

A Pastoral Experience.

A pastor sat late in his old cushioned chair and shaded his face with its sad look of care.

As turned from his books to the fire burning low.

He vacantly gazed at its dull ruddy glow.

As judge he reviewed to give judgment at last.

The work of a Sabbath, the day that was past;

He thought of the Sanctuary service that morn—

Of those who were present, grave, glad, and forlorn.

He knew they were hungry, he served them with food.

Was pleased with himself, yes, the sermon was good—

Again in the evening, how free he had been

In pointing to Jesus the Saviour of men.

The people were moved as he spoke of His love.

His sufferings, His death, and His glory above.

And pride, e'er the sermon was fairly begun.

Had whispered so softly, its homed "Well done."

But now as his conscience spoke loudly and stern

He lived o'er that Sabbath in gravest concern.

He judges his work, till he cries, "All is vain.

I never shall preach in a pulpit again."

He grieves o'er the pride that has lost him a day,

And fancies the Master will cast him away.

With tears courting down his pale saddened face

He pleads at the throne for pardon and grace.

And the Master receives with a smile late that night

A soul that had wandered away from the light;

Not in vain was that Sabbath, a heart was at rest.

The pastor was one that was humbled and blest.

—Can. Presbyterian.

BROKEN PROMISES.

A TRUE STORY.

O, dear! there comes those children! I told them expressly to stay in the dining-room to play. Having them around me all day, I feel when night comes as if I would like to have a little peace and quiet."

Mrs. Holt spoke impatiently, and a frown contracted her brow as the noisy steps in the hall drew nearer.

It is time they were all in bed, anyhow, said Mrs. Holt, as the parlor door burst open, and three children—a girl of five years of age, and two boys of seven, and nine—rushed in laughing gaily.

Gracious, what a noise! exclaimed George Prentiss, Mrs. Holt's bachelor brother, a rather nervous young man, of about thirty years of age. Lucy, do send them all to bed at once. They'll deafen Mrs. Delwyn.

Please don't send them off on my account, cried Mrs. Delwyn, a fair, gentle-looking woman who had arrived that day on a visit to Mrs. Holt. I like children, and don't mind their noise in the least. You forget that I live with my sister, who has seven.

But we want to read aloud that article in the *Review*, said Mrs. Holt, and we can't read with the children in here. Jessie, Charlie and Bertie, go up to bed at once.

O, mamma, do let us stay just a little while, cried Charlie, pleadingly.

We won't make any noise, mamma said Bertie.

And it's so lonesome up stairs, whimpered Jessie.

No, you can't stay; go at once. Mrs. Holt's voice was very impatient.

Well, then, can we have some of the candy Uncle George brought home? asked Charlie.

Yes; but I can't trust you to help yourselves to it, you'd all be sick. Go up stairs without any fuss, and when you are all in bed I'll come up and give you each a peice. Now go.

You'll come straight up, mamma? Yes, run a'long now, like good children.

The little ones ran to father, mother and uncle in turn, gave each an affectionate good-night kiss, and then rushed off, eager for the promised treat.

Mrs. Delwyn and George Prentiss were engaged in a discussion as to the merits of a recent popular novel, but as soon as the door closed behind the children, the young man rose and took the *Review* from a drawer in the centre table.

Will you read first? he asked, turning to his brother-in-law.

No, you may have that privilege, rejoined Mr. Holt, laughing.

But it is well to begin before Mrs. Holt goes up stairs to give the children that candy. Asked Mrs. Delwyn.

O, never mind about that, said Mrs. Holt, as she took up her fancy work, and settled herself in one of the easiest of easy chairs. I don't suppose they will expect me to come up.

Mrs. Delwyn laughed.

If they don't expect it, they are very different from any children I

ever saw before, she said. You may be sure they hurried to bed with all possible speed, and are impatiently waiting for you now.

Well, they must wait, then, that's all. I will give them the candy in the morning. I don't feel equal to going up stairs now. I am tired out. Come, George, do begin.

Mrs. Delwyn said no more, but found it difficult to fix her mind upon the reading, so much in sympathy were her thoughts with the children up stairs. She wondered if they would go quickly to sleep without complaint or remonstrance.

