

"Work, for the Night Cometh."

By LILLIAN GREY.

We long to do great things, so we neglect
Oft times to do little things we can,—
The common daily duties while we plan
Some grand and high effect.

Our eyes are on the future, as we fail
To heed the little stumbling blocks along
The way,
That fret our own and neighbours' feet; we
say:
What do small deeds avail?

We dream of coming years that shall be
fair.
With fruitful harvests though we sow no
seed
Of toil and self-denial, prayer, and kindly
deed;—
And time goes unware.

O dreamer wake and work! thy place is
best
For thee: the passing hour alone is thine;
Do thou what thou canst do, and no more
repine;
Work, and so earn thy rest!
—Christian at Work.

"Once."

"Have you ever attended the
theatre?" said a young man to a
blue-eyed maiden, who hung on his
arm as they promenaded the streets
of New York one mild evening in
October. The girl's cheeks crimsoned,
as she answered the inter-
rogatory in the negative, and added:—

"My mother has taught me from
childhood that it is wrong to attend
such places."

"But your mother formed, perhaps,
improper prejudices from exaggerated
accounts given by others; for I
have often heard her say she had
never attended one in her life."

He spoke eloquently of the drama
comedy, tragedy, and dwelt with
pathos on the lessons there to be
learned of human nature.

"Go with me once," he said, "and
see for yourself."

Persuasion and curiosity triumphed
over maternal precept and exam-
ple, as she hesitatingly replied:—
"I'll go but once."

She went, and in that theatre a
charm came over her that which the
serpent sent forth from his dove-like
eye. She went again and again,
and from that house of mirth and
laughter she was led to one from
the portals of which she never re-
turned.

Around a centre-table, where an
astral lamp was shedding its mild
light, sat three girls, one holding in
her hands a pack of cards. At the
back of her chair stood a young man
who, for years had successfully re-
sisted every effort made by his com-
panions to induce him to learn the
character of cards.

"Come," said she, "we want one
to make out our game. Play with
us this once, if you never play
again."

Her eye, cheek, and lip conspired
to form an eloquent battery, which
sent forth its attack on the fortress
of good resolutions in which he had
long stood secure, until it fell like
an ancient city when jarred by the
fearful battering ram. He learned
the cards and played. A few weeks
afterwards I was passing his door at
a late hour, and a candle was shed-
ding its dim light through the win-
dow. Since that time I have looked
from my chamber nearly every hour
of the night, from the close of day
till early morn, and seen the light
faintly struggling through the cur-
tain that screened the inmates of
that room from every eye, save Him
who seeth alike in darkness and
noonday. Gaming brought with it
disease, and death came just as he
had numbered half of his three-score
years and ten. During his last
hours I was sitting by his bedside,
when he fixed on me a look I shall
never forget, and bade me listen to
his dying words:—

"I might have been a different
man from what I am; but it is now
too late. I am convinced that there
is a state of being beyond the grave;
and when I think of the retribution
which awaits me in another world,
I feel a horror which language is in-
adequate to describe." These were
among the very last words he ever
uttered.

The junior class of a southern col-
lege had assembled in a student's
room to spend the night in riot and
debauch. Amid the crowd was one
who had never recited a bad lesson
since his matriculation; in his
studies he was "head and shoulders"
above his class. That day he had
failed. A shade of the deepest gloom
came over him, and he was melan-
choly. But the wine and jest passed
round until he felt like Lucifer
in Eden when all is joy and glad-
ness around him. Said a class-
mate:—

"Come, Bob, quaff this bumper
and it will make you feel as bright
as a hermit's lamp."

The tempter whispered in his ear,
"Drink once and forget the past."
A powerful struggle seemed to be
going on in his mind for a moment:

but at last he silently shook his head,
and, retiring from the room, gave
vent to a flood of tears. That boy
never drank—not even once. He
took the valedictory, and is now
president of a college.

