

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the wind from unsummed spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its wall decays:
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drift-
ing,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of
shade and shine;
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be with me thee to comfort and uphold,
No gate of peace, no branch of palm I
merit,
Nor streets of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned
And both forgiven through thy abound-
ing grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many
mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and
striving cease,
And flow forever through heaven's green
expansions,
The river of thy peace—

There, from the music round about me
stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of
healing,
The life for which I long.
—John Greenleaf Whittier, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Fear and Faith.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

"What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee."

It is madness to say, "I will not be afraid," it is wisdom and peace to say, "I will trust, and not be afraid." But it is no easy matter to fix the eye on God when threatening enemies within arm's length compel our gaze and there must be a fixed resolve not, indeed, to coerce our emotions or to ignore our perils, but to set the Lord before us, that we may not be moved. When war desolates a land, the peasants fly from their undefended huts to the shelter of the castle on the hill-top, but they cannot reach the safety of the strong walls without climbing the steep road. So when calamity darkens round us, or our sense of sin and sorrow shakes our hearts, we need effort to resolve and to carry into practice the resolution, "I flee unto Thee to hide me."

Fear, then, is the occasion of faith, and faith is fear transformed by the act of our own will, calling to mind the strength of God, and betaking ourselves thereto. Therefore, do not wonder if the two things lie in your hearts together, and do not say, "I have no faith, because I have some fear; but rather feel that if there be the least spark of the former, it will turn all the rest into its own bright substance. Here is the stifling smoke coming up from some newly-lighted fire of green wood, black and choking and solid in its coils; but as the fire burns up, all the smoke-wreaths will be turned into one flaming spire, full of light and warmth. Do you turn your smoke into fire, your fear into faith? Do not be down-hearted if it takes awhile to convert the whole of the lower and baser into the nobler and higher. Faith and fear do blend, thank God! They are as oil and water in a man's soul, and the oil will float above and quiet the waves. What times I am afraid!—there speaks nature and the heart. "I will trust in Thee"—there speaks the better man within, lifting himself above nature and circumstances, and casting himself into the extended arms of God, who catches him and keeps him safe.

Then, still further, these words, or rather, one portion of them, give us a bright light and a beautiful thought as to the essence and inmost center of this faith or trust. Scholars tell us that the word here translated "trust" has a graphic, pictorial meaning for its root idea. It signifies, literally, to cling to or hold fast anything, expressing thus both the notion of a good tight grip and of intimate union. Now, is not that metaphor vivid and full of teaching as well as of impulse? "I will trust in Thee." "And He exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord." We may follow out the metaphor of the word in many illustrations. For instance, here is a strong prop, and here is the trailing, little feebleness of the vine. Gather up the leaves that are creeping all along the ground, and coil them around that support, and up they go straight toward the heavens. Here is a limpet in some pond or other, left by the tide, and it has relaxed its grasp a little. Touch it with your finger, and it grips fast to the rock, and you will want a hammer before you can dislodge it.

There is a traveler groping along some narrow broken path where the chamois would tread cautiously, his guide in front of him. His head reels, and his limbs tremble, and he is all but over; but he grasps the strong hand of the man in front of him, or lashes himself to him by the rope, and he can walk steadily. Or, take that story in the Acts of the Apostles about the lame man healed by Peter and John. All his life long he had been lame, and when at last healing comes, one can fancy with what a tight grasp "the lame man held Peter and John." The timidity and helplessness of a life time made him hold fast even while, walking and leaping, he tried how the unaccustomed "feet and ankle-bones" could do their work. How he would clutch the arms of his two supporters, and feel himself firm and safe only as long as he grasped them!

That is faith, cleaving to Christ, twining round Him with all the tendrils of our heart, as the vine does round its pole; holding to Him by his hand, as a tottering man does by the strong hand that upholds.

If I am to cling with my hand, I must first empty my hand. Fancy a man saying, "I cannot stand unless you hold me up; but I have to hold my bank-book, and this thing and that thing, and the other thing; I cannot put them down, so I have not a hand free to lay hold with, you must do the holding." That is what some of us are saying in effect. Now the prayer, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe," is a right one; but not from a man who will not put his possessions out of his hands that he may lay hold of the God who lays hold of him.

"Nothing in my hands I bring." Then, of course, and only then, when we are empty-handed, shall we be free to grip and lay hold; and only then shall we be able to go on with the grand words,

"Simply to Thy cross I cling," as some half-drowned, ship-wrecked sailor, flung upon the beach, clasps a point of rock, and is safe from the power of the waves that beat around him.

