

He Knoweth our Frame.

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

When we are weakly overcome by sin,
Our friends are cold, our foes are swift to blame;
Yet One there is who knoweth all the guilt,
Remembereth our frame.

We are but dust, and though we sometimes rise
Up to a higher life of love and trust,
How soon we feel our baser passions call,
And settle back to dust.

Of the earth, earthy—yet we venture, Lord,
An heirship with thy blessed Son to claim.
Thyself hast breathed it with the breath of life
Into the meanest frame.

Thyself hast breathed it, and we feel within
Divine longings even as we stray;
So we go halting upward, slipping back,
And failing all the way.

But higher than the mountains of our guilt,
And deeper than the deepest depths of shame,
Is the forgiving tenderness of Him
Who knoweth all our frame.

—Chris. Advocate.

Some Ways To Help Your Pastor.

BY REV. C. E. WALKER.

Sometimes the members of the Church seem to forget that their pastor is "a man subject to like passions with themselves," and while doing but little to encourage him, expect great things of him.

The preacher in charge of a field ought to be a strong man, physically, mentally, and spiritually. He ought to be able to meet trials, opposition, and discouraging things if they appear, and still carry such an amount of sunshine in his countenance as shall cheer the child on the street, and fill the home visited with joy. But with all this, he may at times be so situated that without aid from the brethren and sisters he can go no farther.

If you wish to help your pastor put forth all his strength in edifying the saints and converting sinners, do not allow him to worry about the needed funds to keep his family. How can any man see his dear wife and little ones in need and not worry, when it is not in his power to aid them? And if his strength is wasted thus, can you expect as much of him in his pulpit and pastoral work? Will you see that your duty is discharged in supporting the preacher? He is no beggar, not a pauper, but one who has a gospel claim upon you for a portion of his support; and if you would see that he must see to it that you assist those "who preach the gospel" to live by the gospel.

You may aid your preacher by speaking an encouraging word, it may be, concerning his pulpit efforts. I met a brother recently who had concluded that he could no longer preach anything (he meant so present it, I presume), that would interest hearers; and as he left the pulpit one evening last week, a young brother said to him, as he grasped his hand. "You have done me good. That sermon reached me as no other ever did." These words sent the brother to God in prayer that he might still be able to reach hearts, and not be discouraged, although he could see no results. You need not attempt to flatter your preacher. You can not do it. But when he has done or said something to help you, appreciate that help, and let him know it. Make him to feel that he can help others, and then he will make greater efforts to help, and realize all the more the responsibilities resting upon him.

The writer at one time preached to a congregation for two and a half months, working as hard as he was able to do, without one encouraging word reaching his ear, when, at so late an hour, a dear brother said, "Bro. Walker, your preaching is doing good. It is practical, and goes to the heart, and I want to help you by saying this. I do not wish to flatter you, but to encourage you." These words helped wonderfully, and did for me what nothing else could have done. Brother, sister, encourage your preacher by a kind, appreciative word.

Again, do not cut off his influence in your families or with your neighbors by analyzing the pastor's character or reputation before them, taking emphatic exceptions to all points in which you disagree with him. Do you know that you can, by saying a little thing against him, so destroy his influence that all you can say for him will avail nothing? And suppose he has a hold upon the mind of your child, and is trying to reach him to bring him to Christ, and you see something in his character that you think ought not to be there, and say so before the child, weakening his confidence in your pastor, and breaking off the line of influence that might be the one to rescue your dear one, and thus cause his soul to be lost. Think

of it. Have you ever been guilty of annulling your pastor's influence?

Look about you for means and methods of assisting him who is your shepherd, and make his pathway and the pathway of his family smooth, and God will bless you in it.—*Telescope*.

More Force In The Season.

In olden times the serviceable beadle was armed with a small wooden 'nob,' or mallet, with which he was quietly commissioned to 'tap,' gently but firmly, the heads of careless sleepers in church during the sermon. An incident to hand is very amusing, and is not out of fair probability.

