

Be Careful.

BY FLORA M'ELWELL.
Be careful what you sow, girls!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash,
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow!
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed,
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by.

And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.
Then let us sow good seeds now!
And not the briars and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home.

For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

Worrying Christians.

Worrying Christians are of two classes—those who worry over the past, and those who worry over the future. One sort are always mourning over their misdeeds, and regretting their old mistakes. They are sure that if they had done differently in this thing or that, they—somebody else—would not be a great deal better off. So they waste their time in vain regrets that their past is just what it must remain forever; for all the worrying in the world will never change the past in the slightest particular.

The other sort of Christians are a worry over what is before them. It is not the old burdens, nor yet the present ones, which are crushing them hopelessly; it is those burdens which are just ahead, and which they are sure will prove heavier than they can bear. What they worried over yesterday they will admit came out better than they anticipated; and the thing now in hand could be done, if that were all of it; but those things which must follow this are a very different matter. To-morrow is to bring the load under which they must inevitably sink. So they fail of doing their best work in the present, because of their dread of a work which, at the worst, is not yet upon them—and which possibly never will be; for they may never see to-morrow's dawn.

As a matter of fact, we never have more than one duty at a time, and that is the duty of the present minute. Whatever that duty is, it ought to be done; and in doing that duty we cannot by any possibility neglect any other duty; "for duties never conflict."

The duty of the present has its bearings on both past and future. Past and future enter into the question of what is present duty. But with the duty of the present clearly defined in our mind—and commonly there is little difficulty in defining it—we ought to leave past and future out of thought for the time, that we may give ourselves utterly and absolutely to the one duty of life—the duty of the present and passing minute.

There ought to be comfort in the thought that we are living one minute at a time, and that our only duty of now is with the business of now. Its hearty acceptance will put an end to most of the causes of our worry in our life.

What is my duty for the present minute? That is the point which we are to have in question. The instant that question is settled, the recognized duty is to be done—done, if we die for it.—*Morning Star.*

Helping Mother.

Six young ladies of a graduating class were gathered around a window overlooking pleasant grounds, and talking eagerly about the future. Their plans were various, reaching onward with no thought of grief or sorrow. Wealth, admiration, fame, were among the attainable. Music and art would each have its devotee. One would continue her studies at a higher institution; another would become the mistress of a beautiful home.

One had not spoken, and when the question, a second time, was asked impatiently, "Louise, what are your plans?" her answer was eagerly awaited.

"I shall help my mother," said quiet Louise.
"O-o, oh, we all mean to do that, of course," said one; "but what plans have you? You can't mean just to stay at home in a poky way and not try to do anything."

"Girls," said Louise, "I do mean to do just that for the present, at least. My business shall be to help

my mother in any way that it is possible for me to help her."

A glance at the puzzled faces around her, and she continued: "Shall I open my heart to you a bit, and let you read a sad passage from it? You remember Stella Morton? You remember that I once visited her during vacation? Her home was very pleasant, and a large family of brothers and sisters made the days pass merrily. Our pleasures kept us so much out of doors that we saw little of Mrs. Morton—a delicate, quiet lady, always ready to bestow sympathy when needed. I noticed that the girls were not so tidy and helpful about the house as I had been taught to be; but, as I did not see who supplied all deficiencies, I thought little about it. One day a picnic had been planned, and I heard the girls impatiently commenting upon the illness of the one servant, as it threw upon them some disagreeable household duties. How Mrs. Morton ever accomplished the delicious lunch we ate that day, only such overworked mothers can explain; the little assistance given by Stella and Alice must have been most unsatisfactory.

"We returned by moonlight, so tired that we went to our rooms without seeing anyone, if indeed, anyone was up at that hour. By-and-bye—I don't know how long we had slept—a frightened voice called Stella, who shared my room, and soon we all knew that gentle, tired Mrs. Morton was alarmingly ill. At sunrise she was gone, without leaving the voices so full of love and sorrow. Girls, I can't describe Stella's grief; she placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, stained dead one, and said: 'See, Louise, at what cost mine is so fair; and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again.

"One day I found Stella at her mother's work-table, holding up some unfinished piece, evidently left in haste. Louise," she said, "mother asked me to do this, and I really meant to; oh, why didn't I do it at once?"

"You can understand what an impression all this made upon me, and when a few days later, I was called home by the illness of my own mother, the feeling was intensified. Mother was very ill, and as hope grew fainter, my distress was hardly less than Stella's. One night, when my sister and I were too anxious to sleep, I told her about Stella, and we then pledged ourselves to take from mother every possible care, and to make our home our first object. To make the promise more binding and real, we exchanged rings. Mother's illness made it seem more natural and easy at first, and everything moved on so smoothly that I really think she regained her health more quickly. All the mending and sewing was done promptly under her direction, and we always silenced her by saying we liked to do it. She seldom knows what is prepared for tea or breakfast; we beg her not to inquire, for we know that she enjoys little surprises. The boys and the dear baby are better and happier for having so much of her time and attention.

