

AT MY POST.

"The battle is not yours, but God's." This battle is too hard for me to fight; My flesh and spirit fail me with fright. If thou hadst bid me in the conflict go Where war is fiercest, I would have been ready; but to hear Thee say, "Keep out of action," fills me with dismay.

I mark the tide of battle from this spot Where Thou hast bid me stay. It rages hot; In many a point I see our colors lie Dragged down and trampled by the enemy; Some, wounded in the fight, still holding on Beneath the hot rays of the scorching sun.

I see the hosts of hell are reuniting fast; With devilish skill their fiery darts they cast, And many a soldier leads a hope forlorn; Against fearful odds he wrestles, spent and worn.

While yet the thought that breaths his Captain's eye He fights has served him to fresh energy. I hear the thrilling trumpet-call to arms Where in some hard-pressed point are fresh alarms.

The war-cry sounds, it falls upon mine ear; It calls not me—I must stay idle here; Though every fibre of my heart may thrill, I must not fight. It is my Captain's will.

And yet I think that Thou hast bid me do The hardest work of all for soldier true—Just to do nothing, while his comrades go With eager haste to face and fight the foe. Just to keep out of action and obey— This is the battle I must fight to-day;

And my heart fails me. But I hear the words, "Look up! Fear not! This battle is the Lord's." Put thou the conflict in thy Captain's hand, Ask Him to speak the word of strong command.

Then, passive at His feet, wait victory; It must be thine since He will fight for thee.

So I will stay at my appointed post; By glad obedience I shall please Thee most. Some cups of water Thou wilt let me take My weary comrades' parched lips to slake;

And in Thy time—that time is ever right—Thou'lt bid me join them in the open fight.

—Sunday at Home.

Our Serial.

MURIEL'S KEY-NOTE.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XIX.

FADING.

The month at the seaside was lengthened to six weeks. Until Sybil and Chesney had left Bushby Rectory for London, old Mr. Rivers would not hear of returning.

The weeks passed as weeks beside the sea usually do pass. There was bathing, and sitting on the shingles, and driving out, and pacing of the parade, and ransacking of the library, and meeting of friends unexpectedly. At first Muriel rambled alone a good deal, reading and thinking. The thinking was to some purpose. Certain heart-searchings were followed by self-condemnation. Self-complacency fled before stronger self-knowledge.

Thought for others followed. She made the effort once again to break through the ice-crust which covered over the opening to her sister's heart. A hard surface it had seemed, and little hope felt Muriel of success a second time. But the ice yielded as to a mere finger-touch. It came over Muriel strangely one day, that while she had complained of loneliness, one by her very side had been vainly thirsting for her sympathy, and suffering from a loneliness no less real than her own. For Mrs. Bertram could not satisfy Lilia's needs.

Sea-air did not seem to do Lilia good. She was listless and weak, and the cough had returned. A doctor was called in, and his looks were grave. What he said to Mrs. Bertram Muriel did not know. She only saw by her mother's haggard looks, whenever Lilia was not present, that great pain lay below.

Intense pity grew up in Muriel's heart towards her mother. She had not known the feeling before. Suppose Lilia were to die! Muriel hardly thought of herself in the matter. She could not picture her mother existing without Lilia. Mrs. Bertram, deprived of her youngest child, would be objectless, broken-hearted.

"Better far that I should die," thought Muriel sadly, and yet she did not know that it was so in reality. "That would be a small matter to mamma—but what would she do, if she had not Lilia?"

The fading went on—intermittent, uncertain, but with a steady downward tendency. Waves might now and then break higher, nevertheless the tide was going out.

Was Lilia ready? Muriel put that question to herself often with an aching heart. She could not tell. A happier spirit of intercourse had by this time grown up between the sisters, and coldness seemed to have fled, but Lilia's reserve was unquerable. Sometimes Muriel ventured a few words on religious subjects. They were heard quietly, but no response came, and Lilia's pale, passive face was at all times hard to read. No reserve is so tenacious of existence as the reserve of a rather small nature. There was in Lilia no breadth of mind or passion of soul to work upon. She had been passively cold; she grew to be gently affectionate. That was all; and if

Muriel looked for more she met with disappointment.

