

**"All Things are Yours."**—1 Cor. iii. 21.

REV. F. M. JAMES.

"All things are yours," the Spirit cries,  
Whatever comforts, helps, or tries,  
Each thinker, worker, work, event,  
Is for your growth in goodness sent.

Unnumbered servants, good and bad,  
In ways uncounted, joyful, sad,  
Assist you up the narrow way  
To realms of bright, celestial day.

In that Highway, where Jesus went,  
'All things' confirm the good intent  
Of earnest pilgrims, seeking rest  
Amid the 'Islands of the Blest.'  
'All things are yours,' then every lot,  
Nor murmur; blessed is your lot.  
With heart enlarged, and courage bold,  
His banner to the breeze unfold.

And as you march, for God and man,  
Do with your might what'er you can,  
Then, safe in Christ, the cross lay down,  
And wear in heaven a righteous crown.

**Speak Smooth Things.**

Isaiah represents the degenerate Israelites in his day as saying to the prophets, "Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things" (Isaiah xxx. 10). That is the language of many to the successors of the prophets to-day. They want the messenger of God to be unto them "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." They want only the truths that are comforting, not those that arouse the conscience and agitate the heart. Last Sabbath as I was going home from church one of my neighbors overtook me, and said: "Oldschool, the preacher was pretty rough on some of us to-day."

"What do you mean by being rough? He didn't scold you or swear at you."

"No; but he told us in plain old Saxon that if we didn't repent we would go to hell."

"And don't you believe that he told the truth?"

"Yes, I suppose he did; or at any rate, what he believes to be the truth."

"Well when you go to church you expect the minister to tell you what he believes to be the truth, don't you? Would you respect him if he told you lies? It is right and necessary for us to be rough sometimes. I remember once I was sleeping soundly and sweetly in my bed. A neighbor rushed in and dragged me from the bed, wrapped me in a blanket, and took me by main force, before I was more than half awake, out into the cold night air. That was pretty rough, was it not? But the roughness saved my life. The house was on fire, and if I had slept on, or when waked up, had waited to dress, I would have perished in the flames. Now, suppose that neighbor had come to my chamber door and knocked, and said: 'Please excuse my disturbing you at such an unseasonable hour; but I regret to inform you that the house is on fire and it is the prevailing impression of the firemen present that it will burn down, so I have come to suggest to you to get up and escape.' That would have been very polite, but very foolish and very cruel."

"I once saw a train of cars stop half way up a steep grade. The driving wheels of the locomotive turned round and round, but it made no progress. What did the engineer do? He took a pail of sand and sprinkled the track. He did not pour oil on it. It was too smooth already. The wheels could not get any 'bite,' as the phrase is. It was necessary to roughen the surface of the rails. As soon as that was done the driving-wheels took hold, and the train began to move."

"When a child, I was going through the woods one day with my father. He was talking to me pleasantly. Suddenly, without any warning, he caught me by the arm and threw me as far as he could. I was astonished and bruised. What did it mean? Had my father suddenly gone crazy? No; but he saw a snake preparing to strike me as I passed. His roughness saved me from the fangs of the poisonous reptile. Did I complain of being treated rudely when I understood the cause? No: I was glad that my father was so wise, so prompt and so strong."

"At the sea shore, last week, a party of ladies were bathing. One of them got beyond her depth, became frightened, and sank swooning beneath the surf. A gentleman on the shore, to whom this lady was a stranger, did not say: 'If I had been introduced to her I would go and try to save her.' He did not wade into the water, hat in hand, make a bow, and ask her to excuse the liberty he was about to take. He was too earnest and sensible for that. He threw off his coat. He rushed and swam through the surf until he reached the drowning maiden. He caught her in his arms, yes, shocking to relate! in his shirt sleeves! and carried her to the shore. How rude he was! But it was a brave and benevolent rudeness."

"I tell you, neighbor, smoothness is

excellent in its place. But there are times when it is right to be rough. It is the rough grindstone that sharpens our tools; it is the rough emery that polishes our needles; it is the rough filing that brings out the beauty of our precious stones; it is the rough rubbing of the man who is half frozen or half drowned that restores him to consciousness and saves his life. If the minister thinks that you are in danger, and does not warn you as earnestly as he can, he is a traitor to the truth and duty. I am sick and tired of the lackadaisical and namby-pamby kind of preaching. I have great respect for the preacher who can stand up before a proud, self-righteous sinner and say: 'Thou art the man.' I am glad that Mr. X. was rough on you this morning, for you deserved it, and you know that you did. Even if you don't heed his warning, you must respect him for his fidelity."

