

Poetry.

WAIT TO BE HONORED ABOVE.

I'll wait to be honored above,
What wondrous honor 'twill be
When Jesus, because of his love,
Puts a crown of his glory on me.

I'll wait to be honored above,
Where loved ones are watching for me;
And where, with the angels of God,
The face of my Father I'll see.

I'll wait to be honored above,
"Tis Jesus invites me to come,
And, only because of his love,
My Saviour will welcome me home.

And soon I'll be honored above,
An heir of my God and my King;
Joint heir with the Son of his love,
Whose praises in heaven I'll sing.

O! I'll wait to be honored above,
Not for aught that I ever have done,
But, because of the wondrous love,
That thus could for sinners atone.

Washed white in his precious blood,
My Saviour will honor me there,
For, as one of his jewels above,
I'll be whiter than snow over there.

—Ruth Lloyd.

The Fireside.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

"Here, Janet, all the examples are worked out on this piece of paper. Take it into the class and you'll get through the recitation nicely."

Janet drew back and said: "But I didn't work them out, Alice. It would not be honest."

"Don't be a goose, Janet. Nobody will be likely to ask right up and down whether you did or not."

"But if I make any one think I did, then it will be dishonest all the same."

"Nonsense. Give me the paper, then," said Alice, looking offended.

"I know you mean to be kind, Alice, but don't you see it would be acting a lie?"

"Oh, you're one of the particular sort. You'll be sure not to pass if you're too strict to take a little helping through."

Janet sighed as she took her place, knowing there was a great deal of truth in what Alice had said. Bright and quick in every other way, always taking real delight in the routine of school duty, she had found arithmetic a sad puzzle, and had felt it a great hardship that her general standing depended so much upon it. Examinations for admission to the high school were just now approaching, and the circle of girls with whom she was most friendly were all hoping to succeed—all but poor Janet, who felt more and more certain that there was no hope of surmounting her old stumbling-block.

On the dreaded day upon which the examination in arithmetic took place the figures seemed to pile themselves before her in mountains, while signs and terms danced before her and mocked her attempts to reduce them to order. She had arrived at the last point of discouragement when desired to go with others to the blackboard.

Well knowing that upon this hour to depend the question of her going back to do over again the months of study already done, she tried her very best, but her very anxiety stood in her way. She grew nervous and made mistakes in the smallest matters.

"You've multiplied wrong there," whispered Sam Fulton, a boy quick at figures, who stood near, and in one glance took in her difficulties with good-natured sympathy. She corrected the mistake, but was soon in a helpless snarl, every rule seeming to go out of her head.

"Invert your term—and cancel—" again whispered Sam. But Janet shook her head, laid down the crayon and went to her seat, full of the bitter consciousness of failure.

"Wait, Janet," cried a voice behind her, and Sam hurried up. "Why didn't you let me help you when I could?" he asked. "I could have engineered you right through those examples if you had let me."

"It wouldn't have been right, Sam," she said, shaking her head; "I corrected the mistake in multiplication when you told me, because that was a thing I knew—I just got wrong because I was confused. But I ought to have known those rules without your telling me, and if I had pretended to know them when I didn't, it would have been a lie."

"But perhaps it has made all the difference whether you pass or not?"

"Yes, very likely," said Janet, sadly. Sam looked thoughtful.

"Are you always so careful about being right in everything?"

"Why, I hope so, Sam; everybody ought to be, you know."

Sam was an orphan boy, who had not had the best training. He whistled to himself a minute and then said:

"I don't believe everybody is, though. I'll tell you a plan I've got in my head, Janet. If you think it comes up to your idea of honesty, you know I go for an hour every evening to post up Mr. Hyde's books."

Sam spoke with a little pride, for he thought it rather a smart thing for a boy of his age, as indeed it was.

"Yes," said Janet.

"Well, some of the big boys want me to go on a big frolic with 'em. It will take a little money and I haven't got any."