In the old town of Kilbarchan, which is celebrated in Scottish poetry as the birthplace of Habbie Simson, the piper and verse-maker of the clachan, once lived and preached a reverend original whose pulpit ministrations were of the old-fashioned, hoddied-gray type, being humdrum and innocent of all spirit-rousing eloquence and force. Like many of his clerical brethren, he was greatly annoyed every Sunday at the sight of several of his parishioners sleeping through the sermon. He was especially angry with Johnny Plane, the village joiner, who dropped off to sleep every Sunday afternoon simultaneously with the formal delivery of the text. Johnny had been 'touched' by the old beadle's mallet on several occasions, but only in a gentle though persuasive manner. At last, one day the minister, provoked beyond endurance at the sight of the joiner soundly asleep, lost his temper.

'Johnny Plane!' cried the reverend gentleman, stopping his discourse and eyeing the culprit severely, 'are ye really sleeping already, and me not half through with the first head?'

The joiner, easy man, was quite oblivious to these mundane, and noticed not the rebuke.

'Andra,' resumed the minister, addressing the beadle and relapsing into informal Doric, 'gang round to the west loft (west gallery) and rap up Johnny Plane. Gie the lazy lout a guid stiff rap on the heid; he deserves it.'

Round and up the 'west loft' the old-fashioned beadle goes, and reaching the somnolent parishioner, he rather smartly 'raps' him on his bald head. Instantly there was on the part of Johnny a sudden start-up, and between him and the worthy beadle a hot, under-breath bandying of words. Silence restored, the reverend gentleman proceeded with his sermon as if nothing happened.

After sermon, Andra met the minister in the vestry, who at once made inquiry as to the 'words' he had had with Johnny in the gallery. But the beadle was reticent and uncommunicative on the matter, and would not be questioned as to the reception the joiner had given his salutary summons.

'Well, Andra,' at length said the reverend gentleman, 'I'll tell ye what we must not be beaten in this matter. If the loon sleeps next Sunday during sermon, jist ye gang up and rap him back to reason. It's a knock wi' some force in't the chiel wants; mind that, and spare not.'

'Deed no, sir,' was the beadle's canny reply. 'I'll no disturb him, sleepin' or waukin', for some weeks to come. He threatens to knock pew-Bibles and hymn-books out o' me if I again daur to 'rap' him atween this and Martinmas. If Johnny's to be kept frae sleepin', minister, ye maun jist pit the force into yer sermon.'—*Chamber's Journal*.

The Christian Matured.

It is an error to suppose that a large part of one's life must pass before a ripened religious character is made possible. It is, indeed, true that ordinarily the graces of the Spirit are matured through the trying experiences and steady growth of the years. But it is not always so; times not an absolutely essential factor in this glorious transformation. Like the buds and blossoms of spring-time, the divine graces of humility, charity, and faith may burst forth as in an hour. Long before reaching the utmost of intellectual capacity the souls may find its rest of faith; may come into such blissful union with Christ; may possess such sweetness of holy tempers, such breadth of charity, and such submission to God's will, as that the redemption of the cross will be wonderfully magnified thereby.

A young friend, of generous culture and flattering earthly prospects, was suddenly stricken down by disease. All human skill was baffled. Whatever offered the slightest promise of restored health was at his command: travel at home and abroad; assiduous care on the part of admiring friends; all that love could suggest or do. To save his life nothing was omitted within the limits of possibility. Yet all was in vain. The passing moment witnessed only the slow advances of a disease

that foreboded the fatal end. One day, near the very close, as his anxious father bent near his bedside, a gentle word told the whole story of a sanctified heart. "This," he said "is only the marching orders of my heavenly Father. It is all right."

His feet had already passed into the "most holy" place. There, beneath the outstretched wings of choice was completely lost in the divine purpose. There, in the realm of full sunshine, where shadows of regret are nevermore known, he listened with delight to the "marching orders" of his infallible Guide and Friend. The tedious years of heart struggle were not necessary. The "cleansing blood"—all that may be regarded strictly necessary for any soul—was his portion. Through this, and this alone, he became "complete." The spiritual sense of what he was yet to be came into his soul. He comprehended the measureless possibilities of that higher sphere; would demand the perfect enlistment of perfected spiritual energies.

