

At Bethesda.

The Master walked through the city. His eyes on the faces of men, Who knew not that hearts and their secret thoughts Were open and clear to His ken; And he stopped for awhile by the waters Of the spring intermittent, and knew That the House of Mercy for many Was a sorrowful home for a few.

He noted the crowd in the porches Who were held by diseases in thrall, And singled out one from the number— Why did he not heal them all? His heart was full of compassion, He loved them all wisely and much, But he left them to wait for the angel. Though they might have been healed with a touch.

Perhaps some were the better for waiting, They needed the teachings of pain; Some by sickness were made the more loving, And love must be always a gain. Some learnt for the first time how tender Are the hands of a true, helpful friend; And some lay aside in their weakness With time to prepare for life's end.

But this man, alone and uncared for, With a conscience that was not at rest, Had worn out the love of his people, And waited, unhoping, unblest; Too helpless to get to the waters, A stranger to joy or relief— It was he who appealed to the Master By the years of his suffering and grief.

Oh! helpless one, weary of waiting, Take comfort, Be sure He can see; He marks all the years of thy sorrow, And the Lord has compassion on thee. His pitiful eyes are careful Of the burdens that lie on thy soul; Oh, rise at the word of the Master, And thou shalt straightway be made whole!

MARIANNE FAIRINGHAM, in *Christiana World*.

Evenings at Home.

When Mr. Towne announced in differently to his wife after supper one night, that he was going out to a committee meeting and might not be home until quite late, he was surprised at the way she sighed and at the discouraged expression that passed over her face. And when he inquired what her objections could be to his attending the meeting, she replied that her objections had nothing to do with the particular meeting of that night; it was very disheartening that there should be something to take him every evening away from home. When he inquired again and still in a tone of surprise, what difference it made, his going out for awhile after supper, she replied that she often feared it was going to make a very sad difference with the future of the children.

Mr. Towne had always considered himself a very good husband and father, and so he was in many respects. He was an excellent provider, and in almost every way indulgent with his wife and children. They wore the best of clothes, had spending money as it was required, and the house was not only comfortably but handsomely furnished. So, in view of these facts, it perhaps was not strange at all that Mr. Towne felt aggrieved at his wife's looks and remark, and said plaintively he should really like to be informed in what way he was likely to injure the future of his children. The subject took a very different significance, however, when Mrs. Towne explained matters a little. Tom, fifteen years old and in the high school, constantly required assistance with his lessons, and frequently gave them up in despair for lack of needed aid. Mrs. Towne, a lady of fairly good education, yet understood neither book keeping, chemistry nor Greek; her husband knew enough of each to help the boy out. Roger, twelve years old, was "possessed" as Grandma Towne put it, to run out after dark, ostensibly to "look at the weather," but he repeatedly forgot to run back until his mother was greatly aggravated and anxious at the persistence with which he followed up the dangerous tendency to stay out in the dark and away from the safe shelter of his home. Nellie, a bright girl of ten, declared one day she scarcely knew her papa saw so little of him, and little Lena, eight years old, replied that she wished Kittie Baker's papa was her papa, too. When her mother asked why, Lena said, "Cause nights after supper, before Kittie goes to bed, her papa talks to her a little while, and tells her lots of things she doesn't know. Oh, they have lovely times to Kittie's house evenings!" the child had added.

Mr. Towne was more surprised and disturbed than he wanted to show. He knew his wife always made an effort to have the evenings at home as cheerful and entertaining as possible, and although she had often and often expressed the wish that he would stay at home after supper, it had never seriously occurred to him that a positive, solemn duty devolved upon him in that direction. Like many another man, Mr. Towne had fancied it a very desirable thing to be considered a public-spirited, interested citizen, and so had allowed outside interests to absorb his time and at-

tention, until not a solitary evening was reserved for that most sacred of all places, his beloved home. But here was enterprising, ambitious Tom, craving assistance he was growing discouraged at not being able to obtain. And—what! Roger, only twelve years old, showing a disposition to try his mother by slyly disappearing after dark? And his blue-eyed Nellie did not feel acquainted with him? And darling little Lena wishing some other child's papa was her papa instead of him?

"High time I faced these facts!" Mr. Towne said to himself, and being a just, sensible man, he soon realized that his wife needed and had a right to expect his co-operation in making the home a pleasant, helpful and most desirable place when the shades should be drawn and evening be ushered in with all its wide possibilities for pleasure, social intercourse and profit. Before long Tom anticipated with eager delight the judicious aid he was sure the evening would bring. Roger grew satisfied with the state of things indoors, and ceased to feel undue interest in the weather without. Nellie declared it a treat to hear her intelligent papa talk; little Lena patronizingly informed him he was the nicest papa in the world, just as nice as Kittie Baker's papa, any day! A great burden was also lifted from Mrs. Towne's shoulders.

There is no doubt that it is a perverted idea of duty that leads any man to believe it necessary to be come public-spirited to a degree that cost him time that should be sacred to his family and devoted to those nearest and dearest to him on earth. There is time for all needful attention to outside matters, which properly claim some share of attention. Of these duties and obligations the Scripture may well teach as of other sacred duties, "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."—*Christian at Work*.

She Resigned.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly. "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have a struggle to get along at first!"