Mr. Prentiss had been reading about half an hour when the parlor door opened suddenly, and a little vision in a long white night dress and long golden hair, appeared on the threshold.

Mamma, Charlie and Bertie say aint you ever coming up?

Jessie! I am astonished at you! How dared you come down stairs? Go back at once. You'll take your death of cold, and bare feet, too!

But you said you'd come up and give us the candy, mamma, and we—

Not another word! Go back at once. You shall have the candy in the morning.

The child burst into a flood of tears and went sobbing up stairs, leaving the parlor door wide open. Mrs. Holt, with a heavy sigh, rose to close it.

What unreasonable little creatures children are! Now, I suppose Jessie will cry for half an hour, at least.

Mrs. Delwyn felt like saying, And no wonder! but restrained herself.

The next day was spent by the friends in sight-seeing. Mrs. Holt was anxious that Mrs. Delwyn should miss nothing in that direction and took her from one public building to another until they were both tired out.

I must lie down for an hour if I am to go to the childrens sociable to night, Mrs. Holt said, on reaching home; and she went at once to her own room.

At six o'clock when she met Mrs. Delwyn at the supper table, she declared herself thoroughly rested, and an hour later, when Mrs. Delwyn was seated in the parlor reading a late biography, and settled for a long, quiet evening, the three children came in, dressed in their best.

We're going over to the church to get acquainted, said little Jessie, who was evidently much excited at the prospect of an evening out—a rare event with her. That's what the minister said. We must all get acquainted. So I've got my best dress on, surveying herself in the long mirror with childish vanity. This is real fun on my cloak.

I wish mamma would come, said Bertie. We'll be the latest here. She hadn't begun to dress when I came down, said Jessie. She was sewing on her embroidery.

Mrs. Delwyn tried to amuse the children with a story, but when half an hour had passed and still Mrs. Holt did not appear, she volunteered to go up stairs and see what delayed her. She found her sitting in an easy chair before an open fire, a piece of embroidery in her hands, over which she was bending assiduously.

Why Lucy! exclaimed Mrs. Delwyn. Have you forgotten that you promised to take the children to the sociable? They are waiting for you in the parlor and growing very impatient.

It won't hurt them, rejoined Mrs. Holt. A child's time has no value, you know. And after all, I can't go. I remembered just after they'd gone down stairs that I promised my dress maker this embroidered vest to morrow.

She can't have my dress done by Sunday unless she has the vest early to morrow, and there is a good deal to do on it yet. How do you like it? holding up to view a piece of ashes of roses silk heavily embroidered in purple pansies.

It is lovely. You embroidered beautifully, said Mrs. Delwyn. But can't you get up an hour earlier to morrow and work on it before breakfast, Lucy? The children will be so much disappointed if you don't take them to the sociable to-night.

That won't hurt them. It will be good discipline for them. They will have plenty of disappointments in the years to come.

Before Mrs. Delwyn could reply the door opened and the three children rushed in.

O, mamma, cried Bertie, a look of dismay coming upon his face as he saw that his mother was still in her wrapper. Aren't you going to take us to the sociable? All the other children will be there.

No; I can't go to-night. I'm too tired, and I've too much to do. Now for mercy's sake don't make a fuss. There'll be plenty of other sociables just as nice as this one. Come here, Jessie, and let me take off your cloak and hat. Boys, you must either change your clothes or go to bed. I can't have you playing around in your best things.

The boys gave evidence of their

anger and disappointment only by flinging themselves about the room and muttering. But Jessie began to wail at once, and was promptly punished, undressed and sent to bed, where she cried herself to sleep.

Mrs. Delwyn went back to the parlor, but she could not fix her thoughts upon her book again. She could think of nothing but the grave mistake Mrs. Holt was making in the management of her children.

What respect will they have for her word in the years to come? she thought. They will soon lose all confidence in her, and she will have cause for the most bitter regret.

When Mrs. Holt came down stairs a little later, her embroidery in her hand, to take a seat by the parlor center table, Mrs. Delwyn longed to utter a few words of friendly advice, but feared to snap asunder the delicate strands of friendship which bound them to each other.

If something would only make her see, she thought, sighing.

Something did.

