

Trust.

I cannot see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way and that
for me;
I only know He saith, "Child, follow Me!"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straitly hedged, so strongly barred
before;
I only know God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly
pray;
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit will in my life be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its
wrath;
But this I know—God watches all my path,
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my
sight;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see, while here, the land beyond the
river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

—The Watchman.

A Question for Parents.

What shall I teach my little
child about death? At what age
should children be taken to funerals?
The questions come from a parent.

Months ago, in one of the magazines, a story appeared which was unique in its theme and treatment. Some of my readers will doubtless recall it. The heroine was a girl whose father had shielded her from all knowledge of death. She had never heard the word, never seen the fact. No faintest intimation of its mysterious presence in the world had penetrated the precincts of her home, and she did not dream of a power which could hush her song bird, blight her roses, and snatch away her friend from her side.

The denouement of the story is apart from our purpose. The utter ignorance and unsuspicion of death in which this young girl lived is usually the condition of very little children, and naturally their first awakening to the shadow which hovers over the brightness of human existence partakes of the nature of a surprise or shock. To the youthful mind the first sight of the death is bewilderment. Sometimes the earliest impressions of death, oddly confused in the childish brain with the excitement of a throng of kindred and guests, with the strange grief of its elders, so seldom moved to tears, and with the incidents of a funeral, tinge the future life unfavorably. Many a struggle with superstitious terror dates back to the gossip, at such a time, of credulous servants, or the babble of foolishly thoughtless friends, outpoured in the hearing of a child.

It were useless, even if it were desirable, to keep from our children the knowledge of death. It is the one thing with which they cannot escape familiarity. Of that fatal fruit of the forbidden tree we must all eat.

A white ribbon streams from our neighbor's door. The baby died last night. Mamie was playing with her doll in the window only yesterday. Scarlet fever is in the place. Mothers whisper it to one another with paling cheeks. Presently it smites the darling, and she is dead. That merry lad, the pride of the Latin school, a leader in the class and on the campus, is missing one day at roll call, drops out of the ranks, is dead. Mournful reiteration. If death took only the old, only the feeble, we should not wonder so much; but all seasons and ages are its own.

In this aspect it is very sad; but, like ourselves, the children grow used to it, and are touched only by the sorrow which invades their own particular circle. Is the mother bird taken from the nest? Is it our baby who lies in the little coffin? The experience which comes closest links them most consciously with that unseen world of the supernatural which so environs this.

Hand in hand with the teaching which fits our little ones for life should come the teaching which prepares them for death. Death, as we know, but an incident in life. Essential to every higher development is the passing up from the chains of the lower. This is too profound for our babies, but they may be taught that it is a going on, a going away, never a going out in the dark. The baby, which wears out, grows feeble, and becomes like a weather-beaten house, is laid away; but the person who dwells in it for awhile is as much alive as ever. Often and confidently it should be instilled into the childish mind that death is, to the Christian, only going to be with Jesus. Never to be hurt any more! Never to be sorry! Never to be sinful! We often allude to the silence of the

Scriptures about heaven; yet if, wishing to teach the children aright, we turn to the divine Word, we find much that is full of encouragement. If there were nothing more, our Lord Himself said: I go to prepare a place for you! It must be pleasant to live always in a place prepared by the Lord for us. No wonder the little crippled boy, pitied by a kind visitor as having nothing to look forward to, exclaimed thinking of heaven, Lady, I'm looking forward to wings some day! We cannot err in telling our little ones of the happy land.

Dr. Cuyler, in The Empty Crib, tells a touching story of his little son George, who was dying. What will Jesus say when He sees me, mamma? were the words of the darling boy, who understood that dying was going to meet Jesus.

Then we may tell the children another beautiful thing, and that is that Jesus always comes part of the way to meet the person who is going to heaven. He says so. I will come again, and receive you unto myself.

