

## Poetry

## NOAH'S ARK.

You all are invited  
With Christ to embark,  
On board his rich ship,  
The ancient Noah's ark,  
Which was launched at Eden,  
Has long been at sea,  
And comes into harbor  
For you and for me.

I enter'd on board her,  
For who could delay,  
Where so many could sing,  
Could praise, and could pray?  
Our Captain is Jesus,  
His mercy is great;  
Our labor is heavenly,  
Our bounty is sweet.

Thrice blessed be he  
Who launch'd her at first;  
And rig'd her, and stow'd her  
On purpose for us:  
God's love, so amazing,  
Is still her main sail;  
She's pluck'd with salvation  
Quite down to the keel.

Provision on board,  
And clothing great store,  
(Provided by wisdom,  
Design'd for the poor),  
The robes of salvation,  
With which our great Lord  
Will clothe all your souls,  
When you're enter'd on board.

This vessel was built,  
And completed by grace,  
Was fitted and stor'd  
For burthen and chase;  
From her bow to her stern  
She's strongly secur'd,  
Her cargo is wealthy,  
And wisely insur'd.

The winds and the waves, he  
Still holds in his hand;  
And likewise her foes are  
All at his command;  
Near six thousand years she's  
Been cruising the main,  
And manna'd with the ransom'd,  
She harbors again.

Our Captain well praise,  
Who took us on board;  
In safety we are,  
We sail with the Lord;  
Bound to the Fair Haven,  
Our port we shall gain,  
In spite of all dangers  
In crossing the main.

## THE MORNING COMETH.

Christian! the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,  
And all the midnight shadows flee;  
Imagined are the distant skies with glory;  
A beacon light hangs o'er thee.

Arise! Arise! the light breaks o'er thee,  
Thy name is graven on the throne;  
Thy home is in that world of glory,  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Thy God is ever kind and gracious,  
He will direct thy course above;  
For thou art in His sight most precious—  
The object of His special love.

Arise! Arise! &c.  
Toss'd on time's wave, relentless surges,  
Calmy compos'd, and dauntless stand;  
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges  
The heights that bound the promised land.

Arise! Arise! &c.  
Christian! behold, the land is nighing;  
There the wild sea-storm is o'er;  
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering!  
See! in what throngs they reach the shore!

Arise! Arise! &c.  
Clear up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee  
Bright as the summer's noontide ray;  
The star-gemmed crown, and realms of glory,  
Invite thy happy soul away.

Away! Away! leave all for glory;  
Thy name is graven on His throne,  
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—N. Y. Observer.

## Correcting a Fault.

The following sketch is commended to the especial attention of mothers, and it may not be amiss for fathers to read it too.

"Well, Sarah, I declare I you are the worst girl I know of in the whole country!"

"Why, mother! what have I done?"

"See there! how you have spilled water in my pantry! get out of my sight; I can not bear to look upon you—you careless girl!"

"Well, mother! I couldn't help it."

Thus she blamed her mother, and acquitted herself.

Mrs. B. is another mother in the same neighborhood. Mrs. A. wonders why Mrs. B. has a great deal more to my children than I have.

"I talk a great deal more to my children than Mrs. B. does. I frequently scold them most severely, and I sometimes whip them, until I think they will never disobey me again. And yet, how noisy, careless, disobedient, and idle are Mrs. B.'s children! But little to her children, and yet her family move like clock-work. Order, neatness and harmony abound, and I never heard of her whipping them at all."

"This even so! And I should like to tell Mrs. A. the grand cause of her failure. She has not yet learned to govern herself, and it is therefore surprising that her family is poorly governed?"

Mrs. B. has a daughter, Catherine, about the same age with the daughter of Mrs. A.—Not long since Catherine committed, in a hurry, the same act of carelessness as above related, and Mrs. B.'s treatment of it reveals her secret of family government.

Catherine, my daughter, can you tell me how this water came on the floor?"

"I suppose, mother, I must have spilled it a few moments ago, when I filled the teakettle."

"Why did you not wipe it up, my daughter?"

"I intended to return, and do so; but on getting engaged on something else, I forgot it."

"Well, my daughter, when you do wrong you should try to repair it to the best of your ability, and as soon as possible. Get the mop and wipe it up, and try not to do so again."

