

Helping the Weak.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on.
If a brother's all there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.
Let me mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace, that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated
Until all things sweet and good,
Seem my nature's habitude.

Bible Study.

If our young people are going to develop a vigorous Christian life, and be truly useful, one thing must not be neglected, and that is the prosecution of Bible study both privately and in their societies.

We feel fully persuaded that in the general Christian life of to-day this duty and privilege is seriously neglected, and is the cause of much weakness, both mental and moral. Christian work itself is not a substitute for faithful Bible study.

All must see its importance when we consider that the seeking soul is saved through the Word. The true Christian must feed upon the Word, and there can be no healthy and symmetrical growth without it.

Nothing will so firmly establish our minds and hearts upon the sure and certain ground of truth, and prevent the restless drifting about with every wind of doctrine, like a thorough study of God's Word.

The example of Christ in his typical temptation is a wise suggestion to us to furnish ourselves with the sword of the Spirit and the defensive and aggressive weapons of truth in the hour of our temptation, by familiarity with suitable passages of Scripture.

Our study of God's Word will very largely color the language of our prayers and experiences. It was most refreshing in olden times, and sometimes even now, to hear some earnest soul pour forth the prayer of the heart, or speak the testimony of the inner life, in the language of the Bible.

If anyone desires to do aggressive Christian work, the Word of God must be the best manual for training, and the fullest arsenal for weapons.

If you wish to work for Christ, you must know how to use your Bible with the utmost freedom and efficiency.

In a short article or two I will suggest how it will be profitable to study the Bible; not from the standpoint of a profound student, but of a practical worker.

METHODS OF STUDY.

1. The spirit in which you study the Bible is most important. It is so with any study. You must be in rapport with your work. The spirit you have will most likely give color and form to your whole work. We should approach the Bible in a spirit of becoming reverence, frank sincerity and honest searching after the truth it teaches and its application to us.

2. We should study the Bible critically. I do not mean captiously—not in a microscopic or unsympathetic spirit. It will be very helpful if you know enough of the Hebrew and Greek text at least to appreciate a criticism upon the meanings of words, though with the additional light of the Revised Version the English scholar can get a pretty accurate idea of the meaning of the text. Get a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the historical situation, and make due allowance for the local coloring of Oriental customs and temperament. Get a knowledge of all the facts before you draw the conclusions. Practise the inductive method of Bible study. Consult commentaries and other authorities, but form an independent judgment. Think for yourself. Keep your wits about you when you read God's Word. Often an ordinary man with sympathetic mind and spirit-illumined soul can get at the throbbing heart of a passage and discover its hidden meaning better than some commentators who waste too much time over the shades of meaning in tenses and cases, and analyze the words to death.

Practise independent research.

Christian Courtesy.

The following is a true incident with a change in the names. No doubt it may have its counterpart in the experience of hundreds of Christians.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase and their two sons had been living in a small Western town where they had had no church privileges.

Mr. Chase was utterly indifferent to religion, though he was a moral man. His wife had been raised an Episcopalian, but, knowing her husband opposed that church, did not much care where she went.

The family, having moved to Minneapolis, Mrs. Chase determined to put the boys in Sunday-school.

The first Sunday she could not go with them, but sent them to the nearest church.

The boys came home looking very dejected and said they did not like that school and would not go again. Being questioned farther one impatiently said: "They have no use for boys there, they do not want them!"

Their mother ascertained that, although the boys were early and sat in the church all through the session, not one person had spoken to them.

The next Sunday their mother went with the boys to another church. At the door they were cordially met by friendly people, and introduced to some others, and were invited to remain to Sunday-school. The boys were put into classes and introduced to their teachers; Mrs. Chase herself, asked to join a class, which she did gladly.

Upon finding this family had recently moved into the city, one gentleman asked Mrs. Chase for her husband's business address. During the week he called on Mr. Chase, invited him to church with his wife next Sunday to hear the new pastor who would preach his first sermon.

That same week Mr. Chase was called upon by two other gentlemen and upon leaving them gave him a similar invitation.

Mr. Chase liked these gentlemen and determined to go to that church they seemed so interested in, so the next Sunday morning Mrs. Chase was greatly astonished when her husband quietly remarked: "I believe I will go with you to church this morning."

He had not been inside of a church for years and his wife had almost ceased to hope he would ever enter one again.

That morning the "sword of the Spirit" pierced him. It was not long before he was converted, and the new pastor had the pleasure of baptizing both Mr. and Mrs. Chase a few years later both of their boys, and now there are no more faithful workers in that church than these. "Be ye courteous."

Scolding the Children.

"A scandaunous tunge, a tunge of a skolve,
Worketh more mischief than can be tolde."

