

Keep Me Near Thee.

The lower I keep in the valley,
The higher the plane of love;
Far richer the promise of glory,
And greater my blessings prove.

The nearer I keep to my Shepherd,
The greener the pastures grow;
The deeper I drink from the fountain,
More sweetly the waters flow.

The closer I hide 'neath the shadow
Of the everlasting wings,
The brighter the light of his beauty,
And sweeter my spirit sings.

The nearer I cling to my Savior,
The closer he stays with me;
Then draw me, O heavenly Shepherd,
Nearer, still nearer to thee.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

Come to Church.

Too tired? The services are not work. They are restful, varied, and animating. Among our most regular twice-per-Sunday attendants are some who work as hard as you, and they are rested in time for Monday.

Too sick? How sick? Let no slight indisposition keep you away, particularly one which would not hinder you from daily work. Many a headache and other pain has been charmed away by the sunshine and fresh air on the way to church and by the services which made the invalid forget his troubles.

Too busy? Drop all other business which can reasonably be delayed or omitted for the services. Public worship is the most important and pressing duty at the appointed hour. God's claims are supreme. Seek first the kingdom of God. The first and great commandment is to love God, and public worship is an imperative expression of that love whenever possible.

Hindered by company? Would you allow company to keep you from an appointed interview with a king? Public worship is your appointed interview with the King of kings. Shall His transcendent claims be lightly set aside to please earthly friends? To bring them to church with us, or kindly to excuse ourselves from the pleasure of their visit, because of the church, will impress them with the reality of religion. But if we set aside God's claim for theirs, they know our profession of Christianity is very superficial, if not a mere sham, and they never will be the better for our example in this respect.

No time but Sunday for a visit? Are you a slave then? We thought we had free labor in this country. If so, you can take week-day time for visits; or if not, and must visit on Sundays, we need not take the precise hours appointed for church services. There are other hours enough for such Sunday visiting as we feel absolutely unavoidable.

No Sunday clothes? Then come in week-day clothes. All will honor you for so doing. If you are clean in person and clothing—as all can be—the poverty of your appearance will not hurt you in church any more than on the sidewalk, the street-car, or the post office. Come with such clothes as you have, and if some fool sneers at you, or looks askance, or gives you a cold reception pray that he may be forgiven. Pity him for his poverty of grace, and keep up your church-going regularly. You will then win the respect of any who seemed at first unfriendly, and the warm, helpful friendship of many fellow-worshippers. Said Mrs. N., a fashionably dressed church-goer: Last Sunday I saw Mrs. S. in church, kneeling, as I went in, and she had on a bonnet three years behind the fashions. And my heart went out to her in honor and admiration, for I fear that if I could not dress in fashion I would not have the courage to go to church. There! If you would be honored, come to church without waiting for better clothes. It is an entire mistake for one poorly clad to torment himself with the fancy that any one whose regard is worth having despises the poor. The feeling the poor inspire in church is rather one of admiration and respect. Better come barefoot, and without hat or coat and with patched clothing, than not to come at all. 'Render your heart and not your garments.' 'The Lord looketh on the heart.'

No money? Come and say to God: 'Silver and gold have I none' but such as I have, give I to Thee. Give God yourself, with voice and heart, and the money question will take care of itself. In the free church all are welcome, with or without money. We see you, and not yours. Come to church!—Selected.

Heroic Lives at Home.

The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon-slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unholly passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Grandier than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with a love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man ardent

and tender, who turns from the dear love of women, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a life of long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and a majestic spirit, is a hero of the purest type—the type of Charles Lamb. I have known but two such.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such.

The husband who goes home from every-day routine and the perplexing care of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grievous sin of a long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes something dearer than girlish laughter, in the sad face and faded cheeks that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old-time spring roses—he is a hero. I think I know of one such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be the larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial with loving patience and a large charity, and with noble decision hiding them from the world; who makes no confidence, who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking perilous affinities; who does not build high-tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she the wife in very truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type.—Grace Greenwood.

