

Every Day.

Every day my hope grows brighter,
Every day the burdens lighter,
And my weak faith grows more strong,
And more cheerful is my song,
And God's mercies seem more tender,
As earth's pleasures I surrender;
With the bread of heaven He feeds me
By the hand He gently leads me
O'er the blessed, blessed way.

A Sister's Influence.

"If I only had a sister, Cousin Helen, but I am so lonely. You know since mamma died I have no one but papa and Hugh." The speaker was a young girl only eighteen years of age, but her earnest face was expressive of strong character.

"Why not let Hugh take a sister's place?" suggested Cousin Helen.

"How?" And Margie's eyes really sparkled.

"Talk with him about the many things, both great and small, that interest you. Brothers like to feel that their sisters can trust them."

"Margie," continued Cousin Helen, with a troubled look in her eyes, "there has recently been opened down town an elegant saloon which is called 'The Gilded Palace,' and last evening I overheard a conversation between Hugh and his friend, Chester Winthrop, concerning it. Hugh evidently thought it an improper place for moral young men to frequent, but Chester tried to overcome his scruples by informing him that there are rooms connected with the main saloon where moral men can assemble without coming in contact with anything objectionable; and that many of the best young men in town spend their evenings there. Pardon me, dear, but have you made home attractive to Hugh of late?"

"I am afraid not, Cousin Helen, for I have fallen into the selfish habit of spending much time in my own room. Thank you for your timely suggestions."

That evening as Hugh Nelson was passing through the hall, hat in hand, he was surprised to hear his sister call out from the parlor:—

"Are you going out, Hugh?"

"Yes," he answered with hesitancy, for a glance into the pretty parlor, with its glowing grate fire and open piano, made him almost wish that he was going to spend the evening at home.

"Come in a little while, please, and help me select my new suit," pleaded Margie.

"Your new suit!" echoed Hugh with astonishment. "What do I know about girls' suits?"

"I believe you can help me," urged Margie, "for you display fine taste in the selection of your own clothes. You know, Hugh, I have not been accustomed to choose for myself, and I miss mamma so much."

There was a quiver in the voice that Hugh could not resist, and after hanging his hat on the rack he walked into the parlor, and was soon as deeply interested in the examination of dress samples and fashion-plates as his little sister could wish.

From that time Margie followed her cousin's suggestion to the very letter. She laid her plans before Hugh as she would have done before an older sister, always asking his opinion concerning them, thereby making him feel that she needed his companionship and counsel. By this means there was gradually formed between this brother and sister a bond of love which was truly beautiful.

Years passed; and one evening, while Hugh and Margie Nelson were enjoying the quiet of their cosy parlor, Margie was startled by an exclamation of horror from her brother, and on turning toward him, she saw that he had dropped the evening paper and had buried his face in his hands. Catching up the paper, she anxiously glanced down the column of daily news until she came to this item:—

"A young man, named Chester Winthrop, was fatally wounded last evening at the Gilded Palace saloon with a pistol-shot fired by David Holmes. Doubtless both of the young men were under the influence of liquor."

"Was Chester Winthrop once your friend?" asked Margie.

"Yes," answered Hugh, as he raised a pale face from his hands; "and but for the influence of my precious little sister I might be as he is to-night."

Margie looked incredulous, for Hugh had so many years been an earnest Christian that she could not imagine him as having sunk to such depths of degradation as Chester Winthrop evidently had done.

"After mother died," resumed Hugh, with emotion, "I was sad and lonely. Father was absorbed in business, you spent much time by yourself, and I longed for some attractive place in which to spend my evenings. Chester asked me to go to the Gilded Palace Saloon, which, he said, had every attraction heart could wish. After much urging I consented; but on the appointed evening you wished me to help you select your new suit. As I looked

into the parlor which you had made so bright and pretty, I thought some other night would do for my visit to the Gilded Palace, so I yielded to your persuasions and spent the evening at home.

"But, after that, I found every evening the same, for you always had some pleasant entertainment in store for me; and I finally came to the conclusion that *our parlor* was *palace* enough for me, and that it would be difficult to find more attractive company than that of my own sweet sister."

"And, Margie," he continued, while a soft light came into his eyes, "although I was not a Christian, you talked so freely with me about your religious experiences, that I could not fail to see the deep satisfaction you found in the religion of Jesus Christ. I soon came to yearn for the peace and rest that you evidently enjoyed, and so I was led to yield my heart to the Saviour. Ah, little Margie, if all sisters were as good and wise as mine has been, the saloon-keepers would find few victims among our young men!"

While Margie Nelson listened to this candid confession, her heart was raised to God in gratitude for the blessed assurance of having been the instrument through which He saved her noble brother.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Cousin Charlotte.

Mrs. Lee looked up from the letter she was reading. "Cousin Charlotte is coming to spend a month with us," she said.