"The fellows have been telling me to borrow it of Mr. Hyde—without saying anything about it, you know—and put it back some other time. When I add up the accounts I can make a little change in the books so no one could tell. The boys say it wouldn't be any harm. Do you think it would?"

He looked into her face, anxious that she should say no, but feeling in the bottom of his heart sure she would say yes.

"Oh, Sam," she cried, "you know it would be wrong. There's no need for me to tell you."

"Why, Janet, don't you see it would just be borrowing? Just to put it back again."

"Taking some one's money without leave isn't borrowing, Sam. There's another name for it—an uglier name."

Sam scowled.

"You don't mean to call me a thief, do you?"

"No," she said very earnestly, "and it's because I don't want any one else to call you so that I say so much. Oh, Sam, don't do it. And don't go with the boys who want you to do such things. I've heard my father talk about young men who began in just such ways, and who kept going on and on till they were found out, and then nobody called it borrowing. If you think it would be no harm, why don't you let Mr. Hyde know about it?"

"Why, Janet?" said Sam, with a start. "I wouldn't let him know it for the world. He'd turn me out in a minute if he knew I thought of such a thing."

Janet laughed.

"My mother tells me sometimes that a good way to find out whether a thing is right or wrong, is to think whether you want folks to know it."

"That is a good way," said Sam, thoughtfully. "I believe you're right, Janet; I know you're right. It is better for a fellow to be honest and above-board. I want to get on, and I'm going to stick to my way. People always think better of a chap they know can be trusted."

"But Sam"—Janet laid her hand on his arm, as he was about to run away—"don't think only of how it looks before men. God"—and she pointed

upward to the blue sky over their heads—"God hates a lie, and can see to the very bottom of our hearts if we have a false or deceitful thought. Let us try and keep them pure and clean before Him."

Sam looked down at her sober face and said: "I guess there's no danger but you'll keep yours so, Janet. If I hadn't seen how you stood up for what's true—not just true in looks, but true all the way through—I'd never let you talk to me this way," and he dashed down a path under the spreading trees, and disappeared.

The puzzling lessons and the disheartening failures and the burden of weary repetition seemed to go far away from Janet as she walked on. And the voices of the birds and the brightness of the sunshine and the softness of leaves and grass seemed sweeter than ever before, for the glow of thankfulness in her heart, that she had been blessed with the power to take a firm stand for truth in word and deed, regardless of the advantage she might seem to gain by the practice of a little deceit; and that in so doing she had been able to set an example to the poor, ill-taught, stumbling boy, whose whole life might be influenced by her earnest words borne out by brave deeds.—Occident.

BRAVE FOR THE RIGHT.

BY VICTOR.

He had come to the city within the year, and entered into business with a young man named Wellington, the son of a wealthy broker, who was at the time travelling in Europe. On his return and introduction to Ralph Merrill, attracted by his fine physique and pleasing address, his cultured mind and generous heart, he invited him to his elegant home, introduced him to his daughter Edith, a fair and graceful girl, and showed a desire in various ways to be his friend.

Not long after Mr. Wellington's return from abroad some of his intimate business friends planned to give him a banquet at Delmonico's. Every thing that could give pleasure or grace to the entertainment was ordered. Rare and costly wines helped largely to make up the carefully chosen menu. The guests invited were gentlemen prominent in the commercial world; the younger Wellington and Ralph Merrill were among them because of their relations with the honored guest of the evening. When the time appointed arrived the banquet was found to be all that could be desired. After the substantial viands were enjoyed, a variety of delicious dainties were set before the guests. Just then it was that Mr. Wellington spoke to Ralph, whose seat at the table was not far removed from his own.

"Mr. Merrill, will you not take wine with me?" at the same time sending to him the water, with the bottle of rare wine from which his own glass had just been filled. Ralph indicated to the servant that the glass beside his plate was not to be filled. Mr. Wellington saw the motion, and the quick words came:

"What, Merrill! not take wine with me? Why not, sir?"

