

Two or Three.

There were only two or three of us
Who came to the place of prayer.
Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
For that we did not care,
Since, after our hymns of praise had risen,
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master Himself was present there,
And gave us the living bread.

We knew His look in our leader's face,
So rapt, and glad, and free;
We felt His touch when our heads were bowed;
We heard His "Come to me,"
And none unbared the door;
But "peace" was His token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?

Each of us felt the load of sin
From the weary shoulder fall;
Each of us dropped the load of care,
And the grief that was like a pall;
And over our spirits a blessed calm
Swept in from the Jasper sea,
And at length was ours for toil and strife
In the days that were thence to be.

It was only a handful gathered in
To the little place of prayer,
Outside were struggle and pain and sin,
But the Lord Himself was there;
He came to redeem the pledge He gave—
Wherever His loved ones be,
To stand Himself in the midst of them,
Though they count but two or three.

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
And our hearts had grown so warm,
It seemed like the pelting of Summer
flowers,
And not like the crash of a storm.

"Twas a time of the dearest privilege
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus Himself had
come
To feed us with living bread.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Congregationalist.

An Engineer's Good Angel.

Said a gentleman, well known
throughout this State, to a reporter
for the *Inter-Ocean*, yesterday afternoon:
"True it is that there are
more things in heaven and earth
than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Pressed for an explanation of his
words, he continued:

"The passenger train on the
Illinois Central railroad that left
Springfield, Ill., Thursday night, at
ten o'clock, had a most miraculous
escape from a second Chatsworth
disaster. When about fifty miles
from Springfield, the engineer was
suddenly impressed with a fear that
some impending danger was near at
hand. The rate of speed was near
thirty miles an hour. The only
possible danger that he could im-
agine was a small bridge, a short
distance ahead. The conviction of
danger was so great and impressed
him so thoroughly that he stopped
the train and went forward to ascer-
tain if there could possibly be any
danger. He found that he was
within five hundred feet of the small
bridge, and that it had burned
almost entirely away, the fire still
smouldering. Only a few of the
passengers who happened to be
awake knew of the danger until
after workmen had been summoned
from Gilman and a temporary bridge
constructed. The bridge was only
about twelve feet across. It seems
to me it was a wonderful escape,
and what has been haunting me
ever since I learned the details is,
'Who told the engineer there was
death ahead?'"

The reporter at once started out
to see the engineer of the threat-
ened train, and found him at a pleasant
home at No. 113 Eighteenth Street,
in the person of Horace L. Seaver.

Mr. Seaver when called on had
just risen from a sleep after his
eventful trip. He is a tall, light-
complexioned person, and impresses
one as a man of unusual coolness.
Although it later developed he is a
pleasant conversationalist, he is
somewhat reticent about speaking of
the narrow escape he had had. On
being told, however, what points the
reporter was already in possession
of, he consented to give the facts,
and did so in the main as follows:

We left Springfield at ten o'clock
on Thursday night with a crowded
train—about two hundred passen-
gers. We had the engine, baggage-
car, one coach, and a Pullman
sleeper. The passengers were mostly
excursionists coming to Chicago to
spend the Fourth. We reached
Guthrie on time, and pulled out for
Mevin, five miles distant. Between
the two places is a wooden bridge,
spanning a ravine. The night was
not very dark, and we did not
expect anything to occur to keep us
from making the run on time. We
had just pulled out from Guthrie,
and was increasing the speed when
for some unaccountable reason I
began to ease up gradually. When
about two miles of the bridge, I
noticed a reflection in the sky to the
no-toward, but supposed it was from
a fire which the tramps had built
near the track. We often pass such
fires without paying any attention
to them. My fireman, Albert Rose,
was sitting on his seat, and we were
both quietly enjoying the cool night
air. I kept easing up, my hand on
the throttle bar, and not thinking of
anything in particular. In an in-
stant, I saw before my eyes, as

plainly as though the picture was
made of material objects, the out-
lines of the place where that bridge
was located, two miles ahead. It
came upon me like a flash. I said
to myself, "That bridge is gone, and
I know it." I have had such ex-
periences before, and I have come
to rely upon my feelings to a large
extent. I did last night, with the
full conviction that, although I had
not seen the bridge or the place
where it was, I knew it was gone. I
stopped the train just as we were
within thirty feet of the bridge. My
fireman looked ahead, and so did I.
The bridge was in reality gone. We
jumped out of the cab and made an
examination of the place. Where
the span had been there was a heap
of smouldering embers, and there
was nothing left save the rails,
which still hung over the ravine, held
together by the binders and bolts.
The trestle was thirty-five feet long
and eight feet high. On either side
of the bank there is a steep embank-
ment.

Rose asked me how I happened to
stop the train. I could not tell him.
I do not know. I can only say that
I knew that bridge was gone. Con-
ductor Edward Collins came forward
to see what the matter was, and
when he looked at the swinging rails
ahead, he could hardly speak. We
all thought of Chatsworth, and
thanked our stars that some invis-
ible influence or power had saved
two hundred people.

