

Pain.
I am a Mystery that walks the earth
Since man began to be.
Sorrow and Sin stood sponsors at my birth,
And Terror christened me.

More pitiless than Death, who gatherseth
His victims day by day;
I doom man daily to desire death,
And still forbear to slay.

More merciless than Time, I leave man
Youth
And suck Life's sweetness out.
More cruel than Despair, I show man
Truth,
And leave him strength to doubt.

I bind the freest in my subtle band,
I blanch the boldest cheek;
I hold the hearts of poets in my hands,
And wring them ere they speak.

I walk in darkness over souls that bleed,
I shape each as I go
To something different. I drop the seed
Whence grapes or thistles grow.

No two that dream me dream the self-same
face,
No two name me alike.
A Horror without form I fill all space,
Across all time I strike.

Man cries, and cringes to my unseen rod;
Kings own my sovereignty;
Seem may but prove me as they prove a
God;
Yet none denieth me.

—GRACE DENIG LITCHFIELD.
in Independent.

A Cup of Cold Water.

JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

Miss Phoebe Mason trotted briskly about her neat little kitchen with a smiling face. She was making ginger-snaps, and their delicious odor floated out of the open door and across the yard where two horse-chestnut trees, looked in each other's arms, had shared each other's secrets for centuries.

Miss Phoebe was a born cook, her friends said, and she certainly liked nothing better than to dismiss her maid-of-all-work to some other part of the house, while she weighed and measured, mixed and stirred to her heart's content.

Humming softly to herself, as she deftly wielded rolling-pin and cutter, she started at the sound of footsteps in the little porch. Turning, she saw a boy standing in the door and regarding her with wistful eyes. He was apparently about fourteen years old, and a certain air of refinement was evident, in spite of his soiled clothes and ragged shoes.

"Can I come in?" he asked, politely taking off his cap.

"Certainly," said Miss Phoebe, cordially, pushing a chair toward him on her way to the oven.

Lifting her face, rosy from the critical inspection of the great oven's contents, she saw the boy leaning back wearily, with closed eyes. She moved a griddle noisily, and he suddenly opened his eyes and tried to sit erect.

"You are tired! Lie down here a little while," said Miss Phoebe, shaking up the pillows of the neat, chintz-covered lounge invitingly. "My nephew Charlie always enjoys a nap on this old lounge," she went on, appearing not to notice the flush of pride that over-spread the boy's face. "He says the ticking of the old clock puts him to sleep."

A moment's hesitation, and fatigue conquered pride. He sank down with a sigh, and almost instantly was asleep. Poor boy! he was used to a soft bed and a quiet room, not to sleeping in barns and sheds.

"There is something wrong there," said Miss Phoebe to herself, nodding toward the sleeping boy. "He is no common tramp. I wouldn't wonder if he had run away from a good home. Looks as though he had been having a hard time of it. He shall have a good rest now, and something to eat before he goes on," and she moved softly about the room, hushing Jane with a warning finger when she returned, that nothing might disturb the tired sleeper.

When at last the boy awoke, he looked about him in astonishment. Miss Phoebe was sitting in her low rocker by the window with the morning paper, an inviting lunch stood on the table, while the aroma of coffee—something he had not tasted for many a day—filled the room. He sat up suddenly as he recalled where he was and how he came there.

"How soundly you have slept!" said Miss Phoebe brightly, as though it was the most natural thing in the world for him to lie down on her lounge and take a nap. "Now I know you will enjoy a cup of coffee and some of my cakes. Charlie says he can always eat one of his Aunt Phoebe's cakes, even if he isn't hungry," and she laughed good-naturedly.

The boy looked first at her, then at the table, and then at his hands. "May I—could I wash me?" he asked.

"Certainly; right there in the sink. You'll find soap and towels at the right hand."

She gave a little nod of approval as he carefully brushed his hair after a thorough ablution of both hands and face.