For a moment there was no reply; for a moment the young man listened to the tempting voice within, listened while it said, "You cannot announce your temperance principles in this company. Mr. Wellington will be angry, and with his large influence he can ruin you financially; and Edith—you know how charming you think her. Anger her father now, and you will see her no more; refuse now to drink, and you make shipwreck of your dearest hopes. It is only for this once. Yield!"

Had a moment, and then courage, God-like, came to the front.

Steadily, yet modestly, his dark eyes met those of Mr. Wellington, in which an ominous, half-angry light had gathered. The attention of all at the table was on the two, and in their midst there was a brief silence. On that silence the young man's voice fell, low and firm:

"Mr. Wellington, when I was a boy, too young to write, my mother took me to the old Methodist Church in our village, and putting a pen in my little hand, guided it with her own, and so signed my name to a temperance pledge. That pledge I have never broken. Shall I break it to-night?"

Over the face of Mr. Wellington a wave of emotion swept. "Give me your hand, Merrill. Why, my boy, I had rather lose all I am worth than to see you break that pledge. Far better go to your grave, were the first words his lips could frame. 'Truly, truly, Merrill, you have proved yourself a hero.' We were the next, and they were spoken with misty eyes.—The Morning and Day of Reform.

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YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

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TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. Y.

SOLICITORS.

POETRY.

PLEASANT WORDS.

No matter how the world may go,
How dark its shadows be,
Or whether June's sweet roses blow
To gladden you and me,
There always is a time of day,
When we can pause beside the way
To say a pleasant word.

The little barefoot girl we meet,
The maid whose love was vain,
The legless boy upon the street,
The blind man with his cane,
When they receive the humble mite,
Will feel their bosom stirred,
If, with the coin of value high,
We pass a pleasant word.

And hearts that now with sorrow ache
Beneath some heavy blow,
Will from the shadows rise and break
The spell of all their woe,
And feel that life hath sunshine new,
And songs as sweet as birds,
If we but be humane and true,
And give them pleasant words.

BEWARE OF THE SNAKES!
You have heard of "the snake in the grass," my boy,
Of the terrible "snake in the grass;"
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class.
Alas!
'Tis the venomous snake in the glass.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 125.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
My first is in Esther, but not in John;
My second is in Luke, but not in Mark;
My third is in Isaiah, but not in Job;
My fourth is in John, but not in Hosea;
My fifth is in Amos, but not in Joel;
My sixth is in Hosea, but not in Jude;
My whole is the name of one of the prophets.

No. 126.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
My whole, composed of 9 letters, is the place
where Moses died.
My 8, 2, 9, 4 is a gift.
My 5, 3, 6 is a large cask.
My 1, 3, 5, 7 is silent.

No. 127.—HIDDEN SCRIPTURE NAMES.
1. A bell will ring to-night.
2. I am fond of jam, especially plum.
3. I shall not go another step, Henry!
4. Did you see the lamb skip!
5. A dame was put to death for her faith.

No. 128.—CHARADE.
1. Part of the body. 2. More or less. Whole.
Beautiful. "STRABO." Central Hampstead, Queens.

No. 129.—BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.
1. The wife of Herod's steward.
2. A son of Aaron.
3. A King of Judah.
4. A mountain overlooking Jerusalem.
5. The most ancient city of Canaan.
6. A son of Noah.
7. The daughter of Zachariah.
8. A virtue.
9. The place where Aaron was buried.
10. An old patriarch.

No. 130.—SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.
-Hyt nsh lahl on rone og wgd; hteerit alsh
yth nosh dhtwair flit; of het Lrd alsh abh
enith gltearwin thgli, dan het dty for yth iougner
hlal eb eddin.

