

**God Knoweth Best.**

Some time, 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 were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, 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 potion 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 his 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 friends,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Concels 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 today. Their 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 sandals loose, may rest,  
Then we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think, that we will say, "God knew the best!"

**The Way to use Sunday.**

What is the use of Sunday to a business man or a working man? It often seems to put a stop to his work just when he wants another day; but a sensible man knows that he cannot get on without his Sunday, or day of rest and change and recreation. Men have tried to do without it, but was obliged to give it up. The men who do not keep Sunday are generally bitter, discontented, hard, and disagreeable. Why is it so, and what is the use of Sunday?

1. Sunday is a day of rest. No man was ever intended to go on at his work day after day without change. It is not healthy. This was partly the reason why one day in seven was appointed for rest. The Sabbath was made for man. God considered man's health when he made the law. He told him to do things because they were good for him, and not to do other things because they were bad for him.

2. Sunday is a day of worship. Man is an animal, and needs rest. Man is a spiritual animal, and needs to lift his mind to God and hold communion with him, and offer sacrifice and thanksgiving. Without these, there is no worship; and Sunday is a day on which he can do this without the distraction of business.

3. Sunday is a day of instruction. Sermon-hearing is not worship, however much we may learn from it or be moved by it. But we ought to know *whom* and *why* and *how* we worship. Willful ignorance is a common vice among Christians, and many men who think that they worship God do not know as much about their religion as they could learn from a five-cent catechism.

4. Sunday is a day of good works. Our Lord and master healed the sick on the Sabbath, and preached that the right use of the day was rest from work for self, but not from work for others. Sunday may be used as a day for works of mercy. All spiritual works of mercy may be done on Sunday. To convert the sinner, instruct the ignorant, counsel the doubtful, comfort the sorrowful, bear wrongs patiently, forgive injuries—all these are Sunday works, and every man can do some of them if he will. But that is not all. The corporal works of mercy can be done on Sunday, and few men can do them except on Sunday. A man can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, entertain strangers, visit the sick, go to see prisoners, even if he has no other opportunity.—*Iron Cross.*

**Daily Submission.**

"Why not carry that same spirit of submission into little things?"  
"For instance?"  
"For instance, in the case of worry this morning."  
"What, say 'Thy will be done,' when John forgets to post a letter, putting me in a most annoying predicament?"

"Why not? It was a trial that cost you a day's serenity. You were unkind to John, he reacted in 'bearishness' to you; just when the 'little ruff' will be as before, no one can tell. You think a kiss will make it up, but every such scene injures the delicate bond we call love."

And would you have me say 'Thy will be done,' when Bridget burns the bread or little Jack plays truant?"  
"I would, indeed."  
"Why, it seems almost wicked."  
"Does it seem wicked to use the rain to wash our common household vessels? The lightning to carry an unimportant message—concerning the retailing of a few quarts of peanuts, we will say?"

"Why, no; of course not. But that is different."  
"Not as different as you suppose. Our Father gives Himself in every form for our use. If we should use Him in our daily life to procure patience, long suffering, endurance of little trials, would not that be legitimate?"

The conversation between Mrs. Loomis and Mrs. Osgood had been concerning an experience which Mrs. Loomis had been relating to her friend. She had, years before, lost a beloved child, had submitted heartily to God as to a father, and had found unspeakable peace and uplifting. That wondrous heavenliness of feeling she had lost, and never expected to regain.

As the talk went on, Mrs. Osgood said:—  
"Why not make our lives a perpetual surrender in the thousand little ways in which our wills are crossed, a perpetual yielding to God? There is no doubt we should perpetually receive of His inflowing."  
"But," said Mrs. Loomis, "there are so many things that are wrong, unjust, unfair. Ought we to submit to the wrong?"  
"We ought to let God work in us toward adjusting and healing the wrong. By submission we allow Him to come into our hearts, and work thence outwardly; but by anger and opposition we let badness in, the evil (the Evil One), and adjustment even becomes more and more remote and impossible. Our weapons are not carnal, the Apostle says. In reality the weapons we use are carnal; and only some great trial that threatens to crush us if we do not submit, brings us to the use of the spiritual weapons that we might use every day, nay, every minute of our lives."  
—M. F. BUTTS, in *S. S. Times.*

**A Noble Deed.**

All the world has heard of Hoe's printing presses, which have done so much to make books cheap. The founder of the business was Robert Hoe, a young English carpenter. The story of his arrival in New York is thus related by the man who saw him, a stranger, and took him in, little dreaming of the kindness he was doing to mankind in general.