In Marion Harland's tender story, My Little Love, there is a page vitalized by the throbs of a mother's breaking heart. Little Ailsie is passing away:—

At a quarter past nine she called quickly, a ring of exultation in the eager tone, O papa! papa!

I am here, my blessing. What can I do for you?

She stretched her left hand to him, the right hand toward the— to us—invisible. Presence on the other side of the bed.

Papa! It was like All's well! from the other shore. I know Jesus is here, for He has hold of my hand.

He had come to meet His own, and take her safely across the river.

Why do we say so little in the home about our dead? One family, some gone sooner to the Father's house, others lingering till they are summoned there, we are unkind to drop the veil of oblivion over them, to hasten to the forgetfulness which is the portion of those who are gone. The name no longer borne in this household is borne above, and the sweet memory of it, the merry jests, the happy associations, should be lovingly recalled in the fireside and table talk.

As for funerals, they are seldom means of grace to any of us; the sound of the clod on the coffin is the most desolate of earthly sounds. Frequent pilgrimages to the cemetery are apt to cultivate morbid feeling. The scar on earth's surface, making the grave, is a reminder of the immortality to which the dear one lying there has gone; but the flesh is weak, and the grave, in grief's first freshness, blots out the blue heaven from the tear-dimmed eyes. I should never take a little child to a funeral from deliberate choice, nor should I, at great inconvenience, keep it away from such occasion. To tell it of the life beyond, and of Him who is the resurrection and the life, that is the main duty.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.

Storing up Grudges.

I'll never forget the unkind words Ellen Nicholas said about me, so long as I live! exclaimed Mary Ashton.

Nor I the disagreeable manner in which Ella Bond treated me at school to-day, rejoined her friend, Lucy Ruggles. The two friends were having what girls call a good confidential talk over their troubles. Somehow before they got through they had gathered together quite a bundle of grudges to lay up against their neighbors, friends and acquaintances. Aunt Martha, good old soul, sat in her rocking chair, knitting. The girls did not mind having Aunt Martha hear what they said, for she was discretion itself; besides, she was full of sympathy for them on occasions when they needed it. But this time, as Aunt Martha heard a recital of their woes, she had a pained look on her face. Soon she spoke out her thoughts in this wise: Girls, it makes me feel very sorry to hear you talk so. We must forget and forgive in our daily living and not remember the unkind hurts that have been given us. Don't lay up grudges in memory's closet. You have no room for them there. They will take up the place in which you would far better keep beautiful, sweet and lovely things. As you grow older there will be quiet times when you will sit alone and find your greatest delight in rummaging through that wonderful storeroom of memory. If you lay up grudges they will have to be gotten out and looked at, and unpleasant thoughts will be suggested by them, which will throw a shadow over the sweet pause in life which you would otherwise enjoy. There are so many things of value to put on the shelves that you will need all the space for them. When I was young I thought I must lay up such trash as grudges, too, and I would get them out and unroll them and find so much about them that only brought up old, unpleasant

recollections, and which did not help to make me better in my daily living, that I threw them all away, and now my memory closet is bright and cheery. For many years I have only laid aside those things to keep that would make life easier and more peaceful to me. Aunt Martha was the cheeriest, dearest old lady in the world, and her counsels were worth paying heed to, the girls thought, as they looked into her face and saw the light of a holy benediction upon it. Perhaps after all the grudges had not much weight to them. They might have been brought about by conditions that could be pleasantly adjusted. And when they told Aunt Martha that they would try to keep their memory closet from accumulating any rubbish, she smiled, and said it did her heart good, for Life is short at best, she added, and we have no time to go about with a hook and a crook, picking up grievances, which are so out of place in that beautiful storeroom which God has given us to sit in and enjoy when the quiet hours come, toward the ending of the journey. Aunt Martha was right. Let us only store up the helpful, kind words and deeds of our companions, and throw away the disagreeable things that do not add to, but mar, the beauty of the place so dear to us all.—Christian Work.

A Dream of Christ.

