

Trust and Wait.

BY THERA A. BUCK.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

Whoso'er his hand may guide thee,
Press thou on.

Though the wilderness divide thee,
Hasten on.

Hasten, though the shadows fall,
Veiling nature like a pall;

Hasten, though the toil seem vain,
And the weary heart and brain

Faint, while friend and foe deride thee.
Time is late,

Yet there's One who walks beside thee;
Trust and wait.

Lift on high His banner, flying
In the air,

Though the world is filled with sighing,
We can dare,

Dare all storms, and death, and pain,
Though our tears may fall like rain,

These shall be forever o'er,
Over on that farther shore,

Where, on golden hills, es turning,
Swings the gate,

O, how bright the stars are burning!
Trust and wait.

'T is not now the time for scorning,
While the sky

Brightens, and the light of morning
Draweth nigh.

Wait, though heart and hand may quail,
Like a reed before the gale,

Wait, He reigneth over all,
He, who marks the sparrows' fall,

And he cannot, will not, leave thee
To thy fate.

Friends may fail, and foes may grieve thee,
Trust and wait.

Gird thine armor on, and onward
Let thy way,

Like the eagle's flight, be sunward
Toward the day.

On! the stars of heaven shall shine
With a brilliancy divine,

And beside the jasper sea,
Shall thy ranks unbroken be,

While the hand of God is swinging
Wide the gate.

Hark! the bells of heaven are ringing—
Trust and wait.

—*Sabbath Herald.*

Child Training.

My neighbor raised a crop in his garden last summer without bestowing any labor upon it. He had a very rich garden spot, not very large, but well adapted to raising all kinds of vegetables. It lay where the cheering rays of the sun could fall upon it, and where the rains from heaven could keep it moist. He decided in the spring, as he had much to occupy his mind during the summer, that he would not cultivate his garden. He said to himself, May be it will bring forth a crop without the labor usually spent upon gardens. He carried out his decision. Not one hour's time was spent upon it during the spring or summer. When autumn came, lo, and behold! he had a crop—and a much larger one than any of his neighbors—that reached far above the fence; but it was a crop of noxious weeds, with their contaminating seeds, all ready to fall into his neighbors' gardens and give them extra trouble next year.

Every family of children is very much like a garden. If they are allowed to take their own course while growing up, their parents will almost as certainly reap a crop of weeds as did my neighbor. And the evil will not be confined where it ought to be—in the families where it is allowed to grow—but its contaminating influence will reach out to other families to counteract the efforts of those parents who are striving to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The missing link in our national life to-day is proper home training. Parents either imagine that there is little or no need of paying much attention to the training of their children, or have fallen into the error of turning the matter over to the public schools and the Sunday-school teachers. One of the chief causes of so much insubordination in the church and the nation is this neglect in the home. Many parents act toward their children about the same as the father of a large family of children told the writer he acted toward his. He said, "I allow my children to do as they please," and in nine cases out of ten they raise up a class of men and women, as he did, who are of no use to themselves and are a pest to society. It is a sad fact that many children do as they please and even govern their parents instead of their parents governing them and training them up to lives of virtue and usefulness. And many parents are to-day reaping the bitter fruits of their own sowing, or I might say their neglect to sow. They have pursued a course of folly toward their children while they were growing up, and they are now reaping the whirlwind. I hold that with the opportunities we have in this enlightened age nearly all parents have it in their power to so shape the characters of their children as to make them honest men and women in society.

If we would drive intemperance and dishonesty and other great evils from our land, we must have a migh-

ty reformation in our homes. Some people are clamoring for a wider sphere of usefulness for woman, while it is to be feared that many of the women who are the loudest in their cry for what is falsely called woman's rights are neglecting their homes and the training of their children, the most important work ever committed to mortals. In the church and the nation more depends upon the mothers in the home circle, than upon our public men in the halls of legislation. As bearing upon this point I here give a short extract from an able article in the *Chautauquan* for April, from the pen of Bishop Coxe, upon "The Decay of Public Morals" in this country. "When Napoleon asked Madame Campan, 'What do we lack that is needful to a great empire?' she answered, 'We want mothers.' There can be no homes where a true womanhood is wanting, and hence the wife and the mother are the prime elements of a national vitality. As yet, thank God, the traditions of our more primitive days survive in thousands of homes, through the influence of mothers. The American matron still lives and exerts her wholesome influence; I had almost said her noiseless supremacy, in society. But is she supreme, in fact, in that sphere to which nature limits her powers? Have we that reverence for the sacred institution of marriage and the sense of the dignity of the wife and mother which are requisites of a solid foundation for the family?"

