

Heaven.

"Oh! Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on,
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No, Heaven is near us; the misty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet us there
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hour of holy thought
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense
To the beautiful scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall,
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realm of endless day.

—The Changed Cross.

"I Cannot Get Away From God."

Not many years since, a coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing which troubled and annoyed him; it was that his old mother lived in a village close by, and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was, that whenever she came she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

"Mother," he at last said, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, where I shall hear no more of such cant."

"My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write and could not follow him; and though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself—

"Anything for a quiet life."
His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stable, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair, the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman.

"He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said:

"Tell me if you are saved?"
Had the Lord come to the coachman direct from heaven, it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He simply felt terrified.

"God has followed me to Scotland," he said to himself. "I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!"

And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees of the garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new. It had become a real thing to him. It did not seem then to be glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt, for the first time, that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over, he was so ill from the terrible fear that had come upon him, that he could do

nothing else. For some days he could not leave his bed; but they were blessed days to him. His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray; and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser, and he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been; and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love him because he first loved us!"

He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of God who so loved him as to give for him his only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother contained the joyful tidings:

"God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul!"

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."—Watchword.

What Made the Difference

"Where's Ted? Send him for it."
He's gone to my house to get some twine. I'll tell him as soon as he comes back. Here he comes.

Ted, run over to Mrs. Lindsay's and ask her for her scissors. Be quick now.

The boy's bright face clouded as he laid down the ball of twine, and he lingered reluctantly until a second peremptory command made him start on his errand.

"I never saw such a disobedient boy," exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, as she marked his evident unwillingness, and all of the little group, with one exception, agreed with her.

They were preparing the decorations for the church for a Sunday-school anniversary, and when early in the afternoon Ted, with a boy's love to see what was going on, made his appearance at the church door, he was immediately pressed into service as an errand-boy and had been kept busy running to the various houses for articles that had been forgotten.

"This isn't any fun," he murmured to himself as he went slowly on his last errand, feeling a strong desire to go home instead of returning to the church. "They never seem to think that I'm tired, and would like to wait a minute, and see the stars and things they are making. They never even said 'thank you' to me once after all I've done."

He would have been pleased if he had known that he had one champion in the group of ladies.

"I think Ted had been very obliging," quietly said a lady, a new-comer in the neighborhood, as she heard the freely expressed opinion of those around her concerning Ted. "He had been running errands all the afternoon, and I know he was very anxious to stay here and watch our work."

"Running errands is all that a boy is good for," laughingly answered the lady to whom she had addressed herself, and she voiced the opinion of the others.

Ted came leisurely back from his errand, and received the remonstrance for his tardiness with an injured expression on his face.

He had made up his mind to promptly decline being sent upon any more errands, but he did not have an opportunity for some time to put his resolution into practice. He had forgotten his momentary ill-humor in his interest in watching the work which grew rapidly beneath the skilled fingers of the ladies. Mrs. Mortimer, the lady who had so warmly espoused his cause, was making a wreath of evergreen, when the ball of twine came to an abrupt conclusion just as her work was nearly finished.

"Isn't that too bad!" exclaimed Ted, who stood beside her, watching her deft fingers. "Maybe I have got a piece in my pocket."

A hasty search in his many pockets brought to light everything that is usually contained in such receptacles except the desired twine.

"Ted, are you too tired to do me a favor?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, when she found that she could not complete her work without the twine.

"No'm," answered Ted promptly, quite forgetting his determination not to do any more errands.

"Will you be kind enough to go to my house and ask for a ball of twine that is in my work-basket? I am sorry to ask you to go, but I am so anxious to finish this wreath before we go home, for then everything will be done."

"I'd just as lief go as not, and it won't take me half a minute,"

answered Ted, darting away with an eagerness that made the other ladies look around in surprise.

In a short time he returned, breathless with haste, and placed the ball in Mrs. Mortimer's hand. "I'm very much obliged to you, Ted," she said, as she took it.

"Not at all," returned Ted, blushing up to the roots of his curly hair with his effort at politeness.

"Well, Ted, I must say that I never knew you to be so obliging before," exclaimed one of the ladies. "You aren't generally so polite."