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand. "And," he pursued, graciously having allowed her interruption—"we shall have to come down to strict economy. But, if you can only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked smiling—but very happy—at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, radiantly, "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know! So that we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blackening done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, so went to her house for a long visit the very next day. Upon the examination of this visit, one fine morning John received, to his blank amazement a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:—

"I have learned how your mother manages, and I am going to explain it to you, since you confessed you didn't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night; and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled and cold and unloved! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'John!' she repeated, 'John!'—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. 'Why—John!'—she said in a trembling, bewildered way—he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired; or else—or else—he goes down town.' Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a manager as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery,

so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she is an 'excellent manager.' I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earns the name also; and, judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would carry to marry. As the son is, the husband is, is a safe and happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed, and John pondered; and he is pondering yet.—*Selected*.

Carpets.

Not until the time of the Crusades were carpets brought into England. But they were not in general use even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for her floors were strewn daily with rushes, and even this was considered effeminate. The best houses in Europe up to the time of Henry IV., of France, were laid with oaken boards in *marquette*, and were polished with wax. In Hampton Court Palace, the residence of Cardinal Wolsey in his glory, the beautiful floors have no covering, though the walls are hung with tapestry. Henry IV. introduced the manufacture of carpets into France from Persia about 1606, but not until 1750 was this industry carried into England by workmen from France. Now over 200,000,000 yards of carpeting are in constant wear in that country. In the United States more carpeting is used than anywhere else in the world.

From time immemorial rugs have been employed in the East as they are now, to eat and sleep upon. Egypt first used them as floor coverings in the days of her ancient splendor, and Rome brought them in profusion from her Eastern provinces, but they were used only by the wealthy.

Turkish carpets are the work of families and households. They are woven in one piece, and no two ever exactly alike. The pattern represents inland jewel work. The origin of these patterns is unknown, even to Mussulmans. Persian rugs have a limited sale owing to their small size. They are long and narrow, and seldom larger than hearth-rugs. Entire tribes and families have no occupation but carpet-weaving, yet, as in Turkey, there is no large manufactory.

Before the invention of the Jacquard loom, about 1804, carpets made in Europe were of very simple pattern or, when elaborate in their designs, were very expensive; now, by means of this loom carpeting at once beautiful and durable can be produced at such a price as can be afforded by people of moderate means.

Service and Sacrifice.

An old Roman coin bore the design of an ox standing between a plough and an altar, thus signifying its readiness for either service or sacrifice. No symbol could more beautifully represent the attitude of the true servant of Christ—ready, while the Master wills, to bow the neck to the yoke and toil in His service; and just as ready, when the call comes, to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for the cause that is dearer than life.

How many of us feel, in our inmost hearts, that we, too, are standing bravely and lovingly between the plough and the altar? How many of us are ready for either service or sacrifice? It is a noble attitude; and yet Christ expects such devotion from every true child of His. "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me. He that findeth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it." Here is the law of sacrifice imposed upon every child of the Cross. Here is the condition upon which we are to receive the priceless gift of God. Brother Christian, have you accepted the terms? Are you ready to give everything—even yourself? Are you standing between the plough and the altar?

But let us not forget that sacrifice is only a higher kind of service, and that the spirit with which we stoop to the yoke determines our readiness and our fitness to bow upon the altar. The longer and the more devotedly a man serves Christ, the more ready will he be to accept the higher service of sacrifice; for the spirit of service and the spirit of sacrifice are one. After all, the best way to approach the altar is to go round and about it with the plough. The best way to meet sacrifice is to meet it with the neck bowed to service. It is better to turn the furrow until God translates us from the harness, than to stand waiting for the sacrifice that never comes. Service is sacrifice; sacrifice is service. Their spirit is the same; and he who draws near to God in service will never shrink from Him in sacrifice.—*Z. Herald*.

Keep Your Promises.

Heredity may be made altogether too much of a scape-goat. A child develops, for instance, a most unaccountable habit of lying or deceit. The parents are distressed, and charge the blame to some remote ancestor. At the same time they are unconsciously teaching prevarication by breaking promises made to the child. "Be a good boy," says the mother, "and you shall go to drive with papa this afternoon." The child struggles bravely to fulfill the condition. To him the hours of waiting seem like days. At length the eagerly anticipated time arrives, and the parents drive gayly off, comforting the sobbing boy with a promise to bring him some candy. Possibly this pledge also they fail to fulfill.

President Lincoln was exceedingly strict in keeping faith with his children, and required the same fidelity in others. At one time a visitor at the White House persuaded little Tad to sit on his knee by promising, as a reward, the charm on his watch chain. Shortly after, as the man was about dismissing the child, with no further thought of the lightly spoken promise, the President said sternly, "Give him the charm, sir!" In confusion the man obeyed the bidding.

Lord Holland, the father of Charles James Fox, once told his boy that he should witness the pulling down of a stone wall on the estate. Forgetting the promise, he had the masonry restored after it was demolished, that he might not fail in keeping his word to his son. Such scrupulous regard for the truth on the part of parents, will go far toward counteracting an inherited tendency to falsehood on the part of children.—*Congregationalist*.

The Little Children That Are Gone.

Why do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering, and that linger with us a few months, uttering no words, smiling in a mysterious silence, yet speaking all the time of the purity and sweetness of heaven? Why must they open the tenderest fountains of our natures only to leave them so soon, choked with the bitter tears of loss? It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart; but one can say in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home, come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down in the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then to give it back to God at his call, with the thought that in heaven, as upon earth, it is still our own child, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us. Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of father and mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection, and to have this treasure in heaven.—*Chicago Advance*.

SHORT WORDS.—It is a rule of the cable companies to treat as single words all that do not contain more than nine letters. But all words of ten or more letters are charged two rates. This regulation encourages the use of short words, which printers as well as the telegraph folk prize more highly than long and unwieldy vocables. To the young we say, use a short word instead of a long one whenever the choice is offered to you. Words are often weak in proportion to their length and strong in proportion to their brevity.

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