Let me tell you a beautiful story I heard the other day:

A good Christian lady living in Sweden opened a home for crippled and diseased children—children whom nobody really cared about but herself—and received nearly twenty of them into it. Amongst them was a little boy three years old, who was a more frightful and disagreeable object than you ever saw, or are ever likely, perhaps, to see, in your life. He resembled a skeleton. His poor skin was so covered with blotches and sores that he could not be dressed. He was always crying and whining, always peevish. And the poor little fellow gave more trouble than all the others put together.

The good lady did her best for him; she was as kind as possible—washed him, fed him, nursed him; but the child was so repulsive in his ways that she could not bring herself to like him, and her disgust, I suppose, occasionally appeared in her face.

One day she was sitting on the veranda steps with the child in her arms. The sun was shining warm; the scent of the autumn honeysuckles, the chirping of the birds, the buzzing of the insects, lulled her into a sort of sleep; and in half-waking, half-dreaming state she thought of herself as having changed places with the child, and lying there, only more foul, more disagreeable than he was. Over her she saw the Lord Jesus bending, looking intently and lovingly into her face, and yet with a sort of expression of gentle rebuke in it, as much as if he meant to say, If I can love and bear with you, who are so full of sin, surely you ought, for my sake, to love that suffering child.

She woke up with a start, and looked in the boy's face. He had waked up, too, and she expected to hear him begin to cry; but he looked at her—poor little mite—very quietly and earnestly for a long time, and then she—sorry for her past disgust, and feeling a new compassion for him, and a new interest in him—bent her face to his and kissed his forehead as tenderly as she had ever kissed any of her own babes.

With a startled look in his eyes, and a flush on his cheeks, the boy, instead of crying, gave her back a smile so sweet that she had never seen one like it before, nor will, she thinks, till it will light up his angel features some day on their meeting in heaven.

From that day forth a perfect change came over the child. Young as he was, he had hitherto read the feelings of dislike and disgust in the faces of all who approached him, and that embittered his little heart; but the touch of human love swept all the peevishness and ill nature away, and woke him up to a new and happier existence.—From Flowers from the Garden of God.

How She Sang for Jesus.

Some years ago a young lady in one of our great cities became an earnest Christian. Her parents were very worldly people, and determined to make their daughter like themselves. Thinking that the best way to divert her attention from the Bible and the church was to surround her with worldly pleasures, they gave a grand party, to which they invited the gayest and most fashionable people in their large circle of friends. From this company she naturally shrank, and would much have preferred to be at the quiet prayer-meeting, held the same evening. But she made no objection to her parents' wish, and cheerfully assisted them in entertaining the guests.

During the course of the evening some one asked her to sing. As she had a beautiful voice, and was known to have been a singer of many popular songs, this request was taken up by others, until, at last, it became general. At first she declined; but, being urged, she at last consented and went to the piano. A hush fell upon the gay assembly. All present knew of the change in her feelings, and were wondering what she would sing. She herself felt that the moment was a crisis in her life. If she sang one of her old songs, she would be regarded as denying her profession, and she would dishonor her Saviour. But what else was there for her to sing? For a little time there was a great conflict in her heart; and then, almost forgetting where she was, and realizing her own need of help more than anything else, she began, in a low, sweet voice:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;"

and sang it to its close.

The effect of this on the gay company was extraordinary. Every heart was touched. Not a few found relief for their feelings in tears. The young lady herself became the object of the greatest respect. Even her parents admired her courage and devotion; and, shortly afterwards, gave their own hearts and lives to Christ. Nor did the good stop with them. Many of the votaries at the altar of pleasure, who had witnessed this instance of the power and sweetness of faith in Christ, turned to him who is the soul's true refuge, and found peace and forgiveness at his hands.—Morning Star.

The Debt of Honor.

