

Triumph.

BY PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.

Into those mansions, pure and holy,
Cometh tears nor pain;
Followers of the meek and lowly
Meet their Lord again.
Singing are the angels, singing, singing,
In that sinless land;
Ringing are the voices, ringing, ringing,
Voices of a sainted band.

Sorrow and sighing from the immortal
Evermore are fled;
Joyfully, at the heavenly portal,
Shout the risen dead.

Everlasting joy, all glorious, glorious,
On their heads shall be,
Everlasting life, o'er death victorious,
Through a long eternity.

—From Memories.

The Deacon's Story.

"Yes," said the deacon, "there's many a man that calls himself honest that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years of my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I wondered since what I'd ever have talked of if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here, and those wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder.

"I know I read once about one of the kings of England, Edward, who had an officer called the lord high almoner, and one of the things that man had to do was to 'remind the kind of the duty of almsgiving.' I've thought to myself many a time that it would be well for a good many folks nowadays if they had King Edward's almoner to stir them up to give. Not to the poor only, I mean, but to all the needs of the cause of Christ. There are lots of people besides the children of Israel that need a Moses to say to them, 'It is he that giveth thee power to get wealth. I've allers thought that that was a grand thing in David, when he'd done such a job, getting together that pile of gold and silver for the temple, and he just turned to the Lord, and said, 'All these things come from thee, and of thine own have we given thee.' Most men would have wanted a little credit for the pains they'd taken themselves."

"Well, in those years I was telling you about it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of His due. Once in a long while I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign-mission Sabbath was my rheumatism day, regular, and I didn't go to church. Home-mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible-society day I'd gen'rally a tech of neuralgia, so I didn't feel like goin' out, and I stayed home. Tract-society day I'd begin to be afraid I was goin' to be deaf, and I oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on Sabbath for helping the publication society like as not my corns were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out."

"Wife wanted to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to't. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folk."

"And yet I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it a sort of gradual, and didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losing business."

"Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was dreadfully proud of her for she was a smart little thing. One Sabbath night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by-and-by she got kind of quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she: 'Pa will we have to pay rent in Heaven?'

"What?" say I, looking down at her, kind of astonished-like.

"Will we have to pay rent in Heaven?" says she, again.

"Why, no," says I. "What made you think that?"

"Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent anyway, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house; but at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said: 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in Heaven;' and as the only poor folks that Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I would have to pay rent in Heaven."

"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie, and explained to her about the 'many mansions' in our 'Father's house,' you know, but I didn't listen

much. I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way; right before Nannie, too.

"I fixed up some bitter words to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened to everything that I sputtered out, and then he said: 'Well, Deacon, if you think the bank of Heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making any deposits,' and then he drove off.

"Well, I walked over to my blackberry patch and sat down and thought and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of foreign mission Sabbath and the rheumatiz, and home mission Sabbath and the headache, and Bible-society day and the neuralgia, and tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I knelt down there in the blackberry patch and said: 'O Lord, I've been a stingy man if ever there was one and if ever I do get to Heaven, I deserve to have to pay rent; sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got, back to thee.' And I believe He's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over that first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now, and I mean to keep on giving 'as unto the Lord,' till I go to that Heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years."—*Congregationalist*.

How Mr. Spurgeon found Christ.

I had been about five years in the most fearful distress of mind, as a lad. If any human being felt more of the terror of God's law, I can indeed pity and sympathize with him. Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" contains, in the main, my history. Some abysses he went into I never trod; but some into which I plunged he seemed to have never known.

I thought the sun was blotted out of my sky—that I had sinned against God that there was no hope for me. I prayed—the Lord knoweth how I prayed; but I never had a glimpse of an answer that I knew of. I searched the Word of God; the promises were more alarming than the threatenings. I read the privileges of the people of God, but with the fullest persuasion that they were not for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the Gospel. I was in a Christian land, had Christian parents, but I did not fully understand the freeness and simplicity of the Gospel.

I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I honestly believe I did not hear the Gospel fully preached. I do not blame the men, however. One man preached the divine sovereignty. I could hear him with pleasure; but what was that to the poor sinner who wished to know what he should do to be saved? There was another admirable man who always preached about the law; but what was the use of ploughing up ground that wanted to be sown? Another was a great practical preacher. I heard him, but it was very much like a commanding officer teaching the manoeuvres of war to a set of men without feet. What could I do? All his exhortations were lost on me. I knew it was said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" but I did not know what it was to believe in Christ.

