### Seed-Time.

We are sowing, daily sowing, Countless seeds of good and ill, Scattered on the level lowland, Cast upon the winding bill; Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows, Soft with heaven's gracious rain; Seeds that rest upon the surface Of the dry, unyielding plain;

Seeds that fall amid the stillness Of the lonely mountain gien; Seeds cast out in crowded places, Trodden underfoot of men; Seeds by idle hearts forgotton, Flung at random in the air; Seeds by faithful souls remembered, Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seed: hat lie unchanged, unquickened, Lifeless on the teeming mold; Seeds that live and grow and flourish When the sower's hand is cold. By a whisper sow we blessings, By a breath we scatter strife; In our words and looks and actions Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow alone! Let thine angels guard the furrows Where the precious grain is sown, Till the fie'ds are crowned with glory, Filled with mellow, ripened ears, Filled with fruit of life eternal From the seed we sow in tears.

Check the forward thoughts and passions, Stay the hasty, heedless hands, Lest the germs of sin and sorrow Mar our fair and pleasant lands. Father, help each weak endeavor, Make each faithful effort blest, Till thine harvest shall be garnered, And we enter into rest.

### To My Irritable Sister.

which is alone the price of decent turn and say: "Good bye, Nell cleanliness. I have fought the in- I'll be home Wednesday. cessant battle with dust, and have envied those notable matrons whose windows are always brightly polish- closes behind me. ed, whose floors never show speck But all day long I hear a sweet or fluff, whose vestibules are always voice saying. "Charlie, will you immaculate, and whose tables are forgive me, dear?" The wheels, as not only abundantly provided, but they turn swiftly upon the steel invariably daintily served. I know rails. cry out, "Will you forgive how beautiful, in the reading, is the me, dear?" The whistle screeches story of this woman or that, whose it; the rhythm of the cars in their affairs move with no audible jar and ceaseless motion says. "Forgive me, no visible friction. And I am dear; forgive me, dear: forgive me, aware, too, that it is not easy, in | dear.' actual practice, to go through an ordinary domestic week, with its surely that sweet voice will cease activities, and feel neither jar nor its musical horror in my ears. multiform friction. The ideal super- But no. In the footsteps of men lative transcends the positive actual upon the streets of a strange city with many of us, and the prettier in the chirp of the crickets out in our homes are the harder it is, alas! the fields; in the quiet of my room, to take the proper and exquisite care and the hum of busy voices below which our very luxuries and con- I hear only the words, "Will you veniences demand.

It came to me the other day, as I I must go home; I will seek my conquering the tendency to irritabil- apart; the fields crawl by. ity of which you complain, and Ah! my journey is ended. which I deplore, is resolutely to re- will be at home. But I must hasten. fuse it expression. We are not al- Someway I feel I've not a ways able to control the impetuous moment to lose. I must be home. rush of emotion, but we can repress | Ah! here it is. There's a light querulous outcry, and the indignant | forgive her, my poor, patient little pent. Have we not repented over me ! and over of having spoken impati | But she does not open the door ently, when to do so did no good, as is her wont at sound of footin fact did but confuse child or ser- steps she knows so well. Her

Apart from the repression of re- another's and white as marble. of a Virginia manse—her health | dear!" fragile, her family large, her house I could not sleep that night; overflowing with guests and her could not sleep the night before: hands with cares, while the best shall not sleep to-night, for all service at her command was both through the silent watches I shall imperfect and uncertain? Her hear one sound—that cry of a sweet presence in the book-lined study voice calling out in never ceasing was a benediction as we gathered pleadings, "Please forgive me, dear! for family prayers or evening chat; -Omaha Republican. not, under any provocation, was the sweet voice ever raised. So tranquil, so unhurried, when I am wearied, the remembrance of her gentleness, rests and soothes me still.

Bonar's hymn: "Calm me, my God, and keep me

Soft resting on my breast, Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,

And bid my spirit rest. "Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in the hour of pain; Calm in my poverty or wealth,

Calm in my loss or gain."

When we have exhausted all our prescriptions and tried all our remedies, dear, easily irritated sister, the one unfailing panacea awaits

the hurt child cries out for the the world, the way of blasphemers "drop the burden at his feet, and out. bear a song away."—Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Interior.

### Unforgiven.

ONLY A LITTLE WORD, BUT OH, HOW HEAVILY FREIGHTED WITH WOE IT IS

"Charlie?"

"Well," "Forgive me, dear?" No answer. I just go on pack

ng mv valise. "Charlie?" "Well."

Will you forgive, dear?"

and also that forbearance sometimes ceases to be a virtue.

"Charlie?" "Well."

"Please forgive me, dear."