In conclusion, I would add that, unless parents turn their attention more fully toward their children than they are doing, and devote more of their time to training, and thus preparing them for lives of usefulness, there can be but little hope for either the church or the nation. Our modern home life, in seeking to get away from the austerity of our Puritan ancestors, has in very many instances abandoned true family discipline. One extreme is sure to beget another. The home is the foundation whence issue the streams which either curse or bless the world. Make it pure and it will send forth its health-giving stream into every nook and corner of our land, and I may add, the world. Preachers may preach and temperance lecturers may deliver eloquent speeches against drunkenness and the rum traffic, the women may have the right of franchise and take part in all other matters that have hitherto been confined to the "lords of creation," but all will fail if there comes not a reformation into our homes.—*Chris. Standard.*

That Cross.

We do not now refer to Calvary and its dying sufferer, but to self—our own imperfect self—self nailed to the rugged wood in many a trying life experience; self dying under the heavy stress of circumstances that sorely test every fiber of the soul. Is such a dying only the struggle of an over-heated brain, or the meaningless activity of a morbid consciousness? No, indeed. Underneath all this is the noblest, purest Christian philosophy known to the world.

One thing we are taught, namely, that the kingdom of God will not be established fully within us without the complete overthrow of self. All Christian progress is illusive that rejects this primary truth. We may sometimes fancy that there is an easier way, but our explorations to find it will always expose our folly. There must be in every human life a rugged cross raised for self-crucifixion if we would win the prize of eternal life. Jesus brings every soul to this test: "If any man come to Me and hate not his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." Just interpretation will show that He alludes here to the utter demolition of the self-principle, that which is often the very last fortress in the soul that will cease to resist Christ.

Do not think that this testing is limited to any single period in life. As the agony of our Lord on Calvary was but the culmination of a prolonged conflict, so with the soul He—not, indeed, for Himself, but only for us—endured bitterness all along the eventful journey. The cross was planted for Him on many a stormy hill-side; the cruel spear was, again and again, made ready amid the jeers of a wicked throng. His was a daily crucifixion. We are like our Lord in this one particular.

We know that some form of crucifixion may be often necessary as we journey onward, some sharp warning given us lest the old self reassert its rule. He who boldly declared that he has experienced already the final death-throes of self does not know whereof he speaks. The divine Chastener understands his weakness too fully to allow him rest from necessary discipline. He has given a pledge that He will care for the child of His love; that He will not leave him defenseless in the presence of the enemy; and so

the cross is lifted high upon which self-love is to be pierced even to its destruction. Again and again, in forms of experience new and singularly trying, our Father visits all those whom He truly loves.

But this furnishes no ground of fear or discouragement. As the crosses of Jesus were the signs and pledges of our salvation, so it is with the innumerable crosses and losses that we are called upon to meet in life. Every one points upward. Every one carries in itself a prophecy of final victory. God speaks through these, saying, "I have furnished for thee, O beloved child, a cross, a means of full recovery from the old self-love of thy nature."

It is needless to speak of the privilege enjoyed by such a soul to come very near to God. When self disappears, all obstacles to personal and conscious intercourse are removed. Daily the soul is thus made glad in the richest fellowship with the Father. It is for this reason that we sing,

"E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

Is it not possible that the "thorn in the flesh" may have been a certain uprising of self, of which St. Paul was made conscious? Could he ever in this life reach a point where he could say that such a grievous sin was no longer possible? Indeed, no! He trembled at the thought of being "exalted above measure." And so there came into his life, just then and there, a cross—not to harm, but to save.

We ought not to say that life's crosses should be chosen by us. God chooses them, not man. We know not when they are needed. He only knows. We are not competent to decide in matters so mysterious as those secret processes which relate to our spiritual development. More than this—we should not be troubled because the flesh shrinks back, sensible that this is the fiery trial. All this is human. Even our Forerunner sank down under the weight of His sorrow, and cried: "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me." With-out this human experience the trial sent us would cease to be a cross, and, consequently, would not accomplish the Father's purpose. While yet in the flesh we are often in heaviness. And still we comfort ourselves with the thought that He who has fixed His eye upon our completeness of character will make the "trial of our faith more precious than of gold that perisheth," "that it might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—*Chris. Advocate.*

Self-Denial.

