

**"What Wilt Thou."**

All things are mine,  
Ask what thou wilt,  
Art weary? Come to me for rest.

Lonely, poor heart,  
With not a friend to help?  
I am thy brother, friend.

Art thou perplexed,  
Unknowing where to turn?  
With me, thy footstep shall not slip.

Is thy way dark?  
With me dwells light,  
I am the day-spring, come to visit thee.

Dwells grief with thee?  
I am the "Man of Sorrows",  
I will comfort thee.

Art needy, then, and poor?  
Lo! I am thine,  
And mine, the cattle on a thousand hills.

Art filled with longing,  
Yet unsatisfied?  
In me all fulness dwells.

Still dost thou wait,  
And fear to come?  
Behold, I stand and knock.

L. R. HOPKINS.

**Occupations of Women.**

Every ambitious girl is at some time possessed by a desire to earn money, and looks about to discover what she can do.

There are over three million women and girls in the United States who are engaged in other than household occupations, and the army is constantly increasing. In other countries women have long mingled with men and performed labor which an American would be liable to consider adapted to male laborers only. Many people would be amazed if told that there are sixty thousand female farmers, or agricultural laborers, in the United States; yet good authority gives this estimate. In Georgia it is not thought improper for girls who work in the field to wear male attire. By doing so, they escape the cumbersome dress which would drag in the dirt and catch on weeds and briars. Two girls, sisters, in New Orleans have gone into the dairy business. They have large stables, milk many cows, and appear to be doing well. The business is a paying one, and not so unwomanly as might appear at first thought. There are others in various parts of the country who are similarly employed.

In New York City there are three women who are well known as butchers, and one has followed the business at the same place for twenty-five years. Another has been a butcher for twenty years. One would naturally expect such women to be coarse and masculine, but one of them is said to be "a delicate and refined looking little woman, and in or out of her store would hardly be supposed equal to so robust an occupation."

San Francisco has a girl blacksmith, aged fifteen years, and it is said that she can turn out as fine a shoe as ever graced the foot of a race-horse. Here, again, one would expect to find a stout, coarse grained person; but on the contrary she is said to be rather fragile than strong, with a slender arm and shapely hand. The delicate finish of her work shows a fineness of nature unlooked for in a girl blacksmith. She does not, however, intend to put her accomplishment to a practical use.

In Bay City, Mich., girls are employed as shingle packers. There are thousands of odd and unexpected things which women and girls do in order to earn money. It is merely a matter of taste or choice that decides whether a girl will do housework, stand behind a shop counter, or perform one of the many things which she can do if she tries. It is plain to be seen that her sphere is not so limited as is usually supposed. Nearly every person is adapted for something. If a girl can make money by milking a cow, making horseshoes or packing shingles, it is quite as respectable for her to do it as for a man. There was a girl in Connecticut who served as fireman and engineer on a locomotive. Of course she was obliged to disguise her sex in male attire. She was an English girl who had performed similar work, in disguise, in her own country.

The professions are open for girls. They may become doctors, lawyers, ministers, etc. At the present time there are at least twenty-five hundred women physicians in this country. A great Frenchman has said: "Women show themselves superior to men in all kinds of offices; men can only keep up with them, when cultivating themselves more when lifting and educating themselves to a higher standard." If this is true, then our girls should take courage. They have a natural advantage over the opposite sex at the start, which will, in time, overcome the artificial disadvantages of social restriction; where women have genuine superiority—as they surely have at many points—it is certain to place them on a level with, if not above, their brothers.

There is one rule which holds good for both sexes. "Learn what you can do best, and do it to the best of your ability."—*Treasure-Trove.*

**Kindling Wood.**

A bitter cold day I came along a vacant lot where excavations for a basement had been made; stone for the foundation laid promiscuously around, and men were kindling fires around these stones. I stopped and inquired the purpose of kindling fires around these stones, and was answered:

"These stones are full of frost, too brittle now to work upon. We must get the frost out before we can apply the chisel."

