

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And now what seems reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the subtle pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with scandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: "God knew the best."

—May Riley Smith.

Mrs. Stanton's Thank-
Offerings.

It was at a thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud, one by one. They ran something like this:

"For recovery from severe illness, \$5."

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, \$10."

"For preservation from harm in the great railway accident when so many were killed and injured, \$10."

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened, and the secretary took out two dollars, enclosed in a blank sheet.

Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful the last year. She and her husband and two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had had enough to eat and drink and dress respectably, though this last had not been accomplished without much thought and care on her part, and various pinchings known only to herself.

Self-denial had seemed to be the key-note of her life the past year; her sky had been rather gray than sunny. Not that she made any moan over self-denials. It was all done cheerfully, and no one was the wiser for it but herself. Still she had wondered just a little for what special reason she should bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition now with the luxury by which she had been surrounded a few years ago, before her husband had lost all his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered if the conditions would be fulfilled if she could bring her offering out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were systematic givers out of their penury, as they had once been out of their abundance, so this extra gift, small as it was, was at the price of a self-denial. It would represent her shabby bonnet worn through another winter, without the refurnishing she had hoped to give it, when it seemed almost too bad to last out the previous season. Still, she was warmly interested in mission work, and gave it gladly, only wishing that it was more.

Soon her attention was arrested by the reading of this: "For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, \$2."

Mrs. Stanton went thoughtfully home, the words, "For the pleasant little things," ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things as they came to her. She feared not. Looking back in the light of this thought, she could recall numberless little acts of kindness from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though she had been grateful to the givers, she scarcely remembered to have raised her heart to heaven in gratitude.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses to-day—so many she can't use them all—and will you please take these?" said the little messenger.

Mrs. Stanton loved beautiful things, and often had to take herself to task for her vain longings for them. But now there was a feeling almost of awe mingled with a pleasure as she remembered again the "little things," and how soon her thoughts had been responded to. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step, and paused often to look at the flowers, and inhale their fragrance as she passed. They brought a glow to her heart, which was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night she inscribed an envelope: "Thank offering for pleasant little things," and dropped five-cent in it for the handful of roses.

One afternoon Helen Brown, a member of her Sabbath school class, came in. She seemed depressed and anxious. After a little common-place talk, her teacher said: "What is it, Helen? Does something trouble you? Can't I help you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton, I want to be a Christian! I am so unhappy! Will you tell me what to do?"

The sacred hour that followed neither of them will ever forget. When Helen left it was with a new light in her eyes, a new love in her heart, a new purpose in her living. Her feet were set in the way of everlasting life.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Stanton to herself that night, "this is not one of the 'little things'! For this great privilege—this great honor of leading a soul to Christ, all that I have in the world would be a small thank-offering. What can I render unto the Lord for all his goodness to me? A fresh and whole consecration to His service is the least I can offer."

But into the envelope went the largest contribution yet.

As time went on, life had a new sweetness and a new meaning for Mrs. Stanton. Her days seemed to be full of pleasant things; her heart was attuned to thanksgiving; and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke. Her envelope grew full, almost to bursting; and yet there was no lack of earthly comforts. She sometimes felt as if the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil and measure of meal was repeated in her, for the more she put away in the sacred envelope the more she had to put there; and when the next thank-offering came around it was no vain oblation that she carried to the place of meeting, but her little gift—small yet in comparison with some of the others—was sweetened through and through with gratitude.—*Times of Refreshing.*

Genuine Contrition.

The repentance set forth in the Gospel as the gate to the kingdom, is a matter much wider than men usually suppose. It is a state as well as an act. So far from being a momentary aversion from sin, it is a state, a turn in the whole tide of life, a permanent setting of the soul towards God. The persistence is required to complete and fill up the act.

In the famous theses nailed to the door of the Wittenberg church, Luther brought out this continuous aspect of repentance: "When our Lord and Master says 'Repent,' He means that the whole life of believers on earth should be a constant and perpetual repentance." The early Reformation churches went beyond Luther; they assumed that all trained in the true faith and living a sober life were to be regarded as regenerate. They left out of account the importance of the individual will and choice, the conscious turning from sin and the set of the will toward the right.

Then came the reaction, especially in the Methodist movement, which gave emphasis to the momentary act, the conscious aversion from wrong, the set of the individual will heavenward. The individual was separated from the mass and made to realize that his salvation depended upon his personal act. The act should be immediate; the stress was laid, in all their preaching, on the present. Salvation was free and present; and its attainment depended less on the efficacy of any supposed covenant, in which our interests might be bound up with those of innumerable others, than on the conscious acceptance individually of the divinely-imposed conditions. This new trend of thought and action was indispensable to the success of the movement. Under the old teaching the sense of individuality had been lost; it was necessary to revive it by an appeal to the conscience of each man.

After traveling so many years in this direction, it may be doubted whether the continuous element in repentance should not again be emphasized, at least more fully than is

now done in most Methodist pulpits for we assume that all genuine repentance must be both instantaneous and continuous.

Dramatic Scene in a Court-
Room.

