

## Will You Be There?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,  
No hoary head, no weary sigh,  
No pain, no grief, no care;  
But joys which mortals may not know,  
Like a calm river ever flow—  
Oh, say, Will you be there?

Our Saviour, once a mortal child,  
As mortal man by man reviled,  
There many crowns doth wear,  
While thousands, thousands swell the strain  
Of glory to the Lamb once slain—  
Oh, say, Will you be there?

## What is Your Father Teaching You?

Canon Wynne relates the following incident: "It is recorded of a certain great philosopher that a friend who went to visit him met the philosopher's little daughter before he met the philosopher himself. Knowing that the father was such a deeply learned man, he thought that the little girl must have learned something very grave, something very deep, from such a father, and he said to her, 'What is your father teaching you?' The little maid looked at him with her clear blue eyes, and just said, 'Obedience.' That was what the great and wise man taught his little girl, and I believe that is the most important lesson for children to learn, 'to be obedient.' It is a lesson necessary for their happiness, for their safety, and I think we may say, for their life."

All that Canon Wynne has said above concerning children is eminently true of God's spiritual household. Measured by the invisible, by the length and breadth and depth of immutable truth, His children must own the insignificance of their present attainments. "I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child," was the record St. Paul made concerning himself. No man since then, however long and thoroughly trained he may have been in God's school of discipline, can justly claim for himself any higher rank while yet remaining in the flesh. We are all the while being taught by an infinite Father, and one would naturally suppose that we might at some time in this life arrive at great depth of wisdom. But it is never so. "We know in part," while "that which is perfect" has not yet "come." We behold truth dimly reflected before our spiritual vision, until that hour when we shall see "face to face." Then we shall "put away childish things." Then shall truth dawn upon our souls, full-orbed and entire. We shall then really come to the depth of knowledge. Instead of standing before the dial-plate to watch the advance of truth as though traced upon an external surface, we shall then be admitted into the hidden secrets to observe and comprehend the sublime philosophy of things. Childhood will have then disappeared forever. Manhood will have come with all its power to "know even as also we are known." O, bright, blessed day! How often our hearts leap forward and upward to embrace thy meridian splendor!

But, while here, is there nothing for us to learn with perfectness? Yes, indeed. Like the little child whose father had sounded the depths of human philosophy, we may learn of our divine Father the lesson of perfect "obedience." We may not have learned much besides. He knows that we are yet primary scholars, incapable of rapid advancement into regions beyond. Our grade is necessarily fixed, while yet the limitations of the earthly are still present. In this condition of tutelage, is far more important that we "learn obedience" to His will than to acquire anything else. This is "better than sacrifice." "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is the best, the truest, experience. "What is your Father teaching you?" Most happy indeed, if you can respond from a sincere, humble, submissive heart—"obedience."

The eve that follows these lines may be sometimes bedimmed with tears. How can the obedient spirit be wrought in God's children without testing? Our hearts are naturally wilful; stubborn to resist even what this His love would provide for us. The present training-school from which our heavenly Father would advance us to more complete knowledge, must, therefore, become a school of real discipline. While we, so imperfect, are in need of discipline peculiar in kind, yet it was said, even of our divine Redeemer, that "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered," whatever deepest meanings of these words may be, is it not possible that inspiration framed this expression, so as to impress upon us a most vital truth? The highway to perfect obedience—indeed, to all excellence of character—leads through many a thorny wilderness, up many a rugged mountain slope, down by the chilling currents of earthly disappointment and sorrow. Brave hearts—hearts set upon heavenly things—hearts that find no music so sweet as that which raises thought Godward, even though it be the subdued cadence born of suffer-

ing, will always choose the Father's method of teaching. Intent upon seeking the obedient spirit, His children will look up and say, in every trying experience, "O, Father, not my will, but thine be done."—*Advocate.*

## The Lord Heard it.

After all, the secret is to live much in the presence of the Lord, and to be sanctified wholly—body, soul and spirit. It is impossible to conceive any one coming out from communion with God to be to others "a scourge" with the tongue—impossible to be rejoicing in the sweet consciousness of his smile, and to be full of envy and uncharitableness. Love to God must result in love to our neighbor. We cannot separate the two tables of the law. Our outward life before men gauges our heart's love toward God. God looks deep down and sees "every secret desire, but as far as human estimate goes there must be the outward manifestation to prove its reality. Many are led into evil-speaking through thoughtlessness, but there is no excuse for these unloving words, these unguarded expressions, these wayward lips, these hasty judgments which so continually grieve the Holy Spirit of God. "Be ye followers of God as dear children, and walk in love as Christ loved us."

