

Is This All?

Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
But that is all.
Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.
And is this all He meant when thus He spoke,
"Come unto Me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
O, come and see!
O, come and see! O, look, and look again!
All shall be right:
O, taste His love, and see that it is good,
Thou child of night!
O, trust thou, trust thou in His grace and power!
Then all is bright.

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love.
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all,
And look above!
Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage
And steadfast peace;
Thy love shall rest in His; thy weary doubts
Forever cease;
Thy heart shall find in Him and in His grace
Its rest and bliss.
Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all,
For evermore!
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
For evermore!
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
For evermore!

H. BONAR.

The Influence of the Home Upon Young Men.

According to the statement of the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A., only one in twenty of our young men is a member of the Church, and only fifteen out of every one hundred ever attend church at all! We talk about sending the Gospel to heathen India and China; that is well indeed, but what shall become of the young men of America if we do not attend to their spiritual wants?

Are we not to hold the home responsible for much of this indifference to religion? Tell me what influences are exerted upon the boy in his home, and I can predict almost infallibly what the future trend of his life will be. But is it in the homes of vice and misery only where criminals and infidels are bred? Not at all, for it is a sad truth that many youth of both sexes are reared for lives of wickedness and perdition in many professedly Christian homes.

History is full of instances in which the children of pious parents deliberately choose the road that leads to death. So it was in the families of Jacob, Eli and David, and many modern examples prove that grace does not run in the blood. Yet God has made so many promises to those who train up their children in the fear of the Lord, that when the children of professedly Christian parents fail to receive an inclination and affection for holy things in the most impressive period of life, you may take it as a rule, with few exceptions, that the causes and responsibility thereof are to be found in the life and management of those parents and the consequent influence which they wield over their children. You may take it as a maxim that the inconsistencies of professedly Christian parents are generally multiplied in compound ratio in the lives of their children.

Whatever they profess, the father and mother who read the Sunday newspapers, or who travel unnecessarily on the Sabbath in order to save time from the working days of the week, or who habitually neglect the house of God, or attend but rarely, or who speak disparagingly of Christianity and Christian work, are hardening the heart of their child against the love and reception of religion, are creating or fostering a derelict of Divine things, and they need not wonder if their children grow up without hope of salvation. It is natural for a child to imitate the copy that is set before him, and we all remember how it used to be with us when we were learning to write, how much worse our attempts were than our copy. So it is with the soul-life of the child. If he sees father or mother forsaking the sanctuary, travelling or visiting on the Sabbath, or hear them talk disrespectfully of spiritual things, he will try to imitate his copy, but his imitations will be worse than his copy.

It is very hard to exert a saving influence upon those who have learned worldliness and godlessness in a Christian home, for they have become prejudiced against Christianity from the specimens with which they have been most familiar. How many Christian families never read the Scriptures together, or kneel at the family altar! Of the four millions of church homes in our coun-

try, you may go through three million five hundred thousand without hearing a single prayer offered in the family circle! Whose fault is it, then, that so many children of Christian parents neglect the Church, profane the Sabbath, and, like the sons of Eli, make themselves vile?

Oh! those of you who are Christian parents, for which are you moulding the character of your boy—for heaven or for hell? Are you making him love the religion of Christ, or hate it? There is something wrong in the home training of our young men, or there would be fewer infidels, criminals, and Sabbath breakers among them; or else we should find a larger percentage of them among our active Christian workers.—*Rev. C. H. Polhemus, in Christian Intelligencer.*

Worry.

Is there not a lingering belief in the minds of conscientious people, that it is an occasional duty to worry? If brought to the bar of confession, most of us would probably have to own that, under certain circumstances, we feel anxiety to be incumbent on us. It is a sign that we are not bad-hearted, but sympathetic, if the woes of others cause us to lie awake o' nights; moreover, it shows great sensibility, if we are gloomy over possible misfortune to ourselves.

A little girl, whose aunt had died, and who was herself too young to estimate the calamity, said, in after years, that she was greatly mortified at seeing others crying while she had no desire to shed a tear.

Finally, she confessed, I was so ashamed at being so hard-hearted, that I got an onion, and rubbed it on my eyes. Then I cried with the rest, and was quite happy.

Why don't you go to sleep? asked a school girl of an excitable roommate at midnight.

Oh I can't, was the answer, I am so worried for fear my mother is ill.

