

## One Less At Home.

One less at home!  
The charmed circle broken; a dear face  
Missed day by day from its accustomed  
place;  
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by  
grace,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore  
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore  
Where parting comes not, one soul landed  
more,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;  
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;  
And far away our coming to await,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought  
would rise,  
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim  
our eyes;  
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the  
skies—  
One more in heaven!

One more at home!  
This is not home where, cramped in earthly  
mold,  
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;  
But there, where face to face we shall be-  
hold,  
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!  
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;  
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;  
One more the crown of ransomed souls to  
wear,  
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!  
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,  
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,  
Another link on high our souls to raise  
To home and heaven!

One more at home—  
That home where separation cannot be,  
That home where none are missed eternal-  
ly.  
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,  
At home in heaven!  
—*Littell's Living Age.*

## Kindling Wood.

A bitter cold day I came across 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 attend-  
ed a certain church, but supposing  
attendants of that church not friend-  
ly 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 mem-  
bers 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; de-  
livery waggons from the grocer's  
stopped to leave orders; the family  
was quite in surprise; they were  
wonderfully helped. In some cases  
they traced their unknown benefac-  
tors, and in every case they found  
that the benefactors 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 be-  
nevolence the frost was taken out of  
their own hearts. This pine kind-  
ling gave a good heat, and had its  
effects. I hope and trust that the  
stones, mellowed by the heat of be-  
nevolence, by the hand of the great  
Master builder, may be shaped into  
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 in-  
fidel. As the whole community at-  
tended church services on 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 recover-  
ed, 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 glori-  
ous image of him against whom he  
formerly sneered, and whose Word  
he ridiculed.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## Confidence.

Not long ago there came to our  
knowledge an instance of a young  
life blighted for want of that confi-  
dence which should exist between  
mothers and daughters. Could this  
girl at whose character the poisoned  
arrow of suspicion had been unjust-  
ly aimed have found a confidant in  
her mother, the ranking wound she  
received might have been medicated  
and healed. As it was she brooded  
in silence over the sorrow she could  
not intrude on another, and under  
the pressure of her mental sufferings  
broke down both in mind and body  
and became an invalid for years.

One plain, frank, kind talk with her  
mother might have saved her untold  
agony of mind and suffering of body.  
There are children so open-heart-  
ed and outspoken and care free that  
there is little danger that conceal-  
ment, like a worm in the bud, will  
feed upon their vitals. And there  
are reticent children, brooding chil-  
dren, sensitive children, of whose  
interior life it is almost impossible  
to get a glimpse. What loving,  
tender, constant, wholesome sym-  
pathy such children need, but how  
often they are left to themselves to  
become morbid, unhealthy, cankered,  
and spoiled. If some gentle but  
firm hand—a mother's hand—would  
insist on opening the closed doors of  
their hearts, on letting the warmth  
of sympathy and the sunshine of free  
communication into the hidden recesses  
of their souls, the darkness of their  
thoughts would vanish, perplexing  
questions would be solved, the spec-  
ters of doubt and discouragement  
that haunt them would be laid.

The girl who finds a confidant in  
her mother is safe. That boy whose  
heart is an open book to his mother  
is safe. The wise and skillful mother  
will learn how to possess herself in  
such a way of the heart of her child  
that the secret recesses of that heart  
will be opened to her. And it is  
infinitely more important to the  
child that his best friend should  
have a pass-key to every innermost  
apartment of his spiritual nature  
than that the body should be nurtur-  
ed ever so carefully.

Children should be encouraged to  
express themselves freely to their  
parents; to tell their dreams even,  
both waking and sleeping; to talk  
about their religious views and  
thoughts; to ask God aloud for what  
they need with as little hesitation  
and shamefacedness as they ask  
their parents for bread or clothes or  
toys. Young hearts that thus lie  
open to the sunshine of sympathy  
and of appreciation will not be cor-  
roded by fretting cares or griefs,  
and will readily recover from those  
wounds and bruises which none sub-  
ject to mortal ills can escape.

## A Short Sermon on Kickers.

We are told in the text, my be-  
loved hearers, that "Jeshurun waxed  
fat and kicked." Jeshurun was  
therefore, so far as the Scriptures  
inform us, the original kicker. I  
would proceed to mention, for the  
benefit of brethren of a critical turn  
of mind, that "kicker" is a good  
English word, meaning an objector  
—a chronic objector to everything  
that anybody else proposes. Breth-  
ren will discover this by consulta-  
tion of Webster's Dictionary. Hav-  
ing set your minds at rest upon so  
important a point, I will now advance  
to develop the text under two heads;  
namely:

I. Jeshurun waxed fat.

II. He kicked.

I would merely remark, in pass-  
ing, that it seems quite likely he  
kicked because he waxed fat.

