

THE FAREWELL OF 1886.

Where the long aisles of Time converge I take my momentary stand. Where Present, Past, and Future merge, I wave to earth a parting hand. No curse I cast to smite the head. To curse me for his miseries; Mine were the happier deed instead. To speak the word that Mercy writes. Let none in moody anger choose To curse me for his miseries; To man 'tis given to mar or use. And in my face himself he sees. Talk not of Fate, oh, sons of men! God rules on high, below, around; And in your weakest moments—then, If sought, He soonest may be found; And, looking up to Christ, His Son, Who in the sinner's place has stood, You shall exclaim, "Why will he be done," And trust afresh His Fatherhood. My course is run;—I must not dare To tell all I have learnt of man; Dread secrets in my breast I bear Which only one great eye can scan. But mighty angels two, unseen, Have followed me—the reaper, that, Of grain, full-bearded, or all green,— The sower this, of life beget. And I have stood where commerce rolls Its silver-waves from shore to shore, And where red Battle writes his roll Of slaughtered soldiers with their gore. I've watched the tide of joy ebb, Bathed with its light the bridal band, And traced how jealously and hate Have nerved and armed the murderer's hand. I've knelt within the sacred fane Where holy peace and love embrace, And I have seen the greed of gain Each tender sympathy efface; And vile intemperance and lust Man's vigour and his honour blight, And pride of womanhood be thrust, Like flower despoiled, out of sight. Ungrateful, murmuring hearts I've heard, Forgetful of the good of life; But souls sore-tried have, like a bird, Sung 'neath the burden, through the world I depart to take my seat Amidst the years of ancient date; And ere I vanish, I repeat— Believe in God and not in Fate! Large is the store that I must leave As dower unto the baby year,— Too much of sin or which to grieve, With much of good the world to cheer; But chief of all my gifts is this,— The last and best I can bestow,— Saved from the wreck of Eden's bliss— The prize that dims the sapphire's glow. She said and fled. Anon there shone Upon the breast of eighty-seven The light that leads the nations on The light of hope, inspired by Heaven!

CALLING THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

Isaiah says, "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil." But I sometimes think that the woe should be also them who call sin by soft names; who make light of vice or crime by using a polite phraseology. In our modern *usus loquendi* a burglar is "a crackman," a highway robber is "a road-agent," a liar is one who "spins yarns," or "tells twisters." A thief "misappropriates," an embezzler "overdraws his account." A swindler "plays a sharp game," etc. My attention was called to this habit of diverting attention from the inherent wickedness of an act by a misleading just before election:

Tim Toper went home from the torch-light procession as drunk as a fool—a great deal drunker than a brute. "He was a raving maniac. He tore around his house like a mad bull. He smashed the furniture, beat his wife and threw the children out of doors in their night-clothes. It was a most cruel and disgraceful performance. Next morning some of the neighbors met at the blacksmith shop. One of them claims to be a temperance man, said: "I hear that Tim was pretty tight last night." "Yes," said another, "when we left him at his own door he was more than half seas over. I knew that there would be a row, as I hear that there was. He made it lively awhile for his wife and children." And so they talked about that drunken husband, and his abuse of his family, as if it was only a joke. After listening awhile I said: "Neighbors, did you hear about that fellow over in Carson Canyon, and what he did one night last week?" "No, what was it?" "Why he got mad at his wife, and so after she and the children were in bed he went and drove a cross bull into the house. There was a red quilt on the trundle-bed. Of course that excited the bull. He pitched in, tossed the children up with his horns, and when the mother tried to rescue them he attacked her and gored her terribly. The bull drove the woman and the little ones out of doors, and then smashed things in the house until the man was scared and had to drive him out."

"And what did the neighbors do with the fellow? Didn't they lynch him?" "Oh, no; they thought it was a good joke. They met at the blacksmith shop, and talked it over and laughed about it. They said that the man got considerably riled up, and made it lively for his folks. That was all." The blacksmith, who had stopped his hammering to listen, drew a long breath, then whistled, and then began to pound a piece of cold iron with all his might. The rest of them looked

sheepish, but said nothing. I waited awhile, and then said: "I was reading a sermon to-day preached by Dr. Parkhurst, in New York. Will you let me read a paragraph from it?" No one objecting, I read:

"Another way of keeping the tarnish off our moral sense is to call things by their natural and simple names. The real name of a bad thing regularly stigmatizes the thing, and so stirs in us an antipathy to the name. There is much in a name. A fit name not only keeps things distinct that are different, but keeps the snarl out of our ideas of things. A certain amount of distinct thinking is necessary to the maintenance of a conscience that shall work promptly and speak definitely. The Lord never compromised himself or the truth through the attenuating words employed by him to state matters he had in hand. The whole Bible is a tonic in the method in which it meets situations and squares itself to facts. A long name for a short sin argues either profligacy or moral obliquity. We can play the words, but words will take their turn and play with us. An ambiguous name given to a bad thing snaps from the bad thing its essential ugliness. The craggiest Sierra relaxes not a thing of green when the cloud-mantle has been folded into its gritty creases. "Lie" is better than "prevarication," "adultery" preferable to "conjugal infidelity," "theft" cuts closer to the marrow than "embezzlement," though less specific; which last example reminds me of two stanzas I met with a while ago, hardly poetic in spirit, nor elegant in form, but moving to the point by straight step and breezy swing; and with an ample commentary furnished them by recent events:

"In olden times when people heard Some swindler huge had come to grief, They used a good old Saxon word, And called that man a 'thief.' But language such as that to-day Upon men's tender feelings grates; So people smile and simply say He—'rehyphocates.'"

