

Three Helps.

If the world seem cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiant gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and wall invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

The Strangers Within Thy Gates.

A STORY FROM FACT.

Some years ago, in a town in the West, a new teacher was added to those employed in the public school. She was a pale, silent, sad-eyed girl, of whom no one knew anything except that she was a faithful teacher. She boarded herself in a distant part of the town. Her one school dress, a gray flannel, was old and thin, but it was kept scrupulously darned and cleaned.

"She has only one collar and white apron," said a pupil, scornfully, "and she washes them out on Saturdays."

"No wonder she coughs," said another, "wearing that little, pinched walking jacket and straw hat."

"She looks as if she lived on tea and crackers one week and crackers and tea the next," said rich Lulu Armitage. "Where does her salary go? Perhaps she has to hire some one to keep still about her history, or perhaps she is paying a lawyer to get some disgraced relative out of trouble."

"It's very peculiar, to say the least," chimed in another. "We can't take her into our set until we think more about her."

Young Mrs. Allen, who usually decided the social status for newcomers, said: "She has a good face; I pride myself on being a judge of character, and I despise such gossip about her. But the truth is, she is a sort of social betwixt and between, and I can't see where she can be placed properly."

So the new teacher remained unplaced, and, as she did not seek companionship herself, she went on her way home alone. She never remained in the library to chat with the other teachers. "Perhaps she would, if we had asked her," they said afterward.

She sat in a back seat in church and slipped quietly out as soon as service was over. Perhaps she would not have hurried so, had those in the same pew kindly detained her. They, too, thought of this afterward. The minister noticed her one day and asked who she was, and was told: "O, that's the queer new school teacher, Miss Mansfield; she boards herself, does all her house-keeping in one room and washes on Saturdays, so she will hardly expect you to call on her!" The minister also wished afterward that he had asked some one beside Mrs. Allen about her.

The pupils of the new teacher soon began to reflect in their conduct the partly expressed suspicion regarding her. They grew saucy and neglectful of lessons, and some of the bolder ones went to the principal with complaints. He reproved them mildly and reminded Miss Mansfield rather severely that she must "maintain a good standard of discipline or her work would not be successful."

One Friday Miss Mansfield did not come to school as usual. A substitute was provided for the day and again on Monday when Miss Mansfield did not come.

"I noticed that she had a severe cold last Thursday," said the principal; "I suppose she expected to be here, and then found that she was not able, and had no way of sending me word. She will doubtless be in her place in the morning."

One of the teachers said, "If I thought she was really much ill I would go to see her; but she does live so far out and I don't know exactly where the house is. I guess she'll be here all right to-morrow in that everlasting black straw turban."

Tuesday morning came bitterly cold, but the thin figure of Miss Mansfield was not seen struggling along in the wind toward the school building. The principal dismissed Miss Mansfield's room for the day and sent the substitute teacher and a high school girl to find out the reason of her continued absence. The family owning the house where she rented a room, was away. The house itself was in a large yard of trees and stood at some distance from others. The young ladies went as they had been told, to the "north

wing, the room opening on the porch," and knocked. Getting no response, they pushed open the door. In the dim light of the room, with drawn curtains, they saw Miss Mansfield, half sitting on the bed lounge, with her little old jacket on over a faded wrapper. She had a school record book in her hand and examination papers were scattered about. There was no fire, no carpet on the floor, no furniture except two chairs and a little table, beside the bed-lounge, on which were school books and a Bible and a plate of crackers and a cup and saucer. All these surroundings the visitors took in at a glance, and hurried to the bed shocked and full of pity.

But "the new teacher" did not need their pity now. She did not feel the cold desolation of the room. There was a smile on the poor, pinched face, and the dark eyes had lost their feverish, anxious expression, as they seemed now to be looking upward upon unseen things. A pencil had fallen from her hand. She had left a few lines feebly traced: "I feel strangely to-night. My head swims and I cannot think. If any thing should happen to me, please send my month salary to my mother at this address." The name of an out-of-the-way little country place was given. On the opening page of her Bible was pinned a poem clipped from a newspaper:

If I should die to-night the eyes that chill me with averted glance,
Would look upon me pityingly, perchance,
And soften in a kindly way.
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
O, keep not your kindness for my cold, dead brow!

My path is lonely. Let me feel your kindness now.
Think kindly of me. I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.

