

When Trouble Comes.

When trouble comes, don't let despair
Add to the burden you must bear,
But keep up heart and smiling say,
"The darkest cloud must pass away."

Don't sit and brood o'er things gone wrong,
But sing a helpful little song,
Or whistle something light and gay,
And whistle half your care away.

The man who sings when trouble's there,
From trouble has not much to fear,
Since it will never tarry long
When stout heart meets it with a song.

Then don't forget, when things go wrong,
To try the magic in a song;
For cheerful heart and smiling face
Bring sunshine to the shadiest place.

—Woman's Journal

Why The Minister Resigned.

Yes, said the devil to the minister,
Your church is full of liars.

What! cried the minister indignantly.

Your church is full of liars, repeated the devil calmly. Let us see. You have a membership of three hundred.

Three hundred and fifteen, corrected the minister.

Three hundred and fifteen. One hundred of them are men. Seventy-five of them are business men. All of them, when they joined the church solemnly vowed before their Saviour to support the church services and to love the life of the church as the apple of the eye. Isn't that so?

It is, replied the minister anxiously.

Now, then, continued the devil with a sneer, how many of these members ever go to the church prayer-meeting?

How many? faltered the minister.

Yes, how many?

The minister made a rapid calculation as his memory called up the appearance of his church chapel, prayer-meeting nights.

About fifteen.

What! cried the devil. Fifteen? Are you sure?

My be it is a little more than usual, the minister stammered.

Well, never mind. Call it fifteen of your seventy-five business men attending the prayer-meeting regularly. The rest never come—or very seldom. How many of the women are there?

About fifty or sixty, replied the minister brightening up a little.

Fifty or sixty out of two hundred. Say a possible seventy-five attend prayer-meeting regularly out of three hundred and fifteen members. And all of them vowed solemnly to support the church in all its services. I said your church was full of liars. Isn't it true?

A good many of the members are so situated that they can not get out in the evening, groaned the minister.

Did you ever know those members to stay away from a party or a supper if they were invited out that evening? asked the devil.

The minister was silent.

Did you ever have half your church members out to prayer-meeting at a time? asked the devil sneeringly.

The minister smiled faintly. It was too absurd an idea to entertain.

The devil continued remorselessly. Preacher, your influence is less than mine. I can get three-fourths of your church members to attend the pleasures of the world and break their vows on prayer-meeting night. Don't you think the church is a failure? Don't you think you had better resign and go into something else?

The minister covered his face with his hands and answered never a word.

Next Sunday he handed in his resignation. And yet his church members were very much surprised. They could not understand why he was discouraged. But the devil knew very well.—*Ram's Horn.*

A Boy's Hasty Judgment And a Father's Folly.

A few years ago, a pastor of a sister denomination sat reading on a steamboat a paper copy of the celebrated "Stickit Minister," when a boy, a son of one of his parishioners, seeing the paper-covered book, and a yellow one at that, went home and reported the misconduct of his pastor. Of course it must be so!

What a fellow sees he must believe! And the indulgent father believes his keen-eyed boy and lays up in his heart (and in the heads of some of his friends) the grievous sin of his pastor.

Time brings opportunities. In a short time a parish meeting is held, and the question of a pastor for another year is discussed. The good pastor is greatly beloved of his people, and when it came to a vote his return was asked for by an all but one unanimous vote. This one dissenting vote was a great surprise to all. The pastor felt it keenly, and asked for an explanation.

Have I not attended to my pastoral duties?

Yes.

Have I not preached a wholesome doctrine, and declared unto you the whole counsel of God?

Yes.

Wherein do I come short?

The brother flushed and hesitated to make further reply, but pastor and people wanted him to state the reasons of his objection. After clearing his throat he said he didn't want a pastor who read yellow backed novels, and that, too, in public places so as to corrupt the young by his example!

The people were shocked at such intelligence, and the pastor protested his innocence. This seemed to the man like adding falsehood to former guilt; and then, to clear himself from false charges, he brought forward his strong proof. It seemed like defeat. The pastor was squelched. The accusing brother had warmed up in his delivery of proof, and an unprejudiced onlooker would have suspected that he was a member of the church. In fact, one might have wondered if he had ever heard of the meek and lowly Jesus.

When he was through with his vigorous philippic the pastor, a calm cultured, godly man, arose and quietly gave a description of the contents of the book he was reading on the boat. The people laughed, and the former (?) withdrew without shaking hands with any one. The pastor was unanimously invited to stay another year. Whether the boy and that father will form a part of the congregation, remains to be seen. Be not hasty in thy judgments, would form the basis of a sermon appropriate to their needs, should they attend.—*Z. Herald.*

Two Ways To Win.

