

The Gain Of Loss.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We hollowed the bed for our darling's rest,
And lined it with roses white and red,
And the sod above it we softly pressed.
'Sleep well,' through our gathering tears,
We said.

But O! the desolate hours we spent
In the silent home from which baby went.

We missed the patter of little feet,
And the broken music of baby talk;
We were lo't for the cares that had been so
sweet.

When the fearless liddle began to walk,
And scarce could feel that another hand
Was guiding him now in the better land.

The lonely days, and the lonely nights,
Had they ever a gain our fond hearts
knew?

Ah, yes! for oft, from the heavenly heights,
Came echoes floating on darkness thro';
And the land beyond grew near and bright,
Where our beautiful baby lived in light.

And our lives were touched by holier grace
And each to each was bound the more
For the dream in our souls of a little face
Waiting for us on the farther shore;
And day by day we heard the chime
Of bells beyond this passing time.

There came to us, too, from th' baby's grave,
A tender thought for those who wept,
And our hands were swifter to bless and
save,
Our hearts in yearning love were kept,
We were fain to cure each bitter ache,
Or ease its smart for baby's sake.

And so we have learn'd to count the gain,
Where once we counted alone the loss;
And so, through the bitter-sweet of pain,
Thank God, we're wiser with the cross.
"For the life that is quickened but through
death!"

—Congregationalist.

The Saints Of Our Childhood.

The remembrance of the people
who made our childhood sunny and
bright, should influence us to be in-
terested in child-life wherever we
find it. It is surprising when we
consider it, what slight things, trifles
as they seem to us, make deep, im-
perishable impressions on the hearts
of children.

What "little things" they were
that made sweet memories for us in
those far off days, and how they
have stayed with us through the
changes and burdens of life! We
sit alone and call up sweet faces,
repeat over kindly words, gratefully
remembering the helping hand given
over the hard places of those untold
childhood days. Those people whom
we loved with our pure, unselfish,
childish love, are now in our matur-
er years enshrined as saints in our
hearts.

And we remember, too, the people
who had no sympathy with the
young; who expected the judgment,
patience, and uncomplaining labor
of the man and woman who were
doing the work of maturer years.
We remember the faces that frowned
at us when we made mistakes, or
did the "naughty things" inci-
dent not only to child-life, but to
adult-life as well. We remember
those who never gave us an encour-
aging word when we had tried the
best we could to do our duty—those
who witnessed our conflicts and our
victories, but who never gave us
words of commendation, but who al-
ways make much of our failures.

At this moment two women come
to mind who have long since passed
away from earth. They were both
good women, both hard-working
women, but their ways were so dif-
ferent in their dealings with children.
Visiting them in the summer time,
and having free scope to ramble over
the large farms, with their pretty
brooks, their green pastures, and
their groves, was a great treat to us
city children. We were to help
these good women some, in consid-
eration of our pleasant outing; they
were burdened with many cares,
and the wearying labors that used to
come in the olden time of farming.

Aunt Elvira's work was always so
momentous, so stupendous, that as
soon as we sat down to the break-
fast table, she began to tell over what
had to be done that day. One thing
followed another, until taken as a
whole, we thought we could never
get through it all—at least our part
of it. She moved around in such a
frightened sort of a way, with cap
strings flying and hurried step, that
we were frustrated, and jumbled up
everything, trying to keep up with
her; and then she fretted so much,
for fear she should not get her re-
quired daily work done. She was
worn out, for she did work very hard.
Looking back from a distant stand-
point, it is surprising how the dear,
good women in the farm-houses
could accomplish so much.