Horse-Sheds as a means of Grace.

The little church was in a small country town, and many of the members lived in the country, from one to five miles away. In fair weather the country members usually turned out in force, and hitched their teams to posts, fences, trees—anywhere to make them secure while the services were in progress. In hot weather the poor beasts suffered from the heat, and shivered with the cold in cold weather, and sometimes both horses and carriages were thoroughly drenched by a sudden storm.

This church had called a young pastor fresh from the seminary, and the very first Sunday he gathered the church officers together and addressed them thus: "Brethren, it is a crime against God and the dumb brutes to have these horses hitched out around the church in this way, exposed to all sorts of weather. We must have some horse-sheds at once." "We can't afford it," said Dea. Blank; "my old horse has been hitched to that old stump almost every Sunday for fifteen years. I guess he can stand it for a while yet." "Now, brethren," replied the preacher, "it is not right, it is not Christian to treat your animals in this way; 'a merciful man is merciful to his beast.'"

Before the next Sunday arrived the pastor had made a thorough canvass of his parish in behalf of horse-sheds. Some promised to work on the proposed sheds, some gave timber, some lumber, and others gave a little money. The congregation was somewhat surprised on the next Sabbath to hear the following notice read from the pulpit: "All who are interested in the erection of a row of horse-sheds are invited to attend a grand mass-meeting at the church, commencing Monday (to-morrow) morning at seven o'clock, and continuing until the sheds are completed. Bring spades, axes, saws, hammers and dinner-pails."

At the appointed hour the pastor was on hand, with coat off and ready for business. The people had a mind to work, and in one week eleven good horse-sheds were completed, and surrounded by a neat fence. The prayer of the pastor on the following Sunday: "We thank thee, O Lord, for horse-sheds, and may they be a means of grace to us," met with a hearty response from the congregation. The prayer was abundantly answered; for the congregation was more than doubled within a month. Many who would not venture out to church if they saw a cloud in the sky as large as a man's hand, were now present almost every Sunday, often coming in a storm.

During the week the sheds were thrown open to the public, and were greatly appreciated by those coming to town on business. One farmer,

not a church-goer, was heard to say, as he drove under the sheds one rainy day: "These sheds are about the whitest things in this town. I believe I'd like to hear the feller preach who pushed this thing through." He did hear him preach, and not many months after became an active member of the church. More sheds were built as the congregation increased, until forty teams could be comfortably housed around that church, and as many were often there. Other churches in the community caught the horse-shed fever, and in a short time each church had a goodly number of comfortable sheds. So the horse-shed enterprise proved to be the greatest means of grace the churches of that place had enjoyed for many years. No doubt other places would be blessed by a similar undertaking. Try it.

Sin of Pride.

What a brood of sins there are! Who can begin to number them? They nestle, in many places, where we least suspect that they lie. Hundreds of people—Christian people, too—who are of the opinion that they are free from pride, are constantly indulging in pride in some form. It may not be in the form of dress; and yet it may be, even though they despise fine clothes. They may take pride in wearing very plain clothes. A wealthy person may wear very plain apparel, just to show how independent he is of the demands of fashion and popular expectation. He knows that many people expect that he will dress fashionably and richly, because he has the means to do so. And yet he goes to the other extreme, and practically says: "I am independent of your opinion. I am superior to the fashions of the day. I will not humor the expectations of society. I am too independent to be the subject of the fift styles of life."

This is the pride of independency. And yet such people would feel quite insulted if we were to tell them that they are proud, with respect to their dress. But, really, it is true. Then there is the pride of character, in a very subtle form, oftentimes. Look at that person who disdains any display of fine looks and glittering show of wealth. He seems to be the very essence of meekness. He seems to do a mean thing. No one hears him deride his neighbors nor ridicule the unfortunate. He is generous to the poor and attentive to the wants of the sick and sorrowful. In fact, he is quite generally regarded as a model man. But, can it be said that he is not proud of his character? Has he not sometimes said to himself something like this: "I am a better person than that man, who, though he be, doubtless, a Christian, yet is a very imperfect one. I am not so slack in business as he is. I am more attentive to the wants of my family and the welfare of my neighbors. I am not so negligent of my obligations to the church and to society. I always promptly pay my debts, and render an equivalent for all that I get." Now we may believe that this is substantially what some very good sort of people think of themselves too frequently. And what is this but pride of character? Oh, the sins of pride! How slyly and certainly they lurk in our hearts! How they tend to unduly exalt us in our vain imaginations! How they lead us to boast of our talents and attainments! Christian reader, we are not so near perfect as we sometimes fancy that we are. We find, on closely analyzing the condition of our hearts, that the mystery of sin is very great in its practical relation to our lives. It works a many-sided ministry in a variety of relationships, with a deceptiveness which we are not competent to justly conceive of.—*Journal and Messenger*.