Muriel hardly realized how steadily her sister had gone down the hill, till they reached home. Looking back six weeks, she plainly saw the change, and Mrs. Bertram saw it too. No one talked of Lilia as ill, but she was rarely off the sofa, and a doctor's visit every day had grown to be a thing of course. Their own doctor, coming in next morning for the first time, had a startled look. Muriel wondered whether Lilia observed it. The quiet white face showed no change. But an hour later Muriel found her mother alone in an agony of weeping.

"Mamma—" said Muriel timidly. She could better have comforted any one in the world than her own mother. Mrs. Bertram drew herself suddenly upright on the sofa.

"What is wanted?"

"Mamma, has it anything to do with Lilia?"

"Nothing that concerns you," said Mrs. Bertram coldly. "I do not wish to talk just now."

Muriel's eyes were full.

"It does concern me," she said in a trembling voice. "Lily is my sister, and surely I ought to know. Mamma, does Dr. Peters think very badly of her?"

"Doctors are often mistaken. You are not to say anything depressing to Lilia."

"Mamma, does she know she is in danger?"

"I did not say she was."

But it would not do. Self-control failed there. Mrs. Bertram's head went down in a pitiful anguish of sobs. Muriel had a very passion of longing to kneel down, and throw her arms round that bowed graceful figure, and beg her mother to be comforted. She dared not do so. Her own tears fell like rain, and she was shaken by weeping scarcely less violent than Mrs. Bertram's—yet not so much for Lilia, as for the lack of her mother's love. The one pain swallowed up the other.

In a little while the words came again—"You must not tell Lilia. She is not to know."

"Mamma, she ought to know."

"She shall not. That is her only hope."

"Is there any hope?" asked Muriel mournfully.

Again no answer, except convulsive sobs. Mrs. Bertram presently rose, and went away to her own room, stifling sounds of grief by the way.

Neither of the two dared show herself to Lilia for some time after. But at luncheon Mrs. Bertram appeared, calm and collected, with no traces of tears, while Muriel's eyes were heavy, and her face flushed with weeping. Lilia's eyes were often upon her.

Luncheon over, Mrs. Bertram called her apart.

"Muriel this will not do," she said. "You must not give Lilia any reason to suppose we feel anxiety."

"Mamma, is it right?" asked Muriel.

"Of course it is. I will have nothing else. You understand. Lilia must not think anything of her illness. She was watching your face all luncheon."

"I know," Muriel said sorrowfully. "You must command yourself better. If you cry it shows in your face so long after," continued Mrs. Bertram, without a trace of the morning's anguish in tone or look. "The only way is for you to keep from crying."

"I could not help it," faltered Muriel.

"You must learn to do so. Lilia has made me promise to go out for an hour's drive this afternoon, leaving you in charge of her. But unless I can depend upon you, I will not go."

"I will take care," said Muriel.

"If she asks you why you cried, you are not to tell the reason."

"It was not only for Lilia," Muriel said half to herself.

"It was not?"

"No—not only."

"What was it?"

Muriel could not speak at the moment. Afterwards she wished that the heart-ache within her had broken forth in words.

"Well, tell her anything you like, except what will make her nervous about herself. Mind, Muriel, I depend upon you. If you disappoint me, you shall not be left alone with her again."

EMANCIPATED.

Amos Kelly was a church member and a good man, humble and inoffensive. He was always kind and helpful and courageous to do and dare, and yet he was called a coward; he even called himself so; and still that did not shame him out of it. He was afraid of death in any manner and in any guise. There was hardly a waking moment that the consciousness was not present with him speaking in almost audible voice, "You must die!" It darkened his whole existence. He never attended a funeral;

he had never seen anyone die. God had been merciful to him, and his own household was still unbroken. He was nearing middle age, and "through fear of death had all his lifetime been subject to bondage."

One midnight a knock came to his door, and on answering it a pleading voice said, "O, Mr. Kelly, won't you come over to our house? Papa's dreadfully sick, and we think he's dying."

"Certainly, my boy! I'll come right over," he answered. But how his very heart sank within him! His neighbor—who had only been slightly ill for a day or two—dying, and had sent for him! There was not another neighbor in half a mile, and he could not refuse such a request, for they had been faithful friends for years, and never had either failed to respond to the other's need.