I. And, first, then, Jeshurun  
waxed fat. Which leads me to ex-  
pound the various kinds of fatness.

1. He may have only waxed fat  
in his own mind. His belief that  
he was actually fat may have only  
been, as Governor William Allen, of  
Ohio, used to say, with a bad word  
prefixed, "a barren idealism." His  
assumption of size may have had no  
more solid foundation than that of  
the frog in the fable, who filled himself  
with wind in trying to be as big as an  
ox. Jeshurun may have had neither  
wit, wisdom, nor wealth; but being  
dressed up in a little brief authority,  
as church deacon or trustee, could  
only satisfy his own sense of im-  
portance, and secure the notice  
which his vanity craved, by kicking.

There are such mentioned in the  
Bible, my brethren—"heady, high-  
minded," "puffed up" with a feeling  
of their bigness, which is nowhere  
but in their own thoughts.

2. Or, again, Jeshurun may have  
had much money, but along with it  
much ignorance. He made his pile  
some years ago by a smart corner in  
guano, or a sudden rise in soap fat.  
He was put upon the board to flatter  
him, or more suitable men, in  
hope the Church might get some of  
his wealth. Verily, the Church had  
its reward. With a vast assump-  
tion of wisdom he lectured the min-

ister upon the proper doctrines to  
preach. He hectored the Sunday-  
School teachers. He bullied the  
Ladies' Aid Society. He dictated to  
the treasurer and pew committee.  
He vetoed every plan of church  
work that he did not propose. Let  
us wrestle with our feelings, breth-  
ren; it was hard to stand him; but  
it served us right, for we knew how  
to do better.

II. 1. I would proceed to re-  
mark, in the second place, my dear  
friends, that Jeshurun, having waxed  
fat, kicked. It runs in my mind,  
however, that I have already inti-  
mated something of the sort, and  
thus, in a measure, anticipated this  
branch of subject. But his kicking  
was so patiently continued, so re-  
iterated, and it was of such an ag-  
gressive quality, so peculiarly his  
own, as it were, that I may perhaps  
be indulged in dwelling a little more  
fully upon particulars. He kicked  
in season and out of season. Was  
a protracted meeting proposed, he  
kicked; was a Sunday-school concert  
talked of, he kicked; was a young  
people's prayer meeting organized,  
he kicked; was a sinking fund for  
the payment of the church debt set  
on foot, he kicked; were new  
hymnals about to be purchased for  
the congregation, he kicked; did  
the leaders of the Thursday night  
meeting introduce fresh devices to  
add to its interest, he kicked; did  
the new minister come eating and  
drinking, he kicked; did he come  
neither eating nor drinking, he  
kicked. He was an individual who  
made his way in the world by pro-  
gressing backward, with his heels all  
the while in active operation, play-  
ing the devil's tattoo upon every-  
thing that stood in the way.

2. Finally, my beloved brethren,  
let us contemplate the results of  
Jeshurun's kicking. It is very im-  
portant to notice that while the  
scriptures affirm he was fat when he  
began to kick, they do not state  
that he remained so. On the con-  
trary, it seems very likely that he  
kicked all the fat off, and thus be-  
came quite lean, even like unto  
Pharaoh's lean kine. Perhaps if,  
according to our first supposition, he  
was only puffed up with windy self-  
importance, somebody caused his  
collapse by a sharp thrust of indigna-  
tion, as bloated cattle are some-  
times relieved by stabbing. But if  
his sebaceous substance was of the  
second sort, it is at least certain that  
he at length kicked himself spiritu-  
ally lean. No kicker can long keep  
fat. He may have grown up as the  
calves of the stall; his hide may  
have been glossy, his ribs well cov-  
ered with the plumpest flesh; but an  
undue indulgence of the kicking  
propensity will soon make him so  
poor that he is fit for nothing but to  
be manufactured into glue, buttons  
and commercial fertilizer.

Most melancholy of all, my dear  
hearers, was the effect of Jeshurun's  
kicking upon others. They took to  
kicking in their turn. The whole  
herd was infected with bad humor.  
Nobody proposed anything but that  
all the rest either surlily shook their  
heads or turned their heels upon it.  
As a result, the church to which  
Jeshurun belonged kicked itself to  
pieces. Next, its individual mem-  
bers broke their legs kicking at each  
other. Finally, as they lay upon  
the ground, unable to stand longer,  
they broke their backs kicking into  
the air in pure ugliness. Then they  
were dragged out into the boneyard,  
and a more peaceful race took pos-  
session of their place.

Now, my esteemed people, hear  
the application. Beware of falling  
into the habit of kicking. Hold  
your feet to the ground; they are to  
walk with; to carry you forward; to  
help your fellow-men in their plans  
for doing good, and not to batter  
them with. Avoid getting your  
back up, and your heels into the  
air. From treason, murder, sudden  
death, and all kickers, good Lord,  
deliver us!—*Western Advocate.*

