

## WITHIN.

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

Within the circling storm there is a centre  
Of perfect rest;  
Within the cloud we so much fear to enter,  
Are visions blest.

Within the husk the harvest lies unfolded,  
The chaff falls dead;  
But the sweet life the summer months  
Have molded,  
Becomes our bread.

Within the bark, all rough and deeply  
wrinkled,  
Flow hidden streams,  
Bearing a thousand flowers with perfume  
sprinkled,  
The sun's bright beams.

Within the shells are wings and songs  
unspoken,  
A perfect bird;  
All useless wings until the shell be broken,  
And songs unheard.

Within the spirit dwells, the outer letter  
Is not the whole;  
Tis but the body, or at times a fetter  
Binding the soul.

Within the veil, beyond this world's pollution,  
Are seas of light,  
Giving to each enigma its solution—  
The perfect sight!  
—Christian Advocate.

## "REJOICE IN THE LORD."

One of my neighbors called on me the other day in great trouble. He is dyspeptic and inclined to look on the dark side. I saw as soon as he came in that there was something on his mind, but I did not like to question him. So we talked about the weather and the crops and labor troubles awhile. But pretty soon he said abruptly, "Oldschool, do you think a man can't be a Christian unless he is happy all the time?"

"Certainly not, why you ask?"  
"Well, I was reading in my Bible last night, in Philippians, where it says, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice,' and I looked in the margin and it referred me to the third chapter and first verse: 'Rejoice in the Lord,' and to 1 Thess. v. 16: 'Rejoice evermore.' I was troubled. You know I never was one of the rejoicing sort of folks. I have had a great deal of trouble myself, and the world is so full of sorrow and sin I don't see how I can be happy. Are we to rejoice because the crops are short; because thousands of people perished in the earthquake; because the papers are full of reports of fraud and robbery and murder?"

"No, but you might rejoice that there is any crop at all. You might rejoice that the earthquake was so far away, not here. You might rejoice that you have not been defrauded or robbed, or murdered. A Christian can always find something to rejoice in. If he can do no better, he can fall back with David on the fact that the Lord reigns. Indeed, that is the one fact that comforts me. I see a great deal that is discouraging. Some of the bad people are so desperately bad, and even the best people are so imperfect. But then I think God knows it all, God permits it all, God controls it all, and he will surely bring good out of what seems to us an evil. I was once on a ship. A passenger was robbed. The captain ordered a general search; and as he did so, said significantly: 'We are sure to catch the thief, for he can't get out of the ship.' So we can say, 'the wicked are sure to be overruled and punished, for God is all around them. They cannot escape his presence and his power. And the good are sure to be vindicated and rewarded, for they are in the hands of a just and holy God.'"

"But doesn't it seem cruel to rejoice when there is so much suffering? One of my children was sick last night. I sat by him several hours as he moaned with pain. Could I be happy? Could I shout 'Bless the Lord' when the little fellow was in such agony? No! no! I had to weep, and I cried out bitterly, 'O God, why is this? Why dost thou afflict us so?'"

"Did your child die?"  
"No, of course not. If he had I wouldn't have been here. He was so much better this morning that he went to school."

"And why didn't your child die? Thousands of children have died in the night, while their parents watched beside them?"

He hesitated a moment. His eyes filled with tears, and then he said: "God was good and spared him to us."

"Yes, and did you thank God? Did you rejoice in him, as merciful and gracious?"

Waiting a while, and receiving no reply, I continued: "Did you ever hear about George the Third's Thanksgiving Day?"

"Not as I remember. What about it?"

"Well, at the close of the Revolutionary War the King of England issued a proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. One of his bishops went to him, and said: 'May I please your majesty, I would like to know for what we are to give thanks? Is it because you have lost thirteen fair colonies? Is it because you have sacrificed thousands of lives? Is it because you

have added millions to the national debt?"

"No, no, no," replied the king.