Once!—Oh on this slender point
hath turned for weal or woe the
destiny of a deathless spirit! Caesar
paused but once on the banks of the
Rubicon: but it was a pause like
that which nature makes when gath-
ering her elements for the dread ro-
nado. Eve ate the forbidden fruit
but once, and her countless posterity
have felt the fearful consequences
resulting from so rash an act. Read-
er, remember—once.—*Times of Re-*
freshing.

Scolding is Never in Order.

Many a father who will not
strike his child feels free to scold
him. And a scolding mother is not
always deemed the severest and
most unjust of mothers. Yet, while
it is sometimes right to strike a
child, it is at no time right to scold
one. Scolding is, in fact, never in
order, in dealing with a child, or
in any other duty of life.

To "scold" is to assail with noisy
speech. The word itself seems to have
a primary meaning akin to that of
barking or howling. From its ear-
liest use it has born a bad reputa-
tion. In common law, "a common
scold" is a public nuisance, against
which the civil authority may be in-
voked by the disturbed neighbour-
hood. And it is true to day as it
was when spoken by John Skelton,
four centuries ago, that—

"A scaldorous tounge, a tunge of a
skolde,
Worketh more mischief than can be
tolde."

Scolding is always an expression
of a bad spirit and a loss of temper.
This is as truly the case when a love-
ly mother scolds her child for break-
ing his playthings willfully, or for
soiling his third dress in one fore-
noon by playing in the gutter which
he was forbidden to approach, as
when one apple-woman yells out her
abuse of another apple-woman in a
street-corner quarrel. In either
case the essence of the scolding is
in the multiplication of hot words,
in expression of strong feelings
that, while eminently natural, ought
to be held in better control. The
words themselves may be different
in the two cases, but the spirit and
method are much alike in both. It
is scolding in the one as in the other;
and scolding is never in order.

If a child has done wrong, a child
needs talking to; but no parent
ought to talk to a child while that
parent is unable to talk in a natu-
ral tone of voice, and with carefully
measured words. If the parent is
tempted to speak rapidly, or to
multiply words without stopping to
weigh them, or to show an excited
state of feeling, the parent's first
duty is to gain entire self-control.
Until that control is secured, there
is no use of the parent's trying to at-
tempt any measure of child-training.
The loss of self-control is, for the
time being, an utter loss of power
for the control of others. This is as
true in one sphere as in another.

An admirable work on "Dog-
Training" says on this very point to
the dog-trainer: "You must keep
perfectly cool, and must suffer no
sign to escape of any anger or im-
patience; for if you cannot control
your temper, you are not the one to
train a dog." "Do not allow your-
self," says this instructor, "under
any circumstances, to speak to your
pupil in anything but your ordinary
tone of voice." And, recognizing
the difficulties of the case, he adds:
"Exercise an unwearied patience;
and if at any time you find the strain
upon your nerves growing a little
tense, leave him at once, and wait
until you are perfectly calm before
resuming the lesson." That is good
counsel for him who would train a
dog—or a child; for in either dog-
training or child-training, scolding
—loud and excited talking—is never
in order.

In giving commands, or in giving
censure to a child, the fewer and
more calmly spoken words the better.
A child soon learns that scolding
means less than quiet talking; and
he even comes to find a certain satis-
faction in waiting silently until the
solder has blown off the surplus
feeling which vents itself in this
way. There are times, indeed, when
words may be multiplied to advan-
tage in explaining to a child the na-
ture and consequences of his offense,
and the reasons why he should do
differently in the future; but such
words should always be spoken in
gentleness, and in self-controlled ear-
nestness. Scolding, rapidly spoken
censure and protest in the exhibit of
strong feeling, is never in order as a
means of training and directing a
child.

