

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to leave in His dear hand Little things; All we cannot understand, All that stings; Just to let Him take the care, Sincerely pressing; Finding all we let Him bear Changed to blessing; This is all! and yet the way Marked by Him who loves thee best— Secret of a happy day. Secret of His promised rest!

Mothers.

It is a terrible mistake when mothers do too much for their children, yet it is very difficult to draw the line between that and proper consideration for their wants and comforts. It is so natural to be anticipating for them, and mingled with the feeling there is, perhaps, a little selfishness, for the mother cannot help wishing that if she should be taken from her little ones, they may be able to look back on the time when she cared for them as one of unmixed comfort and happiness.

A mother whose heart remains young is an incalculable blessing to her children; she can enter into their games and be a child with them, she is the playfellow of her girls, and, as they grow older, is almost like their elder sister; and if she have sons, there is a camaraderie between her and them which makes home the most delightful place in the world and "mother" the most charming of companions. It was thus with Goethe, the German poet, his mother's first-born son, who came to be her plaything and pleasure long before she was out of her teens. She was a genial, social, and withal a clever woman, and always maintained that the bond between herself and her boy owed its strength to the fact that "my Wolfgang and I were young together."

A mother's authority ought to be marked by a sweet reasonableness. The children, when old enough to comprehend more than the bare duty of implicit obedience, should be convinced that all her rules and regulations are based on sound principles, and have their welfare for their aim and end. Thus, a young girl of fifteen, invited to form one of a large party in a country house, where every one was older than herself, adhered to her mother's rule that she was always to go to bed at nine o'clock. No matter what fun was going on, what temptation was held out to induce her to stay ten minutes longer, she was gently inflexible, and would say, smiling, "Mother told me never to stay up after nine; it wouldn't be good for me."

Many remarkable men have had remarkable mothers. The first Napoleon never forgot his allegiance to his mother, Lucrezia Bonaparte, who had been called the Cornelia of her day. She was a woman who practiced "plain living and high thinking," and though her son's words bore two meanings, his tribute to her worth was heartfelt when he reiterated with the deepest conviction, "France wants mothers!"

John Wesley, who was the twelfth of nineteen children, loved his mother so dearly that when he was a young man at Oxford, he used to pray that he might never survive her. And many years afterwards, when word was brought him, at Bristol, that she was dying, he ordered his horse to be brought to the door of the chapel where he was preaching in Broadmead, and rode on all night, never drawing rein till he reached Moorfields. Some one made a remark to him about his haste and anxiety, and he answered, "Ah, I can never have another mother."

Have You Got The Shilling?

While walking one day with a lady, at whose house I was staying on a visit, I met an old woman who was in great poverty, and had come some distance to seek a little assistance in money. Getting into conversation, I pressed upon her that eternal life is the gift of God, and if she would at once accept Christ, she would be saved. To illustrate this I took a shilling out of my pocket, and holding it between my forefinger and thumb, I said, 'I offer you this shilling as a free gift; upon which she held out her open hand with the palm up, but did not take the shilling. After a few seconds, during which we stood opposite to each other, I said, 'Have you got the shilling?'

She replied, 'No, I have not.' 'Well, I said, 'I offer it to you as a free gift; have you got it?'

'No,' said she, 'I have not until you put it into my hand.'

I said, 'I am not going to put it into your hand, but I offer it to you as a gift, and we may stand here for ten years, and the shilling will be no good to you; but that is not my fault, for I am offering it to you.'

The woman then turned to the lady who was with me, and said to her, 'I don't like to take it from him.'

The lady replied, 'Is he not offering it to you as a gift?'

She said, 'Do you think I may take it from him?'

The lady replied, 'I advise you to take it since he is offering it to you.'

The woman now made up her mind to take the shilling, and closing her forefinger and thumb on it, I let go, saying, 'Have you got it?'

She said, 'Yes, I have,' and immediately began to thank me for the gift I had bestowed in her need.

Now, the only reason why this old woman had not the shilling before was, because she did not take it when offered; she was waiting, instead of accepting.

