

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's fame;
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But God who judges all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

Serial.

JIM, THE PARSON.

Author of "The Parson's Progress,"
BY E. REDELL BENJAMIN.

CHAP. VII.—REST.

Such a day as Kate needed! The sweet calm Sabbath dawned—sweeter, calmer at Burnside than could be possible elsewhere, for each member of the household appreciated its privileges. The dear old lady—and yet I hesitate to say "old," for nothing which we associate with age had touched her, save in wisdom and in the beauty of peace—the dear old lady, on this bright winter day, had gone nearer than ever to the glory-land in the extra hour of devotion which she allowed herself on the Sabbath. A light illuminated the soft gray eyes, a halo enriched the fair brow.

Another hour found them in the church. Mr. Thornton was in the desk. The same dark eyes, the same magnetic power which shone through them on his early street companions, now influenced his audience; the words were familiar, but Kate felt as if they had a new meaning when, with an emphasis on the word Lord, and a pause after it, Mr. Thornton actually proclaimed the fact—"The LORD is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

A hush fell upon the people. They realized the presence of the King. The prayers were then offered to a present Lord, and the praises rose to a listening Jehovah. The stillness was oppressive; the responses and the singing were a relief. Kate felt as if she could not have endured it without singing; and her voice, always beautiful, had a clear, silver tone that surprised herself, and thrilled through the heart of even Mr. Thornton. As he expressed it in a letter to his sister, "There was a new face before me, a face of earnest devotion; and as I was rising in spirit on the thoughts in the hymn, a voice rose and carried me right to the gate of heaven."

To his heaven—he had no need to be taken there; he always seemed to stand "before the Lord." Like Moses, too, every gesture and every action could be explained. "According as the Lord commanded, so did he." The text was so in accordance with the all-prevailing feeling that it seemed only a fitting ending to the service. "And all the people said AMEN, and praised the Lord."

The sermon was on union in worship, and personal acceptance of Christ's work. Unaccustomed to hear the gospel in Old Testament story, the people listened with deep attention; and as for Kate, she stood with the hosts of Israel before the "tent that David had pitched for the ark of God." She saw the sacrifices and offerings, and heard the blessing of the high priest. Then came the music of the psalteries and harps,

the sounding of the silver trumpets, and the shout of the "AMEN!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Montgomerie, as they drove home, "did I shout Amen, too? I never was so carried away in my life. I feel as if I had been there. What a man he is! Mr. Thornton is the first young man I ever really enjoyed listening to; I generally think that youth is a mistake for the clergy, and that they should be born old; but this one needs no years to ripen his love for the Lord, and he preaches from the abundance of his heart."

* * * * *

One week of preparation then Kate stood on the porch of the cottage, to welcome her aunt and her children to their new home. The happiness on both sides must be imagined. Mrs. Ray could hardly speak for joy, and Kate surprised them all by bursting into a flood of tears.

"Doodness," said baby Will. "Don't cry, tounsin Tate; see de bootiful tings—oo can have dem all."

The laughed that this kind offer produced relieved the overwrought feelings, and by the time that Mrs. Montgomerie came to tea, with a basket of good things, everything was in "working order." Kate astonished them by her plans and her execution of them.

"I always feel like laughing Kate," said her aunt, "when you go into practical observations; flowers and laces, poetry and music, seem your fitting surroundings; then to hear you talk of the price of a saucepan is fairly comical."

"I see the same things in you," returned Kate. "When you were broiling our steak this morning, I thought of Marie Antoinette playing farmer's wife."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Ray. "I am an old worker—but there is the clergyman; are you ready for company, Kate?"

Kate's gift was always to be ready, and Mr. Thornton went away with a puzzled impression of a young girl of rare beauty, or deep earnest convictions, and yet of one who saw life by a light which shimmered and flickered and sometimes danced with joyfulness. He thought he would ask May how such contradictions could exist in one soul.

* * * * *

To Kate's new duties she added the leading of the choir, which was composed of young people. Sometimes she would play the organ, too, for she had the ability to give assistance without seeming intrusive.

