

Death of a Good Woman.

The following, "AT THE GATE," was found among her selections:

I'm kneeling at the threshold,
Weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning,
For the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master
Shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence,
To the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled,
Mid darkness, storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden,
Struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking,
My toils will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold,
My hand is on the door,

Methinks I hear the voices
Of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine
Of the sinless land;
Oh, would that I were with them,
Amid their shining throng;
Singing in their worship,
Joining in their song!

The friends that started with me
Have entered long ago;
One by one they've left me
Struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph sooner run;
How lovingly they'll hail me
When my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels
That know no grief nor sin,
I see them by the portals
Prepared to let me in;
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn,
O Father, bid me rest!

Nashua, N. H., June, 1887. C. A. A.

Talking for Jesus.

BY REV. J. L. PHILLIPS, M. D., OF INDIANA.

How much we talk! How many hours of the day we are saying something! In all this stream of words how few there are that bear directly on the higher life, on matters that concern the soul, on the home above, how to reach it, and how to help others reach it, too. I by no means mean to say that there is no religious conversation save that on these direct lines I have cited. One may be talking for Christ as truly and as effectually on the street as in the church, in the counting-room as in a prayer-meeting, while doing business as while seeking to win a wandering prodigal. But it is of religious conversation, as such, either oral or written, that I am thinking now. Why is there so little of it? Why, in Christian circles even, does the quiet introduction of a religious topic bring a dreaded silence and a perceptible chill over the company? Do not people talk about what they like? And do not Christians like religion? Many times have I asked myself in America, in England, and in India, *Why is it? Must it be always so? Can it not be helped?*

A blessed mother in Israel, whom I met when last in New England, but whom the heavenly mansions have since received, taught me how naturally, and effectively too, a Christian can talk for his Master. In her quiet and modest way she talked much and to many of the Saviour's love, and her words were always like a balm and a blessing. Many will cherish her gentle words, so fitly spoken, now that she is with us no more, for they carried counsel and comfort to worn and weary pilgrims. One of our Santa Christians is another illustration of the right sort of religious conversation. He, too, has passed over to the other side, but all the time he was here all who knew him marked the ready mood for talking for his Lord that this converted jungle-man so admirably preserved.

An Englishman high up in Her Majesty's service comes to me as still another case in point, so naturally does he talk, and so winningly, too, of sacred things. But I have not known many such. On the other hand, I have heard men, bold enough elsewhere, speak of feeling timid when the conversation took a religious turn, and I have seen women, free to a fault in all worldly talk, grow suddenly dumb when approached upon a religious theme.

There must be a lack somewhere, and every true Christian should seek to supply it. If we love the kingdom of our Lord, we shall have more to say about it. A devoted bride talks freely, confidently, cordially, of him she is soon to marry. So should the Church speak often with genuine love, admiration, and delight of her Bridegroom and Lord. If the love be true and tender, the language for telling it will not be lacking. Every natural defect or drawback must give way to the promptings of gratitude. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak of God's grace and guidance, and such words always tell.

In these days of fashion and frivolity every disciple of Christ needs to pray very often that plain and prac-

tical prayer, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer." There should be far more of religious solemnity and sweetness in our common talk, and who can doubt that the more of Christ we have in our hearts the more of Him will there be on our lips? And the more of Him, too, will there appear in our letters. I wonder every day that Christians put so little of their holy religion into their letters. Amid the piles of letters I am receiving from men and women of all classes and many lands, I am finding little, very little indeed, by which I can pick out a believer's letter from those written by the careless, the ungodly. Should not the savor of the glorious gospel be found in every letter written by a Christian, distinguishing it from the mass of our letters that are merely friendly or kind or polite or pleasant or interesting? I do get letters that have this genuine savor of the gospel, and how they help and lift me! God bless the dear friends on both sides of the world who write them! Let us give Christ a better chance in all our talk, and in our letters too, and so help one another on the journey home.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The Mind that is in Jesus.

"Let this mind be in you," was Paul's message to the Philippians. He had just written them that they do nothing through strife or vainglory, but that in lowliness of mind each should count others better than himself. Look not, he says, every one on his own things, but each of you also to the things of others.

