

Don't Borrow Trouble.
 Don't borrow trouble.
 Don't borrow trouble, nor meet it half way;
 Sufficient to all are the ills of to-day;
 Misfortunes, reverses and trials may come;
 'E'en those we deem the most happy have some.

Don't borrow trouble.
 Don't borrow trouble—'twill come soon enough,
 With aspect forbidding, habiliments rough,
 But wait till he's here, and, unheeding his frown,
 Meet boldly the onset and battle it down,
 Don't borrow trouble.

Don't borrow trouble:
 Don't borrow trouble: this debt will remain,
 And can only be cancelled by suffering again.
 The ills we thus borrow by prophetic fears,
 Baptizing the record in sorrowing tears.
 Don't borrow trouble.

Don't borrow trouble.
 Don't borrow trouble—it springs in each path,
 A harvest that beareth an aftermath;
 It planteth itself with a plentiful seed,
 And is gathered in sorrow by hearts that bleed.
 Don't borrow trouble.

Don't borrow trouble.
 Don't borrow trouble; despair is a cheat;
 Sowing seeds for thistles instead of wheat;
 Ah! the crop is a good one that springs from his hand,
 And the harvesters many, all over the land,
 Don't borrow trouble.

Don't borrow trouble.
 Don't borrow trouble; on hillside and slope,
 For the climbers who always look upward in hope,
 Bright flowers spring up with a Heavenly bloom,
 Unknown to the realms of despair and gloom,
 Don't borrow trouble.

Don't borrow trouble; be sure, in the sky,
 The light will burst forth when the clouds have gone by;
 Be hopeful and brave and patient, and soon
 Will shine out a glorious, gladdening noon.
 —Frank N. Scott.

The Prayer-Meeting Idea.

In many churches the prayer-meeting has practically given place to a weekly lecture. The notice, perhaps, is still given from the pulpit: "The prayer and conference meeting will be held at the usual hour;" but when the "usual hour" arrives, the pastor gives a more or less elaborate address of fifteen or twenty minutes in length, the aged deacons offer prayer, the long pauses are skillfully bridged, so far as possible, with sacred song, and the small audience disperses decorously, with the consolation that if they haven't had a very interesting or lively meeting, yet, at least, things have been done "decently and in order." We have no quarrel with this sort of a meeting, if it is only called by the right name. If people wish to assemble for a mid-week lecture, well and good. No doubt they will gain some benefit, quite likely be somewhat wiser in spiritual things, but let us not call it a *prayer and conference meeting*.

A monologue is not conversation; a lecture is not conference. We need the lecture perhaps, but we certainly need the prayer-meeting, and it will be a sad day for our churches when the one wholly usurps the place of the other. Is not the trouble that many have a radically wrong idea of the prayer-meeting? It is thought by many to be primarily a place for religious instruction, and, with this idea uppermost, it very soon falls into the hands of two or three "speakers," for there are not many in any church who will venture to instruct others. This instruction has gone under the name of edification, and "edifying" exhortations and prayers have been at a premium. But of course only a few can hope to "edify" in this sense. The pastor can make some edifying remarks, and the deacons can offer edifying prayers, but the poor head-carrier, who has just come to Christ, is sure he cannot edify any one; while as for little twelve-year-old Johnnie, who thinks he was converted last week, he could very easily tell that a change had come over his life, but he would laugh at the idea of speaking "to edification." Until this idea is wholly changed we have very little hope for the improvement of the prayer-meeting. Instruction ought to be an entirely secondary and subsidiary thing in this service, and, if "edification" means this, as it usually does—something new and wise, and fresh—it is a most pernicious word in this connection; a word that is responsible for the death and death of more prayer-meetings than any other in the English language.

There are plenty of services where instruction is and ought to be the principal thing. Such a service is the Sunday-school, such is the missionary concert, such is the preparatory

lecture, such for the most part are the preaching services; but such should not be the prayer-meeting. The effect upon those who listen is not of so much moment in the prayer-meeting as the effect on those who participate. We have been thinking almost entirely of those who listen. But they have plenty of opportunities for instruction. They need not come to the prayer-meeting to obtain wisdom which another can impart. Our libraries are full of it, the lips of our preachers overflow with it, our Sunday-school teachers are appointed chiefly for the purpose of imparting it. But we need the prayer-meeting for a very different purpose—the strengthening of Christian graces by expression, and for the drawing of Christian heart near to Christian heart by the relation of individual experience.