But she is fifty miles away, and it won't do her any good for you to lie awake.

I can't help it; I should be ashamed to try to sleep while she may be awake suffering, was the natural reply.

Like the people who instinctively imitate an invalid who is coughing, under the impression that they are helping him along, like the old lady who mercifully makes herself as light as she can, in an overloaded carriage, we foolishly imagine that we can, in some mysterious way, help the suffering by refusing to be happy ourselves. Never was there a greater mistake.

When we can actually do something, no sacrifice is too great to be made for the good of others; duty may justly demand of us both peace of mind and health of body. On the other hand, there are periods of inactivity through which we must live, seeing the struggles of those dear to us, and finding no chance to strike a blow in their defence. Then it is that duty demands, "Be cheerful, resolute and calm. Your turn will come, and until it does, you have only to keep yourself in good condition for action."—*Youth's Companion.*

Rules for Pleasant Lives.

A book published a year ago, "The five Talents of a Woman," gave the following rules for beauty of expression, which the writer of the book claimed was much more attractive than beauty of features:

1. Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger, until you have prayed over your words or acts.
4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but forbearance and forgiveness yourself.
6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.
9. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
10. Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
11. Do not neglect little things if they can affect the comforts of others in the smallest degree.
12. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.
13. Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.
14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.
15. Never charge a bad motive, if a good one is conceivable.
16. Be gentle and firm with children.—*See.*

Childhood in Burmah.

Look at that dark bundle swinging from the ceiling—a Burmese baby, hung with shells and coins to keep off the dreadful evil eye. These are gods on the shelf near by, hideous little idols, placed where the first intelligent glance of the bead-like eyes must fall upon them. Soon the mother will come, take the child from its strange cradle, and, muttering a prayer in its unconscious ear, bend the baby, head and limbs, with her own hand, before the household shrine, laden with fruit and flowers. When the child can walk she will dress it—for the first time, probably—in a single bag-like garment, with slits for neck and arms, and lead it to the temple to prostrate itself three times upon the ground before Gautama's sacred altar, and offer the bit of bright paper or wax candle she has put into its hand. She has already pierced its ears, and taught it to chew the filthy mixture of betel-leaf tobacco and lime, which has stained her own lips with its repulsive dye. Now, as if physical distortion and uncleanness were not enough, she watches eagerly for the first sign of unchild-like cunning and deceit, and joins with father and brother in praising the readiness with which this mere baby learns the art of cheating, lying and thieving. At three years, the child, if a boy, is sent to sit cross-legged in some Buddhist school-master's low hut, shouting his lessons in chorus with his dark-faced, keen-eyed little mates. Miniature pagodas, idols and sacred relics are given him as rewards, if he learns his lessons well; blows, maledictions and threats of awful punishment in another life, shower down upon him if he miss one detail in the almost infinite list of so-called crimes, whose commission would condemn him to enter existence at his next birth in the form of an unclean beast, a slave, or a woman—or pass even the shortest life of ten million years in one of the one hundred and thirty-six Buddhist hells which yawn in the earth's interior. Can you picture the perverted mind, the diseased conscience of that Burman boy, after a dozen years of such training, over-topped by a service of six months to two years in some temple, where he has learned every smallest tenet of the religion of his fathers, and conformed to every strictest rule of the priesthood?—*Jessie C. Glasier, in Missionary Tidings.*

Practical Jokes.

A practical joke is a sort of trick played by one person upon another, in the hope of making him uncomfortable and ridiculous. To put one's friend in an absurd situation, to interfere with his rights, to do something which will hurt him in body or mind, not very deeply, perhaps, yet really, is the object of the practical joker. I have never in my life been able to see the least good, the least innocent fun, in practical jokes, but I have seen a great deal of evil and mischief resulting from them. I can not think of a person addicted to practical joking as anything but mean and contemptible. For how can we honor the disposition which takes pleasure in cruelty?

Some years ago, just at dusk, a maid-servant in a certain beautiful home took it into her head that it would be rare fun to dress herself in a sheet and frighten another of the servants. So she slipped into the grounds, hid herself behind a tree, and waited her opportunity. Dancing merrily along, singing with a voice like a bird, came a sweet little daughter of the house, who had been sent on an errand to the lodge at the end of the green avenue. The merry child, sensitive to her finger-tips, caught a glimpse of the straight, stark figure skulking behind the oaks, and was so frightened that a few months afterwards she died—of nervous shock the physicians said, which then began its fatal work.

