

Success.

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

Behold an utmost example of success! Listen to this man: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness..."

For where is this Paul, thus jubilant with success? He is prisoner at Rome, the second time. He had been prisoner before in this same Rome; but then his imprisonment had been much cushioned.

This momentous responsibility of being trustee to receive and dispense the news of Christ's salvation to those who have never heard them, who are dying at the rate of fifty thousand per day, often staggers me and leads me to careful examination of myself, how I stand before God and these lost millions.

Suppose a man's heart is set on money, and he exiles himself to one of the rude, wild, western mining-places; and there money begins to flow in on him, and he sees the desires of his heart getting actualized, and he writes back to his friends, "The place is rough, but I am getting what I wanted. He is not dependent, you see; he is joyful. He can stand the hardness, because he is getting that on which his heart is set."

It was thus that Paul wrote out of his first imprisonment. His heart was set on telling God's gospel, and his place as prisoner gave him the best possible pulpit. Even in Caesar's court the world was getting to know and sympathize with Christ. Achan and all his house were destroyed for one sin.

Then besides, in this first imprisonment, Paul was quite sure the gates of liberty would open for him; that, after he had finished duty at Rome, he could go ranging forth on his high service elsewhere. And it was so. There were delays of law then, as there are now. But at last the law's delays were done.

But now, four or five years later, everything had changed. Nero was on the throne, and he had finished duty at Rome, he could go ranging forth on his high service elsewhere. And it was so. There were delays of law then, as there are now.

Now it is gripping, terrible imprisonment. Now there is no hired house, black, damp, slimy, and stifling. Now he has no friends about him, save, one only—the faithful Luke. Amid the throngs of that generation, to visit him, to seem to be in the least identified with him, was at the risk of life.

He is penniless, too, and needing comfort. Very noticeably this appears in that request he writes to Timothy to hasten himself to him, and to be sure to bring the cloak left at Troas, and the books and parchments. In that chilly prison the aged apostle has not sufficient covering. He wants his travelling-cloak for warmth, the books and parchments that he may a little solace himself with reading.

Yet, out of such circumstances, the grandest peak of victory ever sung—the sublimest certainty and consciousness of success. No weak bewailings, no complaint that the world has gone against him. Another says: "The characteristic of wanting life is disenchantment; a sense of inevitable disappointment. We trace it in Elijah and John the Baptist; we trace it in Marcus Aurelius; we trace it in Francis of Assisi; we trace it in Roger Bacon; we trace it in Luther. All is vain. We have lived, humanly speaking, to little or no purpose."

Our Duty to the Lost.

THE LOST HEATHEN AND THE LOST CHURCH-MEMBERS.

While so many missionaries and ministers of the gospel are ringing out, in words unmistakably clear and sharp, the pressing responsibility resting on Christians, of giving the Bible specifically to the eight hundred millions of Christless heathen, I cannot repress the desire of my heart to add a few words, especially to members of our churches who neither pray now for the accomplishment of the work which Christ laid upon His disciples, with such directness and stress, just prior to taking His seat at the right hand of God.

This momentous responsibility of being trustee to receive and dispense the news of Christ's salvation to those who have never heard them, who are dying at the rate of fifty thousand per day, often staggers me and leads me to careful examination of myself, how I stand before God and these lost millions.

Suppose a man's heart is set on money, and he exiles himself to one of the rude, wild, western mining-places; and there money begins to flow in on him, and he sees the desires of his heart getting actualized, and he writes back to his friends, "The place is rough, but I am getting what I wanted. He is not dependent, you see; he is joyful. He can stand the hardness, because he is getting that on which his heart is set."

It was thus that Paul wrote out of his first imprisonment. His heart was set on telling God's gospel, and his place as prisoner gave him the best possible pulpit. Even in Caesar's court the world was getting to know and sympathize with Christ.

Then besides, in this first imprisonment, Paul was quite sure the gates of liberty would open for him; that, after he had finished duty at Rome, he could go ranging forth on his high service elsewhere. And it was so. There were delays of law then, as there are now.

