

Where the Master Dwelleth.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honor."—John vii. 26.

Have you looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have lost their way?
Have you been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and the darksome street?
It may be, ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of my wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy?
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay His head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus will make thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the golden land?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death
To comfort the sorrow stricken
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt when the glory
Had streamed through the open door
And fitted across the shadows
That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken hearted
In their agony of woe?
You might hear me whispering beside you
"Tis the pathway I often go,
My brethren, my friends, my disciples,
Can ye dare to follow me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth
There shall the servant be.

The Inconsistencies of Others.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"I wish that I could have seen you sooner: I fear that fellow's bungling—looking at it in the best light—has set you back several months; but we must be thankful that he has taken himself off in this sudden and unexpected manner, for if he had not it might have been much longer before we found out how he was treating, or more properly maltreating, you. I declare it is enough to make a saint swear to see such fellows let loose on the public." And the young man left his chair and went striding wrathfully about the room.

"Why, Harold, how violent you are! I thought that physicians never talked against one another."

"Physicians!" and the tone conveyed a world of contempt; "this fellow is no physician, simply a thorough-going quack. I cannot understand how he got a foothold here. I'd be willing to wager that he cannot show a diploma. No, Aunt Kate," coming back and sitting down beside her and answering the question that the old lady had put, "I feel confident that it is not too late; but I'm not so old and experienced as I might be, and I am not going to rely upon my own judgment in the matter; so I have telegraphed to Dr. Sanford to meet me here to-morrow. I am not going to have no more mistakes; but I wish that you had not left it so long before sending for me."

"I could not be sure that he did not understand my case, Harold, and it seemed a pity to ask you to come thirty miles for what might be pure imagination."

"Thirty miles! well what of that? Are you not worth coming thirty miles for? Will it hurt you to talk? Oh no; that is, if you will let me take the biggest half of the conversation."

"That will suit me exactly. I want you to tell me how you like your new home and if Alice is happy there."

"We are both delighted with it, Aunt Katharine. It's as pretty a town as you could well find, and we have succeeded in securing what Alice calls 'a love of a cottage.' It is as cozy and convenient as possible, and just as soon as you are well enough to be moved you are coming there, never to go away any more. This never would have happened if you had been with us. Ah it's outrageous!" And again he rose and began to stride indignantly up and down the room.

"Come back, Harold; you have not told me half I want to know," and as he took his seat again and with his chin resting on his arms, sat critically regarding her, she continued.

"Now tell me about your church. Do you like the clergyman?"

"Ah now you have touched upon a subject about which I can give you no information, but I never go to church; I don't believe in that sort of thing." And the change that passed over his fine face was not pleasant to see.

"Why, Harold! and your father's son!" The tone was full of pain and sorrow.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you Aunt Kate, but the truth must be told."

"But, Harold, why is it the truth?"

What business have you to let it be the truth?"

"Well, Aunt Katharine, since you will have it, I am disgusted with the whole subject; there is too much inconsistency and doubly-dealing among church members to suit me. Over and over again I have seen them do things in their business, take advantage of the ignorance of their customers, which I, a non-professor, almost an unbeliever—thanks to such as they—would blush even to think of. Then there are what are called—and how constantly you hear of them—'church quarrels.' No, I thank you, none of it for me; there are too many failures among them. Why Aunt Kate," his lip curling scornfully, "I could give you a list of even officers in churches whose lives are a disgrace to any man, much more to a professing Christian. But it is time I was off if I am to catch my train. I shall be here by noon to-morrow with Dr. Sanford, and then we shall know how soon you can come to take possession of that room that Alice is expending all her best efforts upon. She is wonderfully impatient for you to see the baby. Your namesake is a great institution, Aunt Katharine. Good-bye," and he leaned down to kiss her.

"Wait a moment, Harold; I have not said anything to your proposition to bring Dr. Sanford. I wanted to see you, my boy, for I am very lonely, feeling as miserable as I do. But, Harold, I do not think that I will try another physician nor even take your medicines. If I grow stronger by-and-by I will come to you, for I never want to be alone again; but I shall see no more doctors."

"Why, Aunt Kate," exclaimed the young man in horrified tone, that would be simple suicide! I have told you that I feel confident that you can be cured, though of course it will be slow recovery, owing to the work of this impostor."