The next day was the last day of Mrs. Delwyn's stay, and Mr. Holt said at breakfast that he would send a carriage in the afternoon that she and Mrs. Holt might take a drive about the city.

Send a carriage that will hold four, and Jessie and Bertie can go with us, said his wife. It is not often they get a chance to take a drive.

Can't I go, too? asked Charlie.

No, there will not be room, answered his mother, and the boy's brow shadowed at once by a sullen frown.

When the carriage was announced at two o'clock, Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Delwyn were engaged in the parlor with two ladies who had to make the acquaintance of the latter. As they rose to leave, Mrs. Holt asked them if they were going down town, and offered her a seat in the carriage.

I can take you both as well as not, she said, cordially, evidently considering it of no moment whatever that this arrangement would deprive Bertie and Jessie of the promised treat. But the ladies declined the offer, saying they wanted to make another call on a friend only a block distant.

As soon as they left, Mrs. Delwyn and Mrs. Holt went up stairs to put on their bonnets. In going to their room they were obliged to pass the nursery, and as they drew near it they heard Charlie say in a loud voice:

You might as well take off your hat, Jessie, and not sit there all puffed up, fine as a fidd e. You and Bertie won't go riding this afternoon; that is sure. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Ellis are in the parlor, and you know well enough mamma's going to give 'em that other seat in the carriage.

O, but she promised she'd take us; you know she did, cried Jessie, in a voice that promised tears at very short notice.

Promised? Much she cared for that. She don't think promises to us children amount to anything. You know that as well as I do. She don't mean to keep 'em when she makes 'em.

Mrs. Holt's face grew scarlet with anger, and she started forward, with an angry exclamation. But Mrs. Delwyn laid a restraining hand on her arm.

Wait she whispered, wait until you are cool. Come with me, and she drew her into a small room at the head of the stairs. Before you speak to Charlie, she said, ask yourself if there is not some truth in what he has just stated. Have you kept your promises to your children always?

One moment Mrs. Holt stood silently gazing at her friend; then she covered her face with her hands, and sinking into a chair burst into tears.

The time had come when Mrs. Delwyn dared speak, and she spoke so effectively that the mother's eyes were opened to the sin of which she had been guilty.

Charlie was right, she confessed. I never thought that promises to children amounted to anything. I have kept them when convenient to do so, but otherwise have broken them without compunction. But, heaven helping me, they shall never have cause to complain of me again.

And thy never did. The truth brought home thus roughly from the lips of her own child, opened her eyes to the sin of her conduct, as no advice or counsel, however kindly, could have done.—*The Standard*.

Her Own Way.

As a child or woman, Sarah Herder has always been reckoned one of the best and most fortunate of human beings. She had beauty, a quick wit, and plenty of hard common-sense.

She belonged to a large, influential family, who were proud of her; she married a man who loved her heartily; she had children who were good and clever. She is a sincere Christian, a loyal friend, and a generous helper of the poor.

Yet, with all these claims to love and popularity, should Sarah Herder die to-morrow, there would probably be a secret sense of relief in the hearts of all who know her. They would shed sincere tears for the woman who had loved them, but yet they would draw long breaths, as if a weight had been lifted from their lives.

When Sarah was a child of five, she began managing the nursery; Bob must spin his top and baby drink her milk as she wished.

It was her way, and not theirs, to be sure. But could not every one see that her way was best? That thought was clear to her even then.

When she was a girl of twelve, she headed all the committees and societies in the school. The girls who did not agree with her grumbled together, but under their breath. At home, at sixteen, she took the control of the house out of her mother's hands, ordered the maids and scolded Bob, and actually gave her father advice in his business.

When she married a physician, she insisted on hearing frequent reports of the patients under his care, and gave her opinion as to their proper treatment. Sometimes she visited the patient, and interfered with the nurse, the diet, and even her husband's orders.

In the church she became a terror to the good as well as the evil-doers. She was president of one or two of the societies, led the Mothers' Meetings and took charge of the infant class. She lectured all alike as from a height of superiority. The meek little minister was uncomfortable when her firm, decisive step came to his study door.

Her husband, as time passed, grew to be a silent, jaded-looking man. Her boys, who had naturally strong, individual traits of character, were so compressed and moulded by their mother's indomitable will and theories, that they became weak, affected imitations of herself.