Aunt Serena was entirely differ-
ent in her way of getting help out
of us. We did more for her than
we did for Aunt Elvira. But we
did not know it. "One thing at a
time, children, and when you've
finished that, then we will see what
comes up next." Meal times were
resting spells, and always made
bright by the pleasant talk which
she managed to get us and the
"men folks," who had been busily

employed outside, interested in.
Aunt Serena always had a fund to
draw from in the way of stories,
about the time when she was a little
girl, that she told us while we were
helping her with her household
tasks. She was just as good and
considerate of the chore boy who
worked there as she was of us. It
was never a wearisome labor to him
to keep Aunt Serena's wood-box
and water-pails full. In looking
back on her wonderful life, she was
a saint on earth in very truth.

When things went wrong on the
farm, and her husband came in with
dejected face, and asked 'Don't you
feel discouraged, mother?' she would
always say 'No, I am not discourag-
ed; I am disappointed, of course.'
Being with such persons makes
children endeavor to cultivate grand
and good characteristics. We are
not careful enough to leave an im-
pression upon the characters of chil-
dren with whom we come in con-
tact, that should help them when
they are grown up and are face to
face with the stern realities of daily
living. Child-life is helpful to
adult-life if it makes us more par-
ticular about our ways and our
words.

A business man not long since
was asked why he helped a friend
with money at a time when the cir-
cumstances were such that the
money in all probability would
never be returned. He replied
That man's mother was always so
good to me when I was a boy that
I am glad to help him even if I
never get a cent of the money back.
I was a half-grown boy, noisy, and
I know I must have been a torment
to her oftentimes, but she was al-
ways so very patient and kind to
me. And with all her cares and
hard work remembered the little
things that go to make a boy's life
happy.

Don't expect too much of chil-
dren. Make the work given them
to do as pleasant and light as can be
by words of commendation. Never
discourage; encourage always. A
perverse child will not be any less
perverse if told there was never such
a bad child, and never will be, and
you have utterly given him up.
Our influence for good over chil-
dren depends upon our quiet ways,
our Christian example of daily liv-
ing, and our sympathy with them in
their undertakings, their mistakes,
and their wrong-doings.

To understand child life, and be
able to adapt oneself to the charac-
teristics of that life, its needs and
limitations, is the secret of gaining
an honored saintship in their hearts
while life shall last.—Evangelist.

The Test Of Progress.

It was Monday morning, and, ac-
cording to his usual custom, Dr.
J— set out for Boston to attend
the "Preachers' Meeting." As the
cars were crowded, he shared his
seat with a young lawyer whose face
he had seen several times before, but
who was a stranger to him. In
chatting with him, the doctor soon
discovered that his name was Robert
Lindsay, and he was the son of his
old schoolmate Tom Lindsay. With
the interest of an old friend Dr. J—
inquired, Where do you attend
church?

Well, the fact is, replied Robert,
I am not much of a church-going
man. I have never been inside of a
church since I came to H—.

The doctor looked a trifle sur-
prised as he resumed: Were you never
in the habit of attending church?

Oh, yes, said the young man.
I always went to church when I was
a boy in New Hampshire, and
thought seriously of becoming a
churchmember when I left home;
but as I have grown older, my views
have entirely changed. As I went
away to school, and came to college,
my studies broadened my mind, and
made me see things in a different
light. I am growing daily more
liberal in my ideas. I believe in
progress. I am what you might call
an advanced thinker.

Would you mind telling me what
you understand by the term advan-
ced thinker?

Certainly not, said Robert. I
understand by it one who cuts
loose from the set notions and stiff
doctrines of the past. I sympathize
with the newer and more elastic
views of truth that are growing out
of modern scientific studies. I like
a rational religion that is not bound
up in church-going and sentimental-
ism, but keeps abreast of the best
thoughts of the time.

After a short pause, the doctor
continued: I have not seen your
father since we were boys together.
Did he hold the same views that you
do?

Oh, no. Father and mother were
both members of the little Congrega-
tional church in my native village.
Mother was brought up a Method-
ist, and her father was presiding
elder. Father's ancestors have been
deacons in the Congregational church
for several generations.

It seems almost strange that you
should break away from the old
order of things.

