

"Cumbered About Much Serving."

LUKE X. 40-42.

Christ never asks of us such heavy labor as leaves no time for resting at His feet; the waiting attitude of expectation He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention; That He some sweetest secret may impart, 'Tis always in the time of deepest stillness That heart finds the deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure, That nothing we call work can find an entrance; There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness, Doing the little things, or resting quiet May just as perfectly fulfil their mission, Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil, Clearing a path that every eye may see: Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence, Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given By grateful love that clothes itself in deed; But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty, Be sure, to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatsoever He bids thee, Whether to do, to suffer, or lie still; 'Twill matter little by what path He leads us, If in all we sought to do his will.

—Sel.

Saved at the Brink.

One night, long after the retiring hour, the door-bell rang vigorously and long. On inquiry I learned that it was a case of sickness and swiftly approaching death. I dressed as quickly as possible, and went with the messenger.

After walking many squares, we climbed a long, double flight of stairs in a lodging-house, and came to a small, poorly furnished room. It had but three occupants—the landlady, a physician, and the woman whose life was struggling to maintain its hold on the body.

She was not more than twenty-five, and had evidently been very beautiful. Her face was white, and drawn with pain and fear. And her eyes—how shall I describe them? Have you ever looked into eyes two or three hours before death forced them shut,—eyes that had the steel-like glitter of an inexplicable dread of the monster? They were like that,—large, round, unnaturally bright, every glance a mute and awful appeal for deliverance.

After divesting myself of coat and hat I approached the bed, and the landlady said: "Here is the minister we sent for. Will you talk with him now?"

"It's no use," she said, "no use. I haven't the time to get ready to die, even if I could. I am so vile. God would never take me back again."

It did not take me long to apprehend the situation. She had been a woman of the town. She had sowed to the wind, and was about to reap the whirlwind. She was in the very presence of death, and her whole frame shivered at the thought that there was no salvation for her.

I said to her: "Jesus died to save you. He said, 'I am come to seek and to save that which is lost,' and 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' And then I repeated invitation and promise until the wealth of their abundance seemed to dazzle her mind. But she didn't seem to find any relief in them, and her face had the same drawn and pinched expression of fear.

Finally I said to her, "You are sorry you did wrong, aren't you?" "O yes! If God would only let me live, I would be the best woman in the world."

"Well, that is repentance," I said. "That is the first step toward salvation, and you have taken it. There is only one other, and I am sure you can take that before death overtakes you."

Then I continued, "Now listen very carefully to the question I am going to ask you. Do you believe Jesus is able to save you?"

Quickly she replied, "Yes!"

"Do you believe that he wants to save you?" She hesitated. She was not quite ready to give an affirmative answer to that question. Her sins pressed upon her like a mountain, huge and black. They shut out every ray of light. She answered, "O, I believe he wants to, but I have been such a great sinner."

Again I endeavored to impress upon her mind the blessed truths that it was for the express purpose of saving sinners that Jesus came into the world and died, and that the volume and vileness of sin made no difference to him.

I repeated, "Do you believe he wants to save you?"

"Yes," she replied slowly. Taking her hand in mine, I lifted it from the covering, and asked, "Do you believe he does save you?"

"I believe he will."

"No, no! That will not do. You cannot find salvation except you believe he saves, and saves you now." I knelt by the bed and said, "I will pray, and while I talk with God try to believe that he saves you."

I had prayed three or four minutes when I felt a convulsive movement in her body, and almost immediately she cried out, "Oh, I see it all! He saves me now!"

When I looked up, her face wore a look of startled and glad surprise. The dread had disappeared from her eyes, and the hard-drawn lines from her face. She was a redeemed soul. The Master from his throne had stooped down to earth and snatched from the very jaws of death and hell one for whom he had laid down his own life.

As the grey light began to streak the eastern horizon that morning, one of the twenty thousand chariots swung low, and a soul entered one of the mansions not built with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*Golden Rule.*

Her Gift.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of deep desolation crept over him.

"God help me," his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying, brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' ter give. I want the people in the mountains to hear 'bout my Saviour, O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—"

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? "Yes, you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere; "you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, and is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best friend what helps you to git into the park where the birds sing, and takes you to prechin' and makes your life happy."

"O no, Lord," sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, yes, I will! He gave more'n that for me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch, and placed it in the hands of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled; then, comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum, and held up the crutch with shaking hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people," he faltered at last; "little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you—"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does any one want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?" the minister asked gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until papers, equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah! you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future, of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair, as she had once done.

Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear, "Maggie, dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like a flash of light there came a consciousness that in some myster-

ious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy she caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart; then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverent eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—*Christian Observer.*

From The Police Cell.

It is a story which has been ten thousand times repeated, and which will be repeated ten thousand times more with varying details—the story of the reformation which faith in God works in the character. The following form of it is no more striking than myriads of others.

On the evening of April 18th, 1882, while Roundsman Delaney was on duty as acting sergeant in the East 126th Street police station, New York, a lame man was brought in drunk, on the verge of delirium tremens, having evidently been on a protracted debauch. He shouted wildly in his cell till nearly two o'clock in the morning, when he quieted down, and spent the remainder of the time till daylight praying earnestly for forgiveness, and promised to lead a better life. Later in the day he begged the Judge to release him and vowed never to drink again, and he was released. He kept his promise. His name is Samuel H. Hadley, and for eight years he has been superintendent of the McAuley Mission in Water Street, while his brother is superintendent of St. Bartholomew's Mission in Forty-second Street. On the evening of April 18th, the fourteenth anniversary of his arrest and conversion, well dressed, evidently a gentleman as well as a Christian, he entered that police station, introduced himself to Sergeant Delaney, who was again at the desk, told his story, and asked permission to visit the cell which had been the scene of the most momentous event in his life's history. There, in the presence of the assembled policemen, he knelt down and thanked God that he had been locked up there fourteen years before.