As she grew older, she felt that her husband, children and friends had gradually turned away from her. They paid respect and obedience to her, but to each other they gave confidence and affection. These things hurt her, for she was, at heart, a warm, loving woman.

Wherein had she failed? she asked herself, anxiously. Her way was not their way, but was it not dictated by common-sense and religion? Was it not best for them? She knew that she was absolutely right. Why not, therefore, lead others in the right way.

Notwithstanding all her good qualities, she had a vague consciousness that she has somewhere made an error, and that, because of it, her life has been, in one sense, a failure.

Are any of our readers in danger of falling into her error? It would be wise, perhaps, to ask their friends opinion rather than their own in the matter.—*Youth's Companion*.

CHARACTER.—Any conception of religion that does not make character the first and most important thing is of necessity defective. If human nature were not deficient in righteousness the whole scheme of religion taught in the Bible would need to be greatly modified. But now the first word is repent: the entire life must be reconstructed and the man become a new creature. Every faculty, every moral and religious quality of the soul must be developed and brought into the service of God in winning the world to Christ. It is the new creature in new relations to God because it has ceased from sinning and rejoices in doing his will, that becomes an efficient worker for Christ. Men see in him the divine image and begin to believe in the transforming power of the Holy Spirit and deliverance from sin. The world believes in sainthood but questions the claims of some who are called saints because they have not the saintly character.

Home Love.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." I always meant to make more of our friendship. "I never knew what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are the poisoned arrows which death shoots back at us. How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking of personal caresses. They may or may not be the best language of affection. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart wealth for more of them.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe*.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings of passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves.—*J. H. Newman*.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Sun Life Assurance Company.

The annual meeting of the Sun Life Assurance Company was held on Friday, March 1st, at the company's offices, Montreal. There port of the Directors contained the following:

During the year we received 2,456 applications for \$3,396,483.56 of life assurance, besides 1,279 for \$2,820,900.00 accident. Of these we accepted 2,255 for \$3,030,515.99 in the life branch, and 1,209 for \$2,704,400.00 in the accident, and Policies were issued therefor. The total applications for new assurances were thus 3,735 for \$6,217,383.56, an exceedingly satisfactory showing.

The policies remaining in force at 31st December were as follows:

Life	8,049	\$11,931,300.63
Accident	2,027	4,094,000.00
Total	10,076	\$16,025,300.63

The figures are an advance of nearly \$2,000,000 over those of 1887, and show the very rapid rate at which the Company is progressing.

The total income was \$525,273.58. This is by far the largest amount we have ever received in one year.

The amount paid for claims by death was \$104,649.09, which is somewhat heavier than in 1887. We must, however, expect this item to steadily increase, since our business is rapidly extending, to know that the total is considerably less than the mortality tables call for.

The income exceeds the expenditure by \$237,631.83, which is a handsome sum to set aside for the transactions of the year. The total resources at the end of the year were almost \$2,000,000, and this sum has of course been more than reached by the present date.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1888.	
Income.	
Premiums—Life	\$429,990.56
Annuity	2,000.00
Accident	22,627.71
Loss Paid for Re-Assurances	\$447,618.27
Interest	1,180.63
Income	\$146,437.64
Dividends on capital	7,500.00
Death claims, including bonuses	\$104,649.09
Matured endowments, including bonuses	4,035.19
Annuity Payments	1,217.80
Accident claims	7,484.66
Profits paid policy-holders	10,485.24
Surrender values	17,251.56
Expenses Account	\$145,123.54
Commissions	77,416.36
Medical fees	49,372.81
Medical fees	9,446.34
Total disbursements	\$288,859.05
Surplus over disbursements	236,414.53
Total Assets	\$1,974,316.21
Total Liabilities	\$1,364,278.94

The gains from time to time are well illustrated by the following table:—

Period.	Gain in income.	Gain in assets.
1872 to 1876, four years.	\$54,611.21	\$169,482.69
1876 to 1880, four years.	38,580.67	105,188.29
1880 to 1884, four years.	136,976.84	363,264.31
1884 to 1888, four years.	249,898.88	672,918.97
Total in 1888.	\$525,273.58	\$1,974,316.21
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