

Chastened.

How softly tread the spectres of our sorrow
About our sunset way!
How gently rest the shadows of to-morrow
Upon our path to-day!

Beneath the laugh of pleasures evanescent
The heart remembers pain,
And catches from the hilltops of the present
The sound of coming rain.

Yet not the skies in which no clouds are
drifting
Reveal the beauty rare
Of those whose veiled smiles are ever shifting
Their half-lights everywhere.

We turn unblest from faces fresh with
beauty,
Unsoftened yet by fears,
To those whose lines are chased by pain
and duty,
And know the touch of tears.

The heart whose chords the gentle hand of
sadness,
Has touched in minor strain
Is filled with gracious joys and knows a
gladness
All others seek in vain.

How poor a life, where pathos tells no
story,
Whose pathways reach no shrine,
Which, free from suffering, misses, too,
the glory
Of sympathies divine!

Some day our souls may face the Sun
unclouded
And bear its wonders near;
Tis well awhile to gaze on visions shrouded
In earthly atmosphere.

—Christina Union.

For Better or Worse.

There are many husbands who do not get help from their wives that they would love to give. They do not take them at all into their deepest, real life. The pleasant things a man shares with his wife, the encouragements, the prosperities, the comforts, the victories and successes; but the serious questions that arise, the anxieties and burdens and cares, the discouragements, the adversities, he too often keeps to himself. It is not in any unkind or selfish spirit that he does this; indeed, oftentimes it is the very tenderness of his regard for his wife that leads him to withhold from her knowledge, as far as he can, the things that would cause her anxiety or distress of mind. He does not suppose that she could help him in the solving of the questions or in the bearing of the burdens, and he thinks it would be unkindness in him to vex her with questions or oppress her with burdens. So he keeps these troubles to himself, and while he is in deep perplexity and bowing under heavy loads, perhaps being crushed beneath them, she is moving along in a path of sunshine in quiet enjoyment, with no shadow of care, wholly unconscious of her husband's need of sympathy and help.

Quite recently, in the case of a heavy business failure, the wife knew nothing whatever of the coming misfortune until it had actually fallen upon her home. She then learned that for more than a year her husband had been struggling with his load, trying in every way to bring his affairs out of their complications and to escape the peril of bankruptcy. Meanwhile his wife had been living in her sheltered home, wholly unaware of any stress or any shadow impending. She had been spending money freely as usual in her household management, making no effort to be economical, since she knew of no necessity for unwonted economy. Her neighbor's wife, knowing of her husband's business troubles and of his almost certain failure in the near future, thought strange that she still maintained her costly scale of household expenditure, and severely admonished her upon her want of sympathy with her husband in his distress. Had she known anything of the real condition of affairs she would have instantly reduced the household expenses to the minimum, and possibly by doing this might have saved him from failure.

There is no doubt that in this case the husband's motive was unselfish and kindly. He shrank from giving anxiety and distress to his wife, and hoped to weather the storm without acquainting her with the fact that he was in a storm. His motive was unselfish but his course was unkind. He failed to honor her with that full confidence which every husband owes to the woman whom he has taken to his side as his wife. He inflicted positive injury and wrong upon her, in allowing her to go on in her expensive style of living, ignorant of his circumstances, thus drawing upon herself the censure of her neighbors. This injustice to her was irreparable. Her name will never be altogether free from the reproach which it gathered in those days of her husband's struggles. Yet for this he alone was to blame.

When a man has taken a woman to be his wife, he has linked her life with his own in the closest of all earthly relations. Whatever concerns him, concerns her also. He has no right to keep secrets which are not hers

as well as his. He should, therefore, make her the sharer of his own life. She should know of his successes and rejoice with him in them. If reverses come she should know also of these, that she may sympathize with him and help him in his struggles. They have linked their lives together "for better or worse," and they should share the pains and the trials as well as the pleasures and comforts that come to either of them. A true wife is not a child; she is a woman, and should not be treated as a child.

A man does injustice to his wife when he thinks she is too frail and delicate to share with him the storms that blow upon him, or too inexperienced or too ignorant of life to discuss with him the problems that cause him deep and earnest thought. She may not have all his wisdom with regard to the world's affairs, and yet she may be able to offer many a suggestion which shall prove valuable to him. Woman's quick intuition often sees at a glance what man's slow logic is slow in discovering. There is many a man whose success would have been greater, or to whom failure would not have come, had he sought or accepted his wife's counsel or help. Even if a wife can give no real aid, her husband will be made ten times stronger by her strong sympathy and brave cheer while he is carrying his load or fighting his battle.

