

How Easy it is.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish work of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not
check!

Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck,
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessing we long had
sought,
The sudden loss of wealth or power—
And lo! the day is with ill invrought,

How easy it is to spoil a life!—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain,
Some good should come as the hours go
by;
Some tangled maze may be made more
plain,
Some lowering glance may be raised on
high,
And life is too short to spoil like this,
If only a prelude, it may be sweet;
Let us bind together its thread of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—Waltman.

Annual Sermon.

[The following is the Annual Sermon preached at the recent session of the N. S. Conference at Clark's Harbour, by Rev. T. H. Siddall.]

"O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord" Isaiah 2:5

Our first parents were of the light of the Lord. They walked into darkness, and by promise and token of His interest sought to win them back. Ever since He has been saying to the race "come ye".... into the light of the Lord. That light is the solution and meaning of life; and the text the explanation of the church. The words have a local meaning being addressed to the Seed Royal, of Promise, Covenant, and Blessing. But in the light of the Gospel, and the breadth of the divine word they can be applied; (1) to those of the household of faith, for the light of the Lord is ever more; and "He makes every stage an onward stage, and has since time begun"; (2) To those who have strayed from Him, and fallen back into darkness; (3) To them who "are afar off." To know God we are here. That is first and supreme of life. But what are the words to us "to little Benjamin," as one of the folds of the Master's great flock.

1. Our pathway "the light of the Lord," not a light but the light; and of the Lord. The Supreme, highest good in the totality of His being and relations to us; as revealed in Christ, who is "The way, the truth, and the life." "For" in Him was life and the life was the light of men. As "in Him all fulness dwells." He is the light. Reveals and expresses, makes known and bestows; interprets and gives, no other than, "the light of the Lord," all that light symbolises, set forth knowledge, life, grace, and blessedness are made known and found in Christ. And He is the head of the church—His body—in his light we see light.

There are essential features of His life as "the light of the Lord" to us, (1) He loved the Father as the chief good, by obedience not slavish but joyous, "I delight to do thy will," "I have kept thy word, not my will but thine be done." In union, concord, and therein is blessedness. It was an obedience the fruit of love. "To obey is better than sacrifice," no temporizing; no accommodation; no departure from a straight path. The will of God was Sovereign. So is it with us as a people. Pedo-baptism is of temporizing and an accommodation, bolstered up by doubtful tradition. (2) His look is the love of the Father, and a love of man. In sympathy with the pure and good, yet loving those out of the way. The Magdalen's, as well as those of "purple and fine linen." As Elder brother of the race loving each and all. "So loved" as to give Himself, "for us." His death declaring all are worth saving. His Gospel of, "whosoever will," unfolding the fact all may be saved. He came not to condemn the world, but to save the world. In his steps we tread. He who turned none away who honestly sought Him, refused to none as "the light of the Lord" the need of all Salvation. It is bad taste for favourites at the court to glory in favors bestowed and claim all privileges, belonging to others. The Queen is for all, and there are privileges for all. The reprobate

thing in the universe is sin; the one thing God hates is sin, not man, for, "All souls are mine," and the cross attests they are precious in His sight. So we believe and so we preach. A free, full salvation. The cross transcends the curse, none need perish, "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved." It was (3) a love of service, "I am as one that serveth, He that saved others, Himself He could not save," a service of active goodness, "who went about doing good," to all for all. Therein have we now the meaning of the Church, and of the Christian life. To be hands feet and voice in Christ, in service, to lose ourselves in Him; and find Him in others need, service in the truth, by the truth, He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street," He adopted no novelty to charm, even the great wonder worker refused to put forth power to satisfy the curious. By the truth in sympathizing came spiritual healing. "For the truth should make you free." To His apostles "go ye" and preach the gospel, was His command and they preached "the Word," and it was, "The power of God unto salvation." Theatrical attractions may gain eye and ear; singing not of the spiritual character of the Psalms may allure, but such means to us lessen dependence upon God ordained, God given, powers. The truth wins, the cross conquers, freedom in the truth is true liberty; freedom by the truth true life. "This is eternal life to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." "Seek ye the old paths, wherein is the good way and ye shall find rest to your souls." All in life indwelling life, the life of God, a new life, God's gift, uniting to Father, Son and Spirit; uniting to the body, the church, because united to the head, Christ, The Lord's church, with the Lord's ordinances. So building each other up, glorifying our head. Held by vital life, more than opinions the vital force of spiritual grace, folded by love, "who shall separate us from the love of God." In Christ complete, "who filleth all," and in all. Our life flowing out in love and sympathy. For we are His, born anew to do His will.

