

The Teacher's Reward.

Ye shall shine as the stars in the firmament forever.
Who turn unto Jesus the perishing here,
Who gently are leading the lambs to the pasture
Where floweth the water to cooling and clear.

Then prayerfully, carefully, go to your labors,
And deal with them wisely, the souls of your care,
Never forgetting, though lofty or lowly,
How costly a gem is the spirit they bear.

Better by far than all worldly bestowment,
Is the reward that your service will win;
Turning to righteousness souls of the children,
Stooping to gather the poorest ones in.

Time, with its guerdons of honor and treasure,
Soon will be lost in the measureless sea,
But yonder a crown, that is starred with the glory
Of souls for thy hire, will be waiting for thee.

Then turn not thy hand from the work that's before thee;
Nor suffer thy heart to grow careless and cold;
The seeds ye are sowing with patience and prayer,
Ere long will be waving in harvests of gold.

Not long may it be till the Master shall call thee;
Not long till the time of thy mission is o'er—
Then work while the day lasts, and ere the night shadow
Shall gather its gloom—and yelabor no more.

Comforters or Complainers.

"I tell Thomas I could not get along unless I had God to go to every day while he is away at his work," a poor woman once said to me. "I should make him very unhappy if I did not tell God first of all when I feel troubled."

The remark of the lowly woman who made it has often come back to me, and I still wonder not only at the refinement it showed in her consideration of her husband, but at the depth of wisdom to which she had attained without human teachers.

They were two very poor people, Thomas and his wife, and the latter was most of the time a great sufferer. They lived very meagrely and their discomforts and anxieties were severe. But they were both Christians, trying to make their daily life an evident testimony to the power and reality of their unseen life in Christ. The way in which the poor woman succeeded in this was by making God the confidant of her troubles and sufferings, which were many and real. Under their continuous pressure and without this outlet for her heart, humanly speaking she would have become an inveterate complainer, and would have made her husband, who had his own sordid discomforts to bear, utterly wretched, and at last no doubt he would have found his consolation in drink.

As it was, this poor woman had an actual though unseen source of comfort for herself, and so she could afford to be cheerful and to speak joyous words to her husband at his home-coming. As for him, his spirits unconsciously grew lighter as he came in, and he wondered how he could have been feeling so downcast. Yet the home was as destitute as ever, and the supper would have furnished causes of complaint to any but cheerful mutual comforters; the chronic sickness still had a fell hold on its victim. But the wife had taken God into her confidence before her husband's arrival, and had poured out every trial into His sympathetic ear. She had spoken most minutely, and she had found great relief. Now she was able to restrain all complaints to her husband, and had quite a store of pleasant little things to tell him, so that the home atmosphere seemed to Thomas a very holy and luminous thing, happy and uplifting, though he could not have said why it affected him so. Those matters of economy and management on which they were obliged to take counsel did not seem depressing, for they were not enhanced by a background of general faultfinding and the minutiae of the day's distresses.

The fact is, we are so constituted that it is not easy for us to suffer in silence. We long for, and must have, a sympathetic ear and heart to receive our soul-confidence. It does not do much good to resolve to keep every troublesome thing to ourselves, because it all comes out in spite of ourselves and involuntarily. It is like breathing—we must do it! Families in which each member complains to every other of the annoyances and frictions of his life, lose that serenity and peace that belongs with the name of home. On the other hand, complaints and cares concealed too sedulously may make us morose and keep us in an unsatisfied state. Whom shall we tell? Tell God! If every one told

all the trials, great and small, which ruffle the peace of his heart, to God, and God only, relief would come to the individual and to the surcharged atmosphere of the home. The friends who love us have their own perplexities, and they sometimes may cast us back on ourselves. Then an angry feeling is added to our complaining spirit, and matters grow worse. God does not cast us back on ourselves. He knows that we have need of divine grace in all that comes to us, especially in that inner intense world in which we do most of our living. What an advantage to put our griefs on God instead of on our friends! What a saving to our friends, and what absolute help we get from God! But it requires great resolution to consult God instead of going to our friends with the thousand and one little things that trouble or annoy us. It may be suspected that we really feel out short in our complainings to our fellow-mortals, even though we are asked to go to God instead! We really do love to complain at times, and yet nothing lowers our self-respect more, and nothing grows more by indulgence, than allowing ourselves the false privilege of complaining.

The greatest advantage to ourselves and our families (if we can adopt this method of relieving the tension and trouble of our hearts by going to God only) will be, that, ceasing to be complainers, we become comforters. There is a sense of uplift which comes to ourselves and others when we resolve not to speak of any unpleasant thing, but only of those things that cheer and comfort.

Not all can learn the lesson of absolute non-complaint. Those learn it most rapidly who carry their anxieties, their apprehensions and their burdens directly to God. It is a mysterious process, the training in this school, and no doubt all the natural desire to complain would fall away from one who persisted in telling all trying experiences to God and not at all to human ears.