I wish to learn the violin, said she, and to make myself famous.

She spoke to a philosopher who slowly lifted his tranquil eye and said: There are two ways. The first and truest is, get the best master that you can, go by yourself and put in several years and practice under his instruction. The second best is, get a fairly good instructor, learn something about the violin, and then go to all your friends and ask them to buy tickets to your entertainment, and get the newspapers to say that you play well. For awhile the last succeeds; but if you have really mastered your instrument, these social and advertising methods will not be needed, for you will have become like Orpheus, who had but to put his instrument in motion, and even the wild beasts of the forest gathered to listen.

The young lady looked at him with widening eyes.

I know a case in point, continued the philosopher. Two young men were graduated from our best university. They were presentable, fine fellows, one of them particularly handsome and both determined to succeed. I was present at a dinner given by the dean one night, a few years later, and the chief justice was there. The handsome young fellow who wished to get on, helped him with his great coat, carried the shawl of a lady of distinction, and made himself useful and delightful to every one. When I went down from the dinner I heard the voice of the other young fellow (he had not been asked), who was talking with a group of workmen on the pavement. They were returning from a meeting that had been addressed by him and he was answering some of their questions. Nobody connected with the dinner gave any thought whatever to Number Two; but ten years later the handsome young fellow was still carrying a lady's shawl and helping a man of fame with his great-coat. He was charming to have about and made a hit in society; but the other had got in his work in a more thorough and solid way. He had gone to Congress and was the author of standard works on the new political economy, and everybody says he will yet be himself the chief justice.

The young lady rose and said to the philosopher, while her face glowed: Good bye and thank you. I am going by myself to practice the lesson given me on the violin by a great master and another lesson just given me—by a greater.—*FRANCES E. WILLARD, in Union Signal.*

"The Work of Our Hands."

The work of our hands, establish thou it. I read the words over and over again, going back a little. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and the work of our hands, establish thou it.

The work of my hands day by day, I said almost scornfully, as I thought of the homely work my hands had to do—the cooking, the housework, the patching, the mending, the rough, hard work I sometimes had to put them to. And I smiled as I thought of such work being established forever. I smiled again almost bitterly as I thought, It is established that my hands must work—if not forever, for all earthly time.

Please comb my hair now, mamma; the first bell is ringing, and Neddie tapped my hand with his comb.

I patted and smoothed my boy's tangled locks. The work of my hands, I said, and turned more gentle than usual perhaps up my boy's face to kiss his lips as he went to school. I turned to the sitting-room, drew up the shades in the bay-window, so my few geraniums might have all the sun's rays they could, shook down the coal in the stove, dusted the chairs, straightened out the table cover and books, and brushed the shreds from the carpet, sighing a little over the thin places that the best arrangement of mat, could not quite cover. The rooms looked neat and tidy. The work of my hands, I repeated mechanically. Just then the sun shone out brightly. It lit up my room like a kind smile. The beauty of the Lord, our God, I repeated softly.

I went to homely work in the kitchen. Patiently, I tried to go through my every day routine of duty. For I said to myself, If this is always to be the work of my hands, surely I must let the beauty of my Lord rest upon it.

You look very bright to-night, wife, said Will, when he came in after his day's work. Has it been an easy day?

I thought of the cooking and ironing, of my tired hands and feet, and smiled as I said, "I had a good text this morning.—*American Baptist Flag.*

What is Gained by Swearing?

Once upon a time, as ancient stories begin, I was crossing Somersetshire in a railway train, and joined three young men, who chose the end of one of the carriages, while three elderly ladies enjoyed their chat at a little distance.

One of our number, about to emigrate, opened his schemes and projects, and soon there was a very animated and earnest conversation on the advantages and disadvantages of leaving "the old country" for a foreign land. At length our words grew few, for we were nearing the terminus, when one of the ladies said, "You have been calculating profits and losses in your new home; tell me what can a man get by swearing?"

He was fairly taken aback, as the sailors say, and, looking appealingly around, said, I didn't swear—I didn't swear; did I?

She gently replied, I heard an oath awhile ago, and thought it came from you; you are not angry with me, I hope, for saying so.

He immediately thanked his mistress, saying, 'Tis a bad habit, ma'am and I didn't know I swore. I have a mother and sister in Bristol as good Christians as any in England.