Self-denial, for the sake of self-denial, does no good; self-sacrifice for its own sake is no religious act at all. If you give up a meal for the sake of showing power over self, or the sake of self-discipline, you are not more religious than before. This is a mere self-culture, which being occupied forever about self, leaves you only in that circle of self from which religion is to free you; but to give up a meal that one you love may have it, is properly a religious act—no hard and dismal duty, because made easy by affection. To bear pain for the sake of bearing it has in it no moral quality at all; but to bear it rather than surrender truth, or in order to save another, is positive enjoyment, as well as ennobling the soul. Did you ever receive even a blow meant for another in order to shield that other? Do you not know that there was actual pleasure in that keen pain far beyond the most rapturous thrill of nerve which could be gained from pleasure in the midst of painlessness? Is not the mystic yearning of love expressed in words most purely true: let me suffer for him? This element of love is that which makes this doctrine an intelligible and a blessed truth. Sacrifice alone bare and unbelieving, is ghastly, unnatural, and dead; but self sacrifice, illuminated by love, is warmth and life: it is the death of Christ, the life of God, the blessedness and only proper life of man.—*F. W. Robertson.*

A Mistake Often Made.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight.

The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.—*Sel.*

Speak to the Stranger.

In one of his characteristic speeches, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, of the English Wesleyan Conference, narrated the following incident, which is not without significant application to the wide world over: "In a Methodist chapel in Dublin a good Methodist took a pew, and for a whole year no one spoke to him in the chapel. At last he decided to give them one more chance, and if no one spoke to him the next time he went to the chapel, he made up his mind never to go again. He put himself in people's way to get them to speak, but without success. At length, with a heavy heart, he took his hat, and was turning to leave the pew, when a man in the next pew put out his hand and grasped the hand of his neighbor heartily, crying, 'Good-morning sir.' The good man was astounded, and in much stammering informed the gentleman who had accosted him that he had been to that chapel for a year, and had determined never to go again unless he were spoken to that day. The other replied that he, too, had been in that pew next to him for twelve months without being acknowledged, and he had resolved that if nobody shook hands with him that day, he would shake somebody's hand instead. That brother made a good resolve."—*Ex. change.*

Frankness And Harshness.

How often a bitter speech, which has called keen pain to the hearer, has been followed by such words as these, as if in justification of the unkindness shown: 'I'm a plain, blunt person, and I have to speak out just what I think. People must take me as the Lord made me.' Anything meaner than to throw the responsibility for one's ugliness of temper off upon the Lord, it would be hard to imagine. Frankness of speech is one thing, but harshness is a very different thing. The Lord never endowed any man with such a disposition, or put him in such circumstances that he was obliged to make stinging, cruel remarks. Some people have more difficulty than others in being sweet-tempered and kindly spoken; but when one fails it is his own fault.—*Work at Home.*

You remember the terrible wreck of the *Princess Alice* on the river Thames a few years ago, when some hundred people were drowned in the ill-fated steamer, many of them being Sunday-school children who had been on a festival excursion to Gravesend. At the inquest there was a man subpoenaed as a witness. The coroner said to him, "Had you a boat near the wreck?" "Yes, sir, I had." "Did you see the *Princess Alice* sinking?" "Yes, sir, I did." "Did you hear the shrieks of the drowning?" "Yes, sir, I did." "And did you not make any attempt to save anyone?" "No, sir, I did not." "And are you an Englishman?" May not Christ say to many members of his church—Do you see men and women perishing around you and make no sacrifice to save them, and yet call yourselves Christians?—*Selected.*

RANDOM READINGS.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.

Thanksgiving consists in returning thanks with gladness for the divine benefits.—*Milton.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

A living loving Christian, is the best reply to infidelity—the most wonderful argument for the gospel.

Be thyself blameless of what thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotting fingers makes a greater blot.

Nature and revelation are alike God's books. Each may have mysteries, but in each there are plain, practical lessons for every-day duties.—*Tryon Edwards.*

God is imutable in all things; and it is among his immutabilities that he will always in dealing with men, have regard to their desires, humbly and trustfully presented before him.—*Hallam.*

Conversion is no repairing of the old building; but it takes all down and erects a new structure. The sincere Christian is quite a new fabric, from the foundation to the top stone all new.—*Alaine.*

We can never see this world in its true light unless we consider our life in it as a state of discipline, a condition through which we are passing to prepare us for another state beyond.—*J. W. Alexander.*

We live in an age when to be young and to be indifferent can be no longer synonymous. The claims of the future are represented by the suffering millions; and the Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

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Dr. Inches.....	St. John.....	1871.....	52 84.....	23 25

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1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.14
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.19
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