

'I Only Know that He is Mine.'

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ,
I do not know.
There came a yearning for him in my soul.
So long ago:

I found earth's flowerets would fade and die,
I wept for something that would satisfy;
And then—and then—somehow, I seemed to
dare

To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
I do not know—
I can not tell you—how;
I only know
He is my Saviour now!

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ.
I can not tell.
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.

It must have been when I was all alone,
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think— I think 'twas when I let Him in.

I do not know—
I can not tell you—when,
I only know
He is so dear since then!

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ.
I can not say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight.
As yesterday.

Perhaps He thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that
spot!

I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want forever there to stay.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you—where;
I only know
He came and blessed me there!

You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ.
I can reply:
It is a wondrous story; listen, while
I tell you why.

My heart was drawn, at length, to seek
His face;
I was alone, I had no resting place,
I heard of how He loved me, with a love,
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken.

I longed such love to share,
And sought it then,
Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving
Christ—
Would heed my prayer.

I know he died upon the cross for me,
I called Him there!
I heard His dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw him drink death's cup that I might
live.

My head was bowed upon my breast in
shame.
He called me—end in penitence I came.

He heard my prayer!
I cannot tell you how,
Nor when, nor where;
Why I have told you now.

Mrs. Halstead's next-door Neighbors.

"Well, Abby, the Wilnot cottage
has a tenant at last, and I am sure
you will be pleased to have such near
neighbors once more," said honest
Halstead, coming in from his work
one bright morning in May.

"Humph!" exclaimed his wife,
impatiently, "it is altogether owing
to what kind of neighbors they are.
What do you know of them?"

"Very little," answered John, help-
ing himself to a chair. "The most
I can tell is that their name is Ker-
nes. They hail from the South.
North Carolina, I think."

"Well, I do hope they will prove
to be agreeable neighbors, at least
Southern people as a rule, are
haughty and purse-proud," said Mrs.
Halstead, in her quick, nervous
manner.

"Don't pre-judge them, Abby. It
will be time enough to condemn
them when you are acquainted," re-
plied John.

"I'll treat them well, never you
fear," laughed Abby.

That afternoon Mrs. Halstead
had a caller, Mrs. Hamilton, who
had spent a winter in the South and
had met the new-comers.

"You are to be pitied," was the
woman's comment when little Mrs.
Halstead expressed her pleasure at
again having next-door neighbors.

"They are proud, over-bearing peo-
ple, and Mrs. Kernes told me her-
self that the locality was objection-
able on account of the proximity of
undesirable neighbors. If you do
not want to be snubbed keep out of
her way. That is my advice, but of
course you can do as you choose."

"I'll not trouble her, I assure
you," said Mrs. Halstead, with
flashing eyes, and when hard-work-
ing John came home she repeated
the news, with the information "that
the gate between the lots must be
nailed up at once."

"Is this right, Abby? You know
Wilnot's tenants have always car-
ried their drinking water from our
well, and right welcome have they
been to it, for the more water taken
out the better it becomes," urged
John. "I would not listen to tale-
bearers, at any rate."

"The boys can pump the water
out for that matter, for I'll have no-
thing to do with them."

And so John nailed the gate up
tightly before he slept, and Abby
herself fastened a double bar across
it.

The gossips were not long in re-
porting the new order of things to
the strangers. The invalid husband
smiled patiently, but the black eyes
of his wife flashed indignantly at
being thus pre-judged, and she po-
sitive

sure Mrs. Halstead that they could
get along without her friendship.

"Better send no message, my dear.
You may be fond of your hot-head-
ed neighbor when you become ac-
quainted," suggested Mr. Kernes.

As summer passed away the gulf
between the two families widened
until, without knowing each other,
they became bitter enemies.

Frank Halstead and Ellis Kernes
formed a slight acquaintance at
school, but Ellis's politeness and
gentle disposition made him too
much of a favorite to gain the love
of the impetuous Frank.

One bright day in autumn Ellis
carried his dead rabbit into the
kitchen and, with tears in his dark
eyes, showed his mother where
Frank had shot it.

"I saw the children setting a trap,
but thought it was for rats instead
of my poor, white bunny. Frank
cut the hole in the fence for the
rabbit to crawl through, and I heard
the woman telling him to aim low.
I'll poison their dog the next time
it comes into our yard," he added,
excitedly.

"There would be no harm in your
doing it," his mother answered,
hastily.

But the next day, when she wit-
nessed the dog writhing in the agony
of death she was sorely grieved on
account of her ill-advised words.

And so she assured Frank when he
hopped over the fence and came
storming into the forbidden pre-
mises.

"No one but a traitor would have
the heart to kill an innocent dog,
he cried, wrathfully, as he gazed up
on the dying creature.

"And no one but a tyrant would
shoot a harmless rabbit," returned
Ellis, in a quivering voice.

"Let it keep away then," replied
Frank sharply, eyeing his enemy
keenly.

