

When Days are Dark.

BY MARIANNE EARNINGHAM.

When days are dark, remember
The brightness that is past;
Call up the glad Spring-music
To mingle with the blast;
Think of the merry sunshine
And hosts of scented flowers,
Let memories of the Summer
Take gloom from off sad hours.

When days are dark, be cheerful;
Because the leaves must fade,
Thy hopes need not be cast away
Nor thy heart be dismayed.
This is the time for laughter
And happy household song
Hours that are filled with cheerfulness
Are never sad and long.

When days are dark, be truthful,
The sun shines after rain;
And joy goes not so far away
But it returns again.
Life is not ruled by sorrow,
But blessings reign o'er all,
And we can sing of mercy
In spite of pain and thrall.

When days are dark, be busy,
For there is much to do,
And the ministries are many
Which kindly hands pursue!
The need of love is always great,
For grief is everywhere;
O lighten thou some burden,
And lessen thou some care!

When days are dark, be thankful;
Light is not always best,
And useful are the shadows,
The silence, and the rest.
God gives what'er is good to come,
The day and then the night,
And those who find their joy in Him
Live always in the light.

—Christian World.

Grinding the Diamond.

The poor sufferer lay in severe pain on her bed. It was really twenty years since she had known a well day. More than half that time since she had walked a step; and nearly two years since she had sat up. Her limbs were jerked by spasms; her back had deep sores on it from lying so long; and whenever one was relieved by a new position of the body, another would be made. She never complained, and the cheerfulness with which she endured all this from day to day, and from year to year, was a matter of amazement to all. Her friends who saw the Bible always lying near her knew well from what spring she drew water. They all said it was one of the darkest providences they ever witnessed.

One night as the sufferer lay sleepless from terrible pain, she began to look back upon the past. What a wreck life seemed, dating from her bright school-days! What mystery that she must be so helpless and such a sufferer, while her school-companions could walk and move and act and enjoy life! What was the object of her heavenly Father in putting her into this slow, hot, long-continued furnace? As she lay there thus communing with herself the room seemed suddenly to fill with light, and a beautiful form seemed to bend over her. His face was gentle and full of pity. She was not at all frightened, nor deemed it strange that He was there, though she was aware that she never saw Him before. "Daughter of sorrow," said he, in a voice soft as the zephyr that first rocks the rose on its stem, "art thou impatient?" "No; but I am full of pain, and I have been so long a sufferer that I see no end to it, nor can I see why I must suffer thus. I know that I am a sinner, but I have hoped that Christ's sufferings, and not mine, would save me. O! why does God deal thus with me?"

"Come with me, daughter, and I will show thee."
"But I cannot walk."
"True, true! There, gently, gently!"

He tenderly took her up in his arms and carried her away, far away, over land and water, till he set her down in a far off city, and in the midst of a large work-shop. The room was full of windows, and the workmen seemed to be near the light, each with his own tools, and all so intent upon their work that they neither noticed the newcomers nor spoke to one another. They seemed to have small brown pebbles which they were grinding, shaping, and polishing. Her guide pointed her to one who seemed to be most earnestly at work. He held a half-polished pebble, which was seen to be a diamond, in a pair of strong iron pinches. He seemed to grasp the little thing as if he would crush it, and to hold it on the rough stone without mercy. The stone whirled and the dust flew, and the jewel grew smaller and lighter. Ever and anon he would stop, hold it up to the light and examine it carefully.

"Workman," said the sufferer, "will you please tell me why you bear on and grind the jewel so hard?"

"I want to grind off every flaw and crack in it."

"But don't you waste it?"

"Yes; but what is left is worth so much the more. The fact is, this

diamond, if it will bear the wheel enough, is to occupy a very important place in the crown we are making up for our king. We take much more pains with such. We have to grind and polish them a great while, but when they are done they are very beautiful. The king was here yesterday, and was much pleased with our work, but wanted this jewel in particular should be ground and polished a great deal. So you see how hard I hold it down on this stone. And see! there is not a crack or flaw in it. What a beauty it will be!"

Gently, gently the Guide lifted the poor sufferer, and again laid her on her own bed of pain.