Scolding is always an expression of a bad spirit and a loss of temper. This is as truly the case when a loving mother scolds her child for breaking his playthings wilfully, or for soiling his third dress in one forenoon by playing in the gutter which he was forbidden to approach, as when one apple-woman yells out her abuse of another apple-woman in a street-corner quarrel. In either case, writes H. Clay Trumbull, the essence of the scolding is in the multiplication of hot words in expression of strong feelings that, while eminently natural, ought to be held in better control. The words themselves may be very different in the two cases, but the spirit and method are much alike in both. It is scolding in the one case as in the other; and scolding is never in order.

If a child has done wrong, a child needs talking to; but no parent ought to talk to a child while that parent is unable to talk in a natural tone of voice, and with carefully measured words. If the parent is tempted to talk rapidly, or to multiply words without stopping to weigh them, or to show an excited state of feeling, the parent's first duty is to gain entire self-control. Until that control is secured, there is no use of the parent's trying to attempt any measure of child-training. The loss of self-control is for the time being an utter loss of power for the control of others. This is as true in one sphere as in another.

In giving commands, or in giving censure, to a child, the fewer and the more calmly spoken words the better. A child soon learns that scolding means less than quiet talking; and he even comes to find a certain satisfaction in waiting silently until the solder has blown off the surplus feeling which vents itself in this way. There are times, indeed, when words may be multiplied to advantage in explaining to a child the nature and consequences of his offence, and the reasons why he should be different in the future; but such words should always be spoken in gentleness, and in self-controlled earnestness. Scolding—rapidly spoken, censure and protest, in the exhibit of strong feeling—is never in order as a means of training and directing the child. No child is ever helped or benefited by any scolding that he receives; and no parent ever helps or benefits his child by means of a scolding.

By a White Rose.

The far-reaching influence of a little act of kindness is beautifully shown in this story. Kindness and sympathy are what the world needs; not criticism and spurning. The incident is told by a writer in the *Silver Cross*:

A wealthy lady, young and beautiful, who had lately experienced genuine conversion, was so overflowing with love to the Saviour that she was drawn to visit those who were in prison. One day, before starting on this errand of mercy, she went to her conservatory, and her gardener gathered her up a large box of flowers, and was about to tie it up for her, when she noticed a perfect white rose untouched, and asked that it be added.

"Oh, no," he said; please keep that for yours if it wears to night."

"I need it more just now," she said, and took it with her on her journey.

Reaching the prison, she commenced her rounds among the women's wards, giving a few blossoms to each inmate, with a leaflet, a text, and a message of sympathy and Christian hope.

"Have I seen all the prisoners here?" she asked the jailer.

"No; there is one you cannot visit. Her language is so wicked it would scorch your ears to hear it."

"She is the one who most needs me," she answered. "I have one flower, the choicest of all I brought. Can you not take me to her?"

Then, when they confronted each other on either side of the grated door, the visitor was greeted with curses, and the only reply she gave was the beautiful white rose, which was left in the woman's cell. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice which had breathed imprecations mumbled over and over again the one word, "Mother! mother! mother!"

The next week she came again. The jailer met her saying, "That woman whom you saw last is asking for you constantly. I never saw a woman so changed."

Soon the two were alone in the cell, and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her newfound friend, told, with sobs, her sad story. "That white rose was just like one which grew by our door, at home in Scotland—my mother's favorite flower. She was a good woman; and my father's character was stainless. But I broke their hearts by my wicked ways; then drifted to America, where I have lived a wicked life. Is there any hope for me?"

And so the dawning of a better day came as the two "reasoned together."

Many visits the lady made in that narrow room, until she seemed an angel of light to its inmate. When the time came for the woman's release, the love of Christ constraining her, she went into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been.

Jacob's Sermon.

"Had a good sermon, Jacob?" my wife asked me last night when I came home from church.

"Complete, Rachel," said I. "Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon, and the singing, and the people."

"Good singing, Jacob?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you."

"Many people out today?"

"I don't know."

"Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What are you thinking about?"

"The sermon."

"What was the text?"

"I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it."

"I declare, Jacob, I do believe you slept all the time."

"Indeed, I didn't. I never was so wide awake."

"What was the subject, then?"

"As near as I can remember, it was me."

"You, Jacob Gay?"

"Yes, ma'am. You think it a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too."

"Who preached? Our minister?"

"No, he didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman, too."

"Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, surely. Those woman's rights folks haven't got into our pulpit?"

