

Some Time.

One day when the winds are soft and the
skies are clear,
And the fresh-lipped flowers are every-
where,
And the bird-songs float on the balmy air
Perchance I'll see
O'er the troubled waters a gleam of sail,
And you will know that the boatman pale
Has come for me.

It may be at noon on a summer's day,
Mid the heat of toil I shall pass away,
And sweetly rest through the living day
Forgetting all care,
'And the sheaf shall drop from the reaper's
hand
And lie unbound where the stubbles stand,
And there'll be grief in the family band
I shall not share.

Perchance when the sheaves are all gather-
ed in,
And the corn is drawn to the waiting bin,
And the golden apples are stored within,
And the bright leaves fall,
I shall look my last on the sunset's gold,
And joyfully pass by the heavenly fold
At the Master's call.

It may be at noon of a winter's night,
I'll slip from the darkness into the light,
On the other shore.
It matters not where the place may be,
Or the time, if the Saviour waits for me,
At the heavenly door.

A Forger's Conversion.

Mr. S. H. Hadley, the well-known
evangelist and rescue worker, re-
lates the following remarkable case
of conversion:

"There was a man came into our
meeting one afternoon with one
thousand forged railway tickets in
his pocket, and he had the plate
with him with which he did the
work. He was on his way to the
Roosevelt Street ferry intending to
meet an accomplice in Brooklyn;
but he happened to stop in at our
place.

"As he sat there listening to the
testimony of ignorant redeemed
men, the Spirit of God took hold of
his soul. He went out, but he didn't
go over to Brooklyn. He came
again in the evening, and the Lord
troubled him mightily. He went
out and got on the ferryboat, and
when the boat reached the middle of
the river he dumped the railway
tickets, plate, and everything over-
board into the river. Then he came
back to the meeting and knelt down
for prayers. Jesus met him there,
and forgave his sins, and gave him
the witness of the Spirit that he
was born again. He made a con-
fession right there before us all. He
was a Swede—a fine-looking man;
he had never drank in his life.

"But the next question was how
he should get a living. So he knelt
down and asked the Lord to send
him a job. He got a job digging
holes for the railroad piers. They
had to be dug ten or eleven feet
deep, and it was hard, dirty work;
his hands got dreadfully blistered.
He took his wife to the top floor of
a tenement house. They had never
lived in such a place before; but,
praise the Lord! he was saved, and
every \$1.50 a day that he earned
was clean money. Finally one of
his former acquaintances heard
where he was, and found him at
work, and said to him, 'Why, John,
are you crazy?' 'No,' said John;
I never was so sane in my life.'
'Well, what's the matter?' 'I have
found Jesus,' said John, 'and given
my heart to God.' 'But, John, look
here! we never had such a good
thing on our hands as we have now.
There's \$10,000 in it if you will
come and join us.' 'No, sir, no
more of that for me.' 'Well, John,
you're in hard luck; let me help
you.' And he pulled out a roll of
money and offered it to John. 'No,
sir,' said John, 'I won't take it.'
'Well, come along with me to my
hotel.'

"John went with him to the Fifth
Avenue Hotel; but he wouldn't
agree to go into any counterfeiting
scheme. After he got home he put
his hand in his pocket and found
there \$300 in bills, which the man
had put into his pocket without his
knowledge. He thought about it
for a moment. The devil said, 'Oh
come, now, keep it; he gave it to
you. Just think how many holes
that will fill up!' But the struggle
was short. He just said, 'Lord Jesus,
if you ever stood by me, stand by
me now,' and he went back to the
hotel and gave back the money.

"The man was greatly surprised,
and said, with tears in his eyes,
'John, if I could have what you
have got I would give up everything
I own in the world.'

"This man has helped to save
hundreds of others. He has main-
tained his integrity, and is trusted
by some of the wealthiest and most
respected business men in New York
City."

Powerless Professors.

It is useless for a powerless pro-
fessor of religion to talk to an un-
converted person about his need of
salvation. Such a one, especially if
he be quite worldly, only aggravates
a sinner when he speaks to him
about his spiritual condition. The

following story is told of a worldly
professor who spoke to an uncon-
verted man:

O Frank! I long to see you a
Christian. Do come to Jesus, won't
you?

For what? was the blunt rejoinder.

Why, for salvation. Don't you
want to be saved?

Yes, I do; but what particular
sins do you want me to be saved
from?

Why, we are all sinners, you
know.

Yes, I know, but I do not cheat,
lie, swear, nor use tobacco. What
lack I yet?

Do you pray?

No; do you?

Yes, said the "name-to-live"; I
pray for you.

For me! When, I'd like to know?
Monday night you were at the
dance; Tuesday night I met you at
the ball, and we didn't get home,
you know, until four o'clock in the
morning; Wednesday night I saw
you at the sociable, and like the rest
of us, you carried on like sixty;

Thursday night I don't know where
you were; but if cards could testify
they would tell what you and I were
up to until two o'clock Friday night,
and now it is Saturday, and for the
life of me I can't tell what time
you have for prayer this week,
or when you could have felt like it.