I consider it the natural result of

my mode of life. My parents had
always lived away up there, out of
the world, and although they were
very intelligent, they were simple-
minded people. It was not till I
went about among men and saw
more of the world that I got rid of
the old notions.

Was your father a good man,
Robert? asked the doctor.

The best of men, replied Robert,
with some heat. If ever there were
saints in this world, my father and
mother were two of them, and grand-
father was another.

Are you better than they were?

Why do you ask such a question?
I don't profess to be as good as
they were. It isn't in me. They
were so conscientious about every
thing, and so devoted to doing good.
I am too busy to attend to anything
but my business and my family,
though I always give something
whenever a worthy cause is pressed
upon me. I always intend to be
honest, though I see no use in being
quite so scrupulous as they were.

Then your advanced views have
not made you a better man than
your father?

I don't know that my views have
anything to do with my life. Phil-
osophy and business are distinct
matters.

Were your father and mother
happy?

Yes, always. They had a simple,
old-fashioned trust in God that
made them happy even in the darkest
days, for they said that he would
surely bring everything out right.

Are you happier than they were?
Or do your views make those about
you happier?

No; I don't think we should be
forever thinking [about happiness].
Seeking happiness seems to me a
very selfish and narrow view of the
end of human life. We ought to
think first of development and pro-
gress.

But if your views do not make
yourself and the world either better
or happier, what commends them to
you? Why do you call them pro-
gressive?

They seem to be more philoso-
phical, more in accordance with the
progress of the age, more acceptable
to scholarly minds, than the old no-
tions.

So you prefer handsome foliage to
wholesome fruit, eh? You remind
me of a French physician of whom
I once read. Having invented a
new method of treating a difficult
disease, he had just tried it upon a
patient in the hospital. Soon after,
meeting a brother physician, he be-
gan to speak in glowing terms of
the superiority of the new treat-
ment. His friend interrupted with
the question, How about the
patient? Is he doing well? Oh,
replied the enthusiast, his ardour
not a whit abated, the patient died;
but the method of treatment is so
superior, so human, so progressive!

At that moment the train drew
up in the Boston depot, and the
doctor bade his young friend good
morning, leaving him to make the
application of the story for himself.
—George H. Hubbard.

Why?

The editor of the *Zion's Herald*
has been West. He saw and heard
some things in a big church there.
Whereupon he asks the following
questions:

"Why does that soprano singer
in that quartet pose so strikingly
for attitudes? It is now the look
of indifference and utter nonchal-
ance. She would have the audience
understand that she does not need
to make any effort in order to sing.
She does not even look at the music.
She is now turning the whole
congregation, surveying her head in
all directions. She is evidently a
cultivated singer with a fine voice,
but there is a jaunty and frivolous
manner about her, though all a stud-
ied art, that renders her singing
unpleasant and repulsive. Why
does she not put her soul into her
singing with an absorption that shall
make her indifferent to the opinion
of observers? We think there is
altogether too much of such posing
in church choirs. "Why does the
minister offer so long a prayer? It
is tedious, and extinguishes by sheer
weariness the spirit of devotion in
the audience. It is easy to fall into
this practice. We are of the opinion
that a majority of our worshipful
congregations would say that the
prayers of the clergy are too long.
Dr. Burton, of Hartford, received
the intimation that he had fallen
into this habit. He was surprised.
At first he did not believe it, but as
a practical test employed a stenog-
rapher to give him an exact report
of his ordinary prayer. He was
astonished at the result. It was
two or three times as long as he
supposed. Immediately he forced
himself to an abridgement, and rig-
idly continued the practice through-
out the remainder of his remarkably
successful ministry. The Pharisee
was volunuous, the publican brief
and explicit.