"Marching orders!" Yes, indeed. Spiritual advancement enjoyed and perfected amid new relations, and all beneath the eye of his glorious Captain and divine King, he saw in that closing earthly hour.

Let Christian youth everywhere press toward the mark for the prize of their high calling. Salvation is free and full for every one. Let them early seek and find. Who soever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Conversions Through Family Worship.

In his *Fireside*, Mr. Abbot tells us of a gay young lady who paid a visit of a week in the family of a minister, an eminently holy man. His fervent intercessions for his children and the other inmates of his dwelling went to this thoughtful heart; they were the Spirit's arrow, and upon that family altar his visitor was enabled to present herself a living sacrifice to God.

It is with the church in the house as with the village. The wayfarer may get a word in passing which he can never forget. The stranger that turns aside to tarry for a night may hear at your family worship the word that will save his soul.

Some years ago an Irish wanderer, his wife, and his sister, asked night's shelter in the cabin of a pious school-master. With the characteristic hospitality of his nation, the school-master made them welcome. It was his hour for evening worship, and when the strangers were seated he began by reading slowly and solemnly the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young man sat astonished. The expressions, "Dead in trespasses and sins," "children of wrath," "walking after the course of this world," were new to him. He sought an explanation. He was told that this is God's account of the state of man by nature. He felt that it was exactly his own state. "In this way I have walked from my childhood. In the service of the God of this world we have come to your house."

He was on his way to a fair, where he intended to pass a quantity of counterfeit money. But God's word had found him out. He produced his store of coin, and begged his host to cast it into the fire, and asked anxiously if he could not obtain the word of God for himself. His request was complied with, and the next morning, with the new treasure, the party, who had now no errand to the fair, returned to their own home. But I can not enumerate all the conversions which have occurred at the church in the house. Many servants have been awakened there. Children have often heard these truths, which, when the Spirit brought them to remembrance, in after-days—perhaps in days of prodigality, and when far from their father's house—have sent home the prodigal. It is not only of Zion's solemn assemblies, but of Jacob's humble dwellings—the little fireside sanctuaries—"that the Lord shall count when he writeth up the people. This man was born there." In your house there have been, perhaps, several spirits born into this world. Have there been any born again?—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton*.

Consecration Of Life.

Henry Martyn is an example of consecration. In the solitudes of India he writes and describes his state and his longings:

"I sometimes rejoice that I am not twenty-seven years of age! and that unless God should order it otherwise, I may double double the number in content and successful labor. If not, God has many, many more instruments at command; and I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my work, by departing into another world. O what shall separate us from the love of Christ! Neither death nor life, I am persuaded, O let me feel my security, that I may be, as it were, already

in heaven; that I may do all my work as the angels do theirs! and O, let me be ready for every work! be ready to leave this delightful solitude, or remain in it—to go out, or go in—to stay or depart, just as the Lord shall appoint. Lord, let me have no will of mine own! nor considering my true happiness as depending in the smallest degree or anything that can befall my outward man! but as consisting altogether in conformity to God's will. May I have Christ here with me in this world, not substituting imagination in the place of faith, but seeing outward things as they really are, and thus obtaining a radical conviction of their vanity.

Sin's only Cure.

Of what avail against a contagious epidemic would be a vast organization of all who were under its power? Of no use, save as it might serve to convey from one to another the knowledge of a remedy—the tidings of a physician who would surely cure it.

The only cure for a human heart, touched as all are by sin, is to be found in close personal relation with a personal Saviour. Not in masses will men be lifted up out of vice and sin. Society will be purified, institutions will be made better and kept better, only as men are made better one by one. Be it your highest duty and your noblest service to your fellow-men, then, while earnestly doing your appointed work, to win all men whom you can influence, by example and by invitation, one by one to a saving knowledge of the living God.

For in our time and in our land the greatest need of the people is that the Christian church so live, so pray, and so work, that the gospel of Christ may be brought home to the masses of the people, and the people be brought home to Christ! With us, in the form of government which Providence has given us and in which we believe the people are king. And the loyal hope and prayer of our heart is, "May God save the king!"