But his limbs almost refused to carry him along the lonely field-path which shortened the distance, and his knees fairly awoke together as he stood on the door-stone, and he leaned on the door-frame a moment to steady himself and quell, if he might, the loud beating of his heart before he entered.

There was no fearful scene being enacted in that sick-room, but instead the dying man's face wore a welcoming smile, and extending his hand he said, "Amos, dear old friend, you were good to come. I'm going away, and I wanted to see you once more."

The visitor was reassured. This was not death, only a sick man's fancy. He attempted to say as much, but was prevented by the entrance of the doctor, who, strange as it seemed, instantly recognized the presence before whom all human skill is powerless.

"It's no use, doctor," said the sick man. "I'm called, and it's all right. I did want to see the boys grow up, but when I think of seeing their mother I can hardly wait. Dear little Ruth! ah, I shall soon see her now. Amos, dear friend, I wanted to ask you to look after the boys a little, and a mother, poor soul! I'm sorry for her."

He dozed fitfully, and the end seemed very near; but he roused again and said, while his face was very luminous, "It isn't hard to die, Amos. Jesus, 'Jesus can make a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are.'"

The hour before dawn was one never to be forgotten, for heaven really seemed to come down to greet his soul. That night marked an era in Amos Kelly's history. At first he was filled with joy as he felt that his fear of death had been swept away; then he was humbled into the dust as he realized how he had distrusted and dishonored the Master he professed to love and serve, believing that he would extend his loving-kindness and care through life's day, and then in this dark and desolate night would forsake His own.

His heart was well nigh broken as he thought it over and read again and again the promises he had never before believed. But out of the depths of repentance he came up to the heights of absolute trust, and thereafter the sun shone for him out of a cloudless sky.

No more was his daily life filled with dread and gloom. He was emancipated. It was wonderful how speedily he became one of the most devoted watchers with the sick and a minister of consolation to the bereaved. Wherever there was sickness or trouble within his reach, there he was found with help and sympathy, and his presence was a tower of strength.

Not many months after his friend's joyful translation a sweet little girl, the pet of the neighborhood, was taken sick, and her illness was painfully long. Night after night did the tender-hearted man traverse the long, lonely mile to cheer and relieve the troubled parents and soothe the child by carrying her in his strong arms up and down the room, whispering meanwhile of the One who loves little children and singing of the "happy land, far, far away," but which is not so very far away after all.

"I wouldn't go over to-night, Amos," said his wife after a while, "you're so tired, and their friends came to-day."

"Yes, I'm tired. But then, Mary," he continued, using almost the self-same memorable words of Uncle Tom, "when that child goes into the kingdom they'll open the doors wide that we'll all get a glimpse of the glory. And then I promised the dear little one that I'd come to-night, too."

And that very night the devoted watcher handed the peaceful, contented little child straight from his arms into the sheltering arms of the Lover of children. And then he pictured her transcendent happiness to the bereft parents that even in that supreme moment they felt that it was "well with the child," and were comforted.

Surely some who still wear the garb of humanity are sent forth as ministering angels!—Church Weekly.

The Christian's Motto:—I Will Trust.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he will bring it to pass." This means what it says; give the Lord the direction of your steps. Paul, when he felt drawn to Rome as a witness for Jesus, did not trouble himself whether he went there as a passenger or a prisoner in chains. This trust must be a continuous process—the daily habit of our lives.

When the Lord is driving us we must not be all the time grasping the reins. The tourist who goes up the Matterhorn must not tell the guide the route or what implements it is safe to carry. If he is not willing to trust his guide, he had better stay at the base of the mountain.

Remember that for what we trust to God and I am not responsible. What we leave to him belongs to him. He is our trustee. It is his "lookout" whether we fail or succeed. Paul was not responsible for the number of converts at Athens and Rome, nor whether there should be one solitary convert to the truth. He had but to preach faithfully, and to live righteously, and leave results with his Master.—Ez.

THE following story from the Tribune presents an example in counter-interpretation that ought to be imitated.

