

Waiting For Day.

BY THE REV. A. P. VIETS.

When dark the night and rough the sea,
And billowy waves oppose my way,
I'll cast my anchor where I be,
And waiting, watch for wished for day.

When thickening gloom and darkness dense
Brood o'er my path—my footsteps stay,
I'll patient wait in meek suspense
Till hoped-for dawn betokens day.

When sinks the sun, nor stars arise,
I'll in the night time watch and pray;
And lift to heaven my cloud-veiled eyes,
And calmly wait for coming day.

When night-like shades bid threatening ill,
My God's my refuge and my stay;
Obediently I'll stand me still,
And wait in faith the promised day.

When God his countenance does lift,
His face outshines the sun's bright ray;
His healing beams on wings most swift
Bring cheering glimpse of nearing day.

When heaven's fair gates shall stand ajar,
Cloud, storm, and night shall flee away;
I'll hail with joy the morning star,
That ushers in the perfect day.

Rum Did It.

In the southern part of Jefferson County, N. Y., in the village of M—, among the business men is a manufacturer of stoves, a cool, level-headed man. He, like many other business men, thought one or two licensed hotels were necessary for the good of the village. About three years ago an incident occurred that opened his eyes. One year before this revelation came he had sold a stove for \$18 to a drinking man. The drinker was not worth anything, but agreed to pay for the stove in installments of \$1 per month. At the end of the year the merchant had not received one payment. He knew his debtor had been earning good wages for the whole year. He had noticed the money had not been expended for clothes, for the family of his drinking customer were poorly clad, and the man himself had only one suit, and that was almost in rags. Two weeks before the time when the drinking man had gone five miles out of town to do a job of work at \$3 a day. The manufacturer knew this, and was waiting for his return, thinking he might get a part payment on the stove sold a year before, if not the whole amount. Just before dark he made his appearance. The manufacturer knew the man who had employed his debtor; knew he was a man of means, and it was his custom to pay down for all work done for him. The manufacturer said: Hold on J—, I want to speak to you. You remember the stove? You were to pay \$1 each month. Over a year has gone by, and you haven't made the first payment yet. You have been at work for W—. Can't you pay me one half—\$5 any way? I'm sorry I can't; but I have not got any pay out of W—. When I get it I will call, and pay all. The manufacturer was not satisfied. He looked from his meditation just in time to see his customer go into the hotel (one of the necessary) places for the propriety of the village. His going to the hotel aroused the curiosity of the manufacturer. He thought: "I will just walk over to the hotel and see what is going on." He entered the hall where he could get a good view of the bar, and was a witness to the following: The drinker said: Well, landlord what is my bill? I can pay you now. Your bill may be larger than you think; you have not paid up for some time. Ah! it is more than I thought—\$21.50. As much as that? It can't be. I do not know what my wife will say, I had promised to buy a new bonnet for her and the girl. Twenty-one fifty! Well, I suppose you have kept it right. You wouldn't wrong a poor man who works hard for his money. It is correct. Your wife and daughter must not expect to dress as well as those who have a larger income. I think your wife is most too dressy, any way. Have a drink, J—. The manufacturer saw the man who had not got his pay take out of his pocket the money he had earned, count out \$21.50, and hand it to the landlord. He went out of the hotel a wiser man than when he entered. The manufacturer went to his desk, took down a bundle of unpaid accounts, and commenced to figure up the worthless accounts that had accumulated in the ten years of his business life. He found the sum total to be \$1,324.78. Of this sum he found that all but \$113.49 was against men who had been ruined by drink.—Exchange.

"Spoiling Children."

"The worst injury any parent can inflict on society is to pet and spoil their children in such a way that when they grow up in the world will regret that they did not die in infancy. A mother allows her boy to answer her back and treat her rudely. Years after she has gone to her account another person will reap the bitter harvest of her weakness.

ness. The spoiled son will have taken to himself a wife, whom he treats in the same rude manner that he was permitted to adopt toward his mother. A spoiled boy may possibly become a worthy, religious man, but the effect of his having been spoiled will be seen in the large amount of cross that will overlie the gold. He will be ill-mannered, over-bearing, selfish, and generally disagreeable. Mothers, you can prevent this! When a boy is given to you, accept him, not as a plaything merely, but as a most sacred trust—a talent to be put to the best account. Train him to be pure, truthful, unselfish, independent. Teach him to hate cruelty, to take the part of the weak, to recognize the special gentleness and respectful consideration due to a woman, particularly to his mother and sisters. In this way you may prevent your pets from ever becoming pests."

