

The Up-Grade Journey.

"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appear before God."—Psalm lxxxiv, 7.

Heavenward going, heaven still nearing
Journeying on the pilgrim's line,
Not by gradients steep and tortuous,
But by beautiful incline.

Still progressing; golden sunshine
Smiles upon me as I go,
Pleasant landscapes are around me,
Bright in all their summer glow.

Blessed journey! upward, heavenward,
To the palace of a King,
Marked by all that's fair and joyous,
As upborne on eagle's wing.

Onward still, the goal approaching,
There! it in the distance gleams!
More than filling up the picture
Of the brightest, fondest dreams!

Who would cling to earthly pleasures,
Moving downward, downward still,
While the loftier joys are calling
Every yielding heart to fill!

Albert Millane in *Sword and Trowel*.

A Parable With a Point.

A gentleman who had accumulated a vast fortune was suddenly seized with an impulse to help somebody. He employed an agent to select three poor men, who were reported to be worthy, as objects of his generosity. They were invited to call at different hours at the elegant residence of the generous benefactor.

To the first who was introduced he gave the choice of three kinds of business. Choosing the grocery trade, the rich man gave him the sum of \$3,000, with which to commence and carry on the enterprise. The second preferred the dry-goods business, and to him was given \$6,000 to purchase and stock a store. The last selected farming, and he was started with \$10,000. Each made his investment, and for five years everything went well enough.

After five years' trial the grocer, the dry-goods man and the farmer were still alive, their families had been fed and clothed, and their affairs were in good shape. One morning, towards the close of the fifth year, the agent of the benefactor of these men called upon each in turn, beginning with the one who had received the smallest amount.

Good morning, said the agent. Five years ago my master gave you \$3,000. He is to-day in need of money to carry on other benevolent enterprises, and has sent me to see how much you will give him to help him in his charitable work?

I am glad you called on me, replied the grocer, promptly and cheerfully, at the same time handing the agent a five-dollar bill saying Take this, and call again when your master needs more.

The agent called at the well-filled store of the dry-goods man and stated his object.

The merchant heard the agent, and then abruptly hurried away to serve a customer, the net profit of that single trade being, as he gleefully told the agent on his return, about three dollars. He then invited the agent into the office, and after making several inquiries concerning the kind of enterprise contemplated, and expressing his idea that the heathen at home needed to be taken care of first, handed the agent one dollar, saying, I hope it will all be used.

Calling upon the farmer, the agent reminded him of the \$10,000 which he received, and stated the needs of his master likewise.

The farmer excused himself while he consulted his crop record and his wife, and after looking at the clouds in the sky, and speculating about the dry season, and saying, I don't expect to see it rain for a month, handed to the agent a quarter of a dollar, remarking as he did so: don't expect too much of us hard-working farmers. Twenty-five cents is a good deal off a sheep's back.

How many grocer, merchant and farmer Christians, who believe in and acknowledge a Divine providence, and hold their property and stock at a net valuation of thousands of dollars, yet who dole out their pittance of twenty-five and fifty cents, when they ought to be turning into the Lord's treasury for benevolent and missionary work not less than five or ten or even twenty dollars a year!

It is neither charity nor benevolence to pay preachers who preach to us, or to build churches in which to worship. That only is benevolence which blesses others without any hope of return.

Brothers, have you ever given so as to feel that it was a sacrifice? Is it too much for you to give five dollars a year toward saving the world?

The Loving "No."

It requires a great deal of love to say No, said one, speaking of a young person under her charge who was difficult to manage. It is so much easier to let her have her own way; if I cared nothing for her I should certainly spare myself the effort of crossing her will.

How very true! What an illus-

tration of our relations with the heavenly Father! What proofs of His love we have in His firm denial of many things we ignorantly wish for!

It requires a great deal of love to say No, and yet we so misunderstand Him as to say He loves us not because He will not suffer us to have our own way. I cannot understand how God can be a God of love and allow such keen disappointments to come upon His children. I would not so afflict a child of mine. So says one looking at short range through human eyes. I know thoughts that I think towards you, thoughts of good and not of evil, to bring you to an expected end; for as many as I love I rebuke and chasten. So says Infinite Love from the standpoint of Omniscience.

The least successful and the least happy people, as a rule, are those who have been allowed their own way when children. The fruits of wholesome parental discipline are always manifest in the self-reliance and self-control of mature years. The body reaps the benefit in healthy functions, and the spirit meets in a masterful way the crosses and losses of life, when somebody who has had our early training in hand has loved us wisely and well enough to say No.

