

"Not as I Will"

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomable purpose to fulfill,
Not as I will.

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
Not as I will.

"Not as I will." The sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will." The darkness feels
More safe than life when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
Not as I will.

How to Win and Keep Our Children's Confidence.

I promised in a late article to say a few words as to how we should talk to our children about themselves, but as a request has come to write something on the matter forming the heading of my article, I think I can include both subjects.

A mother ought not to have to win her children's confidence—a precious birthright—it is hers; the child gives it of its own accord. But mothers lose this precious gift—treat it so carelessly, value it so lightly, that some even do not know when they have lost it.

I would say to young mothers whose children are on or about their knees: "Never break your word to your child; never refuse an honest answer to a child's question; never deceive your little one." I say never—not even petty deceptions! They are not safe, and the truth is so much more beautiful. Take the story of Santa Claus. Can it compare with the story of the heavenly Father's love, which puts into the heart of all dear friends to give to the children "in his name"? Take the usual deception practised upon children, that the doctor brings the baby in a basket. Can it compare with the beautiful truth that God loved mamma and trusted her enough to give her a little baby to bring up for him? If the child asks, "But how?" why shrink from the exact truth? Tell of the wonderful trunk God has packed for life's journey—some things to be used each day, other things to be placed in the trunk because they may be needed before the journey is ended. Speak of some of the articles in our trunk—of lungs and heart, stomach and the wonderful watch he keeps wound. Then tell of the bag in which, if ever the little girl is given a home and a husband, God may plant the seed of a little child. Tell how, there, beneath the mother's heart, the child grows, day by day, till God opens the way for it to come into the world.

Or it may be your boy will, by some sentence, show that he is questioning and turning matters over in his mind. He may say something about the cat or dog that shows you he has some thoughts on this matter of birth. Do not turn away from the matter, but teach him to treat even an animal tenderly for the sake of his own mother.

Never laugh above your children's ideas to others; guard their childish secrets jealously. Let our children feel quite sure that unless they actually force us to do so, we will not reprove them or expose them before others. If you think your boy or girl is wrong, tell them so privately, and they will be far more apt to confide in you.

But I know that there are many mothers who grieve over the mistakes they have made, and long to retrieve those mistakes. "Have you no word for us?" they cry. Yes, my friends. I think if your girl or boy are in their teens, and you have lost their confidence, if they do not speak freely to you on any and every subject, if they are prone to have secrets with those you cannot approve, I would do this: I would make love to such a boy or girl, very much as your husband made love to you in the old days. I would sacrifice almost everything else, for a time, to winning their hearts. I would cultivate their society, go out with them, be with them in the home, and when I had convinced them of my true mother-love, I would tell them how I felt as to the past, and ask them to give me the lost treasure of their confidence. I would not do this without very earnest prayer, very great carefulness; but, so doing, I believe you will find that which was lost, and angels will rejoice with you.

Let me say a few more words as to keeping promises with children.

That is the ground-work of all confidence. Do not promise unconditionally, but when you make a promise, even at great self sacrifice, keep it.

One other word. Do not accuse yourself to leave your little ones. No one, no one, can take a mother's place to a little child. If God sends you out into the world, he will "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," but don't shear your lamb and then expect the wind to be tempered! Oh, if mothers only knew the value of every day in a child's life up to ten years of age! If mothers would be more jealous of their children's love and confidence! Let your little girl chatter with the girl in the kitchen while you read or visit? No, no! Throw aside your book, give up your visits! Keep your children close by your side.

I wish mothers would teach their children the sacredness of sex. Teach the girl entering her teens of the promise God will give her again and again of possible motherhood. Teach the boy to guard with jealous care the seed God commits to him; to understand that his temper and characteristics are transmitted to his children. Might not we reasonably hope that children so taught would regard marriage more sacredly than most people do, and that so our children may indeed have the blessing promised to thousands of (generations) of them that fear him!—*Union Signal.*

Zachariah Hodgson and His Wife.

Zachariah Hodgson was not naturally an ill-natured man. It was want of reflection more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with anything abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill cooked, and what ever the poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill humor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of repressing him for his unreasonable conduct, which had the happiest effect.