"It is a beautiful time of the year to travel," she said, looking out of the window, that she might not appear to notice the eagerness with which he drank his coffee and ate the delicate bread. "A beautiful time to travel when everything is so fresh and green, and the air so pure. I feel like singing all the time, but I let the birds do that for me; they can do it so much better; so I praise the Lord in my heart and enjoy it just as well. Are you travelling to seek your fortune?"

The boy gave her a startled look out of his brown eyes, then silently bowed assent.

"I hope you will find it, though it doesn't always come by going after it. I should think you would be laying the foundation for yours in a cad. Don't you like to go to school?"

A silent assent as before.

"That's good. Now I understand boys pretty well. I've a host of nephews; besides, I used to teach school considerable when I was younger, and I have always a warm place in my heart for young folks. I've always said I could tell a boy's character by the books he likes best. Would you mind telling me your favorites?"

"Anything that is a book."

"That is bad. One would better eat everything he sees than to read every book that is printed nowadays, for the one will only poison the body, while the other ruins the soul. A boy of your age, though, ought to have but little time for reading if he does justice to his school."

"You wouldn't have him study all the time, would you?"

"Bless you! no. I'd have him play and exercise to keep his body healthy, and then if he has any time for extra reading, let him read books of travel and biographies of famous men, to see the world and learn of men through wiser eyes and brains than his own. You don't want any brittle stones in the foundation you are laying for your character."

"Don't you believe in reading fiction?" he asked in astonishment.

"Some of it; but there will be plenty of time for that by and by. Lay the foundation now, broad and strong, with obedience to parents and to school discipline, however irksome, for the corner-stones, and the rest will come in God's own good time."

He had finished his lunch by this time, and as she followed him to the door, he said brokenly, "I don't know how to thank you. My mother would, if she knew of it."

"Go home and tell her about it, then," she said, holding out her hand, "and then watch for an opportunity to help some one else."

He took the hand held out to him, and pressed it warmly. His chin quivered, but without another word he turned away and hurried around the corner. Pausing, however, at the gate, he turned and went softly up to the front door and read the name on the door-plate. Then, pulling his cap over his eyes, he dashed down the street.

Miss Phoebe stood for some time looking thoughtfully up into the leafy depths of the chestnut trees.

"I wish I hadn't let him go. He was off like one of those swallows, before I knew it. I wish I'd asked his name. How stupid of me! Never mind, the Lord knows it, and he will care for him the same as He does for the birds."

A few weeks later she received a letter that surprised her not a little:

DEAR MADAM: How can I ever thank you for what you did for my boy the day he called on you, tired, nearly sick, and oh, so homesick! He had been gone from home three weeks, and only those who had been through a like trial know how long those three weeks were, and what I suffered. Stung by an unjust punishment at school, and censured for the same at home, and influenced by reading too many stories in which boys ran away from home, did so many wonderful things, and came back rich and famous, he followed their example. He says you showed him his folly, and sent him home to me. Words can never express my gratitude for what you have done. With an overflowing heart, I ask God to bless you every day.

Yours Sincerely,
J. C. DAVENPORT.

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed Miss Phoebe, when she had finished the letter, wiping alternately her eyes and her spectacles. "If that doesn't beat all! I didn't do anything, only gave him something to eat and a place to sleep in—'In His name,' she added reverently.—*Z. Herald.*

Do Not Be Afraid To Ask.

Many a young Christian—even if no longer actually young in years—needs spiritual advice occasionally, and is reluctant to ask for it. The minister is friendly, and would be very glad to give the desired aid, but is believed to be much engrossed with his special duties, or in meeting the pressing wants of others.

The older church members are also kind and cordial; but some of them are constituted so differently by nature, or are situated in life so differently, that they hardly can be expected to enter into the case understandingly; and the others are as busy as the pastor, and are supposed to be in the habit of referring everybody to him for such suggestions as are wanted in this case. So the inexperienced but anxious Christian hesitates, delays, and finally goes without the help he needs; and either he gets into trouble which he might have been shown how to avoid, or else he escapes it by his own endeavors, but at the cost of very wearing and unnecessary anxiety and labor.