Our Indebtedness to Others.

We may never know, this side of eternity, how far we are indebted to the efforts of others for our present gracious condition, whatever it be; but, without doubt, the debt is immense. The word of God recognizes such efforts as an important element in Christian culture, both for the Church and the individual. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," wrote the inspired Psalmist, centuries ago. That exhortation, heeded by the Church, has many a time rebuilt her ruined walls, or strengthened her tottering towers. The fulfillment of the apostle's command, "Pray one for another," has, doubtless, wrought a thousand times the establishment of the wavering, of the recovery of the erring. How touching the prayer of Moses for Israel, "If Thou wilt forgive their sin—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee out of Thy book;" and who can tell its influence in averting destruction? Was it not the prayer of Abraham that delivered righteous Lot from the fiery overthrow of Sodom? Did not the servant of the centurion live because of his friendly intercession? and was not the ruler's daughter raised to life in answer to the ruler's request? These Bible illustrations are but the specimens of myriad instances of the results of human efforts in behalf of others.—*Calvin Sears Harrington, D. D.*

Be careful of your pastor. If you want him to preach you good sermons, if you want him to do his best work, indulge him a little. Give him time for his study-room work. Don't press him too hard with other ministries toward the closing hours of the week. And as to teaching the Bible-class just before preaching, it is possible he can do it, but assuredly it will be at an expense which you, yourself, as well as he will presently feel when he comes to the sermon. Moreover, hold him in check a trifle, if need be, after the discourse. Naturally he feels in some cases somewhat more sociable than usual, and is ready to talk. But our best authorities tell us it is bad for the preacher. Let him be quiet, give him a few moments rest. That is, if you wish him to preach well for you the next time.

Spiritual Joy.

Those who serve God slavishly, from no other motive loftier than fear, know nothing of spiritual joy. Those who serve Him from love find their souls filled with sunshine which the darkest clouds of trial cannot interrupt, much less destroy. The service of love is full of freedom, full of gladness, full of power. It finds sweetness in self-sacrifice, delight in giving, makes duty a constant delight, enables the most menial tasks by performing them loyally. It makes the joy of the Lord our strength.

A Good Experience.

God knows better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings and weaknesses; What I can do, and cannot do. So I desire to be led, to follow Him, and I am quite sure that he will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectual I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellowmen.

How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellowmen, to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good in his work; in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out evil vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer. Grant me the wonderful joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all. —*Norman McLeod's Diary*.

We are not afraid to go alone on a journey to a strange place where we are sure that a friend will meet us at the end of the journey. The husband in a distant city telegraphs to his wife to come to him, and he will be at the station to receive her. She has faith in him. She sits amid strangers in the cars all day. She enters the depot filled with strangers at night. But there is the one familiar face, there are the outstretched arms of love, and the loneliness that faith cheered during the journey now ends in joyous fruition. But our blessed Saviour does not ask us to go far away into the spirit-world with the assurance that he will meet us by and by. He comes down to the starting-point of the strange journey. He takes us to Himself the moment we enter the chariot of death. That terror of the unbelieving soul is the charioteer of Jesus for those who trust in Him. So there is no loneliness in this trying hour. It is as when a bridegroom comes for his bride, takes her in his arms as she leaves the threshold of her old home, and bears her to the new home that he has prepared for her. There is nothing sweeter in all our revelation of God's love than that promise of His presence which removes the loneliness of death.—*Interior*.

The Christian In The World.

A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do, while he remains in the body, but by the world *living in him*. The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful are mariners in guarding against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible ingress, cause the vessel to sink. And ought not the Christian to watch and pray lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to his heart, and thus entering in, bring him to destruction, both of body and mind? The world and the things of the world press upon us at all points. Our daily avocations, yea, our most lawful enjoyments, have need to be narrowly watched, lest they insensibly steal upon our affections, and draw away our hearts from God.—*Selected*.

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9.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.
2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanocboro, Bangor, Port-Land, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.
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