Fit to be Married.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state. So quoth old Dr. Johnson; and though history tells us that his own choice of a wife was not pre-eminently a wise one, there is a world of truth in his aphorism. There comes a period in the life of every young person when thoughts of marriage are apt to fill a large segment of the horizon, but how few of these young persons ever seriously ask the question, "Am I fit to be married?" If the question should happen to arise in a social gathering, it would be answered facetiously and disposed of as a good joke. But it is one of the most serious and searching questions which any young person, bent on self-examination, could put to himself. Am I selfish, overbearing, tyrannical? The young man may well say, Then surely I am not fit to be married. These traits, when brought to the test of the close companionship of daily life, will bring misery to myself and my family. If I still am to retain my selfish tyranny of disposition, I ought to live in bachelor quarters and not inflict myself upon an unsuspecting wife. Have I a fretful, complaining, nagging disposition? The young lady may well say to herself, when it comes her turn for self-inquisition. Then I am very far from being fit to enter upon that companionship which will bring out all that is most disagreeable and rasping in my character. And so on through the catalogue of minor moralities this text may be wisely applied. When two persons walk arm-in-arm, each feels the inequalities of the other's step. More misery is spelt in c-o-m-p-a-t-i-b-i-l-i-t-y than by any other combination of letters. The self-sufficient youth frequently asks if the partner to the other side of the contract is likely to make a good wife; humility seldom leads him far enough to ask if he would make a good husband. But this is a question quite as necessary to ask as the other. Love is deaf as well as blind, and we have little expectation that the smitten youth and maiden will listen to these exhortations. But before Cupid shoots his dart is a good time for future husbands or wives to ask this searching question, "Am I fit to be married?"—Golden Rule.

The Power of Simple Confidence.

A young man, distressed about his soul, had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of "sincere prayers" and "heartfelt desires" after salvation, but continually lamented that he did not "feel any different in spite of it all."

His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry,

"W., did you ever learn to float?"

"Yes, I did," was the surprised reply.

"And did you find it easy to learn?"

"Not at first," he answered.

"What was the difficulty?" his friend pursued.

"Well, the fact was, I could not lie still; I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once."

"And then?"

"Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle, and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink."

"And is not God's word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings; He commands you just to rest in Him, to believe His word, and accept His gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and His word to you now is, 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord' (Rom. vi. 33.).—Occident.

Mary Hawes Danced.

A young man who professed to be a disciple of Christ became an attendant at public balls. When asked if he thought this practice consistent with his profession he replied, Mary Hawes danced. Now, Mary Hawes was a clergyman's daughter who had just before taken part in some parlor dances with which a musical circle to which she belonged had seen fit to close their meetings. She had thought that she might innocently join with her friends in those private dances. But when told that her example was pleaded in defense of attendance at public balls she said to herself, "Well, there is only a difference of time, place, and company between public and private dancing. The thing done is the same in both. I will not dance anywhere. A little further thinking led her to a conclusion that, whatever others might do, it was not right for her to dance again. She saw very clearly that dancing tended to injurious effects on her character and to a serious limitation of her Christian influence over others. And it was soon apparent that her abstinence from it had a marked beneficial effect on her spirituality and usefulness. In subsequent years, instead of regretting her decision, she thought of it with comfort and satisfaction. What is the verdict of your heart, my young friend, on Mary's conduct? Your desires, I know, suggest that she was 'righteous overmuch.' But a voice in your hidden heart whispers, Yes, Mary Hawes did right. Is it not truly so!—Our Youth.

"A Child Shall Lead Them."

Helen E. Starrett in the *Interior*, writes thus of the unconscious influence of the child over the parent: To live surrounded by little children is to have just as many little recording angels with omnipresent eyes and ears. The hasty ebullition of temper that would give vent to itself in angry speech or action, finds no more potent motive for restraint than the presence of little children. The uncharitable or unkind word about neighbor or friend is checked for the same reason; while many a society fib or white lie dies upon lips that had begun to speak it, because a little child is looking and listening. Blessed be God for the restraint he has put upon us through the children he has given us, and also for the desire that he causes to spring up in our hearts to be made worthy of the love and confidence of these little ones. A little child shall lead them, is his sure word of prophecy, and in no relation in life is it more fully exemplified than in the parental. Who has not seen the frivolous, pleasure-loving young woman or the imperious, irritable, impatient man entirely transformed in manner and motive by the power of the presence and love of one little child!

Sun Yourself.

Sleepless people should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum: the very best is sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours of the day as possible in the sunshine, as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs and do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts; they wear veils, they carry parasols; they do all that is possible to keep off the subtlest and yet the most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, to get roses and color in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak souls? The women in America are pale and delicate. They may be blooming and strong and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.—The Home.

The Gospel not Complementary.

That is what makes some people so angry. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins, and says, You're a sinner. It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, You're a sinner. It comes to a man priding himself on his dependence, and says, You're bound hand and foot by the Devil. It comes to our entire race and says, You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin. Satan sometimes says to me, Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel, with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel, with no repentance in it, saying nothing about ruin, talking all the time about redemption? I say, Get thee behind me, Satan. I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce, if there is no ruin. The whole need not a physician, but they are sick.