Getting ready for Church.

Some persons never get ready for any good thing until it is a little late, and then the opportunity is lost. Sometimes the influence of that loss is felt in eternity. Much carelessness concerning the neglect of Church duties comes of bad management. In a well ordered home what can be and should be attended to on Saturday night will not be left until Sabbath morning. Secular work and secular indulgence are wholly unnecessary on the Lord's day. A really spiritual and joyous Christian will not tolerate either at such a time. Many persons neglect God's house and set a bad example in the home and out of it by attending to Saturday's work on Sabbath morning, or by late hours on the night previous for indulgence' sake or by other mismanagement which not only makes them too late for church, but entirely unfit them for Christian worship. It is lamentable! In the home, the morning of the Lord's day will not always be kept free from such hurtful intrusion without effort. But if the wife has the sym-

pathy and help of the husband, and the husband the sympathy and help of the wife, and if both love the Lord and reverence His house, the effort will be made, and thereby brightness and blessing will be given to the whole day. When weary mothers can so arrange without neglect of home duties to get to God's house, it is a shame for those of fewer cares to neglect the sanctuary, because of carelessness, indulgence or mismanagement. What is the sacrifice, sometimes required in arranging for Sabbath worship, compared with one hour in the house of God on the Lord's Day? The busy wife, the toiling husband who is faithful to the house of God, is helped through all the week, but he who neglects this holy shrine from careless indifference, evil indulgence or mismanagement puts a strange hindrance in the way of home life, and is treasuring up a memory that will inflict unutterable pain upon the soul in eternity. Your church privileges are going, and soon the blessed hour of worship will summon you to the sanctuary no more. It will be too late then to get ready, of no avail to mourn the careless indulgence, lack of inclination and mismanagement you willingly allowed to prevent you from getting ready here.—*M. Rhodes, D. D., in St. Mark's Messenger*.

Piety at Home.

It was a good counsel which Paul gave through Timothy with regard to providing for aged relatives, that people should "show piety at home." In a great many ways this is the home duty, and by its proper fulfillment large good may be wrought.

Many homes are not happy homes because, whatever piety its members may show in the church and society, they manifest so little of it within their own dwellings. Many seem to act as if without they wore a mask, which they were at liberty to throw off at home; yet nowhere ought there to be more consideration of the feelings of others, more exact justice or forbearance, than among those who are bound to each other by the ties of human relationship. A great deal of injustice is frequently done by want of proper thought. Even children are misunderstood and their words and actions misrepresented, while their explanations are not treated with the proper courtesy and faith they should command. Some persons are grossly and habitually unjust, and manifest most unworthy prejudices. In the discussion in households an argument frequently leads to a war of words which results only in anger and tears. Far too often it is to be feared that a hasty and ill-considered word is defended or excused when its injustice should be frankly acknowledged. Many a parent, in a moment of anger, makes an unjust allegation against a child, which is a life-long memory of wrong, because he has not Christian grace enough to confess his own fault.

To strive to make others happy is one of the best ways in which we can show piety at home. It may call for self-denial, but it has a rich reward. It is well when the memory is used to retain the story which will bring a smile around the table, when praise is given without stint where it is deserved, when a word of kindly appreciation heard outside the family, of any one of its members, is mentioned with pleasure. In many homes the mutual holiday gifts do much to cement affection, and if there were throughout the year more of this kindly feeling, how good would it be!—*Southern Presbyterian*.

It Is Curious Who Give.

"It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood, he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down \$5; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile; but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives." These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church, the day pledges were taken for contributions to foreign missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items to find the aggregate. He went on: "There's Maria Hill, she's put down \$5; she teaches in the North District, and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she joined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where he works, you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker, he's put down \$1, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco

in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunnin, \$4 Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand, but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work. C. Williams, \$10. Good for him! He said the other night at prayer meeting that he'd been reading his Bible more than usual lately. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful, and didn't want to be in his company."—*Advance*.

Joyfulness and Usefulness.

Above all things see to it that your souls are happy in the Lord. Other things may press upon you; the Lord's even may have urgent claims upon your attention; but I deliberately repeat, it is of supreme, paramount importance that you should seek, above all things, to have your souls truly happy in God himself. Day by day seek to make this the most important business of your life. This has been my firm and settled conviction for the last five and thirty years. For the first four years after my conversion I knew not its vast importance; but now, after much experience, I specially commend this point to the notice of my younger brothers and sisters in Christ. The secret of all true effectual service is joy in the Lord, and having experimental acquaintance and fellowship with God himself.