"Well, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I will tell you about it. You know that young woman at the post office, Mrs. Hyde's niece? She and I were the first ones at meeting, and we sat by the stove warming. I have seen her a great deal in the post office and at her aunt's, when I was there at work. She is pleasant-spoken, and a nice, pretty girl. We were talking about the meetings. You know there is quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one and that one who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said sort of low and trembling in her voice, and a pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just starting, 'O Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer meeting last night that we did so want you to be a Christian.'"

Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it,

and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in all my life.

"Why, bless your soul," I said, "my child, I have been a member of the church forty years."

"My tears came then, and I guess my cheeks would have been redder than hers, if they wasn't so tanned."

"Do excuse me, Mr. Gay," she said. "Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian."—*The Standard*.

A Child of God.

There was a ripple of excitement all through the orphan asylum; for a great lady had come in her carriage to take little Jane home with her.

Jane herself was bewildered with the thought. The kind matron led her down the wide stairway, and as she passed the nail door she saw the shining carriage, the fine horses, the liveried servants, and it seemed like a dream.

"I hope she is glad to go," said the great lady in a gentle tone. "Do you want to go home with me and be my child, my dear?"

"I don't know," said Jane, timidly.

"But I am going to give you beautiful clothes, and a gold ring, and a box of candy, and books, and dolls, and blocks, and a swing. Now do you want to go?"

"I don't know," said the child, still frigid.

"You shall have a little room of your own, with a beautiful bed, and table, and chair; you shall have a bird in a cage, and a little dog with a silver collar. Don't you want to go with me, Jane?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the little one said, anxiously, "But what am I to do for all this?"

The lady burst into tears. "Only to love me and be my child," she said; and she folded the little girl in her arms.

God finds us orphaned, and desolate, and defiled with sin, and poor and naked, and blind; he adopts us into his family, and gives us all that we need in this life, with care and protection, and his own name, and forgiveness, and the companionship of the Holy Spirit, and an inheritance in glory; and all that he asks in return is that we should love him and be his children.

The best way to avoid scalp diseases hair falling out, and premature baldness is to use the best preventive known for that purpose—Hall's Hair Renewer.

A Life for a Dance.

A very sad incident, showing how one may make an idol of pleasure, lately occurred in a New England town.

A young woman living as an assistant in a certain family was attacked by the prevailing epidemic, la grippe, but through kind care and skilful treatment she nearly recovered. While still convalescent she announced her intention of attending a ball which was to be held in that vicinity.

"If you go," said her physician, "you will take your life in your hand."

"I would rather die than miss the dance," was an answer.

She went, but before the close of the evening she became so exhausted that it was necessary to carry her home. The combined exposure and exertion proved fatal. A week later she had paid the fearful price of her indiscretion.

Is this not a mournful illustration of the extreme to which a love of pleasure may lead? One thinks that a little dancing is innocent, that a little card-playing will do no harm, that a moderate degree of conviviality will help to win a desirable reputation of good-fellowship. But where is the point at which one should stop?

We shudder at the thought that a young woman, with all of life's possibilities before her, should be willing to put them in the balance against any form of recreation, however innocent in itself. Yet how many have sacrificed body and soul to an extravagant love of amusement. There are recreations that strengthen the mind and the body, and have in themselves no tendency to extravagant indulgence.

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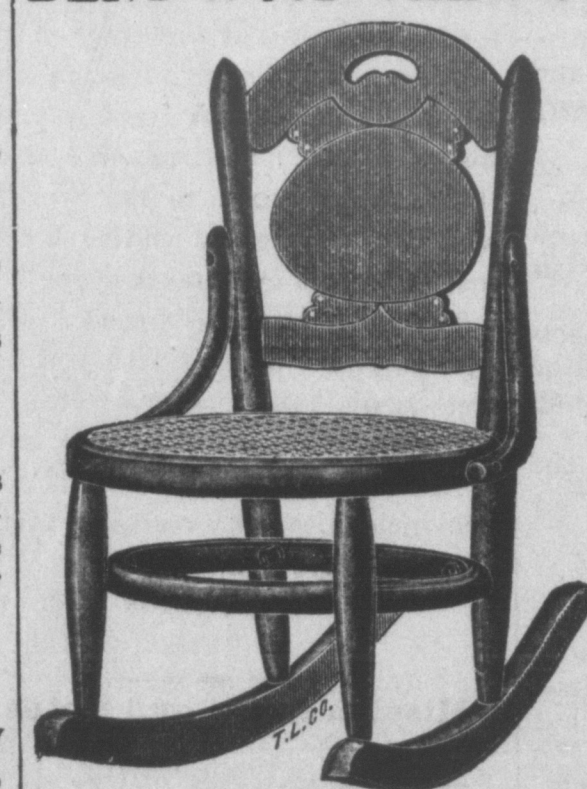
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