

In the Fold With Christ.

I have a life with Christ to live,
But ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this and that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait, till science give
All doubts a full reply?

Nay rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear thee awful voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
Come unto Me, and rest;
Believe Me, and be blest.

Fanny's Class.

MISS E. E. BACKUP.

Fanny was not exactly a city missionary, but she was next door to one. So at least declared her brother Tom, an indisputable authority. They lived in a large city in one portion of which was a most disreputable locality called the "Line Neighborhood," so styled because Line Street was supposed to be the border line of this ill-favored district. Right in the heart of this unsavory locality, some good people had established a mission and Fanny was invited to take a class and to assist in establishing a bond of sympathy between these people and their neighbors beyond the border line.

Her parents demurred. From her childhood Fanny had espoused the cause of the poor and miserable, and her parents had been wont to consider her philanthropic efforts somewhat singular and extravagant. And now should they allow their only daughter to walk at will through the devious paths of the Line Neighborhood? Brother Tom settled the matter with a decided, "Let her go, her heart's set upon it!"

So Fanny signified her readiness to assist in this work of love, and the next Sunday afternoon found her way, in company with Mr. Bronson, the superintendent, toward Line Street.

I hope I may have a class of girls, said Fanny. Not that I object to boys in general, but I fear I have not sufficient tact to manage skilfully the kind of boys likely to be found in the Line Neighborhood.

My dear Miss Ames, replied Mr. Bronson, do not, I beg, insist upon girls, for I have seven boys whom I am very anxious to assign to you. Their ages range from eleven to fourteen, and I must tell you frankly they are as difficult to manage as any class in school. I found them three weeks ago playing marbles near our doors, and I had a long talk with them which ended in their promising to come to school the next Sunday. They are as bright as need be, and as wayward too. But I believe there's good stuff in them. One, whom they call Bill, is particularly interesting, and seems to be a sort of leader among them. If you get a hold upon him, you will have them all.

But would not a gentleman have a greater influence over them? inquired Fanny.

I think not, Mr. Smith had them the first Sunday, and he declared nothing would tempt him to take charge of them a second; and last Sunday Mr. Pond got thoroughly out of patience, and told me to assign the little rascals to whom I chose, he certainly couldn't keep the class. I don't tell you this to frighten you, for I think you will encounter fewer difficulties. The boys are very sharp, and perfect little democrats. Unless something is done, they will leave the school and be lost to goodness and purity. Will you not take the class?

The tears were in Fanny's eyes. I cannot refuse, and if I succeed it will be because of a Higher Wisdom. We should certainly expect but little from boys reared as these have been. Perhaps they may surprise me by unexpected goodness.

Thus forewarned, Fanny prepared to take her seat with the seven boys to whom Sunday-school was as yet merely a novel method of having a jolly time. A half-suppressed wail went around the class as the boys looked at Fanny with open-eyed astonishment.

Boys, allow me to introduce your new teacher, Miss Ames, said Mr. Bronson's gentle voice.

Fanny bowed with a gentle grace which went far to win the rough hearts of the boys, and Bill Morgan awkwardly attempted to return the courtesy. The devotional exercises were fairly over, and nothing disagreeable had occurred. Fanny breathed more freely, and began to feel quite at ease. The boys were utterly ignorant of the lesson, and she concluded to question them upon the life of Christ.

Her first question elicited the laconic answer, Give up! ask Bill! She turned to Bill, who replied, I'm not good at conundrums! Still undismayed, Fanny began in simple but glowing words an account of the gracious mission of Christ. One

of the boys pushed her rudely, but she made no sign; another placed his soiled boot upon her glove which had fallen to the floor, but she appeared not to notice it. Just as she was in the midst of an animated talk, something sprang into her lap. Fanny was timid, but she knew the boys would have no sympathy with timidity. She looked quietly at the object. What a cunning little thing! Is it a mouse? she asked, as if she had held mice all her life.

Yes, replied Bill Morgan; Jim tamed it, and its awful knowing. Glad you're not scared at it, some women scream at mice.

I never scream at anything, replied Fanny; it's a pretty little thing and wonderfully tame.

Glad you like it, said Jim; but perhaps I'd better take it now.

Fanny endeavored not to display too great alacrity in ridding herself of the strange pet, and for the remainder of the session the boys were as attentive as she could desire.

You have succeeded admirably, said Mr. Bronson on their way home. How did you ever manage to keep those boys so quiet?

Quiet! exclaimed Fanny, laughingly, and then she related her experience.

Meanwhile the boys were having a talk on the street corner.

Did you see how close I got to her? said Jack Jones; and she never even winced.

I thought I should bust, said Dick Rosen, when Jim sprung his mouse into her lap.

She's a pretty little thing, and 'twas kinder mean to treat her so. Don't be soft, retorted Dick; but what do you think of her, Bill?

She's a brick, said Bill emphatically; and you boys have got to behave yourselves like Christians after this. Let's have no more fooling in Sunday-school!

Jerushy! cried Dick; Jim and Bill have turned pious; 'twill be our turn next.

