

Tom's Victory.

KATE SUMMER GATES.

Tom Henderson was on his way down street when he came face to face with Dr. Grantley.

Ab, Tom, said the Doctor stopping. You're just the one I wanted to see. I've been thinking about Ed Barton very specially for the past two or three days. He seems to be a sort of leader among his friends, and I'm afraid he isn't leading them in the right direction. Couldn't you influence him in some way?

Tom hesitated.

I don't believe I could, he answered slowly.

Have you tried?

No, sir, not particularly.

Then you do not know whether you would succeed or not, said Dr. Grantley. You're fond of fishing and I hear you're quite an expert. I presume you are more or less proud of your success. My dear boy, suppose you seek also to be a fisher of men. It's a glorious calling, Tom. I wish you would try to be one. Think it over, and begin with Ed. We must draw him, if possible. Good morning.

Tom touched his hat, and went his way with a perplexed expression on his face. Did Dr. Grantley know that there was trouble between Ed Barton and himself? They had hardly spoken for six months or more, and in his heart Tom knew that he owed Ed an apology. They had had a little discussion about something, and Ed had made an assertion which Tom supposed to be false, and he had called it so. He could not remember now just what he had said, but he knew very well that he had lost all control of his temper, and had said much that would better have been left unsaid.

You will apologize to me, Tom Henderson, before I have anything more to do with you. I am right, and you will find out I am. If you are a gentleman, you will own it and apologize, Ed had said.

Well, Tom had found, to his regret I must own, that, after all, Ed was right, but he had not owned it nor apologized. He knew that he ought, but, oh, dear! how he hated to do it!

There had been quite an awakening in the church, and Tom was one of those who had sought and found Christ, he hoped. This little affair with Ed had somehow half slipped his mind, he had had so much to think about.

He had been very happy in his new hopes, but now as he left Dr. Grantley he knew perfectly well that there was no more peace of mind for him until he had made frank confession. A fisher of men! Yes, he did wish to be one; but why was it Dr. Grantley had chosen the very one he could not as influence? That is, he could not as things were.

You know very well that you might, perhaps, if you would only do your duty, said conscience. Are you going to let your pride stand in the way of your chance of winning a soul for your Master?

All day long the question followed Tom, and he could not or would not decide it. It was a hard-fought battle, but in his study at home Dr. Grantley, who knew more of the matter than Tom suspected, was praying not only for the one in danger out of Christ, but also for the young disciple whose feet were almost slipping.

O Lord, help him not to leave this to be a stumbling-stone and rock of offence to him, he pleaded earnestly; and who shall say that it was not in answer to his prayer that Tom did conquer at last?

Tom was on his way down street again that evening, and this time met Ed at the very corner where in the morning he had met Dr. Grantley. One glance showed him that Ed was not in good company, and Tom was very well satisfied that he would not spend the evening in a way to help him any. Could he do anything? What difference would anything he could say make? You would have done your duty, said conscience; that is what you have to think about, not the results—God will take care of those.

There was only a moment for him to decide, but it seemed to Tom that he thought of everything in that short space of time.

A fisher of men! Yes, he would try to be one, no matter what it cost. And having come to this decision, Tom stepped quietly up to Ed and spoke almost as Dr. Grantley had to him.

You are just the one I want to see, Ed. I owe you an apology—no, I should say two. One for speaking to you as I did, for you were right and I was wrong; and one for having delayed so long to own it. Won't you forgive me, Ed?

The last words came out with a little quiver, they were so hard to say, but Tom's heart had grown very tender while speaking, and he was beginning to long intensely to win this friend. It was Ed's turn to hesitate; he felt shorn of all his defence now; had he not pleaded Tom's fault as an excuse for himself? He is one of your new Christians.

he had said with a sneer; but I don't see as it makes much difference with him. When he comes out fair and square and says what he ought to say to me, I'll give in that there's something in religion.

And Tom had come out as fair and square as ever he could ask. What should he do? He made some gruff reply to Tom and hurried on before anything more could be said, but he was far from comfortable, and soon found an excuse to get away from his companions.

But go where he would, or do what he would, the next few days, he could not quiet the accusing voice within.

You said when Tom Henderson proved that his religion had really made a difference with him, you would give in, it said. You know he would never have asked you to forgive him unless he had changed. Will you break your word? You know you are in the wrong path; why not turn about now?

Finally Ed went to Tom.

I didn't believe in you, at first, but I do now, after what you said the other night, and I wish you'd help me to be a Christian.

Can you guess how very, very thankful Tom was? Z Herold.

Encourage The Children.

