

ONLY.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said;
Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remembrance,
Sorrowful, gentle and deep;
Only a look,
And he went alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done;
"Surely 'twas naught!"
(So the proud world thought!)
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given;
Yet seed was sown
In that hour alone
That would bring forth fruit for heaven.

"Only!"—but Jesus is looking,
Constantly, tenderly, down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love he loves to crown.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SINAI.

On my first visit to Suez, I had ascertained that the journey to Sinai and back might be accomplished by a lady alone without any real risk; and the director of the P. and O. hotel, and Mr. Andrews, the P. and O. superintendent, had so kindly furthered my wishes that, when I returned, I found that Sheikh Barak, four camels, four Bedouin Arabs, and one Arab servant for myself were already engaged, and that I was to start on the following evening. I took one baggage-camel, a riding camel for myself, one for my servant, and one for the sheikh. I hired a large tent for myself and a small one for Hassan, a mattress, blankets, and cooking utensils were lent me at the hotel, and, as a luxury, I took a folding-chair. I reduced my stores to a minimum, taking only two tins of condensed milk, two of cocoa and milk, some raisins, some flour, a pot of raspberry jam, some rice, and some Liebig's extract of meat, having found by considerable experience that such diet is amply sufficient for the support of the strength while leading an open-air life. A white umbrella, a washing basin, a goatskin filled with Nile water, a lamp, and a canvas roll containing clothing completed my equipment; and I lacked nothing. My books were a Bible, Murray's hand-book, and the "Imitation of Christ"; and, in case of need, I took some brandy and a few simple medicines. Sheikh Barak signed a contract arranging for my journey to Sinai and back and my safe conduct, the route being only partially specified. Eighteen days were allowed for the journey, including a halt of four days at Sinai. The contract stipulated for tobacco and coffee for the Bedaween, and the hire of the four camels and of the escort came to £16. The whole cost of the expedition, including backsheesh, was £28.

I left Suez in a large Arab sailing-boat, with all my gear on board. Blithely it sped over the rippled waters of turquoise blue, its great red sail nearly crimson in the sunlight. Blithely in the blue waters laved their golden margins. So blithe and beautiful it all was that I forgot that the 'waste, howling wilderness' stretched almost infinitely in all directions. There, on the right, were the high hills of Africa, red and orange, fiery and blasted-looking, and, on the left, rose-colored ranges, with violet shadows in their clefts, all outlines sharp, distance obliterated. It was glorious; and the keen, life-giving air helped me to intense enjoyment of it.

Leaving Hassan to the slow process of getting the baggage under way, I walked the two miles to the Wells of Moses alone. The first strange sight that I saw was four camels being driven at a lumbering canter down the narrow pier. These were my 'travelling equipage'; and I looked at them in dismay, for, being so lean and bodiless, they looked as high as elephants, and there are no scaling-ladders in the desert. The Wells of Moses lay straight ahead, visible for many miles by the blackness of their palm and tamarisk groves against the golden sand. When I was about a mile from Ain Musa, I saw that a large Arab caravan, with a number of armed Bedaween, was encamped around the wells. So I sat on a stone, and waited for my escort.

The beauty of the sunset increased. I could not help standing up now and then for the almost childish pleasure of seeing my long shadow lie in purple on the crimsoning sand. I had thought that in many lands I had seen every effect that sun and atmosphere could produce, and that the sunset over the Libyan Desert, seen from the mosque of Mahomet Ali, had exhausted the last possibilities of novelty; but nature had no end of surprises, and this sunset by the Gulf of Suez differed from all others. The historical atmosphere is altogether new, likewise. How real the Pentateuch has already become! These swarthy Bedaween, with their untamed walk and expression, their wild

look of freedom, their high foreheads and hawk-like noses, are the children of 'our father Abraham,' and Sarah's entreaty to him, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son," might have been spoken in yonder tent.

My large tent was soon pitched on the rolling sands near the seventeen wells, surrounded by date palms and tamarisks, which are called the wells of Moses. A fire was made, the camels and the Bedaween lay down around it, and I dined in a sort of caravansary, an Arab room full of sacks, dirt and fleas. The meal, eaten by the light of one guttering candle, was not appetizing; but the desert air is there. As I crossed the sand to my tent, the moon was shining brilliantly through the palms and silvering the sands; and the red firelight lighted up the swarthy faces of the Ishmaelites and the uncouth forms of the camels with all their heaps of gear, the whole grouped with the inevitable picturesqueness of the East.