Oh, I forgot. Your church holds a
prayer-meeting every Thursday
evening, does it not?

Yes.

And was that where you were
last Thursday night?

Yes, certainly.

Did you pray for me there?

I tried to was the faint response.

Well, I don't want to hurt your
feelings, but for conscience sake
don't do that again. If you pray
for anybody, pray for yourself.

You claimed, when you were converted,
to have had more happiness in one
hour than you had had in your life
before, and if that had been true I
should be a Christian long before
now; but, as far as I can see, you
seek your happiness just where I do
—in the world; and if it is right
for you, it can't be wrong for me.

This was a deserved rebuke to
wards a powerless professor of reli-
gion, which ought to have greatly
shamed him. Christians must live
differently from the unconverted if
they would win them to Christ.—
Methodist Recorder.

"I'm Too Busy."

A merchant sat at his office desk.
Various letters were spread before
him. His whole being was absorbed
in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of religion enter-
ed the office.

"I want to interest you a little in
a new effort for the cause of Christ,"
said the good man.

"Sir, you must excuse me,"
replied the merchant, "I'm too busy
too attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, inquiry is on the in-
crease among us," said his friend.
"Is it? I'm sorry, but I'm too
busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I can not tell. I'm very busy.

I'm busy every day. Excuse me,
sir; I wish you a good-morning."

Then, bowing the intruder out of
his office, he resumed the study of
his papers.

The merchant had frequently re-
pulsed the friends of humanity in
this manner. No matter what the
object, he was always too busy to
listen to their claims. He had even
told his minister that he was too
busy for anything but to make
money.

But one morning a disagreeable
stranger stepped very softly to his
side, laying a cold, moist hand upon
his brow, and saying, "Go home
with me!"

The merchant laid down his pen;
his head grew dizzy; his stomach
felt faint and sick; he left the count-
ing-room, went home and retired to
his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had follow-
ed him, and now took his place by
the bedside, whispering, ever and
anon, "You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the mer-
chant's heart; specters of ships,
notes, houses and lands flitted before
his excited mind. Still his pulse
beat slower, his heart heaved heav-
ily, thick films gathered over his
eyes, his tongue refused to speak.

Then the merchant knew that the
name of his visitor was death!

Humanity, mercy and religion
had alike begged his influence,
meats and attention in vain; but
when Death came he was powerless
—he was compelled to have leisure
to die!

Let us beware how we ourselves
too busy to secure life's great end.
When the excuse rises to our lips,
and we are about to say we are too
busy to do good, let us remember
we can not be too busy to die.—
Christian Work.

Life is good, but not life in itself.

—Owen Meredith.

Live well; how long or short, per-
mit to heaven.

What Will You do?

Have you ever thought of the
woes the robber of female virtue en-
tails upon the innocent? Miss
Willard, after a recent visit to the
Florence Crittenton Rescue Home
in Chicago, said I found there
thirty-five women, some of them
pitifully young, and twelve with
babes in their arms. It was a sight
to make careless hearts thoughtful
and steady eyes dim. The poor
child, who was deceived, betrayed,
and robbed a few days ago by the
man she trusted, and who tried to
take her life, was there. At last
she had found those whom she could
trust, and who told her they would
do all in their power to help her
to build her wrecked young life
anew on the foundation of industry,
purity, and honor. Some of us
talked to these forgotten ones as
helpfully and kindly as we could,
and then they spoke to us with tears
of their gratitude for a home so
friendly and mother hearts so shelter-
ing.

It is enough to make angels weep
—the social desolation that lies in
the wake of the libertine. And as
for many men—men who by the
grace of God have kept themselves
unspotted from the world—men who
have never wronged an innocent
girl—what effect should the sight of
all this wrong have upon them?
Will it not arouse indignation and
a determination to help protect the
innocent and to rescue the down-
cast? And you, pure women, what
will you do? Does not all the nobil-
ity within arise and cry to God for
vengeance as you see your sisters
despoiled and degraded? On that
first trip to New Orleans, long be-
fore he was President, plain Abra-
ham Lincoln saw an auction of
slaves in the market-place. And as
he turned away from the sight of
the slave block he said to a friend:
"If ever I get a chance to strike that
institution [slavery] I will strike
hard! I shall we not highly resolve
to strike with our might the social
leper, and then to turn in pity and
help the sorrowing soul that has
been polluted by his touch?"—*Calif-
ornia Advocate.*

Let Us Take Time.

Let us take time for the good-bye
kiss. We shall go to the day's work
with a sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening
prayer. Our sleep will be more
restful if we have claimed the
guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet,
foolish words to those we love. By
and by, when they can no longer
hear us, our foolishness will seem
more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read our
Bible. Its treasures will last when
we shall have ceased to care for the
war of political parties, and rise and
fall of stocks, or the petty happen-
ings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant.
The small courtesies which we often
omit because they are small, will
some day look larger to us than the
wealth which we coveted, or the
fame for which we have struggled.