## The Unexpected Answer.

Something stayed his feet. There  
was a fire in the grate within—for  
the night was chill—and it lit the  
little parlor, and brought out in  
startling effects the pictures on the  
wall. But these were as nothing to  
the picture on the hearth. There,  
by the soft glow of the firelight,  
kneled his little child, at its mother's  
feet, its small hands clasped in  
prayer, its fair head bowed, and its  
rosy lips uttering each word with  
childish distinctness. The father  
listened, spellbound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet innocent! The man him-  
self who stood there with bearded  
lips tightly shut together had said  
that prayer once at his mother's  
knee. Where was that mother now?  
The sunset gates had long ago un-  
barred to let her pass through. But  
the child had not yet finished; he  
heard her, God bless mamma, papa,  
and my own self. Then there was  
a pause, and she lifted her troubled  
blue eyes to her mother's face. God  
bless papa, I kissed the little one; and  
—please send him home sober. He

could not hear the mother as she  
said this, but the child followed, in  
a clear, inspiring tone: God—bless  
papa,—and please—send him—home  
—sober. Amen. Mother and child  
sprang to their feet in alarm when the  
door opened suddenly, and they saw  
who had returned so soon; but that  
night, when little Mamie was being  
tucked in bed after such a romp with  
papa, she said, in the sleepest and  
most contented of voices, Mamma,  
God answers most as quick as the tele-  
phone, doesn't he?—*Selected.*

## Serious Questions.

The true question for a man to  
ask of his soul is not, "Am I fit to  
die?" but, "Am I worthy to live?"  
Not, "Am I thinking enough of  
death?" but, "Am I thinking enough  
of life?" For it is no counsel of  
easy-going carelessness that I am  
putting. I am not preaching to  
have less thought or care about  
death, and to leave the matter so  
No; but that that thought, that care,  
that sense of deep and awful mystery  
with which all look at death, when  
they think of it, shall be transferred  
to life. Then in that spirit go forth  
feeling each new day something of  
what it is to be alive—alive in God's  
great world, in the beginning of a  
life that is to live on forever! Do  
a strong manly or womanly part;  
accept the mercies that come with a  
glad thankfulness; take hold of  
work and duty with a firm hearty  
grip; in all life's intercourse,  
whether of home or of the world,  
fulfill a loving, helpful part. And  
then shall life go strengthening,  
greatening all the way; and there  
shall be no death, but only, some  
day, just as the laws of being bring  
it, a change, a passing on, and the  
unspoken word "to come up higher"  
into the next and finer stage of this  
wonderful life!—*The Rev. Brooke  
Brooke.*

## Sympathy.

Those of us who have lost little  
children feel a prompting within us  
to speak a word of comfort to every  
parent who is passing through a  
similar experience. We cannot do  
good to others save at a cost to our-  
selves, and our own afflictions are  
the price we pay for our ability to  
sympathize. He who would be a  
helper must first be a sufferer. He  
who would be a savior must some-  
where and somehow have been upon  
a cross; and we cannot have the high-  
est happiness of life in succoring  
others without tasting the cup which  
Jesus drank, and submitting to the  
baptism wherewith he was baptized.  
Every real Barnabas (Son of Conso-  
lation) must pass by his vocation  
through seasons of personal sorrow,  
and so again we see that it is true  
that by these things men live. The  
most comforting of David's psalms  
were pressed out of him by suffering,  
and if Paul had not had his thorn in  
the flesh we had missed much of  
that tenderness which quivers in so  
many of his letters.—*The Rev. W.  
M. Taylor, D.D.*

## The Christian Life.

A Christian's life is not to be  
measured by excitement or enthu-  
siasm, or having a good time, all of  
which may be pleasant. You are  
to take his every-day life. The  
language of the Bible says, By their  
fruits ye shall know them. Religion  
is not a matter that we can put on  
or lay off as we do a garment. It is  
an every-day business. Watch and  
pray was the language of the Lord  
Jesus Christ to the apostle Peter; and  
what He said to Peter he said to  
all, Watch, lest ye enter into tem-  
ptation; the spirit is willing, but  
the flesh is weak. Prayer is the  
Christian's fort from which he draws  
his ammunition; and if he but watch  
and pray he will, by the grace of  
God, overcome all his spiritual foes.  
Mark the perfect man, and behold  
the upright, for the end of that  
man is peace.

BAKED EGGS.—Mix together  
finely chopped ham and bread  
crumbs, in equal parts, add butter,  
salt, pepper, and a little milk, put  
this mixture into gempans, filling  
them partly full; break an egg on the  
top of each, and dust it with salt,  
pepper, and cracker crumbs; bake in  
a quick oven six or eight minutes  
and serve immediately.

Zeal ought never to be so hot that  
it scorches those whom it seeks to  
save. We may well heed the words  
of Socrates: "Your zeal, dear Crito,  
is worth much, if it be well directed;  
but otherwise, the greater it is, the  
more dangerous."

It is better to deposit your treas-  
ures in the Lord's storehouse than  
to leave the hard earnings of a life-  
time to be scattered to the four winds  
by the next generation, as is some-  
times the sad case.—*Wesleyan  
Methodist.*

The man who thinks only of his  
own coronation, who expects to be  
happy solely because he himself is a  
king and a priest unto God, has a  
sadly imperfect idea of what God  
has prepared for those who love  
Him.—*Interior.*

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