I have finished my packing and am ready for my journey. As I take my grip in my hand I turn, that believeth shall not make haste. half towards the spot where sits a slender figure in the shadow of the Yes, my dear fellow-housekeeper, heavy portiere, but I think better know all about it, from experi- or worse-of it, and stride across ence. I know the eternal vigilance | the room to the outer door; then I

> "Charlie!" reproachfully. But I do not turn, and the door

My journey is ended, and now

forgive me dear?"

sat in my chamber and thought of young wife, and I will forgive her. your annoyances and my own that But the train moves at a snail's perhaps the most practical way of pace; the stations are continents

the hasty speech and the severe in the chamber, our chamber. Sly frown. We can be silent in the rogue! she is waiting for me. She first flush of injured feeling, and re- knew I could not stay away. Ah frain from the sharp word, the let me once get hold of her, how I burst of which we are sure to re- wife. How often she has forgiven

vant, or vex the heart of our friend? sweet face welcomes me not, but

sentment, in look or word we may I followed, dazed, into my wife's do much toward the cultivation of room. She is there yet, and upon gentle and not easily perturbed my arms lies my new born daughter. temper by using habitually a gentle But never will her arms be raised quietude of tone. Shall I ever for- to my embrace, and never again get my friend—the sweet mistress will she say to me, "Forgive me,

## "An Uncommonly Curious Thing.

confessed :- 'When the bullets ous about his soul. But he cou'd Very precious to my heart is have been whizzing past my not have guessed that a message ears, and the shells bursting on would reach him as it did. He had The practice is not only sinful in 16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B. I might possibly die very soon, I Christian feels. instinctively begin to pray."

nations. But we are often so slow and ask their prayers when they are ly with him his office was called. from sin, as if he pardoned no one." to avail ourselves of the peace we in sickness; it may be a curious He took his usual position, spelled might have for the asking; we so thing that men will blaspheme in the message from "Herbert," at often buy everything else before we fair weather and beg for mercy in a Windermere, to "J. B.," at Wark- polite person does not tell an invalid go to him who never fails us when storm, and that bullies who scoff worth. "Behold the Lamb of God, how pale she is looking, or ask an I think we instinctively run to ghosts, and thunder, and graveyards world." "In whom we have re- when some one who is lame enters a him in the time of calamity or dis- when they are alone; but curious demption through His blood, the public place fix eyes upon the sufferer

mother's comfort, we fly to our and scoffers and mockers for ages; young man had never known to pass heavenly Friend. But the children and it will doubtless continue so; the wire before. It was sent to are naughty, the chimney smokes, for though there may be now and servant girl, who, in her distress of there are business worries, the ser- then a calm, cool, self-controlled mind, had written a letter to her vant leaves suddenly, the dinner is skeptic, who will for pride's sake brother "Herbert," at the lakeside. spoiled through somebody's careless- or for appearance's sake maintain But it proved a double benediction; little things and think we must bear stances are rare; for as regards prayer. He accepted it as such, them alone. They are the very people in general. God has a witness and his faith saw and rested in the thing in which the Lord is waiting in every man's bosom who though Lamb of God, to be our gracious helper if we will long hushed and silenced, in the only carry them straight to him, to hour of danger or troub!e will speak | went to its destination, and brought

most, and smile most at all religious stead of one. And those words are things, are the people whose hearts living still, and as potent to bless are heaviest, and who in their inner and save-not only two, but ten souls are filled with anxiety. Often thousand times ten thousand. their levity is mockery; their pretences of indifference are hypocrisy: their claims to care nothing about these things are absolute wilful lies, and they know it, and God knows it; and mu'titudes of them have been converted to God, and with hardly an exception have testified that their infidelity was a sham, and that along with it all there were secret misgivings, and doubts, The sweet voice vibrates through and fears that all was not well. my heart in tender cadence, but she | As one infidels id, after having run is always doing something and then the round of doubt and unbelief, asking to be forgiven, and I am until at last he confessed his faith tired of it. I will teach her a lesson in Christ, "I never found anything before to rest upon that would not shake when the wind blew."

Thanks be to God the Christian has his feet upon the rock. The foundation of Goo standeth sure No storms can shake the confi dence of the child of God, and "he -The Christian.

### A Life Necessity.

with an agonizing groan that rasp- close the door. The new conductor put his hand in conductor, who stood on the plat- or dress, or our affairs. form, "I always carry an oil can; crushed, apparently by circumstances. Is there a philosophy of oil-cans? We rumbled on to the tunnel, feeling we were under the care of a man trained to meet emergencies; time was short, but the nervous anxiety that had made the journey from City Hall interminable had disappeared, and we leaned back, saying inwardly, "Weil, we might as well take the next train." Unconscious teacher, how often has your comfortable manner and hearty voice recalled us to the necessity of using an oil-can to modify the friction of life!