Only small pieces of pine wood—kindling wood—were used. I asked:

"Why don't you use more solid wood and larger pieces?"

He replied: "We want a short brisk fire only. A solid steady fire would crack the stones and make them useless."

As I left I said to myself, Another use for kindling wood.

For a short time a family attended a certain church, but supposing the attendants of that church not friendly and sympathetic they no longer attended that church, and sank rapidly into religious indifference. The father of this family was taken sick in midwinter, and the family, never prosperous, were in distress and even want. Among the members of the church they judged cold and frosty was whispered from ear to ear this family's distress. Baskets full were brought to the door; delivery wagons from grocers' stopped to leave orders; the family was quite in surprise; they were wonderfully helped. In some cases they traced out their unknown benefactors, and in every case they found that the benefactions were in some way or other connected with that frosty church. Convinced that the church was not so frosty as they judged, by the kindling wood of benevolence the frost was taken out of their own hearts. This pine kindling gave a good heat, and had its effects. I hope and trust that the stones, mellowed by the heat of benevolence, by the hand of the great Master-builder, may be shaped into good foundation stones.

Sometimes, however, there is a frost in the heart which no kindling wood piled on by the hand of man can possibly thaw out. But God Himself can and often does it by means of kindling wood, which is the fire of affliction. In my former charge lived a man, a thorough infidel. As the whole community attended church services on the Sabbath, to relieve his loneliness he attended church occasionally. Often I talked with him, prayed with him in his family, urged him to read the word of God, but all my efforts proved useless, or even worse. About two weeks ago I received a letter telling me of his hopeful conversion.

More than a year ago God visited him with the kindling wood of a dangerous sickness. For a long time recovery seemed hopeless, but it was a sickness not unto death. God piled on the kindling wood to make mellow his heart. He recovered, began to think seriously, studied the word of God; he began to pray and seek mercy, and now the heart has been prepared for the Sculptor, who will engrave thereon the glorious image of Him against whom he formerly sneered, and whose word he ridiculed.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

**Kinship vs. Friendship.**

These two, unfortunately, are not always to be found in each other's company. The presence of one too often indicates the absence of the other. This is a condition much to be lamented, as the more closely two individuals are united by ties of blood, the stronger should be the friendship between them. Otherwise, family life in its various relations cannot maintain its rightful place in the world or fulfil its lofty mission. The fellow-feeling arising merely from consanguinity is a sentiment of a comparatively low order. It may instigate to the performance of particular duties or to the observance of a certain form of behaviour; but it can result after all in only a half-hearted service unsatisfactory alike to the one who renders and the one who receives.

The trouble appears to be that relatives almost invariably take a one-sided view of kinship. They perceive without difficulty its privileges but ignore its duties. They seem unable to comprehend that the enjoyment of the former is intended to be in proportion to the fulfilment of the latter; and with strange inconsistency those most neglectful of the duties are most exacting of the privileges; that is, of the duties of others to them on the score of relationship. Parents behave in so unseemly a manner that they repel both the respect and confidence of their children, and then complain that they do not receive both in unstinted measure.

The disobedient, thoughtless and selfish build is the one who always

expects the most from its parents. Fortunate it is for such a one that the bond of parental love is usually stronger than any other tie. A man and woman enter into the relationship that is supposed to unite more closely than any other. Soon there are divided interests, diverse standards and aims, lack of mutual confidence and effort to retain affection. What can inevitably result from all this but life-long unhappiness or divorce?

Is it strange, then, that friendship is so seldom coincident with kinship? That the tie of consanguinity being compelled to bear such a burden of responsibility so often snaps under the strain and wholly refuses to perform its functions? And just so long as we continue to make exceptions of kindred in our application of the golden rule, in our use of the common courtesies of life, in our efforts to please and to win respect and affection, the single tie of kinship will not, as a rule, be found sufficiently strong to bind hearts together, while kinship and friendship united form a bond that will last not only through time, but through eternity.—*Christian at Work.*

**Sixty Seconds Make A Minute.**

Professor Max Muller is one of the most learned men in the world. He has spent his whole life in the study of the language and customs of the past, and what he says has weight. He wrote the following in an English review:

Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still smaller currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal—that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.