"Christians! think what ye inherit, Read the archives of your state; Jesus Christ is king by merit, Oh! be worthy and be great."

II. Our privilege "walk in"—the light of the Lord duty it is God and our need demand we should do it, privilege is of joy—gladness, duty, constrains, but love leaps forth, glad to will and do of His good pleasure. To sit still lost. To "walk in the light of the Lord" safety, "not to sit and sing ourselves away.

To everlasting bliss, but to move upward and on. The Jews said thought is the ideal of life, Christ said action. "He doeth etc." To be good is to do good. Being is doing, and doing is being. In the last century disputation, controversy was a marked feature of its history, until controversy exhausted itself.

This age is one essentially practical, and doing is our characteristic. The development of holiness in a service of love, putting the truth in daily life. Blending thought and action, in light and sweetness. Making Christ of his inner spirit the law and rule of christian life. All service being divine service prompted by a Divine motive. To walk denotes (1) activity. An idle christian is an uncomfortable "Woe unto them who are at ease in Zion." To keep is to give, "He that saveth his life shall love it." An idle church is a prey to the enemy. Bars down Garden destroyed. But what do we understand by activity? "Come apart and rest awhile," said the Master. There is the rest of preparation, of reflection, "the mending of nets." River not empty when the freshest has passed! There is the activity of nurturing, and maturing, as well as of awakening. High seasons of joy preceded by holy calms and tranquil rest, in patient well doing. Clearer perceptions, in the subdued light of "the cool of the day." A quiet holding on, holding fast. Is not that activity? Is religion a life not alone of varying feelings but of inward principles? Yes! then let it not be said we have no religion, there is now in the church except in welcome times of refreshing. There is strength in quietness and rest. In silent earnest meditation. The richest communions with God are yet alone, with, "thoughts too big for words," and feelings too deep for speech. Seasons of rest fruitful when swayed by the building spirit of God. Arise and build our need as ever to-day. Build from within and extend without, by the earnest preaching of God's word resting on the promise, "lo I am with you always unto the end of the world." Then (2) walking means progress. To go on, to grow. We

have a progressive world. All without and around us says, "every stage is an onward stage." We have a progressive word in which is revealed the formation and gradual development of the spiritual mind, types of spiritual character set in contrast. Abram did not reveal what Paul possessed, nor David what the apostle John rejoiced in. In the better of the word we have advance, in the spirit of the word progress. A steady gradual unfolding of the Divine mind, as age followed age. Yes! and in Him "who grew in wisdom," in the outshining of His inner nature the same law is revealed. Everywhere where God's hand is seen is written step by step—progress. "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth," ever building never completing is of the christian and the church, ever more, is the cry of our renewed soul's, when touched by the finger of God, and dwelling "in the light of the Lord." For united to God can it be otherwise? There is growth in Him who is our life, growth on tried lines, known lines of truth and holiness, what is truth? "Behold the man!" Behold Him in His inner spirit, in His sincerities, purity, love, obedience, sympathy, service. Behold Him in vision of soul—for the heart is the best interpreter—love sees light where reason oft fails. Progress by standing firm in beaten paths, holding fast to good given rights within the truth of the truth. Liberty is not of the less but more; ever widening to fuller day. All in love, "For now abideth forth hope and charity.... but the greatest of these is charity." Richness of soul will charity the intellect. Greater love our imperative need, not of self, nor of opinions but of Christ and of men. Charity in liberty, liberty not license, and graciousness in unity. So let us walk that our principles shall be a power, being indwelt by, "the light of the Lord." And, "men shall say they have light in their dwellings."