"You know you coaxed it through
a hole in the fence, and you cut that
hole for that very purpose," Ellis
retorted, his eyes blazing with just
anger.

"Never mind, Ellis," said Mrs.
Kernes, "I am very sorry about the
dog and I am willing to pay Frank
for his loss."

Mrs. Halstead came to the door
of her kitchen and commanded
Frank to come right away, adding
that his life was not safe among
such ruffians.

"People who live in glass houses
should not throw stones," sang Ellis
at the top of his voice.

"Take that, you young heathen,"
cried the angry woman, dashing a
bucketful of dirty suds all over his
face and clothes.

"Are you a woman?" began
Mrs. Kernes, but the sight of her
suffering husband at the window
stopped the flow of wrathful words
that were burning on her lips.

Hurrying Ellis into the house she
closed the door in the teeth of her
adversary.

After this there was no communi-
cation whatever between the fami-
lies. The winter passed away and
spring came forth again in all
its loveliness.

A malignant type of scarlet fever
had broken out among the children
in the lower part of the town, but
as yet none on the hill except John
Halstead's little ones had been at-
tacked. So fatal had it proven
among the poor that the neighbors,
unwilling to expose their own chil-
dren, left the family to suffer for lack
of assistance.

It was a beautiful evening in the
latter part of April that Mrs. Kernes
looking from her own window across
to her neighbor's smitten home, de-
termined, in spite of the past, to
offer a helping hand to the needy
family.

There was nothing to hinder her,
for Ellis had been sent to his uncle's
in the city to avoid contagion, and
good faithful Margaret could be
trusted with the care of the invalid,
who really required very little at-
tention. I am not sure she would
have ventured, even after she was
ready, had not the little white cof-
fin she had seen carried out of the
house that day reminded her pain-
fully of the time when the Death
Angel had called for two of her own
little birdlings on the same night.

Knocking timidly at the door, a
faint "Come in" caused her to hesi-
tate for a moment before entering.

"What do you want," asked the
astonished mourner, harshly, "have
I not enough trouble without you
coming to drive me mad?"

"Hush, Abby, hush," said John
softly.

I have come to see if I can be of
any assistance to you exclaimed
Mrs. Kernes, striving to control the
quiver in her voice.

"You! after all the evil I have
you—?" but Mrs. Kernes
stopped her and taking the hand of
the tortured woman told her of her
own sorrow, and how she had closed
the eyes of her two little girls in
the same hour, and how her heart
bled in sympathy over the little
form that had been taken from the
mother's loving embrace that day.

The two women mingled their
tears over the memories of their
lost treasures, then the poor, worn-
out mother, yielding to the entreas-

ties of her new-found friend, placed
the sick babe in her arms,
and, giving directions regarding the
older children's medicine, threw her-
self across the foot of the bed and
slept heavily until nearly morning.

Though there was another little
grave made in the church-yard be-
fore the plague was stayed, Mrs.
Kernes had taught the sorrowing
woman where to look for help in
time of trial, and it was this new-
found hope that enabled her to look
forward to another meeting with
her precious dead in the world be-
yond the skies.

Mrs. Kernes spent the greater
part of her time in ministering to
the afflicted family, and the physi-
cians assured the grateful mother
that to her friend's good nursing
she owed the lives of her children.

Long before health had returned to
the Halstead home the offensive
nails had been drawn from the
long-closed gate, and all barriers
between the two families had been
broken down forever.

Mrs. Halstead had learned that
people who are so ready to carry
tales between neighbors are not
to be depended on in times of
need.—*Chris. Inquirer.*

What it is to be a Christian.

A son, who had fallen by intem-
perance, writes to his father: "I
think I will join the Church, as I
know it will be a great help to me
in trying to do right. I hope that
sometime I may be able to tell you
that I am a Christian. That is
what I want to be."

The father replied, "I do not
wish to say anything to discourage
or retard your joining the Church—
only to urge that the step be well
considered and taken from right
motives. The true idea of the
Church, in my thought, is that it is
or ought to be, composed of Chris-
tians—Christ's friends and followers
and servants; not professing or
claiming to be better than others,
but confessing themselves to be
sinners, even as others, who have
felt their need of being saved from
their corrupt and depraved selves—
from their sin, as well as from its
consequences—and who accept,
believe on, and embrace Jesus the
Christ as the only, the God-given,
Almighty, and loving Saviour of
sinners condemned, lost, unable to
save themselves by his grace and
help; and who, thus accepting and
closing in with him, yield themselves
wholly to him in gratitude and love
to be his entirely, to be kept by him,
to live by faith in him, with him,
and for him, now and forever, and
who, in so embracing him, receive
and enjoy as his free gift his offered
pardon and grace; and all this by
the light and life-giving grace and
work of the Holy Spirit."

So the loved and loving apostle
John writes of Him (John, i. 12, 13):
"As many as received Him, to them
gave He power to become the sons of
God, even to them that believe on
His name; which were born, not of
blood, nor of the will of the flesh,
nor of the will of man but of God."