'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord,' Rom. 4: 23. God offers eternal life in the person of His Son to sinners by nature dead in sin, and God says, 'He that hath the Son hath life,' 1 John 5: 12.

One reason why so many have not eternal life is that they do not believe God means what he says; they do not accept Christ as God's gift, and thank him for giving his Son to die for them.

God is the giver, and he gives freely; the sinner has only to accept Christ as his Saviour, and all the blessings of the gospel will flow out toward him.

'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.'

'He that believeth on the son hath everlasting life.'

Like the old woman waiting instead of taking the shilling, sinners are waiting and hoping for some great change of feeling, instead of accepting Christ, trusting Him and believing what he says, and thanking and praising God for giving them eternal life and pardon for sin through the blood of Jesus.

'Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.'

'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'

Broken Spirited People.

There are parents who think they have achieved a signal victory when they have broken up a child's pet project, whether it be to build a boat, invest five dollars in an array of traps when there is nothing to catch, work a field of potatoes on shares, or go to college. Such people have a feeling—not an intelligent thought—that any pet plan of a child ought to be thwarted, if possible, and not only of a child but of anybody over whom they have any influence or control; it may be a wife or one more or less dependent on them quite as likely as a child. Let such people beware. They little know the ruin they are working. The ruthless thwarting of some little plan in a child, however useless and foolish it may look to older people, may so aggravate and exasperate him as to almost ruin his disposition for life. And especially is this true when sons and daughters get old enough to form plans for their life work. Teach them, mould them, advise them, but do not attempt to destroy or ignore any natural bent in them. Better let them do some foolish thing, if not morally wrong, and learn wisdom from the consequences, than to forbid them in a way which to them seems arbitrary and hard, and which is likely to tempt them into falsehood and deception.

There are some ideas and plans which take root and grow so strongly in the minds and desires of people that they cannot be ruthlessly uprooted by others who think their way much better, without great danger to the health, disposition or morals of the subject, sometimes shaking even the foundations of life and character. Have you a wilful boy? Do not try to break that will, but train it, and teach him the necessity of controlling it himself. A broken-spirited woman? Not fit to make a home, not fit to take care of children, despised by the cowardly bully of a husband who made her what she is, a sorrow to herself and everybody else! He thwarted her plans, kept her drudging at hard work while he had help, denied her even a tiny pocketbook of her own whose contents she could use as she pleased, and in all things made her give up to him. Poor thing! she'd be glad to die, if it were not for her children, and she'll soon have the privilege. As well kill her as to take her courage away.—House-keeper.

Why Young Men Fail.

On every hand we meet those whose life has proved a failure, who have never known anything but poverty, to whom life has simply been a continual struggle for bread; comforts and luxuries they bade farewell to years ago.

These men were once boys. The future was just as promising as to many of their fellows, upon whom "fortune" has always seemed to

smile. Let us go back to those early days. In the vicinity where both lived, there were farms on which there was work to be done. The one, ready to engage in any work of necessity on the farm, lost no time in securing the first job he could find. Not always indeed was it in accordance with his tastes; but he went at it with a determination to do his best. By taking an interest in his employer's business he made it for the time his own. His employer, not slow to observe this, trusted him more and more, and at the end of the season was ready to retain him at advanced wages.

He thoroughly learned all the details of the business. Was in fitting the ground for growing crops—he ever endeavored to the best of his ability to do his work so well as to give perfect satisfaction. If crops were to be put in, he followed instructions, and none were put in carelessly. At harvest time he was told to save carefully what had matured, as it was a great waste not to secure what had cost time and labor to plant and cultivate.

Thus he learned valuable lessons in economy. The same interest he had in his employer's work made him careful as to the use of tools. Farm tools were put in their place, and many little repairs given, at a time when a single bolt, a nail driven, or some little thing attended to, would prevent breakage and loss.

All these little things, each seeming small of itself, secured him a steady place at the best wages, until he finally accumulated a sufficient sum to start for himself. I need not follow him farther, the secret of his success is plain.

