

To Day is Ours.

To-day is ours with all its hopes and fears,
Its love and joys, its friendships and its
chance
To be and do. It only, sure appears,
And all the rest mirage, or but a trance.
For yesterday to us no more belongs;
Its tears are dried, its doubts, its raptures
past,
Nor can we now repair the trace of wrongs
Rash hands did thoughtless then engrave
to last.

To-morrow is not yet. Enough of care
For our frail human strength the present
shows
Enough temptation luring with its share;
Enough of duty every hour bestows.

The sorrow of to-day is full enough;
The past 's but a plucked and withered
limb;
From others growing where the thorns are
rough,
Kind, tender hands the thick sharp
spines may trim.

Let not to-day make hers the old misdeeds,
Nor heap up the regret we feel for them;
For every sorely wounded heart that bleeds
Sweet balm is in the Christ-robe holy
hem.

To-day is ours. Would that it might be
spent
In wisdom as its golden hours unfold.
And that same tent that the Lord hath
lent
Might multiply ere vesper have been
told.

—Mary L. Goodrich.

A HARD CASE.

'It is the hardest class in the school, Miss Forrest,' said the superintendent, 'and we do not know who to get to take it. The boys are very mischievous and almost unmanageable. One of them, Dick Hines, has a father who is an infidel, and I think he must put the boy up to some of his tricks. We have thought about expelling him from the school, and if you find he makes you trouble, just let me know and I will send him home. But if you will take the class and try it, it will be a great relief to us.'

Eva Forrest walked through the aisle to her new class with a heavy heart.

'The hardest class in the school,' 'mischievous,' 'unmanageable,' were discouraging terms to face. She took her seat among them without a word, laid aside her gloves and opened her Bible.

Dick Hines sat in the corner directly before her and narrowly watched every movement. Two of the other boys began pinching one another, when she turned to the boy nearest her, and laying her hand upon his, began telling the story of the lesson.

The little fellow looked up wonderingly at her, and in a moment after four more pairs of bright eyes were fixed on her face. The boys at her left forgot their pinching, and all except Dick Hines followed the rapidly told story with genuine interest. But Dick drew his feet up in the seat, stretched himself back in the corner, and twirled his cap on his fingers.

Presently, however, the climax of the story drawing near, he forgot his cap, his feet gradually slipped to the floor, and he sat bolt upright taking in every word as it fell from her lips. When the story was finished the smaller boys sank back in their seats with a sigh of satisfaction, but Dick turned his nose up in the air and laughed.

And now came the trying time. It still wanted seven minutes to the time for the closing exercises, and try as she would, she could not get the attention of the class again. Dick flung his cap in the air, and met with a stern rebuke from the superintendent, while the other boys tormented each other in mysterious ways, known only to themselves, which occasioned frequent jumps and half-restrained howls, apparently uncalled for.

The following Sunday, the slight rain occasioned by the advent of a new teacher wore off, and the boys were quite as turbulent and trying as they had been represented. It was not until the lesson time was fully half-consumed that she at last gained their attention and held it, and the meddlesome fingers and active feet left their mischief and were still. This time the bell for closing rang all too soon, and the lesson story had to be suddenly abbreviated and brought to a hasty close.

But the third Sunday Dick Hines evidently did not propose to allow Miss Forrest to win her honors so easily, for just as they had reached the most interesting part of the lesson, he suddenly called out:

'Say, teacher, what does God eat for His supper?'

For a moment Miss Forrest was disconcerted, but only for a moment, and then quietly picking up the thread of her story she went on; but the boys laughed, and were but indifferently attentive during the remainder of the lesson hour.

It was with a sinking heart that she watched her class file out of the Sunday-school room. Could she never win them, or impress a particle of the Bible truth upon their minds? As she walked wearily to-

ward home she was tempted to take the superintendent's view of it and have troublesome little Dick Hines dismissed from the school. But conscience said: 'Here is a soul to win for Jesus,' and she resolved instead to pray more earnestly for the boy and keep him in the class at all hazards.

When she met the class on the following Sunday it was with a solemn heart, for the lesson was upon the crucifixion of the Saviour. Then, too, she had been praying most earnestly over her class, and something of the holy influence of that communion with her heavenly Father seemed to shine in her face. Dick watched her as narrowly as ever, but was apparently wholly unimpressed. As the lesson progressed he played a tattoo on the wall with his fingers and even attempted to whistle, when the superintendent reproved him severely.

But reproofs from any source failed to have much effect upon the wayward boy, and slipping down out of his corner to the floor he poured forth a volley of such questions to his astounded teacher as only an infidel would dare ask, at the same time using his fingers on the legs of the smaller boys till half-muffled howls went up from six small throats and the entire class was in commotion.

When the session closed the teachers and superintendent thought Miss Forrest very obdurate in her intention to keep the naughty boy in her class, and could not understand why she should be so interested in him when he did nothing but trouble her. And their misjudgment of her action weighed heavily upon her all the week, and it was almost in despair that she wended her way to the school again. To her surprise Dick was not there.

