

Waiting.

"Lie still and wait, My child; lie still
Till My own hand shall raise thee up;
I sent the pain: it is My will
That you shall drink this bitter cup."

Father, I pray for strength to bear
Each pain that each new day may bring;
To feel that resting in Thy care
Thy praise still my tongue may sing.

Help me to wait, and look to Thee,
Who art the sick one's dearest friend;
Knowing the hand that blesteth me
Will every careful comfort send.

I thank Thee for the hours of rest
That follow after those of pain;
In both I see Thou knowest best
My needs; I cannot ask in vain.

For all the kindness and good cheer
Those many weeks of pain have brought,
I thank Thee, Lord; for thou wast near,
And blessed each kindly act and thought.

Henceforth may I, in thought or deed,
Show that I have been near to Thee,
Who in the hours of sorest need,
With Thine own hand, didst strengthen me.

—Advocate

House-Keeping or Home-Keeping.

Which shall it be? Shall we spend
all our time and God-given powers
on a house—a mere earthly habitation?
In other words, shall I spend
my life in polishing and bedecking
a casket, while the jewels within are
corroding and rotting for want of
care and attention?

This is just what the woman is
doing whose one great aim and
ambition is to excel as a house-keeper.

"How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitewashed
walls," etc.,

not by her own accomplished, grac-
ious self, and happy, courteous chil-
dren; nor by the serene countenance
of her husband, hurrying gladly
homeward.

I knew one woman whose days—
and far into each night—were spent
sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, pol-
ishing pans, windows—any-
thing polishable—even the walk to
the gate was spotless. It was a bold
fly that dared invade her domain,
and much precious time was con-
sumed in ironing the plain gingham
garments in which herself and daugh-
ters usually appeared. She boasted
that she never slighted her work and
no one disputed her, but her hus-
band was wont to say: "Heavens!
Minerva, I'm hungry for a little
dirt, confusion, and comfort."

The best rooms were seldom open-
ed save to be dusted—and the chil-
dren never came into the house at
all when the weather would admit
of their remaining on the street;
and when indoors they heard one
ceaseless round of warnings, expo-
sultations and threats. Her little
five-year-old, visiting and romping
at the house of a friend, remarked
naively: "Our house wasn't made
to play in." A son in his teens said
bitterly to a companion: "How I'd
like a home—not a house. I would
not care for poverty or even dirt if
only there were pleasantness and
freedom there."

Another child, on seeing that a
school-mate had accidentally put
some dirt on his mother's floor, whis-
pered in alarm: "Won't she be aw-
ful mad?" No one will be surprised
that neither the sons nor the daugh-
ters of that model house-wife turned
out well, yet she meant to do right.

I knew another—a fragile, deli-
cate creature—who besides keeping
her house in order, taught music to
defray the expenses of a son in col-
lege. To be sure her windows were
not polished daily, nor yet her pans
and cook-stove; an occasional fly
got in and revelled in the sunshine
of the best room among the pots of
brightly blooming flowers. Some-
times, on sweeping days, she found
several cobwebs and some dust. She
economized on the ironing by fold-
ing sheets, towels, and the like, and
even "slighted" the pretty gowns in
which she and her children were
usually dressed; but no one guessed
it—one cannot tell in ten minutes
after a dress or apron is put on
whether fifteen minutes or an hour
was spent in laundering it, you
know.

In fact, this woman economized
on everything but the home-making
part. Never was there a man more
anxious to reach his own fireside
than was her husband; her boys
did not want to go on the street, and
her girls were her companions.
"Home, home! no place like home,"
was the burden of that family's re-
frain; and to-day her children rise
up and call her "blessed."

There is no sight upon which we
are called to look more saddening
than that of a home sacrificed on the
altar of house-wife's ambition, unless
it be that of a woman—with all the
powers and possibilities the term
implies—fallen, and of choice, to the
lowly estate of a drudge; that of a
wife and mother descending in the
social and intellectual scale while
her family are ascending. Home-
keeping includes good house-keep-
ing, but the latter may not include
one item of real home-making. The
grave has closed over vast multi-

tudes of women possessing from five
to ten talents, who made use of but
one. Who can compute the loss at
the final reckoning?

"Faithful in little, faithful in
much."

'Tis to the home-keepers we must
look for the future of our nation,
not to the house-keepers.—WELMA
CALEWELL MELVILLE, in *Home-Mak-
er*.

How The Boy Helped.