Therefore, whether the day may bring defeat or victory, failure or success, a man should confide all to his wife in the evening. If the day has been prosperous she has a right to share the gratification; if it has been adverse, she will want, as a true wife, to help her husband bear his burden, and to whisper her word of courage in his ear. Not only does a man fail to give his wife due honor when he shuts her out from participation in his struggles, conflicts, anxieties and defeats of his life, but he also robs himself of that wondrous inspiration and help which every true wife so longs to minister to the husband she loves. True marriage should unite husband and wife in their entire life, whether of joy or sorrow, of victory or defeat, of gain or loss.—Presbyterian.

One Young Man's No.

Many a weak youth has escaped temptation because a stronger companion said "no"—and many another has fallen because no such help was near. A "Life Sketch" in the New York Ledger (by an eye-witness) details a scene in a hotel billiard-room, at a fashionable resort, where half a dozen young men were playing for money and "the drinks." An acquaintance, having some errand to one of the players, came in, and was boisterously urged to make one of the party in the game and the bibulous indulgence.

"Bring another hot Scotch!" "Not one for me," said Harry peremptorily, and with a bit of extra color in his face.

"Oh, pshaw! you won't play?" "No; I don't wish to."

"Nor you won't drink a bumper with us?"

"Jack, you are going too far. I would drink if I wanted it. You would not force a man to drink who is not thirsty?"

"Oh, fudge! Harry you're afraid to risk a dollar? You'd drink a hot Scotch, or a glass of wine with us, if you dared to play. Oh, Hal, I didn't think you'd grown so timid!"

And now the young man's face flushed to some purpose. It was a handsome face; and he looked really grand—noble—as he drew himself up to his full, manly height.

"Boys you have spoken freely to me; let me say a word to you in reply. I am timid, I confess. I am fearful; but you know—your own very well—that I fear not the loss of a dollar. I will tell you presently what I do fear. Do you remember Dan H—?" naming a young man who, not a year previously, had been apprehended, tried, convicted of forgery and embezzlement to a large amount, and who was at that very time serving his penalty in the State Prison. And further, that young man—a trusted book-keeper and cashier—had been intimate with these very youths.

"You remember him I know," Harry continued; "and you can remember the time when he was as jovial and happy over his billiards and whiskey and gambling as you are now. Oh, do not wince! I call it by its right name. If it is not gambling what is it? Ah boys! if Dan had been a little fearful in those days, he might have been differently situated now."

He paused for a moment, looked around upon the players, and presently added, in a lower tone and with deep solemnity,

"And now, boys, I tell you, frankly, of what I am afraid: I have a mother—you know whether she loves me or not—and I have a dear sister, looking to me for joy and comfort in life. I have also a business character; and I trust, a broad, bright future before me."

Must I tell you—I am afraid—I shrink in mortal dread from anything that can endanger these sacred interests. Not for all the wealth of the world would I knowingly and willingly bow my dear mother's head in sorrow. And since even the appearance of evil may weaken the prop of a sterling character, I will try to avoid it. Now you understand me. Go on if you will, and enjoy yourselves if you can. It would be misery for me to join you here. One word more: If anything of this interview should become known abroad, be sure that I did not tell it, for my lips will be closed when I go out from you."

He then called aside the young man whom he had come to see, who after a brief private conversation with Harry, put up his cue, and, announcing that he should not go on with the game, quietly went out with his friend.

Two balls remaining on the table were not pocketed. The game was suffered to end where it stood. There was a question asked by one of the five remaining what should be done with the money in the "pot." The chief answered instantly, and without argument, by giving each man his dollar. Then they put their heads together, and after a brief confab, which I could not overhear, they left the place, leaving full one-half the drink in their glasses untouched.

Six months later, I had an occasion to spend another night at that same house, and during my sojourn, I spoke to the host of the six young men whom I had seen engaged in that game of pool. He knew what I meant, because I had told him the story at the time.

He answered that three of these youths had not been seen in the billiard-room since that evening; two of them had occasionally dropped in together and played a social game, but had neither put up money nor drank. Of the sixth man he would not speak.

And then I thought of the personal influence of that young man. And then the end is not yet. The end no man can see.—The Watchman.

Joyous Christians.

No one will question that there is room for more gladness in our world. Who is to supply it, if the Christian does not? When thoughtful men seriously propound the inquiry, "Is life worth living?" it is surely time for all who love Christ to answer that question by the most practical of all methods—to show the world the gladness of the life which Christ inspires. Wordsworth has given us an immortal ode on the happiness which comes from duty. We want a singer to inspire us all with a not less noble aim—the duty of happiness and especially of happiness as Christians.