The above extract is from "The Five Talents of Women, and most heartily will it be endorsed by even those who offend against its ideas most. The need of care for children is an undisputed question; and sometimes one is forced to question if the results for the great mass of children would not have been better if we had learned to use the word culture instead of care when speaking of their training. Caring for a child seems to be purely physical and financial, the two responsibilities of a child's guarding that can be trusted to honest servants. Culture recognizes more in a child than the body. It recognizes a mind and a soul; it recognizes a future for which the present is a preparation working to positive results. Yesterday, that well-dressed mother who quietly put a rugged, healthy boy in a vacant seat in a Fourth Avenue car, ostentatiously paying full fare—though the boy was under age—while an elderly gentleman stood up, certainly was taking a care of the child that was sadly lacking in culture. The possibility of gentle consideration for others in the future of a boy so trained is hopeless.

Culture means care, but far more than care. It means the study of the future citizen in all his relations; it means the constant pruning of disagreeable habits; it means the imposing of burdens that will develop thought and consideration for others. Bad table manners in a child are a reflex of ignorance or carelessness of the parents, and, when developed till they become habits, are bonds that were woven by the parent. Selfishness and disregard of the rights of others are but the natural fruit of a childhood that may have had care, but lacked that which is far higher, culture. The time to begin culture is in the cradle, when the baby lies plastic to every influence about him.—The Christian Union.

A Mother's Counsel.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which formed the aims and habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of the French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother, when he left home to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart:

My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never be one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred and lying, as unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans.

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when in his own great thirst he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulant to a good life.

Rigid Housekeeping.

Yes, said Mrs. Benson, sinking into a chair, and fanning herself with slow movements of the palm-leaf, as if too tired for even that small exertion. Yes, I never neglect my duties on account of the weather. I sweep this room every Friday, winter and summer, and I do it thoroughly, too, take all the furniture out, dust behind the pictures, wipe the windows. When I've finished, the room is clean!

But, pleaded her visitor, the grass comes to the front door, you stand far in from the road, and there are no children to make a litter, and you keep the doors closed most of the time; the room cannot need sweeping so regularly.

It is my rule, said the inflexible housewife. I don't believe in saving myself and neglecting my home. Nobody can ever accuse me of that sin.

Yet you are worth something to your home, and you lessen that

value when you are worn out soul and body, when you have only the remnants of your strength left for those whom you love most dearly, and when you grow old twice as fast as you ought. I believe in cleanliness, but not to the extent of worshipping it as if it were a graven image.

My mother always swept the whole house every week, and I intend to do the same, persisted the little woman, quite unmoved by all the argument. To plead with her was a manifest waste of nervous force. Belonging to the school of rigid housekeepers, she preferred martyrdom to comfort, and from a lofty height surveyed less thorough fellow-creatures.

One's heart aches, though, at the absurdity of sacrifice so needless, at the sorrow of vitality so uselessly expended. When there is so much to do and so much to enjoy, when the life we have to do and enjoy in if so very brief, why fritter it away on sweeping rooms that are already clean?—Christian Intelligencer.

Take The Straight Course.

Trickery or shuffling, or under-hand dealing of any kind, is a form of lying, and therefore to be scrupulously avoided. You will doubtless hear it said, with a smile and a shrug, that "the truth cannot always be spoken in business matters," that "every artifice is fair in love and war," and so forth; but these specious phrases are only texts from the gospel of shoddy, and at heart men are ashamed of them even while they utter them. They will try to save their own consciences and rear yours by posh-pooing strict integrity as Utopian, Quixotic, impractical. Let them say what they please, but take your own straight course. Remember that those who are most ready to defend craft and deceit are not the men who are themselves to be implicitly trusted. Let your communication with others be of the most straight-forward and truthful kind. Do not keep one rule for business and another for private life. If it seems to you dishonorable to tell or hint a lie to a friend or a relative, let it seem equally dishonorable to tell or hint a lie to a client or customer. Some years ago a near relative of yours and mine had large business transactions with a foreign merchant; this man asked our relative to send out certain packages of goods marked of less weight than the real weight, the object being to evade the payment of a heavy import duty. "I can't do it," said our relative. "Very well," said the foreigner, "if you won't, there are plenty of others who will, and I shall take away my business from you. This meant a heavy loss. A few years afterward the foreign merchant wrote to our relative to this effect: "Enclosed is a draft for so much, which please put to my credit. I am sending my son to England to learn your way of business. There is nobody in whom I have such confidence as I have in you. Will you take him into your office and make him the same sort of a man that you are yourself?"—Our Young Folks Monthly.