No. 131.—DROP LETTER PROVERB.
H—u—c—h—d—d—h—h—h—
—u—s—c—h—d—d—h—h—h—
—h—u—c—h—d—d—h—h—h—
—h—u—c—h—d—d—h—h—h—

No. 132.—REBUS.
stand wisdom and standing heart
O ye simple and ye fools be ye of an
Ed.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)
THE MYSTERY SOLVED.
(May 30th.)
No. 105.—Prov. xii. 1.
No. 106.—Peter.
No. 107.—Bartimeus.
No. 108.—1. NI—S—AN.
2. AB—A—NA.
3. CA—M—EL.
4. MO—U—SE.
5. NI—E—EP.
6. HA—L—IL.
SAMUEL.

No. 109.—"Wisdom is better than riches."
Prov. viii. 11.
No. 110.—1. J—onathan.
2. E—lijah.
3. S—amuel.
4. S—amuel.
5. E—li.
No. 111.—Othniel.
No. 112.—1. Leviticus. 2. Exodus.

CHART.
"STRABO," Central Hampstead, Queens.—Your MS. reached us in time for notice last issue, but was overlooked in the rush of mail-answering until the work was sent to press. Nevertheless, "better late than never." Excuse us! Thank you for your pleasant sentiments. Such things encourage us on our work. Thanks for the excellent batch of puzzles. Of the issue of May 16th you have correctly solved Nos. 93, 94, 95, 2 and 3, 97, 1 and 2.

LOTTE R. STEEVES, Carleton, St. John.—We mailed those papers to your address (as above) on the 17th May. Have they not reached you? You have correctly solved Nos. 105, 106, 107, 109.

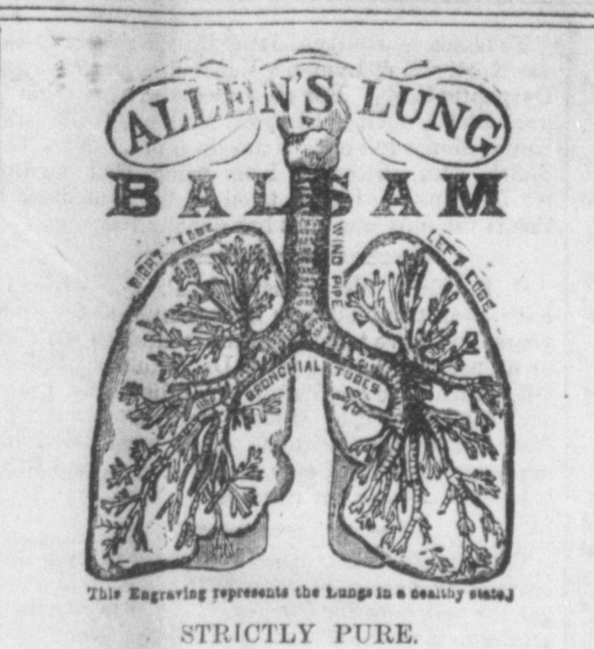
JESSIE, Fredericton.—Thanks for Bible Questions. You have correctly solved Nos. 102, 104, 106, 107, 109. Write again.

HOME HINTS.

SCRAPE or wash hard boiled eggs very fine. Add a very little mustard, vinegar and sweet oil. You will think that you are eating something finer than lobster salad.

Don't throw away the young beetles you have thinned out. Instead of throwing them on the ground to throw them into a pan of cold water, and afterward boil them, roots and tops, for greens. They are delicious.

When you wish to wash off your windows without much trouble or taking them out, or the glass over pictures or mirrors, take a piece of newspaper and wet in soft water and go over them thoroughly; then polish with dry newspaper and you will be pleased with the result.

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HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

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There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM.

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BELL FOUNDRY
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THE SUREST CURE FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim of KIDNEY DISEASE? If so, do not delay. Write at once to J. H. MORRISON, M.D., 127, Duke Street, St. John, N. B., and he will send you a full and complete description of the disease, and a full and complete description of the cure. Do not delay. Write at once to J. H. MORRISON, M.D., 127, Duke Street, St. John, N. B., and he will send you a full and complete description of the disease, and a full and complete description of the cure.