Lot you know about pious folks, rejoined Bill scornfully; now there was that Pond, he couldn't stand nothing. He got downright mad first thing, but I tell you this little lady's of the right kind. To think of her asking us to call! I know just about where she lives, and it's a prime place. Tell you what, boys, let's go round to-morrow night and look at her number! Wouldn't it be fun to meet her? Then we'd know whether she could be as perky on Monday as Sunday.

The next night between six and seven o'clock a queer procession marched past 353 Montrose Avenue, and then marched back again, complacently scrutinizing the handsome stone front.

I kinder feel, said Bill facetiously, as if I had a mortgage on that house!

Fanny had been out on a shopping expedition, and was about returning home with brother Tom.

Goodness! cried Tom, I believe the advance guard of the Great Unwashed is approaching.

My boys, Tom, as true as you live! replied Fanny.

She stepped cordially forward with outstretched hand.

Why! Dick, Bill, Jim, glad to see you, all of you. Were you going to make me a call? Come right along, and we'll have a nice talk, and be all ready for the lesson next Sunday.

The boys looked greatly embarrassed, but Bill replied with an attempt at a graceful touch of his hat.

Thank you kindly, Miss, but we should want to slick up a little for that. We were just bumbling round as we do most every night.

Well, if ever I can help you, come to me. Perhaps I can arrange for you all to come some evening soon. I shall expect to see you all next Sunday. Good by.

Good-by, said a chorus of voices, with hearty good will, and the boys moved on.

Well, said Tom, you are the same Fanny who years ago gave her best sack to a poor child whom she found in the street, and who was forever bringing home some forlorn-looking specimen for mother to feed and cloth. The idea of inviting those ragamuffins to our house. They'll probably call every other night!

But Fanny was not annoyed by too frequent calls, and her winsome patience and cordial, unfeigned interest in time conquered the boys, and from the most unruly they became the most interested and loyal members of the school. With Bill and Jim as earnest assistants, good order was ensured, and the experience of the first Sunday was never repeated. Still there were trying seasons when perplexed and discouraged Fanny questioned the result of her labors. But she has ceased to question now, for the members of her class have become promising young men, and some of them are prominent in the church and Sabbath-school. Many souls have been saved from the miseries of vice by the earnest efforts of the Christian workers in the Line Neighborhood. God speed the workers and the work!—*The Herald.*

Pilate's Wife.

Our curiosity is greatly aroused regarding Pilate's wife. We are told nothing about her in Scripture except what is mentioned in this one incident. Tradition identifies her as Claudia Procula, and it has been conjectured that, bearing such a name, she must have belonged to the Claudian family—one of the most famous families in Roman history, whose founder, Appius Claudius, was the maker of the great Appian Way, and which gave no less than six emperors of Rome, the emperor who was sitting on the throne at the time of our Lord being Tiberius Claudius. Being thus of high station, it is possible that it was through her influence that her husband, Pontius Pilate, was made procurator of Judea; for Pilate's own birth was comparatively humble, seeing that the name Pilate is derived from the cap which was worn as a distinguishing badge by manumitted slaves, and the epithet marks him out as a freedman, or as descending from one. She accompanied her husband to Palestine, and it is a striking illustration of the truthfulness of the Scripture narrative that it was only during the reign of Tiberius Claudius that the wife of a Roman was allowed to accompany her husband to the province which he ruled. In early times a law was expressly passed to prevent a magistrate taking his wife with him to the sphere of his jurisdiction, lest she should meddle with his administration or unduly influence his public career. And this law was rigorously carried out; but at the time of our Lord it had fallen into neglect. Perhaps the wife of Pilate had received a special permission to accompany her husband on account of her connection with the reigning family; and, in any case, her presence in Jerusalem at the time of our Lord's judgment indicates that the relationship between herself and her husband must have been one of deep and true affection. Pilate, if he had been an indifferent husband, might have left his wife behind at Rome in conformity with the law of the empire, and his wife if she had been less loving and devoted, might have remained at Caesarea, which was the fixed official residence of the Roman governor and the headquarters of the Roman army in Palestine, and not have accompanied him, to which he had to go on the annual feast of the Passover, to preserve order among the great crowds of pilgrims which at that time filled the sacred city.—*The Quiver.*

A Hint For Parents.

BY HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

"John," said Mrs. Harris, "I want you to go on an errand, so come right into the house this minute!" John went on sharpening the lead-pencil in his hand.

"John!" cried his mother sharply, "If you don't come this instant I'll tell your father of you just as soon as he gets home."

Grind, grind, went the knife against the pencil, but John might have been quite as deaf as the proverbial haddock for all the notice he took of his impatient mother.

"John Harris! How dare you defy me so!"

Still only the grinding sound of the knife as the sharpening process went on.

Mrs. Harris was in despair. The errand on which she wished to send her disobedient son was an important one; moreover, in order that it be successfully performed some haste was necessary. What should she do? Perhaps after all she spoke rather too hastily and wounded the boy's feelings in the first place, making him stubborn and unwilling.

She did not exactly like to compromise matters with her own son; still, there was the errand and somehow John must be induced to attend to it. In a minute she was at the door again.

"John, dear, if you will go on the errand for mother, I'll give you a piece of cake."