Now it is gripping, terrible imprisonment. Now there is no hired house, black, damp, slimy, and stifling. Now he has no friends about him, save, one only—the faithful Luke. Amid the throngs of that generation, to visit him, to seem to be in the least identified with him, was at the risk of life.

He is penniless, too, and needing comfort. Very noticeably this appears in that request he writes to Timothy to hasten himself to him, and to be sure to bring the cloak left at Troas, and the books and parchments. In that chilly prison the aged apostle has not sufficient covering. He wants his travelling-cloak for warmth, the books and parchments that he may a little solace himself with reading.

Yet, out of such circumstances, the grandest peak of victory ever sung—the sublimest certainty and consciousness of success. No weak bewailings, no complaint that the world has gone against him. Another says: "The characteristic of wanting life is disenchantment; a sense of inevitable disappointment. We trace it in Elijah and John the Baptist; we trace it in Marcus Aurelius; we trace it in Francis of Assisi; we trace it in Roger Bacon; we trace it in Luther. All is vain. We have lived, humanly speaking, to little or no purpose."

He is penniless, too, and needing comfort. Very noticeably this appears in that request he writes to Timothy to hasten himself to him, and to be sure to bring the cloak left at Troas, and the books and parchments. In that chilly prison the aged apostle has not sufficient covering. He wants his travelling-cloak for warmth, the books and parchments that he may a little solace himself with reading.

Yet, out of such circumstances, the grandest peak of victory ever sung—the sublimest certainty and consciousness of success. No weak bewailings, no complaint that the world has gone against him. Another says: "The characteristic of wanting life is disenchantment; a sense of inevitable disappointment. We trace it in Elijah and John the Baptist; we trace it in Marcus Aurelius; we trace it in Francis of Assisi; we trace it in Roger Bacon; we trace it in Luther. All is vain. We have lived, humanly speaking, to little or no purpose."

He is penniless, too, and needing comfort. Very noticeably this appears in that request he writes to Timothy to hasten himself to him, and to be sure to bring the cloak left at Troas, and the books and parchments. In that chilly prison the aged apostle has not sufficient covering. He wants his travelling-cloak for warmth, the books and parchments that he may a little solace himself with reading.

A Back-door Missionary.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

"A back-door missionary," said Miss Ainslie to herself, laying down the paper that had been sent her—a sample copy.

"A back-door missionary"—and a more thoughtful expression settled itself upon her features. "I could be that. I've no talent for mounting a platform, or reading papers upon the outlook in Central Africa or Borioboola-Gha. I want to do some real good in the mission field, but the idea of parading myself as a reformer before folks isn't to my taste. But I could be a back-door missionary—that is, if the ash man and the soap-grease man and the swill-carrier do not laugh me to scorn."

"Soap-grease, soap," sounded a hearty voice under her window.

"Speaking of angels," laughed Miss Ainslie, "here is my first opportunity."

"Soap, ma'am?" called the man, catching a sight of her between the curtains.

"Have you a family?" inquired the young lady, interested, in spite of herself, in this uncommonly ugly, ill-dressed and uninteresting person.

"Three blessed little ones," he answered, "and the rain coming into the cellar below, and the damp getting into their throats. It's pretty bad, the baby was last night."

"Oh!" murmured Miss Ainslie, full of sympathy. "Is it very sick?"

"Woop, was, ma'am; but the doctor says no diphtheria. And then there's Mattie. Mattie is a cripple, you know. Fell down stairs when she was four years old and ain't walked a step since; but she's the blindest, patientest child."

"Poor things," said Miss Ainslie, as the man turned to go. She had forgotten, in her sudden sympathy, that she had come out there as a missionary bound to save his soul. She could only think of the intensely human side of his case.

"Soap-grease man, though he was, he had his own little sorrows, and his sorrows to bear. And how he loved his children—common little wretches, probably, but beautiful to him, because they were his. And before she came out of her reverie, the cry sounded again down the street: "Soap-grease, soap!"

Miss Ainslie turned and walked back to the sitting-room disgusted. "A pretty missionary I would make, wouldn't I? Never once thought whether he believed in God or not. Never offered him a tract, or a Bible. Tracts! But what! With those sick children in his home! Would be offering him oranges, beef tea, and jelly! And I let him go without giving him anything for the baby, or even for the little cripple. What was I thinking of! And he would be around here again for a week or two, and the children may all die before that time."