I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now, had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snow-storm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further, I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel. In that chapel there might have been a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning; snowed up, I suppose. A poor man—a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort—went into the pulpit to preach.

Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed; but this man was really stupid, as you would say. The text was, "Look unto me, and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth." He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter.

There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in the text. He began thus: "My dear friends, this is a very simple text, indeed. It says, 'Look.' Now, that does not take a deal of effort. You may be the biggest fool, and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Any one can look. Then it says, 'Look unto Me.' 'Ay," said he, in broad Essex, "many of ye are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No; look to Him by-and-bye. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto Me.' Some of you say, 'I must wait the Spirit's working.' You have no business with

that just now. Look to Christ. It runs, 'Look unto Me.'"

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto Me; I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto Me; I am hanging on the cross. Look; I am dead and buried. Look unto Me, I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. Oh, look to Me! look to Me! When he had got about that length, and managed to spin out about ten minutes or so, he was at the end of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I dare say, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued: "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life and miserable in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, this moment will you be saved."

Then he shouted as only a Primitive Methodist can, "Young man, look to Jesus Christ!" There and then the cloud was gone, the darkness had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; and I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them, of the precious blood of Christ, and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. Oh, that somebody had told me that before: Trust Christ, and you shall be saved.—*Pittsburg Advocate*.

The Devil's Contribution Box.

The devil is famous for taking up collections. Whatever may be said about church beggary, and the diligence of Christians in collecting money, one thing is certain that no one is so diligent in collecting funds as the devil and his servants. His contribution boxes are everywhere. In the dram shop, in the tobacco shop, in the haunts of vice and sinful pleasure, constantly people are being called upon for money, and they respond most promptly and liberally.

A man who was spending money in useless and foolish indulgences, when taxed with his wrong-doing, claimed that what he spent in this way would be so little, that if he should curtail all such expenses, and give everything he thus saved to the cause of Christ, the amount would be so small as to be hardly worth the giving. At length he was induced to make the trial, and he agreed that whenever he bought a cigar, or spent any money for other small indulgences, he would put by an equal amount to be used in the cause of Christ.

True to his word he came around at the end of a month, looking rather mortified, and put over twenty dollars into the hands of his friend for religious purposes. His previous contributions had not averaged two dollars a month. The devil's contribution box had gone around often, and he had almost always had something to put into it, but when it came to the work of the Lord, that was an entirely different matter.

Let Christians who are not their own, but who are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ, see to it that none of their money goes into the devil's contribution box. Let the small virtues and expenses which have absorbed their money for so long be set aside, and let them, as Christians men, consecrate their all to God, and see to it that they live not for themselves, but for Him who died for them and rose again.

Two Christians.

In no place, perhaps, do the small defects and virtues of men and women come to the light more distinctly than in the hotels and boarding houses which are places of summer resort. The guests have left home to gain health, or to enjoy pleasure, and with this fixed purpose in view they are apt to show a selfishness and ill-manner which would be impossible to them in their own homes. On the contrary nowhere are gentleness, courtesy and sympathy of a religious man or woman more effective than in this mixed society of strangers.

An example of this was offered last season in a summering house on the Alleghany mountains. A middle-aged unmarried lady arrived one evening, who was reputed to be Miss Blank, Home Missionary. Unasked she said grace in a loud tone at the public table, and the same evening entered the parlor where some young people were arranging charades, and talked loudly against their "criminal folly," proposing a prayer meeting instead. As she failed to touch or interest the girls, they giggled and behaved irreverently during the prayers that followed. The next day she lectured the fishermen on their "cruelty," and whenever she could, she took every prettily-dressed woman to task for her "wicked vani-

ty," even denouncing the crochet-work with which two or three old ladies amused themselves as a "sinful waste of time." Of course Miss Blank became the bugbear of the whole house, and much of the ridicule which her grim face and limp, untidy gown called forth, fell on the Bible which she professed to love and the hymns which she sang unceasingly in a loud key.

"If that is religion, heaven forbid that I should ever accept it!" said a gay, pretty woman to whom she had talked for two hours.