"Last summer I visited Stella again. She is the light of the home. Only for the discipline I had passed through could I understand how she was able to accomplish so much. Once, when I expressed something of this to her, her eyes filled with tears, as she asked, 'Do you suppose she sees us—that she knows what I am trying to do? Her hands were not fair and delicate, but I thought them more beautiful. Why, girls, I never see a pretty hand now without wondering if it has a right to be fair and white. So I am going home to help mother; I shall be happy, because I know it is my duty.'

As Louise finished speaking, the retiring bell sounded. Not a word was spoken, but the kiss that each bestowed upon the flushed face of the earnest speaker told of the impression her words had made. Those mothers alone can tell whether the influence was lasting.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Condemned Soldier.

During the Franco-German war a clergyman was travelling abroad, and with him an old German, who devoted his life to going about and preaching the Gospel. One day, being near the outposts of the German army, they met several soldiers leading a man, manacled and despairing, away to execution. They ventured to ask the escort for what crime the man was condemned. "For robbing the dead," answered the soldier briefly. "And by our laws he is punished with death."

"Is he prepared to die?" asked the good clergyman, pityingly.

"We do not know," they replied; but one of them, the leader of the party, turned to the clergyman and said: "You, sir, seem to be a minister of the Gospel; you may speak to yonder poor man, if you wish, of the hereafter."

The clergyman, glad of the opportunity, went and spoke solemnly to the unhappy prisoner; but he only shook his head and said: "No, I am not ready to die, but that does not trouble me. My sorrow and these tears are for my wife and little children, left destitute and heart-broken; my thoughts are all of them; trouble me with naught else!"

As he continued in this strain, the old German, who had been attentively listening, stepped forward. "My friend," he said, "I weep for you. I have no child—no wife. My heart was long ago made one with God, and death to me has no terror; it is only a welcome guest. I will die instead of you. I have naught to lose, but oh! so much to gain! I will give you my life."

All around stood amazed at this strange proposal; but as the officer in command saw that the German really was in earnest, he said: "I have no power to accept your offer; but let us return to the camp and tell this strange circumstance to the general."

So they turned and went, the German walking beside the poor manacled prisoner, trying to comfort him, telling him of Jesus. The general, too, seemed strangely moved, and asked the German if he was really sincere in his offer.

"Certainly," answered the old man; "I tell you death is no dread to me: I am Christ's, and I shall only go to him; I will gladly lay down my life as a ransom for this poor man's. Surely, the law cannot require two to die. My life will suffice!"

The general, still more astonished, referred the matter to the Crown Prince, who thought long over it. At last he said: "The law does not admit of your being accepted for him; but I can do one thing, I can pardon, and I give you this man's life instead of taking yours."

I leave you to imagine the sequel, and the prisoner's gratitude to his deliverer; while I would ask you to turn from this true story to an older one—the story of Him who meets the poor manacled sinner going forth to die, and who says in love and pity, "I will lay down my life for thee." This was not only an offer, but a bitter though blessed reality.

In Leviticus i. 4, when the sinner, conscious of his having deserved death, brought a lamb's life and blood, it was accepted of God, instead of his own. But Christ, the Lamb of God, once and forever takes away sin by the sacrifice of himself. Dear reader, if you believe not in Jesus, you are "condemned already" (John iii. 18), and are only waiting for the execution of the sentence. Even now, on your way towards destruction, fast bound by sin, Jesus meets you and says, "I gave my life for you;" for "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—*Gleaner.*

What Industry Does.

While industry is not itself genius, those who have genius always employ industry. In fact, it is the distinguishing trait of men of genius; Napoleon, all admit, possessed remarkable genius, but no one exceeded him in activity and industry. Balzac is another example; he wrote in all 269 different works, and all of his manuscripts evinced great care; some had been written ten times.

It is remarkable what stress the great writers lay on industry. A young man asked Anthony Trollope how to become a successful writer, and received this reply: "When you sit down to write put a piece of shoemaker's wax on your chair." And on his own writings Trollope spent a certain amount of time each day, no matter whether sick or well. His aim was to write forty pages of 250 words each every week.

Charles Dickens also believed in industry as the main thing. He would take down names that struck him, and also peculiar conversation he heard while travelling. All this demanded work; in fact his recreations were spent in writing of this kind seeing things and writing them down.

Martin Luther was one of the most industrious men the world ever saw; he published during his lifetime 750 volumes: he translated the Bible into German, itself the work of a life-time, Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, and yet learned eighteen ancient and modern languages as well as several dialects.

