

**All for the Best.**

Secure is that soul in the midst of affliction.  
Who sees in each sorrow the hand of his God.  
And, knowing all things for his good work together,  
Unquestioning bows 'neath each stroke of the rod;  
Oh, blest is that heart that, when tossed by the tempest,  
Can cling to this hope as a bird to its nest,  
And say, with a faith by each trial made stronger:  
"The dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

Each blossom of hope in our lives may be blighted,  
Swept by adversity's pitiless blast;  
Clouds of misfortune o'ershadow our pathway,  
Friends of a lifetime prove false at the last;  
The heart may be sad and the way may be lonely,  
And rough be the path by the weary feet pressed,  
Yet faith pleadeth ever, oh, fail not to trust him:  
"The dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

The seed that, with weeping, we sowed for the Master,  
Unquickened, may lie where it fell by the way;  
Prayers that were wrung from our heart's deepest anguish,  
Unanswered remain, though we cease not to pray;  
The Father may hide for a moment his presence,  
And the soul by its doubts and its fears be distressed;  
But faith whispers low, "Though he slay thee, yet trust him."  
"The dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

The light afflictions, which but for a moment  
The Father hath sent us his promise to seal,  
Are naught to the weight of glory eternal,  
And far more exceeding, which God shall reveal.  
Some day we shall know why the crosses were given,  
For the angels will summon us home to our rest,  
Where, with faith lost in sight, and with vision grown clearer,  
We shall see as God sees, and shall know it was best.

#### She Always Made Home Happy.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

The night before Mrs. Harland died she called Marion to her side, and taking her hands into her own cold ones, said:

"Promise me, daughter, that when I am gone you will take my place and keep a home for your father and the children."

"I will do my best, mother, dear," sobbed the weeping girl, "but I can never fill your place."

"I know it will be hard for you to give up your cherished plans for the future, but God will give you strength for the sacrifice demanded," whispered the dying woman.

Again, with bursting heart, Marion promised to care for the dear ones about to be bereft.

At midnight the unbidden guest entered the stricken home, and when the sun arose in the morning, the Harland children were motherless.

After the funeral was over Marion bravely put aside her beloved books and conscientiously devoted her energies to the task she had undertaken. She made it a point to see that the house was kept in perfect order as of old, and her father and the boys had no cause to complain of the daintily prepared food she served; neither were the little ones less tastefully clothed than when mother's loving fingers had arranged their toilet, but, oh! how they missed the bright, cherry face that had once presided over the home.

Marion tried to do her duty, but the sad countenance she carried constantly about was gloomier even than the somber robes she had donned. Every evening the sun set upon her weeping at her mother's grave, and through the long, tedious day any burst of merriment from the children was quickly silenced by her reproachful eyes. How could they be happy, and their dear mother lying so still and cold in the silent grave!

One evening, after a peculiarly trying day, she went up-stairs to prepare for her accustomed walk. As she passed through the living-room, she caught a glimpse of her father's sad face turned westward towards the cemetery where the white monuments glistened in the setting sun.

She felt a momentary impulse to sit down by his side and try to cheer him, but her own heart was too heavy to minister to the woes of others, so she hurried on, leaving him alone in his sorrow. The boys' room was next to hers, and as she tied on her hat, she heard Frank say in a pleading tone, "I do wish, Charlie, that you would not get into the habit of spending your evenings in such a place. No good can come of it."

"No harm either, I suppose," was the defiant answer. "It is bright and cheerful there, and a fellow must have a little fun."

"You know mother would not have approved of the association you are forming," replied Frank, sadly.

"And if she had not died I never would have been tempted to go, for she always made home happy," said Charlie in a subdued voice. After a moment's silence, he added, "It is so gloomy here, I often feel like running away. Why can't Marion be cheerful like other people whose friends have gone to heaven?"

"Hush!" whispered Frank. "She does the best she can. Has she not given up her school-life and all her bright prospects that we may have a home together?"

It is a poor home where all the sunshine is shut out, mused Charlie. It may be all right, but I wish things were different.

And they shall be, gasped Marion, as an overwhelming sense of her selfishness, in so indulging her grief, took possession of her. Mother, Mother, I have proven untrue to my trust.

For a few moments the fair head was bowed in earnest supplication, then the young girl arose and went softly down stairs. Raising the curtains in the darkened parlor, she seated herself at the piano and allowed her fingers to wander over the keys. At first the notes were plaintive, but after a few moments a happy song trembled on her lips. She noticed her father changing his position to catch the words of the melody, and after a few moments Frank came down the stairs and joined his voice with hers. As the evening advanced the children gathered in, and Charlie did not go down-town as he had proposed. Though it pained Marion to smile when she felt like crying, she tried to forget self in the happiness of others. The time never came when the mother was not missed from the family circle, yet, by keeping close to the cross and cheerfully performing her duty, Marion succeeded in her efforts to make a happy home for her father and the children. If she ever regretted the disappointment she had met in not being permitted to finish her education, her outer life gave no indication of the unrest within.