To mothers who want to keep the atmosphere of the home not only serene, but joyful and buoyant, this resource of going to God with the anxious thought instead of imparting it to husband and children, is most invaluable. Who can tell the waves of feeling, of anxiety, of apprehension, of perturbation, that surge through a mother's heart? She must not agitate the household with these manifold painful thoughts. But God is ever ready. To His great heart, infinitely responsive, she whispers those real or imaginary cares which were an oppression to her. God is not weighted by them. She is relieved by her confidence. She comes to her dear ones, happy, and spiritually poised. She has told out her troubles, and she is free to be happy and to make others happy. Each one in a family, who, by this contact with God, ceases to be a complainer, may become a positive comforter. The sons and daughters of consolation are those that pour their own griefs into the bosom of God and draw from thence balm and illumination, radiance and uplift, for others.—*Z. Herald.*

Spoiling Children.

"Leader Scott" (Mrs. Lucy Baxter) contributes to the October number of the *Parent's Review* an interesting article entitled, "He Was Born With a Temper." The nursery tyrant, she thinks, has his character spoiled by the over-indulgence of parents and nurses. "Mrs. A. was the young mother of a fine handsome boy, of whom she was very proud. She gave her whole mind and time to him, so much so that baby Bob soon became her master. His power began before he was weaned, when he liked mother's warm arms better than his cot at night, and cried so lustily when put into it that she gave way and took him into her bed. Fatal weakness! The next night she resisted a little longer, knowing the cot was best for him, but baby cried longer, and again she gave way, urged by her husband, who resented the disturbance. The young mother's fate was sealed. Henceforth her nights were sacrificed, and the foundation of the character of the tyrant was laid in her beautiful boy. He next tried screaming for whatever he wanted, whether it were bad or good for him, and found that this method was certain to succeed. Said his father, 'Oh! do quiet that child! I never heard a baby squall so!' Replied his mother, 'I am sure he is naturally cross. I can do nothing with him though I give him everything he wants.' If she had only known, this was the key to the whole evil. As long as a child gets what he wants by crying, he will cry. Little Bob grew older and had younger sisters and brothers. If he took a fancy to their toys, he appropriated them either by force of fist or strength of lung. Mother tried coaxing Bob to be good, worse still she even bribed him; but on the first sign of ill-temper she would promptly sacrifice the weaker beligerent, saying, 'Don't make Bob cross, there's a darling, or the house

will be unendurable.' Of course the sacrificed one wailed too, for children have a keen sense of injustice, and indeed Mrs. A.'s nursery was seldom free from wailing and appeals to mother or nurse to make somebody stop doing something." As soon as ever a child can speak and understand it should be taught self-control, and here lies the chief key to the first character.

The Flaw in the Bolt.

A workman in a machine shop in Ohio was making a patent mower. He had just forged a bolt to fasten one end of a rod, when he discovered a slight flaw in the iron. "No matter," he said. "It will not be discovered. It may last for a good while, and when it breaks, the owner of the machine will only have to buy a new one."

The mower was shipped to California. The purchaser had a field of wild oats just ready to cut. If not mowed immediately the grain would all shell out, and the hay would be only straw. These wild oats are one of our most valuable hay crops, but must be cut just at the right time.

The mower was started in the field, and worked beautifully for an hour. Then suddenly that bolt gave way. Before the machine could be stopped the rod it fastened was broken.

"Too bad," said the farmer; "a flaw in the bolt. Well, there's half a day lost; for I must go to San Jose and get another."

He drives to a hardware store; but no rod can be found to replace the broken one—none nearer than San Francisco to have one sent by express. It comes at noon the next day. Price of rod and bolt, express charges, and telegram make quite a bill. Besides, nearly two days are lost, and the field of oats is damaged so that it is hardly worth cutting.

All this annoyance and loss because a careless workman used a piece of iron with a flaw in it. He might have replaced it with a perfect bolt in ten minutes. He did not mean to subject a stranger to so much worry and cost, and would be very sorry, no doubt, if he knew the history of that bolt.

But his carelessness was just as injurious and criminal as if he had deliberately planned all the possible results. When men know that certain consequences may follow from their doing what they ought not to do, they are responsible for those consequences.

We all see this readily in regard to material things. But do we remember, as we should, that our characters, our tempers, our lives are influencing others.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

A Prayer for Husband and Wife.

Among the manuscripts of William Cullen Bryant the following prayer was found, in his own handwriting. It was written by him just after his marriage:

"May God Almighty mercifully take care of our happiness here and hereafter. May we ever continue constant to each other and mindful of our mutual promises of attachment and truth. In due time, if it be the will of Providence, may we become more nearly connected with each other, and together may we lead a long, happy and innocent life without any diminution of affection until we die. May there never be any jealousy, distrust, coldness or dissatisfaction between us, nor occasion for any—nothing but kindness, forbearance, mutual confidence and attention to each other's happiness. And that we may be less unworthy of so great a blessing, may we be assisted to cultivate all the benign and charitable affections and offices not only toward each other, but towards our neighbors, the human race, and all the creatures of God. And in all things wherein we have done ill may we properly repent of our error, and may God forgive us and dispose us to do better. When at last we are called to render back the life we have received, may our deaths be peaceful and may God take us to his bosom. All which may he grant for the sake of the Messiah."