Catherine immediately does as she is bid, remarking, "I will try and be more careful another time."

Mrs. A. may be found in almost every community. And Mrs. B. though perhaps a more rare personage, yet graces many families in our land.—[British Mother's Journal.]

## Aims in Life.

Young man! are the aims of thy life such as these? Dost thou improve thy hours of leisure, such as occur in the intervals of labor and business, in reading, in study, in meditation, in profitable conversation? If so, thou art acting wisely; for thou wilt thus lay up for thyself a portion that will stay by thee in every trial and conflict incident upon thy life's pilgrimage. Not so, however, with that young man who finds his chief and almost only pleasure in the gratifying of his appetites and passions. A dark future awaits him. While the former is at home evenings with his books, the latter is abroad with his convivial companions, wasting his time and money, and by his vicious practices and sensual indulgences is enfeebling both body and mind. In this way his character is corrupted and destroyed, though he may for a while keep up his reputation, which, however, will not last long after character, its only sure foundation, is ruined. Beware, then, young man, how thou spendest thy time! As man, how thou spendest thy time! As man, how thou spendest thy time! As man, how thou spendest thy time!

Thy God is ever kind and gracious, He will direct thy course above; For thou art in His sight most precious—The object of His special love.

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Toss'd on time's wave, relentless surges,  
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—N. Y. Observer.

Time passed on, and the young men engaged in the active scenes of life. The former was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. The latter secured the place of "street scavenger" in a village in the aforesaid country. How true it is—whatsoever one soweth that shall he also reap. This interesting sketch is veritable history, and names could be given were it necessary. It will serve just as well, however, to illustrate the lives of multitudes of young men in and out of Essex county. Remember, young man, that understanding is a well-spring of life, and he that bath it shall be able to shun the evil that beset his path of life. How much better is it to get wisdom than gold; and understanding than silver.—[Boston Transcript.]

## Frank and the Grapes.

"Can I have some of those grapes, father?" Frank stood on the piazza and pointed to the fine, large clusters which grew over a neighbouring trellis, and hung temptingly almost within his reach.

"No, my son, they belong to Mrs. F.—She did not plant them for her neighbours, but for herself."

"But they do not belong to us, my son! Shall we take what is not ours?"

"She won't know it if she can't see us, father?" and Frank stood on tip-toe, and stretched his neck, to see if they came in the range of any of the windows of the next house. Satisfied upon this point, he turned away. "Please do get me some, father," he said beseechingly.

Mr. Townsend looked steadily and earnestly at Frank. Then, taking him by both hands, he said impressively: "And is there no one else who can see you, and whose commandment you would break by so doing?"

Frank bent his head, and a deep flush of shame overspread his face. His eye sunk beneath his father's earnest, troubled look.

"My son, you have forgotten. You shrink before your earthly father; how, then, will you meet that of God? Remember, there is an eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps; and that you cannot escape. If you could ascend into the heavens it is there, and down into the depths, it is there also.—That an eye has mercifully watched over you through all the five years of your little life, and it looks upon you at this moment. It sees you now,

and understands the thought of your heart."

He paused for a moment and then the boy buried his face in his father's bosom.

"Do you remember, Frank, last Sunday I taught you the commandments. You repeated them after me. One of them was this—'Thou shalt not steal!'"

"Oh, father!"—Frank burst into tears—"I did not mean to steal!"

"I do not think you did, my son. But you could not have taken what did not belong to you without stealing. Now let me tell you more about that commandment, and when you are older, you shall read it for yourself in the Bible. It was delivered to Moses, thousands of years ago, upon Mount Sinai, amid thunderings and earthquakes and fearful signs. The people were not permitted to approach, but stood afar off and beheld the smoke ascending, and the lightnings, and listened to the sound of the trumpet. They trembled with fear, for God himself descended upon the mountain in fire. And the finger of God wrote that commandment upon a table of stone.—Now, my son, do you think that you can break it, and offend Him?"

Frank wept upon his father's bosom, but could not speak.

"Now kiss me, my son. You are grieved, and God will forgive you. I am sure that you will never forget this: never forget, when you are tempted, that though no earthly eye may see you, there is One who will punish his disobedient, and bless his obedient children. Love him with all your heart; and perfect love will cast out fear."—[N. Y. Obs.]