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BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,
Queen Street, Fredericton.

J. H. MORRISON, M.D.
M.S., F.A.S.,
Late Professor Natural Science, Normal College, Pa.
Late Lecturer to Columbia Institute of Medicine.
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DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Notary, &c.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Children like it! Mothers like it! Because it is agreeable to the taste, does not occasion nausea, acts without griping, is certain in its effects, and is effective in small doses.

Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers.
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Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

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All goods marked in plain figures. One price only.

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Christmas, 1883.

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SLIPPERS,
MOCCASINS,
RUBBERS,
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25¢ Polite treatment whether you buy or not—25¢ Goods cheerfully exchanged or the money refunded.

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A. LOTTIMER,
QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton.

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FLANNEL,
YARNS,
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Are made of pure Wool and for durability and finish are not excelled by any made in the Lower Provinces.

Wool taken in exchange for cloth, and orders entrusted with prompt return. A large and varied stock on hand. Samples sent on application.
25¢ Shipping Station, Atlas, I. C. R.
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JOHN READ & SONS,
PORT ELGIN, WESTMONTLAND C. N. R.,
May 20, 1884.
may 24-1

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TRIMMINGS!

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ORNAMENTS.
JETTIED, CHENILLE, SATIN, COLORED, CORALS, BALLOONS. Ornaments sold only in PAIRS for Sleeves, Shoulders and Fronts, in Spangly, Leaves, Grapes, Flowers and other Novel Designs.

LOOP ORNAMENTS AND FROGS.
—ALSO—
THE NEW SADDLE ORNAMENT.

Colored Frogs, Ornaments and Loops to match the Shades of Dress Goods.
Coloured Laid-on Bands; Jettied Trimmings, all widths; Chenille and Satin Trimmings; Seven Passes; Marabout Feather Trimmings, Black and Gold; Double and Single Fringes, Tape, Chenille and Crapes; Tabular Bands, Silk Cord, Pearl Cage Clasps.

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may 9

SALT—LANDING.
NOW LANDING ex barque Petros, 24 days from Liverpool; 5,000 Sacks COMMON SALT.
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
South Market Wharf.

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Have just received a good variety of
AMERICAN CLOCKS,
—IN—
EBONY, MAHOGANY, WALNUT AND NICKEL CASES.

Suitable for Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom, Hall, Office or Shop.
Call and examine them at 43 KING STREET.
may 7

Secretary's Notice.

THE undersigned non-resident rate-payers of School District No. 1, Parish of Lancaster, in the City and County of St. John, are hereby notified that their respective school rates, as set opposite their names, together with the cost of advertising (30 cents each), within two months from this date, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same:

NAME	1882	1883	1884
James Dunlop	89 66	89 66	89 66
James E. Earl	66	66	66
Robert J. Ritchie	1 82	2 47	2 55
Annie E. Adams	16 66	16 66	17 09
Robert Thompson	1 33	1 33	2 04
Thomas Coll	5 66	5 66	1 02
H. Mason Estate	5 66	5 66	5 66
John J. McPhie	1 15	1 15	1 19
Wm. Clark	99	99	1 02
Samuel Earle	66	66	66
Robert A. Gregory	12 66	12 66	12 92
Hannah A. Gregory	10 66	10 66	10 20
MacDevitt	2 14	2 14	2 21
William Oliver, 4th	2 66	2 66	2 66
Wm. Peterson	33	33	34
Wm. Rippey	99	99	1 02
Israel Eves	66	66	66
Jas. A. Dunham	3 33	66	66
Capt. R. Tucker	4 60	4 60	4 36
Frederic Watson	1 33	1 33	2 36
Geo. V. Beatty	2 47	2 47	2 72
James Christopher	10 66	10 66	10 88
James Doyle	66	66	66
Arthur A. Clark	66	66	1 56
Thomas Ear			