

If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die to-night, My friends would look upon my quiet face Before they laid it in its resting place...

If I should die to-night, My friends would call to mind with loving thought Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought...

If I should die to-night, Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me, Recalling other days remorsefully...

If I should die to-night, I might rest forgiven all to-night! O friends! I pray to-night Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow!

The way is lonely, let me feel them now. Think gently of me, I am travel-worn, My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn...

An Expulsion from the Smithy.

A little group of farm-workers stood gossiping in a blacksmith's shop in a small village one summer morning. Farmer Jones's new team, the reclaiming of a bit of waste land for allotments, and similar subjects, were the topics of conversation...

Joshua's opinions were held in some respect in the village. He was a shrewd, observant man, knew a good deal about horse-flesh, a little of farming, a little of politics, and knew a little (not so much as he supposed) of science...

With the temperance reformation Joshua "got religion." He had a sonorous bass voice, and the news that some splendid signing was going on at revival meetings being held in the village chapel attracted Joshua to the little wooden building at the end of the village street...

An intimation of the change in Joshua's character appeared in his shop. On the wall hung a card on which the smith, with infinite pains, had inscribed in large letters, "No swearing allowed around here."

The minister heard of what had occurred in a short time, and before the day closed he thought he would see Atkins, and he called on him and had a long conversation with him.

"Don't get into a passion, Joshua," said the minister: "you must be on your guard against that. That is why I came to see you this morning. I heard that Tom Atkins had come home, and last night in the ale-house the talk was about you, and Tom Atkins is set upon annoying you in some way."

"I knew Tom, Sir, before he went for a soldier, and I ain't afraid of him," said the smith.

"I knew that," said the minister, "but I am afraid of your being irritated by him and doing something desperate. Tom has been made a sergeant, and he has a showy new uniform, and is very proud of it himself. If he comes here showing off and acting as he acted at the ale-house, I am afraid you'll be tempted."

"To take him down a bit," said the smith, as the minister hesitated for words. "Yes, so I should, but I guess he won't try me so far. He knows something of my muscle of old, and if he thinks a bit, he'll be aware that his line of life has made him weaker and mine has made me stronger since then. He won't interfere with me, sir, you may be sure."

"I hope not, Joshua; but have a care of your temper. Remember who it was that reviled and spat upon, and bore that treatment patiently." And the minister shook hands cordially and went his way.

Less than an hour afterward Tom Atkins sauntered into the shop and greeted his old acquaintance. Joshua received him cordially, and for a few minutes all went well. Then a few of the men who had heard the soldier's talk in the ale-house dropped in too, to witness anything that might happen.

The soldier had evidently been to the ale-house again that morning, and the audience gathered around encouraged him to chaff the converted blacksmith. Joshua bore the chaff very well, and having some wit of his own, the laugh went against the soldier more than once, and Atkins lost his temper. A volley of guard-room oaths burst from his lips.

"Swearing not allowed," said Joshua pointing to the notice to that effect on the smithy wall.

"You need not swear yourself, my man," said Atkins, "but you are not going to command me. My tongue's my own, and I shall not be hindered in using it. These men can take your orders if they like, but when I want to swear I shall swear," and he gave another specimen of his powers in that bad line.

Joshua laid down his hammer, and confronting the soldier, ordered him out of his shop. Atkins refused to stir, and intimated that there would be a fight if the smith touched him. The smith obviously intended to enforce his order, and Atkins seeing that he did, struck at him viciously. Instead of parrying the blow, as the soldier expected he would, the smith stepped backward, and Atkins, who was not particularly steady on his feet, was almost overbalanced by the force he had expended on empty air.

Before he had recovered himself, his arms were pinioned to his sides and the smith was pushing him to the door of the shop. The soldier made an effort to free himself there, but it was of no use; he was lifted bodily by the smith, whose strength seemed at that moment the strength of a giant, and he was hurled out of the shop on the turf outside, where he lay for a moment helplessly on his back.

"You had better keep yourself on the outside of my place for the future," said the smith, as Atkins raised himself to a sitting posture and glared savagely at his mighty antagonist. "I am not a fighting man, but I mean to stop swearing in my place, and you see I can do it. Now, let me help you up, and then go home and get sober." So saying the smith good-naturedly raised the discomfited man to his feet, and saw him slouch off with abashed face toward his home. He then quietly returned to his work, congratulating himself on having administered a lesson to his tormentor he would not soon forget.