"This is a good story which the Rev. Dr. Rush, Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, tells to the Annual Conference, before which he presents the claims of his society. A young negro in the South had been converted, and at once wanted to preach. His elders thought he was not fitted for the important work; but he well-nigh staggered them by relating a vision, in which he had plainly seen the letters G. P. C.—which could mean only 'Go preach Christ.' A white-haired negro preacher slowly arose, and told the ambitious young brother that, while he had no doubt seen the letters in a vision, he had failed in the interpretation. They probably meant, 'Go pick cotton,' or 'Go plough corn.' This settled the matter.

RANDOM READING.

Devotion sweetens all that courage must endure.

Prayer is the key of the morning, and the bolt of the night.

Delay is injurious to anyone who is fully prepared for action.

The humility that can yet talk has need of careful watching.

Old habits return unconsciously at great moments in a man's life.

The greatest act of obedience, is to take Christ Jesus.

The fear of man will make us hide sin, but the fear of the Lord will make us hate it.

It has been said by men of discernment and experience, "If you want to spoil a man for a great work, begin to praise him early."

He is strongest who can withstand temptations; and he is wisest who can adjust himself to circumstances without a jar, a sigh, or a sad face.

A great part of life consists in right thinking—thinking nobly, upwards, onwards. Many a career has been spoiled by thoughts that trifled and drooped.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.—Ruffini.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

Our superfluities must be given up for our neighbor's necessities; our necessities for our neighbor's extremities.

The difference between a man being in the world and the world being in him is the difference between a ship being in the water and the water being in the ship.—D. L. Moody.

The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to anyone who will take it of me.—Prof. Huxley.

Take your directions from your Master, and pay no heed to other voices if they would command. Live to please him, and do not care what other people think. You are Christ's servant; "let no man trouble" you.

Because our minds are so commonplace, have so little of the divine imagination in them, therefore we do not recognize the spiritual meaning and worth, we do not perceive the beautiful will of God in the things required of us, though they are full of it. But if we do them, we shall thus make acquaintance with them, and come to see what is in them.—A Sea-Board Parish.

HALF A MILLION GARDENS
SEEDS **PLANTS**
Our Seed Warehouse, the largest in New York, is fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.
Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.
PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

TO OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS.
Special Advertisement.

THE UNLANSDED WHITE SHIRT at \$1.00, manufactured by MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John, has now become a standard production, giving employment to a great many of our own people. It is a better shirt in every way than any imported garment that can be sold for the price.

We claim that this shirt is a perfect fitting garment, every size being proportionate throughout. It is made from an extra quality of White Cotton; the Linen in Fronts and Cuffs, is specially selected for its good wearing qualities. Every shirt is reinforced or made with a Double Thickness of Cotton in Front, where the strain of the Braces is most felt, and the best workmanship is used on every part—Sizes 13½ to 18 inch neck—Buy the same size neck for shirt as you wear in collar.

SPECIAL.

As these shirts may now be had from dealers to whom we allow a very small discount in many of the principal towns of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, at the same price as if bought direct from us, viz., \$1.00 each, out of town customers can save express charges by buying from their local dealers. Be sure and ask for MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S White Unlansded shirt, at \$1.00.

Try one as a sample and you will be convinced it is the best value in the Dominion.

M. R. & A. will send one shirt as sample, post free, to any part of the Dominion on receipt of \$1.00. Give size of Collar worn when ordering.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, apr 27 27 & 29 KING STREET.

St. John BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Old Fellows' Hall, Saint John, N. B.

We give full and thorough course of study as any Business College in Canada or the United States.

Students do just such work as will be required of them when they enter a merchant's or accountant's office, preceded and accompanied by such training as will fit them to do that work intelligently and well.

Circulars, containing terms, course of study, &c., mailed free. Kerr's Book-Keeping mailed to any address on receipt of \$1. Students can enter at any time. Evening Classes re-open on MONDAY, Oct. 12.

10 Per Cent. Discount will be allowed those who enter for full Evening Term (6 months.)

NO VACATIONS. S. KERR, Prin.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Silk Department.

PLUSHES. COLD PLUSHES.

We are now showing a full line of these Goods, just received for our EARLY SPRING TRADE.

In Burgundy, Caroubier, Sultan Bronze Blue, Dark Olive, Florentine Gold, Dark Gold, Venetian Red, Light Blue, Crimson, Sapphire, Paon and Black.