There was a steep and icy hill before
the house that the boy lived in. He
saw a horse trying to draw a heavy
load up that hill, but he kept slip-
ping back, and it seemed as if he
never would get up. "Poor horse,"
said the little fellow; "it's too bad.
I must go and help you." He did,
and then the horse went easily up
with his load. How did the boy
help? Did he take hold of one of
the shafts and pull, or did he go be-
hind and push? He did neither;
but filled a bucket with ashes and
sprinkled them over the ice. In
that way he could help a great deal
better than by either pulling or
pushing. How nice it would be if
everybody in this world was willing
to help, and knew just how to do it.
There is a great deal of so-called
helping that kinders.

We have in our congregation a
very conceited man whom I will call
Philander Pompous. He is zealous
and is deeply interested in the pros-
perity of the church. So he goes
about every other day to the pas-
tor's study to offer his advice in re-
gard to his preaching and his pas-
toral work. For instance, he will
say: "Now doctor, that was a fine
sermon you preached last Sunday,
but as I was listening it occurred to
me that if you had pressed that
point about immediate decision a
little more earnestly it would have
been more effective." Or he sug-
gests that if the pastor would spend
less time in his study and more of
it out among the people, he would
be more popular. He doesn't seem
to think that it is the time consumed
by just such busy-bodies as he is
that prevents the pastor from visit-
ing more. That man not only hin-
ders the doctor in his work directly
by the time he compels him to waste,
but more still by the annoyance of
his silly suggestions.

In marked contrast with this
meddling P. Pompous is old Mother
Jones, who sits in the corner of her
pew Sunday after Sunday, and looks
at the minister all the time that he
is reading or speaking. Her face
lights up with radiant joy when he
says a good thing, and all the time,
though she listens so closely, her lips
are moving as in prayer. While
she is opening her heart to receive
the truth, she is also lifting it up to
God for a blessing on the word.
Doctor X. has often told me what a
helper to him this mother in Israel
is. Such helpers in the Gospel we
all can be. An appreciative hearer
stimulates the speaker. A dull and
listless congregation will spoil the
best sermon. Let us realize more
fully our responsibility as hearers,
and let us avoid the help that hin-
ders.

Sour Words.

1. They indicate a sour origin.
They show that the heart is in an
acid state. The hearer of such words
can not but have his own and not
very complimentary opinion of the
speaker.

2. They make the speaker himself
more sour. Words react upon those
who utter them. As kind words
beget kindness, and increase the
power of it in the soul, so sour words
increase the bad temper of him who
uses them. They add fuel to the fire
and augment the heat.

3. Sour words dangerously tend
to make the hearer sour. They
create an atmosphere which he
breathes, and the virus is likely to
penetrate his soul and make him
sour too. Vinegar gives its own
character to anything it can reach.
So it is not the fault of the sour in
heart and speech that they do not
spoil all the sweetness that there is
about them.

4. Sour words are all but certain
to give sourness to the countenance.
The face is a tell-tale of the heart
and the heart's sourness, rising to
the lips in bitter words, has won-
derful power over all the features.
Look on the countenance as the
owner is using sharp and bitter
words. Do you see a smiling June
or a scowling November?

5. Sour words are not soon for-
gotten. Sharp and piercing they
enter, like iron, into the soul. As
with hooks of steel, they hang on
to the memory. All that you can
recollect of some people is the sour
words you have heard them use.

N. W. my friends, if sour words
indicate a sour heart, and make the
speaker more sour, and make hear-
ers sour, and give a sour counte-
nance, and make one's sourness long
and painfully remembered—there
are five reasons why these words
should never be found upon your
lips. Let the last ones you have
used be the last!—Observer.

With The Heart.

An employer, pointing to two
men working side by side in his
shop, said to me: "Though I pay
them the same wages, one of them
is worth twice as much to me as
the other, because he puts his heart
into everything that he does. He
is interested. He is anxious al-
ways to do his best. His neighbor,
on the contrary, thinks only of his
wages. He will shirk whenever he
thinks he can do so and not be
found out. I cannot trust him.
I have to watch him closely, or he
will send out work that is imper-
fect, and will injure the reputation
of the shop."

"Well, what does the man whom
you commend gain by putting his
heart in if you pay the same wages?"

"Nothing at present, except the
satisfaction one feels in trying to do
his duty. But I shall need a new
foreman one of these days, and he
will get the place. I can't discrim-
inate now between them, for the
union, to which all our workmen
belong, won't permit that. But,
in spite of its arbitrary rules, the
man who does his best will be re-
warded in due time."