Ain Hawarah (Marah).—This is my third night in the desert; and I am sitting in my tent door in the cool of the day, or what should be so for the sun has sunk behind the African hills. The air, however, is close and hot; and I am overcome with fatigue. I rose before daylight at Ain Musa. By eight the tent and baggage were on the baggage-camel; and, sending the animals on, I walked for the first two miles, and, on overtaking the camels, began my solitary pilgrimage. My beast is a saddle-camel, quite young and not completely broken; it occasionally shies, and for a few yards afterwards breaks into an agonizing trot. It does not lie quiet while I mount it; but two or three times, just as I have been getting on, it has jumped up with an angry roar, and has taken the combined effort of several Bedaween to make it lie down and keep down. I have now travelled on saddle-horses, pack-horses, mules, asses, cows, elephants and a camel; and, though the fatigue of sitting ten hours daily on a camel's back is very great, and its slow, swinging gate is wearisome and painful to the muscles, it is not nearly so bad as I expected, not worse, I think, than an elephant, and not so bad as a Japanese pack-horse. I am riding on the ordinary pack-saddle, which rests on the top of the hump. On either side are attached two large goat's hair sacks, full of maize, Arab clothing, etc. Then there are some cushions, a cooler of water, my travelling-bag, umbrella, etc., so that there is a tolerably flat and cushioned level over three feet wide, on which I can change my position. For part of the day, I sit with my feet over the front of the saddle, supported by two rope loops, and at times change and sit altogether in the middle of the erection or with my feet over the side. A Bedaween leads the beast with a rope, and it strides on hour after hour at the rate of two miles an hour.

The routine is invariable. At 7.30 A. M., Hassan brings me a pint of water for washing. At eight, I go outside of my tent, pitch my folding-chair, and take my breakfast, which consists of a cup of chocolate with condensed milk, and a bowl of rice. While I eat, the tent is folded up and the baggage-camel is loaded, roaring horribly all the time and turning his long neck from side to side, as if he were appealing from injustice. Sheikh Barak, like his kinsmen, has been down 'to buy corn in Egypt'; and his camel likewise carries a load. When all the burdens have been adjusted, a process which involves much shouting and apparent quarrelling, the camels are driven off; and I usually walk as far as I can to lessen the tedium of the day.

All this region looks like the level beach of a sea. The Red Sea must have covered it at one time. It is hard sand and gravel, and as easy to walk upon as a gravel walk. When I can walk no farther, my camel, with much difficulty and many oburgations, is made to lie down. Hassan stands at one side and the sheikh on the other, and, with Hassan's help, I attempt take a flying leap into the middle of the saddle. Sometimes, this is successful the first time; and, if it is, Hassan puts an arm in front of me, and the sheikh puts an arm behind me, and the dreaded moment arrives, which I am more cowardly about each time. The camel, with a jerk which might dislocate one's neck, jumps on his knees, nearly throwing me backward, then another violent jerk brings him to his haunches, and would throw me over his head but for Hassan's arm, then the forward movement is arrested by another jerk, which sets him on his four legs, and leaves me breathless on the lofty elevation of his hump. This process is reversed as one dismounts, and is repeated six times daily. But things are not always so comparatively smooth; for, just as I am prepared to spring, the brute makes a snarling lurch with his teeth either at me or his driver, or, just as I am half up, jerks himself up on his four legs,

and the whole process has to be gone over again. Yesterday, I had just touched the saddle when, by a rapid movement, he threw me off sideways; and this morning, jerking himself up before I had clutched firm hold of the saddle, he threw me over his shoulders, and bruised me a good deal. After being mounted, the caravan struggles in single file, Hassan bringing up the rear, my camel being led; and then for four or five hours we crawl over the burning, glaring sand. I now understand what is meant by 'as a hireling earnestly desireth the shadow.' At 8.30 A. M., the shadow of my driver is fully eight feet long; and, as the morning wears by, it shortens to something a little over two feet. Then I know that noon has come. The camels halt; and, if there be a rock which casts a shadow, Hassan lays a blanket in the shade for me, and, while the Bedaween smoke and sleep for an hour, I read the Scripture account of the wanderings, and lunch on a cluster of raisins. I am learning a deep sympathy with the Israelites, and their unbelief and murmurings become more and more intelligible as the days go by. How terrible must have been the trudge through this 'waste, howling wilderness,' how bitter the regrets for the green valley of the Nile, how weary the barren sands, how terrible the burning heat! Better than all do I understand the simile, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." To-day, on the parched plain, no rock was found to give shelter in the heat of the noon. There was but a big stone about two feet high, under the lee of which the Arabs scraped a big hole, into which I crawled, and lay down, screened by a blanket laid over my double umbrella. The sand was burning even through my clothing.