We believe this doctrine in regard to the training of children, or if we do not accept it in theory facts looking us square in the face every day compel an assent to its truth. Why not then understand it in our relationship with the heavenly Father? No one good thing will he withhold. So it must be that what He does withhold is not good. And He loves us so truly and tenderly that not for all our crying and impatience and misunderstanding of Himself will He change the loving No, which in the end will be far more for our good than the Yes, for which we plead.

How thankful we shall be in the glad hereafter, when we know as we are known, that our Father has loved us too well to give us some things we have ardently longed for. Doubtless many a mother will be filled with unspeakable joy that the little one went home to heaven on that sad day when, through her tears, she could not see the smile of God. There are many high and blessed anticipations as we look toward the better country, and among them is none more charming than the prospect of seeing for ourselves that all things have really worked together for good, and that there is no reason for evermore why we should shed a tear.

What Mother Can Do.

Forty-two years ago there was born to the wife of a poor and obscure blacksmith, a son. The father died, and soon after, the mother; and their history and memory perished from before men. The infant child was left to the care of whomever might take a fancy to it, but as months passed, then years, one friend took it up, and then another, and how he could scarcely tell himself, he obtained a collegiate education and found his way into the ministry; when one day, a thousand miles away from the play-ground of his childhood, after preaching to a large and attentive audience, an old lady met him at the foot of the pulpit stairs and said: "I was present at your birth; I knew your mother well, and I do not wonder you have risen to be a minister of the gospel, for it was her habit to give you to the Lord in prayer before you were born." Blessed mother! unknown to the rich and great of her time, unknown perhaps, even to her neighbors, only as the blacksmith's wife, she worked and lived and loved and prayed in her poor, little, obscure sphere, until it was her master's will that she should go up higher; and she went early, because she was early ready, but her works follow after and upward unto heaven, as one by one souls saved by her son's instrumentality cross over Jordan, and meeting her, with other angels bright on the better bank, they join hand to hand, and file away upward to the father's bosom, chanting in glory. Saved by grace, through her prayers.

More than a hundred years ago there lived in London the wife of a sea-captain; who were her ancestors, where she was born, or what of her life, no one knows or ever will know now. She was early left a widow, with a fatherless child; but she feared God and felt her responsibilities to the child of her love. But, in spite of a mother's teachings, he went to sea, and became one of the most profligate of young men; but never, in all his wanderings and dissipation, could he rid himself of the remembrance of the sad, pale, sweet face of his mother, nor her earnest patient loving teachings. She died, but her prayers bound him fast to the throne of God, and John Newton became one of the best of men. His pious conversation was the means of converting Dr. Buchanan, whose work, "Star in the East," converted Dr. Scott, the commentator; caused Cowper's piety to deep-

en; Wilberforce became a changed man; and A Practical View of Christianity, which converted Leigh Richmond, who wrote The Dairyman's Daughter, and how many souls that book has awakened and brought to the Saviour, and will continue to do, only the records of eternity can tell. Mothers! however poor, obscure and unknown, look upon your boy-child, and, remembering what God hath wrought through you, take courage, and pray in faith that the same he can do by you.—*Hall's Journal*.

An Honest Christian Man.

The following incident will serve to illustrate the truth that a truly honest man will not take a larger sum for property than its just value, even if he is offered more.

A certain man named George Smith came one day to a farmer named Daniel Jones wishing to buy a pair of oxen, and said: "Those red oxen of yours suit me, and I will give you one hundred and twenty dollars for them." Daniel Jones replied: "That is thirty dollars more than they are worth." George Smith looked wonder-struck at this remark. The farmer said: "I know the value of those oxen, better than you do. One of them is a little 'breachy,' and the other one cannot bear the heat so well as some oxen, and yet there are many good qualities in them; but, all things considered, ninety dollars is all they are worth, and you may have them." George Smith gladly took the oxen, and said to a man on his way home: "It beats all the difference there is in the religion of men. Now there is old James Clark, my near neighbor; I have heard him make many a long prayer. If he owned these beautiful oxen he would have asked me one hundred and thirty dollars or more for them, and he would have called them a great bargain at that price, and he would not have said a word about one of the oxen being inclined to be breachy, and the other not very tough in hot weather. I do not know anything about religion myself, but one thing I know, as well as I know where the sun shines on a bright day, and that is, there is a mighty big difference between Daniel Jones' religion and James Clark's religion."—*Messenger of Peace*.

Politeness at Home.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "Never mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised.