Every son when he goes away from home carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either enhance or dissipate it. If he does well, his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents. There is nothing in this world more touching than the pride of a father or mother in a son's success. Many a student, in the rivalries of academic life, is thinking about this more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hundreds he is thinking chiefly of his far away that are glorying in his honor. In the battles of life in a city like this there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the tempter, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far off whose hearts will be cheered by their well-doing, and would be broken by their ill-doing. I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth, who has been away in another city or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts that love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen, or a disgrace so poignant, as he inflicts who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or the distant city soiled his good name, and rolled the honor of his home in the dust?—James Stalker, D. D.

Man and Woman.

A man's strength is in his manliness, and a woman's in her womanliness. Therefore it is impossible to respect an effeminate man or a masculine woman. One cannot avoid the feeling that such creatures are monstrosities—perversions of nature's purposes. Once in a while we meet with a couple that seem to have changed places and characters; the husband is weak, timid, hesitating, and the wife is strong, coarse, loud. The effect of such a reversal of the ordinary rule is sometimes amusing and sometimes disgusting. No man that is worth the ground he stands on is willing to abdicate his position as head of the house in his wife's favor, and no woman that is animated by correct instincts desires to usurp a sphere of action that does not belong to her.—Nashville Advocate.

The possibilities for good in one child started right, are greater than in an army of men who have gone wrong.

Hall's Vegetable Siccian Hair-remover is, unquestionably, the best preservation of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fester its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Nota Christian Potato.

A certain little boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces, it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian.

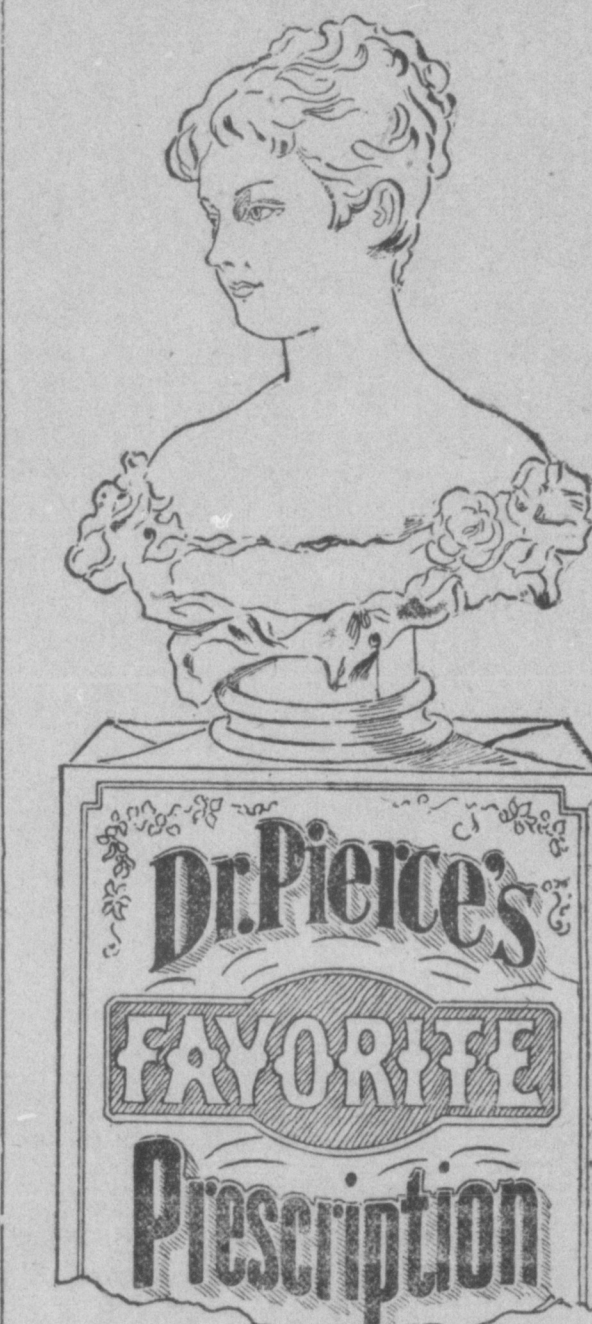
What do you mean? asked Maggie.