If you are in this case, do not be afraid to ask for the help which you desire. Do not delay, but apply for it at once. Either the pastor or some other Christian friend, whom you know to possess good sense and experience will give it to you gladly. The interview will be worth more than you expect of it. The help that you especially need will be given you, if possible, and also relations of a more or less confidential and thoroughly delightful and useful nature will be established between you and the friend whom you accost. A mutual interest in each other's religious history and welfare will be created, which will continue and will be full of blessing. You will do good, as well as secure advice and aid. Probably both of you—especially if you kneel before parting, in order to ask the Divine favor and aid—will draw nearer than ever, not only to each other, but also to Jesus himself. Do not be afraid to ask for the advice or help of any sort that you need. You will be glad when you have asked.—*Congregationalist.*

Social Engagements and the Prayer-Meeting.

If we promise to accompany a friend to the theatre, a party, or any place of amusement, although we may not put it in writing in our book of engagements, we are not apt to forget it or fail to put in an appearance near the appointed time. So those who truly and sincerely desire the Church to be of any real benefit to the world, in making their arrangements for their social enjoyments, will not forget that the Church of which they are members has a claim on them, not only on the Sunday, but at the hour for mid-week prayer.

It may have been—but Scriptures give no record of it—that Peter was absent because it was a little too hot, or James would not be there because he feared it was too cold. Did Bartholomew remain at home because it was a little too wet, or Mary because her veil was a little out of style? Think you that Salome did not go because there was a party in Jerusalem, or Paul or John, because the lodge met that same night? Do you imagine that James the Less would not be among the number because he felt Peter was taking too much on himself? No! John might thank God at every prayer-meeting that he was a God of love, or the others might be a little monotonous in their expressions of fealty and loyalty to the cause espoused by the Nazarene; still they were there, because they were members of the Church, and felt its successes depended not on one, but on them all. So it should be to-day. If we truly desire to see the work prosper, we shall be willing to work and sacrifice for it.

Let Church-members to-day not forget, "They were all with one accord in one place."

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—A parent loses an opportunity for good to his child, if he fail to have sympathy with his child in that child's weaknesses and follies and misdoings. It is in every child's nature to long for sympathy at the point where he needs it most; and when he has done wrong, or has indulged evil thoughts, or is feeling the force of temptation, he is glad to turn to some one stronger and better than himself, and make confession of his faults and failures. If as he comes to his parents at such a time, he is met with manifest sympathy, he is drawn to his parents with new confidence and new trust. But if he is met unsympathetically, and is only told how wrong he is, or how strange it seems that he should be so far astray, he is turned back upon himself, and a new barrier is reared between him and his parents that no parental love can remove, and that no parental watchfulness or care can make a blessing to either child or parent. It is a great thing for a parent to have such sympathy with his child that his child can tell him freely of his worst thoughts and failures without any fear of seeming to shock that parent, and so to chill the child's confidence. It is a great thing for a parent to have such sympathetic thoughts of his child when that child has unintentionally broken

some fragile keepsake peculiarly dear to his parent, as to be more moved by regret for the child's sorrow over the mishap than for the loss of the precious relic. There is no such power over children as comes from such sympathy with children.

There is truth in the suggestion of Herbert Spencer that too often "mothers and fathers are mostly considered by their offspring as friend-enemies," and that it is much better for parents to show their children that they are "their best friends" than to content themselves with saying so. It ought to be so that children would feel that they could find no such appreciative sympathy from any other person, in their enjoyments or in their sorrows and trials, as they are sure of from their parents.—*The Sunday-School Times.*

First-Class.

There are some people who imagine that wealth entitles them to privileges not accorded to the general public, and exempts them from obligations and rules that others are disposed to obey.

Money certainly buys us many privileges we would not otherwise enjoy, but it does not give its possessor the right to ride roughshod over the community, or to neglect laws made for the comfort and protection of others.

An incident which occurred on one of our ocean steamers conveys a wholesome lesson to the proud and contented of the rights of the majority. A family of unlimited wealth had secured the best accommodations the steamer afforded. The gentleman and his wife kept themselves secluded most of the time, but the children were allowed to run wild over the steamer, until they became such intolerable nuisances that the captain was spoken to, and he gave the youngsters a severe reprimand.