The minister heard of what had occurred in a short time, and before the day closed he thought he would see Atkins, and he called on him and had a long conversation with him. The next day the smith was astonished to see the soldier enter his shop again. He expected there was to be another trial of his temper, but to his amazement Atkins came right up to him, and putting out his hand blurted out an apology. Joshua shook it cordially, and told him he was glad there was to be no ill-will between them. Before the soldier left the village he had signed the pledge, and had been seen in the choir by Joshua's side.

Help for the Day.

There was inspired wisdom in Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple: "What prayer, or what supplication..."

plication soever shall be made of any man, or of all Thy people Israel, when every one shall know his own sore, and his own grief [marginal reading, 'as the day shall require']... then hear Thou from heaven and Thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and render unto every man according unto all thy ways whose heart Thou knowest.

How this answers to the experience of all true suppliants. Each day has its own peculiar characteristics. We may be sure, when we begin its duties or advance to meet its trials, it will not be the exact counterpart of any former period. Even when the tasks are to be the same in quantity or kind with those that have preceded it, the spirit that governs us and the atmosphere about us cannot be in all respects a repetition of yesterday.

It was in accordance with this that our Lord taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and as the manna came, a fresh supply each morning in the wilderness, adapted to all the diversified needs of the great multitude journeying to the land of promise, so we may look for our daily food, supplied by a wisdom without defect and from a source without possibility of exhaustion.

Our Lord surely had this gracious arrangement in mind when He said: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Without relieving us of our own part in exercising a wise forethought for the morrow and its duties, He bids us remember that infinite love has already prepared all needful supplies, even before our feet have touched its threshold. He therefore would show how wrong it is "to borrow trouble" on account of what may happen in the future. God has gone before us to plan for us, to think for us, and to provide for us.

It deeply concerns us to ask, how far this divine bounty is accepted by us. Do we live in the humble confidence that He does feed with convenient food this day, and will continue to distribute in like manner to-morrow? What a blessed way to live! Truly, then it is that the soul may exclaim: "All my springs are in Thee!" Thou art the "living bread." The Lord is my portion saith my soul.

A Life-Long Lesson.

If any Christian think that, after an experience of a few years, he has thoroughly learned the lesson of entire submission to God's will he is quite mistaken. He may fancy that he has. He may be so confident of this that he repeatedly assures his brethren and sisters that he has triumphantly mastered his lesson and has nothing more to learn in that direction. But the great probability is that he is self-deceived. He may have, indeed, cheerfully submitted to God's will, in respect to some things—possibly to quite a number of things; but let God's will present itself to him in some new aspect, making a deeper and more exacting demand of him than it ever did before, and then see whether he finds himself ready and completely willing to do just what God requires of him.

The strong probability is that his will will rise up in opposition to God's will. It may not be openly defiant; but down deep in his heart there is a disposition to say "no" to God.

An able writer says: "We are so naturally self-willed, so wayward, so headstrong, it needs much schooling to tame the rebellious will. We may think our wills subdued long before they are. We may think we can say 'Thy will be done,' until some fresh out-break of self-will convinces us how far we are from having attained, or from already being perfect. Perfect submission to the will of God is perhaps among the last lessons learned." It is very easy to say "Thy will be done," when we are sailing smoothly down the stream of posterity; but let a mighty tempest arise, rocking our boat and threatening to spill out all of our valued treasure and baggage, then we

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPESIA.

incline to seriously object. We don't like it at all. We lay the blame on the weather, or to the concurrence of unfortunate circumstances; but the solid fact is we inwardly rebel against the management of Providence, call it by what name we will. Yes, indeed, learning complete submission to God's will is a life-long lesson, and we need abundant grace to fully master it at last.

Fainting Under the Load.

Does the cause of your greater grief lie in a trial to which you do not fully submit? I think I hear you admit that you faint under your load. "If thou faintest in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." But he giveth more grace. Get it. Are you impatient? Do you kick against the pricks? Do you feel that you can endure no longer? Since you are impatient, do you wonder that you are unhappy? Since you walk contrary to God, do you wonder that he walks contrary to you? Do not find fault with his consolations, find fault with your own rebellious heart. When a child rebels against his father, it is not likely that his father's love will be a source of much comfort to him. Dear friend the Lord help you to get rid of impatience, and you will be rid of anguish. Take the cup, and drink it, and say, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," and an angel will appear unto you, strengthening you. As it was with your Lord in a similar case, so shall it be with you. Are you alarmed at what may yet come? Do you dread the future? Well, if you import trouble from the future, blame not the consolations of God; for he has told you that "the morrow will take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He has never taught you to pray, "Give me to-morrow my daily bread;" he has limited you and pegged you down to this, "Give us this day our daily bread." Will you not be content to live by the day? Walking with him who is the God of all eternity, you may leave days and years to him; and let one day at a time be enough for you.—Spurgeon.