At Marion's suggestion, the son's loving words, "She always made home happy," were engraved upon the mother's tomb-stone, and no higher, sweeter tribute could be paid to woman, be she wife, sister or mother.—*Chris. Inquiry.*

#### Nazareth And Damascus.

Nazareth is now a town of about 6,000, and finely situated on the sides of an extinct volcano, in the crater of which we pitched our camp—an area of about thirty acres. As I looked out on that Sabbath morning on the hills surrounding the town, and drank the water from the only spring in the vicinity, and reflected that on those hills the Son of Man spent his childhood days, and drank water from the same spring, it made history seem very real. In the morning we attended a service at the English Church, and in the afternoon visited the school for orphan Mohammedan girls, where eighty-five orphans, ranging from seven to sixteen years, gave an interesting exercise in recitation and song. During the day, we were shown a carpenter's shop, said to stand upon the site of Joseph's shop. We visited the modern synagogue, located on the site of the ancient one, in which Christ entered, took the roll, read, and said, "This day is the Scripture fulfilled," etc. The home of the Virgin, the place of the annunciation, the rock on which Christ and his disciples are said to have supped, the Spring of the Virgin, etc., were shown to us, visiting each in turn.

The next Monday morning we passed Cana of Galilee, the scene of the first miracle, and soon after we entered on the plain of Hietin, said to be the location of the fields of corn through which Christ and his disciples passed on that morning when they were hungry, and plucked and ate. At the northern extremity of this plain is the mountain of Beatitudes, so called, now named the Homes of Hattin, and celebrated as the place of defeat of the Crusaders in that last memorable battle when Saladin himself slew the grand master with his own hand on account of his faithlessness.

After six hours' ride from Nazareth, we came to Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee, on which we rode in two small row-boats to Capernaum, distant six miles, then back two miles to Bethsaida, where we camped for the night. All this was exceedingly interesting, and might well afford material for a whole letter. Of our trip by the waters of Meron, Caesarea Philippi, the source of the Jordan, over Mount Hermon, thence to Damascus, over the same road St. Paul travelled when he saw the vision—I can say nothing now for want of time, but every part of it was interesting.

We reached Damascus on Friday, and remained there until the next Tuesday morning. It is now a city of 280,000, and it is noted for its

beauty of situation and environment of beautiful gardens. We ascended the mountain-side from which Mohammed viewed the city, and remarked, Man enters Paradise but once, and turned away. We visited its bazaars, in the street called Straight, the wall where Paul was let down in a basket, the house of Naaman the leper, and the tomb of St. George, the great Mosque, the house of Ananias, not twenty-one steps below the level of the present city, and many other places of interest. Much of the merchandise bought at Damascus is really manufactured in other countries, mostly in Europe, and the stores are assuming more and more a European appearance. "Straight Street" once so crooked, is being straightened and made a covered way, lined on either side by bazaars. The river Barada (the ancient Abana) flows through the city, affording a fine supply of water.—*Prof. T. C. George.*

#### Why They Were Poor.

Two ragged young men, with faces pinched by hunger, stopped the other evening before a stately dwelling in one of our large cities. As the curtains were not drawn, they could catch glimpses of a bright interior, the walls lined with books and pictures, and prettily dressed children playing. A grave old man, with white hair, alighted from his carriage and entered the house.

One of the men muttered a curse on the "bloated aristocrats." "Why should they live in idleness on the fat of the land, while you and me toil and starve?"

Now this was a hackneyed, popular bit of pathos, which has been effective since time began. The world invariably bestows its sympathy upon the poor man out in the cold and darkness, while it is apt to suspect the rich man, simply because he is rich, of being a selfish tyrant.

The facts in this case were that the owner of the mansion had earned his fortune, dollar by dollar, by steady, hard work. Now that he had earned it, much of his time was given to considering and relieving the wants of his poorer brethren. He was sober, frugal and temperate.

The men outside were lazy mechanics, who had chosen drink and gambling in pool-rooms instead of work. They had their reward in rags and starvation.

The boys who read these lines will soon take their place as citizens of a nation where the antagonism between the poor and the rich is pushed by foolish and vicious men to the point of actual combat. Let them look at the matter as it is, unmoved by false sentiment on either side. A man in a palace is not necessarily a Dives, forgetful of God; nor is the beggar at his gate sure of heaven merely because he is a beggar. It was not his poverty that carried Lazarus to Abraham's bosom.