## A Precious Gift.

All the girls are talking about gifts and presents; there is only one thing I want, mother," said the little girl, laying her head on her mother's shoulder—the first-light showing two tears stealing down her cheeks—"but you can't give it to me, mother, nor can papa."

"What is it?" asked the mother.

The child hesitated, and the mother again asked, for she saw her little one was troubled.

"What is it, Bessie?" she said. "I hope that your little heart is not set on very fine things."

"No, mother; no, mother; 'tis not what any of the other girls are talking about that I want; 'tisn't earthly things, mother; it is a new heart."

"Is not your heart good enough?" asked the mother, wishing to get at the root of her wants.

"Oh, no," cried Bessie, "it is an angry heart, a hating heart, a heart that makes me do what I don't want to do. O, mother, I want a heart of love; I want a heart that loves God, and everybody, and every thing good, and that must be a new heart, I am sure."

"Oh, my child, God will not deny you that precious gift, if you ask him for it," said the mother. "Do you remember how the Son of God told the Jews of his Father's willingness to give? 'Is there a man of you,' he asked, 'if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish will he give him a serpent? If you then know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them that ask him.' But how shall we ask? The Son of God, to leave no room for doubt, tell us, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will do it.' Therefore, if you pray God, in the name and for the sake of his dear Son, to give you a new heart, he will, my child."

Bessie whispered, "Will you pray, dear mother?"

The mother and child then went away into a little room often hallowed by the voice of prayer, and knelt down before God. Mother and child both prayed.

Oh, doubt not the word of the Son of God. A petition like this will not be denied. [American Messenger.]

## EMIGRATION OFFICE.

Custom House Buildings, St. John, N. B. PERSONS desirous of settling in the Province of New Brunswick, are hereby notified that Plans of ungranted Lands can be seen at this Office, and that the Emigration Office is prepared to furnish information as to the quality of the soil, and its capabilities, as well as the mode of conveyance, and the cost of reaching the different localities that are eligible for settlement. Forms of application for Crown Land will be drawn up, and such other assistance and advice will be furnished as will tend to facilitate and promote the interests of emigrating settlers. Information in regard to the best, cheapest, and most direct routes will be furnished to parties desirous of bringing their friends to New Brunswick.

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## NEW FALL GOODS.

LENNIS & GARDNER have received per packet ships and Steamers, 123 Packages British, French, and American DRY GOODS, all of which have been personally selected.

SHAWLS—British, French, and German, Long and Square Reversibles, Lanes, Cheviote, Italian Moss, and other styles.

MANTLES—Whitney, Seal, Lambkin, Leopard, and Russian Fringe, in every color and shape; Amazon Riding Jackets, Children's Cloaks, Capes and Dresses.

PURIS—An entire new stock of Chincheilla, Martin, Fawn, Squirrel, Musquash and Ermine; a large portion of which has been made to order, in every shape, and suitable sizes.

DRUSS GOODS—Every novelty in Plaids; new design in Flounce and Stripes; an immense variety of Winseys, Delaines, Merinos, Arabian Lustres, Alliance Colors, and other new materials.

BERLIN GOODS—Children's Muffs, Victorines, and Cuffs, Sea Side Bows, Spencers, Jackets, Sleeves, Armlets, Scarfs, Laces, Bousers, Ear Caps, Head Dresses, Gloves and Handkerchiefs.

BONNETS and HATS—French Feit Bonnets, a cheap and comfortable article, with the new Bonnet Rate, in Black, Brown and Drab.

MILLINERY—Black and Colored, Plain and Fancy Velvets and Silks, Ribbons, Eaters, Flowers, Nets, Laces, Blonds, Manteau Trimmings and Bonnet Shapes.

GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c.—Gloves, Gauntlets, Hosiery, Chemise Scarfs, Sewed and Plain, White and Colored, Working Cottons, Floss Silk, Velvet Ribbons, Cord and Tassels, Mantles and Dress Trimmings.

FANCY GOODS—Oil Paintings, Stereoscopic Glass Slides, Portraits, Monuments, Work Boxes, Fan Boxes, Valties, Fancy Boxes, Infant's Powder Boxes, Puffs and Brushes.