In this lore the head-carrier may be as learned as the judge, and certainly twelve-year-old Johnnie needs the strength which comes only from the expression of his religious experiences, as much as his pastor. The principal question to be settled by the prayer-meeting is not how much pleasure or benefit we may gain by listening, but how much gain we may receive from opening our hearts for a moment of public communion with God and our fellow-Christians, and how much the fellow-Christians will gain from like participation. Such expressions of experience and aspiration will be most truly edifying to those who hear, as well as to those who speak, and in it every Christian may have worthy part.

We are not, of course, advocating a parrot-like repetition of certain formulas of consecration, but the simple and unconvoluted expressions of the heart's feelings, an expression which has little dependence upon education or length of service.

As has so often been proved true in revival periods, the simplest and most broken testimony may be the most effective. It is a dangerous theory that there are some Christians who can seek God better by silence than by participating in the prayer-meeting. We do not believe there are any such, unless they are certain cranks who insist on riding their particular hobby into every meeting. The most unlettered and blundering child of God, if he briefly tells his experience of the love of God, has something that every child of God wants to hear, and has something which he must give expression to, if he is to grow in grace.

Just as truly as the plant must give expression to its life in flowers and leaves, so the Christian must give expression to the life within him. The prayer-meeting is the appropriate place for this expression. Jacqueminot roses and graceful orchids may be rare in the prayer-meeting garden, but field daisies also must blossom if they live, and they equally tell of a loving Father's care. Ridicule and sarcasm have been wasted upon long-winded "prayer-meeting killers." This will be of comparatively little effect, until one idea of the prayer-meeting is changed, until the benefit to those who participate is thought of more consequence than the mere instruction of those who hear. If instruction in morals or ethics or Biblical lore is the main thing, the fifteen-minute address is better suited to the prayer-meeting than the three-minute testimony. If that is what we most need, let us by all means have it, but let us have it from learned divines and college professors and men who are fit to impart it.

But if the inspiration we need in a prayer-meeting is of a different sort, that which comes from the recital of a common experience of a Saviour's love and a Father's care, let us not fail of that. The humblest Christian can contribute to such a meeting; for his own spiritual growth the humblest Christian ought to contribute to it.—*Exchange.*

Work Away, Boys.

These are years of advancement in many ways, and good men, men of skill and power, inventive men, are needed to carry on the progressive history of the age. We should stimulate the boys of to-day to work on in spite of all hindrances or discouragements, to make the wisdom of the past their own, to cherish any fresh suggestions that come into their minds, and to persist in such practical experiments as may lead them into ways of usefulness and distinction. As an encouragement to do this, we will recall the lives of some who have struggled and achieved success.

Who was poorer than Hugh Miller at his start in life? An uncouth lad, plodding in a stone quarry, lodging in the loft of a barn on a bed of straw, feeding on oatmeal, nothing more, and surrounded by rough, ignorant men. In the intervals of labor, young Miller wandered along the shore, among rocky crags, with hammer and chisel

in hand, cutting out odd petrifications which seemed of no use at all, and carefully observing the manner of the stratifications of rocks, thereby prying into all the secrets of geology. The result to him was a world-wide fame, and gave to us some of our richest treasures of science and literature.

You know how the boy Watt found out the tremendous agency of steam. When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness and desired him to sit down quietly and read a book, and not be meddling with the lid of the tea-kettle, lifting it off and putting it on again, holding first a cup and next a silver spoon over the steam as it poured forth from the spout, she little thought that he was investigating a problem that was to lead to the greatest of human inventions—the steam-engine.

And it is said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam-engine called "handgear," by which its valves are worked by the machine itself, to an idle boy, Humphrey Potter by name, who, being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times in consequence of the general movement. What does this prove? That Humphrey Potter might be very idle, but at the same time very ingenious. It was a contrivance not the result of accident, but of observation and successful experiment.

