

To-morrow.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterlest need them.

But never sit we down and say,
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds o' song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming—
But life beats in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may stand in sorrow,
And our good barque, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Our hearts o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling features glisten;
Lo! now its dawn bursts up the sky—
Lean out your souls and listen.
The earth rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow:
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward,
We clutched, like carols, grave by grave,
Yet beat a pathway onward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we borrow,
And where our vanguard rests to-day
Our rear shall rest to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry ascended—
The earth was wet with blood and tears,
Ere their meek sufferings ended.
The few shall not forever stay,
The many toil in sorrow;
The bars of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall reign to-morrow.

Then youth flame, earnest still aspire,
With energies immortal;
To many a haven of desire
Your yearning opens a portal;
And though age wears by the way
And hearts break in the furrow,
We sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

The Infidel Judge.

Let us go to our friends and talk with them about Christ. Let us pray for them that they may be converted. If we work in this spirit, instead of a few thousands, tens of thousands will be converted. Let us cry out day and night, "O God, save my unconverted son! O God, save my unconverted wife! O God, save my unconverted children!"

Coming out of a daily prayer meeting in one of our Western cities, a few years ago, a lady asked me to go down and see her husband.

I took out my memorandum-book to write the name; but when I heard who it was, I said: "I cannot bear him in argument."

"O," said she, "he has got enough of that. Go and ask him to come to the Saviour." I went to the office where the judge was doing business and introduced myself to him. After I had told him what I had come for, he said I had come on a foolish errand. I said: "Judge, I am no match for you in argument."

There is one favor I will ask of you, and that is, when you are converted you will let me know." He laughed at me, and said: "When I am converted I will let you know," with a good deal of sarcasm. A year and a half after he said to me:

"I came to-day to tell you that I have been converted; and I'll tell you all about it. One night, when my wife and children went out to meeting, I began to think: 'Suppose my wife and children are right, that they are on their way to heaven and I to hell, and that I shall be away from them through the ages? My second thought was: 'You believe God created you; he is able to teach you. All is dark beyond the grave; cannot he give me light? Yes.' The next thought 'Why don't you ask him? I was too proud to get down on my knees, so I prayed, 'O God teach me.' Things began to get very dark; I went to bed and pretended to sleep. My wife prayed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O God, teach me.' I changed my prayer: 'O God, take away this burden.' The next day I went without my breakfast, gave my clerks a holiday, closed my doors and cried: 'O God, for Christ's sake take away this load of guilt.' My trouble rolled away. I asked was this conversion. While thinking of going to ask a minister, a passage came to my mind that my mother taught me when a boy, that if we believe what we ask, God will grant it. I met my wife in the hallway and said: 'My dear, I have been converted.' She could not believe it, though she had been praying for me for twenty-one years."

That man afterward went up to Springfield and there told the senators and legislators with whom he had associated for years how he had been convicted and converted.—D. L. Moody.

With Bishop Moody.

Among Bishop Asbury's useful preachers was the Rev. Jesse Lee, a pioneer Methodist in New England. As he rode out of Massachusetts town on a Monday morning,

having preached there twice the day before, he was overtaken by two lawyers, who, riding on either side of him, began to question him in a flippant way about his extemporaneous manner of preaching.

One of them said, "As you never write your sermons, but speak off-hand, don't you often make mistakes?"

"Sometimes," said Lee.

"What do you do then?" said the sprig of the law.

The preacher, shrewdly suspecting the occupation of the men who were trying to make game of him, answered: "If the mistake is an important one, I always correct it; if unimportant I let it pass. For example, if I were quoting the passage, 'The devil is a liar,' and by a slip should say a lawyer, I should not attempt to mend it."

"I wonder if the fellow is a knave or a fool?" said one of the barristers to the other.

"Judging from appearances," retorted Lee, "I should say I am just between the two."

They spurred their horses and left him to jog on alone.