In this country there are a great many men like George Peabody, Asa Packer, Stephen Girard, John Hopkins and Isaiah Williamson, who have accumulated great wealth by hard, honorable work, and who have devoted it to the help of humanity. And there are countless poor men who owe their poverty to idleness, dishonesty, or love of liquor.

Learn to be just, boys, to the rich as to the poor, and you will be lacking in charity to neither. If you have inherited wealth, remember how hard it is for those who put their "trust in riches to enter the kingdom of God." If you are poor, remember that you are no more honest, estimable or devout because you are poor.

The man with five hundred dollars a year may trust in his money and exaggerate its value as the man with millions. If you lie or cheat for a single dollar, it soils the soul the same as if it were all the diamonds of Golconda.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### The Conversion of Prof. W.

"Don't go into that house," said a lady to our German colporteur at P—, in Illinois; "there is a crazy Dutchman there."

Bro. L— smiled. "It is my duty to go into every house," said he; "I will go into this one." As he entered the door he explained his calling and purpose to the occupants of the house, a German and his wife—he an infidel, she a Roman Catholic. A glance revealed the most abject poverty. There was no fire in the stove. There was no food, and no money where-with to buy the necessities of life.

"Go away with your God! Away with your religion!" cried the man. "We have seen Christians in our country; we don't believe in Christians." His ravings seemed to almost justify the lady's conviction that he was a crazy Dutchman. Brother L— began to sympathize with them, and presently drew from them their history. The husband was Prof. W—, who once was employed as a teacher in an Agricultural college in Germany. Owing to his Socialistic convictions he fell under the displeasure of the

college authorities and lost his appointment. Proud of his acquirements in Greek, Latin, German and French, our professor gathered his money together and came to America, expecting to find plenty of opportunities for work here. Unfortunately he did not know English, and so his learning was of little use to him. Gradually his money wasted away. He wrought with his hands, but at last no work could be had. He was eighty dollars in debt, with neither money or friends. That very morning he and his wife had consulted as to the wisdom of putting an end to their misery by suicide.

Brother L—, taking in the situation, asked them to allow him to leave his bundle of books for a few minutes. Going to a store near by, he bought half a ton of coal, some bread and meat, and returning he made ready a good meal, and then united with them in prayer, he said. "Now let us eat." "What sort of a man are you?" asked the German, astonished. "I am a Christian," said Brother L—, "and a colporteur of the American Tract Society. It is my duty to help you in your trouble. God sent me to you to-day, and whether you believe in him or not, here I am sent to bring you glad tidings of salvation. He then gave him a German translation of Nelson on Infidelity and some other tracts, and going to some of the town-people interested them in his case. At a special meeting held by the colporter this infidel and his wife were converted, and they are now members of a Methodist church in good standing in the city of A—.

Such a case exhibits some of the experiences and practical Christianity of a colporteur's life. This brother has seen more than two hundred German families converted during the last year.—*American Messenger.*

#### A Time for All Things.

Timeliness is as important as fitness. The right thing may become wrong unless it is in the right time. Look well to the time of doing anything; there is a time for all things. Choose the right time for saying things. If your wife looks wearied and worn out, be sure it is not the right time to tell her that the dinner is not hot, or that the bread is sour. Comfort her—cheer her up.

If you are annoyed or vexed at people, just remember that it is not the right time to speak. Close your mouth—shut your teeth together firmly, and it will save you many a useless and unavailing regret and many a bitter enemy.

If you happen to feel a little cross—and who among us does not at some time or other?—do not select that season for reproving your noisy household flock. One word spoken in passion will make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over.

If you are a wife never tease your husband when he comes home, weary, from his day's business. It is not the right time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times—it is, most assuredly, the wrong time.

If he has entered upon an undertaking against your advice, do not seize on the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four monosyllables.

O, if people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, less silent sorrow and less estrangement of heart. The greatest calamities that overshadow our lives have sometimes their germ in matters as apparently slight as this. If you would only pause, reader, before the stinging taunt, or the biting sneer, or the unkind scoff passes your lips—pause just long enough to ask yourself, "Is it the right time for me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a heartache.

#### Where Payson Knelt.

When I was in Portland, having an hour to spend, I sought out the sexton of the church where Edward Payson preached, and said to him: "Where is the house in which Mr Payson died?"

There are the remains of it, he replied, pointing to a house partly torn down.

Is it true, I asked, that they found the boards in the floor beside his bed worn by his knees where he had prayed?

The old sexton said, *It is true.* Morning and evening the man of God prayed there, so long that his very boards felt the impress of his knees. When Payson lived, and when Payson died he shook the State of Maine, and he shook New England that had the power over men that he had.—*The Christian.*

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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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