"Soap-grease, soap!" The echo floated faintly back from the receding distance.

And I admire her taste.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Meanwhile Miss Ainslie walked to the door of her physician's office and astonished him by insisting that he go with her to Sheafe street.

"One of the worst streets, as far as sanitary conditions go, in this city. You'll catch something or other there, sure as fate," he grumbled. "Better send a dispensary doctor."

"Yes, I've heard you talk about dispensary doctors before," was the sarcastic reply. "You would not let one prescribe for Sancho, here." Laura Ainslie was well acquainted with Dr. Strong, and knew too much of the real goodness of his heart to have any fears of his gruff speeches.

"Diphtheria, too. Pretty time of year for you to be laid up with that," he went on. "How'll you look staying at home from Saratoga and the mountains in August?"

"As well as I shall feel, I hope," she answered. "I'm going to stay anyway. Is this Sheafe street? Dear me, how dreadful! No wonder the children are sick."

"It's a shame for any city to tolerate such a locality," said the doctor, with professional indignation. "Fourteen, did you say? It took the baby up in his arms, tenderly as a woman, and felt its pulse, soothing and quieting it by force of his own magnetism. The mother seemed quite an intelligent woman, and soon learned how to give it medicine up before her for better than she had done. The five-year-old's throat was examined and gargled, and Mattie was given her proper medicine. Then the mother came in for her share of attention. Afterwards Dr. Strong announced to Laura Ainslie that a woman might easily be made a well woman if the dispensary doctor were any good."

"Come again to-morrow," she said, so plaintively that Miss Ainslie promised her on the spot. And that night, when father came home, not only the sick children were made happy by books and anything else that she could give them, but the mother was made happy, too, by the good plain food, the clothing, and the many little things that only another woman's knowledge of their needs could have sent.

"At the best of it," said the soap-grease man, as his poor wife wiped away her tears, "she wa'n't one of your preaching kind. She didn't offer me tracts when my children were hungry; she didn't ask me to sign any temperance pledges; she didn't fire religion at me like so much buckshot. She gave us like we needed. If there is a Lord an' he was in this city, I'm thinking he'd do that way."

As time rolled on, Miss Ainslie found herself more and more interested in the occupants of No. 14 Sheafe street. She did not take her usual summer outing, but by some not altogether unexplainable chance, she did take diphtheria, and Dr. Strong grumbled more than ever, as he attended her. At the same time he felt a sunny remark, which set her know that the children of the soap-grease man were no longer ill, and that the mother was surely, though slowly, improving. One day, while she was yet the convalescent, a most remarkable looking letter came to her, addressed in a cramped child's hand. It read as follows:

My Dear Miss Ainslie: Your father told me you was sick and I am afraid you got the diphthery to our house. Dr. Strong has promised to Cure you. I thank you for the Bootiful papers and Magazines you send. But most for the pigments you gave me. There is lots in it I dont understand. Christian was a queer Man, wa'n't he? but I guess he ment to be pretty Good. When you get well, I wish you would come and explaine pilgrim's progress to me and all the rest about it. Jesus is than I can find out from these papers. They call him Dear Jesus, but don't tell enouf. From your truly, MATTIE.

"Poor Mattie," said Laura Ainslie, "can it be she doesn't know who Jesus Christ is?"

It was some weeks before she was able to go to Sheafe street; and, once there, she found that her proteges had gone to lighter and more healthful quarters, a couple of streets farther uptown.

"Your doctor did it," said the woman, with Miss Ainslie was once inside the door. "He's done wonders for me, with no prospect of pay; and he insisted that if we wanted to keep well we must move out of Sheafe street. Rent ain't really any more up here either, and it's more like livin' to be away from that dreadful air and damp. And Mattie, too! What do you think, miss? Your doctor had her examined up to the hospital and takes her away twice a week for treatment. They say there is a chance for her, too, to get up and around and be comfortable, in spite of her lameness."