On a Sunday afternoon Mr. Lee was preaching in a country meeting house. The weather was warm, and a number of persons remained in the yard entertaining themselves with talk which could be heard in the open windows, while many of those in the congregation were drowsy—some fast asleep. Rapping the book-board with his fist, the preacher, raising his voice, said, "I will thank the friends in the yard not to speak so loud; their talk may disturb the slumbers of the brethren in the church."

There was no more conversation outside nor sleeping inside the church that afternoon.

Another of Mr. Asbury's famous preachers was the Rev. James Axley, whose field of labor lay mostly in the Southwest. He was one of the delegates to a General Conference which sat in Baltimore about seventy years ago, and was appointed to preach in a church in the city where the people had the habit, when they rose to sing, of turning their backs to the pulpit, and facing the choir in the front gallery. Axley was amazed at this breach of good manners, and as he read the next two lines of the hymn (the style in those days) he turned his back to the congregation and faced the wall. The singers in the gallery began to laugh, the people on the floor turned to see what was going on, and when the preacher knew that they had all faced about, he exclaimed: "Well what do you think of it? It's as good-looking a back as yours, isn't it?"

The congregation in that church have faced the pulpit ever since.—W. H. Milburn, in Harper's Magazine.

Quiet Forms of Service.

Into all service of God and man, however grand and active, must come the quiet element, as surely as morning and night to a busy day. It may be well to remember that Elijah had a long quiet time alone with God before that startling day on Mount Carmel, as well as after—before to prepare him, after to calm him.

During the great strike an old cardinal met a few of the leaders in a small room, and after three hours' quiet talking, won peace.

Outsiders suppose the Salvation Army to live, move, and have its being in noise. Those who look deeper learn that success is in their quiet persistency in prayer, courage in suffering, and constant effort for the good of all.

Few of us are Elijahs or cardinals. Baal's prophets and strikes are not for us to fight. Quiet forms of service alone are open to us. Must we, then, feel unhappy and useless? Many of us have, and do feel so still.

We, whose duty lies in the home, often think this way: It seems rather hard always to attend to that never-ending housekeeping, and all the other prosy concerns of home-life. Yes; but what is the home worth where these matters are neglected?

A widow woman was commanded to sustain Elijah while he got ready for active service. That means she mended his clothes and saw that his meals were properly served. Very simple cooking that. How we hate cooking, some of us! The best way is to do it as well as possible, then it becomes quiet service of God and man. Most likely she prayed for him, too. We often forget how much time we have to pray for our Elijahs. It does them untold good, and ourselves also, for by it we learn that highest form of service—communion with the living God.

Some there are who have not these home duties. Their lives are spent in restless longings after what they think would be happiness. We often make the mistake of expecting others to make us happy. No mortal, only the Spirit that worketh by love, can do that for us.

"Happiness is not a plan of out-

side growth." It is home-made, like the best loaves and jam. But it may be cultured by making others happy.

Invalids often get quite overdone with flowers and nice things, because it is easy to rush off to them, but there are other outlets quite as near us if we look for them. Many a little child wants listening to patiently, long enough to find out the real meaning of its simple speech, the oppression of its small trouble; or a lonely servant would brighten up wonderfully if we let her talk awhile to us of her home or the new dress she wants to buy. In one way or other we must give ourselves all day long to others, as Jesus did in His earthly life, as also He does still, and at night we shall be surprised how near God feels, and what communion we have with him.

Our Lord will teach us how to get near hearts. Let us then follow Him quietly, confidently, and so find strength.—Sunday School Chronicle.

Put Yourself Where You Belong.

There are four kinds of church members.

1. Such as have a name to live and are dead. They seem never to have been converted. They are entered on the church roster, attend service when convenient, display no flagrant vices, and are reported as "in good and regular standing," but their lack of power is such that they are practically as dead as a door nail. It would take a million such to convert one soul in a million years.