Most parents, even the gentler
and kinder parents, scold their chil-
dren more or less. Rarely can a
child say, "My parents never scold
me." Many a child is well trained
in spite of his being scolded. Many
a parent is a good parent notwith-
standing the fact that he scolds his

children. But no child is ever help-
ed or benefited by any scolding that
he receives; and no parent ever helps
or benefits a child by means of a
scolding. Scolding is not always
ruinous, but it is always out of place.

If indeed, scolding has any good
effect at all, that effect is on the
solder, and not on the scolded.
Scolding is the outburst of strong
feeling that struggles for the mast-
ery under the pressure of some out-
side provocation. It never benefits
the one against whom it is directed,
nor yet those who are its outside ob-
servers, however it may give physical
relief to the one who indulges in it.
If, therefore, scolding is an unavoid-
able necessity on the part of any
parent, let that parent at once shut
himself, or herself, up in a room,
where the scolding can be indulged
in without harming any one.
But let it be remembered that, as
an element in child-training, scold-
ing is never, never, in order.—*S. S.*
Times.

Lock the Switch.

We stood by the railroad track.
The switch was open, and as the
switchman came down the track we
saw a long chain dangling from his
vest pocket. "That is the key to the
switch," we said. Yes, and we knew
he would step to the switch and,
setting the rail right for the coming
trains, would seasonably close and
lock the switch. The "local" pas-
senger might dash in a prompt, busi-
ness-like way up to the station, and
the rails would be set right for it
and held firmly by that locked switch.
All right too for the big, puffing,
groaning, lumbering freight train,
when that boomed ponderously
along; and all right, especially for
the mad, flying, shrieking express
that would dash by like a demon
chased by demons. The switch was
properly set and locked.

Lock the switch, pastor, parents,
Sunday-school teacher!

You cannot be with your children
always. Make your work perma-
nent as possible. Lock the switch
by your precepts. The young will
not forget your words. The invita-
tion to the Saviour when the lip
trembled and the eye moistened; the
thorough talk upon temperance and
truthfulness; the counseling of re-
verence, of church-going, of Sunday
keeping; the working against im-
purity, implacableness, and selfish-
ness of every kind, will not so easily
be forgotten if you give line upon
line and precept upon precept, and
persevere in the giving. Be just as
thorough as you can in your coun-
sels, locking the switch.

Lock the switch, too, by your own
good example. Let them not only
hear sound precept but witness
right conduct. Truth is mighty,
but mightier from the men of truth.
Counselors of peace must not be
combative and unforgiving. Those
who advise honesty must not be
careless in statement or tricky in
method. Those who teach reverence
must not jest about the word of God.
That is leaving the switch open and
throwing the key away. Lock the
switch, securing permanence to your
work because reproducing your
counsels in character that will be
remembered and respected.

Lock the switch by your prayers.
When you have done all, when
teaching days are over, when you
know that your personal presence
cannot be continued with child or
pupil, then you can have this assur-
ance that you have committed all to
God in prayer. You have left all
in his hands. Your work becomes
his work. His blessing will be
upon your efforts and the well-being
of others secured.

Lock the switch then! The night
is coming. The track stretching in-
to the shadows must be left alone.
Hark! Hear that nearing train!
The tracks, though, are right, and
the switch is locked.—*E. A. Rand*
in American Messenger.

Facts Are The Fingers Of God.

And where are the facts of history
and of the present pointing, to give
special direction to Christian activi-
ty? Heretofore Christians have
thought of little outside the limits
of their immediate locality. The
whole outside world has been to them
a blank, or at least of so little in-
terest as only to take from their
purse coppers. But see! By the
the blazing light of heaven God is
moving on the Dark Continent, and
he is carrying with him the wealth,
the intelligence, and the ambition
of even the wicked. What means
the clamour of nations for portions
of Africa? It is God making every
nation of Europe point Christians
to that dark continent. What
means this Congo Free State on
which one man has spent ten mil-
lions of dollars, and on which others
are pouring in their treasures with-
out stint? These are the fingers of
God pointing us to our duty. What
means this scramble for trading-
posts, and gathering of treasures by
these hundreds and thousands of
ambitious men from all nations,
of all portions of this vast continent?
They are the fingers of God bidding