While my friend was talking I
could not help thinking about Chris-
tian workers. Though God says
at the outset, "My son, give me
thine heart," and "With the heart
man believeth unto righteousness,"
yet how few of us serve the Lord
"heartily." I sometimes think that
the reason some preachers are more
successful than others is just because
they put more heart into their
work. A man may write a first-
rate sermon, and he may preach it
well; the logic, rhetoric and elocu-
tion may all be admirable, and yet
it will neither edify a Christian or
awaken a sinner. Why? It lacks
the element of life. The heart's
blood of the speaker is not in it.
It does not throb with the spirit of
John Knox, when he cried: "Lord,
give me Scotland, or I die!" If to
love the Lord with all the heart is
the first and great commandment,
surely we ought to serve him heart-
ily. Heart-work is always earnest
work, and is nearly always suc-
cessful work.—Herald and Presbyter.

The Beginning of Wealth.

A writer in the *Treasure Trove*
tells "How they Started," that is,
how some of America's millionaires
began to get rich. And the lessons
drawn from this chapter of humble
beginnings are well worth repeating:
Very likely some of these men did
small things, and mean things, and
disreputable things, that you would
be ashamed to do, and I would be
ashamed to do; probably some of
these men haven't much of anything
better to show for it than their
money; and you and I know—as
well as we know the earth turns—
that all the dollars ever minted
won't pay a decent man for a little
bit of his decency and honesty. But
there is no need of any bargain with
the devil; some of these men prove
it, for they have been true to their
principles as sunrise to the morning,
and have kept that pure heart that
is consoling beyond their money,
and imparts a satisfaction which
government coupons will not give.
Put the point is just here: They,
all of them—who have made a "pile,"
—in whatever points they differed,
have united on hard work, attention,
to business, and patience with small
beginnings. Now, my boy, stick
three pegs in right there. Begin
where you are; do it well; make
an honest nickel or two out of it,
and then save; then if you see a
good square, legitimate way to turn
those nickels into dollars, go ahead
and do it, but don't play policy, or
lottery, or dark horse, no, not at
twenty for one. Whatever your
business is, attend to it. Don't
play with it, or it will play with
you. And don't be afraid of work.
I have been twenty years looking
for an easy way to get rich, and I
have come to the conclusion that
there isn't any.

How To Do It.

It is not only needful to do right
things, but also to do them right.
Some people will do a wrong and
evil thing in a manner so suave and
polite that they will win more
favour and less dislike than others
who do right things, but do them in
a brusque, and blundering, and even
in a brutal way.

Do not spoil a good deed by
coarseness and brutality. "Be pitiful,
be courteous," "Honor all men." Let
the thought that the meaneast,
the poorest and the lowest mortal is
a specimen of the divine handiwork,
inspire us with reverence for the
workmanship of God, and with ten-
der care for those on whom the
Creator has lavished both skill and
love, and for whom the Saviour
hath shed his blood.

Dr. Norman McLeod most truly
says: "There are men who, in the
main, are good and loving, but who
are sadly wanting in that manner
of expressing love, which we call
considerateness. Considerateness is
the result of sympathy; it is a fine
perception of, and entering in-

to another person's circumstances,
feelings, prejudices and tempera-
ment; it is a delicacy, Christian re-
finement, Christian politeness and
Christian propriety. If the love is
shown in the giving of alms by any
one possessing this sympathy, or in
such aid as implies a certain su-
periority on the part of the donor
to the receiver, yet that aid is min-
istered, or the aid bestowed, with
such a consideration for the feelings
of the receiver as makes the gift
like the stone of the diamond—al-
most forgotten in the brilliancy of
the light that shines in it."

We owe it to our Saviour and
Master to see to it that his work
is not marred by our blunders, and
that his name is not dishonoured
by our faults.—Common People.

WHAT MOTHERS SHOULD DO.—
As the boys grow up, make com-
panions of them; then they will
not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise
sometimes; their happiness is as
important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if
they have concealment, worrying
them will never make them tell,
and patience will probably do the
work.

Allow them, as they grow older,
to have opinions of their own; make
them individuals, not mere echoes.
Remember that without physical
health mental attainment is worth-
less; let them lead free, happy lives,
which will strengthen both mind
and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely
responsible for your child's inherited
character, and have patience with
faults and failings.

Talk hopefully to your children
of life and its possibilities; you
have no right to depress them be-
cause you have suffered.

If you have lost a child, remember
that for the one that is gone there
is no more to do; for those remain-
ing, everything; hide your grief
for their sakes.