But in what way shall we attain to this settled happiness of soul? How shall we obtain such an all-sufficient, soul-satisfying portion of him as shall enable us to let go the things of this world, as vain and worthless in comparison? I answer, this happiness is to be obtained through the study of the Holy Scriptures. God has therein revealed himself to us in the face of Jesus Christ. In the scriptures, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he makes himself known unto our souls. Remember, it is not a God of our own thoughts or imaginations that we need to be acquainted with; but the God of the Bible, our Father, who has given the blessed Jesus to die for us. Him should we seek intimately to know, according to the revelation he has made of himself in his own precious word.—*George Muller*.

The Theology of the Bible.

We hear a great deal—perhaps too much—in these days about the old theology and the new theology, the old-fashioned theology and the advanced theology. We suppose by the old theology we generally meant the theology of the eighteenth century or the fifteenth century—a few hundred years ago. If that is all that it means, however much there is that is precious in every age of the Church's thought, I venture to say the Christian Church can afford to lose it all as long as we have, not the old theology, but the theology that *never grows old*—the immortal theology of the New Testament of Christ and His apostles. But if by the new theology and the advanced thought is meant not the theology of Christ and his apostles, but the gospel of Paul and Peter and John, but a theology that puts a dividing knife between Christ and those men of whom he said: "He that heareth you heareth Me"—a theology that tears the Gospel in pieces, tears the Epistles from the Gospels, and looks into the chasm for something grander and newer—a revised New Testament of that kind is not the New Testament to put into the hands of our brethren either in China or New Guinea. Send out the missionary without the Scriptures and he is powerless; send out the missionary with a mutilated, mangled New Testament torn from the Old, or cut into two, and he will do nothing. Send him out with the whole living Word to speak in the new-born languages, the languages which God's Word is calling into life with civilized and organized existence, and the Word of God will prove itself, as it has proved itself, to be the power of God in the hearts of all men.—*Dr. E. R. Conder*.

ENJOY LIFE.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that *Green's August Flower*, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of *August Flower* will prove a wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

Don't practice false economy by buying common Flavoring Extracts. Ask for the "Royal," none other can equal them.

A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Frean, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL.

GREEN'S CELEBRATED BLACK SMITH COAL, only to be had at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

A Lottimer

Has much pleasure in announcing that his stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Summer Trade is now complete, in Ladies, Gents, Boys, Youths, Misses and Children's sizes. He would call special attention to his extensive stock of

Ladies French Kid Button Boots

Ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$8 a pair. He has also a different style of boots, namely, B. C. H. D. and E. widths. A nice stylish French Kid Button Boot, in Ladies sizes, for \$2.50 a pair.

WIGWAM SLIPPERS,

In Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses, and Children's sizes. Also,

LAWN TENNIS SHOES,

In Ladies and Gents sizes.

A. LOTTIMER,

No. 210 QUEEN STREET.

New Brunswick Railway Co

ALL RAIL LINE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 27th, 1887.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

(Eastern Standard Time).

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

6.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for Medford, Junction, and St. Stephen, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and all points East.

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.

11.30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

10.33 A. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

H. D. McLEOD, General Manager.

Supt. Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. John, N. B., June 20th, 1887.

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer

FOR CHOLERA

CRAMPS AND PAINTERS COLIC

DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY

CHOLERA MORBUS AND

ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

240 Union St.

ADVICE TO

turbed at night

rest by a sick

with pain of

head at once a

Wendell's Socie

ten Teaching

ble. It will

sufferer imme

mothers; th

It cures D

regulates the

cures Wind C

reduces Infla

and energy

"Mrs. Winslo

children teeth

taste and is t

the oldest and

nurses in th

for sale dy al

the world. Pr

bottle. Be s

Winslow's So

no other ki

New Crop Molasses & Teas,

FOR THE PEOPLE AT

ELY PERKINS'

61 BARRELS Molasses from 8 to 12

Gallons each. Also 77 Boxes choice

Tea 3, 5, 10 and 20lbs each. These goods

are fresh and new and warranted good.

Prices are very low.

ELY PERKINS.

BUGS, BUGS, BUGS.

JUST RECEIVED:

100 LBS. PURE PARIS GREEN;

Granulated Corn Meal;

Roller Oat Meal, Granulated Oat Meal

Corn Meal, Flour, at

W. H. & NWARTS,

June 22.