are simply outside barbarians.
When they see that five-dollar sur-
plus growing bigger they will all
want to shake hands with you and
send you to congress. Keep well
within your income and you will
save yourself from skulking round
the corner like a kicked dog when
the dun is on your track. The
handiest thing on the planet is the
penny laid up for a rainy day.

Now, young sir, get rid of the
nonsense that you are a genius,

settle down to the conclusion that
you are just an average North
American boy, and then start in.
Keep yourself alert, look after your
digestive apparatus, don't smoke
cigarettes, get to bed early, and at
sixty you will have to look back-
ward for those who began the race
when you did.

Are you ready? Then, Go.

But before you go, in addition to
the Herald's sage advice, take this
one other precept with you: "Seek
ye first the kingdom of God and his
righteousness; and all these things
shall be added unto you."

You Should not leave your Purse Around.

The idea which I am going to
urge is plagiarized boldly from a
sentence that I want to enlarge upon
it. The idea is, that at some
moments there come with force upon
us temptations which during ordi-
nary circumstances do not come to us
at all. The servant girl whom you
"know to be honest," and whom,
therefore, you remorselessly tempt
with your purse and careless piles of
small change, has times of pressing
need; the worn out old mother at
home may be sick, and the drug-store
bill too big already, or the little
brother may be wildly expectant of
Christmas presents, or may lack
just a few cents of the money for
his sorely needed pair of shoes; or
far worse calls may oppress her.
Two or three coins, which she has
every reason to hope would never be
missed, look very attractive just
then.

I knew a college student who
seemed thoroughly a gentleman and
a Christian, a rich man's son, who
said to a friend, that, in the straits
which strange to say shut him in at
one time, across the ocean, mortified
and helpless, he "was tempted to
steal!"—"I actually threw myself
on my knees and prayed to be saved
from doing it."

Of course, there are other tempta-
tions which we may heedlessly spring
upon poor human nature at its weak
moment, but money is longed for to
meet almost every difficulty. I heard
of a young druggist's saying lately:
"Yes, I knew that this store when
I came to it had a bad reputation
for selling liquor; but that is all
different; now I am trying to stop
it as much as I can." That struck
me as a silly way of putting it—why
need he "try" to stop it? and why
"as much as he could?" Either he
sold drinks, or he did not sell them,
and that, it seemed to me, was the
whole of it. But I thought I would
help his efforts, and went to buy gum
tragacanth—he "had none"—after
great lookings: went to buy ten
cents worth of orris-root—he "had
only four cents worth;"—went to
buy glycerine—"I would come next
week," and so often. It was plain
why he only tried not to sell liquor;
his business was starving, something
that must be in was always out;
every little while an access of tempta-
tion overwhelmed him, a crushing
need of money.

Keep your purse out of sight; do
not let it sit around waiting, like a
spider in his web, to take advantage
of the bitter difficulties which must
come now and again upon those
about you who are poorer than you.
—Margaret Meredith.

Fishing for Souls.

A poor half-clad boy was fishing
for trout. With amazing success
he kept drawing in the fish. A
student sat upon the hillside, watch-
ing the boy. He returned to his
boarding house, and in a half-hour
was back at the stream, adjacent to
the boy, having with him new fish-
ing tackle, with modern appliances,
excellent bait, etc. The student
threw out his line, but did not get a
single bite. He changed his position
closer to the boy, fished another
hour, and no success whatever. He
then drew near to the side of the
creek, seated himself upon a con-
venient rock, and patiently held his
fishing-rod, now and then examining
his bait, until all the afternoon had
passed away, and he caught nothing.

Just as the boy was about to
leave with his "big haul," the
student exclaimed:

"My young fellow, how is this?
I've caught no fish, and yet I have
splendid tackle. How is it that you,
with your rude fishing-pole and
twine string, catch the fish?"

The boy replied: "It is not my
old fishing-rod, nor twine string, nor
the bait, nor the hook, that make
the trout bite; but I kept hiding
myself under the bushes while I was
fishing. The fish will not bite, and
you won't catch 'em, so long as you
don't keep yourself out of sight."

The illustration and application
of this incident is a peculiarly sug-
gestive lesson for those who are
"fishers for men."