There was a sudden silence; startled, dismayed glances passed around the breakfast table. Mrs. David Lee, who had just been brought home a bride, asked, "Who and what is Cousin Charlotte?"

The judge made haste to answer: "Miss Charlotte Bell is a most lovable woman of about thirty. She has a fine intellect and a warm heart. There is no scheme of philanthropy in her native city in which she does not take a part."

"She is a beauty, too!" exclaimed one of the boys. "I do not know a more beautiful woman."

"She is a faithful Christian," said Mrs. Lee, gravely.

"If she is perfection, why do you dread her coming?" Mrs. David asked her husband when they rose from the table.

"Wait and you will see," he said. Cousin Charlotte telegraphed the next day: "Coming on night train."

There were six trains that night from the West. Judge Lee and David haunted the station from six o'clock until two in the morning, but no Cousin Charlotte. The night was cold and stormy, and the judge went home aching with lumbago. All the next day and night some of the Lee family were on guard at the station, but they watched in vain.

Two days later she arrived, gay and smiling. "You expected me? Too bad. I changed my mind, and really forgot to wire you. I must ask you to look after my trunk. I haven't the least idea what I have done with the check."

For two days David was busy sending telegrams in every direction for the missing luggage, while Cousin Charlotte foraged upon the girls' wardrobes for gowns, collars and other such things.

Miss Bell never rose in time for breakfast, and was sure to be absent at luncheon and dinner-time. Her meals therefore, had to be prepared separately. The cook rebelled, the chambermaid gave warning. Cousin Charlotte made numerous appointments with people concerned in benevolent work to come to the house, and then went out and forgot them; she always kept the family waiting an hour for her to dress when they were going to a concert or lecture.

She appointed a conference with discharged prisoners for the same evening that Mrs. Lee had chosen for a reception in honor of the bride. The gay young people and the quondam thieves and burglars met in the parlor.

Through all these discomforts Miss Bell passed, smiling airily. "Really I forgot!" or "The matter was so petty it escaped my notice," was her only apology.

With her heart full of kindness to all the world, she had a singular facility for saying unpleasant things. She denounced the pope to a Catholic, insisted on helping a Jew to ham and oysters, and described the horrors of a death from consumption to a young girl already hectic with that disease.

"If I had a brother who was hanged," said David, "Cousin Charlotte would talk to me of nothing but ropes! She has a genius for indiscretions!"

She always deplored her thoughtlessness, and the next moment, by a heedless word, stirred up some slumbering feud, or tore open an old wound.

When, after a dozen postponements, the day of her departure actually arrived, the Lee family breathed a sigh of relief.

"One of the women who best de-

serve heaven," said the judge, "but who are intolerable upon earth!"—*Companion.*

What Is A Divine Visitation?

The following incident which occurred in a New England town a few weeks ago, came under the personal observation of the writer.

Mr. A. was a native New Englander, honest and upright in his business dealings, but a confirmed skeptic of the flippant and bitter type. As he grew older there was no abatement in his bitterness towards all things religious, and his blasphemous, whenever the subject of religion was broached in his presence, often shocked even the most ungodly of his associates. Near by his farm there was an undeveloped water privilege. Fairly successful in business affairs, it was the one desire of this man's life that he might one day see this power utilized. Though his hopes were long delayed, the time came a few months ago, when others expressed a willingness to become associated with him in the work of improvement, and a strong stock company was formed for this purpose. Late in the summer of 1885 the work of building a dam across the river was begun, and later a portion of the power was profitably leased in advance.

But the work dragged. Frequent and heavy rains not only hindered its progress, but so swelled the stream that it seemed at times as though the completion of the dam would be postponed until another season. Meanwhile A., who was superintending the work, grew more and more impatient at the delays, and more and more blasphemous, as he cursed God for it all, whom he always sneeringly spoke of as determined to block the wheels of the enterprise, but who had for once "met his match."

"This work shall be completed in spite of God Almighty," he was wont to say; while the workmen trembled as they listened, and more than once remarked among themselves, "Something will surely happen to A. before this thing is done."

Despite many difficulties, however, the work went on. The day came when it was declared done and well done. In the afternoon the gates were shut down and the water in the river steadily rose above, and soon flowed over the dam. "Hurrah!" shouted A. as he witnessed the culmination of the desires of a life time, "Hurrah! the work is done in spite of Almighty God and his tears!"—the tears having reference to the rain that had caused so much delay.

He had enjoyed his success for about thirty minutes, perhaps, when he ordered the men to go out into the river above the dam to save a floating log. They refused to face the danger for so slight a thing, when A., with terrible blasphemies on his lips, essayed the task himself. Getting into his boat, which, by the way, it was his custom to declare a staunch craft for one that represented nothing but Sunday's work in its construction, he was soon in the centre of the stream. The log eluded his grasp and struck the boat. In an instant both boat and owner were in the river below, the former a wreck, the latter drowned in an eddy thirty feet in depth, from which the body was recovered three or four days later.