In 1803 the yellow-fever swept the streets of New York like a Turkish plague. I kept a grocery store, and one afternoon was sitting outside the door with one of my children by my side. I saw a strange man coming along and reading the signs.

"Mr. Thornburn?" said he.  
"Where did you get my name?" said I.  
"I read it on the sign-board," said he; and continued, "I am just come on shore from the ship *Dragon* from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade, but can't get work on account of the fever, if you can tell me where to board, I will pay when I get work."

"How old are you?" I asked.  
"Eighteen years."  
"Did you serve out your apprenticeship?"  
"I never was bound. My father was a carpenter."

"If my wife is willing, I will board you myself," said I, and stepped to the foot of the stairs. My wife stood at the head.  
"Good wife," said I, "a stranger standeth at the door. He has no money; he wants board. Will you take him in?"

"If thee pleaseth," she replied.  
"I will help me to nurse him?"  
"I will," she replied.  
"Thank you, my dear," said I. For this God will bless you."  
Within a week he was down with the fever. I got the best medical advice. My wife and I nursed him. On the fourth day of the fever he was under the operation of powerful medicine. The fever ran through his veins and drank his English blood. I stood by his bedside. He fixed his eyes on mine.

"O Mr. Thornburn, I shall die! I shall die! I can never stand this!"  
"Die?" said I, "Robert, we must all die, but you won't die this week." I spoke unadvisedly, but I thought the end would justify the means.  
"I hope to see you marry one of our bonnie Yankee lasses, and carry your grandchild in my arms."  
I saw this prediction fulfilled to the letter. From that hour the fever left him, and today his worthy sons are improving upon their father's inventions.

**How Mothers can Lighten their Cares.**

The surest way to lighten your labor is to teach your children to wait on themselves. I began to teach my children to do this as soon as they could walk. If a child asked me to reach an article, it learned to come to me while I was getting it down, so as to be ready to take it; or I laid it down, and it could come when it chose. I had a basket for playthings which was never used for other purposes. At night the children were expected to pick all their things up and put them in the basket. I seldom compelled them to do so, never forced them to; but I had them race, or in different ways make them feel how nice it was to help mother. I had nails for each hat and bonnet, and insisted upon their hanging them up each time. Did they always do it? Not by any means; but they knew they ought to, which is considerable when one is teaching children.

When the children wanted to go to bed I sent them for their own night-dresses, which they had hung up themselves. When they brought them I sat down and unbuttoned their clothes. They put on their own night-dresses, which I then buttoned. They would gather up their clothes, take them to some particular place, lay them down, draw a chair to the side of the bed, climb into bed, roll under the clothes, and be asleep before the last ones would get still. In the morning they would lean against the wall or a chair and slip their own feet in their clothes, coming to me to be buttoned. The wash-dish was put in their reach, and each must wash without slopping, and wipe without pulling the towel down. It will take time to teach them this, and a world of patience, but it will save you, and show them that they can do for themselves.—*The Home.*

**The Assessment Too High.**

Brother, some people think if you start out to be religious you have to give up everything, and you can't make any money—you can't do anything; you just have to give the whole business up. I was talking to a feller some time ago, and he said, "Jones, the church is putting my assessment a little too high."

I said, "How much do you pay?"  
He said, "Five dollars a year."  
"Well," I said, "how long have you been converted?"  
He said, "I have been converted now about four years."

"Well, what did you do before you was converted?"  
"I was a drunkard."  
"How much did you spend for whiskey?"  
"I spent about two hundred and fifty dollars a year."  
"How much was your worth?"  
"I rented land and was plowing a steer."

"What have you got now?"  
"I have got a good plantation and a pair of horses."  
"Well," said I, "you paid the devil \$250 a year for the privilege of plowing a steer, and now you don't want to give God five dollars a year for plowing horses. You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot."