STAPLE GOODS—Cottons, Shirtings, Flannels, Linings, Warps, Battings and Waddings.

HOUSE FURNISHING—Bedroom and Bathing, Tapestry, Watered Monies, with deep Fringes and Gimps to match; Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, Sheetings, Towellings, and Table Damask, but where it is an advertisement.

Good Medicines should be made public. Even those that do not cure, but which are of great service to the patient, should be made public. It is particularly recommended to the attention of Public Dispensaries, and to the attention of the public generally, for the purpose of relieving the suffering, and for the purpose of relieving the suffering, and for the purpose of relieving the suffering.

Do not let your suffer suffer! It is true they are, for the purpose of relieving the suffering, and for the purpose of relieving the suffering, and for the purpose of relieving the suffering.

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## HAMILTON &amp; UNDERHILL, REMOVED.

REMOVED TO NOS. 8 & 4, SOUTH MARKET WHARF.

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Physician and Family Prescriptions personally prepared. Every article warranted. Country orders promptly executed.

D. H. HALL, IMPORTER OF FINE SOFT FEET HATS.

And dealer in every description of STRAW GOODS, CAPS, Satin and Kossuth HATS, Wholesale and Retail.

A. A. B. SMITH, Importer, Manufacturer, and Dealer in GENTS' BLACK SATIN HATS.

ENGLISH and American Styles, do. Kossuth, and Soft Feit HATS, do. Panama, Leghorn, Straw HATS.

CLOTH and GLAZED CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c. Wholesale and Retail.

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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PROVISIONS, DRY GOODS, Groceries, &c.

JOHN J. WRIGHT, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT AND FLOUR DEALER.

No. 24, SOUTH MARKET WHARF, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Choice FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Consignments respectfully solicited.

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GEORGE G. GILBERT, JUN., CHARLES M. SKINNER, June 25—1886.

HENRY ROBERTSON, Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHINA, GLASS, and EASTERN WARE.

No. 3, St. Stephen's Building, King Street, Saint John, N. B.

NEW DRUG STORE, Corner Market & Germain Streets.

The undersigned has opened an APOTHECARY AND DRUG SHOP on the corner of Germain and Market Streets, in the Store formerly occupied by Mr. J. B. CHAPMAN.

He will keep always on hand a Stock of the best English and Foreign DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS, Brushes, &c., which he will sell at the cheapest rate for CASH.

Having served for a number of years in one of the oldest and best establishments in the city, Physicians and families may depend upon their Recipes being prepared in a proper manner and of the best materials.

June 1st, 1886.

F. R. DICKES.

## THE GREAT WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Says the St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat: "Below, we publish a letter to Dr. Wood, of this city, from a gentleman in Maine, which speaks glowingly of the superior merits of his hair tonic. Such evidence must have a effect, when coming from a reliable source. If certificates are guaranteed of truth, the Dr. needs no encomiums, nor need I puffery from the press."

Rev. Mr. Wood, of this city, from a gentleman in Maine, which speaks glowingly of the superior merits of his hair tonic. Such evidence must have a effect, when coming from a reliable source. If certificates are guaranteed of truth, the Dr. needs no encomiums, nor need I puffery from the press."

Professor O. J. Wood & Co., Gentlemen: Having my attention called a few months ago to the hair restorative of your hair restorative, I was induced to make application of it upon my own hair, which had become thin and falling out. I can now state, my whiteness were of some character. Some three months since I procured a bottle of your restorative, and used it. I soon found it was proving what I had wished. I used it about twice a week. I have since procured another bottle, of which I have used some. I can now certify to the world that your hair restorative has totally restored my hair, and I believe more soft and glossy than it has been before for twenty years. I am now sixty years old, and my hair is as good as the hair of fifty, and I have used it with some effect.

Yours truly, J. K. BRAGG.

Professor Wood—Dear Sir: I have used your hair restorative for some time, and I can now state, my whiteness were of some character. Some three months since I procured a bottle of your restorative, and used it. I soon found it was proving what I had wished. I used it about twice a week. I have since procured another bottle, of which I have used some. I can now certify to the world that your hair restorative has totally restored my hair, and I believe more soft and glossy than it has been before for twenty years. I am now sixty years old, and my hair is as good as the hair of fifty, and I have used it with some effect.

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