One may have culture, intellectu-
al endowments, style of address,
eloquence, reasoning powers, rhetori-
cal attractions, and admirable gifts,
winning much attention to them-
selves, and wonderful words of
encomium and praise about them-
selves, yet prove to be dead failures
so far as winning souls to Christ is
concerned.

In all work for Jesus, reader,
"keep yourself out of sight." Let
the people see "Jesus only."—
Selected.

Couldn't Stand His Wife's Religion.

In 1887, I attended a great camp
meeting in Georgia. I was leading
an experience meeting one morning
when I noticed a big-hearted farmer
very restless on my left. I said to
him, "Brother, you want to talk—
I'll stop all others and hear from
you now." He sprang to his feet
and said: "I do want to talk. I
want to tell you what I never told a
living soul before. Across that altar
sits my wife—she knows nothing of
the secret purpose I am going to tell.
I was converted before the war, but
lost all my religion in the army. I
became worse than I ever had been.
I came home, but my dear wife was
as true as steel. I hated the Church
—I hated the Bible—I was harder
than a rock. Years went by and
all the time there was a gulf between
my wife and me. I hated her re-
ligion and she seemed to love it
more than even she did me. No man
ever had a better wife. Now I come
to my secret purpose. I determined
I would sweep all that Bible non-
sense out of my house. Every time
I would try to settle it for good, I
would run against her pure life, and
I could not get an inch further.
Again and again I failed. At last
I said if I can just unsettle her,
I will know it is all a sham. I
picked my chance. Children
all out, I said, 'Wife, we
have been very happy together. We
used to think and feel and act just
alike, and we were so happy. But
it is different now. You believe in
praying and serving God. I know
that is all sham. Now let us throw
that all aside, let us be happy like
we once were.' She said not a word
while I was talking. When I was
done she leaned forward, her eyes
kindling as she spoke, like I had so
often seen them. 'Husband, I am
very sorry I have not been a better
wife to you. If God spares me I
will do better. I will go with you
anywhere you want to go. I will
work these fingers down to the
stumps for you—but hear me—I
will die in my tracks before I will
yield one inch from my Bible or my
God!' Brethren, when she said
that the lightning struck me—the
old time conviction. She had got
her grappling hooks into me and jerked
me clean over to her side again.
I am here to-day—happy on my way
to heaven. That good wife did it."

I went back the next year to the
same camp-meeting. I missed him.
The second day I missed him. The
third day I said, "Where is my
brother White?" "Have you not
heard? He died shouting last Janu-
ary, and blessing his good wife who
had saved him from ruin by her
heroism."—Christian Companion.

TRAIN THE CHILDREN.—Among
the old Romans the custom prevailed
of holding the face of every new-
born babe toward the heavens. The
forehead of the child was presented
to the stars, to signify that it should
look above the world into the celest-
ial glories. Christianity has dis-
pelled the vain superstition, and
given a clear realization of the pagan
yearning. It is the object of the
Sunday school to turn the faces of
our children toward the stars. We
may estimate the value of the Sun-
day-school work among the children
of the world! The hope of Chris-
tianity, the hope of missions, lies in
the conversion of children.—W. R.
Baldwin.

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Neuralgia.

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These few adjectives apply with pecu-
liar force to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
—a standard external and internal
remedy, adapted to the relief and cure
of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and
all affections of the breathing organs,
kidney troubles, excoriations, sores,
lameness and physical pain.

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Liver Pills. They are a positive cure
for sick headache and all the ills pro-
duced by disordered liver. Only one
pill a dose.

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have taken three bottles for bad blood
and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand
medicine and I recommend it wherever
I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

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complaint about a year ago and no
remedies seemed to relieve him. At
last my aunt advised us to try Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry and before
he had taken one bottle he was entire-
ly cured."—Adelaide Crittenden,
Baldwin, Ont.

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&c., act as so many waste gates for the
escape of effete matter and gases from
the body. The use of Northrop &
Lyman's Vegetable Discovery helps
them to discharge their duty. Mr. W.
H. Lester, H. M. Customs, writes: "I
have personally tested the health-giv-
ing properties of Northrop & Lyman's
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1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
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.....	1,573,027.16.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	625,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	17,164,383.08
1890.....	574,254.96.....	2,911,014.19.....	20,698,589.92

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and guarantee the work. Don't pay \$50
for a \$30 suite because you get long time
pay for it. You can do better.
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Work.

Work, work, work,
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