III. Our call, "O House of Jacob come ye let us," walk in the light of the Lord.

The small bells in the steeple are of the richest tone, and the small heres are the sweetest. So is it as to "O" and "come" of the Divine word, these small words, "O" and "come" express depth and intensity only in part expressed in the "drops of blood" of the Garden, and the mailed hands of the cross. To realize faintly the yearning solicitude of the Lord, cradle and home and the depths of parental experience alone can aid us, and that but imperfectly. The graciousness, forbearance, patience, gentleness of the Lord, transcends thought. But, oh! how blessed! how rich! truly, "God is wisdom, God is love," notice the call is, "let us" union here, all together, all along the line. Step out and on, what to do? "Lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes." "To arise and build." Make a highway for our God. To cast out and cast up. For what? that, "the king may be seen in His beauty," we are called (1) to love whole souled of the Lord in the Lord: (2) to faith the faith of belief and inner goodness. Faith in God, Christ and the Spirit, a faith unwavering and which grows being fed by knowledge and love. Faith in the truth as the truth the grace of life, and the strength of the church. Also (3) to repentance and confession, to go down that we may come up, and "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Then (4) to consecration. We have much talk about it, let us get the substance. In a complete surrender to God "in Christ," we shall have more than theory and opinion, we shall have a fuller richer life, as christians not a new life, but the "more abundantly," not for employment only as linked with use and service. Not to talk about it but to show it forth, in adoration, obedience, meekness and stronger sympathy with the Master in those around us. In the sweet persuasiveness of the Lord of life and glory. A consecration that lifts into the Spirit of Him, whose demand is life, ever life, in that charity that hopeth all things, endureth all things, and is not puffed up. And (5) it is a call to power, to endowment from Him who hath all power. The secret of all spiritual life, grace and beauty, and the secret of activity and progress. "It is by my spirit saith the Lord." Power by "the sword of the spirit," the truth. The word made spirit and life. The old truth made the spirit unto us "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." So real, so precious that, "the mind of Christ" shall be fuel and fire to us. Not the power that is fleeting of the momentary impulse, but that which lifts and takes hold of the whole inner nature, in deeper purposes, stronger resolves, purer aims, and higher exaltation, causing the claims of Christ to be clear-

er, and the hold upon Christ firmer in proportion and in wholeness. "A seeing of the invisible," within the inner sanctuary of the soul, in the ever growing light of the Lord. Imparting force to life and depth to character, and giving to the whole inner nature grace and beauty. Such power it is ours to possess and without it as christians we may have a name to live but we are dead. A power not not alone of times and seasons, but of the "Lo I am with you always." The ALWAYS, as constant, as the opening day. Possessing within the power of God, we shall be lead into a plain path, and into Divine Simplicities. Opinions will yield to the fulness of life and we shall know the secrets of the Lord. The Gospel message grows in power and sweetness as we get into the light of the Lord. Let us then listen to the call "come up higher," even into the light of the Lord. As a people rise and go forth, upwards and onwards and seek greater things for Him, who calls, "O House of Jacob come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

These African Martyrs.

There have been no martyrs who have shown themselves made of sterner stuff than Africans. It seems amazing to think of the transformation of superstitious, fetish barbarians into Christians in the brief space. Here are two instances given by the missionaries of Uganda, of negro martyrs, under Mwangi's cruel oppression. These are not of the first century, but of the latest, nor where Christianity has been long established, but where yesterday it was not. The story runs thus:

"Fred was an earnest Christian, whose life was a course of deep thankfulness to the missionaries. He had been zealous in teaching others and winning them to Christ. When the young converts were murdered he was standing by. The fierce chief who was executing Mwangi's commands turned to Fred and threatened to burn him and his whole family. Fred replied: 'Well, do so; I am a Christian, and I am not afraid.' After the execution he took Mr. Ashe, one of the missionaries, to visit the scene of the martyrdom. 'When we reached it,' says Mr. Ashe, 'he knelt with me and poured out his heart to God that he would bring his salvation to those in darkness.' Fred was warned to flee. He refused, and at last was taken, unmercifully clubbed to death and then hung into the flames.