So one may not properly enter
the Church merely as an infirmity
or hospital, or school, to be helped
and cured and educated, but as
Christ's, redeemed by His blood; to
confess him, follow, love, obey and
serve him in the sincere devotion of
gratitude and love. You "want to
be a Christian." See what it is.

Home Influence.

Nothing contributes more to the
formation of a person's character
and life, than the actions and words
of father and mother.

In the majority of cases, the
mother has greater influence over
a child than the father. It is not
that the mother loves the child
more than the father, but the
mother's love is different; it cannot
be explained; it is too deep and
tender to be expressed. Mother-
love surpasses all else; how many
mothers have sacrificed their lives
to save wayward children. In
trouble, a child instinctively goes to
mother, and in such a case, how
much a few well-chosen words may
do; how many children have not
been strong enough to resist tem-
ptation, and so have committed
crimes, when with mother's help
they might have overcome the tem-
ptation, and lived to be honorable
men and women. A mother's
responsibility is awful; she is
responsible for her child's life she
must guide and direct his steps in
childhood; she must care for him in
manhood; she must place his life in
God's hands, and trust to him for
the rest.

A father's influence is also power-
ful. The son takes his father for
his example and strives to imitate
him in all things. If the father is
an ungodly man, the son may make
a failure of his life because he fol-
lowed his father's example. He
may in time learn his father's
weakness and despise him for it.
A father should be such that a child
may look up to him and not take
another for an example.

A child's influence over mother
and father is wonderful. A godly
child may be the means of the
conversion of an ungodly parent.
His influence over younger brothers
and sisters, or even older ones,
may be the means of keeping them
from evil companions and perhaps
eternal death.

Let us help to make home bright
and cheerful, that ours may be the
brightest fireside and evil com-
panions and occupations will never
be sought in preference to a place
in our home circle.

Home Influence.

Nothing contributes more to the
formation of a person's character
and life, than the actions and words
of father and mother.

In the majority of cases, the
mother has greater influence over
a child than the father. It is not
that the mother loves the child
more than the father, but the
mother's love is different; it cannot
be explained; it is too deep and
tender to be expressed. Mother-
love surpasses all else; how many
mothers have sacrificed their lives
to save wayward children. In
trouble, a child instinctively goes to
mother, and in such a case, how
much a few well-chosen words may
do; how many children have not
been strong enough to resist tem-
ptation, and so have committed
crimes, when with mother's help
they might have overcome the tem-
ptation, and lived to be honorable
men and women. A mother's
responsibility is awful; she is
responsible for her child's life she
must guide and direct his steps in
childhood; she must care for him in
manhood; she must place his life in
God's hands, and trust to him for
the rest.

A father's influence is also power-
ful. The son takes his father for
his example and strives to imitate
him in all things. If the father is
an ungodly man, the son may make
a failure of his life because he fol-
lowed his father's example. He
may in time learn his father's
weakness and despise him for it.
A father should be such that a child
may look up to him and not take
another for an example.

A child's influence over mother
and father is wonderful. A godly
child may be the means of the
conversion of an ungodly parent.
His influence over younger brothers
and sisters, or even older ones,
may be the means of keeping them
from evil companions and perhaps
eternal death.

Let us help to make home bright
and cheerful, that ours may be the
brightest fireside and evil com-
panions and occupations will never
be sought in preference to a place
in our home circle.

An Index to Character.

Some years ago there lived in New
York a shrewd old merchant named
Aymar. He used to receive cargoes
of mahogany and logwood, which
were sold at auction. On one oc-
casion a cargo was to be sold at Jer-
sey City, and all hands started from
the auctioneer's room to cross the
ferry. When they were going
through the gate, Mr. Aymar noti-
ed one of the largest buyers slip
through without paying the five cent
fare. He told the auctioneer not to
take a bid from that man.

"Why?" said the auctioneer. "I
thought he was good."

"So did I," answered Mr. Aymar,
"but I have changed my mind, and
I will not trust him one dollar."

A few months proved the accuracy
of the judgment of Mr. Aymar for
the slippery merchant failed, and
did not pay five cents on the dollar.

It does not follow by any means
that business disaster will come as
a retribution to a dishonest trader,
but this is certain—that a man who
will not steal even so trifling a sum
as would pay his fare on a horse-car
or ferry-boat, will be likely to cheat
you out of a larger sum if he finds
a safe opportunity.

When people get distressed be-
cause of the unworthy Christian
life they see about them and the
poor behavior of the church, they
should take a course of reading in
church history. They will easily
conclude that we have great reason
for gratitude, and will rise up to
give thanks that the lines have fallen
to them in so pleasant places.—
United Presbyterian.

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 effect 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 08
Temporary Reductions.....	\$ 28,639 30

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.....	52 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.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,88 9.1
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 MORBUS
COLIC and
RAMPS
DIARRHCEA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
CHILDREN

BUCKETE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches,
Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY
WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.