The man walked on in silence for several minutes. He then turned to me and said: "Oldschool, you are right. And the truth is, careless and worldly as I am, I like a stalwart minister. I go sometimes to hear Elder D. He is as polite as a dancing master. He never uses such harsh words as 'sinner' and 'hell.' He assures us that God is an indulgent father, and will manage in some way to make us all good and happy. As I listen to his oily sermons, I think to myself: 'Now, Elder, you are either a knave or a fool.' God don't make everybody good and happy in this world. He can't do it, for we have wills of our own, and we choose what we know to be wrong. If God didn't let us choose for ourselves we would be machines, and not men. No, Mr. X. is right, even if he is a little rough; and when I get ready to be a Christian, I am going to be one of his sort."

But the trouble is not all with the outsiders. There are many who like pulpit lullabies. They want nice, sweet, soothing sermons. They don't object to the truth, if the preacher gives them only the soft side of it.—*Obadiah Oldschool, in Interior.*

**Abiding in Christ.**

Some there are who abide in Christ ostensibly, not really. They profess to be connected with Him, but there is no vital union between them and Him. Christ does not immediately disown any that profess to come to Him. It was long before He disowned Judas. These are the days of His long-suffering; the day of irrevocable judgment has not yet dawned. The branch which does not yield fruit, and which affords no indications that it is about to yield fruit, is still, perhaps, suffered for a season to remain, if per-adventure it may receive the vivifying influence of the vine. When it has been fully tried it is removed.

Think not, O believer, that thou art in no danger of being found out of Christ. He that thinketh he standeth is welcome to think so, but only let him take heed lest he fall. Without much prayer, much watchfulness, much self-denial, you cannot abide in Christ. To abide in Christ it is necessary to attach the highest importance to communion with Christ; and you know there are a thousand currents sweeping through you every day all hostile to this. A single trivial, scarce-noticed impulse of your heart is capable of leading you where you will find it difficult to realize the presence and the grace of the Saviour. Seek constantly to have in mind how important, in the eyes of the Saviour, is the perpetuation of this soul-communion with Him. Happy the believer who is held fast to Christ by the attraction of Christ.

Let us beware how we suffer coldness to spring up between us and our fellow-Christians. Inasmuch as ye suffer it between yourself and one of the least of these My brethren, ye suffer it between yourself and Me. Be reconciled to thy brother, or meet My crown.

Let us prefer Jerusalem before our chief joy, and give all heed to every proposition that invokes our aid in behalf of the Church of Christ, the bride of the Lamb. If our brethren say to us, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts, let us beware how we remain indifferent.

It may be that Jesus shall take a forward movement, and require the Church to move at a quicker pace than that to which she has been accustomed. Let her be careful lest she be left behind. "And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus went before them; and they were amazed and as they followed, they were afraid." There comes a time when the former measures of faith, hope, love and prayer are inadequate—wherein what formerly was life is now not life, what was before rejected. The time for walking in the wilderness is past, the time for entering Canaan is come. The voice of the Captain of the host of the

Lord is heard, saying, "Be strong, and of good courage; be thou strong, and very courageous; be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might; be strong, quit yourselves like men." There is danger at such an hour lest the Christian refuse to believe in the hour and its new duties, and insist that as he has his abode in Christ, so he may abide in Christ. But Christ, in the new hour now given to His Church, will wait for no man. They who are with Him are called and chosen and faithful; the wise virgins, with their lamps trimmed, shall move swiftly on in the procession with the Bridegroom.—*The Rev. George Bowen, D. D.*