FOR DRESS COMBINATION

We have the latest novelties, both in Stripe and Broche designs, for trimming both Woollen and Silk Fabrics.

N. B.—We shall from this date be in weekly receipt of Novelties and New Shades in DRESS STUFFS and SATINS personally selected by Mr. Manchester.

feb 10

CLIFTON HOUSE,

74 PRINCESS AND 143 GERMAIN STS.,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT. jan 20 1y

HERRING. CODFISH.

NOW RECEIVING—LARGE FAT EASTERN HERRING. Bbls. and Hb-bls.

Also—100 Qds. MEDIUM CODFISH

GILBERT BENT & SON, 5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

SALT. SALT.

Now Landing: ACKS Coarse Salt; 550 Sacks Factory Filled Butter Salt, White Sacks. For sale low from ship.

GILBERT BENT & SON, apr 28 South Market Wharf.

SUN LIFE Assurance Co., OF CANADA.

UNCONDITIONAL INCONTESTABLE LIFE POLICIES.

Assets about \$1,300,000

THE objection is very often made to Life Assurance that the Companies may take advantage of some of the numerous and complicated conditions on the policies, and thus either avoid entirely the payment of claims, or compromise with the widow for a small sum. There is considerable force in this argument, but it cannot be urged indiscriminately against all Companies.

THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA, issues absolutely unconditional policies. There is not one restriction of any kind on them. The assured may reside in any part of the world without giving notice or paying one cent of extra premium. He may change his occupation at will; he may travel, hunt or do anything else without any extra of any kind. The contrast is remarkable with other policies. Ask an Agent to show you one; it speaks for itself.

REMEMBER THE SUN IS THE ONLY COMPANY IN AMERICA WHICH ISSUES AN ABSOLUTELY UNCONDITIONAL POLICY.

If You Want the simplest and best form of investment policy which is issued by any company,

If You Want Term Assurance at the lowest possible rate, with an investment for your savings at compound interest,

If You Want Cheap Life Assurance while your children are young, and an endowment to yourself when they are grown up,

If You Want accumulation of Tontine profits without the risk of losing all you have paid by missing any payment,

If You Want Assurance with an unconditional policy which is sure to be paid without delay or trouble,

Then You Want a Non-Forfeiting "Semi-Endowment" Policy in the SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

If you want to take an ACCIDENT policy, remember the SUN LIFE ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

Remember THE SUN is the only company in America which issues unconditional policy.

"SUN" ACCIDENT POLICIES. They are the most liberal in existence, having days of grace and other privileges which are given by no other company.

DIRECTORS.

THOS. WORKMAN, Esq., PRESIDENT
A. F. GAULT, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT
Hon. A. W. Ogilvie.

A. F. Gault, Esq.
J. S. McLachlan, Esq.
S. H. Evans, Esq.
D. Morris, Esq.
E. J. Barbeau, Esq.
W. J. Whitehall, Esq.

R. MACAULAY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
Risks taken also in the Glasgow and London Fire Insurance Company of Great Britain.

J. B. GUNTER, GENERAL AGENT for above Companies, Fredericton, June 17—tf

McMurray & Co.

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

AND DEALERS IN

PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

We handle only first-class Instruments, which we sell at very low prices and on easy terms. We employ no AGENTS, but give the large commission paid agents to the buyer.

Call and see our Stock, or write for Prices and Terms.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF ORGANS. Having furnished over twenty churches in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with Organs, for which we make a special discount both to the church and clergyman.

Any person in want of any of the above Goods will find it to their advantage to write us for prices, terms, etc.

McMURRAY & CO.

P. S.—Reference, by permission, to the Editor of this Paper, who has two of our Organs in his Church.

McM. & Co. mar 10 1y
FREDERICTON.

BARBADOS MOLASSES. To Arrive:—The Cargo of the "Levose" PUNN, THEROS AND BLS.

GILBERT BENT & SONS, apr 28 South Market Wharf.

MENEELY & COMPANY
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS

Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Peals.

W. FENWICK, COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Agent for the Sale of all kinds of AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE, BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, OATS, BUCKWHEAT, POTATOES, TURNIPS, CARROTS, PORK, POULTRY, &c.

NORTH MARKET STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.