For friendship and for love I plead,
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The sympathy for which I long to day,
To give some brightness to my weary way.

The room was soon filled with tearful, conscience smitten neighbors. The physician said, "Death from cold and lack of proper nourishment causing collapse or complete exhaustion." The nearest neighbor said "She froze and starved to death and I living within a stone's throw." They found that her salary had been sent home every month to a bed-ridden father and mother and a feeble sister, to keep them out of the poor house and to pay back bills for medicines.

The town where this happened is no less charitable or social than others. The teachers and the church people are no less kind. They sent a sum of money to the poor parents and the papers spoke of the "many mementos in memory of Miss Mansfield, whose sudden and sad death has cast a gloom over the whole community." Many kind-hearted people said, "If we had only known about her in time!"

Said the teacher who related this story to me: "To think that I kept still when people talked about her. I used to see that they had no ground for it, but because some of the prominent ladies slighted her I never said a word in her favor. It makes me feel as if I had helped to kill her by my cowardly silence. As the minister said, 'We saw her a stranger and we took her not in'; now it is too late."—*Congregationalist*.

To the Girl who has a Brother.

There is a dear old story that we never tire of reading. I think we like it so because it is all about a brother and a sister who played together on the banks of the Floss, and who, though they had at times misunderstood, loved each other to the last, when they went down together in an embrace never to be parted,—living through again in one supreme moments the days when they clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together. I wish we had more brother and sister stories. Did you ever think, girls, what a beautiful thing it is to have a brother? To the girl who realizes what a sister's influence may mean, it is more than that; it is a serious thing, a sort of trust.

Do not preach to your brother, my friend; do not criticize him; do not dictate to him; and, above all, be careful that you do not acquire the habit of nagging, which provokes a boy into doing just what you would have him not to do. These are things you must not do. But there are many things which you can and ought to do for him. When the all-wise Father set His children in families, he gave each one special duties towards another. As sisters it is well for us to think a little of what we owe to these brothers of ours, and what we alone can do for them.

You can make yourself as attractive and as charming to your brother as you so well know how to be to the brother of some other girl. You can sing for him, you can dress for him. You can keep your best things

for him; sing his favorite songs or hymns; wear the hat he likes best when you go out with him. You can keep the brightest magazine story to read to him when he is tired and out-of-sorts. You can be ready always to lay your own work or pleasure aside to play a game of chess or checkers. You can treat him as if he were a thorough gentleman, even though he may not always show himself one; and by so doing you are taking the quickest and surest way of helping him to be one. Do you think that all this is too much for you to do? Do you say that you would be acting only as a servant? Let me tell you that Love never counts how much it does; that Love exists but to serve. It can take no other attitude. And then there is a difference between serving and being a servant. You would not be a true friend to your brother were you to act as a servant and only a thoughtless and selfish man would be the result.

Do not be ashamed to show your affection for him. God gave us hearts to love with. And you love your brother. You would do anything for him that lay in your power. But do you ever let him know that you love him? Perhaps you think it does not matter much, but some day he may tell you how much it had meant to him. Lavish little attentions and tender, loving words, on him. They will not be lost, even though at the time you may be led to think so. Just a little touch in passing; a bright good-morning to greet him; a good-bye when he leaves;—these little things you can do, that will go far to win the heart and life of your brother to all things that are lovely and of good report.

Seek to be your brother's friend. There are so many whose outward lives touch and yet who know nothing of the inner life of each other. To enter into his life you must show your interest in the things that interest him. You must win and hold his confidence. Such a confidence between brother and sister is a very beautiful thing to see. You will find, too, that in seeking to be the right sort of a sister to that brother of yours you are all the while gaining some of the best things. You are forgetting yourself, and selfish interests. You are going through a process of unconscious culture, which is the best of all culture in that it is the education of the heart. And some day when he has become a man that you are proud to call brother, you will be more than rewarded when you hear him say, "It was my sister who helped me to where I stand. God bless her."

Because I have had to write this hurriedly I find that I have not said what I wished to say or at least in the way I should like to have said it. But I should like every girl to be able to say, "I would rather stand true in all things before my brother than before any other one." Let us love our brothers more. Let us be more patient with their faults, more ready to see the goodness and the manliness in them and let us never cease to pray for them.—*Can. Baptist*.

The Boy's Love for his Mother.