Ah! these are little things say you? They tell mightily on the heart, let me assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such matters—everything is all right—cold supper—cold room—crying children—perfectly comfortable."

Goes home, his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and worked her life almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order—there never were such cross children before." No apologies except away from home.

Why not be polite at home? Why to use freely the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound those little words, "I thank you," or "You are very kind." Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To grow glad at your approach? To bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending our into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

Again we say unto all—be polite.—*Selected*.

A word once out flies much about. "Too late" is written on the gates of hell.

Plead for Jesus, for he pleads for you.

Lord, touch my ear, that I may hear.

To God keep near throughout the year.

Straying shepherds make straying sheep.

A saint is often under a cross, but never under the curse.

If you cannot get the best, make the best of what you have.

The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker it is a finished man.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight. There is no success without you work for it. You cannot extemporize success.

I will utter what I believe to-day, if it should contradict all I said yesterday.

"Have You Lost Jesus?"

The following very interesting case in connection with Major Whittle's recent mission in Edinburgh is related by Dr. Moxey: A woman I spoke to told me of a circumstance that was narrated to her by a Christian neighbor respecting herself, which had been helpful in bringing her, as a believer, to an assurance of her salvation. She had gone to an evangelistic service, where some such verse as John 3:16 had brought her into light and peace. When she got home her little boy noticed her happy face, and asked the reason of it. I have found Jesus my dear boy, she exclaimed. I am saved by his precious blood. How do you know? asked the little fellow. Listen, she said, and she read the verses to him that had brought the joyful assurance.

Next morning Satan raised his favorite question of feeling, and she came down to breakfast with the old miserable expression that her son had been so long accustomed to. What's wrong now, mother? questioned the boy.

Everything's wrong, dear; I have made a terrible mistake, I fear. Have you lost Jesus, mother? She did not like to say she had. Has the verse changed then? continued the boy: it seems as if it had. Stop, I'll go and see, and away ran the dear lad, to return triumphantly with his Bible. No, mother, it's not changed; it's just the same, every word, as last night, and he read aloud the blessed message. Said the mother to my friend, that was many years ago, but my dear boy's faith rebuked my unbelief. I then and there believed God's bare Word, feel or no feel, because it was His Word, and I am just resting my soul there now. The story was greatly blessed to my friend, whose spiritual life up to that time had been anything but a satisfactory one.

Bible Scenes Still Enacted.

In writing from Fayal, one of the Azores Islands, a correspondent of the *Transcript* says: "On the country roads, and near the windmills, you will see circular threshing floors, made of hardened pumice stone, where cows and oxen are driven over the grain, crossing and recrossing it. These are a distinct and frequent feature in the landscape, and remind one of Bible scenes. What is that strange noise I hear from afar? I say to my native companion. Why, it is an ox-cart coming along the lane with a load of grain. I watch and wait, and within half an hour it passes, with its two or three yoke of oxen dragging this uncouth cart with its high encircling wicker front and sides. Its great, solid wooden wheels creak and groan. One is impelled to be merciful, and beseech the owner to oil the wheels. But no, I must not, and am told that this noise is a part of the equipage, and no farmer is satisfied unless his wheels have the proper amount of squeak. A law was once made by the Portuguese government that no creaking cart should be allowed to enter a city; but the people rebelled and the law was repealed.

Protect the Children.

If I pierced the young leaf of the shoot of a plant with the finest needle, the prick forms a knot which grows with the leaf, becomes harder and harder, and prevents it from obtaining its perfectly complete form. Something similar takes place after wounds which touch the tender germ of the human soul and injure the heart-leaves of its being. Therefore, you must keep holy the being of the child; protect it from every rude impression, from every touch of the vulgar. A gesture, a look, a sound, is often sufficient to inflict such wounds. The child's soul is more tender than the finest tenderest plant. It would have been far different with humanity if every individual in it had been protected in that tenderest age as befitted the human soul which holds within itself the divine spark.—*J. Froebel*.

OF ONE HEART.—When the Pentecostal church was flourishing we read that the "multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul." It is not to be supposed that they all saw the truth alike, and that none attached more importance to some truths than others did. They were not all of one opinion on every point. But they were one in heart. Peace reigned. It is not essential to the welfare of a church that the members hold the same views of every doctrine. Early education, opportunities for study, and personal experiences will tend to differing judgements. It is, however, the duty of all to be tolerant of each other's views, and to possess a spirit of love. Only as peace reigns in a church can there be prosperity.—*Inquirer*.

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