"The safest words are always those which bring us most directly to facts. If we want to keep good and evil apart from each other in our acts, we cannot be too careful to keep them distinct in our thought; and distinct thinking waits on precise and honest wording."

We ought to call things by their right names, and we ought to treat a drunken brute just as we treat any other brute. If Tim Toper's neighbors had gone to his house next morning, and tied him to a tree and give to him thirty-nine lashes for his brutality, instead of laughing about it, they would have served him just right. The fellow knew when he began to drink that night just what the result would be. It was not the first time that he had gone home crazed by rum, and acting like a fiend. The man who sold him the liquor knew what its effect on him would be. Those who drank with him knew. And yet they all encouraged him in his spree, and laughed about his getting tight, and thought his treatment of his family was only a good joke. We will have made a large advance in the temperance reform, when we learn to call drunkenness and all its attendant evils by their right names.—Obadiah Oldhouse, in Interior.

A SHORT SERMON TO VERY YOUNG MINISTERS ONLY.

1. Have a glowing love for human nature and an enthusiasm for your work. If you cannot love people who are wretchedly distorted and unlovable, you had better quit now. You will have hard sledding.

2. Take good care of your body. Eat, drink, and sleep well. Manage to get in as much cheerful, harmless recreation as possible, avoiding the heavy physical exercise that brings mental degradation. Don't be lazy. Let no one have a better cultivated garden than yourself.

3. Manage your business matters with simplicity and common sense. Ordinarily the heaviest calamities that befall ministers come of a lack of managing their finances with simplicity. You did not go into the ministry to make money.

4. Study with a purpose and an end, but don't be a literary mummy. Study men as well as books. Read broadly and have a sort of play ground of desultory reading. Have a tipping-of-the-hat acquaintance with all classes of literature.

5. In theology use your own common sense, but don't be criticising the translation of the text, or making other demonstrations of your ability. It makes an unfavorable impression on people of plain sense.

6. Don't think you must have your mind made up on everything. There are some things concerning which to be positive is some evidence of presumption or ignorance, maybe both. The best farms are not brought to a high state of cultivation and improvement the first year.

7. Let shifting expediences and social conventionalities play no tricks with you. Remember that the chief distinction of every man is that he is human. Learn this, and you are at ease in all company. This will make you a son of consolation and a ray of gladness in days of peace.

8. Don't go to seed on any one thing in your preaching. Don't be eternally preaching on sanctification or any one thing else. Remember the boarder who had to eat nothing but honey for sixty or seventy meals, but couldn't stand it for a constant diet.

9. Remember your charge is a peculiar one. You will always hear that; but don't bother yourself about it; you are peculiar too, and so the good Bishop made a good match. Just go right on about your business, saying nothing about peculiar things. Be especially shy of criticising your predecessor.

10. Go and see the people. Tell them you came on purpose, and that you haven't made an accidental call. Don't be flying round like a bean in a tin cup, but have an earnest heart and a sensible way. Don't be too awfully serious.

11. Don't be surprised if you have difficulties and trials; and don't whine when they come. Crocodiles and pigs are the only things that have no trials.

12. Expect blue Mondays, or at least don't be surprised if they come. You will then be depressed about the sermons you preached the day before. You will hear of somebody criticising you, and the criticism may be well made and it may not, but don't worry; your sermon was better than your critic preaches. Take it all good naturedly, and don't wet your own powder by saying to others that you didn't succeed in your sermons yesterday. Don't go out Monday morning to draw people out on what they thought of your last sermon. That is small business for a minister.—Rip Van Winkle, Jr., in Central Christian Advocate.

HE WILL MAKE A WAY TO ESCAPE.

Temptation is always a harmless experience if the believer will only resist the evil in the right manner. At the very first assault he should turn his thoughts toward the mighty arm of God. Let him not be distressed if deliverance does not come immediately. His heavenly Father may have secret purposes in view in suffering the agony to be prolonged—possibly the trial of his faith, or the deepening of a sense of sinfulness and weakness, or the realization of the utter insufficiency of every refuge save God's overshadowing presence; or, it may be, the spiritual welfare of others requires that his integrity in the fiery furnace should be made manifest before their eyes. His spirit in the hour of temptation should be like that of the Psalmist: "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock and my salvation. He is my defense; I shall not be moved."

