

Just for To-day.

At the close of the address by Canon Wilberforce, pledges were circulated through the audience, having on the back this hymn:

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me from stain and sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duty pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will—
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unhappily say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

So for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

A Peculiar Vengeance.

Manton Field and Earnest Gale were neighbors. Both were young and impulsive, and a sudden quarrel ended in enmity. Though meeting daily neither had spoken for two long years.

"If Gale ventured to cross my lot I'd knock him down for his pains," asserted Manton.

And Earnest was equally bitter. "Field wants a fight and it will come to blows yet. Let him beware! I've taken from him all I intend to take, and he's had his last warning. I'm just waiting the chance, and time will give him into my hands. Then 'twill be eyes for eyes and teeth for teeth."

When this reached the ear of Manton Field he set his own white teeth firmly together and muttered through them:

"Let Gale do his worst, I've been ready for him these two years."

Thus the matter stood in the spring of '86, with small hope of a compromise. Mutual friends had only widened the broad breach between them. There was no mistaking the sad fact that Earnest Gale and Manton Field were enemies. Their mole-hill quarrel had become a mountain of hatred. And a chance for vengeance came to the former at last. Time did indeed give Manton Field into his hands. One May night he was awakened by some one hoarsely calling his name. It was his opposite neighbor John Rand.

"We need your help," the latter shouted. "Field's house and barn are on fire."

Earnest Gale sprang to the window. The lurid glow which overspread everything, confirmed the man's words. As he glanced at the burning buildings, his first generous thought was one of regret and alarm. Then he hurried on his clothes, and started to go to the assistance of the man he hated. But Satan arrested his steps. Manton Field, by his words and actions, had forfeited all claim upon him. Why should he go to his aid? And the voice of the tempter came loud and strong. "Let his house burn! It's no affair of yours. Better go back to bed and take your ceased rest. You might risk life and limb, and he would laugh at you for your pains."

For a full moment Earnest Gale hesitated. Then he fell on his knees by the window, the cool night air fanning his passion-heated brow. It was a hard struggle, but by God's good help, the innate nobleness of his nature asserted itself at last. His short, muttered prayer for strength was granted. He sprang up, eager for the trial of his new resolution. His mother softly opened the door, and met him with a kiss. "Earnest my son!" she said, simply. "I knew that my faith in your better self would not be shaken!" God has given you a victory. In His name, go to the help of poor young Manton Field!"

Another tender motherly kiss was pressed upon his hot boyish cheek, and then Earnest Gale rushed from the house.

The flames were now making giant strides towards the star-lit sky. The buildings seemed doomed but much valuable property might yet be saved. The village people were running higher and thither with buckets of water, vainly endeavoring to extinguish the flames.

Earnest's first thought was of the imprisoned stock. But huge volumes of smoke were pouring through the barn doors. Already the way to the stables seemed impassable. "It will be coals of fire both on Manton's head and mine!" he thought. "But some one ought to make the attempt, and it might as well be me. There's Dandy, the old roan; he gave me many a ride to the Academy, when Manton and I were friends. I've got to save Dandy, anyhow." So through the dense smoke he made a blind dash for the stalls. He knew each step of the way, for a hundred times he had played "hide and seek" in the old barn, and his firm hand was soon on Dandy's long mane. To liberate him was but the work of an instant, and a shrill, grateful whinny

was the horse's acknowledgment.

The flames were rapidly closing in upon him, but the other animals must be freed also. So the three Alderneys followed Dandy in as many seconds. A shout went up outside as they appeared. But two horses yet remained. Their struggles for freedom were frantic. In releasing them Earnest received a savage kick in the breast: it felled him to the ground, and he lost consciousness. But the crackling flames soon aroused him. He must make for the nearest door, or his life would soon be forfeited. Slowly and painfully he groped his way along the narrow entry. The loud hum of voices was now his only guide.

A broad tongue of flame suddenly barred his path. But with almost superhuman effort he staggered through it into a pair of strong outstretched arms; that tenderly bore him on to the cool night air beyond. And they belonged to his old friend and enemy, Manton Field.

"I was coming to your rescue," "I prayed for strength to save you. If not, we would have perished together, Earnest, dear old chum. Only say that we are friends again."

And Gale replied with a faint pressure of his scorched and blackened fingers.

"When poor old Dandy came rushing out, I knew it was your hand alone had reached his halter," Field continued, gratefully. "I owe you a debt I can never repay. Your vengeance is complete this night. We have lost the old homestead, but that same loss has given us back your friendship; I will not murmur. God is where he was, and he will temper the winds that they blow not too roughly over our homeless heads."

Good Mrs. Gale had found the way to her brave son's side. "Our home is yours," she said, gently; your mother and sisters are already there; they could not stay to witness the destruction of all they held so dear. Look! The house-roof is falling in! and the barn must soon follow. Tell me how it all happened."

Manton Field stood with bowed head. "I cannot tell," he said. "At first I thought it incendiary, and the work of—"

"My son Earnest?"