The father of Eli Whitney on his return from a journey, which had taken him from home for several days, inquired, as was his custom, into the occupations of his boys during his absence. He received a good account of them all, except Eli, who, the housekeeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle! "Alas!" said the father, with an ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli is my scape-grace!" To have anything to do with fiddles, the father thought, showed a mind only fitted for trifles! Little did he think that what seemed a more fiddle-faddle was the dawning of an inventive genius that should rank among the most useful and effective in arts and manufactures.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield very busily cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the youth what he was doing. "I am cutting old Fox's head!" he replied—Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. The gentleman then examined it, pronounced it excellent and gave the youth a sixpence. Years afterward the stranger heard of him as one of the greatest sculptors of the age.

The first panels on which Wm. Etty, the celebrated painter drew, were the boards of his father's shop floor, and his first crayon a lump of white chalk. Now William's mother was a sensible woman, and instead of scolding the boy for disfiguring her nicely swept floor by his chalk marks, see what he wrote soon afterward to a friend: "I shall never thank my mother enough for her patience with my first trials, and the promise that she gave me of some colors mixed with gum-water, instead of chalk. I was so delighted I could hardly sleep."

Young West, the great American painter, first began to display his skill in drawing, and learned the method of preparing colors from the teaching of some roaming Indians, but being at a loss to know how to lay on these colors, a neighbor told him that this was done with brushes of camel's hair—of course there were no camels in America, and he thought him of a favorite cat, whose back and tail supplied his wants, and thus day after day he labored secretly in the attic of his mother's humble dwelling, having forgotten all school duties in his greater love for painting.

And another American printer, Edward Malbone, spent the intervals of school hours by industriously making experiments. One of his greatest delights was in blowing bubbles to disperse the colors therein displayed. Thus we see that even the blowing of soap bubbles may help the artistic mind to better know and understand the more delicate shades of color.

The spark of electricity in the hair of the old black cat to the observing boy, Franklin, developed into the discovery of that tongue of flame speaking all languages; telling our wants across the water almost as soon as our lips can speak them.

As soon as you begin to search for the powers within yourselves, God reveals himself to you as the wonder-working One, and there is a great difference between wondering over any talent you have, and giving devout recognition to the Giver of it! When the apple dropped from Newton's hands

he not only followed it downward, and discovered the great law of gravitation, but the marvellous principle thus brought to light caused him to look upward to the throne of God with a profounder reverence. Newton saw that the law he had discovered was a great power, and he also recognized the wonderful Counsellor who ordained it. So we would urge you while improving every spare moment, and using the faculties God has given you to the best advantage, reverently to acknowledge the Giver of any good things you may achieve or honors that may come to you. Thus you will not fail of the love of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and all the powers you possess will become stronger, brighter and better.

Mrs. G. HALL.

Employment in Heaven.

But what are our friends, who found their chief joy in conversation and sociality, doing? In brighter conversation there, and in grander sociality.

What a place to visit in, where your next-door neighbors are kings and queens. You, yourselves, kingly and queenly. If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch Covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old-time revivals, they have only to go over and ask Whitefield, and Wesley, and Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney. Oh, what a place to visit in!

What are your departed Christian friends doing in heaven—the those on earth found their chief joy in the gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations.

Most of those ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yea, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing-press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and in other lands—letters coming from New Zealand and Australia and the uttermost parts of the earth, as well as from near stations, telling me of the souls I have helped—I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are engaged in that delectable entertainment now.

The tombstone is not the terminus, but the starting-post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unblanched they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunder-bolts just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from a victorious battle.

They have no sin, nor fear consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation, save the revelation of the scars, that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary, the Christ of the awful massacre, with its hemerage of head and hand and foot and side—the Christ of the shatter-mausoleum—Christ the sacrifice, the star, the sun, the man, the God, the God-man, the man-God.

But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral-bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshipers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful, come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians come to count the years of his reign.

Those who were explorers come to discover the height and depth, and the length and breadth of his love. Those

who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in heaven, come to look at the captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at him who was wounded for our transgressions.