Mr. Thornton felt her influence without defining to himself how much it was to him. When he and his people sang praises that were almost jubilant, or in low tones rendered petitions, they were unconscious of the exquisite taste that adapted both to the reading or the sermon. To Kate, harmony was a necessity; her daily tones were modulated, so that her presence was always a refreshment. Even Mrs. Ray could not soothe her highly-organized Ellie as Kate could. The little one listened to her as if it were a revelation to the baby-soul; and when she sang, the brightness of the always-beaming eyes told of a vision from the spirit land. The child would hold her mother's hand in a close grasp, with her eyes on her cousin. Not only Kate's voice, but her dress and appointments, were all harmonious; and before long the demands upon her for social entertainments were con-

stant. Her father's recent death formed an excuse for all outside of the circle of those whom they called "the family." Among them she and Mr. Thornton constantly met, but the lookers-on could not tell by word or sign whether the evident admiration of the young clergyman were returned.

(To be Continued.)

THE DYING SAILOR AND THE BIBLE.

An affecting story is related of a young sailor who died on board a whale ship in the South Atlantic. James Duboice—such was his name—had been carefully reared, but impelled by a strong love of adventure and an ardent desire to see the world, had gone to sea. The ship had made a prosperous voyage, and was on her way home.

Of all the men in that ship, none were more elated than James. He had been ashore at the Azores, and got a few curiosities; he had been ashore at Rio and Cape Verde Islands and clambered up the rocky sides of one of the Falkland Islands; and he felt already his mother's kiss, and heard the cordial welcome of friends at home, and saw their looks of wonder, and heard their words of astonishment while he showed his shells and related his adventures to them. He spent the whole of his middle watch in painting with enthusiastic words the anticipated meeting, and the scenes which would occur at home. Poor fellow it was only a waking dream with him; he never saw his mother again.

The next day he went to work at "stowing down" the oil. It was a rough sea, and the ship pitched heavily so as to make it hard and dangerous work to handle the casks of oil. The last cask was stowed and filled, and in ten minutes more the hatches would be down. Duboice stood on the cask, in the main hatchway, and was passing a few sticks of wood down among the water-casks when the vessel rolled deeply to the leeward, a cask of water broke from the lashings at the weather rail, and rolled into the hatch-way where he stood, and in one instant both legs above the knees were literally jammed to pieces—the bones were broken into shivers.

We took him into the steerage, and did the best we could to bind up his broken limbs, and make him comfortable; but we knew, and he knew, that his days were numbered—he must die. That night, as I sat by his berth and watched with him he was constantly calling "Mother! mother?" Oh! it was heart-rending to hear him in his piteous ravings calling "Mother! mother!" and then he would weep like a child because she came not. In the morning watch he grew calm and spoke rationally again. After giving me his parent's address and a message for them, he slept a little while. When he awoke he bade me go to the fore-castle and open his chest; and under the top I should find his Bible. I brought it to him, and he opened it at the blank leaf, and looked long and eagerly at the name. His mother had given it to him when he left home and on the fly-leaf was written by her hand "presented to James Duboice by his mother, Sarah Duboice."

"Now read to me," said he, handing me the Book.

"Where shall I read?"

"Where it tells us where to get ready for heaven."

I felt bewildered, and knew not where to read; but opening the Book at random, my eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm till I came to the tenth verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"Hold there! That is just what I want," said he. "Now, how shall I get it?"

"Pray God to give it to you for Jesus' sake," I suggested.

"Oh, yes, Jesus is the Saviour. Shipmate, it is an awful thing to die; and I have got to go. Oh, if mother was here to tell me how to get ready!" and he trembled with earnestness. After a short pause, during which he

seemed to be in deep thought, he said:

"Do you know of any place where it is said that such sinners as I can be saved?"

I quoted 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

"Oh, shipmate," said he "that is good. Can you think of any more?"

I quoted Hebrew vii., verse 25: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"That's plain. Now if I only knew how to come to God."

"Come like a child to its father," I suggested.