'Dick's sick,' said little Freddie Gaston.

'He's got the diphtheria,' chimed in George Winthrop.

'Diphtheria!' and a sudden pang shot through her heart. She remembered a dear little brother who had died years before with that terrible disease.

'The doctor says he's going to die, teacher. He can't get well at all.'

'How long has he been sick?'

'Since Thursday, and he wants you to come and see him.'

'Will his father let me come?'

she asked, quickly.

'I dunno,' said George. 'His mamma came over to our house this morning and said he was crying and begging to see you all the time.'

The lesson hour never seemed so long, and again and again she found hot tears dropping down upon her hands as she taught the now quiet boys. But it was over at last and she hurried into the street and made her way as quickly as possible to the tall red brick house where Dick lived. The house-keeper met her at the door.

'The doctor says there's no hope, ma'am; he may die any minute. His father is nearly crazy. He's the only child, and they've set their heart on him, both of them.'

Eva Forrest went into the room. The sick boy was half-sitting in bed, leaning back against the pillows, with his father at one side, a look of anguish on his face.

'Dick! Dick!' and she bent over and kissed the fevered brow.

He tried to speak, but could not, and only clung despairingly to her hand. Without waiting to ask permission the young girl slipped down on her knees to the floor and poured forth such a prayer as only an over-flowing heart could prompt.

'O Lord Jesus, please save little Dick's life. Raise him up and make him well. Thou hast said in Thy Word, 'All power is given unto Me in Heaven and earth'; and when in the world Thou didst thrice raise the dead. We believe Thou art able and willing, for Thou didst also say, 'Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it; and now we do ask Thee to raise up little Dick and make him well.'

The passionate words came almost involuntarily, and then she rose, and, sitting down beside him, stroked the childish hands clinging so closely to her own. She had scarcely noticed his father, who now touched her on the arm and whispered, in mingled awe and fear:

'If God makes him well, I'll believe in Him and serve Him forever. I'll be a good Christian, ma'am'—here his voice broke into sobs—and 'and serve him faithfully as long as I live.'

Together they watched by the side of the suffering child through the late afternoon hours. Every breath was drawn with difficulty, and once it seemed that he must choke to death, but he rallied and grew quiet again, and then all at once Miss Forrest motioned to the father to look—Dick was fast asleep.

'He will get well now,' she whispered; and the father with shining face slipped noiselessly from the room to tell the good news to his prostrated wife. An hour after Dick opened his eyes again and

drawing his teacher's face down close to his own, he said:

'I'm sorry I was bad!'

It was an honest confession, and the forgiveness was as real. When the doctor came that night he was surprised to find his patient sitting up in bed and partaking of a delicate broth, fed him by his happy teacher.

'It's a miracle, sir. I do believe,' he said to his father, 'I never knew a case that far gone that got well before in all my experience.'

But the father knew to whom the praise belonged, and now thoroughly humbled and converted, he too, made honest confession and sought the Lord with all his heart, and when one happy Sabbath a few weeks later, Eva Forrest saw them come together, father and son, for baptism, she thanked the Lord from her inmost heart that she had been helped to 'win a soul for Jesus.'—Observer.

In The Teapot Without The Handle.

A widow who lived in Annan had a son whose name was Tom. Tom, who was a joiner, maintained his mother; but, work becoming slack, he emigrated to America.

Before leaving, however, he told his mother that he would regularly send money for her support.

Some time afterwards she became embarrassed in circumstances, was unable to pay her rent, and at last the landlord came and told her that if she did not pay he would sell off her furniture. This put her greatly about.

One day a neighbor came in, who said, 'Weel, Nanny, hoo are ye the day?'

'Oh! I am bad, for the landlord has been here and threatened to sell a' off.'

'I cannot understand this of Tom in that he has not sent you money, for he was always very kind to you. Do you never get letters from him?'

'Oh yes,' answered the mother.

'Where are they? Will you let me see them.'

'Oh yes,' said the mother.

'Just go into the corner cupboard and you will find them in the teapot without the handle.'

The neighbour took down the teapot, and in it found, first, a letter which the mother had received only the day before. The letter began:

'My dear mother, I hope you received the £7 10s. which I sent in a post office order.'

'Have you got the money?'

'I have not,' was the answer.

'Have you any more letters?'

'Oh yes! you will find the other in the same teapot.'

The next letter contained the post office order. Holding it up, the visitor said, 'Here is the post office order.'

'I don't know what that is,' said the mother.

'I saw a picture when I opened the letter to be sure, but I did not know what it was.'

How stupid of the old body! She would have had plenty of money to pay the rent as well as to live upon had she cashed the order. And why did she not do it? Because she did not know its value.

How many Christians are there now not less stupid, because, being unacquainted with the value of some of the many promises in the Bible, they are groaning and moaning instead of 'always rejoicing in the Lord'—talking about the beautiful pictures of the Bible, but never cashing the promises and living on them.

'Now,' said the kindly friend, 'put on your shawl, and come with me to the post office.'

On getting to the post office, and laying the order upon the counter, the postmaster remarked, 'You ought to have got this three weeks ago,' and he was very angry.