Impress upon them from early
infancy that actions have results,
and that they cannot escape con-
sequences even by being sorry when
they have acted wrongly.

Teach boys and girls the actual
facts of life as soon as they are old
enough to understand them, and
give them the sense of the respon-
sibility without saddening them.

Don't neglect your business.
Don't misrepresent anything.
Don't forget you are a gentleman.
Don't tell everybody your busi-
ness.

Don't say one thing and mean
another.

Don't join a society for business
purposes.

Don't make any promises you can-
not fulfil.

Don't forget that the poor have
feelings as well as the rich.

Don't go off on a frolic when you
have business to attend to.

Don't fail to keep yourself well
posted in every detail of your busi-
ness.

Don't buy a bill of goods you
don't want because a drummer asks
you to.

Don't forget to be kind to the
children. They will be men and
women one of these days.

Good Manners.

Don't forget to say "Good morn-
ing!" and say it cheerfully, and
with a smile; it will do you good,
and do your friends good. There's
a kind inspiration in every "Good
morning" heartily spoken that helps
to make hope fresher and work
lighter. It seems really to make
the morning good, and to be a prop-
hecy of a good day to come after it.
And if this be true of the "Good
morning," it is so also of kind, heart-
some greetings; they cheer the dis-
couraged, rest the tired one, some-
how makes the wheels of life run
more smoothly. Be liberal with
them, then, and let no morning pass,
however dark and gloomy it may
be, that you do not help at least to
brighten by your smiles and cheer-
ful words.

As Parnelee's Vegetable Pills con-
tain Mandrake and Dandelion, they
cure Liver and Kidney Complaints
with unerring certainty. They also
contain Roots and Herbs which have
specific virtues truly wonderful in their
action on the stomach and bowels.
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writes: "I consider Parnelee's Pills
an excellent remedy for Bileusness
and Derangement of the Liver, having
used them myself for some time."

A lady in Syracuse writes: "For
about seven years before taking North-
rop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery
and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from
a complaint very prevalent with our sex.
I was unable to walk any distance, or
stand on my feet for more than a few
minutes at a time, without feeling ex-
hausted; but now, I am thankful to
say, I can walk two miles without feel-
ing the least inconvenience. For fe-
male complaints it has no equal."

That tired, languid feeling and dull
headache is very disagreeable. Take
two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before
retiring, and you will find relief.
They never fail to do good.

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1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,831,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
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Turnip Seed; Carrot Seed

Field and Garden Seeds are extremely low this season.

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W. H. VANWART

Aim high, my boy,
The heights where
Whose purposes were
And aspirations

Each hero's life a
And if you read
It gives you help
Is what it has to

Be true: be earnest
In every time
Toward high ends
Set steadfastly

Be brave of heart;
O'ertake you
Then with fresh
The foe another

The great men of
Who swerved not
When base, ignom-
But kept the goal

Though baffled, he
From each defeat
A strength that m-
And takes away

Be brave, be steady
And ever, as you
Keep God's clear
And win, in his

The Boy Who

More than a h-
ago, a little boy
in Berlin, and
wards known as
his childhood as
very unhappy
father. Some-
dinner the unna-
plates at his son's
would kick him
drag him round
Once, while the
ing on a flute, th-
the instrument f-
it in two across
shoulders. His
that he once att-
but before he
captured and d-
more cruel than
his cell he was
execution of the
who had assiste-
escape.

At the age of
king having di-
became King of
his time had be-
the language an-
but now his bod-
the sword, and
building up his
was a very fru-
not caring for fi-
said that he was
valet's shirt, as
presentable one.

He was a great
ton, and, to sho-
a Prussian swor-
inscription,—
"From the
greatest."

It was this fact
was once saved
befriended. D-
War, the Prus-
winter stationer-
was here, while
on the terrace
that the king m-
little boy. The
and carried a bo-
self.

"Oh, sir, wo-
my marionettes
his simple fash-
"Are they in
the king."

"Yes; and t-
nicely. You h-
Shall I show th-
peated the chil-

The king sho-
laid his hand o-
and asked why
earn a few pen-
"I wished to
to buy a flute,"

"Are you so
a musician?" in
a beseeching lo-
upturned face
deeply touched,
bered his own
said,—

"Well, my h-
ous and will pr-
to learn, you sh-
teacher, too."

Little Antoni-
in his own bro-
over and over
pointment was
to the palace th-
for his lessons.
charge by the
and studied so
able to play be-

The little fel-
tached to his
for a chance to
tion. Strange
opportunity ca-
pected.

One evening
deal of whisper-
of the palace.