Many years ago there was a gracious revival in our church, and among those converted was Robert Grey, an unusually bright boy ten years old. His earnestness and his intelligent manner of expressing his feelings were quite remarkable in one so young.

I met his mother and told her how glad we were that Robert was converted, and that we expected he would grow up to be an honor to the church and do a great deal of good in the world.

His mother smiled and said: "O, Robert is a mere child! I don't think he realizes much about what he is doing."

"He certainly talks very understandingly," I replied.

"O well," she said, again, "he is but a child, and it is not likely this feeling will last long with him."

I could not say more, for I was then young in the way as well as in years myself, still I was greatly surprised, for Mrs. Grey was an earnest Christian, but Robert to her was a baby yet, and she could not bring herself to feel that he was coming to years of accountability and learning to think his own thoughts. Well, sure enough, it didn't last long with Robert. He soon began to stay away from the class-meetings and prayer-meetings, and when questioned on the subject said: "I must have been mistaken," and seemed very reluctant to speak of it at all.

Years passed on, and before he reached his majority Robert was a pronounced infidel, and his mother mourned over her unregenerate son, but could not see that her lack of encouragement had kept him from the kingdom in those early years while his heart was so tender and easily impressed.

Robert was a fine scholar, but in his reading seemed to choose every thing that would confirm him in his new belief, and to avoid all that would lead his thoughts to sacred things; and so he wandered on through fifteen years of darkness before the Spirit of the Lord finally arrested his steps and brought him back to the fold.

Then how he mourned over those wasted years, when he ought to have been walking in the light and leading a useful Christian life. Alas! that so many worthy Christian people look doubtfully upon the conversion of children. It is so easy for the little ones to come to Christ. Nothing doubting, they are ready to accept Him as their Saviour, and if led lovingly along for a while they soon grow strong in the Lord, and will be likely to walk worthily all their days.

Get Acquainted With Your Children.

Every child has a right to a share of the time and personal attention of both parents. The father who is too busy to give an occasional hour to his children is robbing them of more than he can ever will to them. To think he has done his full duty when he has made proper provision for their physical and intellectual wants is more than a mistake. It is a crime. When a father becomes merely a "provider," he consents to a loss of manhood; and if he does not lose his self-respect, he will at least, lose the respect of his children. Mothers are expected to come in hourly contact with their families (though the children in many beautiful homes in modern life are denied this greatest blessing), but who pleads for the children's right to their fathers? Not but what fathers are affectionate and indulgent. Not unfrequently does a father yield a desired point to a child that the mother would unhesitatingly refuse; not because he loves him more, but because he is less acquainted with him. Many a father would be a better man if he lived with his children a little more.—Selected.

"De Neanness."

When I first found her I thought she was not quite right in her mind. She was a very black negro, so black that, to quote a common saying of the colored people, a piece of charcoal would make a white mark on her.

After I had visited her several times I was compelled to believe, not only that she was entirely sane, but that my own religious experience was still quite elementary.

She was nearly seventy years old entirely blind and entirely destitute. She had buried eleven children, and was dependent on the only child that survived, a boy of fifteen years, for all her living. Her cabin was one which a thrifty New England farmer would be ashamed to use as a hen-house, and she sat alone in the dark, sometimes for days together.

No, not alone! That was a mistake. I do not remember how it came about, but one day, as I was speaking to her about her poverty and distress, she said:—

I sit heah in de da'k all day, but it seems to me dat a great shinin' light do fill my soul. An' God says to me, 'Twel not be ver' long befo' yo' be wid Me in glory.' De neanness ob Him den almost pains me. I feel, I feel Him in de da'k. An' I say, Good God, lub me truly well, for I am dy' servant. An' He draw ver' near.

One day I prayed with her. She said, as she rose from her knees, Yo' must know God. It seems like yo' hab de neanness.

What do you mean by 'the neanness?' I asked.

De soul ob God touch mine truly, she said, and was very quiet for a long time.

I was at work in my study one day, when word came for me to go and see Aunt Rachel. A great calamity had befallen her. I hastened to her cabin. Her boy had been brought home 'that morning dead. While he was cleaning out an old well a piece of the brick curb had fallen in upon him and killed him instantly.

Aunt Rachel was quite calm. He was de las' one, she said as she gazed with her blind hands to feel her boy's face. De las' one! O Lawd, draw neah me now! For I shall be lonely now widout yo'. I crave the neanness ob yo' soul by mine to give me patience twel de daylight shine from yo' face into mine, deah Lawd!