What is there remarkable about this story? Nothing; nothing but the inherent marvel and miracle of conversion. The man who has been a drunkard becomes sober; or the man who has been stingy becomes benevolent; or the man who has been selfish comes to love to deny himself; the man who has cared nothing for God comes to love God with all his heart, and fears more to offend him than he does to offend all the world besides. How does all this happen? What creates the change in his nature? Does the current turn of itself and flow the other way? Mr. Hadley thinks not. He says it was not of himself, but that it was the pure grace of God, the Holy Spirit pleading with him, whose voice he heard and obeyed; and with all the energy of his nature he followed the voice within his soul. God called him; he obeyed—that was all. God turned him; he turned—that was the secret. And now the love of Christ constrains him. He is a new creature, and old things have passed away.

Regeneration, conversion and all the other theological terms which designate God's part and man's part in the mightiest work done in the human soul means no more than the scene in that police cell when this man prayed and resolved and turned from sin to God. It is very simple; it is beyond explanation. It is the privilege of every soul that is not Christ's. It is the duty, it is the only salvation of sinful man. Tens of thousands, did we say, there are of such experiences? Nay, that is the door by which all the blood-bought saints in Heaven have entered in. "Ye must be born again."—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Growing Child.

A mother is too apt to take for granted the confidence of her growing son and daughter. She has led them through childhood into young manhood and womanhood. She unraveled all their little perplexities, and has been the recipient of all their childish joys and sorrows. As children they concealed nothing. She assumes, without thinking, that this state of affairs continues in their adult life. She is sure she "knows all about her children," whereas the fact may be that she knows nothing at all. They outgrew her long ago.

When this difference began the young boy or girl could scarcely say. Sometimes it is sudden, sometimes gradual. It is certain that with adolescence a new life comes to each individual, and that the mother who would retain the trust and aid in forming the character of the budding man or woman must make a special effort to do so.

It is here that mothers often make grave mistakes, and never regain the forfeited friendship of their sons and daughters. Some women persist in treating their children as children long after they are grown men and women, and require the implicit obedience and blind belief

of a child from an adult of reason and experience. Other women make an equally unfortunate error in, metaphorically, "washing their hands" of the child they have reared as soon as it tries to act upon its own judgment. "I have nothing more to do with your actions," "Now do as you please," That is their position.

One attitude represses confidence; the other rejects it. Both are antagonistic to natural law. Children must become men and women, and we have no right to be angry at or to repel the idea that it is so. But surely we may value the friendship and trust and love of these men and women as highly as we valued the child's faith and loving reliance. That parent is wise who perceives in time the change, and who studies the needs of this formative period, who adapts herself to the new phase, and who begins by new methods to retain the child's trust, while gaining the man's confidence.—*Bazar.*

Be Useful and Happy.

It is scarcely possible to say how very, very useful a truly good and happy child can be. I heard a French pastor, who has done much for Christ, illustrate this. A little girl had learned to read the Bible. She used to read portions to her mother. "I wish I could read," said the mother; "but it is too late to learn!" "No, mother," was the answer: "I will teach you." And she sat patiently every day and taught her mother. And some of the neighbors, when they heard, wished to be taught, too. And so a class of older women gathered around the little girl. "There I found her," said the pastor, "going over the Primer, all listening to her, and following her; and then, when the lesson was over, she read them a part of the Bible. Christ's well come was overflowing from her to them. The rill that had been opened in her own soul was in her well of water springing up to everlasting life.—*Christian Herald.*

Advice to a Young Man.

So you were a little too pert, and spoke without thinking, did you my son? And you got picked up quite suddenly on your statement, eh? Oh, well, that's all right; that happens to older men than you every day. I have noticed that you have a very positive way of filing a decision where other men state an opinion, an you frequently make a positive assertion where older men merely express a belief. But never mind; you are young. You will know less as you grow older. "Don't I mean you will know more?" By no means, my boy. No, indeed! I mean you will know less. You will never know more than you do now; never. If you live to be ten thousand years old you will never again know as much as you do now; No hoary-headed sage, whose long and studious years were spent in reading men and books, ever knew as much as a boy of your age.

DR GORDON well says that sternness on the part of parents in the training of the children in habits of moral rectitude "is the barbed wire of the fence on either side of the narrow way that leads to mature and secure manhood, and its kindness lies in its power to lacerate." Father, mother, as you love your darling boy or girl, keep that barbed wire in the fence ever taut and in good repair. Do not hesitate to assert your authority, to reprove and rebuke the wrong when it begins to manifest itself in your child. Let your rebuke be with a majesty of vengeance and a sublime terrible-ness of wrath such as shall impress the mind of your children with your holy indignation at, and your implacable hostility to, the wrong; and let it be at the same time so tempered with parental kindness, sorrow, and love as to touch and win your child's heart and stamp it indelibly with the sense of the vastness and purity of parental affection.—*Exchange.*

Young man, remember that when you are associating with the profane and the lewd the devil is one of your companions.

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