But how about the other young man, who lived near, with as strong muscle as the first? He obtained a situation equal to that of his fellow. His employer went with him to the field to start the plow. After a few furrows, he left him with the injunction to see that every sod was turned over. For a little while the young man obeyed orders; but getting impatient, he began to neglect his work, thus soliloquizing: "The old man will never know the difference after I have dragged it over once or twice."

At sowing time, instead of following instructions to fit the ground thoroughly, he did what he was obliged to, caring not what the harvest might be. He was always ready to find fault with his employer's manner of doing work to any who might be passing, and was quite particular about the kind of work he should do. * * * Is it any wonder he is to-day on the town—he who began his early life in this manner?

It is the careful attention to little details that fits the young man to occupy positions of trust. Not unfrequently we hear young men complaining because nobody appreciates their abilities. They expect to step at once into a good position at full wages. Every young man may safely lay it down as a rule that if he faithfully performs the work at hand he will be appreciated, and higher positions will open before him; but if he wishes to look forward to years of poverty, let him find fault with his employer whenever his back is turned, slight work and grumble at his wages.—Country Gentleman.

Who Did It?

"Was he hurt much?" "Yes, his throat was cut across, almost from ear to ear."

"How, and where did it happen?" "It occurred where nine-tenths of such bloody work is done; in a saloon, and by a man old enough to be his father. Both were drunk!"

This whispered conversation was carried on in an audience assembled to listen to two eminent temperance workers in the beautiful "City of Oaks," a few nights ago. While this traffic in whiskey was being denounced before a select and intelligent audience, this tragedy of blood was being enacted in a whiskey saloon, close by.

"Who cut that man's throat?" "By your leave I will answer that question. My answer may be an unlooked for kind; and may seem at first glance far fetched and fanciful. Be this as it may, here is my answer: "Twenty-two men were in that row, and each had his part in the cutting!" Twenty-two men's hands are stained with the blood of this poor drunken victim!

"What! twenty-two men on one man?" "That is my statement. Please let me tell you how it was:

There are the twenty men whose names were signed to the petition of another man, who wished to obtain license to sell whiskey. Without these twenty names no license could have been obtained; therefore, no whiskey would have been sold; therefore no drinking; and therefore no drunkenness and throat cutting! Now add to these twenty men the man whose petition they signed and who sold the whiskey. This makes twenty-one. Now add to these the man who did the cutting, and you have the twenty-two. Therefore,

twenty-two men stand implicated in this bloody work. And of all whose hands are stained, those most crimson are the twenty signers of the petition. They by their signatures opened the flood gates of fiery death, and are therefore most deeply responsible for the bloody affray. Next to them comes the man who sold the whiskey. And last of all and least guilty, comes the drunken man who did the deed. It takes twenty-two men to cut a man's throat according to law in the State of Alabama. And yet this is Christian America!—J. F. Goldman, in Alabama Advocate.

Home Courtesies.

"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three that could be designated as happy families; and the cause of trouble was not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence give the fruitful source of family alienations, of heartaches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home circles. "Not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it." Not more than three happy families in twenty! and the cause so easily remedied! In the "small courtesies of life" what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated! Let us all think of it, and take the lesson home to our own lives.—Christian Secretary.

Two Ends.

When a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember; that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do not we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting 'fast' habits, I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointed towards pleasure, and that he does not know the other is wounding his parents' heart. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

Random Readings.

God has his eye on your heart; your tongue can not deceive him.

To the heart that lays hold upon the promises, the darkest cloud has a "silver lining."

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts a shadow of our burden behind us.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—Goethe.

An isolated life is not a Christian life, if the isolation be voluntary. Do not mistake morbid selfishness for sanctity.

Our religion is to be estimated not by a few intensities, but by a vital and generous glow and activity throughout our whole life. We are not to mourn because we do not feel; but if, having feeling, we find no expression for that feeling in life, we may well mourn.

By shaking the magnetic needle, you may move it from its place; but it returns to it the moment it is left to itself. In like manner, believers may fall into sin; but no sooner do they wake to reflection than they repent, and endeavor to mend ways and resume a life of godliness.—Gottbold.

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