Religious Newspapers.

The religious paper is the minute hand marking the period of the church's mean temperature, the ebb and flow of her life. The religious paper is the weekly commentary on the Word of God, as it appears in doctrine, conviction and providence. This is all lost in the family that takes no church paper, and the result is too apparent. Your children have no church *esprit de corps*—no traditional love for the church of their fathers. When they leave home they are like drift-wood, floating into an eddy that draws, offering no resistance from conviction of spirit to other forms of church doctrine and worship.

Such people spend their last days in stupid wonder as to why their children have all left their church. We can answer: they never had a church paper, and know no more of the church in which they were born, of its spirit, progress and triumphs, than they do of Confucianism. The effect is also apparent in the church when its benevolent causes are presented. Of the people who contribute to the pastor's salary, two-thirds of it comes from those who read the church papers. If any one has inclination to doubt, we have not the slightest objection to a careful examination, and if our statements are not true, we will, as gracefully as we can, but truthfully, retract. Of those most loyal to the pastor and his projects for good, the proportion will not be lessened. Of his best workers in the Sabbath school the ratio is equally great. And when you come to giving, to carrying on the missionary work of the church in its varied branches, those who do not take the church papers give comparatively nothing.

We can tell, when we take church collections, who takes the church papers. They are those who give in proportion to ability, and those who are without do not give according to ability, or enlightened gratitude. And this is true of every church in the land; we only wonder that pastors and elders do not know it, or if they do that they do not make greater efforts in behalf of their church papers in the interest of piety, loyalty and progress in all that is good.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Things To Think Of.

An earnest falsehood will do more than a coward truth.—*Bishop Walker.*

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—*Balver Lytton.*

Do the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—*George MacDonald.*

You cannot repent too soon, because you do not know how soon it may be too late.—*T. Fuller.*

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—*Luther.*

All believers receive of Christ's fullness; the greatest saints cannot live without Him, and the weakest saints may live by Him.—*Henry.*

Christ has lived, and He asks for living followers; He has died, in sacrifice; He asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you.—*Bishop Huntington.*

Not only do we not know God without Jesus Christ, we do not know ourselves without Him. We know neither life nor death without Jesus Christ.—*Pascal.*

Every strand that is cut in the sacred bond of wedlock loosens the fabric of both society and the church.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

O power to do! O baffled will! O prayer and action! ye are one—Who may not strive may yet fulfil The harder task of standing still, And good but wished with God is done.

—*Whittier.*

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I cannot reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—This is the season of the year when the blood needs to be cleansed and purified. The best preparation that we know of to accomplish this is Gates' Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup. They extract the water and purify the blood, regulate the bowels, increase the appetite, excite the liver to action and renovate the whole system. A dozen bottles only cost five dollars and fifty cents. If every person should use this quantity each spring, we are sure that they would save pounds in the long run as it will certainly ward off disease and save many a sickness.

A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—E. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Freeman, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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Has much pleasure in announcing that his stock of

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For Summer Trade is now complete, in Ladies, Gents, Boys, Youths, Misses and Childrens sizes. He would call special attention to his immense stock of

Ladies French Kid Button Boots

Ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$8 a pair. He has them in four different widths, namely, B, C, D and E widths. A nice stylish French Kid Button Boot, in Ladies sizes, for \$2.50 a pair.

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LEAVE FREDERICTON. (Eastern Standard Time).

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

6.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for McAdam Junction and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and all points north.

11.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and all points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

9.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.

2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.

7.15 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON.

11.30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

10.33 A. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

F. W. GRAM, General Manager, Supt. Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. John, N. B., June 20th, 1887.

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer

FOR CHOLERA CRAMPS AND PAINTERS COLIC DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY CHOLERA MORBUS AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

Power to do! O baffled will! O prayer and action! ye are one—Who may not strive may yet fulfil The harder task of standing still, And good but wished with God is done.

—*Whittier.*

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61 BARRELS Molasses from 8 to 12 Gallons each. Also 77 Boxes choice Tea 3, 5, 10 and 20lbs each. These goods are fresh and new and warranted good. Prices are very low.

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