"Ten or twelve years ago I witnessed the most dramatic situation of my life in a Philadelphia courtroom," said Henry J. Erskine of the Quaker City to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter. "It occurred during the trial of an important suit involving certain franchise rights of the Pennsylvania railroad in Philadelphia. Benjamin Brewster, afterward Attorney-General of the United States, was then the chief counsel of the Pennsylvania company. Brewster, you know, was a frightfully ugly man on account of a terrible disfigurement of his face from burns, but intellectually he was a giant, and in deportment a Chesterfield. So great was the admiration for the man's powerful mental parts that one soon forgot his ugliness. He was extremely sensitive of his facial misfortune, but never referred to it himself nor did any of his thousands of friends ever ask him its cause. The trial to which I refer was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster at every point got so much the best of the opposing counsel that by the time arguments commenced his leading adversary was in a white heat. In denouncing the railroad company this lawyer, with his voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed: 'This grasping corporation is as dark, devious, and scarified in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchmen, Benjamin Brewster!' This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness in the crowded courtroom that was painful. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor, scarred face of Brewster, expecting to see him spring from his chair and catch his heartless adversary by the throat. Never before had any one referred to Mr. Brewster's misfortune in such a way, or even in any term, in his presence. Instead of springing at the man and killing him like a dog, as the audience thought was his desert, Mr. Brewster slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court: 'Your Honor, in all my career as a lawyer, I have never dealt in personalities; nor did I ever before feel called upon to explain the cause of my physical misfortune, but I will do so now. When a boy—and my mother, God bless her, said I was a pretty boy—when a little boy, while playing around an open fire one day with a little sister just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt, and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals my face was as black as that man's heart.' The last sentence was spoken in a voice whose rage was that of the lion. It had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was superb, but in an instant turned to the most contemptuous hisses directed at the lawyer who had so cruelly wronged the great and lovable Brewster. The lawyer's practice in Philadelphia afterward dwindled into such insignificance that he had to leave the city for a new field."

"Will a Man Rob God?"

A man was once asked:
"Are you a believer in the Christian religion?"

"O certainly."

"You are a member of some church, then, I suppose?"

"Member of a church? No, indeed! Why should I be a member of a church? It is quite unnecessary; the dying thief wasn't a member of a church, and he went to heaven."

"But, of course, you have been baptized; you know the command?"

"Been baptized? O, no. That is another needless ceremony. I am as safe as the dying thief was, and he never was baptized."

"But surely, since you will not join a church or be baptized, you will do something in acknowledgment of your faith; you will give of your means; you will help the cause in some way?"

"No, sir, I do nothing of the kind. The dying thief—"

"Let me remark, my friend, before you go any further, that you seem to be on pretty intimate terms with the dying thief. You seem to derive a great deal of consolation from his career. But, mind you, there is one important difference between you and him; he was a dying thief, and you are a living one."

"Will a man rob God?" If you have accepted Christ as your Saviour, is it not your duty to confess Him and to join His Church? A great many excuses will occur. For instance, you may say: "I am not worthy, I am not good enough;" but the Bible requires not that we should be good enough, but that we should simply believe; and then, in communion with God's people, we

shall be in the very best atmosphere to become better.

"To shun the world's allurements,
To bear my cross therein;
To turn from all temptation,
To conquer every sin;
To linger, calm and patient,
Where duty bids me stay;
To go where God my lead me—
This is my work to-day."

"I think not of to-morrow,
Its trial or its task,
But still, with childlike spirit,
For the present mercies ask.
With each returning morning,
I cast old things away;
Life's journey lies before me—
My prayer is for to-day."

—Selected.

BEST THINGS.—The best law is the golden rule; the best philosophy a contented mind; the best statesmanship, self-government; the best war, that against one's weakness; the best medicine, cheerfulness and temperance in all things; the best music, the laughter of an innocent soul; the best science, the extracting of sunshine from gloom; the best art, painting a smile upon the brow of childhood; the best biography, the life which writes charity in the largest letters; the best telegraphing, flashing a ray of light into a gloomy heart; the best engineering, building a bridge of faith over the river of death; the best diplomacy, effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience; the best journalism, printing only the good and the true; the best navigation, steering clear of the rocks of personal contention. The best mathematics, that which doubles the most joys, subtracts the most sorrows, divides the gulf of misery, adds to the sum of human pleasure and cancels all selfishness.

ALONE WITH GOD.—A minister at a camp meeting, in the course of his sermon, advised that the people, as they retired from the service, should go away and be alone with God for fifteen minutes. A brother followed the advice, and was brought into the most delightful fellowship with Jesus. The unfolding of things belonging to the kingdom of God, in that fifteen minutes, were rich and glorious. We would urge our readers to be often alone with God. If you want to be let down into eternal mysteries, into the God-head's deepest sea, be alone with God. If you want to feel as never before, the depths of purity and the strength of the "power that worketh in us," be alone with God. Fifteen minutes in such secret fellowship, is worth an age of blustering, outdoor noise about religion.

IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.—"If I only had capital," a young man said, as he puffed a ten-cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from the dram-shop, "I would go into business."

Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking yours, and destroying your body at the same time. Dimes make dollars. Don't wait for fortune to begin with.

Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You too can make your mark if you will. But you must stop squandering your money and spending your time in idleness.—*Selected.*

THE PREACHER'S TASK.—We should regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us which it is a matter of life and death whether we hear or refuse; as a man set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin with but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; but thirty minutes at a time to get at the hearts of a thousand men, when breathless and weary with the week's labor, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing; but thirty minutes to convince them of all their weakness, to shame them of their sins, to warn them of their danger, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked, and none opened; but thirty minutes to wake the dead in.—*John Ruskin.*

Minard's Liniment is the
Best.

Perfectly charming is what the ladies say about "Lotus of the Nile" Perfume.

How well we remember grand mother's attic, so fragrant with medicinal roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her!

And yet, one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would do more good than her whole collection of "yarbs."

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German Syrup

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Bufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boscche's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boscche's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: "I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior."
G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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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	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
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