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

LADIES WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THIS BEAUTIFUL WORK SHOULD SEND FOR A COPY OF OUR SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK ENTITLED "HINTS ON ART NEEDLE WORK," JUST PUBLISHED, HANDSOMELY AND PROFELY ILLUSTRATED WITH PATTERNS OF MANY NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ARTICLES, ALSO ATTACHED FOR THE NEW DECORATIVE WORK WITH OUR ART WASH SILKS NOW SO POPULAR FOR HOME FANCY WORK. IT ALSO CONTAINS A TABLE OF SHADING FOR FLOWERS AND BIRDS, AND MUCH INFORMATION VALUABLE AND INSTRUCTIVE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE A TASTE FOR SILK EMBROIDERY WORK. SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF SIX CENTS IN STAMPS. BEIDING, PAUL & CO., SILK MANUFACTURERS, MONTREAL.

HOTELS.

ALBION HOUSE, 32 Sackville St., HALIFAX, N. S. Conducted on strictly Temperance principles. P. P. ARCHIBALD, Proprietor.

CENTRAL HOUSE, 78 Granville St., HALIFAX, N. S. Conducted on strictly Temperance principles. MISS A. M. PATSON.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 Germain St., SAINT JOHN, N. Modern Improvements. Terms \$1 per day. Tea, Bed & Breakfast 75c. E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL STANLEY, KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor. Thoroughly Renovated and Newly Furnished. First-class in all its appointments.

HOTEL OTTAWA, North Side King Square, SAINT JOHN, N. B. E. COBMAN, Proprietor. Terms: \$1.50 per day. This Hotel is conducted on strictly Temperance principles. Every attention paid to Guests' comfort.

YARMOUTH HOTEL, MAIN STREET, YARMOUTH, N. S. W. H. S. DAHLGREN, PROPRIETOR. Jan 1

OXFORD HOUSE, TRURO. A TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Jan 1 A. N. COX, Proprietor.

NOBLE CRANDALL, Custom Tailor, Dore's Building, Gerrish Street, WINDSOR, N.S. A few doors above Post Office. All orders promptly attended to. Jan 1

LEATHER, HIDES, OIL, & CO. WILLIAM PETERS, Dealer in Hides, Leather, God and Finishing Oils, Curriers' Tools and Findings. Manufacturer of Oil Tanned Leather and Larragan Leather. 240 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

J. McC. SNOW, - GENERAL - Fire, Life and Accident INSURANCE AGENCY. MAIN STREET, MONCTON, N. B. Jan 1

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. W. H. HURRAY, MAIN ST., MONCTON, N. B. School Books and School Stationery. Bibles, Hyms Books, Sunday School Books, etc. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

JOHN M. CURRIE, Manufacturers of and Dealer in FURNITURE AND BEDDING, Wholesale and Retail. Fine Upholstered Work a Specialty. Photos and prices on application. Jan 1 AMHERST, N. S.

SHAND & BURNS, (Successors to CURRY & SHAND) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FLOUR, MEAL AND GROCERIES. Also, Blasting Powder and Fuse. "Horse and Cattle Feed a specialty. Vessels supplied at lowest rates. WINDSOR, N. S.

J. CHAMBERLAIN & SON, Undertakers, Warehouse, Office and Residence: 146 MILL STREET, PORTLAND, N. B. Orders from the country will receive special attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Telephone Communication night or day.

JAMES CURRIE, Amherst, Nova Scotia, General Agent for the NEW WYLLIE'S SEWING MACHINES. Also, PIANOS and ORGANS. Machine Needles, Oil, and Parts, always on hand.

J. F. ESTABROOK & SON, COMMISSION AGENTS FOR All kinds of Country Produce. Also, Receivers of FOREIGN FRUIT. No. 16 North Market St., ST. JOHN, N. B. Consignments Solicited. Returns prompt. J. F. ESTABROOK. Wm. G. ESTABROOK.

L. L. SHARPE, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, ELECTRIC CLIPS, Etc., Etc. Special attention paid to repairing Fine Watches. Selling off entire Stock. Come and get Bargains.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, MERCHANT TAILORS, Denzville Building, Prince Wm. Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. P. O. Box 88. Jan 1