**"Kindling."**

Somebody, I have forgotten who, wrote a book a few years ago about "Kindling." It was, no doubt, a learned treatise on the philosophy of spiritual quickening. But we don't need to philosophize elaborately. We know how to kindle fires in fireplaces and we must kindle them in the house of God just as we do in our own. Coming home the other day I found a heap of ashes on the hearth and a pile of dry wood near by. Knowing that there were live coals in the ashes, I soon raked them out, brought them to ether and laid my kindlings over them. The coals began to glow and brighten from contact with the air and each other. Their heat made the dry kindlings still drier. But there was no blaze. Then I took a piece of paper from my waste-basket and threw it upon the coals. In an instant it flamed up and was gone, but it started the fire. The flames which it brought out of the coals kindled upon the wood, and soon the pile was aglow. And then I thought how many churches needed just what was needed in my fireplace. There are hearts in them that love God, and that long for his salvation. There are souls around them that are interested in the truth, but not yet kindled by it. The problem is: How to bring the piety of the church so in contact with the men and women in the congregation, or the community, that they shall be awakened and converted. The church is exerting some influence upon the people within its sphere, just as the coals on my hearth were gradually seasoning the wood. But this does not satisfy the true minister or the earnest Christian. He wants to see the impenitent, not merely respecting religion and attending Sabbath services, but rejoicing in the hope that is full of glory. Cannot the minister or the Christian do just what I did just now? Can't he start a blaze? Can't he do something that shall kindle to a glow his own faith, and that of his brethren? Can't he, by one earnest effort, make the latent piety of the church active—set its burning coals aflame? It did not require much to change my smoking brands to a cheerful fire—only a bit of paper. And it may be that a little thing, which you hardly think worth trying, will be blessed of God in the revival of his work. It is not necessary to appoint a series of meetings, or to send for an evangelist. You have the live coals and the partially seasoned wood, and they are in contact with each other. It ought to be easy to kindle that wood. The Holy Spirit is ready to fan the flame as soon as it is kindled. He waits for us to do something in faith that He can energize for good. We are going over and over a round of duties, and asking God to bless us. He does, and He will. But if our work is formal, our prayers shall be; and though the coals be kept alive, and the wood will be slowly seasoned, we will not be as happy or as useful as if we had that living faith which sets the heart aflame.—*The Occident.*

**Doing The Will Of God.**

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." From these words there can be no appeal. Christ came to seek and to save the lost, to die, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God; those whom he excluded from heaven can have no hope of entering there. The position of the words in this discourse, and the menaces with which they are confirmed, invest them with great solemnity. The striking imagery in which our Lord proceeds to contrast the destiny of the men who keep his commandments with the destiny of the men who fail to keep them, deepens the solemnity and makes it appalling. We must do the will of God if we hope to enter at last the kingdom of heaven. Christ's words are clear. We are none the better for knowing the will of God; we must obey it. Reading the Bible is a good thing in itself; listening to sermons is a good thing in itself; but if our conduct during the week is not governed by what we heard on Sunday in the

sermon, we shall not be suffered to enter into the kingdom of heaven. We must do the will of God if we want to enter into God's kingdom. It is not enough that we are very sorry that we have not done the will of God, are ashamed, are stung with self-reproach because we have not done it. Doing God's will is one thing, being sorry for not doing it is a different thing altogether. Sorrow for wrong-doing is admirable if it stops the wrong-doing; but to suppose that sorrow cancels sin is one of the most common and malignant and yet shallow forms of self-deception by which men ruin themselves in this world and condemn themselves to eternal death in the next. But suppose we resolve to do better—is not this satisfactory? Satisfactory? No; not unless we actually do better as the result of our good resolutions. Christ does not say that the man who resolves to do the will of God will enter the kingdom of heaven, but the man who does it; and between good resolutions and good deeds there is apt to be a very precarious connection. When a man comes to find comfort and satisfaction in his good resolutions, he is getting into the hands of the devil.—*Rev. R. W. Dale.*

**Patience in the Prayer Meeting.**

There are few churches whose social meetings are not subject to occasional exhibitions of ignorance or eccentricity which greatly mar the enjoyment of those whose intelligence or taste is thus offended. In the use of their liberty brethren and sisters not especially gifted in exhortation or prayer often feel it their privilege and duty to participate in the exercises, greatly to the annoyance of many who are neither edified by their remarks nor able to unite in their petitions. The impatience betrayed under these circumstances is often exceedingly distressing. We have seen pastors greatly worried and many brethren and sisters beyond measure, by the unfortunate utterances, or the prolixity or the ignorance of those who participate in the social meetings of the church. Conducted as our prayer-meetings are, this source of annoyance seems to be unavoidable, and the only way of mitigating the evil is to be as indifferent as possible to its existence. Pastors and people alike need to discipline themselves to a larger exercise of Christian charity and patience. It is not best to betray a feeling of disapprobation, and by cultivating forbearance, fretfulness may be avoided and the interest of the meeting will not be seriously harmed. Mr. Beecher was often crouched by the intrusion of "cranks" at his Friday evening services, but instead of showing that he was seriously annoyed, was able by a playful remark, or by suggesting the singing of a familiar hymn, to give the meeting a new start and overcome the disturbing influence of inappropriate remarks. It often requires considerable tact and no little grace to accomplish this, but there is no other way of correcting the evil without wounding feelings and doing harm to the meeting. We commend to pastors this advice of an experienced teacher and preacher: "Educate yourself and educate your church, to exercise a true, sweet patience and charity toward such participants in the meeting as, through eccentricity, through poverty of talent, through habits of prolixity, even through inconsistency of life, contribute to burden, rather than to help forward the interest of the occasion."—*Bap. Weekly.*