"Roberto, another Christian, was a member of the native Church Council. He was engaged in holding prayers in his home with several lads, when the executioners suddenly appeared. All the lads save one bolted through the thin red wall of the house and escaped. Roberto remained. 'Do not be afraid that I will shoot you,' cried the Christian, 'come in and take me.' They bound him and took him with the young lad to the king. 'Do you read?' said Mwangi. 'Yes.' 'Take him and roast him,' was the summary sentence. The lad was sentenced at the same time, but was released on the payment of a ransom by his friends. Roberto was kept a few days in the stocks. Then one of his arms was cut off and roasted before his eyes; next a leg was cut off and burned; then the whole body was burned.

"After the massacre of the Christians the head executioner reported to the king that he had never killed men who showed such fortitude and endurance, and that they had prayed aloud to God in the fire."

Our Best Every Day.

Our best every day. Is this, asks the Christian at work, too much to demand of ourselves? Do we feel that it is too much of a strain to be always at concert pitch; that while we are willing now and then to do something tremendous, to put forth a spurt and make a spring forward, yet such an impulse cannot be expected of us every day?

Well, yes, perhaps that is just what we do think in our inmost hearts. We know that we are careless about details, that we do not put on our Sunday gowns on Saturday, nor wear our best go-to-meeting bonnets when we run into a neighbor's for a half-hour's chat in the twilight. We confess that we give way to transient fits of irritability, and succumb to the blues, when nobody is at home except John, dear old fellow! and nobody can be hurt by our little tempers and tempests except Susy and the children. Why, we wouldn't think of speaking to our partners in business, nor to the man next door, as we speak to our own wives and husbands at our own breakfast-tables, going off respectively to our home occupations or the cares of the office with a little sore spot in the heart which aches all day, or frets like a hair-shirt, all because self-control was not worth while, in our view, for just our own people.

The person who succeeds in life is the person who does not take that course. The truly lovable man or woman takes such pains to be always lovable that habit has become a second nature. The home manner is sweeter than the society manner. The gracious air is worn for the family circle as certainly and as easily as for the roomful of indifferent acquaintances. The company gown may be costlier than the home costume, but it shall not be neater, prettier or more becoming. The true wisdom is to be at one's best every day.

In a very suggestive little essay bearing the significant title, "Blessed be Drudgery," William C. Gannett says: "Drudgery," by which he means simply doing one's best, one's level best—pardon the slang—every time, "is the gray angel of success. Look at the leaders in the professions, the solid men in business, the master workmen who begin as poor boys and end by building a town to house their factory hands, they are drudges of the single aim—'One thing I do.' Mr. Maydole, the hammar-maker of Central New York, was an artist. 'Yes,' said he, 'I have made hammars for twenty-eight years.' 'Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammar by this time.' 'No, sir,' was the answer, 'I never made a pretty good hammar—I make the best hammar made in the United States.'"

If we have anything to do, it is worth while to do it in the best way. The editor is always on the *quiver* that the number on which he is now at work may surpass any number that he ever sent out in his life. The minister forgets the sermons of last week in his endeavor to preach straight into the souls of his people to-day. The pedestrian's anxiety is to beat his past record. The housekeeper is not content with having cleaned house last year. She is doing it over again now, and more thoroughly than ever.

If we are serving the Master, doing our best for Him every day. He will not say to us, sadly, "I have somewhat against you—you have left your first love." They do not leave their first love who every day do their best for Christ and humanity. Their words and ways and actions tell, tell for eternity.

Tempor at Home.

I have peered into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are neat and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead, and see that it is not so much wealth and learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station, as tone and temper, that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and God's grace make life what no teachers or accomplishments, or merits or society, can make it—the opening stage of an everlasting psalm; the fair beginning of an endless existence; the goodly, modest, well proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.—Dr John Hall.

Don't.

Don't look about you during prayer. It is an unseemly practice, as irrelevant as it is common. You will help the preacher better by looking straight at him. Don't sit with closed eyes or averted face. Don't grumble if the sermon is not first-class. Don't be too devotional when the collection is being taken. It is well to look upward, but not so intently as to miss the plate. Don't fail to speak a pleasant word to strangers before or after church. Kindness in the pew is as likely to win them as power in the pulpit. Don't stand dumb during the singing. If your voice is poor make the best of it; if the tune is new try to learn it; if familiar join heartily in it. Don't read hymn-book or Bible when you ought to be listening. Even when not interested, Christian courtesy will try to appear so, if only for others' sake.

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9.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.

2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.

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