This roused the indignation of the mother, who remarked to the captain that, as she paid first-class fare, she thought she was entitled to first-class privileges.

"Madam," said the captain, "first-class fare means first-class conduct."

There was no further protest.—*New York Ledger.*

Ten Years Hence.

The choices you are making to-day are determining, very largely, what your future shall be. If you choose the selfish gratification of the moment, you will forego the lasting good.

Which shall it be, young woman—the sensational novel to-day, or a love of purer and better books ten years hence?

Which shall it be, the ball-room and the theater to-day, or a love of simple pleasures and home comforts ten years hence?

Which shall it be, the light flirtation to-day, or the respect of your friends and your own self-respect ten years hence?

Which shall it be, young man—the cigarette to-day, or a sound, clean body ten years hence?

Which shall it be, the club-parlors and the billiard-room to-day, or a steady brain and an honorable name ten years hence?

You have it in your power, each of you, to say which of these two classes of things shall be. It is not only true that

We build the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;

but it is also sadly true that we may build a ladder which will lead to the pit of despair.—*Chris. Standard.*

A DEIST who, after having publicly labored to disprove Christianity, and to bring the Scriptures into contempt as a forgery, was found instructing his child from the pages of the New Testament. When told of his flagrant inconsistency, his only reply was that it was necessary to teach the child morality, and that there was nowhere to be found such morality as in the Bible. What a confession from the lips of a deist. Even the enemies of the Bible concede its superior merits.

EVERYONE SHOULD TRY

To secure good health. The great specific for all diseases arising from disordered stomach, such as overflow of bile, sick headache, loss of appetite, nausea, palpitation, indigestion, constipation and all blood diseases, is Burdock Blood Bitters. Hundreds of people owe their health to B. B. B., nature's regulator and tonic.

THE ENVY of her friends, a lady who uses "Lotus of the Nile" Perfume.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

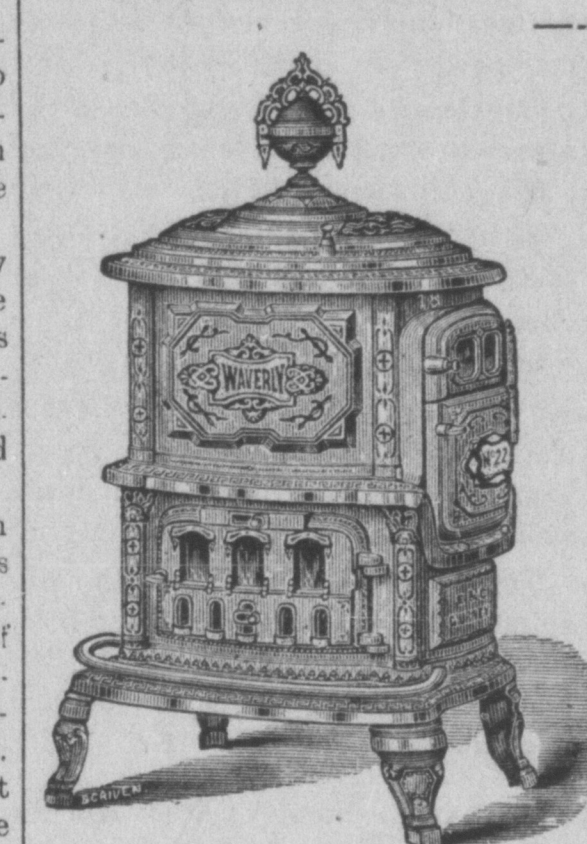
Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others, One Pill Does. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills. One box sent post-paid for 25 cts., or five boxes for \$1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.



The circular around each box explains symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This is the only medicine that is ten times the cost of any other. Send for a pamphlet sent free. Dr. J. S. Johnson, Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood STOVES. STOVES.



Cook Ranges and Stoves

Both to Burn Coal or Wood.

Self Feeders Hall & Parlor Stoves

FOR COAL OR WOOD.