Christians also to go in and take
possession. What means these ten
sugar mills on the St. Paul's River
alone, and scores of others erecting
in others parts, and these 600,000
pounds a year of coffee coming into
the single port of Monrovia; and
these caravans, miles in length, each
man with fifty pounds of ivory, furs,
beeswax, gums, spices, nuts, dye
stuffs, minerals, medicines, and
precious stones? They are the
fingers of God pointing Christians
to their work in gathering treasures
for their home in heaven. Who
are these Moffats, and Spekes, and
Camerons, and Livingstones, and
Stanleys, and a host of other dar-
ing men, struggling through the
jungles to bring to light what has been
hidden for ages? They are the fin-
gers of God bidding us traverse the
dark regions, "hold forth the
Word of light." Hark! I hear a
wail! a moan of distress! It is
Ethiopia stretching forth her hands
for help. Christians, see them
pointing to us from every part of
that long-neglected country. These
people are crying loudly, Come over
and help us! Ah, these, too, are
the fingers of God pointing us to our
work.—*Christian at Work.*

Have A Purpose.

Young man, have a purpose in
your heart. Now, what is your
purpose in life? Is it that, under
all circumstances, you will
do what you think is right? The
first purpose you have is to
take care of yourself. Young men
nowadays don't; and when the body
is wrecked they hobble through life,
making everybody about them mis-
erable. Find out what diet agrees
with you, and adhere to it. Daniel
began by abstaining from wine.
This would be a good start for you,
young man.

Next, take care of your intellect.
Study, if you have intellect—there
are some young men who don't know
whether they have any or not—im-
prove it. Many hard-worked men
have acquired profound educations
by being studious during small in-
tervals of leisure. Get an hour a
day if you can get no more. Devote
half of it to study of the Bible, and
divide the other thirty minutes, say,
between astronomy, botany, and
geology. Do this one year, and you
will be surprised at what you have
accomplished.

Then take care of your manners.
The manners of Americans are de-
generating. There was a time when
a young man would not offend a
young lady by puffing cigar-smoke
in her face. Now I see it done on
street-cars every day. Imitate the
sweetness of Daniel. Be affable,
suave, courteous, and kind. Never
utter a thoughtless word that will
pain. Start in life with the prin-
ciple, "I will be a gentleman come
what will."—*Dr. Scudder.*

ELISHA KNEW WHAT HE SOUGHT;
he read the meaning of the disci-
pline to which he was exposed; and
his heroic resolution grew with the
ordeal, as the waters of a stream
grow against an arresting dam, un-
til they overleap it and rush merrily
on their way. It was thus that
the Syrophenician woman prevailed
with Christ. It was thus that the
Apostles waited for the promise of
the Father, undaunted by ten days'
delay. Before giving us the Holy
Ghost, our Father will certainly try
us, to see if we can live without him.
If we can, we may. And it is only
when we show signs of resolution,
which will take no denial, but de-
tains the angel with its imperative
importunity, and vows its unalter-
able determination to be blessed—
it is only then that God, who had
never been really reluctant, and had
only been testifying, turns to us with
a smile, and says, "Oh, child, great is
thy importunity, be it unto thee,
even as thou wilt." "The kingdom
of heaven suffereth violence, and the
violent take it by force."—*Rev.*
F. B. Miner.

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—The tear of a
loving girl, says an old book, is like
the dew-drop on the rose; but that
on the cheek of a wife is a drop of
poison to her husband. Try to be
cheerful and contented and your
husband will be so; and when you
have made him happy you will be-
come so, not in appearance but in
reality. The skill required is not so
great. Nothing flatters a man so
much as the happiness of his wife.
He is always proud of himself as the
source of it.—*Moser.*

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much good that I had to leave the bal-
ance of the bottle with her."

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