A Cup of Cold Water.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all that makes it "beautiful to live," consists of cup-offerings of water. Not an hour of life's journey but is rendered easier by their refreshing, or harder by their absence.

I am busy, Johnny, and can not help it, said the father, writing away when the little fellow hurt his finger.

Yes, you could; you might have said O! sobbed Johnny. There's a Johnny in tears inside of us all upon occasions.

The old Quaker was right: I expect to pass through this world but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do to my fellow beings, let me do it now.—Selected.

Something To Do On A Dull Day.

Let us make a little sunshine! said Uncle Jack.

Make sunshine! said Jennie. Why, how you do talk! smiling through her tears. You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?

Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner, replied Uncle Jack. Now let me give you the rules for making sunshine. First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy. And, lastly, do all you can to make other people happy.—Christian Intelligencer.

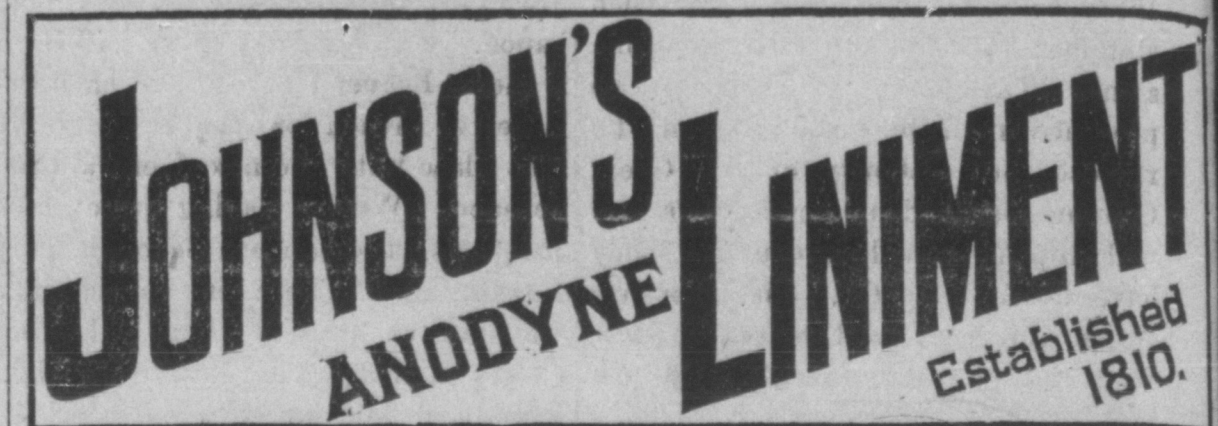
THE PROPENSITY to self-deception is common. We try to blind ourselves to the real character of our doings. It is very easy to make a vocabulary that will justify us in our wrongful behavior, but which we lack charity enough to use for our neighbors. We can call that proper spirit in ourselves, which we would declare ungodly passion in another. We can claim to be economical and stigmatize our neighbor as covetous. We can see in our own worldliness a rightful liberty, while we condemn our counterpart as a backslider. It is easy to discern the turpitude of other people's conduct and be oblivious to our own delinquencies, and thus apply a flattering unction to our own hearts.—Inquirer.

PRESUMPTION.—Last week the papers reported that an old gentleman fell from a scaffold, and though the fall was considerable, he sustained no injury. Desiring to show how wonderful an escape he had, he essayed to make the fall again, and the result was a broken limb. There are Christians who have had great deliverances in sudden and unforeseen perils, and some times they unnecessarily face the same dangers again, expecting immunity in their daring, but suffer woefully. God may interpose for us in our honest ignorance, but we have no warrant to look for his aid in the case of our guilty presumption.—Chris. Inquirer.

When ungodly men are tempted, the bait is to their taste, and they swallow it greedily. Temptation is a pleasure to them; indeed, they sometimes tempt the devil to tempt them. They are drawn aside of their own lusts and enticed; so that temptation, instead of being suffering to them, becomes a horrible source of pleasure. But good men suffer when they are tempted, and the better they are the more they suffer.—Spurgeon.

NOT ENCOURAGING.—Pedler.—I have some very beautifully printed Heaven Bless Our Home mottoes, which I should like to show the lady of the house.

Servant.—Well, I'll call her down just as quick as she gets through whipping the children and quarreling with her husband.



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1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	5,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	8,844,404.04
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.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
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