"No," said the old lady, shaking her head, "I have had my experience and my faith in physicians is gone."

"But, Aunt Kate," he insisted almost impatiently, "because one has proved incompetent, are you going to condemn the whole faculty?"

He was too excited and earnest to see what he was doing, and even when the old lady without answering looked long and searchingly at him, he did not understand the glance.

"Why not, Harold?" she said finally. "I am but following in your steps."

For a moment he looked puzzled, then throwing his head proudly back he said stiffly.

"Oh I understand: you have trapped me, taken me, so to speak, in my own net. But I do not consider it at all a parallel case."

"It is exactly a parallel case, Harold. All that you say I know to be terrible true, and what is more, it is only what our Saviour warned us would happen when he bade us beware of wolves in sheep's clothing. You ask me indignantly if, because one man has proved a failure, a disgrace to his profession, I am going to judge all physicians by his shortcomings. No, a thousand times no. And yet that is exactly what you are upholding yourself in doing. There are hundreds of unskilful and fraudulent men in all professions; there are bungling carpenters; there are untrustworthy mechanics in every trade: but because that is true are we to say that we will employ none, that none are trustworthy? There are many among the professing Christians whose lives you have so narrowly watched who may be perfectly sincere, but who through carelessness have stumbled. In that case their sorrow and repentance will be greater than you can at all understand: but there are many, alas! who have made religion a cloak for covering their real selves. Do you not see that while they bring upon themselves a terrible condemnation, they do not prove thereby that religion is worthless, but rather that it is very true and valuable? Would they assume it if it were not a good and beautiful thing? Ah, Harold, I love you far too well to let you leave this house without showing you that your arguments are most shallow, such as you would not think of using in connection with this world. Go home, my boy, and think this over honestly and see if you have not been trying to shelter yourself and your own failure to do your duty behind the inconsistencies of others."

"You do not spare me, Aunt Kate," said the young man bitterly.

"No more, Harold, than you would spare your little child did you see that severe treatment was necessary to save her dear life."

Some weeks later the old lady lay on the couch in one of the prettiest rooms of the pretty cottage. Her nephew was beside her with little Katharine, who with serious baby eyes was making up her mind in regard to this new member of the family, on his knee.

"Do you feel very tired after your journey, Aunt Kate?" he asked.

"No, Harold, only tired enough to make resting very pleasant." I can hardly realize that I am the same feeble old woman I was two months ago. You and Dr. Sanford have done wonders for me, my boy."

The baby at this point concluded to accept the new relative, and with a sweet little coo held down her dear baby face to be kissed.

"Aunt Katharine" said the young man, smoothing tenderly the silky head which was laid again on his breast, "there is something that I must tell you. You said some pretty hard things to me some two months ago—things which, I must confess, made me very angry, but which, try as I might, I could not drive out of my mind. I have thought of them almost constantly, honestly, as you bade me, and I have been forced to acknowledge that they are true, and that my ground was as foolish and untenable as that to which you pretended to take in regard to doctors. I saw that among the professing Christians of my acquaintance the great majority were living beautiful and consistent lives; that this one in my own home," taking in his hand which his wife coming in at that moment, laid on his shoulder, should have taught me, had I not wilfully closed my eyes to the fact, the beauty and nobleness of that religion which I pretended to despise; for, Aunt Kate, you were right there too. It was because, though almost unconsciously to myself, I felt myself in the wrong, that I was so anxious to find refuge, as you said, behind the inconsistencies of others. This once acknowledged, as I could not but acknowledge it, my duty was plain, and by God's help I am going to live for him; and may his grace keep me from becoming a stumbling-block in another's path."

The Dear Old Book.

"I am surprised," said a pastor recently, "at the unbelief, the infidelity, in my church."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Infidelity among your own church members!"

"Yes," he said; "they do not hesitate to say—some of them—that they do not believe the Bible as it has been taught them; they say 'modern criticism' has shown there is much in the old book to be discarded as matters of faith."

"What is the spiritual life of these persons?" I asked, after a moment of puzzled thought.

"If by their fruits we know them," he replied, "I should say there is very little 'life' left; and yet, he added, 'they are good folks, and they are trying to do good in many ways. Yes, they are good folks, and I like them. But I declare they don't respond much to spiritual truth'—with a doubtful shake of his head."