Boys who have good mothers and mothers who are respected and an honor to their children, little know what it is to have a mother who is not a good, pure woman. Boys who have happy homes and loving mothers who do everything for their comfort, often act as if they had no due appreciation of this blessing. Many a boy speaks not only disrespectfully to his mother, but really unkindly, and brings tears to the eyes of the one who is his best and truest friend on earth. Does it not seem strange that boys who love their mothers so well will sometimes make them unhappy by doing things contrary to their wishes? Here is an incident of a poor, ignorant, street boy's love for his mother. She had not seen, but oh, what manner of love her little noble son had for her! Every word of the story is strictly true:

A mother in Chicago was arrested for intoxication, and arraigned before the judge. "Seven dollars and sixty cents is the fine," said the judge sternly. Her seven-year-old boy said to his tiny sister:

"Come on; we've got to get that money or mam'll hev. to go to jail. Jest wait, Mr. Judge, and we'll git it!"

The children hurried out of the court-room, and going from store to store solicited contributions to keep mam from going to jail, the boy bravely promising to return the money as soon as he could earn it.

Soon he came back, and laying a handful of change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars Mr. Judge, and I can't get no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work, but if you'll jest let me go to jail 'stead of her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed:

"Your mother shan't go to jail,

my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge.

The mother, clasping her boy, sank upon her knees and solemnly promised that she would lead a better life and be worthy of such a son.—*Exchange*.

How to Make a Telling Speech.

It is not always the most eloquent speech or the one couched in the finest rhetoric that is the most telling. It is not the address which has taken a long time to prepare which sinks deepest into the listeners' hearts. But the man who really benefits and uplifts his fellows, who rolls away the difficulties from the Christian's path, and who brings the sinner near to the cross, is the man who is able to empty his heart of self, and to allow the Spirit of God to take absolute possession; and this is why a minister who enters the pulpit wholly unprepared has often been known to preach a sermon so convincing and inspiring that it has been the beginning of a great harvest of souls. Let it not be understood that we would advise those about to speak, either formally or informally, in the pulpit or in the prayer meeting, to face their audiences unprepared. This would be a foolish thing; but prepare yourselves only so far that you will be dependent upon God to speak through you. Man is the instrument of God, at least he should be, but he can only be the instrument in so far as he allows himself to be filled with the Spirit, and to be a mouthpiece through which God can utter his messages. The more empty the heart is of self, the fuller it is of God.—*Temple Magazine*.

Spiritual Hilarity.

As I was reading my Greek Testament the other day, I was delighted with a discovery concerning a well-known text: "God loveth a cheerful giver." The word "cheerful" is our word for "hilarious." And I have to imagine the word put into action.

"Will you give a thousand dollars to mission?"

"Ha! ha! ha! I shall be delighted to since God has so wonderfully blessed and prospered me."

"Will you contribute a hundred dollars toward our evangelistic work this winter?"

"Ha! ha! ha! I am only too glad for the opportunity to give, since I have so abundantly received."

How much better that sounds than the doleful "Oh, dear, I am tired with the never-ending calls for money, money, money."

But this "hilarious" giving is not possible except the Spirit is dwelling rightly within it. For only the Spirit shows the greatness of that salvation which we received through Christ, and the greatness of our consequent obligation.—*Rev. A. J. Gordon*.

RALPH WELLS, a successful Sunday-school worker, says: "It is my opinion that there is too little attention given in our Sunday-schools to the memorizing of Scripture. There is not as much done in this line as there was some years ago. It should be the aim of teachers to see that their scholars each week commit to memory a certain portion of the Bible, the number of verses to be memorized depending, of course, on the age of the scholar. That plan can only be carried out successfully with the assistance of the parents or the guardians of the children in their own homes. The feature most open to criticism in the Sunday-school of to-day is that it secured such a small amount of co-operation from the home."

You often hear people say that they have no aptitude for religious work; as though the matter rested mainly on natural endowment. But Jesus said to Galilean fishermen, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. If we follow Jesus and learn of him we will find our imperfect faculties trained by his wisdom, our weakness enforced by his strength, and ourselves, to our surprise, succeeding in that noblest of all callings, the winning of men and women for eternal life.

The secret of good writing and speaking lies first in having valuable thoughts to express; second, in knowing how and when to express them.—*Telescope*.

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