"Then what are we to be thankful for?" "That it is no worse." That was a good answer. It might have been worse. And it is so always. Jeremiah says (Lamentations iii. 22), 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' The prisoner condemned to die thanks the governor for a reprieve; rejoices if his sentence is commuted to imprisonment for life. If we are sinners who deserve only wrath, and he against whom we sinned spares us, and give us homes and friends, and food, and raiment, and his Holy Word, and his Holy Spirit, surely we ought to be happy. It is wonderful goodness; it is rich and abounding grace. Remember, neighbors, we are not to rejoice in worldly good, or in human friends, but 'in the Lord.' His ways may seem dark sometimes, but Paul assures us that all things work together for good to them that love him. (Rom. viii. 28). Isn't this enough to make us happy? 'Though weeping may endure for the night, joy cometh in the morning.' Then let us look away from those clouds and shadows, to the clear light beyond. Let us rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

I report this conversation because I am afraid that many who read the Interior are spiritually dyspeptic like my neighbor. They persist in looking at the shadows, forgetting that wherever there is a shadow there is sunshine somewhere. The old Hebrew psalmist sang, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

We know "the Lord" as Christ our Saviour. He is in the midst of the throne. He ordains or permits all that comes to pass. Can't we trust him, and be glad and grateful that all our interests and those of the church and the world are in the hands that were nailed upon the cross?—Obadiah Oldschool, in Interior.

## AN AFRICAN WORKER.

Sixteen years ago there was a young man in Africa who was bound to do something. He belonged to an interior tribe of negroes. But color could not hinder his working abilities. He did not know about God, nor a Saviour, nor that there was any Christian church, still he had an ambition to be at work. Business all around him was dull. Nobody cared to do anything; the people lived in very simple habits; had almost no dress; did but little cooking; would rather be lazy than industrious. This young man was not pleased with this state of affairs. He was spirited, bright, and had dash and adventure. Such a noble spirit could not rest under a coat of rust.

"Good-by, father and mother and native home," said the brave man, and started on a long journey in search of something to employ his powers. He travelled day after day; slept where night overtook him; pursued his journey till seven hundred miles lay between him and his home. He came to Natal, where he found work. In his boyhood he had caught some rumors of a strange, active mighty people in far-off Natal. Now he was here. He longed to mix in with the busy throng. He came up to one man after another in that new country and motioned with his strong arms to make them know that he wanted to work. They could not understand his talk, but well knew what his impressive gestures meant. There he met a kind employer. He was Rev. Mr. Allison, a devoted missionary. Soon the young man of dark skin showed a disposition to learn; and he was diligently taught to read. The gospel was placed in his hand. His surprise was great to learn that a Saviour was right at hand who was able and willing to deliver his soul from death and hell. His eyes shone with the gladness of faith and hope as he poured over chapter after chapter.

"I can stay with you no longer," said he one day to Mr. Allison with great emotions of tenderness.  
"Why? What have I done? Where are you going?" answered the minister.  
"I must go to my own people," he answered, "and tell them what great things the Lord has done for me." And off he went. He returned on foot, across the seven hundred miles of strange country. His soul was aflame with love for God and the dear ones at home. He began to preach Christ in his simple but earnest way. The chief of the tribe forbade him. Then he went from house to house teaching Christ and him crucified. The old chief died. The enthusiastic missionary then entered into his work with new energy. He built a church large enough to hold six hundred people. The work spread. Two more churches were erected in other places, and assistant laborers gathered around the devoted servant of Christ. The report of this great gospel revival among the heathen reached a mission station

about two hundred and fifty miles distant. A man was sent to investigate. He returned with the dusky missionary. He is of small stature; is said to have the courage of the Apostle Paul, and the tenderness of the Apostle John. He told his story in simple language; he felt no conscious pride; he did not seem to realize the sublime greatness of his work. He had toiled nine years alone in the wilds of Africa. He was unknown outside his field. He received no wages for his toil. He was unvisited by any commission. He received no recognition by any Christian church, and yet in that wilderness of heathenism he had built up three large congregations. What a noble man!

Pray for the heathen. God may answer our prayer by sending a little spark of the gospel truth, which will increase into a great light, spreading out over hills and valleys and showing many the way to heaven.—Selected.

## THE MINISTER'S SURPRISE.

"Not a very promising evening for prayer-meeting, John," said little Mrs. Addison, the minister's wife, as her husband beat a dismal tattoo on the window pane.

"No, I am discouraged. It rained last Wednesday also, and our attendance lately has been lamentably small. I wish I could do something to increase it. This afternoon I saw twelve or fifteen of our young ladies going into Dr. Haverland's, and I could not help wishing they would care a little more for spiritual things; but come, dear, the bell has rung;" and a few minutes later the pastor and his wife entered the little chapel, where a few—very few—of his people had gathered to worship God. Deacon Cross was there—"cross by name and nature," the young folks said; and dear Father Brighthope was not, and the heart of the minister felt as he made the discovery, for Father Brighthope was the minister's right hand man.