In one of our New England colleges a youth who had been studying hard that he might enter the Freshman Class was startled from his sleep at midnight by a party of fellows in masks, who proceeded to make sport for themselves by the stupid process called "hazing" their companion. They had their silly fun, but it is to be hoped that none of the number engaged in it can ever think of that night without a pang, for it made the youth insane.—*Harvey's Young People.*

Will it Pay.

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?" A liquor dealer and his wife sat talking together after one of Sam Jones' sermons. "Husband, how much do you make in a year?" "About \$2,000." "How long do you expect to live?" "I ought to live at least twenty years." "Then you would make \$40,000?" "Husband, if anybody would come to you and offer you \$40,000 for your soul, would you take it?" "No, I could not take it." He gave up the nefarious business.

Yet many a man has sold his soul for less than \$40,000. Gehah sold his soul for two talents silver and two changes of ramen! Ananias and Sapphira sold the souls for part of the price of the house. Judas bartered his soul for thirty bits of silver. "When I have shed this house," a man said, "then I will seek the Lord." Afterward, the friend to whom he spoke the words, passed that way again. The house remained unfinished. The man was dead. It was the price of his soul.—*The Christian.*

Louder.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark, writing on prayer-meetings in the *Golden Rule*, says:

Another of the little things that spoil many a meeting is the low, mumbling tone in which certain prayer-meeting utterances are given. Scarcely anything is more trying than a number of testimonies or Scripture verses given in a voice utterly inaudible except to a person with an audiphone and an ear-trumpet. How can they hear without a preacher? asks Paul. How can they hear, I would like to ask, if you mumble something under your breath, so that your next neighbor cannot catch it? You may have the wisdom of a sage, but it will do the meeting very little good. I frequently feel like crying out. Louder, louder, when some of these brethren and sisters, with feeble lungs, begin to speak, and I think I should do so if it would not be considered an improper thing in a meeting.

ON THE BRIDGE.—A broker crossing one of the city bridges of Chicago was met by a stranger, an evangelist, who pleasantly greeted him, and they stopped to talk. "Are you a Christian?" said the stranger. "No, sir," and rushed on to the board of brokers. There he excitedly told what had taken place. "A man stopped me on the bridge, and asked me if I was a Christian. None of his business! I was never more insulted in my life," exclaimed he. A gentleman present, who was a friend of the evangelist, and knew of his remarkable success in preaching, mentioned to him what the broker had related. "I am sorry," said he; "I did not intend to be rude, and am willing to make amends." A few days after, meeting the same man, he addressed him pleasantly, adding, "If I spoke roughly to you that day on the bridge, I am ready"—the broker interrupted, and laying his hand on the preacher's shoulder, said with warmth, "Do not apologize to me, sir; I trust I have become a Christian, thanks to that word on the bridge." The evangelist was Mr. Moody.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.—Dear brother, dear sister, sing! Don't sit in church with your mouth closed like a steel-trap, but open it, and sing. And sing all the way through. Don't think that the organist and the minister are to give you a sacred concert, but remember that you, your very self, are to take an active part in the worship of God, and open your mouth and sing. It may be you are not a fine singer—few of us are. You need not attempt to lead the congregation in singing unless you know that you can do it. But you can sing well enough to take part. Above all, do not sit and look into futurity while your pastor strains soul and body to have the hymn sung. Get a hymn-book and look up the hymns and sing. And if you will not sing, please do not criticize those that do the best they can. Better a tone that is incorrect than none at all. This word is to all the silent worshippers in our churches.—*Moravian.*

CLEAN INSIDE.—When the first missionaries at Madagascar had converted some of the Islanders there, a Christian sea captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian. Was it any particular sermon you heard or book which you read? asked the captain.

No, my friend, replied the chief, it was no book or sermon. One man, he be a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man gets something inside him which makes him different; so I became a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me to keep me from being bad.

Now that old chief had the right Christianity. He had got something new and strong inside of him. He had a new motive; it was the desire to be true and pure.—*Selected.*

The two main pillars of Christ's religion are the depth of sin and the height of righteousness; and none but he could take for the one and perform the other.—*Thomas Adams.*

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