After this halt, the baggage-camel and sheikh start early, so that I may find my tent pitched when I arrive at the camping-ground; and I, with Hassan and my driver, follow. Then comes five exhausting hours over the blinding, burning sand; and, oh, how eagerly I watch the driver's lengthening shadow growing, growing, growing, till it slants surely twenty feet across the sand, and then in the distance I see my white tent, and soon the day's toils are done. The camels are turned loose for a short time to browse upon such scanty herbage as exists, gray and bitter, some species of artemisia, the tamarisk, and the acacia. The Bedaween make a fire of the dried camel's dung which they have picked up on the way, to which is added a little charcoal which they have brought from Egypt, at which they boil their coffee and roast their maize; and I take my supper, which consists uniformly of a cup of Liebig's extract and a basin of stir-about with a little raspberry-jam. The camels are then brought in and made to lie round the fire, looking like 'wrecked ships.' The Arabs talk and smoke, then, putting on their goat's-hair cloaks, lie down to sleep outside their camel's. Hassan retires into his small bell tent, out of which his feet protrude; and, by the time that it is quite dark, the camp is quiet, till the grunting and roaring of the camels at day-break awake us.—Isabella Bird Bishops, in Christian Register.

ZEAL IN YOUNG MEN.

Mr. Moody, in an article with the above heading, in the *Springfield Republican*, says: You know they called Paul mad, a fanatic. I wish the world was filled with such fanatics. No man since Christ has left such footprints on the earth. Alexander with his mighty army made the earth tremble: Paul made the earth tremble without an army. Rome had no such conqueror within her walls as when Paul walked her streets. I never read the life of Paul but what I want to hang my head. He did so much, so bravely, endured such hardships with such a stout heart. We live in a better age and do so little, and a little thing will discourage us. Fire and earnestness were there. I wish sometimes we had some real persecution here, we would know what the petty things. A young man said to me: "I once got up in a church prayer-meeting and spoke, and then a deacon got up and threw a bucket of cold water all over me. I haven't dared to speak since." A bucket of cold water! Why, the early Christians had fire thrown on them and that couldn't quench the spirit. A bucket of cold water! what a Christian! When I read the life of that apostle I blush for the Christianity of the 19th century. It is a weak and sickly thing. See what he went through. He was five times scourged. The old Roman custom of scourging was to take the prisoner and bind his wrists together and bend him over in a stooping posture and the Roman soldier would bring the lash braided with sharp pieces of steel down upon the bare back of the prisoner, and cut him through the skin, so that men sometimes died while being

scourged. But Paul says he was scourged five different times. Now I would get one stripe upon our backs what a whining there would be. There would be forty publishers after us before the sun went down, and they would want to publish our lives. But Paul says, "Five times received I 40 stripes save one." That was nothing for him. Take your stand by his side. "Paul you have been beaten by these Jews four times and they are going to give you 39 stripes more; what are you going to do after you get out of the difficulty? What are you going to do about it all?" "Do?" says he, "I will do this one thing; press on toward the mark of the prize of my high calling. Don't think a few stripes will turn me away," and so they put on 39 more stripes. "Thrice beaten with rods." Take your stand beside him. "Now Paul, they've beaten you twice and they are going to beat you again. What are you going to do? Hadn't you better give up preaching and take a rest? Or if you preach let me give you some advice. Don't be so radical; be a little more conservative, use a little language and tell men they aren't so bad after all and try and pacify the Jews." "Rest?" says the grand old martyr, "I've got all eternity to rest in! Do? I do this one thing; I press on toward the mark of the prize of my high calling." So they put on the rods and every blow lifts him nearer to God. He was stoned once. What did he do? "I glory in tribulation, rejoice in persecution and the cross." I would have another Paul here. He would turn the country upside down. He went to Macedonia. That was a foreign mission indeed. He was cast into prison as soon as he landed. Did it discourage him? Oh, no. He had Silas with him and they, in the stocks and prison sang hymns to God all the dark night. A queer place you think to sing praises. The angel brought an earthquake and the Philippian jailer was the first one in Macedonia to be converted. Ah that is it: whatever God wants us to do let us be there. How much would we have given to have been with Paul. See Paul in Rome on his way to death; a glorious march; his sufferings soon to be over, his coronation at hand. The little tempt-maker move through the streets of Rome like a little giant. He is talking of the glory beyond, "I shall see the king in his glory to-night. This is the day of my coronation." The hour has come; he bends his head. The sword of the Roman soldier flashes and it falls. His unconquerable soul is loosed and flies to heaven. If our eyes could look as Elisha's looked we might see him leap into a chariot of fire like Elijah, we would have seen him go sweeping through limitless space. Look at him as he mounts higher and higher, up—up—up—ever upward. Look at him yonder. See! He is entering now the eternal city of the glorified saints, the bliss-abode of the Saviour's redeemed, the new Jerusalem. The prize he has so long sought is at hand. See the gates yonder how they fly wide open. See the herald angels on the shining battlements of heaven. Hear the glad shout that is passed along. "He is coming; he is coming!" And he goes sweeping through the pearly gates, along the shining way to the very throne of God, and Christ stands there and says, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Is not neglect of family worship in Christian households increasing? And where there is no domestic altar, as a rule, there is very little family instruction. Attention is directed to the subject by the "Narrative" of the Presbyterian General Assembly. The facts and suggestions presented by that paper deserve the serious consideration of all Christian households.