Let us take time to get acquainted
with our families. The wealth you
are accumulating, burdened father,
may be a doubtful blessing to the
son who is a stranger to you. Your
beautifully kept house, busy mother,
can never be a home to your daugh-
ter, whom you have no time to
caress.

Let us take time to get acquainted
with Christ. The hour is coming
swiftly, for us all, when one touch
of his hand in the darkness will
mean more than all that is written
in the day-book and ledger, or in
the record of our little social world.

Since we must all take time to
die, why should we not take time to
live—to live in the large sense of a
life begun here for eternity.—*Sel.*

Find Your Work.

In one of our city churches, a
few years ago, a young girl came to
the Sunday-school superintendent
and asked if he could give her work.

"I am very sorrow not to know
just where to place you," he said,
"but just now our corps of teachers
are full; however, there will proba-
bly be work for you later.

After a few weeks the girl came
again to the superintendent and
asked if there was work for her.

She received the same answer as
before. Then she demurely asked
if she might "borrow three or
four boys for a few weeks," adding
by way of explanation, that
if one of the teachers could be per-
suaded to "lend her enough scholars
to start with, she thought she could
build up a class."

Four small boys were accordingly
borrowed. The teacher explained
her plan to her improvised class,
and sent them out, and went out
herself in search of recruits.

Six weeks later, the borrowed pu-
pils were returned to their own
teacher, while a large class, com-
posed altogether of new scholars, re-
mained with the plucky little maiden
who had instituted this novel plan.

How many of us would try as
hard to find work to do for the Sun-
day-school?

Hereditary Appetite.

The ablest lawyer whom I ever
knew—and that is saying a great
deal—came from a family where the
men had for generations all died
drunkards at an early age. This
gentleman, who had every advan-
tage of education, was inordinately
ambitious and possessed of ability
which amounted to genius, deter-
mined to reverse the family history.
His process was to give his days
and nights to the most exhaustive
labor in the prosecution of the pro-
fession. At 45 he was retained in
every case within 200 miles of the
village where he practiced, and a
Supreme Court judgeship was to be
his at the first vacancy. He had a
wife to whom he was devoted, and a
most interesting family of children.
Those who knew the story of his
hereditary thought he had outlived
and outgrown its curse, but at 47,
after a trial in which he had been
almost sleeplessly engaged for three
weeks, he endeavored to recuperate
by the aid of brandy and went on a
prolonged spree. From then until
he died he was never sober. His
clients left him, he abandoned his
family, settled in a remote part of
the country, and died in two years.

Child-Love for Mother.

Happy they whose first years
have been infolded in parental piety,
who begin their course in this world
with a religious atmosphere about
them, taught as the beginning of all
instruction and all discipline. Thank
God if you are so fortunate as to be
a child of many prayers. "Who
cares for mother?" said a boy one
day to his sister, who told him that
mother wished him to leave his play
on the sand and come home. "My
boy," said a gentleman who over-
heard the remark, "don't speak
thus. I despised my mother, and
took my own way, and broke her
heart. But after her death, oh,
what would I have done to be able
to call her back! I was miserable un-
til I remembered how she taught
me to pray, and I cast myself on her
God. Oh, how much I owe to my
mother and her prayers!" The
boy's eyes kindled, and his voice
trembled, as he said, "I will never
speak lightly of my mother again,
sir; no, never!"

What is Kindness?

We are often told that a teacher
must govern a class by kindness.
But what is kindness? It is not sim-
ply a smile, then a pained look when
the scholars misbehave, and an easy-
going manner that dares not rebuke
anyone. There are many whose
kindness is only lack of spirit. The
kind of kindness which we
ought to show to scholars is that of
taking a personal interest in them;
the kindness that goes a mile out of
the way, or trudges through a storm,
or otherwise exhibits self-denial for
the scholar's benefit. He must
have a kindness that sympathizes
with the scholar's needs, and en-
courages him to be brave and faithful;
that cheers the downcast; that tries
to advance the temporal interests of
those in adversity; that stands by
those who are in trouble. This is
kindness, and it is far more power-
ful than the lazy sweetness that
some persons cultivate as their entire
equipment.

No boy's education is complete
without a knowledge of the Bible.
This is more important than it
may appear at first sight. The im-
portance of it is seen when we meet
educated men who are hopelessly
mixed on Bible themes and history.
Many can not tell where the story
of Joseph is to be found, not to
speak of some of the prophets, and the
only way in which they can locate
Adam is by remembering that he
was the first man and comes, there-
fore, near the beginning. We once
saw a picture of "Peter and Paul
in Prison." The inscription didn't
say when or where the interesting
incident occurred. It is disgraceful
that the Bible should be the only
history of which our youth are
ignorant.

Many tax their ingenuity to hide
their sins from the gaze of the
world, but both time and judgment
will proclaim that they labor in
vain. But God's forgiveness can so
cover their transgressions that they
will be both blotted out and for-
gotten forever.

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