"Daughter of sorrow, dost thou understand the vision?"

"O, yes; but may I ask you one question?"

"Certainly."

"Were you sent to show me all this?"

"Assuredly."

"O, may I take to myself the consolation that I am a diamond, and am now in the hands of the strong man who is polishing it for the great King?"

"Daughter of sorrow, thou mayest have that consolation; and every pang of suffering shall be like a flash of lightning in a dark night revealing eternity to thee; and hereafter thou shalt run without weariness, and walk without faintness, and sing with those that have come out of great tribulation."—The Rev. John Todd, D. D.

God a Creditor.

To those indebted to God for life and all things pertaining thereto, it is certainly a matter of no small interest to know that He is in every way qualified to be a righteous creditor. While He is a creditor, yet in essential characteristics He is distinguished from all other creditors. He is perfectly acquainted with all that relates to those indebted to Him, knowing who they are, and what they owe Him; nor is it possible to deceive Him as to the nature and amount of their indebtedness. Among men, it is sometimes the case that the creditor cannot identify the debtor, either in regard to person or locality. Many would gladly know where some of those indebted to them might be found, and in some instances it would be a relief to be assured as to the individuality of those owing them more or less. Nor is it always possible to determine the amount due. The account may be destroyed; memory may fail; deception may be employed.

In God's account with mankind, however, there are no such liabilities arising from an imperfect knowledge of the nature and circumstances of His claims. His "book" is correctly kept, and every entry can be fully authenticated, while the debtor can at any moment be called to a settlement, however or wherever he may attempt to conceal himself; for who can escape the all-seeing eye of Him who "looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven," and "whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good"? He, and He alone, can, without the least assumption, say, "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" The ancients, in expressing the great truth that God sees all persons and all things at all times, were accustomed to say that God is *all eye*.

In the centre of one of the ceilings of a building connected with the Royal Hospital for aged and disabled sailors at Greenwich, England, is an eye so painted that it always appears directed towards the observer. Whether he stands underneath it, retires into a corner, or goes towards the door, still, as he looks toward the centre of the ceiling, that eye is full upon him. This device is intended to represent the eye of Jehovah, from the piercing ken of which it is impossible to escape. Seeing is His distinguishing prerogative. He sees as none but Himself can see. An abiding conviction as to this Divine attribute is full of practical importance. No human debtor can ever be unseen by the Divine Creditor.

When God would call Adam and Eve to an account, it was utterly in vain for them to seek a hiding-place in the garden. So also, when Jonah would escape from meeting his obligations, as when debtors sometimes attempt to run away, very difficult did he find the undertaking, and very readily was he arrested and brought to the payment of the demand against him. He who fills heaven and earth by His universal presence can surely find the most secret places of concealment, and intercept the most swift and covert flight, in order to enforce His claims. Whatever success there may be in avoiding the presence of mortals, there is no possibility of avoiding the presence of Him who is everywhere at the same time, and to whom David uttered the ex-

clamation, "Whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

Nor does God, as a creditor, lack the means to prove His account, which has innumerable vouchers, and vain must be very attempt to invalidate a single item thereof. In the day of reckoning none will dare to call in question the correctness of any charge made in the most infallible account-book ever kept. The justice of every claim will be acknowledged, in view of the abundant proofs at hand to establish the equity of all that is found written in the finally opened book wherein eternal destinies lie in readiness for irrevocable consummation. There will be no disputing even a single item of that account which God Himself has kept with every human being, each one of whom will testify, "Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are Thy judgments."—The Watchman.

Bearing the Cross.

We never know what God may call upon us to bear. He may have some work waiting for us that we do not expect; if we shrink from it, then it is a cross to us; if we do not, then we bear that cross. We may think we have finished our work and be looking forward to a period of less toil, when suddenly the call may come to us for greater toil, and fiercer strife, and heavier responsibilities, as it came to Elijah—"Go show thyself unto Ahab," and that meant, go into the lion's den. And he went; and because he went, the prophets of Baal were defeated on Carmel, and the people cried amid the descending fire and consuming sacrifice, "The Lord he is God." Surely it was bearing the cross to go there! Why leave the quiet place where God had been sustaining him with the barrel of meal that wasted not and the cruise of oil that did not fail? Why go among the lions? It is better to be in the sheep-fold where God feeds his children, than to be where David was when he said, "My soul is among lions." But Elijah went and conquered; for to the cross-bearer triumph comes, as it came to Jesus. Even if it be after long heaviness and bitter pain, yet triumph closes the conflict, and victory comes at the last.