"It ain't often any one is polite to me, and that's why," retorted Ted, as he helped Mrs. Mortimer gather up the little pieces of evergreen, which had dropped from the wreath, willing to assist any one who had "treated him like somebody," as he mentally phrased it.

"So that's what made the difference in Ted, is it?" queried Mrs. Lindsay, as the ladies walked down the street together, and Ted vanished around the corner.

"I think that you will find that it makes a great difference with any boy's willingness to be of use," answered Mrs. Mortimer with a smile. "My experience with boys has always been that, if they are treated as gentlemen, they will behave as gentlemen. If a boy's services are demanded and accepted as a matter of course, and no acknowledgment is made of any favor, naturally he will not care to have innumerable duties imposed upon him merely because he is a boy, but if asked to do anything with the same courtesy with which you would ask a gentleman to render the same service, you will find that he will suddenly develop the chivalry which is latent in every boy's heart, and gladly assist you. Try it and see for yourself, if you doubt the truth of my theory," she added, as she saw an incredulous smile on the faces of some of her auditors.

And to every one else I would like to say "Try it." Don't think that politeness and courtesy are wasted on a boy. He will appreciate them, and respond to such treatment just as readily as when he is years older, and it will make a noticeable difference in his readiness to be of service when his help is desired. Try it!—Minnie E. Kenney, in the Presbyterian Observer.

Our Master's Summons.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

In a thousand ways Jesus is saying to us, "Arise, and go hence." Christians fall into bad habits, which are as mischievous to them as they are to the ungodly. Habit tightens about one as the poisonous ivy tightens about a tree, until it kills. Many a church member's spiritual life is imperiled, and his or her influence is destroyed, from this very cause. Character is tainted as bad liquors taint a wooden vessel.

Not only from evil habits, but from dangerous associations in business and in social life, does the Master give the short, sharp injunction to arise and depart. When Lot had become so intimate with the "first families," that his own family was rotted through and through with vice, the order was, "Up, get you out of this place." No snare is more subtle or more dangerous to a child of God than undue intimacy with worldlings. Conformity implies resemblance. Holiness is not contagious, but sin is as catching as varioloid. Christ draws sharp lines, and commands His disciples to come out and be separate from the world's ethics and the world's sinful indulgences. If a Christian goes over the line to a cold and taunt the votaries of sinful pleasure, he offends them to no profit; if he goes in order to participate, he offends his Master. Where a Christian cannot carry Christ and a clean conscience with him—whether it be in politics, society, or amusements—he has no right to set his foot. And when Jesus discovers his professed followers in such corrupting companionships, His loving rebuke is, "Arise, let us go hence."

These words are also a trumpet-call to a higher and holier style of character and conduct. We all have a sad tendency to lower the standard of life, and then drop down to that standard. When a regiment were giving way before the enemy, the colonel called out to the flag-bearer to fall back, or the colors would be captured; but the heroic reply was, "No, no; bring your men up to the colors!" Paul recognized this danger of being satisfied with low spiritual attainments, and therefore he cries out, "This one thing I do, 'I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'" So whenever our Master discovers that we are settling down into a self-satisfied state, or dropping asleep in inaction, He arouses us, sometimes with a discipline that makes the ears tingle and the heart-ache. There are multitudes who are try-

ing to see how little they can do or be, and yet save their reputation as followers of Christ. The trumpet-call of Jesus to you, my friend, if you are in this condition, is to arise and take a new departure.

There is one more lesson to be gathered from those solemn words spoken at midnight in that sacramental chamber. Our Lord might (if He chose) have remained there all night in loving converse with His disciples. He might have waited for His enemies to find Him. He might even have stolen away under cover of the darkness of the city, and escaped their clutch. Instead of that, He calmly faces the tremendous trial, says to His followers, "Let us go hence," and then goes straight to that Gethsemane where He expects to meet the traitor and the powers of darkness. What a sublime example to us! Yonder is your tremendous task, or your appointed work; grapple with it, and lo, I am with you in it always! It is a glorious thought that our Leader never sends us off alone, and never summons us to a duty, unless He promises to stand by us. The command always is, "Arise, let us go hence." He is ever ready to go with us.