"The family is the unit of the Scriptures, and is at the very foundation of the Church. The Church in the house is almost ceasing to be. Why the family altar is abandoned so commonly is not explained. But quite a number of these Narratives account for the neglect of religious instruction in the family upon the theory that that duty has been turned over to the Sunday-school.

"It is the opinion of the committee that the General Assembly should through the Narrative direct the special attention of the presbyteries, pastors, and people to this subject. If there can be a thorough reform here and a genuine revival of a family worship and religious instruction in the household, we may confidently expect every other needed blessing will be added. The utterances from our pulpits are earnest, scriptural, orthodox, and practical. The attitude of our Church toward all the important political, social, and moral questions of the day is sturdy right. The work of our women is developing grandly. Our Sunday-school system from top to bottom is excellent. But if this abandonment of the family altar is

not stayed, and this neglect of religious instruction in our households is not corrected, the future outlook of our Church is dark indeed. Let something be done to meet this crying need."

"If there were no other reason, there should be the offering of the morning and evening sacrifice for the sake of the children. If they are to be trained for usefulness in the Church and for the everlasting enjoyment of God in his kingdom, by far the most important part of their education must be received in the family. For this branch of Christian education there is no substitute. The Sabbath-school may be made an efficient auxiliary, but cannot take its place. And the obligation of the parent is not transferable. The duty of the Sabbath-school teacher is one thing; that of the parent another and a very different thing. The existence of a good Sabbath-school is no sort of apology for the neglect of family worship and instruction."

DOING HIS BEST.

"There was a boy whom we will name Luke Varnum. He was fifteen years old, and he was lame of his left foot. So, when every other boy in Number Five, and every man, old and young, shouldered his fire-lock, and marched off to join Gen. Stark, and go to fight the Hessians at Bennington, Luke was left at home. He limped out and held the stirrup for Lieut. Chittendon to mount, and then he had to stay at home with the babies and the women. The men had been gone an hour and a half, when three men galloped up on horseback, and Luke went down to the rails to see who they were. "Is there anybody here?" said one of them.

"Yes," said Luke, "I am here." "I see that," said the first man, laughing. "What I mean is, is there any one here who can set a shoe?" "I think I can," said Luke, "I often tend the fire for Jonas. I can blow the bellows, and I can hold a horse's foot. Anyway, I will start up the fire."

So Luke went into the forge and took down the tinder-box and struck a light. He built the fire, and hunted up half a dozen nails, which Jonas had left unintentionally, and he had even made two more, when a fourth horseman came slowly down on a walk.

"What luck," said he, "to find a forge with the fire lighted!" "We found one," said Marvin, "with a boy who knew how to light it."

The other speaker flung himself off from the horse meanwhile. Luke patted the hoof of the dainty creature, and measured the shoe, which was too big for her. He heated it white, and bent it closer, to the proper size.

"It is a poor fit," he said, "but it will do."

"It will do very well," said her rider. "But she is very tenderfooted, and I do not dare trust her five miles unshod."

And for pride's sake, the first two nails Luke drove were those he had made himself. And when the shoe was fast, he said, "Tell Jonas that I heated up the forge—and put on the shoe."

"We will tell him," said the colonel, laughing, and he rode on.

But one of the other horsemen tarried a minute, and said, "Boy, no ten men who left you to-day have served your country as you have. It is Col. Warner."

When I read in the big books of history how Col. Warner led up his regiment just in time to save the day at Bennington, I am apt to think of Luke Varnum. When I read that that day decided the battle of Saratoga, determined that America should be independent, I think of Luke Varnum. When I go to see monuments erected in memory of Col. Warner and Gen. Stark, and even poor old Burgoyne, I think of Luke Varnum and others like him. And then sometimes I wonder whether every man and boy of us who bravely and truly does the very best thing he knows how to do, does not have the future of the world resting on him.—Edward Everett Hale.

If thou canst not make thyself such a one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

Heart work must be God's work. Only the great Heart-maker can be the great Heart-breaker. If I love Him, my heart will be filled with His Spirit and obedient to His commands.—Baxter.

The practical life of the Christian comprehends three distinct elements. We have to do the will of God in our business; this is working. We have to oppose our sins, and resist temptation; this is fighting. We have to endure with cheerfulness and submission whatever cross the Lord Jesus lays upon us; this is suffering.

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