During this time the mother was in great fear that her friend was about to perpetrate a swindle, and was in considerable agitation about the matter, but when she saw the postmaster lay the money upon the counter, and when from the counter it was transferred to her pocket, and she became acquainted with the present and its value she was at peace.

'Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace' (Job xxii. 21).

The Christian Home.

A Christian home is the most powerful influence on earth. No wonder the devil takes such pains to mar it. For if that be injured, then, like cracks in the ice, huge fissures and breakages are seen in every direction. How demons must rejoice as they see the record of spoiled homes in our newspapers! They feel that drunkenness, impurity, ill-temper, pleasure, and want of godliness are preparing whole families for hell. How God must rejoice at the conversion of such a man as the Philippian ge'ol! It is salvation brought to the man and also to his house. His children know the change; his servants breathe a new atmosphere. There is one more fortress

built up against sin. Will you help to build a like defence? Fathers and mothers, be truly godly. Children, be obedient to Christ. Servants, serve as to God. Masters and mistresses, seek the special God of those under your roof. Let the home be both yours and Christ's—yours to serve and Christ's to rule.

Serve as though all depends on you. Call to your aid frugality, simplicity of living, freedom from debt, the beauty of cleanliness and of art, the polish of industry, the helpfulness of friendship, the stimulus of the best books, the brightness of art and music. But pray as though all depended on you. Let the cross be your refuge from sin. Plead daily at the mercy seat for pardon. Make the Most High thy habitation. Let children, treasures, income, hopes, expectations, all belong to God because you belong to God. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late take your rest, and eat the bread of toil; for so He giveth unto his beloved sleep.'—Rev. Samuel Pearson.

Why He Left Her.

A young man, when asked by an intimate friend why he had ceased his attentions to a certain young lady, replied thoughtfully, 'She did not know how 'o meet accidents.' Further questioning developed the fact that, while sweet tempered on all ordinary occasions, she was thoroughly disagreeable and unreasonable if the spoiling of a garment, the breaking of a dish, or any of the little, untoward circumstances which are inseparable from family life, interfered with her plans.

The young man had watched her under tests of this kind, and wisely concluded that since accidents will happen, he must have a wife who could adapt herself to them. Especially in homes where there are children, the ink will get spilled sometimes, clothing and furniture will be ruined by childish heedlessness, and the loss financially is frequently no small part of the trial. But women, and men also, need to learn how to discriminate between willful carelessness, which ought always to be reprimanded, and pure accident, which should be met with the same spirit of Christian philosophy that characterized Carlyle when a servant girl burned as waste paper the manuscript of his French Revolution, representing the labor of twenty years.—Sel.

Tried By Fire.

Into the office of an assayer came a miner one day, with a specimen of ore, the results of many a day's toil. The miner asked the assayer what he thought of it. It looks well was the reply. Will you pass it through the fire, said the miner. It was placed in a crucible and put into the furnace. With intense anxiety was the result watched. All at once the contents blew out in smoke. All was worthless. Such was the effect upon the miner that his heart gave way and he fell fainting. If such is the effect upon men as the value of their possessions is made known, what will be the condition of mind when the books are opened and a just value placed upon all we possess gold or slag. Jesus Christ is a pure specimen of the character that will pass without loss. We can now be made like him if we will. It is the purpose of God that we all be conformed to the image of his Son, and what he has purposed he is able to perform, unless you purpose otherwise. Paul knew what the results of his life would be, even before the end. He could say I know there is a crown for me. Do you know what the results would be if Jesus should come to-day? He is coming and you ought to be ready for a glad yielding of a life you know will please him.

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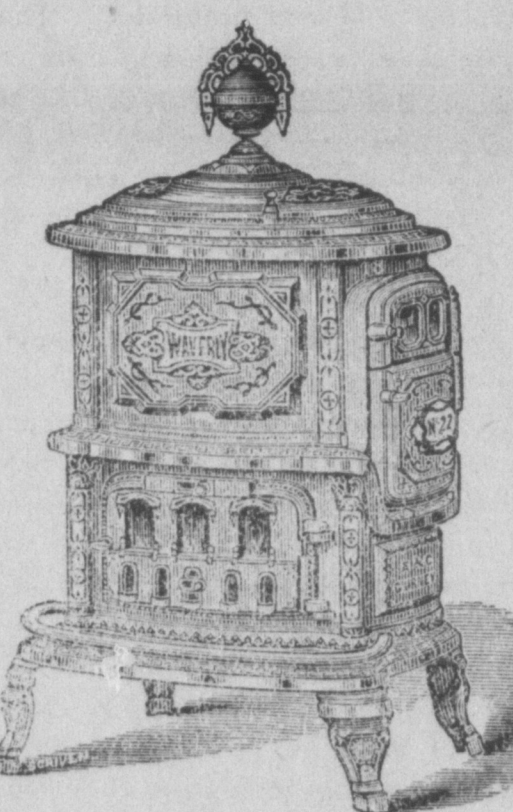
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