A few others had gathered, and the service began. The first hymn dragged drearily, for the chorister was absent. At its close the door opened, and fifteen young ladies entered. It seemed to the weary minister as if the dull little chapel brightened wonderfully under the influence of their bright faces.

Another hymn was given out. One of the girls volunteered her services at the organ, and the sweet old hymn floated out on the evening air and put new zest into the service.

Then the minister read one of the chapters of John; and if the prayer he made was unusually fervent, it came from a heart filled with thanksgiving to God for sending these young folks into the house of prayer.

Another song followed—"Must Jesus bear the cross alone?" and then Deacon Cross made a prayer, and the meeting was fairly begun.

There was, in a moment, a slight stir in the girl's corner, and sweet Grace Haverland rose to her feet, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "I have found Jesus, and I love him beyond all earthly telling."

Staid Helen Grant next rose: "I love God because he first loved me and gave himself for me."

There was a pause, and Effie Carroll at the organ burst out into the hymn, "Wishing, Hoping, Knowing," dwelling joyfully on the chorus:

"I know he is mine,  
I know he is mine,  
No longer I'm hoping,  
I know he is mine."

"And I know he is mine, too." It was a boyish voice—the voice of Arthur Haverland—that spoke those words, and tears of joy sprang to the doctor's eyes.

Two more of the girls expressed a hope in Christ, and three of them, including the minister's daughter Amy, expressed a desire to come to Jesus. It was a glad meeting, for God was there; and after it had ended and the minister had grasped the lad's hand, Amy whispered: "It was a prayer-meeting we attended at Dr. Haverland's, and, father, it was the sermon on Sunday that led us to think of this—the sermon you called a failure. It was from the text, 'Immanuel, God with us,' and I think God has been with us ever since."—Church Home.

## CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

BY WM. M. TAYLOR, D. D. LL. D.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—Neh. viii. 10.

Everything done by God for his people is to promote their joy on earth. The gospel, really understood by us, would make us joyful in the Lord. It is said that the very reverse is the case; that religion is a melancholy thing. But they who hold this neither understand what they say nor the teachings of Holy Writ, and a very slight investigation would be sufficient to prove that they are egregiously wrong. The root of human misery is sin, and yet one hears many people

aver that the world was conscious of no degradation until the gospel came, when the misery of man began. The source of depravity lay back in the depravity of the ages, and it will not do to make the gospel responsible for that which existed long before the angels' hymn was heard in Bethlehem. Finding men already sinners, the gospel offers repentance and consolation, and it is the rankest nonsense to charge it with the very evil it is intended to obviate and cure.

Here is a man condemned to death, for instance, and the gospel holds out to him the hope of mercy. How is this hope of forgiveness and immortality to fill him with misery? On the contrary, will it not fill him with cheerfulness? Let your whole life, then, be a holy festival, a long festival of joy and consecration to God. If we do so, all gloom will be banished from our hearts and all of us who accept Christianity in its fullest sense will find the Christian life, from whatever side we regard it, a continual festival of cheerfulness and joy. But you cannot see the beauty of the stained-glass windows from the outside, and who can judge of the cheerfulness of the Christian life except those who live in it? The joy is not of a demonstrative character; it is a calm and holy joy felt in the spirit. Yet it should be shown, and Christians should not walk about hanging their heads like a lot of blunders. They should not do it, for undeniably the gospel produces joy. Every individual worker in his harvest field should show it. The cheer of their hearts should be over all their work like the glorious sunshine over the landscape. Seek, then, this joy in the Lord, and, in the language of the apostle, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice."—The Pulpit Treasury.

## A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

Talking the other day with one of the most sensible women I know, one, too, whose large family is so well ordered that there never seems to be a particle of friction in its management, I was pleased with something she said about children, and I determined to repeat it to a wider audience than the one my friend had at the moment.

"I never fret about little faults of manner, nor even about transient irritability, in my children," said the lady, "Children as they are growing up, go through many temporary conditions which, if apparently unnoticed, pass away. In fact, there are little moral disturbances to be expected, like whooping cough and measles in physical life, and, if the general home atmosphere be wholesome and the trend right, I do not think it worth while to be too much distressed over occasional naughtiness."