A Book That Has Come to Stay.

The Bible is a book that outlives its foes. If you could gather all the books written against it, you could with them build a pyramid higher than the loftiest spire. Now and then a man goes to work to refute the Bible; and every time it is done it has to be done over again the next day or the next year. And then after its enemies have done their worst, some of its professed friends torture and twist and mystify and misrepresent it. Surely it is no fool of a book if it lives through all that. Infidels have been at work nearly eighteen hundred years, firing away at it, and making about as much impression on it as you would shooting peas at Gibraltar.

The fact is, this book has come into the world, and it has come to stay. It is in the world, and I do not know how you are to get it out. One hundred years ago you might have found that book in twenty or thirty translations; but now you can find it or portions of it in between two and three hundred different versions, most of which have been made in this last progressive, intellectual, nineteenth century. All over the globe it goes; touch any shore and you will find that book there before you.

And it is a curious fact that most of our skeptical friends contrive to keep very close to where its shadow falls. It does not take a great while to get out of sight of the Bible. You can go, in a very few days where there are no churches, Sunday schools, Young Men's Christian Associations, preachers, deacons, or anything else of the kind—you can "go West." There is little difficulty in getting beyond the reach of the Bible. Your scalp might not be very safe, but you can easily get away from the reach of the Bible. But the infidel, while finding fault with the Bible, takes good care to stay where the Bible is. Why is this?

There was once a vessel wrecked on one of the South Sea Islands. There was on board a sailor who had been there before, and who knew that the people were cannibals. And when the ship was wrecked, and they were cast away on this shore, they knew there was no hope for them, for they saw no way to escape. The sailor, however, climbed up on a hill-top to reconnoitre a little. Presently his shipmates saw him swinging his arms in great excitement, and inquired what was the matter. He had seen just over the hill the steeple of a meeting-house!

That was what took all the fear of trouble out of his soul. He knew that church spire made his neck safe on that cannibal island. Now infidels know that fact just as well as he did, and they keep under the shadow of the Book.—From H. L. Hastings' Lecture on The Inspiration of The Bible.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

A Man who tried to make Corn.

Men can do some very wonderful things, but no man has ever been able to create even the simplest form of animal or vegetable life. The story is told of a very skillful chemist who said that he could make a kernel of corn just as good as those God makes. He took some corn, analyzed it carefully to find just what it was composed of, and then set to work to make more like it. After a while he triumphantly produced a quantity of corn which looked exactly like kernels of real corn just shelled from the ear. It contained the same elements too as the real corn. Why was it not just as good?

Inflammation of the Eyes Cured.

Mr. Jacob D. Miller, Newbury, "I was troubled with Inflammation of the Eyes, so that during nearly the whole of the summer of 1892 I could not work; I took several bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it gives me great pleasure to inform you that it cured me of my affliction. It is an excellent medicine for Costiveness." Parnee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carewell, Carewell F. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parnee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

A Perfect Cook.

A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after you use Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form. Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. O., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cures a large and increasing sale, which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of Rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved from pain."

SUNSET THOUGHTS.—Sacrifice is the indispensable condition of success. We must renounce in order to prevail. He that seeks his life loses it; he that loses his life finds it. One must sow in tears if we would reap in joy. Master and scholar have the same experience—that suffering is required in order to fruitfulness and victory. It is the furnace that purifies and renders efficacious; the spices must be bruised to bring forth their fragrance. Happy they who recognize this law of the divine economy, and are content to suffer if only they may be made to bear much fruit.—William M. Taylor, D. D.

ITCHING AND SCALY

Skin Disease 9 Years. Doctors and Medicines Useless. Cured by Cuticura for \$4.75. I feel it my duty to tell you my experience with your CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have been troubled for over nine years with a dreadful skin disease. When I first felt it, there appeared a few small red spots on my breast, and it kept on spreading slowly. It started the same on my back, between my shoulders. A few days after the spots turned gray, and began itching, small scales would fall off, so it continued spreading all over my body. I tried all the patent medicines I could think of, or get hold of. I also consulted doctors. Yes, they would cure me in a short time, but they always failed. Then I gave it all up, thinking there was no cure for me. Some few months ago, I noticed your advertisement in the Tacoma Morning Globe; thought I would try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, not thinking it would do me much good, but to my surprise, three boxes of CUTICURA, one each of CUTICURA SOAP, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT cured me entirely. My skin is now as white and pure as that of a child. I send my photograph. I have many friends in Chicago, Ill., and St. Paul, Minn. JOHN E. PEARSON, P. O. Box 1023, Whatcom, Washington.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the FOSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. How to Cure Skin Diseases, 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials, mailed free.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS.