**The Bible.**

The moral influence of the Bible is plainly seen and felt wherever the book is found. History proves this. Personal observation does the same. And those who have had their hearts changed by its gracious influence cannot doubt it. Even the enemies of the Bible, if they shall speak the truth, must testify that its moral influence is incomparably above earthly things. From its opponents it may fairly demand an answer to the question, What is the condition of the nations, the tribes, the individuals who have rejected the influence of its teachings? The result is invariably barbarism, ignorance, crime, and character fitted for the outer darkness. But look at a nation that has chosen the Bible as its Book of Books, in which its glad tidings are echoed from shore to shore, and what do we find? It speaks for itself. It tells its sweet story every day. Not as the sun, which only shines for the day and leaves us in the dark when night comes. It shines perpetually. A man was traveling in a Western uninhabited country; night overtook him; in the rain and dark and wild woods he knew not what to do. He groped about in the darkness until he saw a dim light in the distance; he made his way to it, knocked and gained admittance. It was a low hunter's hut.

The hunter, an old, wild-looking man, was sitting before an open fire with his hounds, gun and daggers about him. He asked the stranger to stop over night; but the stranger felt no more secure in such a place than he did in the woods. He knew not what to do. But his fear was all removed when the hunter took down his Bible to read before retiring. With the book faithfully and reverently studied all society is safe. Hundreds of illustrations could be told of the moral and blessed influence which remains unaltered until its righteous principles shall judge the quick and the dead.

**O'er Braw And O'er Bonny.**

It is told of Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, who in his day stood in the van of living celebrities, both as a preacher and platform speaker, that he was, in the early years of his ministry, on a tour through the north of Scotland and was by no means strictly clerical in appearance, but wore top boots and other articles of dress corresponding to the necessities of a journey on horseback. This circumstance, added to the remarkably elegant appearance of the preacher, rather stumbled the faith of a lady hearer—one of the old school. She looked wonders as she saw the young minister ascend the pulpit-stair, but as he entered upon his subject she was seen to become more grave and attentive. When he had finished his discourse, she looked around, and addressing a person of an exceedingly different cast of mind, exclaimed: "Oh woman! was na that a great sermon for sich a young man? But, oh, he's o'er braw and o'er bonny." "O'er braw?" replied the lady. "Fat signifies a man's claes, if there be plenty of furniture in his mind? and to find wif th' dear young man because he's bonny, it's something very much like a reflection on th' Creator himself!"

**Sin.**

Do you suppose that sin is to be driven out of the human heart by some fine fancy, some sentiment, some easy method? Until you know what sin is the gospel will be an extravagant and unmeaning tragedy. If there is a mystery in redemption there is equally a mystery in sin. This is the medicine that follows the disease. Herein is the solution of the mystery of the Cross. The ghastly Cross follows the ghastly sin; the tragedy of redemption is God's answer to the tragedy of crime. You find nothing in the Atonement in the way of mystery that you do not find in the way of sin. God could not guide us away by soft words from the chains of hell. It could only be done by the blood. You have been thinking sin a trifle. I wonder not, then, you have been thinking the Cross a tragedy extravagant beyond the necessity of the case. If you have been calling sin "Infirmity," "mistake," I wonder not that you are frightened by the awful transactions that are here in the four gospels. You need the whole blood of the whole heart of the dying Saviour to help you to get rid of sin and to be delivered from its bondage.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

**Pleasing Sermons.**

The struggle of the pulpit to please the pews ought to stop at certain well-defined limits. Its proper use is to help the preacher to the ears of the people; it should be arrested when this rhetorical purpose is accomplished. There are pews that want to be pleased—just pleased, straight through to the end of the sermon; and there are preachers whose highest ambition is to please with every sentence, and with every thought. The taste of such pews is unhealthy, and the pleasing qualities of such preachers out of place. Put the standard of preaching as low as possible, assign it merely the duty of promoting the proprieties, decencies and honesties of life, and even on this lowest possible theory a sermon which can be described best as a "pleasing discourse," "a discourse that greatly pleased the people," is a very melancholy parody of the real business of preaching.—*Zion's Herald.*

HOME COURTESIES.—"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three that could be designated happy families; and the cause of trouble was not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it."

The closing words of this sentence give the fruitful source of family alienations of heartaches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home-circles.

Not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it. Not more than three happy families in twenty! and the cause so easily remedied! In the "small courtesies of life" what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated! Let us all think of it, and take the lesson home to our own lives.

**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. Fream, Independence, Va.

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6.40 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

**LEAVE GIBSON.**

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