A day or two later a gentle, gray, haired old-man came to the house with out any introduction. He was quiet and unobtrusive. There was no mistaking the simplicity and fine courtesy of a thoroughbred gentleman, but the distinguished trait in him was his quick sympathy with others. Before a week had passed the old people had confided their ailments to him, the girls consulted him as to the details of a picnic, the boys discovered him to be an authority on kites, boats and home-made telephones. Wherever he went the children and babes crowded about him. When Sunday came and the guests of the hotel repaired to the parlor to hear a sermon what was their surprise to find that the quiet old man, whom they had already learned to love, was the famous Dr., from New York, whose eloquence had not won so many souls to his Master's service as his pure and noble life. If ever a sermon was listened to attentively that sermon was. Its simply told and impressive truths will be remembered, and must always be associated with the genial kindly man who seemed to be the very embodiment of its spirit of "good will" to men. It is not enough that the light which God has given us should shine; it should so shine that it should guide the feet of others to Him—not to drive them away.—*Youth's Companion*.

An Unbeliever Convinced.

A visitor among the poor in the south of London recounted the following interesting incident: She was calling on a lady much interested in her work, when a friend who had dropped in appealed for a poor woman who had not wherewith to keep herself warm on her sick bed. The lady thought for a moment, then remarked, "I fear I have nothing for this case; I have given away already everything I can spare." The worker remembered that she had at home a scarlet wrap, which she felt willing the poor sick one should have. Having mentioned this, and promising to take it herself, she left.

The next day found her at the house of the sick woman. On making known her errand, and having received the grateful thanks both of the woman and her husband, she began to speak of their spiritual needs. But the man broke in at once with the asseveration—he did not believe in a God; was it likely he would have left them through the winter in such distress, etc., etc. Very wisely and gently their visitor appealed to facts.

"Who put it into my heart to visit you at this time, and bring that which has met your wife's need? Did the devil do it?" No, he did not think it could have been the evil one. "Who, then, but He whose Spirit kindles compassion like to His own in the hearts of His people?"

Taking advantage of his silence, the visitor dropped on her knees, and poured out her heart in prayer for both the man and his wife; and it was not only the latter whose eyes bore traces of moisture as they rose and she took her departure.

Calling a few days later, the woman remarked, "My husband has had some work, Miss, as you prayed he might." After this they were willing for the reading of the Scriptures, and prayer, whenever the worker went in, and after a few weeks she had the inexpressible joy of seeing them come out fully on the Lord's side, and joining themselves to a neighboring church.—*Rest and Reaping*.

Hold up Your Light.

During a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling unwell. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. "What can I do?" I asked myself; and unhooking my lamp I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right, he's safe;" upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him, that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.—*Rev. S. Compton*.

The Office of Wisdom.

It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter—when to speak, and when to keep silence—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a vessel across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just and proper, to wage war or to make peace. The art of husbandry is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption, by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is Wisdom.

Every other quality is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the providence of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the summit of perfection.—*Robert Hall*.

God's Methods.

God has many methods of showing us His ways. He teaches us by His Word, which is as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, and by which the man of God may be so taught as to be "perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." In that word we find the fullest and most careful instruction. It meets us at every point in our existence, and by general and comprehensive direction shows us the way in which we should go. He shows us also by His Holy Spirit, which guides us into all truth, which shows us things to come, which instructs us in the very wisdom of the Lord, which takes the things of God and shows them to us. He shows us by His providence, hedging the wrong path, opening the right way before us, warning us off from dangerous places, opening before us ways of pleasantness and paths that are peace. He shows us sometimes by affliction. If we refuse to hear instruction, he makes us to "bear the rod," to know what he would have us to do, and do it from the heart.—*Selected*.

People who are amused by the coincidence of names found the provocation to a smile in the advertisement in a daily paper.

Wanted.—Young man in the grocery business. Apply only in person to H. W. Longfellow.

They may also be interested to know that R. W. Emerson sells shoes in Boston, Walter Scott is both baker and tailor, Francis Bacon sells shirts, Charles Lamb is a salesman, while Matthew Arnold works humbly in brass, with no more fitness of place than may be found in the fact that he dwells on Athens Street.—*Arlo Bates, in Rhode Island Journal*.

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I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—*J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Mass.*

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6.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for MacAdam Junction and St. Stephen, Vancorbo, 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 Vancorbo, 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.

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