Speak Up for Christ.

A successful evangelist tells, in the *Ram's Horn*, what great results followed from a simple stand for Christ when he was a commercial traveler. He had made a good sale and the merchant said, "It is your treat." He knew what that meant. There was a saloon across the street, and he was expected to go across and "set up the drinks" for the whole establishment.

"What is the use?" he said to himself. "This is one of the experiences of the trade. I needn't drink anything. I can order the cigars, or a supper, or—" "Yes," something said to him, "you can just sell out right here and make a wreck of it all."

"Boys," said he in the new inspiration sent to him from above, "if I

should do that I would do the meanest thing in all the world, and if you'll bear with me I'll tell you why. I have just come up from the very gates of death and hell through strong drink, and if I did what you ask, I'd do the meanest thing in all the world both for you and me."

Instantly the cashier leaped down from the desk. "Have you got a pledge? I'll sign it." And the merchant afterward took the commercial traveler aside to say, "I promise you I'll never drink another drop as long as I live." It pays to be outspoken for Christ. Try it.

A Distinction.

"Yes, I suppose you may call Eben a successful man. He does a good business, but in my mind he isn't prosperous." So said Mrs. Tracy to her sister, who had congratulated her on the purchase by her husband of a mill which he was thought to have bought at a bargain.

"Well," returned her sister, "it seems to me everything he touches comes out just right. He's the busiest man in town."

"That's just it," retorted Mrs. Tracy. "He's busy and he succeeds in his doings, but that isn't prospering—not as I understand it. You see," he continued, "when we were first married he leased the little woolen mill down on the stream, and got along first rate. He wasn't very overbusy, and we used to ride round together every afternoon and have lots of company and good times."

But he began to make money and buy more wool, and more mills to take care of it, and more storehouses to put it in, until it takes about all his time to get from one mill to the other. Sometimes I see him on a Sunday, but he is generally busy resting up to start again. He's about as much a slave as if he was chained in a galley."

"Yes, but he does make money," said one.

"Well, perhaps so but it all goes to buy more wool. If anybody hankers for lots of wool in this world, that's one thing. Eben has any amount of wool, but when it comes to getting the real solid goodness out of life and enjoying it, he's forgotten how to do it. Really, as I look at it, Eben is the most unprosperous man in town."—*Selected.*

The Drunkard's Bargain.

There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing and food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shop-keeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, and yet more; I will pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind; there's my character as a man and profession as a Christian; I give up all—give me drink! More yet have I to give! There's my heavenly inheritance, and the eternal friendship of the redeemed; there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Savior! I give up my God! I give up all that is great, good and glorious in the universe; I resign all forever, that I may be drunk.

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

To put God into the second place in the heart is to put him out of the heart altogether. The first place is the only dwelling to which he stoops in us, and he has to make this clean for himself. All else is unclean when this is unclean; and this must needs be unclean when God is not in it.

We are not required to do the work of another, but God gives us a work to do, and that is the work we must do; and our joy we shall find just there.

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Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q. had Dyspepsia for 20 years. I tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health, in fact he is quite a new man.



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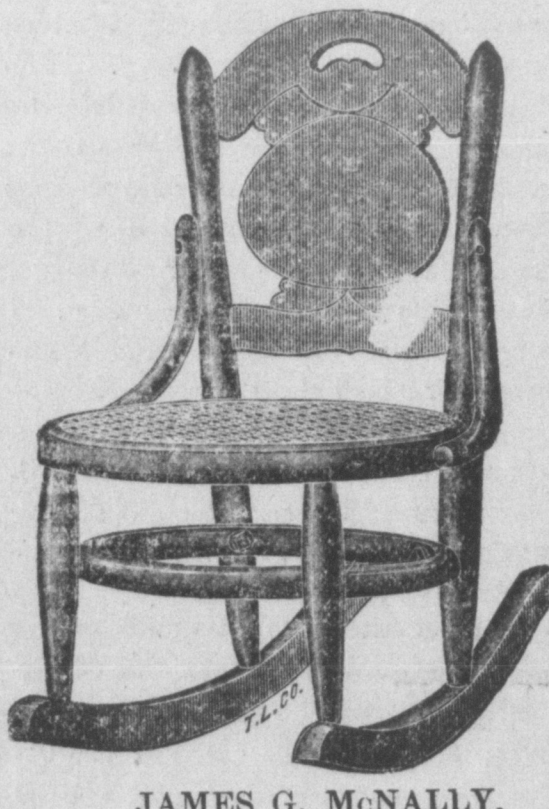
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