Paul goes on to say what this mind, this thought, this character of Christ was. The apostle's words as to this are very wonderful and very precious; they move us to tears of grateful love and tender contrition; they incite us to high and holy aspiration. "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." It makes this equality none the less a fact if we take the revised rendering and say, "He counted it not a thing to be grasped at." It was not Christ's way of proving his divinity to eagerly grasp at the power and glory of the Godhead. That would have been like man; it could not have been like Christ. He, though he was in the form of God—the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person—yet emptied himself—gave up the "form of God"—and took the form of a servant. He stooped to the lowliest condition. He was made in the likeness of men. He, the original man, the type of humanity, the first-born of every creature, became an individual man; instead of the form of God, took the likeness of men. The Head of the race became an individual member of it. The Lord of all became a servant. He who was the image after which man was created, became like the creature. Standing from the beginning in the closest spiritual relation to the human race, he now becomes partaker of their flesh and blood.

That it is possible for us to have the mind of Christ as thus described by Paul is hard to realize. It is possible to us only as we recognize Christ as the centre of all things; only as we come to his cross, and ask that we may have from him some measure of that spirit of self-sacrifice which he there manifested. Christ is exalted in order that he may bestow this upon his name and ask, we shall receive.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Be Not Discouraged.

Many are the reasons for cherishing a courageous spirit.

If we are sincere in our purpose, and in our desire to please God in all things, we may rest assured He will direct our steps. "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart," O thou believing, faithful soul.

If we really know that we are subjects of God's government—a government in which His love and faithfulness are pledged to defend us against all injury, and to help us in His service—then we have a reason for courage wherever we are or whatever we do for Him. Our personal weakness apart from Him is, then, not to be considered for one moment. Indeed, if we form the habit of thinking that "we are sufficient of ourselves," we right away destroy the true ground of spiritual courage. "Trust in the Lord, and lean not unto thine own understanding; O thou who art in thyself weaker than a 'bruised reed.'"

If we know that the Lord "delighteth in mercy"—when we return to Him with true penitence, having wandered into forbidden paths—then there is ground for courage. Has He not told us that this is His delight? The whole scope of revelation, and the penitential experiences of millions in all ages, assure us of His tender, for-

giving heart. Surely, "though heaven and earth shall pass away," this, His own word, "endureth forever." His joy, therefore, O tempted soul "Be strong, and of good courage." Thy God calleth thee, O wanderer. He is ever ready to "give good gifts" to them that ask.

If we know that "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," that the "word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void," what more do we need to inspire our hearts with courage? Success is pledged to such faith at the outset. This word is more than cold dogma, more than doubtful experiment, more than idle sentiment. This is "the word of the Lord," not for the talented and educated alone, but for the least and the weakest. Scatter these freely, O worker for the Master. Do all with courage. "Say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh harvest. Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

If we know that the toil and discipline of this life are only "for a moment, that our eternal reward is certain and will soon come, have we any ground for discouragement? O toiler in any vineyard, in the home or in the church, beneath shadows or amid sunshine, "give to the wind thy fears." The "eternal weight of glory" is just at hand. "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Bowed Heads During Prayer.

President Mark Hopkins used to teach his students that those who neglected the natural attitudes of prayer would soon lose also the spirit of prayer. In not a few of our Sunday-schools and congregations a large minority do not take any devotional attitude during prayer. But they cannot enter into the prayer and make it their own, while their heads are held upright and their eyes wander about the room. They reverse the Legend of Prague, and not the beleaguering army of demons, but the blessed angels of prayer.

"Fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away."

How can the heart be praying while the eyes, like the fool's thoughts, are wandering over the earth? It is not a question of forms and no forms, for we cannot worship except in some attitude and through some forms; but it is a question of the best forms. Ordinarily the best attitude for children during prayer is to close the eyes and bow the head. I have never been present in but three or four Sunday-schools where all took the position of devotion. Usually the school gives little appearance, as a whole, of taking part in the praying.

The cure lies almost entirely with the superintendent and teachers. If they set the example and press the matter upon their scholars' attention, patiently, continuously, there will be no difficulty in accomplishing this reform. I have often asked children in the Sunday-school why it was not as easy to bow their heads on Sunday as in the morning prayers at the day-school. There every pupil is reverent at least in form. Why should the Sunday-school act more irreverently than the day-school?—*Golden Rule.*

"Lead Us Not Into Temptation."