Dining & Bedroom Stoves

For sale at the usual low prices.

CALL AT

NEILL'S STOVE WAREHOUSES,

And examine his large and well-assorted stock of Stoves. Remember the old stand, just opposite the County Court House.

348 TO 354 QUEEN ST.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. of CANADA

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Report of the Directors for the Year ending 31st December, 1889.

The Directors have pleasure in presenting their Report of the transactions of the Company for the past year. An examination of the accompanying statements of accounts will show that the progress made has been rapid, solid and in every way satisfactory.

During the year we received 2,755 applications for life assurance amounting to \$4,102,710.55. Of these 2,504 for \$3,732,331.15 were accepted and policies issued thereon, the balance being declined or withdrawn. This total is \$706,226.99 in advance of the previous year and the passing of the four million line marks another mile post in the Company's history.

In the accident department, the applications were 1,363 for \$2,420,300.00, and the policies issued 1,347 for \$2,375,300.00. The combined applications of the two branches thus reached the handsome total of \$6,523,010.55.

The assurances in force at the close of the year were as follows:—

LIFE.....8,951.....\$13,337,983.08
ACCIDENT.....2,064.....3,826,400.00

TOTAL.....11,015.....\$17,164,383.08

The financial position of the Company is very gratifying. The income has increased until it now amounts to \$563,140.52, or nearly \$2,000 for every working day in the year. The death claims which fell in were \$5,538.49 less than in 1888, although in natural course they should have increased. An addition of more than a quarter of a million has been made to the assets, bringing their total up to \$2,233,322.72. The cash surplus has also advanced to \$219,036.64, or \$156,530.64 beyond all liabilities and capital stock. And last, but by no means least, is the fact which does not show on the surface, but to which we can testify, that the quality of the assets is exceptionally high. In view of this prosperous condition of affairs, there is no risk in predicting that the surplus to divide among Policy-holders at the end of the present quinquennium will be large and satisfactory.

INCOME.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Prem's—Life.....	\$418,165.29	Dividends on Capital.....	\$ 7,500.00
Annuity.....	5,035.00	Death Claims, including Bonuses 109,141.97	
Accident.....	24,741.55	Matured Endowments including Bonuses.....	2,688.05
Pd. Reassurances.....	\$477,941.84	Annuity Payments.....	1,845.70
Interest.....	1,967.81	Accident Claims.....	12,835.07
	\$476,274.03	Cash Profits paid Policyholders.....	2,913.74
Rents.....	85,531.87	Surrender values.....	88,149.03
	\$1,334.62	Expense Account.....	52,242.30
		Commissions.....	11,287.44
		Medical Fees.....	304,437.49
		Total Disbursements.....	258,703.03
		Surplus over Disbursements.....	\$563,140.52
Total Income.....	\$563,140.52		

R. MACAULY, President. A. W. OGILVIE, Vice President.

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

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

MILLINERY.

In our Millinery Department we are showing an immense collection of British, Foreign and American goods, including all the novelties for the present season.

HATS—All the latest shapes in Black, White and Colored Plain Milan, and Neapolitan Braids, and White Leghorn.

FLOWERS—English and French. FEATHERS—White, Cream & Colors. RIBBONS—Plain Colors, Stripes and Plaids, in all the newest colorings.

Laces, Pongee Silks, Fancy Pins and Ornaments.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

DANIEL & BOYD SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Hides, Leather, Oil!

WILLIAM PETERS, LEATHER Manufacturer, and dealer in Hides and Leather, Cod Oil, Neat Foot Oil and Finishing Oil.

Tanners' and Curriers' Tools and Findings.

Lace Leather and Larragin Leather a specialty.

Hide and leather bought and sold on commission.

140-Union Street, - St. John, N. B.

Seeds. 1890 Seeds.

Just Received and arriving, my usual supply of

Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

ONE CAR LOAD

—OF—

Timothy and Clover Seed,

For sale at Lowest Market Rates.

JOHN M. WILEY.

Druggist & Seedsman,

196 Queen Street - Fredericton.

April 23

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