"Why does the minister talk so
much and about everything? He
is scarcely in the pulpit before he
has some general request to make,

or some special announcement. He
talks about the psalm which is to
be read responsively. He reads
the whole of the most familiar
hymns, and comments upon several
lines. He gives a rambling and
evidently unstudied exegesis of his
New Testament lesson. The notices
are linked to special explanations,
entreaties, and exhortations. He
tells the 'dear people' again how
much he loves them, and how faith-
fully he desires to serve them. He
has not yet come to his sermon,
but has already exhausted his fresh-
ness in trifles. He talks, talks,
talks, until the audience is wearied
before he reaches the fitting time to
talk. It is refreshing to see the
minister who holds himself in reserve
for the great work of the pulpit—
the preaching of the word."

Boys, go Home.

Ab, boys! you who have gone out
from the homestead into the rush
and bustle of life, do you ever think
of the patient mothers who are
stretching out to you arms that are
powerless to draw you back to your
old home nest?

No matter, though your hair is
silver-streaked, and Dot in the cradle
calls you grandpa, you are "the
boys" so long as the mother lives.
You are the children of the old home.
You may have failed in the battle
of life, and your manhood may have
been crushed out against the wall of
circumstances; you may have been
prosperous, gained wealth and fame,
but mother's love has followed you
always. Many a "boy" has not
been home for five or ten or twenty
years. And all this time mother
has been waiting. She may be even
now saying, "I dreamed of my John
last night. May be he will come
to-day. Hemay drop in for dinner,"
and the poor, trembling hands pre-
pare some favorite dish for him.
Dinner comes and goes, but John
comes not with it. Thus day after
day, month after month, year after
year passes, till at last "hope deferred
maketh the heart sick," aye,
sick unto death; the arms are stretch-
ed out no longer.

The dim eyes are closed, the gray
hairs smoothed over for the last
time, and the tired hands are folded
to everlasting rest, and the mother
waits no more on earth for one who
comes not. God grant that she may
not in vain wait for his coming in
the heavenly home. Once more I
say unto you, boys, go home, if only
for a day. Let mother know you
have not forgotten her. Her days
may be numbered. Next winter
may cover her grave with snow.
—Selected.

A Dear Five Cents.

Some years ago there lived in New
York a shrewd old merchant named
Aymar. He used to receive cargoes
of mahogany and logwood, which
were sold at auction. On one oc-
casion a cargo was to be sold at
Jersey City, and all hands started
from the auctioneer's room to cross
the ferry. When they were going
through the gate, Mr. Aymar noticed
one of the largest buyers slip
through without paying five cent's
fare. He told the auctioneer not
to take a bid from that man.

Why! said the auctioneer. I
thought he was good.

So did I, answered Mr. Aymar,
but I have changed my mind, and I
will not trust him one dollar.

A few months proved the accu-
racy of the judgment of Mr. Aymar,
for the slippery merchant failed,
and did not pay five cents on the
dollar.

It does not follow by any means
that business disaster will come as a
retribution to a dishonest trader,
but this is certain—that a man who
will steal even so trifling a sum as
would pay his fare on a horse-car or
ferry-boat, will be likely to cheat
you out of a larger sum if he finds a
safe opportunity.—Kansas Chautauqua.

The Lost Grip.

A woman came to Mr. Carr at
the close of one of his Bible read-
ings, and said: "You told the truth
to-day. My husband is an infidel,
but he did respect Christianity a
little until one night I took a
character in a drama played in our
church. That night I lost my grip
on my husband. I am afraid I
shall never get it again." The
church that resorts to broom drills
and dramas and mum socials and
fairs and festivals to raise money, is
without the faith that takes hold on
God. A genuine Holy Ghost re-
vival is a thing unknown. Fathers
have lost their grip on wayward
sons, mothers have lost their grip
on unconverted daughters, the
Church has lost her grip on God.
Down on her knees in sackcloth and
ashes before Him who drove the
buyers and sellers out of the tem-
ple, let such a church plead with
God for mercy, promise to forgo all
worldly measures of money-making,
and regain the lost grip.—The
Illustrator.

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1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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