And so it will be when the hour comes for our departure from this world to the better country. Instead of leaving you and me to grope our way alone into the unknown, untracked eternity, He will be close at our side, and His loving word will be, "Arise, and let us go hence. I have prepared the place for you; I now come again to receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—The New York Evangelist.

"Why Don't You Say Amen?"

A few years ago, as Charles G. Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer. One day a gentleman appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his "refuge of lies." Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him, pointing out to him the way of life clearly, and his only hope of salvation. The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus, that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus.

"Then let us go upon our knees and tell God of that," said Mr. Finney. So both knelt, and Mr. Finney prayed.

"O Lord, this man declares that he is prepared to take Thee as his God, and cast himself upon Thy care, now and forever."

The man responded, "Amen!" Mr. Finney continued: "O Lord, this man vows that he is ready to give his wife, family, and all their interests up to Thee."

Another hearty "Amen!" from the man.

He went on: "O Lord, he says that he is also willing to give Thee his business, whatever it may be, and conduct it for Thy glory!"

The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at this silence, and asked:

"Why don't you say 'Amen' to this?"

"Because the Lord will not take my business, sir; I am in the spirit trade," he replied.

The traffic could not withstand such a test as that. The Lord will not take such a business under His care.—The Pacific.

Work Now.

Young man, do not leave it to a future day, but do it now. Man of middle-age, you have a vivid sense of the rapidity with which your years have gone, but they will go just as rapidly in the future as in the past. Man of old age, you have to make haste—you have no time to lose.

The ancient law said concerning the sale of an estate, "According to the number of the years thou shalt diminish the price." The nearer they were to the Jubilee year the cheaper they were to sell their land. So the nearer you come to the end of your days, you ought to hold earthly things more loosely and prize heavenly things more highly. When your business day is drawing to a close, you hasten to conclude your work, dispatching sometimes in an hour more than in all the day that went before.

When Napoleon went on the field of Marengo it was late in the afternoon, and he saw that the battle was really lost, but looking at the Western sun, he said: "There is just time to recover the day!" and giving out his orders with rapid and characteristic energy, he turned defeat into victory. So, although your sun is near to setting, there is time to recover the day. Avail yourself of the eventide, lest your life end in eternal failure.—The Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., in "Joseph as Prime Minister."

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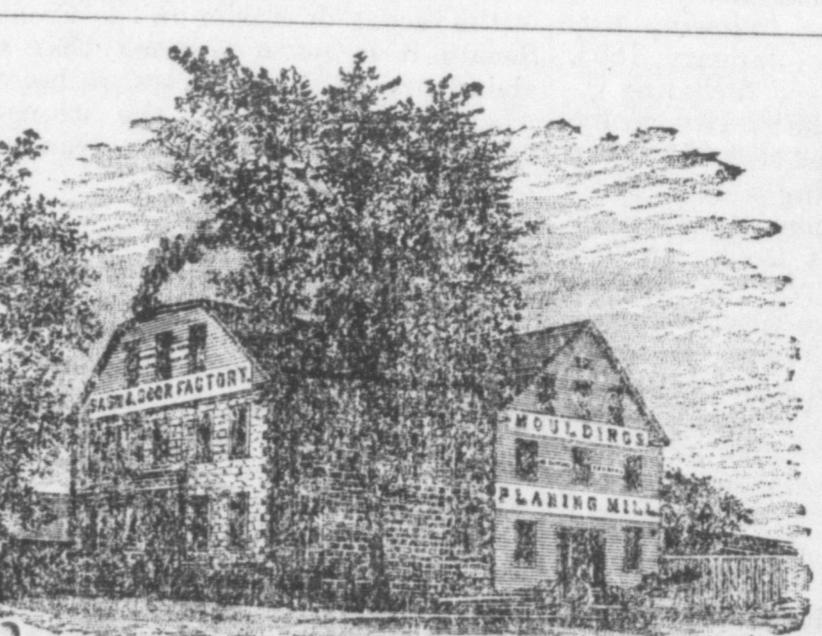
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1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.00.....
1878.....	127,505.87.....	779,895.71.....	3,274,683.43.....
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.14.....
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.19.....
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04.....
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77.....
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