One of the most impressive spectacles that I ever saw is many a time present to my mind. I was a young student at College, not above 14 years old; not even quite that. On a week day one of the largest churches in the city where the college was placed was crowded with people. It was a very unusual service. A large platform was filled with the ministers of the Presbytery and of the neighborhood. They were to do something that had never been done before. They were to designate a group of young men to go from the Irish General Assembly as missionaries to Gujarat, in India. You can fancy how it impressed the people that had never seen a thing of the kind before. I sat, as it were, upon the end of that gallery, and I looked down; and I tell you, as I saw those young men kneel down upon the platform, and saw the Presbyters lay their hands together upon their heads, and then invoke the blessing of God Almighty upon them as they went into heathendom to preach the gospel—as a boy, I thought they were entering upon the most brilliant and noble career of which I could well conceive. And they went to India.

I suppose it was about twenty years after, when I was a minister myself in the capital of the country. I had a Bible-class in the lecture-room of the church every Saturday. I remember very well, on one gloomy, rainy Saturday, as I was conducting the class, the sexton came to me and

apologized for disturbing me, and said: "There is a man here, sir, that I don't know. He looks as if he had been a gentleman once, but he is very poor now, and I can't get rid of him. He says he must see you, and I was afraid to make any disturbance, and so I have come to you." I arranged for the class as well as I could for the little while that I was to be absent, and went out into the passage. There was a man with clothing that had once been respectable, speaking in such a way as to show that he had been well educated. It was a very rainy day; he had no overcoat, and he had that look of misery that you see upon a man dripping all over with rain. His shoes, I could see, had no stockings within them; they were broken in places, so clearly that one could see the naked feet. And he began to tell me that he had come to get a little money. "You don't know me," he said, and then he proceeded to tell me who he was—one of the young men on whom I had seen the hands of the Presbytery laid as he was sent forth to do the work of missions in India. He had been led into temptation; he had yielded to the temptation. And he had become a pitiable, helpless drunkard. It became necessary for the Presbytery to send him home. Charity had put forth its hand in his favor again and again, and there he was, a poor, wretched, despicable, hopeless tramp, begging like the coverless beggar in the streets.

Lead me not into temptation! Oh, young man, thinking within yourself, "I am so strong there is no fear about me," I tell you, you make the most dreadful mistake. The very fact that you think yourself strong opens up the way for the devil and his insidious attacks. Fling the temptations aside! Come to the Lord's side and pledge yourself to him and be his; and when you say, "Lead me not into temptation," move in the direction of your prayer, and God will give you the strength in which alone you shall be able to conquer the tempter. Then you will be delivered from evil, and then you will look up to God, not taking credit to yourself, not magnifying yourself, but saying, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."—*JOHN HALL.*

The Redeeming Mark.

Visitors to the British dock-yards tell us that all the official property of the head of the nation is marked with a "broad arrow" where that is possible. In the case of the ropes for the rigging of the vessels a scarlet strand running through each rope takes the place of the "broad arrow." A suggestive illustration surely. The redeeming mark will be upon the Christian's business transactions. In his dealings with his fellow-men he will endeavor to make his life an exponent of Christian principle. When the sun arises it gilds all things with its beams. It has no favorite, but floods the whole earth with light. So when the religion of the Lord Jesus comes into the life it should gild and illuminate the whole sphere of daily duty. John the Baptist taught this to the soldiers who came to him to be baptized; Christ said to Zaccheus, of Jericho, "This day is salvation come to this house," but this was not said until Zaccheus plainly showed that he comprehended that religion had something to do with his business affairs. Religion is certainly not a matter of mere words, or orators and rhetoricians might lay special claim to position in the kingdom of grace. Religion is a matter of deeds. God requires of us that we "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with our God." These three things cover broad ground. In the day of account the Master will say to those upon his right hand, "Inasmuch as ye did it," etc., while those upon his left hand will hear the sentence of condemnation because their lives failed to produce the deeds needed to substantiate their claims to a place among the elect.

Manliness of Preaching.