It was some time before the
passengers were informed what the
cause for the delay was; but when
they found out, they were badly
scared. We sent for section hands
to repair the bridge, and settled
down for a long wait. The farmers
in the vicinity kindly did all they
could for the passengers in the way
of furnishing breakfast.

You see I do not deserve the credit
for the miraculous prompting which
led me to the sure conviction that
there was danger ahead.

There have been other occasions
in my engineering experience in
which this same premonition, as
you might call it, has saved a wreck.
I have been on the road twenty-five
years, and have never had a smash-
up. Of course there is a good deal
that may be credited to good luck,
but there are several instances which
go to show that, in my case at least,
premonition is a fact.

I remember once at Kankakee,
when I was running a freight engine
in 1878, I stopped to fill the tank.
When we were ready to proceed, I
placed my hand on the throttle bar.
Just as I was about to open her, I
said to myself, "No, I must not,
but jump out and see if everything
is all right." That is an extraordi-
nary thing for an engineer to do, but
I got out of the cab and went in
front of the cow-catcher. There
lying on the track, within ten feet
of the engine, was a little curly-
headed girl, peacefully sleeping
between the rails of a frog. If I
had moved the engine, I would have
cut her to pieces. I picked her up
without waking her, and carried her
to the mother, to whom I gave a
gentle admonition concerning her
child.

On another occasion I had stop-
ped for water at a small Illinois
town, and when we were ready to
pull out, the same feeling came over
me. I got out and found a small
boy under the engine, trying to fix
house for a ride.

Several years ago, before I began
running a passenger engine, on a
dark, foggy night, I received orders
at Chebanse to wait for an excursion
train of Grand Army men, and to
follow at a rate of twenty-five miles
an hour. The excursion train, loaded
with about one thousand of soldiers
who were returning from encamp-
ment, passed Chebanse on its way to
Ofton, five miles south. I followed.
When about two miles out I sudden-
ly took it into my head to stop,
which I did. The train had no more
than come to a standstill, when a
man, who had come back from the
excursion train, jumped on the
engine and told us his train was
about a hundred feet ahead. We
could not see it on account of the
fog. Now, I do not believe in being
guided wholly by impulse, but I
know this much, that, on these
occasions, there would have been
loss of life if there had been no pre-
monition. —Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

RURAL NOTES AND NOTIONS.

BY SENEX SMITH.

John Jones.

He was "the son of poor but pious
parents," as the goodly goody story-
books have it. And there are many
such sons in our congregations and
in our Sabbath schools. But all of
them don't turn out as well as
Johnny did. He joined the church
when he was about twelve years old,
and in doing so he made up his mind
to try to live a true life. He knew
that he was not particularly bright,
nor was he particularly good-looking.
People did not say as they passed him
on the street, "Isn't that a handsome
little fellow?" The teachers at
school did not put him forward as a
specimen pupil. He was shy and

quiet, but he was amiable and con-
scientious. If anybody in the
neighborhood wanted anything done
that a boy could do, they would say:
"Ask Johnny Jones; he is always
willing, and you can trust him."

Johnny did not get very much
education, as he had to help his
father support the family. He
learned a trade and became a good
workman. When he married and
had a family of his own, he could
earn but little beyond a living, and
so had not much to give away. But
by the time he was twenty-five, John
Jones, the mechanic, who had to
spend ten hours a day in his shop
was one of the best known and most
influential men in town. If any-
body was in trouble, he went at
once to John Jones. He was sure
at least of ready sympathy and of
good advice. If anything was to be
done in the church, or in any depart-
ment of moral reform, John Jones
was put on the committee. He never
made speeches. He had no ambi-
tion to be a leader. He never sought
a position of responsibility, and yet
he never refused one. He was
modest and diffident. But when his
friends thought that he ought to
help in any good work he was ready
to do so promptly, and to the best of
his ability. Though quiet and un-
demonstrative, he had a great deal
of moral courage, and the grit and
tenacity of a bulldog when he be-
lieved that he was right. John Jones
was not a great man by any means,
and he never could have been ac-
cording to the world's ideals of
greatness, but he was a good man.

During a long life he was true to
God and to his fellow-men. He tried
in his humble sphere not only to do
right, but to be useful. And when
he died, everybody felt that the
community had sustained a great
loss. Even the worst people in
town could not help respecting such
a man. The saloon keeper, Pat
O'Reilly, as his funeral went by,
said: "Faith, Johnny Jones was
down on us liquor-men, but he was
a kind-hearted old fellow, and never
said or did a mean thing."

Now, John Jones is a fictitious
name, but the life I have briefly
outlined was lived by one whom I
knew well, and who has recently
gone to his reward. I refer to it to
show that great talents and oppor-
tunities are not necessary in order
that we may be useful. Any plain,
true-hearted man who fears God,
and wants to live a true life, can be
in his day and neighborhood what
John Jones was. And the world
needs such men quite as much as it
needs eloquent preachers or able
lecturers on moral reform. If the
race is made better, it must be
largely through the quiet every-day
work of humble and self-denying
Christians—of men who would
rather be useful than rich; rather
hear God say, "Well done, faithful
servant," than to win the applause
of their fellowmen.