As, then, we think of Miriam and Aaron speaking against the man Moses who was "very meek," let us take to heart this one verse, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The mind of meekness, of charity, of esteeming others better than ourselves—all will be gathered up in this. May we have so much of the mind of Christ that there may be much of the likeness of Christ, and that we may carry with us a loving spirit, loving words, loving actions, a loving atmosphere—not to a few, but the whole of the Lord's family! "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."—*From "Discipleship," by Mrs. Pennefather.*

## Pleasant Prayer-Meetings.

The place of prayer should have pleasant associations in all minds, and especially in the minds of the young, on account of the cheerfulness and heartiness of those attending there, particularly those taking a part in the exercises. Nothing doleful or dismal should, in looks or words, there make religion an object of dread rather than of desire. The place itself should be cheerful in its appearance, and the engagements therein, by their promptness and spontaneity, should be suggestive of the happiness and not the wretchedness of those who participate in them. Never should the impression be made, by what is said or by the manner of saying it, that speaking or praying in such a meeting is a kind of crucifixion.

To talk about the cross in connection with serving God as worshippers is not presenting that service in a very attractive light; to leave the impression that it is a dreadful hard thing to stand as a witness; and yet what other impression can be left by long, and awful as well as long pauses in a meeting, as though nobody could get resolution to make an attempt at filling the appalling gap, and more especially by whining allusions to what is suffered in making the attempt, as though it were little less than martyrdom itself to speak or pray in meeting, and as though the mere performance of these duties were uppermost in mind, rather than the object to be accomplished by improving opportunities which ought to be regarded more as a privilege than as a duty.

Seldom can the meeting itself be profitably made the theme of remarks, or its exercises advantageously subjected to comment of any kind. To talk about talking, as though talking was itself an end, rather than a means to accomplish an end, is, ordinarily, to leave a false and unfavorable impression on the minds of those who hear, and judge by what they hear. Those who talk should evidently talk because they have something to say, and the less they say about talking itself, whether their own talking of others, the better—decidedly the better. "We believe," said the apostle, "and therefore speak." "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." They had something to say, and they said, it without making any apologies or uttering any deprecations or lamentations respecting the mere saying of what they had to say.

There are some serious evils to be avoided in giving a character to prayer-meetings. A writer in the *New York Observer*, several years ago, said: "It is a fact not to be denied, that most of the weakly prayer-meetings connected with the churches in this city, are in a deplorable state of desertion and spiritual stupidity. They are cold, and consequently heartless. They are dull, and of course deserted. They are unattractive, and of necessity they re-

pel rather than invite worshippers. No five-minute rule exists even by respectable usage, but some of the brethren travel the 'round world' over in pursuit of topics upon which to elaborate and expound when they rise to lead in the devotions. They exhaust themselves and their hearers, and aid in killing the spirituality of the meeting, if any exists at the time they take the floor. It was only the other evening, in the prayer-meeting of a large and wealthy up-town church, where less than fifty were assembled, that an aged brother went into an extended biographical sketch of a friend whose burial he had that day attended. Long wandering prayers are the bane of devotional meetings and should be discontinued and abandoned."

Seven rules for a good prayer-meeting have been given: 1, One, that is well attended, even at the cost of personal convenience; 2, One that is commenced promptly at the appointed hour; 3, One in which no person taking part, either by speaking or prayer, occupies more than five minutes; often two minutes are enough for utterance of truth; the bearing of testimony, or the offering of petition; 4, One where, as a consequence of the foregoing, quite a number take part, and that, too, without waiting for each other; 5, One in which not more than two or three verses of a hymn are sung at once; 6, One which closes promptly, and does not ordinarily exceed an hour in length; 7, One in which God is sought first of all to be honored and the Holy Spirit propitiated.

## Our Relations With God.

BY REV. O. P. GIFFORD, D. D.

Many years since, as Dr. Mahan relates, a merchant, in the city of New York, failed to a very large amount. After surrendering all his goods and possessions to his creditors he found himself hopelessly bankrupt. No one would give credit to the amount of a single dollar. He had a brother in the city of Boston, who was everywhere known to be worth millions of dollars. This brother sent on to our bankrupt friend a power of attorney, no limits being designated, to transact business in his, the wealthy brother's name. The poor bankrupt hired a building right in the business center of the city, filled it with goods, and commenced operations as one of the most prosperous merchants in the city of New York.