"Forgive me, yes!"

"I do not wonder," sighed Mrs. Gale; "he has been a bad neighbor. But you must forget it all, and begin a new life together to-morrow."

"Manton Field," said Earnest, slowly, "you already have my forgiveness, and I now ask for yours. We'll bury the past in yonder ruins, and—"

"I was more to blame than you!" cried Manton, generously; "I was the elder and should have set you a good example instead. But you have returned good for evil at last, and I'll never forget it. If I could not have saved you, I'd made up my mind we'd perish together in the old barn."

And just then the brick walls that had stood the storms of half a century, tottered and fell.

"Thus also have the scales fallen from my eyes!" exclaimed Manton Field, solemnly, "and with it my pride is levelled to the dust."

"God in his providence orders all things right," said motherly Mrs. Gale, taking the young man's trembling hand into her own. "We must not question, for you know the grand old hymn runs:

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

And surely out of this great evil, good has already come."

Earnest Gale still carries the scars resulting from his generous efforts that May night back in '86. But he has never regretted his peculiar vengeance.

Manton Field is again prosperous and happy. And as of old the two friends are inseparable.—*Observer.*

An Unexpected Gift.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a talk one day with a professor who was commonly called "the student's friend," such was his kindness to the young men it was his office to instruct. While they walked together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work close by, and who had nearly finished his day's task.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then

placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes, but feeling something hard, he stooped and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it round and looked around him on all sides, but could see no one.

He put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe, but how great his surprise when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he saw that the money was a present, and he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from want.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you played your intended trick?"

"Oh, dear sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

What "Six Sermons" Did.

If a good deed shines in this wicked world like a candle in the darkness, a good book shines as a light-house. When Dr. Lyman Beecher published his "Six Sermons on Intemperance," he thought they might do a little good work in Connecticut; but the "Sermons" have wrought great deeds among all English-speaking peoples. A copy of the "Sermons" found their way into the house of a drunken Scotch cobbler, James Stirling, of Milngavie. One Saturday night, on returning home from the public house, where he had been carousing, he overheard his wife reading, as her custom was, a chapter of the New Testament to the children.

The chapter was the twenty-fifth of Matthew, in which is the parable of our Lord concerning the separating the sheep from the goats.

"Will father be a goat, mother?" asked the youngest boy, looking up into his mother's face. The poor woman was bewildered by the boy's question; but the drunken father, who had overheard it, was struck with shame and remorse. He tossed upon his bed that night, and slept but little, for his heart was troubled.

The next day, being ashamed to go to church, he stayed at home. Seeking for some book to read, that he might get away from himself, he discovered the "Six Sermons on Intemperance." He read them; they seemed to have been written for him alone. Then and there he formed the resolution to drink neither beer or spirits. He attended a temperance meeting a few nights later, and publicly signed the pledge.

Off ran one of his sons as fast as his legs would carry him, to his sick mother with the news.

"Mother!" he shouted as he rushed to the bedside, "father has just put down his name, and they're all putting down their names."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the mother; the tears stopped her doxology. "If he has signed, he'll keep it," she added. "Yes, he'll keep it," and her face flushed with the dawn of better days. "I'll sign it too, and you must all sign it, for the set time to favor us has come."

It had come. From that time Stirling worked with diligence at his trade, and with enthusiasm to promote the cause of temperance and religion.—*Youth's Companion.*

Who was the Richer.

An aged Christian man was on his death-bed, and was happy in the prospect of soon entering into the joy of his Lord. He had a brother who had made the world the great object of his life and who, of course, was very poor towards God. For all his worldly shrewdness, he was so short-sighted as to have made no provision for the world to come, and had no idea of seeking an inheritance beyond the grave.

His dying brother had given greater attention to the acquirement of true riches than to the realization of worldly wealth, so that in firmities and sickness he needed that Christian friends minister to his necessities. His rich brother came to see him, and upbraided him for having given away so much attention to things of God, and having given away so much of his substance for religious purposes, and thus subjected himself to poverty, when, if he had followed his advice and example, he might have now been in the enjoyment of plenty, instead of being, as he termed it, "a burden to his friends."

With great calmness and earnest-

ness, the dying saint replied, waving his wasted hand towards his poor, deceived brother: "Quiet! quiet! Whist, whist, Tam! I have kingdom no' begun upon, and an inheritance that I have na' yet seen."

Who was the richer of the two brothers? The one who had his good things here in this perishing world, or the one who was begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and knew that he was heir to an inheritance which is "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven?" Reader, while you provide for things honest in the sight of all men, let your chief care be, not to be rich in the world's estimation, but be rich in the estimation of God—to have a good hope, though grace of enjoying the everlasting inheritance which is laid up in heaven for all believers.—*A Tract.*

What a Child's Kiss can do.

In a prison in New Bedford, Mass., there is a man whom we shall call Jim; and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak and was "given away" by one of his conspirators. He plotted a mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his counsel. While never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June, a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked into the party began climbing stairs.

Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him,—

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face; and the little girl held out her hands and said,—

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him.

At the head of the stairs, she said,—

"Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek; and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, no prisoner gives less trouble. Maybe he has a little Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he may forsake his evil ways.—

How to have a Live Prayer-meeting.

1. Let every member of the church feel and realize it is his or her prayer-meeting.

2. Let every one come promptly on time. Begin on time. Close on time.

3. Let every one sit up in front, hymn-book and Bible in hand, ready to take a part in all the services.

4. Let all the talks be short and to the point. Do not, by any means, talk over five minutes.

5. Select and sing only short, stirring, and appropriate songs. Induce every one to sing.

6. Urge the sisters to pray and make short talks in the prayer-meeting, if possible.

7. Get all the young brethren to pray and make short talks in the prayer-meeting.

8. Vary the exercises as much as possible, and keep out of old stereotyped forms and ruts.

9. Keep down all mere debates and discussions, as they will do much harm.

10. Make the prayer-meeting a social and spiritual feast to all present. Put in at least ten minutes before you dismiss in handshaking Christian salutation.

11. Let each one study how he or she can best promote the interest of the weekly prayer-meeting. Let this be done during the week, while at home in prayer and meditation.

12. Above all, let each one pray earnestly and work earnestly for the success of weekly prayer-meeting.

I verily believe that the above twelve suggestions carried out will make any prayer-meeting a success. Suppose we all try it. What say you!—*Standard.*

SELF-DENIAL.—A little box came into a missionary collection inscribed with the singular words, "Tis But." It was from a lady who had never felt that she could do much for missions. But she had accustomed to buy a good many things for herself which she did not absolutely need, saying, "Tis but a dollar," or "Tis but a trifle." This year she determined, when so tempted, to put her "tis buts" into the missionary box; and it surprised her to find that they amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars.—*Selected.*

August 23rd 1888

NEW FALL GOODS

Will arrive each week from date, including all that is new and desirable in the market.

My stock has been well bought, and consequently can and will be sold at prices that must reflect speedy sales.

Wholesale and Retail.

Fred. B. Edgecombe

194 QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

Confederation LIFE Association.

DO YOU WANT GOOD LIFE INSURANCE?

If you do examine what the Confederation Life has to offer.

1. Its Premium rates are as low as the lowest.
 2. Its Profits are unexcelled by Companies which charge much higher rates.
 3. Its financial standing is unquestioned.
- If you desire proof of any of the above statements apply in person or by letter.

Mark the following:—

1. DISBURSEMENTS TO POLICY HOLDERS IN 1887.

For Death Claims.....	\$104,954 02
Interest on ".....	1,731 38
Endowment Claims.....	5,433 96
Surrendered Policies.....	20,308 00
Dividends.....	268,412 00
Temporary Reductions.....	\$ 28,639 38

2. SECURITY OFFERED.

Surplus above all Liabilities.....	\$ 129,413 04
Capital Stock, paid up.....	100,000 00
Capital Stock, subscribed, not called in.....	900,000 00

Total Surplus Security for Policyholders.....\$1,129,413 04

Note the following illustrations of Profits:—

Name.	Residence.	Insured.	Original Premium.	Present Premium
M. P. Ryan.....	Montreal.....	1872.....	\$194 75.....	\$94 75.....
Dr. Inches.....	St. John.....	1871.....	\$2 84.....	23 25.....

HAMILTON, CANADA, April 4, 1888.

SENECA JONES, Esq.,

AGENT CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION, HAMILTON.

DEAR SIR:

It gives me great pleasure to state that ever since I have been insured in your Company, I have been more than satisfied.

About 15 years ago, when I insured first in your Company, the annual premium was about \$18.00 per thousand, but having taken it with profits for life, it is now reduced to \$7 per thousand.

I am very sorry indeed that I did not insure for ten times the amount when I took my first policy. I advise all young men to insure when young and in your Company.

Yours very truly,

W. DIXON.

W. G. GAUNCE, Gen. Agent, F'ton

D. F. MERRIT,

Local Agent, Woodstock.

W. B. COULTHARD,

Local Agent, Fredericton

Sun Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872.....	\$48,210.93.....	\$546,461.95.....	\$1,076,350.00
1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,302.81.....	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.04.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,805.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.24.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN,

PRESIDENT

R. MACAULAY,

MANAGING DIRECTOR

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

TAPLEY'S REMEDY

FOR

NEURALGIA,

SCIATICA,

NERVOUS HEADACHE, etc.

Persons who have been troubled with the above distressing complaints have been relieved and cured by

Tapley's Remedy

FOR SALE BY

JOHN M WILEY,

196 Queen St., Fredericton.

DR. FOWLER'S

•EXT. OF•

•WILD•

STRAWBERRY

CURES

CHOLERA

Cholera Morbus

COLIC &

CRAMPS

DIARRHOEA

DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS

IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR

CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches,

Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY

WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFF, Cincinnati, O.