With their weary, dull, aching, helpless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantanous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 35 cents.

IRON. IRON.

DEFI Rail just to hand—246 Barbs Refined Iron. 75 Bundles. Lower than usual. R. CHESTNUT & SONS

PARSONS PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No other in manner of disease. The information around said it about them, and you will always be thankful. On it is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. For all a dose. They expel all impurities from the blood, dislocate women find great benefit from using these instructed pamphlets free. Sold every where or send all for 25c. in stamps. Five boxes \$1.00. DR. P. J. PARSONS & CO., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

PURE PARIS GREEN.

Just received: 2,000 LBS. Pure Paris Green. For sale low wholesale. JAMES S. NEILL.

HAYING TOOLS, &c.

Just received: 1 CAR Load Haying Tools; 1 CAR Load Grind Stones. JAMES S. NEILL.

SHEATHING PAPER.

Just received: 1 CAR Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper. JAMES S. NEILL.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

ATLANTIC DIVISION. All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 27th, 1892.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

7.10 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, McAdam Junction.

4.30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON. From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.25, a.m., 11.45, 5.55 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.00, a.m., 2.00 p.m.; Vancorbo, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen, 5.35, 7.45, a.m.; St. Andrews, 6.10, 4.20.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.

9.25 a.m., 12.55, 6.40 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north

ARRIVE AT GIBSON. 4.00 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

c Mondays and Thursdays only, t Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays only.

D. McNichol, Gen. Pass Agt. Montreal, C. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. St. John, N.B.

READY MIXED PAINT.

JUST RECEIVED. 16 CASES of the Paints; 1 barrel Coach Colors; 3 cases Varnishes.

The paints comprise all the popular colors in one and half gallon tins, quart, pints and half pints.

The coach colors in all the usual shades. The varnish in one and half gallon tins, different Qualities.

The above are from one of the best manufacturers, who only make reliable goods.

CANCELLED CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMPS

Bought in any quantity by G.E. CALMAN, 299 Pearl St., New York

High prices paid for those used from 1850-1870 in Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland. Send for card particulars

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN.

Just received direct from the manufacturers SCOTCH Salmon Flies, Trout Fly Nets, Rods, Casts, Fly Books, Landing Nets, Gaff Irons, Snades, Hooks, etc. For sale, wholesale and retail at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

LAWN MOWERS, for sale low at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

Gates's Nerve Ointment.

Is a very beautiful and efficacious compound for strengthening the nerves and muscles—it cures Piles, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all inflammations, internal and external.

Sold everywhere at 25c. a box. C. GATES SON & CO., Middleton, N. S.

FARMS, MILLS AND HOMES

in OLD VIRGINIA, for sale by the FARMERS' TRADING COMPANY, 115 Broadway, New York.

Phenyle.

JUST RECEIVED: 1 CASE of the above, which is a powerful disinfectant destroying offensive odors instantly. Certain disinfectant to insect life. Prevents contagious diseases and those arising from filthy premises. Just the thing around Stables, Sinks, Cess Pools, Hog Pens, Cow Stables and places of this class.

For further information apply to R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

IRON. IRON.

DEFI Rail just to hand—246 Barbs Refined Iron. 75 Bundles. Lower than usual. R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Vertical advertisements on the right edge of the page, including 'Safe Plea', 'CHURCH', 'D'FREY STR...', 'CHOLE DIAP...', 'SUMMER CHILDREN', 'THE STON...', 'BUSINESS CO...', 'SHOETHE...', 'INSTITU...', 'St. John...', 'Russ', 'Lac', 'LOT', 'SH', 'In order...', 'ent season', 'the low pri', 'They are g', 'Direct in', '600 B', 'Glass', 'F', 'Per Ste', '20 BA', 'F', 'GRATI', 'EPP', 'By a th', 'ral laws', 'digestion', 'be gradual', 'application', 'selected Co', 'breakfast', 'beverage', 'doctors' bil', 'such article', 'be gradual', 'to resist ev', 'dreds of au', 'ready to p', 'point. We', 'by keeping', 'pure blood', 'frame.'—', 'Made rin', 'Sold in v', 'thus:—', 'JAMES', 'Chemists', 'HAYIN', 'WO', 'PIS', 'Best CC', 'CC