In speaking to a friend of ours upon the subject, he said: "I will tell you how much I am, in reality, worth in this city. I am practically just as rich as my brother is. I can purchase anything and live as well as he can. Yet if I should presume to ask anything in my own name, no one would credit me to the amount of one dollar. I, once in a while for my own amusement, thus illustrate my position. I enter the store of an importer, and having selected a quantity of goods, requested him to send them to my store. 'But to whom shall I charge them?' he replies. 'To myself, of course,' I respond. 'I cannot do that,' is his prompt rejoinder. 'If your creditors should become aware that I have goods in that state in your store, they would seize them at once, and I should lose them forever.' I show him my power of attorney, and remark that I will purchase the goods in my brother's name. 'Take what you please,' is the prompt reply. In that dear name I could purchase anything and everything the man had."

So, when and where Christ expressly and specifically authorizes us to 'ask in his name,' he 'puts us in full possession,' we may be pardoned the boldness of the expression, he puts us in full possession of a Power of Attorney by which we obtain at the Throne of Grace all that he could, were he in our condition, and should he, in his own name and behalf, ask for the same identical blessing, God cannot deny himself. Nor can he deny the Son 'any good thing' which he shall ask in his own name and behalf. Equally impossible is it for the Eternal Father who can no more dishonor the name of Christ when and where he could cast dishonor upon Christ himself were he personally asking for the same blessings.

We must ever bear in mind, however, the express conditions on which Christ has authorized believers to use his name, namely, that we are living in him and he is in us, that our wills are fully identified with his, and that we have perfect faith in the efficacy of the use of his name to insure to us 'the good things for which he has authorized us to ask.' 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.' Let not that man (the man who wavereth, or whose faith fails,) expect to receive anything of the Lord. It is only when we are 'strong in faith, giving glory to God, that we do or can 'ask in the name of Christ,' and 're-

ceive whatsoever we ask.' But when our abiding is fixed and enduring, and our faith fails not, but waxeth stronger, and stronger, then the storehouse of heaven is opened to us, and we ask and receive until our joy is full. No 'good thing'—nothing which will be best for us, here or hereafter, will withheld from us.—*Baptist Weekly.*

## To Save His Mother.

We have had a German baron among us, Baron von Karlstine who has written a book about New York and its inhabitants. One of his anecdotes is very good and interesting: On Washington's birthday he was standing in a crowd on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, waiting for the grand procession to arrive. The first drums were heard in the distance, when a young man, in his shirt-sleeves and hatless, passed through the multitude and addressed the policeman who kept the people back.

"Officer," he exclaimed, "my mother is sick in a house near Sixth Avenue; she has suddenly been taken much worse, and the doctor says that if the procession passes our house the noise will kill her."

"O. K., young fellow," said the policeman and left him to run up the avenue, where he stood some twenty feet before the procession and screamed, "Halt!" holding up a light rattan can with both hands.

The word was passed along the line, an adjutant galloped forward, bent over his horse's neck, and exchanged a few words with the policeman.

Suddenly the command, "Forward! march!" was heard, and the immense body of men proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth Street, without any music, except the lightest possible tapping of the drums. Then came, "Right wheel!" and nearly fifty thousand men, whom immense crowds were waiting to see and cheer, wheeled up Fourteenth Street to Broadway they marched without music until they were beyond the distance at which they might disturb the sick woman.

No one asked why an army of well-drilled admirably equipped men, many of them battle-scarred veterans, turned out of their path at the simple request of a single policeman, armed with but a little rattan cane. It would have been but a trifling matter for them to take Gotham; but no, the general command, when he received the young man's thanks, reminded him that his very natural request was addressed to gentlemen and soldiers.

And a gentleman, be he a soldier or not, reveres the sacred name of mother.—*Youth's Companion.*

## A Just Rebuke.

The following incident, related in the *Youth's Companion*, shows what mischief may be wrought by persons who "do not think." The owner of the famous Wedgwood potteries, in the beginning of this century, was not only a man of remarkable mechanical skill, but a most devout and reverent Christian. On one occasion, a man of dissolute habits, and an avowed atheist, was going through the works, accompanied by Mr. Wedgwood, and by a young lad who was employed in them, the son of pious parents. Lord C—sought early opportunity to speak contemptuously of religion. The boy at first looked amazed, then listened with interest, and at last burst into a loud, jeering laugh.