"How's that?"

"As the child feels that his father can help him in danger, so you are to feel that God can help you now. And as the child trusts his father, by fleeing to him so you must trust Jesus by casting yourself upon him."

He lay a little time engaged in earnest pleadings with God, as was evident from the few words I overheard. Then the tears began to run down his face; his eyes opened, and a bright smile played like a sunbeam over his features.

"He forgives me, and I shall be saved," he said with a voice like the sound of a flute for sweetness. The day dawned—then the sun arose in regal splendour on the ocean. I held his hand in mine, and felt the death thrill; then he murmured, "He's come; he's come."

"Who has come?" said I.

"Jesus," he whispered, and he fell asleep.

On sped the noble ship till four bells in the afternoon, and then we laid the maintops to the mast and buried him, closely sewed in his hammock in the "deep, deep sea."

WHAT IT COSTS.

As a gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, he met a man whose only home was in the poor-house. He had come out to take the air and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, "it is a pity that a man like you should be situated as you are. Now may I ask how old you are?"

"I am," said he, "eighty years of age."

"Had you any trade before you became penniless?"

"Yes I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drink?"

"No, Oh, no; I only took my beer; never anything stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"Oh, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his note-book, and he continued figuring, with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now let me tell you," said he, as he finished his calculations, "how much that beer cost you, my man. You can go over the figures yourself."

And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, a sixpence a day for sixty years, expended in beer, would, if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly eight hundred dollars a year, or an income of fifteen dollars a week for self-support.

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whiskey cost," said a judge after trying a case: "One gallon of whiskey made two men murderers, it made two wives widows; and made eight children orphans."—Dr. Richard Newton.

CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

Jesus says, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land the Lord thy God giveth thee." But is there any promise to those that dishonor their parents? None. Wilful child, your mother knows best. If she had not the opportunity of an education as you have perhaps, still she makes it the study of her life how to promote the happiness and welfare of her

child. You may think you are wiser than your parents; but they know best, what is for your good, and if you will take their advice you will invariably come out victorious in the end. Above all, never treat your parents unkindly; it matters not how ignorant and uncouth they may be, they are your parents for all that; and when you lose them you lose your best and dearest friends on earth. You may not appreciate them now that they are constantly with you, but when they are called away from this life of care and anxiety, when their lips are sealed forever, and you no more hear their warning voice, when their hands are folded, still and motionless, never again to perform a loving act for their child, then in the bitter anguish of your soul you will cry out, Oh that I had loved my mother more; Oh, that I had heeded my father's warning voice. But it is too late then, and you can do nothing but sit and repent of your unkindness to your parents.

Children think of this, and if you want heaven's blessing upon you, honor your parents.

"HE'S A BRICK."

Very few of the thousands who use the above slang term know its origin or its primitive significance—according to which it is a grand thing to say of a man, "He's a brick." The word used in its original intent implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal. "Plutarch in his Life of Agilaus, King of Sparta," gives us the meaning of the quaint and familiar expression.

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though nominally only king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for defence of the city, but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. "Sir," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me tomorrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plain where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the patient host, he said, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick."

WELL FRIGHTENED.

Years ago, in New York State, there was an evening party, to which a fashionable young man was invited. He was dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, lavender pantaloons and gloves, with a white vest and button-hole bouquet.

It was fashionable to drink wine. The young man drank to excess, became very hilarious, and left on account of it rather early in the evening. On his way home he stumbled into several saloons, and by drinking became quite intoxicated, and not finding his way home, he crawled into a barn, and slept on the threshing floor.

About four o'clock next morning a gentleman passing that way, and hearing a terrible moan, he listened, and then distinctly heard—

"O, don't kill me! for heaven's sake let me live! Oh—ah! Oh—ah!"

The gentleman listening, certainly thought some one was being murdered. He proceeded cautiously into the barn, struck a match, held it over his head, and saw, lying in a corner, the young man with white vest and lavender gloves almost exhausted; for close to him, down on their knees were two calves sucking his ears.

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