Don't you see it isn't good clear thru? was Willie's reply.

The bitterest cup, seasoned with faith in God, becomes sweet to the taste.

The sins of omission are seeds which grow into sins of commission.

The best way for a man to mend his ways is to make new ones.



The pedestal, the support of health and beauty, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There can be no beauty without health. There can be no health when the delicate womanly organs are diseased. Diseases which undermine woman's health and prey upon her beauty, irregular periods, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, are perfectly and permanently cured by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

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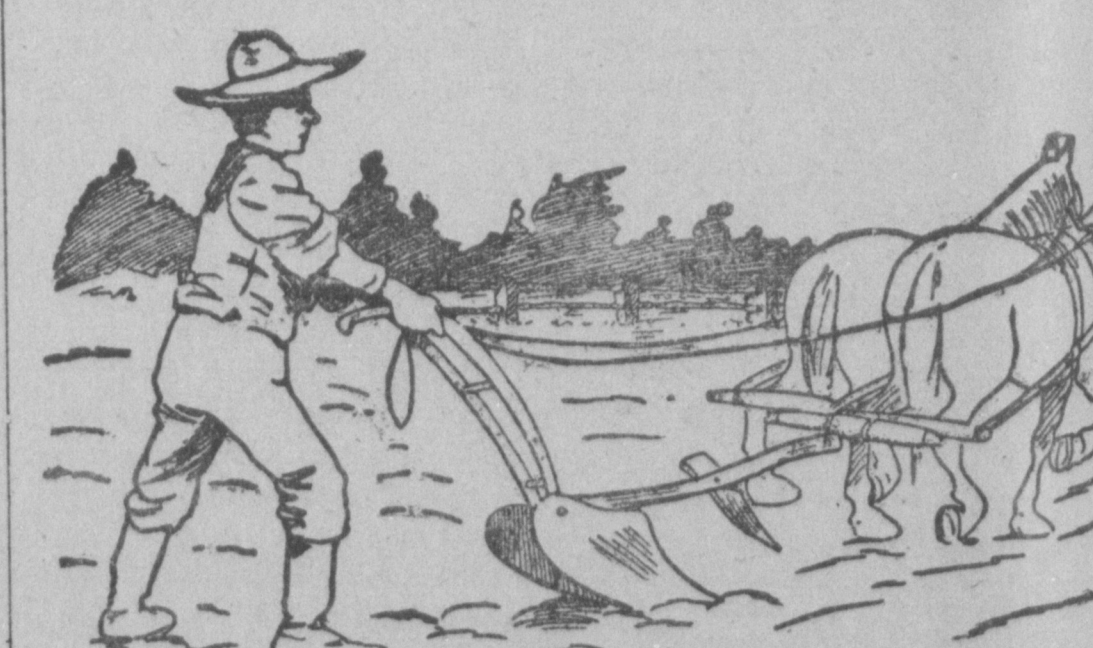
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I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. Years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a dozen of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most severe attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tablets, as my friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take two a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular, have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and am more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tablets will help, but I do know they will cure any one in condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world. They are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to use. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life. I am as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall. My neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and fact. "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

Wanted—A case of best health that RIFANS will not benefit. They banish pain and cure all ailments. Note the word RIFANS. Not the same as the cheap and worthless "Rifans" sold for 50 cents or twelve packets for 40 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and full particulars mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 209 Broadway, New York.

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Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure. Yet Burdock Blood Bitters, taken internally cured Ray Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently cured Mrs. W. B. Crewson's Corners, Ont., entirely, when everyone thought would die. Now Mr. H. H. Windsor Mills, P.Q., states as follows:

"After having used Burdock Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I felt duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, failed to cure me. I had run on my hands and legs which I could not heal until I tried B.B.B. remedy healed them completely, permanently, leaving the skin and face as whole."

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