2. Minimum Christians; that is, such as have a measure of life, but not enough to make them of much account. They have been converted, without doubt, but have never received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. See Acts 19:2. Their desire seems to be to get to heaven with as small an outlay as possible. They think it unnecessary to do mission work, attend prayer-meeting, or discharge any other duty which can be safely shirked. They are perfectly willing that others shall expose themselves in the high places in the field, but a place as high private in the Home Guards is good enough for them. They may be saved, "so as by fire" (1 Cor. 3: 15)—but heaven must be a lonely place for such saints.

3. Medium Christians; that is, believers who mean to accomplish something but come clear short of their highest capabilities. They have not formed one adequate conception of their calling and possible usefulness. These constitute the multitude of the Christian rank and file. In the aggregate they do much good for the Master, but as individuals they lack spirit, ambition, enterprise. They need to imitate Him who said, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up."

4. Maximum Christians; such as have consecrated themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of Christ. They are keeping nothing back, allowing nothing to prevent their close friendship and intimate communion with their Lord. They realize that they are not their own. The love of Christ constrains them. They no longer live, but Christ liveth in them. Ten such Christians can put a thousand ordinary Christians to shame, and ten thousand adversaries to flight.

Will each reader ask to which of the foregoing classes he belongs? If the Christian life is worth living it is worth living well; and if Christian work is worth doing it is worth doing well; and if heaven is worth winning we cannot do better than to covet an abundant entrance which our Lord would gladly minister unto us.—Free Baptist.

What to Teach Young Women.

A mother writes to me: "What shall I teach my daughter?" This one important and tremendous fact, my sister: That there is no happiness in this world for an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to learn how successfully to maintain themselves. It is inhuman and cruel for any father or mother who pass having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madam de Staël said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I

could make a livelihood." We should teach our daughters that work of any kind, when necessary, is a credit and honor to them. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the mother and father toil their lives away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats, as it is to twist a chain or embroider a slipper.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Speak Kindly.

A young lady had gone out walking. She forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm. "Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needle-books, etc. "I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment, and spoke a few kind words to the little girl, and then as she passed she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"O miss!" said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly and gently to me, and I feel a deal better." That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.—Selected.

She Liked Him.

People who have formed the habit of finding fault with everything, and on all occasions, not only render themselves disagreeable to those with whom they have been in contact, but frequently place themselves in awkward positions. This was the experience of a lady who, while attending service, forgot that it is better to worship God than to spend the time in criticizing the preacher.

Seated by the side of the preacher's wife, she said: "I don't want to hear him preach. He's nothing but a boy!"

After a really eloquent sermon, which changed the opinion of the strange lady, she turned to her neighbor, and said: "Pretty good sermon; wasn't it? I like him, don't you?"

As the "boy" descended from the pulpit, and came to where his wife was standing, she quietly took his arm, and, turning to the astonished stranger, replied, with a smile: "Of course! I ought to, for he is my husband!"

What Do Your Children Read?

A lad lay on his death-bed. He was a former pupil of mine. I approached his bedside.

"Do you think you will get well?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Would you like to get well?"

"It makes but little difference."

"Does approaching death give you alarm?"

"I have no care about it."

"Do you feel willing to die?"

"I have wished I were dead to get rid of my sufferings."

"What is your hope?"

"I do not concern myself about the future."

"Shall I pray with you?"

"I do not care, if you want to pray."

After his death, his father said:

"My son lies in yonder cemetery—an infidel from the effects of novel-reading!"

How about Family Religion?

—Do you maintain religious worship at home? Are both husband and wife anxious that God shall not be ignored and his service made a farce and a mockery by being only occasional? When the minister comes, or some friend, we want to appear outwardly righteous; we make some sacrifice to have family prayer, but ordinarily it is omitted. What a contradiction to all our notions and our common platitudes about sacred influences in the home! Let us be done with this mockery, this stab of religion.—The Baltimore Methodist.

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