There are a great many people that way. I have never known the Lord to bankrupt a man yet, have never known a man that couldn't do better, everything being equal, as a Christian than as a sinner.—*Sam Jones.*

**SHE KNEW HER PEDIGREE.**—Miss Sawyer, who is poor, was introduced at a lunch-party to Miss Taylor, who is rich, and was coldly received. Miss Sawyer is bright and knows her antecedents, and Miss Taylor's also. She was unabashed, and spoke cheerily, "I'm so glad to meet you. I've often wanted to. It's so funny—my name is Sawyer and my grandfather was a tailor, and your grandfather was a sawyer. Mine used to make clothes for yours, and yours used to saw wood for mine."

**SOWING AND REAPING.**—If I sow cards, I reap gamblers; if I sow whiskey, I reap drunkards; if I sow social evils, the natural result is a harvest of people in the community that are shiftless and vicious. Of all the creation of God, the greatest moral, mental, and physical monstrosity in the universe is the natural product of fashionable society, the dude and the dudine, and you will never catch them intermarrying. They will spoil two houses in spite of creation.—*Sam Jones.*

**Be Considerate.**

Persons may make themselves disagreeable by asserting what they call "their rights" on every occasion, or they may make themselves beloved by their thoughtful consideration for others. This incident, from the *Youth's Companion*, illustrates the latter course.

A gentleman living in a city "flat" was accustomed to arrange his fire for the night by putting on the coal, piece by piece, with the tongs.

"Why do you do that so noiselessly?" asked a visitor one night.  
"O, the people downstairs retire very early," was the answer, "and I try not to disturb their dreams."

It was, of course, nothing to him that his neighbors chose to go to bed at nine, while he preferred eleven: he had an undoubted right to rattle coal over their heads as long as he pleased, but he preferred to take such precautions as would leave their rest unbroken.

"What you can do you may do, in fairyland," says an old story, but the fanciful axiom does not apply to real life.

"What you can do, without disturbing others, that you may do," is an amendment better suited to daily living.

**A Catechism.**

Did you ever see a counterfeit \$10 bill?  
Yes.  
Why was it counterfeited?  
Because it was worth counterfeiting.  
Was the \$10 bill to blame?  
No.  
Why not?  
Because it was not worth counterfeiting.  
Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?  
Yes, lots of them.  
Why was he counterfeited?  
Because he was worth counterfeiting.  
Was he to blame for being counterfeited?  
No.  
Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?  
No, never.  
Why not?  
You answer.  
I am through.

**EXAMPLE.**—Mothers should take care how they chide their little ones for faults that have their origin in their own example. An only child, a little boy of six years, feeling dull in the house and naturally anxious for the companionship of children of his own age, one day said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, do let me go out in the street and play! There are thousands and thousands of boys there to have games with—do please let me go, mamma!" His mother rebuked him, saying, that there could not possibly be thousands of boys in that small village, and that it was very wrong to use such exaggerated expressions. The urchin gravely returned: "But, mamma, I heard you tell Aunt Mary the other day that my new boots were miles too large for me!"

**"DON'T SEE THE USE."**—"I don't see the use of it!"  
No, of course not. Why should you see the use of it? Do the school children see the use of all they are set to do! Do the grown-ups see the use of half their cares and trials?

The point is, whether you are willing to do your allotted duty and let some one else see the "use." If you are, you are submitting to the discipline that will lead to generalship some day.

**YOUNG MEN, guard your thoughts.** See to it that your thoughts are pure, honest, right. If images of impurity, dishonest, unrighteousness seek a lodging place in your soul, drive him out and bolt the door, by indignantly repeating the words of Christ, "Get thee behind me Satan." Theft, embezzlement, adultery, murder, all begin in thought; and if you retain such thoughts in your soul, you will become their victim. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

**COSTLY, BUT NOT DEAR.**—An Englishman visiting Sweden, noticing their care for educating children, who are taken from the streets and highways and placed in special schools, inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer: "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery, and crime, to become a scourge to society, as well as a disgrace to himself."

Promise not twice to any man the service you may be able to render him; and be not loquacious, if you wish to be esteemed for your kindness.

No one has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it. There is no evil which right words will not begin to redress.

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-August 5th-

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1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.00
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
1887	496,821.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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