There was one troubled, tempted heart. Long, weary months were spent in the furnace. It was not a furnace of physical pain so much as of spiritual conflict with the enemy. He told her that Jesus was ashamed of one so unworthy, that the cleansing blood was all a mystery. She waited before the cross, refusing to leave, willing there even to die. At last the new morning broke upon her soul. Then she wrote: "Can I ever forget last Sabbath night? I am sure not. The first ray of comfort and hope came in church. Somehow the thought, the very thought that Jesus was not ashamed to have to do with the vilest, and that, through all His sufferings, He rejoiced over the poor dying thief why, it was like a ray of sunshine stealing softly into a dark, dark cavern! Then at night, O, I cannot tell you the half of what I felt—of the rush of thoughts, the new thoughts, the new light, the hope that sprang up in my heart. I think I can best describe my feelings by saying I felt utterly disarmed and still. The thought of His love made me cease every effort, and I just felt silent and wondering."

MORE CONSCIENCE.

We want more conscience in all the trades of the day; then our carpentry, our plumbing, our cabinet-making, and our tailoring will not be what they are, but what they claim to be. The looms that weave our fabrics and the establishments that sell them to the people; the lawyers who propose to take care of our wills when we are dead, and to cut now the silver bond of marriage when it has rusted, and concerning which God has said: "Let no man put it asunder;" the legislators who so tenderly claim only to be "the servants of the people;" the dairyman who sells us milk; the groom who cares for our horses; the clerk who keeps our accounts—the need of all those to-day and of every other right work is more conscience.

There is a vast amount of slovenly, dishonest work done, and it has done much to degrade men and to put them at a very serious disadvantage. A man who does not put truth into his work does not tell the truth, and he is doubly guilty when he makes the word or the fabric or the opportunity lie for him. Whoever you are employed, young men, and by whomsoever, put your conscience into your work, and, though your employer wrong you, never wrong yourself by alighting your task. Be very careful that circumstances, the removal of restraints, are not allowed to rob your conscience of its sublime liberty. Better maintain your conscience in doing your duty than to escape the reproach of men, and be careful to carry your conscience into the smallest duty. Nothing is indifferent the faithful doing of which responds to moral obligation in a man.

Some men cannot be trusted with details. A thing of duty with them is determined by its massiveness, its quality, or the capacity it may have for promotion or self-glorification. In all the universe very little things are important. It would seem that God was very careful in making a spear of grass, and there is more of wonder in the throat of a canary than in the shaggy head of a lion. The faithfulness of a man is not determined by the size of his work, and duty is never done when its force is expended on the great things at the expense of smaller obligations. When one confers the dignity of conscientious duty upon the smallest part of his work, he has not only served well, but he has laid the stairway of his own promotion.

It is nobler to be faithful than to be famous, and I assure you, young men, if you would give greatness to your duty, if you would ever climb to the ideal yet a dream in your mind, it will be by faithfulness in the smallest matters.—M. Rhodes, D. D.

A MAN WHO IS ALWAYS NEEDED.

There is always need in the church for the man who will go ahead. He must be a breaker-up of the way, a pioneer, energetic and hopeful. People, even those who wish work done and are willing to do it, need leading—someone to go before and direct those who will follow. They cannot lead; they can barely tell, perhaps, what they wish, but they know the value of having the work of the Lord going on, and are capable of telling it when once it is brought to their notice. The head man, therefore—the "foreman," as he is properly called—is always in demand, and if one can prove himself to be such, he may feel that his is a very necessary as well as honorable position. He must be a willing man; no other can be successful. He must also be earnest, having a heart in his work; patient, willing to be disappointed, if need be, and recover and wait; cheerful, optimistically looking forward to the achievement he desires; industrious, working himself, and seeking to get all others to work; able to endure all things, for he will be mercilessly blamed and rebuked; devout, amiable, forgiving, and generous. "True leaders are few," of course, when it requires so much to make one.—United Presbyterian.

THE LIFE-GIVING WORD.

"A native minister of Madagascar, who has since been an assistant in the revision of the book of Genesis, attributes his conversion entirely to his having accidentally met with a small scrap torn from a Malagasy Bible; while walking past the spot where the Memorial Church of Ambantan-kanga now stands, he saw upon the ground a small scrap of printed paper. Taking it up, he found that it was a mere fragment of the book of Psalms. He began to read, and was especially struck with one verse, which speaks of the power and majesty of God. He could not get rid of the impression it made on his mind, that the God revealed in the Bible was the true and living God. He accordingly sought out a Christian, and inquired about the faith they possessed. The result was that he accepted Christ as his Saviour, joined himself to the persecuted company of believers, and endured with them the privation and loss for Christ's sake. He has now been for some years a native pastor, and a most zealous and godly man." What other word is so full of life-giving energy as this? What other book can so change man for time and eternity? Surely, this is God's Book.

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