There is this difference between
living to get rich and living to do
good. In the former case the result
is uncertain in two ways; first, ten
fail where one succeeds, and second,
those who succeed in making money
find it does not bring the happiness
they anticipated, but rather addi-
tional cares, anxieties and disap-
pointments. On the other hand,
whoever tries to do good can not
utterly fail, and when he rests from
his labors his works will follow him.
Last of all having to leave all at
death, as the millionaire does, he
finds that his good deeds on earth
are treasures laid up in heaven. How
strange, then, that sensible people
will chase the ignis fatuus of glitter-
ing gold and neglect the true riches!
Chauncey Depew had unusual op-
portunities of knowing the success-
ful men of this day. And this is
what he said recently at the Life
Insurance Association dinner in
New York:

"It has been my fortune to deal
with men whom the world accounts
rich for the last quarter of a century,
and I have found, in consulting with
my books, that of the men whose
names are written there, and of the
men who have met me in private
consultation, the vast majority have
failed and died poor."

To sacrifice so much for wealth,
and then not to get it, even, must
be bitterly disappointing. To give
up all the grand possibilities of life
merely to make money, and fail to
make it, is sad indeed. Bunyan
paints the miser as a man with a
muck-rake. But if the toiling, care-
worn raker doesn't get his pile of
muck even, if he has to lie down and
die, hot, as he hoped, a poor rich
man, but a poor poor man, an utter
bankrupt both for this life and for
the life to come, how pitiable! Let
our young men ponder such facts as
Mr. Depew presents, and resolve to
live for objects that are more certain-
ly secured, and that are more satis-
fying. —*Sour. and Mess.*

Faithfulness in Humble Places.

This is a very tender story con-
cerning faithfulness in humble
places which Jean Ingelow has re-
lated for us:

It was in one of the Orkney
Islands, far beyond the north of

Scotland. On the coast of this
island there stood out a rock, called
the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to
navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in
a fisherman's hut ashore a young
girl, spinning at her spinning wheel,
looking out upon the dark and
driving clouds, and listening anxiously
to the wind and sea.

At last the morning came; and
one boat, that should have been
riding on the waves, was missing.
It was her father's boat; and half a
mile from the cottage her father's
body was found, washed upon the
shore. He had been wrecked against
this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years
ago. The girl watched her father's
body, according to the custom of her
people, till it was laid in the grave;
then she lay down on her bed and
slept. When night came she arose
and set a candle in her basement, as
a beacon to the fisherman and a
guide. All night long she sat by
the candle, trimmed it when it flick-
ered down and span.

So many hanks of yarn as she had
spun before, for her daily bread,
she spun still, and one hank over for
her nightly candle. And from that
time to the time of the telling this
story (fifty years, through youth,
maturity, intemperance, she has turned
night into day. And in the snow-
storms of winter, in the serene calms
of summer, through driving mists,
deceptive moonlight, and solemn
darkness, that northern harbor has
never once been without the light of
that small candle. However far the
fisherman might be standing out to
sea, he had only to bear down straight
for that lighted window, and he was
sure of safe entrance into harbor.
And so for all these fifty years that
tiny light, flaming thus out of de-
votion and self-sacrifice, she helped
and cheered and saved.

Surely this was finding chance for
service in a humble place; surely
this was lowliness glorified by faith-
fulness; surely the smile of the Lord
Jesus must have followed along the
beams of that poor candle, glimmer-
ing from that humble window, as
they went wandering forth to bless
and guide the fishmen tossing in
their boats upon the sea.—*Selected.*

The Fatal Church Raffle.

As the heavy prison bolts turned
on the minister, he looked sadly on
the prisoners in their strange gar-
ments, and thought with more and
more anxiety of his errand. He had
come to see a young man of his con-
gregation, conviction of forgery.
The heart-broken parents had begged
him to visit the prison, hoping the
peace of the gospel might reach
even his gloomy cell. As the minister
kindly greeted him, the youth
scarcely replied, but gazed with a
sort of defiance. He began giving
the mother's tender message, with
the interest all the church felt in his
welfare. At last the youth broke out.

"Do you know you was what did
it?"

"What have I done?" replied the
pastor, striving to understand the
strange language.

"I began the business," returned
the youth, speaking very loud, "in
your Sunday-school. Don't you re-
member the Sunday-school fair,
when they first set up raffling, and
hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake?
Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got
a whole box of little books. I was
pleased with my luck, and went in
afterward for chances. Sometimes
I gained and sometimes I lost.
Money I must have for lotteries. I
was half mad with excitement; so I
used other folks' names, and here I
am. Don't let the church come
blubbering around me. They may
thank themselves! Their raffling is
what did it! It ruined me!" —
Golden Censer.

Habit, like the ivy on our walls,
cements and consolidates that which
it cannot destroy.

If ever we would be lovely like
Christ, we must be holy like Christ.
Holiness is a Christian's comeliness.

Minard's Liniment cures
Burs, etc.

A Remarkable Case.—Mr. Walter
Wheeler, of the Washington Mills,
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with varicose veins, accompanied
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bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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One pill a dose. Try them.

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1874.....	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
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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
1888.....	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1889.....	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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