Recently three or four earnest women met at luncheon. The conversation drifted on to the question, "Shall love have a hundred eyes. or be blind?" Which is the best? Which is most comfortable? The conclusion was that there must be udicious blending of sight and olindness; affection enough to forgive and forget. At the close, an earnest woman, whose every gesture is an indication of wisdom and mental balance, said: "I sometimes think that one must go through life carrying an oil-can, if she desire peace.' Here was another face beaming with health and good cheer, whose philosophy of life was an oil-can-deep, trust ful affection, bearing and forbearing. -Christian Union.

## Converted By A Telegram.

A young telegraph operator in an "An avowedly unbelieving officer | English provincial town was anxi-

at religion in a crowd are afraid of which taketh away the sin of the elderly lady if her eyes are weak, nor The impulse dominates us, and a uncommon. It has been the way of riches of His grace."

Such a telegram as that the

Meanwhile the golden telegram peace to the anxious soul of the The people who sneer most, scoff poor servant girl. It saved two in-

### Don't Hear Everything.

The a. b of not hearing should be learned by all. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which i is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt the simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds according to his pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more. If, in our quiet voyage of life, we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sails, and making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame A Fourth avenue car was rum- our feelings we should consider bling up the avenue; the day was what mischief these fiery sparks may cold, and the door opened and shut, do in our magazine below, where to admit and discharge passengers, our temper is kept, and instantly

ed the nerves of every one who If, as has been remarked, all the heard it. At Thirty-fourth street petty things said of one by heedless a new conductor jumped on the car, or ill-natured idlers were to be and the man who examines the brought home to him, he would be register opened the door, which come a mere walking pin-cushion, gave a peculiarly agonizing shriek. stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good his pocket, took out a small oil-can men we should open our ears; when and ciled the track on which the among bad men, shut them. It is door slides, and the rollers on not worth while to hear what our which it hung, saying to the former | neighbors say about our business,

The art of not hearing, though there are so many things that need untaught in our schools, is by no greasing." Was that the reason means unpractised in society. We that, though a man evident y past have noticed that a well-bred woman middle life, his cheeks were ruddy never hears a vulgar or impertinent and his face free from lines? The remark. A kind of discreet deafman who had brought the car from ness saves one from many insults, City Hall, shrieking and groaning from much blame, and from not a on its way, was thin, worn, and little connivance in dishonorable conversation. - Treasure Trove.

## Mistaken Kindness.

The danger of false tenderness in the training of children was finely illustrated at one time in the following manner: A person who was greatly interested in etomology secured at great pains a fine specimen of an emperor moth in the lava state. Day by day he watched the little creature as he wove about him his cocoon, which is very singular in shape, much resembling a flask. Presently the time drew near for it to emerge from its wrappings, and spread its large wings of exceeding beauty. On reaching the narrow aperture of the neck of the flask, the pity of the person watch ing it was so awakened to see the struggle necessary to get through that he cut the cords, thus making the passage easier. But alas! his false tenderness destroyed all the brilliant colors for which this species of moth is noted. The severe the whole developement was imperfect. How often we see a result in spiri ual life.—The Congregation-

# Finding Fault.

been falling on my right hand and his need of a Saviour; and in the many a man will expend so much on my left, it is an uncommonly morning he went to work with his conscientiousness upon the severe curious thing, but at such times I heart uttering the publican's prayer. condemnation of others' faults, that always begin to pray. I am not a This sunny weather and the beauty he has not enough left for his own; praying man-I do not profess to of the summer scenery did not en- nay, will even think, that, having pray-but when I have been in gage him now; for he was longing passed merited condemnation upon danger of that sort, and think that after that peace of God which the wrong-doing in others, he is more at liberty to do wrong himself. Absorbed with this desire, he We ought to judge ourselves strictly, Now it may be an "uncommonly continued to pray: "God, be and judge others leniently. A curious thing' that men will swear merciful to me, a sinner," and was Roman writer states it well: 'I when they are safe and pray when constantly repeating these words, think him best and most faultless us. The leaves of the tree of life they are in trouble; and will sneer when the click of the signal took who pardons others as if he himself are forever for the healing of the at saints when they are in health, place at the instrument, and quick- sinned every day; yet who abstains HALL'S BOOK STORE

A FEW POLITE TRAITS.—The aster. Then we cannot help it. as it may be, it is by no means forgiveness of sins according to the Those who are deformed do not care for general sympathy.

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ness, the baby is teething, and we an attitude of composure and for it came to the operator as a If you do examine what the Confederation Life has to offer.

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