Is there not comfort here for you, dear friend, who cannot understand why John, carefully trained as he is, sometimes, in the eager heat of play, bursts into the room like a tornado, or forgets to put cap on nail and books on shelf, as an orderly boy ought? And if Sarah is not so patient as she should be with the younger ones, sometimes has mysterious fits of depression, or is hysterically gay with no cause that you can see, summon your own gentle self-possession to the front; remember that the period between childhood and youth, like all transition periods, is very trying, and while you pray a great deal for your darling, do not worry about her or talk to her too much. Above all, do not suffer yourself to be always censuring a sensitive boy or girl, to whom judicious praise now and then will be a tonic.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven growing plants.—Christian Weekly.

## RANDOM READINGS.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.—Bible.

Each human being does not solely bear its own sin, nor work out its own retribution. Upon others near and distant falls the debt, and it must be paid.—Miss Mulock.

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart.—Countess of Blessington.

The happy person will be the natural heart-singer, who has found delight in that sweet psalm, "Fret not thyself; rest in the Lord; wait patiently for him, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart."—Rev. H. H. Lovell.

If there's a right thing to be done and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, depend upon it there's another way to it and a better one, and it is our own fault and not God's that we do not find it.—Edward Gannett.

# SUN LIFE Assurance Company.

Head Office—MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE.
1872.....	\$48,210.93.....	\$546,461.95.....	\$1,076,350.00
1874.....	64,073.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,86,432.00
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.00
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.43
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,479.14
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.19
1884.....	278,379.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.33.....	7,930,878.77

## THE SUN

Issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN,  
President.R. MACAULAY,  
Managing Director.

J. B. GUNTER, General Agent.

61 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

MANCHESTER,  
ROBERTSON  
& ALLISON.Silk Department.  
PLUSHES, GOLD 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, Paeon and Black.

## FOR DRESS COMBINATION

We have the latest novelties, both in Stripe and Broche designs, for trimming both Woolen and Silk Fabrics. N. B.—We shall from this date be in weekly receipt of Novelties and New Shades in DRESS SILKS and SATINS personally selected by Mr. Manchester. feb 19

McMurray &amp; 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 &amp; CO.

P. S.—Reference, by permission, to the Editor of this Paper, who has two of our Organs in his Church. McM. &amp; Co. mar10 ly

## MID-SUMMER OPENING.

WHOLESALE TRADE.

## NEW DRY GOODS.

380 PIECES Printed Lawns. 162 Pieces Belfast Printed Linen Muslins, fast colors. 4 Cases White Figured Dress Muslins. 1 Case Cream Figured Dress Muslins. 1 Case Indian Linens, White and Cream. 19 Cases New Prints, late novelties. 37 Cases St. Croix Fine Gingham. 4 Cases French Colored Dress Goods. 3 Cases Black Merinos, Blue Black. 5 Cases Black French Cashmere. 4 Cases Black Jerseys, Plain and Braided, all prices—sized, 34, 36 and 38 inch. 2 Cases Silk Handkerchiefs. 1 Case containing Novelties in Printed Border Linen Handkerchiefs.

We are constantly adding to our many Departments selections called from the leading novelties as soon as they appear. Inspection of our Stock and comparison of prices invited.

DANIEL &amp; BOYD.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.

BRITISH &amp; FOREIGN IMPORTS.

DANIEL &amp; BOYD

Open the Spring Trade with an immense variety of British and Foreign DRY GOODS.

EVERY DEPARTMENT STOCKED WITH NEW GOODS.

NOVELTIES ALWAYS ARRIVING.

Our Travellers are now showing Full Ranges of all the latest productions of the BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL MARKETS.

Dry Goods Merchants will consult their own interests by inspecting our lines before placing their orders.

DANIEL &amp; BOYD.

mar31

SUGARS.—100 Barrels BRIGHT; 50 Barrels YELLOW; 50 Barrels GRANULATED.

GILBERT BENT &amp; SONS.

TO OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS.  
Special Advertisement.

THE UNLAUNDERED WHITE SHIRT at \$1.00, manufactured by MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON &amp; 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 Collar, 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 13 to 15 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 &amp; ALLISON'S White Unlaundered Shirt, at \$1.00.

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

M. R. &amp; 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 &amp; Allison, apr7 27 &amp; 29 KING STREET.

St. John BUSINESS COLLEGE.

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

We give as full and thorough a 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, &amp;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 Terms (6 months.)

NO VACATIONS.

S. KERR, Prin.

## W. FENWICK,

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

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

NORTH MARKET STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## Strawberry Boxes!

WATERING POTS!

Paris Green!

P. NASE &amp; SON,

INDIANTOWN,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

june30

SCALED HERRING.—3,000 Boxes

Landing.