Mr. Wedgwood made no comment, but soon found occasion to show to his guest the process of making a fine vase; how with infinite care the delicate paste was moulded into a shape of rare beauty and fragile texture, how it was painted by skillful artists, and finally passed through the furnace, coming out perfect in form and pure in quality. The nobleman exclaimed with delight, and stretched out his hand for it, but the potter threw it on the ground, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

"That was unpardonable carelessness!" said Lord C—, angrily. "I wished to take that cup home for my collection! Nothing can restore it again."

"No. Yet you forget, my Lord," said Mr. Wedgwood, "that the soul of that lad who has just left us came pure into the world. That his parents, friends, all good influences, have been at work during his whole life to make him a vessel fit for his Master's use; that you, with your impious touch, have undone all the work of years. No human hand can bind together again what you have broken."

Lord C—, who had never before received a rebuke from an inferior, stared at him in silence. Then, "You are an honest man," he said, frankly holding out his hand. "I never thought of the effect of my words."

There is no subject which young men in college are more fond of discussing than religion, too often parading the crude, half-comprehended atheistic arguments which they have

heard, or read, before boys to whom such doubts are new.

Like Lord C—, they "do not think." They do not probably believe these arguments themselves, and they forget that they are infusing poison into healthy souls which no after efforts of theirs can ever remove. A moment's carelessness may destroy the work of years.

## The Broken-Hearted.

One of the most blessed assurances which fell from the Saviour's lips during his earth-ministry is that embraced in the words of prophecy relating to his own mission in this world, "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." This is the heaven-appointed mission of Jesus in the world. God never sent any one on a mission who was not able to fulfil it. So Jesus is able to do what he heals the broken hearts of all who will apply to him for healing.

"Hey, poor man," said a pious laborer of a fellow in trouble, "he's well-nigh broken-hearted, an' the worst on't is he hezn't a grip on Him 'at can mend it."

Alas, how true this is with many who have trouble, who are in sorrow because of the loss of friends and loved ones. Many indeed are going down to untimely graves because they have broken hearts, and do not know that Jesus can heal them, or who have not yet learned to cast all their care on him. They are dying of broken hearts. How sad that is when the great Physician, ever at hand, who has never lost a case, says he is come "to heal the broken-hearted."

Not long since, as the writer was passing out of a service, a mother came to him with tears in her eyes, and said, "Pray for me." She had a broken heart, and was directed to trust all to Jesus as her friend and Saviour.

On many accounts hearts on every hand are broken and crushed under great loads of grief and trial which have fallen upon them. If they will only trust him, he will bear their griefs and heal their hearts, for he has promised to do so.—*Rel. Telescope.*

## Christ Betrayed.

And who are the professed Christians that deliver up Christ and betray their Master? They are not alone the men of expediency, like Pilate. They are more often the lovers of self-gratification, like Herod. For awhile they seem to run well. Their crucial test does not come till they reach Vanity Fair, where are displayed on every side the lusts and pleasures, the honors and preferments, the gold and jewels, of the world in glittering profusion. Little by little their hearts relax their vigilance, and their eyes wander over the "delights of all sorts" which are heaped around. They begin to reason themselves out of their scruples, and to indulge a little, and a little more, in things which their hearts tell them are not favorable to piety—till, at last, they quench and grieve away the Spirit. They adopt the principle of self-indulgence, and seek not so much to fit themselves for heaven as to get all they can out of the earth on the way. They cease, in a word, to be pilgrims, and become permanent residents in Vanity Fair which is only the City of Destruction in its gala dress. Whosoever their god of pleasure and the pleasure of God present conflicting claims, they hold to the first and reject the other. They sink down before the eyes of the world to its own level, and perhaps far below the level of its best names. Men draw an unfavorable testimony from their career to the reality and power of religion, and unbelievers add them up as arguments and hold them up as objects of ridicule. They crucify the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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TO be sold by Public Auction on SATURDAY, the sixteenth day of July next, between the hours of Twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the County Court House in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, all the right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand either at Law or in Equity of Henry Braithwaite, which he had on the Fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1887, in or out of the following described premises, to wit: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Stanley, County of York and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows:—Running by the magnet along the Cross Creek road south fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes west one chain and sixty-two and one-half links to a post; thence north forty-two degrees and fifteen minutes east six chains and twenty-five links to the place of beginning, being part of number seven on Cross Creek road, located to one Ed ward Speer, and containing one acre, together with all the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or appearing, the same having been seized under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of the County of York, at the suit of William T. McLeod against the said Henry Braithwaite.

A. A. STERLING, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Fton, N. B., March 28th 1887.

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