Sometimes the call to bear the cross comes to us when we think we can bear no more crosses, and we long for the crown that closes the conflict, and the rest that comes after the toil. That call came to Elijah in the wilderness, where all was still and peaceful, as the still, small voice that came after the driving storm: "What doest thou here, Elijah? Go and anoint another to be king over Israel." Surely that is going further into the lion's den than before, to displace one man, and set up another, to take the crown from one and give it to another. But God's servants know no will but their Master's, and if that will involves them in pain and conflict, so much the worse for them; yet so much the more must that will be done. For to the one that does the will of God no harm can come. It came not to Elijah; the only thing that came was the chariot of fire and the horses thereof, for the safe conduct of Elijah to that place where the weary are at rest. What a change that was from what we thought would be! He thought that amid the lonely steep of Horeb and the rocky wastes of the wilderness he should die; with no one near but the angel that touched him, and roused him from his sleep. But God had a chariot of fire waiting, and the horses thereof, and the horsemen that Elisha saw. So, instead of dying in the wilderness and entering into Paradise alone, he passed in triumph and victory, with horses and chariot of fire into the presence of the king, because he bore the cross again, though it meant exposure to death and torture. But God can always keep his own. So it was with Jesus. His cross-bearing led to the triumph of his resurrection, and the glory of his ascension from Olivet, and the victory that crowned his entrance in the heavens.—India Baptist.

The Secret of Joyful Service.

There are too many Christian workers who live on the lower plane of service, to whom service is only duty; and one reason of this lies in the habit of emphasizing service above the personal relation of Christ, out of which service grows; viz., confidential friendship. "Henceforth," says the Master, "I call you not servants, but friends." But I have called you friends. If a man were asked to do some service for a dear friend who had saved his life, neither difficulty nor disagreeableness implied in the service would be uppermost in his mind. Tiding him over these, even making them welcome, would be the image of that friend. And the man's thought would be, not, "I am doing or undergoing this or that," but, "My friend, who risked his life for me, wants

this or that done; what a delight it is to do it for him!" That thought takes all the drudgery and wearisomeness out of the service.

The secret of joyful service, is to get Christ into the first place in our thoughts; to put the sense of duty behind Christ. The sense of duty will not be dulled nor obscured by that process; on the contrary, it will act the more freely and powerfully, because it will be in its true place. But we sometimes let the sense of duty throw Christ into the background so far that we see only duty. We lose sight of the face of our Friend, and see no more his heavenly smile, and only hear a voice of command coming out of a cloud, and setting us our daily task; and then our burden ceases to be light, because we have lost the sense of its being Christ's burden. He is a rare man who can develop enthusiasm under the steady pressure of a bare, inexorable "I must."

No one knows this better than our Lord, and hence he refuses to put his service on the grounds of necessity. He wants sweeter, better, more joyful, more spontaneous work, such work as only a friend will do for a friend.—Morning Star.

Holy in Conversation.

A very important matter. And a very good kind of holiness. Let us think of it. Do we love and practice this type of it?

It is the common every-day talk, in social and domestic life, or in neighborly and business intercourse, and in "all manner of conversation." It is such as "becomes the gospel of Christ;" such as, in weakness, fits in well and conforms to the precious word of life. It is true and honest; "holy conversation" will not convey falsehood, or suggest deception in any form. Exaggeration, that half-way style of falsehood, so very general if not always thrown into common chat and story-telling, is directly opposed to holiness. So many little incidents related under the power of habit must be drawn out and magnified, to make them interesting, that persons otherwise faultless in conversation fall into this great evil. The Spirit is grieved, and moral darkness and death follow. Should it cut us off in the relation of some amusing and suggestive incidents, how much better and safer is the simple truth. "Let your yea be yea, and nay be nay."