The tragic death of this man, who had so long and so boldly defied God, produced a profound impression in the community where it occurred. The writer has no theory to advance regarding the incident, but leaves the reader to form his own conclusions. Such occurrences under similar circumstances are by no means rare. Are they divine visitations?—*Selected.*

Denying Christ.

To deny Christ is to endeavor to suppress the relation in which we stand to him. Peter denied Christ in the high priest's palace. The relation in which he stood to Christ was a very close and tender one. He was one of the three whom Christ admitted to the most personal intimacy. But at the great crisis in our Lord's life he strove to suppress this close and real relationship. He did not want to be pulled by this bond into the gulf which was yawning for Jesus. So he emphatically asserted, "I know not the man." The tourist who scales the dizzy heights of the Matterhorn, is attached to his guide by a rope or leather strap. How contemptible would be the conduct of the guide who, when he saw his companion slipping over an icy precipice, should suddenly cut the uniting bond in order to avoid the risk of being involved in the same horrible fate.

This very principle of action is portrayed in a familiar picture called "The Huguenot Lover." It is St. Bartholomew's eve. The massacre of the Protestants has been decided upon. The Catholics are to be saved by wearing a certain badge. A Catholic maiden is striving to persuade her Huguenot lover to assume this badge in order that his life may

be preserved. With firm and resisting fingers he is removing the badge, that he may not suppress the relation in which he stands to his party. As the old song by Col. Lovelace has it:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

I knew a gentleman, once, who behind a rough and almost bearish manner possessed a noble spirit. He was president of a bank, and occupied a very high society position. He had a daughter the growth of whose intelligence had been arrested in early childhood. Though a full-grown woman she had the mind of a child. Her father, however, never stooped to shame or concealment. He never strove to keep out of sight the relation in which he stood to her. I have been told that it was a splendid sight to see him at an evening party, with his daughter on his arm, even seeming to take pride in having the truth recognized that she belonged to him. In George Eliot's "Romola" the whole interest of the very story hangs upon Tito's weakness in refusing to acknowledge his guardian and benefactor. Let us always keep the relation in which we stand to Christ visible and bright.—*Dr. E. Judson.*

Wait.

I saw the proprietor of a garden stand at his fence and call to his poor neighbor, "Would you like some grapes?" "Yes; and very thankful," was the ready answer. "Then, bring your basket." The basket was quickly handed over the fence. The owner took it; and disappeared among the vines; and I marked that he deposited in it rich clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he hid himself. The woman stood at the fence quiet and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well filled basket, saying, "I have made you wait a good while; but there are all the more grapes."

It is so, thought I, with the Proprietor of all things. He says, "What shall I give thee? Ask, and you shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel—my needy but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out, "How long? how long?" At last he comes to me, richly laden; and kindly chides my impatience, saying: "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while." Then I look, and see fruits richer than I had asked for; and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous Benefactor, and grieve that I distrust him. Surely the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.—*The Home Circle.*

Wait.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get on with the household affairs "as your mother did; she is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the care she bestowed upon you when you had the long spell of sickness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light for the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and "out of sorts." He worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night; he has wrestled hand in hand, with care and selfishness and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is one place in the wide world where he can find peace, quiet, and perfect love.

There is a real pleasure in doing something worthy, and then contemplating it as our own. Even in the Divine mind there was the same feeling, for as he made the various parts of the world he looked at it, and, behold, it was all very good.

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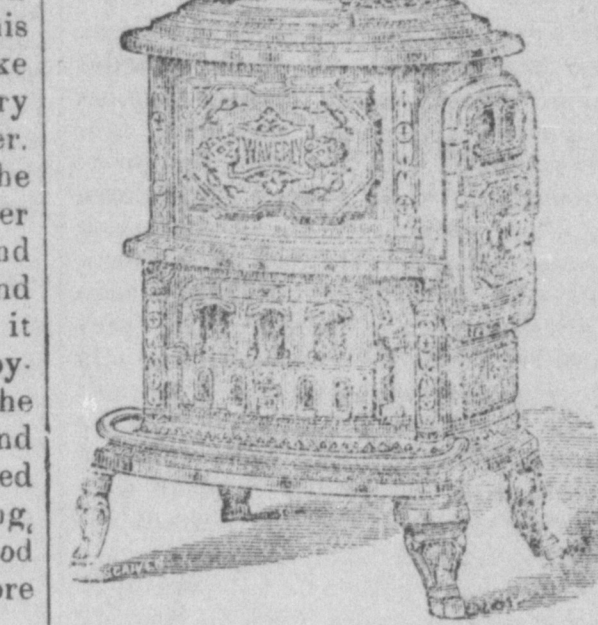
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1880.....	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31	1,673,027.10	9,413,358.07
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