"Why didn't you try the John, dear to begin with?" asked the boy rather independently. "I don't want any cake, and I'll do the errand,—but I ain't like Bruce over there, with no feeling except my senses."

Several things become apparent from the foregoing conversation. And first, John had never been properly trained, or he surely would not have dared defy his mother as he did. That he had no fear of his father before his eyes is also apparent.

Then again, John had a fine nature, after all, as witness how promptly he consented to do as he was requested, once he was spoken to as if he were a human being, instead of being like Bruce, the great watchdog, with only senses and instinct to guide him.

Still again, improper as his conduct was, he was superior to his mother in that he maintained a dignified, or perhaps an insolent silence, rather than replying in kind with "an angry look or a keen retort."

The point to be emphasized here, however, is the pith and importance contained in John's rather independent reply and query.

"Why didn't you try the John, dear, to begin with?"

Ah! how many a day's experience which at nightfall is sad and trying, might have been smooth and pleasant to look back upon, had only a gentle instead of a harsh word used to begin with. True, a properly trained son or daughter will obey promptly the requirements of a parent, but even then, obedience can be of various kinds. There is cheerful spontaneous response to the known wishes of a parent which means love and allegiance also, and there is an indifferent simply habitual yielding, without heart or any special desire to please.

The pity is that parents fail to realize, as they so often do, that it is all in their own hands, this helping or spoiling a day's events. Why not be wise and heed John's simple yet sterling suggestion, and try the gentle word to begin with? We read from St. Francis de Sales: "Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength."

It certainly takes real strength of will and purpose to keep down an inclination to speak with impatience, especially when cares and duties press in a way to try the spirit and harass the temper. Only the grace of God is sufficient at such times, to enable one to be so truly strong as to be really gentle.

A word to the wise is sufficient. So much depends on the way a thing is begun, whether it be a work of great importance, a journey of a moment, or a day with its clean fair page all unwritten, that it is surely worth while to consider the matter; and when parents reflect that children are almost sure to follow in their lead, to smile or to frown, to speak quickly or kindly according as the example is set them, who would not wish with all their heart to begin with the endearing and beguiling word?

"When you think of it, friend, the worries

And troubles that wear you out,
Are often the veriest trifles
That common sense would fust.

And time and temper are wasted,
And fun is driven away,
And all for the want of gentleness,
The home is spoiled for a day."
—*Watchman.*

Do YOU WORRY? This is a common evil among men, when things go wrong. It is worry, and not work, that is killing its thousands. One hour of fret and worry will do more harm to mind, soul, and body than a whole day of quiet, restful toil. There is nothing to be made by it but a more rapid wear and tear of the whole machinery of life. Mr. Wesley said: "I would no more fret and worry than I would dare to curse and swear." Must we not fret over the wrong-doing of others? David said: "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers." If you would control yourself. If you would shape your iron, keep your hammer and anvil cool. Should I not worry over my own blunders? No. If you are blundering, and you find it out, cease at once and begin to do the things you should. If you have sinned, repent, and ask God to forgive you; then bend all your energy to doing right. If you do, you have no time to waste fretting over past sins.—*The Way of Life.*

A Point of Manliness

Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an understanding with a person whose promise is not to be depended upon; and there are plenty of them in this wide world—people whose promise is as slender a tie as a spider's web.

Let your given word be as a hempen cord, a chain of wrought steel that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far to make a man out of you; and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty, moulded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression, but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant and reliable character, a positive quantity that can be calculated upon.

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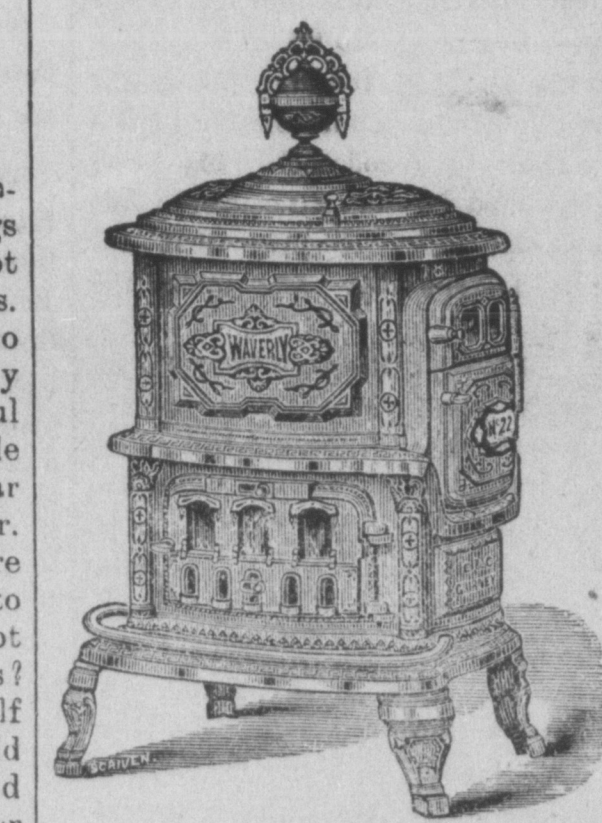
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