The conversation must be chaste and pure; Peter, who has much to say on the subject, says, "Ye were redeemed from your vain conversation;" "corrupt communication," filthy talk and jesting. Holiness supplies a theme infinitely higher, and implies clean and wholesome language. Oh! let us take heed that we sin not with the tongue.

Holiness, as it forbids profane words, so it excludes all substitute words and phrases that are supposed to give force to what is spoken. The popular slang expressions are not means of grace, and should be avoided by lovers of "holy conversation and godliness."

How great the grace that makes us free, and pure, and plain in daily intercourse, being "kindly affectioned" and "courteous" to all.

In talking holiness, direct godly edifying must be the aim. It must not be without a proper object; nor in spite, or with party spirit; nor in light and frivolous terms and tones. It must be so seasoned as to minister grace to the hearers. It is not well to obtrude and thrust it forward; and certainly it must not be kept back and avoided when the time and company offer fair opportunity.

Talent for "good" and "holy" conversation is a precious gift of the Spirit, to be sought with a pure desire to honor God and minister grace to hearers. "Great swelling words" may be used in talk about holiness, but none can talk holiness without a holy heart. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Holiness abounds in those who are wholly given up to God, and as they speak it out the gift increases. Here is growth—blessed, precious, added life, light and power.—Ira Norris, in *The Christian Harvester*.

Preaching That Fits.

Ministers should preach such doctrine as is most needful for the places and the people with whom they have to do. The physician administers not one kind of physic to all distempers. Some places are infamous for drunkenness, others for pride, others for weariness of the gospel. The minister must suit his preaching to their exigencies. It is not enough in war for a soldier to discharge his musket, though it be well charged with powder and bullet, unless he aims as well to hit the enemy. He who delivers good doctrine and reproofs, but not suitable to the people whom he teacheth, discharges up into the air. God com-

mands the prophet to show the people their sins, not to show one people the sins of another, but their own. Some observe that Christ in his doctrine ever sets himself most against the raging impiety of the time where-in he lived. But the trouble is people can be content to hear us preach of the sins of our forefathers, but not the sins of the present times. People will not take honey out of the lion except he be dead, nor taste sweetness in that preaching which is lively and roars upon them in the way of sin. A good heart considers not how smart, but how seasonable a doctrine is. It has desires that the word may be directed to it in particular. It sets its corruptions in the forefront of the battle where God's arrows are flying, and patiently suffers the word of exhortation.—Jan Kyn, 1656.

What Mary Gave.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three year old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if her generous Mary had not offered to attend to the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story by grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

Well Put.

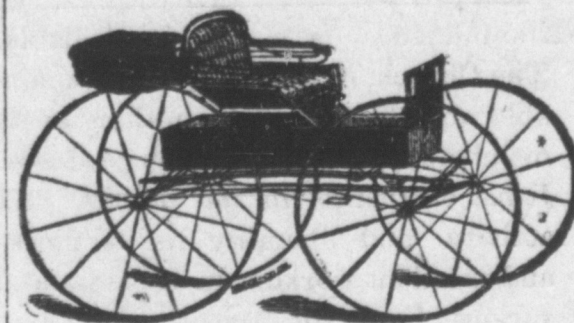
"You have never broken bread with me, my pastor." "No; you have never asked me." "Do you wait to be asked?" "Certainly; do you break bread with people without being asked?" "But the case with you is different; you are my pastor." "True, I am your pastor, and as such I preach to you and visit you, giving you my sympathy, loving interest and prayers. These offices grow out of my relation to you, and therefore they are performed. But to breakfast, dine or sup with you, is a different matter; is contingent entirely upon your wishes and my convenience." "Well, I have wished all along that you would take a meal with us." "Excuse me; I don't think you have wished it very much." "Why?" "Because if you had desired it, you would have said so." "Well, I tell you now I desired it, you would have said so." "Well, I tell you now I desire it. Will you come?" "When?" "At any time." "No." "Why not?" "Because you are too indefinite. I might come at a time when you would be from home." "Well, come and take tea with us tomorrow evening." "All right; I will come with pleasure."—The Methodist Protestant.