Joy, we are told by the Apostle Paul, is "the fruit of the Spirit." In the order of growth it succeeds love. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." Love is the fruit, joy is the color and bloom on its cheek; peace the luxurious enjoyment of feasting on the fruit.

Joy is love singing; love conscious of its own happiness; love surveying its treasures, and enjoying it with out fear. Joy is love delightfully busy; it is love shining; it is the healthy condition of our powers. Sorrow is the condition of the same powers when they are disordered or diseased. Hence joy has to do with both order and ease. Conscious felicity in any exercise, physical or mental, brings joy. Joy forsakes monopoly, loves to run from heart to heart, and fill each and every one. Selfishness and joy never can agree for joy is never joyful unless in seeking some one else to share her gladness.

No influence of power is more manifest in nature than that of joy. It is the great mainspring starting all the wheels of nature's activities. The sun delights to shine. The stars never look tired of their calm watchful gaze. The streams rejoice to run and sing. The flowers delight in blossoming. Joy laughs in a thousand different buds, and dances in young leaves, and carols in the song of birds. The very grass, however you cut it, or tread upon it, lifts up its head with a new joy every morning, and welcomes you in your evening weariness to the level of its cool, playful shadows. The little child, fresh from God, comes to us with joy on its dimpled face, and with gladness in play and merry movements. No feature in nature is more marked than that of joy. Coleridge said that the "sunny hues, and fair forms, and breathing sweets of nature made it impossible for him to be a jarring and dissonant thing amidst the general minstrelsy."

Joy is both full of insight and medicinal. Our best poets delight to depict its power in each of these ministries. Wordsworth said it was "worth an eye made quiet by the deep power of joy that he saw unto the life of things." Then he felt that sensations sweet passing into his purer mind, with tranquil restoration. Then he came to know that

blest mode in which the border of the mystery of this unintelligible word is lightened; and he became a living soul! If this be the ministry of the joy of nature, surely the "joy of the Lord" would lighten many dark problems in life, lift many a burden, change the home and the business of many a weary and tired child of God, and fill them with brightness and song.—The Quiver.

The Love and Respect of Children.

If mothers could only realize what a critical period their children are passing through from the third to sixth year, they would exercise more than ordinary care during that time. Not only physically but mentally and morally, are they undergoing a change—a change for better or worse, according to the care and attention they received from their mothers and fathers. A father is no more exempt from certain duties toward his offspring than the mother. He should always bear in mind that his assistance in the control of the children is of more value to his tired wife than the presentation to her of a costly gift.

It is the time that children begin to notice papa's and mamma's bearing towards one another; let this always be one of courtesy and respect. Nothing so quickly destroys respect for parents as constant bickering in the presence of their children. The first thing a child should be taught is respect for his parents and elders; affection comes naturally with most children and the most valuable aid in gaining control of their actions; next to that is respect, without which very little can be accomplished for the children's welfare. Parents should bear this in mind that children lose respect very soon upon hearing them disagree; using bitter cutting words to each other. This is indicting the first actual pain these baby hearts have been called upon to bear. In the presence of this the child experiences conflicting emotions, which ends in pity for one parent and contempt for the other. O parent, pause; consider before you lose your hold on the little being who has heretofore considered you perfect! Let there be unanimity of purpose in act, word, and deed before these little creatures, who are susceptible to every new impression, if you would preserve their love and respect.

Christian Conduct.

Oftentimes a young Christian may be puzzled about how he should act as a Christian. I have this much to say—one who is very anxious to do God's will and is prayerful and reads his Bible daily is not often troubled by this question. We must take it for granted that everybody who is a Christian wants to do the will of Christ. The New Testament furnishes general rules for Christian conduct. The whole law is, love to God and love to men. This comprehends everything. We give some rules founded on the Scriptures:

1. Do nothing if you doubt its being right. "Whatever is not of faith is sin."
2. If there is something you want to do which would do you no harm, but might lead a weaker brother into wrong, dare not do it. "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."
3. Do not place yourself in a false position. "Abstain from all appearance of evil."
4. Do nothing, in thought, word or deed, on which you can not ask God's blessing. "Whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."—Sunday School Baptist.

Why am I not a Christian?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule and of what others may say of me?

"Whoever shall be ashamed of Me and My word, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

The path of duty in this world is not all gloom or sadness or darkness. Like the roads of the South, it is hedged with ever-bloom, pure and white as snow. It is only when we turn to the right hand or to the left that we are lacerated by piercing thorns and concealed dangers.—James D. Kerr.

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