One day, as Zachariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a large codfish and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was described the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or fried it, or made it into stew, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook at the back of the house and put it into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear. I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover. I thought so. Why in the world did you fry it! I would as lief eat a boiled frog!"

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You know better. I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fish you know I boiled it, you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you; but I have boiled some also. So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only now added to the ill nature of her husband."

"A pretty dish this!" he exclaimed. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a stew."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent stew.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favourite dish."

Favorite dish, indeed! grumbled the disconsolate husband; I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have had a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right arm, and there was a bull frog of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating manner, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was overcome and he burst into a hearty laugh. He

acknowledged his wife was right, declared she should not again have reason to complain of him, and kept his word.—*The Sword and Sower.*

Rules for Using the Unruly Member.

The tongue is called in the Bible 'an unruly member.' Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. *Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth.*—The God of truth who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood, it will not run into such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. *Do not use your tongue too much.*—It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind; but if the waste-gate is always open, the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate, and let the streams of thought flow in till the mind is full and then you may let off with some effect.

3. *Never let the stream of passion move the tongue.*—Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion hoist the wrong gate—they let out passion instead of reason. The tongue then makes a great noise—disturbs the quiet of the neighbors, exhausts the person's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. *Look into the pond,* and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or, plainly, think before you speak.

5. *Never put the tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion.*—The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great the words of neither will reach the other, but come back in a blinding sprinkling upon himself.

6. *See that your tongue is hung true before using it.*—Some tongues we have observed, are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. *Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours.*—Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others, not to do so. Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have anything to be kept secret, keep it yourself.

Queen Victoria and the Musicians.

A story about the Queen, which is said to be well authenticated, is being circulated, and it is too good to be lost. On one occasion Her Majesty had invited guests to dine at Windsor Castle; it was therefore necessary that the Court band should prepare itself to perform special selections of music. The leader summoned the men to meet for rehearsal on Sunday. There were two Germans in the band named Schrader and Gehrmad, who were Wesleyan Methodists, and whose consciences would not allow them to spend the Sabbath in a mere musical rehearsal. They told their scruples to the leader, who, however, peremptorily ordered them to be present, on pain of instant dismissal. They did not hesitate for a moment in refusing to attend. On the Monday morning, on presenting themselves at their quarters, the leader, in violent language, ordered them to be gone.

The poor fellows walked sadly away, and, not far from Windsor, met the then Bishop of London driving to the Castle. Stopping the carriage on their signal, he heard their tale, and promised to speak for them to the Queen. Before the day was over the leader of the band was summoned into her Majesty's presence. The Queen inquired what had become of the two German Methodists, one of whom, as being one of the best trombone players in the country, was a great favorite at Court. The leader explained that he could not allow absurd religious scruples to stand in the way of a soldier's duty. The Queen commanded that the men be immediately restored to their post, and added, "I will have no persecution in my service for conscience's sake, and I will have no more rehearsals on a Sunday."—*Methodist Times.*

Why Men Fail.

Few men come up to their highest measure of success. Some fail through timidity, or lack of nerve. They are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fail through fear in venturing on ordinary duties. They lack pluck. Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care or sound judgment. They overestimate the future, and build air-castles, and venture be-

hind their depth, and fail and fail. Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance. They begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of that, and want a change thinking they can do much better at something else. Thus they fritter life away, and succeed at nothing. Others waste time and money, and fail through ruinous habits; tobacco, whiskey, and beer spoil them for business, drive their best customers from them, and scatter their prospects of success. Some fail for want of brains, education and fitness for their calling; they lack a knowledge of human nature, and of the motives that actuate men. They have not qualified themselves for their occupation by practical education.

An Illustration.

One of the rising preachers of England is Rev. John McNeil, who recently, in Mr. Spurgeon's absence, preached with such power of simple and scriptural directness in the Newington Tabernacle. The following illustration from everyday life gives some token of that preacher's method:

I remember a vessel sinking in the Clyde. Pontoons were brought down from Glasgow, and at low water fastened hard and close to the ship. It was over-girded and under-girded, and I don't know what, to make it one with the pontoons. When man had done everything he could, we all stood back and waited till God did his part. The tide began to rise. Would these pontoons lift that helpless wreck with them, or the wreck hold them down beneath the tide that must rise? There was a moment like that here. Peter and John made themselves one with the lame man, like the pontoons. Then they cried to God and waited for the tide, and it came, glorious, full, uplifting. We need this great heart that loves a drunken man and a worse woman; that will take off its fine gloves and lift them. If that has gone out of us, God help us.