Dr. Richard Fuller, in that remarkable sermon on "The Cross," says: "I was much affected, not long since, in a distant city, by the words of an humble individual. We were receiving him into the church, and he was telling us, as well as he could, in his humble but strong language, of the change wrought in him. At length he stopped, and looking at me with a countenance expressive of the deepest emotion, said, 'Sir, I cannot speak what I feel; God, sir, has not given a poor man like me the power to talk on this thing.' Very similar to this is what one of our missionaries reports of a Japanese convert, who said: 'I cannot tell it in this Japanese tongue, I don't believe I could tell it in your tongue, nor if I had an angel's tongue; but one poor heart can feel it all.'

FROZE HIS FEET.

While out skating last winter, G. Varcoe, of Brandon, Man., got his foot badly frozen. He rubbed them with snow, and then applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which speedily cured them, and saved him from being a cripple.

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."



AN INTRODUCTION!

Many of the readers of this paper will have heard of the firm of Johnston & Co., dealers in Farm Machinery. To those who have not, we beg to introduce ourselves, and ask attention to the facts we intend to place before them in these columns for a few months.

Our business since 1879 has mainly been to sell Farm Machinery of all kinds, and Carriages. We have fifty regularly established local agents in this Province and in adjacent Counties of Quebec.

At the Provincial Exhibitions of 1880 and 1883, we were awarded thirty-two first prizes, six second prizes, two bronze medals and one silver medal, upon articles exhibited by us.

On the first of May, 1884, we published a book containing the names of over 6,500 New Brunswick farmers who had benefited themselves by honoring us with their patronage.

The principal articles we have to sell are in the list below. Every one of the implements will do good serviceable work, and none have any superiors either in material used in construction, workmanship, or adaptability to the service required from it.

Wilkinson's Steel Ploughs.

Gillies' All Steel Harrows.

La Dow's Spring Tooth Harrows.

Bell's Champion All Iron and Steel Cultivators.

Farnham's Horse Hoes.

Cossitt's Buckeye Mowers.

Cossitt's Ithaca Horse Hay Rakes.

Cossitt's Reapers.

Moody's Threshers.

Fanning Mills, Root Cutters, Hay Tedders, Hay Loaders, and other small Farm Implements, together with the

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Directly Opposite City Hall,
Fredericton, N. B.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 13th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on the proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Centreville and Florenceville, three times per week between Centreville and Tracy's Mills, and twice per week between Tracy's Mills and Greenwood, from the 1st July next.

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle, drawn by one or more horses. The Mails to leave Florenceville on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9 a. m., reaching Centreville at 11.50 a. m. Returning, to leave Centreville on same days at 11 a. m., reaching Florenceville at 11.50 a. m. To leave Florenceville on Tuesday of each week at 9 a. m., reaching Tracy's Mills at 10.15 a. m. Returning to leave Tracy's Mills on same days at 11 a. m., reaching Florenceville at 12.15 p. m. On Tuesdays and Saturdays to leave Centreville at 9 a. m., proceeding to Greenwood by the route described in the printed notices, returning via Centreville to Florenceville, making the round trip in six hours from time of despatch.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Centreville, Centreville and Greenwood, and at this office.

S. J. KING,
Post Office Inspector

Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, 28th March, 1887.

BRITISH MAILS.

THE first Packet of the Weekly Liverpool Mail Line is intended to be despatched from Quebec on Thursday, the 12th of May, under the usual Summer arrangements.

The outgoing steamer sailing from Halifax on the 7th May will be the last steamer from Halifax this season. The mails for the United Kingdom for despatch by the steamer leaving Quebec via Rimouski for Liverpool on the 12th May—the first outgoing steamer under the summer arrangement, and for each succeeding steamer during the present summer, will leave the Saint John Post Office in time to go forward by the train leaving Saint John on Wednesday evenings and due at Rimouski on Thursday afternoons.

Postmasters and Railway Mail Clerks on the New Brunswick Division will please govern themselves accordingly as regards the despatch of mails for Europe by Mail steamers sailing from Rimouski.

S. J. KING,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Saint John, N. B., April 21st, 1887.

CREAMERS. CREAMERS.

50 Creamers. The "Acme" probably the best Creamer made in our country.

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