"I think I know the source of that nonsense about 'not believing,' I said, rather impatiently. 'Most of it comes from the instruction of a certain Bible-class teacher. A number of teachers in the Sunday-school are graduates from that Bible-class. It is a serious thing to have our young people trained under such influence.'

Recalling this conversation, which is not imaginary, one feels a mixture of amusement, contempt, and sorrow for Christians who talk thus flippantly about "rejecting" this, that, and the other part of the book which stands king among the mountains of the world's literature, with the light of inspiration upon its hoary summit. They know just enough about the "higher criticism" to see only the troubled surface of those waters into whose depths devout thinkers are plunging. The little billows on the stream rock their life boats, and they think a general wreck is to follow. They do not know enough to understand that the disturbance is only on the surface and only for a time. The God of the Bible walks upon the waters. He holds them in the hollow of His hand. No criticism yet has touched the living heart of the Lord. Not one principle, not one promise, not one law of conduct has changed in the least under the sharpest scrutiny of advanced scholarship. What folly it is to allow a questioning spirit to shake our faith in the everlasting living Word. If the criticisms trouble us it is probably because we cannot go into them deeply enough to understand them; and if we cannot, we had better turn away from them altogether and hold "fast the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." For if we let go, we will surely find it true of ourselves as of God's old-time children: "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." This is the only occasion for fear in connection with the present critical discussions.

We common folk in trying to climb to the scholar's height of observation lose our heads. In jump-

ing at conclusions we jump off the solid rock into quicksands.

Meanwhile the success of the Word taught in simplicity in foreign lands is a continued commentary upon its inherent vital power. Educated Orientals are studying it; Bible women are teaching it to thousands of eager listeners; the entrance of the word is giving light in the dark places of the earth. It is a poor time now for intelligent men and women to cease reading with a prayerful, reverent spirit that book which is vanquishing all before it and whose words, when truly "found," are the joy and rejoicing of the heart.—*Advocate.*

Have you learned these things?

Anna P. Payne, in *Good House-keeping*, asks these questions:

Have you learned—

The value of sunshine?

To change a house into a home?

The great uplifting power of music?

To think and judge without prejudice?

To look up, then reach up and grasp the best?

That some uncomfortable words may be overcome?

How much environment has to do with what you are?

What a little thing will sometimes make a child happy?

That an outside door, or even the glass in it, may tell secrets?

To distribute good cheer, sweet thoughts, tender remembrances?

That a clear, bright light conduces to social, friendly chat at tea time?

That there are two kinds of wealth, and that one is of the heart and mind?

That the paper and pictures on the walls, the carpets and curtains may affect the mood of a sensitive person?

That a tidy is out of place when it becomes more important than the object which it is supposed to protect?

From experience, that discouragements are to be found on all sides, but that encouragements are dealt out sparingly by prudent hands?

THAT BOY.—His name is not Solomon. There are many things he does not know. Remember that he is only a boy. You were one once. Call to mind what you thought, and how you felt. Give that boy a chance. Keep near to him in sympathy. Be his chum. Do not make too many cast-iron laws. Rule with a velvet hand. Help him have "a good time." Answer his foolish questions. Be patient with his pranks. Laugh at his jokes. Sweat over his conundrums. Limber up your dignity with a game of ball or a half-day's fishing. You can win his heart utterly. And hold him steady in the path that leads higher up. That boy has a soul, and a destiny reaching high above the mountain peaks. He is worth a million times his weight in gold.

In flying from trouble we usually fly too low.

Diligence is a fair fortune and industry a good estate.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

GENTLEMEN.—One of my little girls (aged 4 years) had been troubled with costiveness in its worst form since infancy. We tried different remedies which gave relief while using, but as soon as discontinued she would be worse than before using. She lost her appetite and was growing weak and delicate. A friend of mine who had used B. B. B. with grand results for the same disease advised me to try it, and also the Burdock Pills, which we did. She did not take the contents of one bottle before it relieved her, for she has not been troubled once since, and she is now eight years old.

HENRY REYNOLDS, Sarspta, Ont.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, of James, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Messrs Northrop & Lyman are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes the pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. If you have not purchased a bottle do so at once, and keep it ready for an emergency. Its cheapness, 25 cents a bottle, places it within reach of all. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

"German Syrup" Lawn Tennis!

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90.

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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
1887	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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