Just then we arrived at the station and parted; but I have thought hundreds of times of that question, and it has reminded me of another. What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Youths, beware of the first oath. Swearing, if indulged in, will soon become so much a matter of habit, that, like the young man spoken of above, you will hardly know when an oath escapes your lips. Think what an awful fact this is, especially when we recollect that for every "idle word" we must one day give account.—*Selected.*

The Bad Boys.

What to do with the bad boys is a problem that almost every superintendent has had to wrestle with. Every school has a few bad boys, or at least mischievous boys, and their conduct tends to breed disorder and insubordination among the others. In some schools the plan is adopted of putting all the obstreperous scholars together in one class, under the direction of the most experienced teacher that can be obtained. Occasionally it works well, but more frequently it is a failure. A better method is to divide among various classes, putting the worst boy in the best behaved class. A class of six or seven well-trained scholars, under the direction of an efficient teacher, ought to exert good influence enough to restrain and reclaim any except the most confirmed mischief maker. There are classes in which there exists an "esprit de corps" in the direction of good conduct, and in which the presence of a badly-conducted scholar would not be tolerated. Such a class is a good place to put the bad boy.

Her Adam's Fall.

It was the custom not many years ago, in certain parts of Scotland, for the minister to make catechetical visitations among his people. An amusing anecdote is related of a worthy Scotch woman, who, intent upon her own trouble, made honest but personal answer to the minister's questions.

Her husband, whose name was Adam, had one very serious fault, for which he had been severely re-

proved by the minister. Seeing the good man approaching one day, Adam, who was just getting over a drinking spell, hid himself under the bed and told his wife to say that he was off fishing.

The minister came in and was politely received by Jenny. He began by asking if she had studied the catechism which he had left at his last visit.

Dead, sir, an' I hae studied it a muckle bit, was her answer.

Thinking to test her knowledge a little, the minister asked, Weel, Jenny, can ye tell me the cause o' Adam's fall?

Jenny's mind was too much occupied with the misdeeds of her own Adam to give any thought to the great progenitor of the human race, and she replied with some warmth: Dead, sir it was naething else but drink; and then she turned towards the bed and said:

Adam, ye may as weel come out, for the doctor kens brawly what's the matter; some clashin' deevils o' neebors hae telt him aboot it. Sae come out an' speak for yourself.

What is Wine?

Wine is mere dirty water, sixteen cups of water pure and simple to one poor cup of burning, fiery fluid which is called alcohol, together with some little coloring matter, a little sugar, and a little cinder dust.

So, throughout the ages, men who have called themselves wine drinkers have been water drinkers after all. Men who have called themselves wine merchants have been water merchants; men who buy wines at fabulous prices have bought, and still are buying water. A dozen of very choice champagne, bought at a cost of five pounds ten shillings (about twenty-seven dollars) consisted, when it was all measured out, of fifteen pints of fluid, of which thirteen and one half pints were pure water, the rest ardent spirit with a little carbonic acid, some coloring matter like burnt sugar, a light flavoring of ether—in almost infinitesimal proportion—and a trace of cinder dust. Sensible people think that twenty-seven dollars is a heavy sum to pay for thirteen and a half pints of water and one pint and a half of spirit. They can easily show how the man who spent that money could have bought with it as much good food as would have fed him well for a month. He paid therefore, for the trouble of getting alcohol a very heavy price—a price he would not have paid had he been a wise and prudent man.—*Dr. W. Richardson.*

A GODLESS HOME.—A little boy

three years old, whose father was careless, prayerless and irreligious, spent several months in the dwelling of a golly family, where he was taught in the simple elements of divine truth.

The seed fell in good and tender soil, and the child learned to note the difference between a prayerless and a Christian dwelling. One day, as some one was conversing about the great and good God, the child said:

We haven't any God at my papa's house!

Alas, how many such houses there are in the world—houses where there is no prayer, no praise, no worship no God! And what houses are they for children, ay, and for men and women, too! How much better is the pure atmosphere of Christian love than the cold, selfish, worldliness of a godless home!—*Selected.*

THE WORST PART OF MARTYRDOM is not the last agonizing moment: it is the wearing daily steadfastness. There are many Christians who have the weight of some deep, incommunicable grief pressing, cold as ice, upon their hearts. To bear that cheerfully and manfully is to be a martyr. There is many a Christian bereaved and stricken in the best hopes of life. For such a one to say quietly, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt," is to be a martyr.—*Frederick W. Robertson.*

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