Ah, thou despised one of many, lowly on earth, sitting alone with God in the outer darkness, but with the inner light! The tears fall on the page as I write the story. But I doubt not that in the great light of the hereafter I shall see thee very close to the Light of the world, thine eyes open to behold Him, and the nearness of thy soul to His an eternal joy.—*Youth's Companion.*

Sold Himself.

A farmer sold a load of corn in a town one day. When it was weighed he slyly stepped on the scales, and then drove off to unload.

When the empty wagon was weighed he took good care not to be in it, and congratulated himself that he had cheated the buyer in good shape. The grain-dealer called him in, and after figuring up the load paid him in full.

As the farmer buttoned up his coat to go out, the buyer kindly asked him to smoke with him, and then talked over the crops and the price of hogs, and the likelihood of the Maple Valley Railroad building up that way, until the farmer fairly squirmed in his chair with uneasiness about his chores at home.

At last he could stand it no longer, and said he must go. The dealer quietly said that was not to be thought of; that he had bought the farmer at full weight, and paid him his own price, and that he would insist on doing what he pleased with his own property.

The farmer saw that he had indeed sold himself, in one sense at least. He acknowledged his cheating and compromised the affair. Now when he markets grain he does not stand on the scales or sell himself with the load.

A good many boys sell themselves at a still cheaper rate. The boy who lies, cheats, swears, or steals, and thus loses his character, his reputation, and his prospect of prosperity in this life and blessing in the next, sells himself to sin and Satan; and though he may not get his pay, the buyer is likely to hold on to his purchase.—*S. S. Messenger.*

Hard To get Along With.

I was describing a certain household, not long since, in the hearing of a clergyman, whose good sense I hold in honor. "It would be such a happy home," I said, "if Mr.—were not such a bear that his wife and children are forever in fear of stirring him up. He is a Christian," I added, and got no farther, for my friend interrupted with: "Humph! I am in some doubt. A Christian should not conduct himself so that he keeps the domestic atmosphere at boiling

point, nor habitually act as a check on the gaiety of his dearest on earth. I'm afraid the man needs to be re-converted."

Now, boys and girls, we older ones are apt to be rather set in our ways, and it is hard for us to reform if we have acquired bad habits. The petrification will break rather than bend, but there was a time when it was soft and pliant. That pliant time is yours. You can make yourselves what you will, under God. You know what discipline does for the soldier, how it transforms the raw recruit into the marvel of precision and grace. Try what discipline will do for you, and when you are in danger of being less than noble, sincere, and gracious, hold yourselves well in hand. Prayer and pins will keep any one from being difficult.—*Interior.*

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.—A gentleman was once lecturing in the neighborhood of London. In the course of his address he said, "All have influence. Do not say that you have none; every one has some influence."

There was a rough man at the other end of the room, with a little girl in his arms. "Everybody has influence, even that little child," said the lecturer, pointing to her. "That's true, sir," cried the man. Everybody looked round, of course; but the man said no more, and the lecturer proceeded. At the close the man came up to the gentleman and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I came near the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father.' 'Hold your tongue, I say. Presently I felt a big tear on my cheek. I could not go a step farther, I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public-house since.—Thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir; all have influence.'"

SAVE THE BOYS.—Recently, when two hundred or more drunkards were gathered in a meeting by the Breakfast Association, a speaker asked that all who had begun to drink after the age of twenty-one would raise their hands. Six responded. He then asked that all who had begun to drink before twenty-one would raise their hands. A sea of hands were raised. By saving the boys from the saloon we can go far to save the next generation.

It is not the drunkards who sustain the saloons. The real drunkard earns nothing, and has nothing to spend. The saloon is sustained by the moderate drinker, the man who works one day that he may drink the next, who works six days that between Saturday night and Monday he may pour his earnings into the gorged till of the saloon. It is sustained by the young man, just beginning to drink, who, in his newfound enjoyment, is eager to treat all his friends, and to be in turn treated by them. It is these that sustain the saloons.—*National Baptist.*

AT THE POINT OF DEATH.—Jesus Christ has pledged His word to meet you when you come to the point of death. He has said: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." When human skill has exhausted its resources, when hope dies out from the eyes of your friends, when love is weeping in secret—He will come. And when the death darkness is gathering, and you can see no face and hear no whisper, and feel no touch of mortal hand any more; and when you cannot speak, or look, or lift your hand to make on this side the veil one sign, or breathe one prayer more—He will come then. There is no need to pray. He will answer all your prayers in one vast donation, and, or ever you are aware, the "point of death," will become to you the gate of Life for evermore.—*Dr. Ralegh.*

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