The preaching and teaching of Christian ministers in matters of religion should by all means be manly. It should be addressed to the understanding as well as to the feeling. It should not be merely sentimental. It should be grounded on facts, truths and reasons. It should thus be of a sort that will bear to be brought to the test of clear thinking, and of a sound, sober judgment. We do not mean, of course, that the feelings are not to be reached. They ought to be appealed to, and most powerfully. But we mean that the appeal should be reasonable: that is, strong, and genuinely and permanently effective.

It is due to the cause of religion itself that this should be so. The service of God is reasonable in the highest degree, and is the very end of reason. The truths and motives of religion are strong by the perfec-

tion of reason that is in them. And we do a wrong to the Christian faith if we fail to cause it to be seen in its real solidity and truthfulness. It is the habit of the ministry, in some good measure, to aim at this. But they may need encouragement in their purpose. And other Christians, as well as ministers, may well keep the same truths in mind. They tend toward thoroughness, and to a sure and a steady growth of Christian grace.—*Selected.*

Searching for Papa.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand, and asked where she was going.

"Down to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name?"

"What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature. The lady then tried to lead her along. "You had better come along with me. I guess you came this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back, I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa's, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

Without Fear.

A Christian lady, having passed through long years of suffering, left a private message to be read by her chosen friends after her departure. From this message we select the following tender words: "Surely, since Christ has died none who heartily strive to follow him and are 'accepted in the Beloved,' need fear any evil; and for those who are called up higher 'to be for ever with the Lord,' freed from all temptation and sin, sickness and sorrow, the truest gratitude should be given. All the surroundings and religious services ought to encourage and assist the view of their eternal gain. I wish the services to be full of Christ's power to comfort at all times, and my life referred to only as a proof of 'his all-sufficiency in all things.' I would wish all 'good-night until we meet in the morning.'"

My Business.

I feel that my business here is to make my soul fit for eternity, and my earthly tasks are but the means by which the blessed work of my salvation is to be effected. Not according to what I do here, but according to the spirit in which I do it, shall I be judged hereafter. Is there anything in this reflection that tends to weaken our zeal, prudence, industry, forecast, in the exercises of our earthly avocations? Our worldly things could be better done than they are, could we but view them only in their due relations to heavenly things; as children are best educated when they are accounted as children, and not treated with the state and ceremony and indulgence that rightfully belong to their nature.—*Sarah Coleridge.*

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 disheartened, discouraged and worn out 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 as 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 its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

THE TRIUMPHANT THREE.

"During three years suffering with dyspepsia I tried almost every known remedy but kept getting worse until I tried B. B. B. I had only used it three days when I felt better, three bottles completely cured me." W. Nichols, of Kendal, Ont.

GET THE BEST.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for cholera morbus, dysentery, sick stomach, cramps, cholera and cholera infantum that has yet been discovered. Its popularity is undimmed by age. All medicine dealers sell it.

Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poisoning, uncleanness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation, and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brien, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

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.

COSSITT'S
NEW MODEL
Buckeye Mowers
—AND—
Cossitt's Rakes.

Cossitt's New Model Buckeye Mowers and Cossitt's Rakes.

Cossitt's New Model Buckeye Mowers and Cossitt's Rakes.

Of which thousands are in use in this Province, will be sold by us this season at low prices, and on our usual favorable terms.

The recent heavy advance in iron duties will increase cost of Mowers and Rakes considerably, so this is without doubt the year to buy. The "Cossitt's" Buckeye has always taken the lead among Mowers, but has a great improvement in the way of a new tilt, on this year; which we would like all intending buyers to see. We have provided a big stock.

JOHNSTON & Co.,

Fredericton, Newcastle, Petitoctiac and local agents.

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT!
CHILDREN LIKE IT!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT,
BILIOUS DISORDERS,
ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

PATENT LEATHER DASHES.

60 PATENT Leather Dashes—all complete—ready to put on.
40 dozen Patent Whip Sockets;
100 Patent Buckle Loops;
1 case Axle Clips;
1 case King Bolts, Stump Joints, Couplings for shafts, Lining Nails and Step Bolts;
12 Sett Tumpkins' Waggon Gears.
Just received and for sale.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

BRUSHES. BRUSHES.

4 CASES BRUSHES—Whitewash, Paint, Kalsomine, Paste, Varnish, Hearth, Horse, Shoe, Flowing and other Brushes. Without a doubt the finest line ever offered before in this market. Both American and Canadian manufacture. Just received.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.