**Random Readings.**

We must not be too fastidious about people forsaking their ugliness and correcting their faults, before our charity goes out to them.—*Bishop Huntington.*

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.—*Phillips Brooks.*

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings of passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves.—*J. H. Newman.*

To fear the censures of men, when God is your judge; to fear their evil, when God is your defence; to fear death, when He is the entrance to life and felicity, is unreasonable and pernicious.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

God regards a saint in rags more than a sinner in robes. The whole of crumbling tabernacles now occupied by His people will soon be levelled with the dust; but it matters not, since "He hath prepared for them a city."—*Jackson.*

If you desire to be happy observe the following rules: 1. Accept the peace already made with God. 2. Make peace with any with whom you may have been at enmity. 3. Live peaceably with all men.

God's treasury where He keeps His children's gifts will be like many a mother's store of relics of her children, full of things of no value to others, but precious in His eyes for the love's sake that was in them.—*Penelon.*

**Father Knows.**

A gentleman was one day opening a box of goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the box he laid them upon the arm of the boy.

A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said: "Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

Never mind, answered Johnny in a happy tone; father knows how much I can carry.

Brave, trustful little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in Him that God desires all his children to possess.

**No Secret Christians.**

The saintly McCheyne said, "There can not be a secret Christian. Grace is like ointment hid in the hand; it betrayeth itself. If you truly feel the sweetness of the cross of Christ, you will be constrained to confess him before men."

A man can no more be a secret Christian than a tree or vine can keep the life in it secret by refusing to put forth buds and leaves, blossoms and fruit. If we see a tree or vine without this confession of the life that is in it, especially in the summer-time, we say that tree or that vine is dead. So when men say they are Christians, but will not confess Him with mouth and by deeds distinctly Christian, we say they are dead, and we say truly.—*Words and Weapons.*

**Church Life.**

When Napoleon retreated from Moscow a large part of his army perished in the cold and snow. When night came a body of troops would kindle a little fire as best they could and then lots would be cast for those who should occupy the places nearest the fire, and the cold was so intense that those in the outermost rows would be found frozen stiff in the morning. Now, in every church there are those who form the very center—a circle within a circle—gathering close to the person of Christ. These enjoy the warmth of his spiritual presence, while those who content themselves with living at a distance from Christ are soon chilled and frozen in the keen atmosphere of worldliness which swathes the church.

The Rev. George Bowen, a faithful and devoted missionary who preached forty years in Bombay often lamented his want of success in securing conversions. Many ministers with ordinary gifts and no great depth of spiritual life have been eminently successful in revivals, and number the converts under their ministry by thousands. One of the most eloquent and exemplary and godly preachers in a prominent religious denomination, after laboring earnestly for fifteen years, said that he did not know of one soul who had certainly been led to Christ by his preaching. Such sad experiences should lead to diligent self-examination. Some fault in the method of preaching may account for years of apparent fruitlessness. But the fact that one has not witnessed many conversions under his ministry does not prove that he is useless. To one it is given to attract and win souls, to another to instruct.

HE CARETH.—Every day, every moment, He careth, goes on caring, for you. Not only thinking of you and watching you, but working for you; making things come right, so that everything should be just the best that could happen to you. Not managing the great things, and leaving the little things to arrange themselves, but giving loving care to the least, the very least things that concern you. Even in some tiny little trouble that no one else seems to care about, "He careth"; or when every one else is too much taken up with other things to attend to you, "He careth for you." You can never get beyond God's care, for it always reaches you; you can never be outside of it, for it is always enfolding you.—*Frances R. Havergal.*

No MAN can escape service. It is a universal appointment. Each man, however, has the power to choose his master. He can serve his own evil desires, the world, the devil, or Christ. His servants ye are to whom ye obey.

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1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
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