Farmer Bell.

Farmer Bell did not believe in mental or moral sugar plums in his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend friend or acquaintance, but he had a theory that his own family would be best improved by a Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without praise; and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without having once been told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

One night the two came home from a tea party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell, with the courage of the meek, said:

Ezra, seems to me I heard you praisin' the mottoes the Smith girls worked.

Yes, I did, said Mr. Bell. Real pretty they were for such nonsense.

Your own girls have made some just like 'em. You'd better praise them. It'll tickle 'em to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie for supper was powerful nice.

Well, Miranda, 'twas a good pie. Was it a mite better'n mine, Ezra?

Well, no can't say, ast 'was.

When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or cake I've set afore you?

Maybe I ain't praised ye much, Miranda, but then I ain't complainin'.

Yes, you have, said Miranda. Yer, you have! Sayin' nothin's complainin' sometimes. It's just like pushing a heavy load up hill, besides what ye have agreed to carry to go along day after day an' not hear a word of praise.

Ezra began to think, and although he by no means changed his spots entirely, he did from that time try to act on the theory that women folks are fond of commendation.—Selected

Unjust Punishment.

Well does the writer remember the case of a parent who whipped his little daughter, attempting to overcome in this way her whimsical terror of the dark when left alone at night. The poor little maid sobbed herself to sleep that night.

But the next evening, five minutes after she had been left alone with the, to her, fearful dark, her terror overcame her dread of punishment, and a pitiful little voice was heard at the head of the stairs:

"O papa, please come up here and whip me! I'm so 'fraid of the dark!'"

This convinced the father that the child's terror was more than a whim, and he deeply regretted his hasty punishment, which he never repeated. The following incident, related by a father, is of the same nature:

"I shall never forget, though I have wished a thousand times that I could how I punished little Mamie for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as I thought wilfully—after I had tried hard to make her say it correctly. She was quiet for a few moments after I punished her, and then she looked up with a quivering lip, and said:

"Papa, you will have to whip me again. I can't say it."

"You can imagine how I felt, and how I kept on remembering the look on her face and the tone of the sad little voice."—Y. Companion.

A True Story.

Papa, can you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? 'Most all the academy girls have theirs.

No, May: I can't spare the money.

The above request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school, one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink. As usual, there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat, treated the crowd. When about to leave, he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and going behind the bar, said: Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat.

All right, said the dealer, and taking up the half-dollar from the counter, he handed it over to the girl, who departed smiling. May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with after refusing it to my daughter. I'll never drink another drop.

And he kept his pledge.—Philadelphia Methodist.

God Bless the Babies.

God bless the babies! What a world this would be without them. What a souring and curdling up there would be of the milk of human kindness for want of an outlet, if there were no little cherubs to caress and be foolish over. Often and often when entering with some misgivings, the great hall of a new place, my heart has leaped up at the sight of a tiny woolen bootie, a very rainbow of hope, lying on the waxed floor, while the sight of a wrecked tin train, with an engine without funnel or wheels, has been as welcome as a card of invitation to a young lady.

God bless the baby! It is a better tonic than all the bitters ever advertised.

The baby has a mission and fulfills it; it has an object in life and accomplishes it. If ever it becomes necessary to thin out the population, I hope the process will not begin at the small end of the human race, for I affirm and maintain that there is not one baby too many in the whole world.—Sel.

BABIES IN CALIFORNIA.—At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause to gaze on her, and a child was so rare that once in a theater in the same city, where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, "Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years." The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm.—Sel.

I am told that an elephant when he finds himself sinking in a bog, will seize with his trunk any object, dead or alive, that may chance to be on his back, and place it under his knees in the vain effort to keep himself from sinking deeper. If men would only be content to sink into sin alone! But you will see the drunkard pull down with him into the depths of misery and shame his wife and little ones and every interest which it is his duty to bear amid the difficulties of life.—Sel.

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1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
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