George Eliot was a wonderful example of untiring work. It is said she read one thousand books in preparing to write "Daniel Deronda." The amount of preparation for "Romola" was equally immense.

Gladstone is a wonderful statesman and a wonderful man. One of his recreations is to translate English into Latin or Greek into English. He takes long walks, thinking nothing of fifteen miles, and to cut down a stout oak tree before breakfast is an especial pleasure.

Bismarck is another hard-working statesman. He rises early, and is able to tire out clerks and corres-

pondents with writing. The discussion of the treaty of peace with the French occupied three hours, and then it was seen that Thiers was completely exhausted. While he rested and slept for two hours, Bismarck went on writing his despatches and letters, and on the awaking of Thiers, resumed the argument, apparently strong and hearty.

Longfellow made one of his translations during the few minutes he was obliged to await each morning for his coffee. Elihu Burritt became a learned man by having a book before him as he blew the bellows in a blacksmith shop.—*Treasure Trove.*

RANDOM READINGS.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—*Ruskin.*

Every misery missed is a new mercy.—*Isaac Walton.*

Speaking without thinking is shooting without aiming.—*Miss Carey.*

Afflictions are but the shadow of God's wings.—*George Macdonald.*

We count words as nothing; yet eternity depends upon them.—*Quemel.*

The more God empties your hands of other work, the more you may know He has special work to give them.—*Garret.*

If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in things that are small.—*S. F. Smith.*

Only let us have faith in God, and we shall not lack the means of doing good.—*Andrew Fuller.*

Every man is in some sort a failure to himself. No one ever reaches the heights to which he aspires.—*Longfellow.*

Advice is like snow: the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.—*Coleridge.*

We shape ourselves the joy or fear of which the coming life is made. And fill our future's atmosphere With sunshine or with shade.

The best advertisement of a workshop is first-class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well made Christian character.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

Every fancy that we would substitute for a reality, is, if we saw aright, and saw the whole, not only false, but every way less beautiful and excellent than that which we sacrifice to it.—*Sterling.*

A Catholic legend says that the devil gave a hermit the choice of three great vices, one of which was drunkenness. The hermit chose this as being the least sinful. He became drunk and he committed the other two.

If parents knew more of Christ, and practised more of His religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.—*Talmage.*

If we do not want "to speak of Him," let us beware of plausibly persuading ourselves that it is because we do not want to speak about ourselves. Let us be honest, and own that the vessel does not overflow because it is not very full of faith and love.—*St. C. H. Haverhill.*

The grave cannot hold any portion of the covenantal ones; eternal life is the portion of the whole man; God is the God of our entire manhood, spirit, soul, and body; and all live unto Him in their entirety. The whole of the covenant shall be fulfilled to the whole of those with whom that covenant was made.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NATURE MAKES NO MISTAKES.

Nature's own remedy for bowel complaints, cholera morbus, cholera, cramps, vomiting, seasickness, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all diseases of a like nature belonging to the summer season, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which can be obtained of all dealers in medicine.

MIRACULOUS.

"My Miraculous Cure was that I had suffered from kidney disease for about two years, was off work all that time. A friend told me of B. B. B. I tried it, and I am happy to say that I am cured by two bottles." Wm. Tier, St. Mary's Ont.

SEEDS. SEEDS. SEEDS.

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE FROM MONTREAL.

125 BUSHELS TIMOTHY,

2,000 Lbs. Clover Seed

In Red Clover, Long Lats or Northern Red Clover, Alsike Clover.

PURPLE TOP TURNIP SEED, GARDEN SEEDS IN VARIETY.

Which I will sell low for CASH.

W. H. VANWART.

Extra good value in TEA. Try it and be convinced, at F'ton, April, '87.

W. H. VANWART'S.

CONFEDERATION

Life Association!

HEAD OFFICE, - - - TORONTO.

A Home Company, offering lowest rates and best security.

EACH YEAR'S BUSINESS IS LARGER THAN THE PRECEDING.

We closed 1886 with about 15 millions of Insurance, of which nearly 3 millions were written in the year.

Over quarter of a million profits to be distributed among the Policy-holders this year.

Here are a few facts selected from the Annual Report for 1886:

1. The Interest received from investments more than paid the death losses of its investments.

2. The Premium Income of 1886 was nearly half a million, or a quarter more than in 1885.

3. The profits to Policy-holders for the 5 years—1881 to 1886—are more than double those of 1876 to 1881.

4. The management still rests in such hands as—Sir W. P. Howland, President; Hon. W. McMaster, Vice-President; J. K. McDonald, Managing Director.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.

Or W. B. Coulthard, Fredericton; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; J. McG.

Grant, St. John.

For a copy of our Annual Reports, including the opinions of the Financial and Insurance papers, for our rates, which are most liberal, or for our special rates to clergymen, address:

W. G. GAUNCE,

General Agent, (Box 69) Fredericton.