What Shall A Bright Girl Read.

The late Bishop George F. Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was one of the most eloquent speakers and brilliant writers of his time. In a letter, dated St. Louis, Oct. 5, 1886, to his daughter Claude, he gives the following wholesome counsel:

I wish, my daughter, that you would devote yourself to serious reading. It is necessary, not only to develop your mind and make your knowledge respectable in society, but it is a high moral duty. It is a grave question whether a Christian ought to read any thing that does not increase knowledge and prepare for life. The very most that can be allowed on the other side is a little light reading for recreation. You, I fear, are wasting time with magazines and tales and empty stories in general. This is a great evil; in fact, a sin. Quit it. Read history, biography, poetry, the English classics; study the Bible in its doctrines, principles, and history. You will thus improve your mind, heart, character. I want you to be wise, good, happy. The time has come for you to prepare earnestly for life and its responsibilities. A word to the wise is sufficient."

Once.

The junior class of a Southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid the crowd was one who had never recited a bad lesson since his matriculation. In his studies he was head and shoulders above the class. That day he had failed. A shade of the deepest gloom came over him and he was melancholy. But the wine and jest passed round while he felt like Lucifer in Eden, where all was joy and gladness around him. Said a classmate, Come, Bob, quaff this bumper, and it will make you feel as bright as the hermit's lamp.

The tempter whispered in his ear, Drink once and forget the past. A powerful struggle seemed to be going on in his mind for a moment; but at last he silently shook his head, and retiring from the room, gave vent to a flood of tears. That boy never drank—not even once. He took the valedictory, and is now president of a college.—*Times of Richmond.*

The Bright Side.

Nature will always take the color of the spectacles we wear. They who choose to wear yellow ones are likely to die of the jaundice; they who prefer rose-color make life a gladness and a blessing, and generally walk on the sunny side of the way. A poor widow, not having bedclothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her hovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do this cold weather who have no boards to put upon their children?" There are people who are never contented with their lot. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, whether in rain or shine.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE

ANODYNE LINIMENT
Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and all Internal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money is refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid, any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2119, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

MARCH 20th.
NEW DRESS GOODS
AT
EDGECOMBE'S.

Having very much enlarged our Dress Department we will show a much more extensive stock this spring than ever. We have always taken the lead in these goods, making it a special feature in buying to bring out the latest novelties in the market, and always show genteel and good wearing fabrics at easy prices.

Fred B. Edgcombe,
194 QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

MARCH 1889.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

House Furnishings, etc.

February 9th, 1889.

NEW GOODS

Hamburg Embroiderys,

Morse & Kaley Mfg. Co.'s KNITTING COTTON,

Hollins & Co.'s BEST ANGOLA

New Prints. | **New Gingham.**

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

SEE HERE.

Call and examine before you purchase elsewhere, my stock of

Groceries, Fruit and Confectionery.

PRICES LOW, consistent with class of Goods. I do not claim to have the best goods in the city, but am quite sure no one has any better; notwithstanding you do in some instances pay more for same class of Goods.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, AT

W. H. VANWART'S
WEST END.

Ft'ron, Dec. 5.

STEAM SAW MILL

FOR SALE AT

Victoria Corner, C. Co.

THE Subscriber offers for sale his Steam Saw Mill, situated on the bank of the St. John river, at Victoria Corner, C. Co., consisting of Rotary Mill and M'cier, Shingle Machine and Lath Machine, with good steam power sufficient to run the above machinery; also power for a grist mill. There being a good opening for a grist mill in the locality, their being no mill on the west side of the river for a distance of twenty-three miles. Any person wishing to engage in the milling and lumber business, this is a good opening, as the property will be sold at a bargain and on easy terms. JAMES W. BOYER, Victoria Corner, C. Co., Sept. 6, '88.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

500 BUSHELS P. E. I. OATS
LANDING THIS DAY.
For sale by **ELY PERKINS.** Fredericton, Aug. 22.