

The Sin of Omission.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heart ache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all to short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Family Worship.

The family is the most important of all human institutions. All other associations are voluntary, and more or less artificial in their structure and arrangements; but the family is a divine organization. All will admit that it is the divine purpose that the parents should guard and provide for their children. But as the spiritual and immortal are greater than the physical and mortal, God must have had the religious interests of the race supremely in view in the institution of the family. As Mercein forcibly says, "God made childhood for eternity." If this be true, the facilities and opportunities which the family relations afford should be faithfully and wisely used for the promotion of the religious interests of the family. There is a bond of unity in the common wants, joys and sorrows of the members of a family which makes their united confession, thanksgiving and supplication specially appropriate and obligatory.

Our attention was recently called to a little book of family prayers published in Glasgow fifty years ago. It has an introductory essay by Rev. John G. Lorimer, which contains some suggestive observations, worthy of being repeated and enforced. He pertinently points out that the whole population of the world is made up of families, and the separate parts are bound to aim at the general good of the whole, and how can this be so well attained as by the culture and diffusion of the social virtues; and what can be a better soil for these than the daily sacrifices of the family altar? In a word, make the families right and all will be right; for as the families are, so is the Church and the country. This thought derives additional force from the tendency to give prominence to other agencies and methods, and to underestimate the influence of home training and family religion. Is not the evangelistic work to be done by the Church made heavier and more difficult because of the guilty neglect of duty in so many homes?

It is claimed by Mr. Lorimer that, although there are not minute directions given in the Bible on this subject, there are general principles laid down, in harmony with the position which the family holds in human society. The Lord's Prayer is a family prayer intended for social worship. Abraham is commended for the care bestowed upon the religious instruction of his family. Moses enjoined upon the people of Israel the teaching of the statutes morning and evening to their children. Joshua resolved for his house, as well as for himself, that they would serve the Lord. The family worship of Cornelius was noticed and approved by God, and one of the prophets declares that God will pour out his displeasure "upon the families which call not upon his name."

The advantages of family worship are too apparent to require any elaborate arguments to enforce them. It may be a mere outward performance without life or interest. But where this duty is observed wisely and in a devout spirit it may be the means of great good. Family worship impresses the truths of religion upon the minds of servants and children, and strengthens their faith in God. It is adapted to deepen the sense of the obligation to acknowledge God and render him grateful worship. Such service also erects a barrier against all forms of wickedness inconsistent with such worship. It ought to be a means of direct personal blessing to those who take part in it. We should expect God to hear and answer the prayers offered at the family altar. Even

when no direct effect is visible, often the memory of a parent's prayers is a powerful means of leading a wandering child to God.

The writer of the essay quotes "Directions for family worship, approved by the General Assembly in 1647," which show the great importance which the Presbyterian Church of that day gave to this duty. One of these directions lays a special obligation on the pastor. It says: "The head of the family is to take care that none of the family withdraw himself from family worship. And seeing the ordinary performance of all the parts of family worship belongeth properly to the head of the family, the minister is to stir up such as are lazy and train up such as are weak, to aptness in these exercises."

There is no doubt that the family life is the most potent influence in moulding and forming the character of the young. They are largely what the home life makes them. We have sometimes feared that this truth is not as fully recognized in the families of our own Church as it ought to be. No activity in Sunday-school work or other forms of Church work, can make up for the neglect of parents, to make the home what God designed it should be—a nursery for the souls as well as for the bodies of children.

The Discipline Of Earthly Care.

Twenty years ago, a Christian friend in New England gave me a little tract written by Mrs. Stowe, on "Earthly Care." The reading of that little tract undoubtedly changed for the better my whole Christian life. I began immediately to believe that the "cares of life" were not given us by the Good Father to be a hindrance to the inner and truer life, but only as a heavenly discipline; that the cares and duties were only weights and counterpoises of the clock of time to make the pendulum have a more correct vibration and its hands a more steady motion; that instead of allowing them to become to us mere drudgery, and form into a pillar of cloud between ourselves and God, they could become a pillar of fire constantly illuminating the light of His countenance. I then accepted the fact that God was with his children in the minor as well as in the great events of life, and could be as near to us to help when the petty, every-day vexations press hard on weary mind and aching body, as when His hand was plainly seen in some great or terrible calamity.

This ever-present belief has been to me one of the greatest comforts of the Christian life. I learned in time to look for God's hand in all events of life and to go forward as though He was leading, feeling as sure of this fact as did Abram or David. It has done more to control the impatient spirit than all other influences brought to bear on a pious and an impulsive nature. It has given a comfort and a delight in prayer before unknown. I once prayed for what I thought I ought, but now I talk with God about the things that concern me most—what troubles and perplexes, or what gives me peace and joy. I have begun to hope that the time is not far distant when all my prayers will have more of praise and thanksgiving and less of beseeching and bringing to God of trouble, for if all things are working for my good, what have I to worry about?

I know this, that the constant under-current of little cares and worries that so wear upon the finer springs of every woman's life, has gradually grown less and less until it has at last wholly disappeared. I have called a halt many and many a time to examine myself to see if this could actually be a fact, but, try as hard as I can, I cannot call up one trouble to worry over. Instead, the very cares and perplexities of life have been a bond of union between my soul and God. Christ is no longer known as an abstract being who came to earth, but is the soul's real and most familiar friend, and this constantly looking up to Him for help and sympathy as I go forward in the life journey has changed my faith sometimes to sight.

My friends, who were earnest Christian women, used often to smile at my "simplicity," but of late years I find many a dear one who is also becoming "as a little child." Several years ago a friend who seldom had good servants in her kitchen and was much more perplexed and worried over the matter, questioned as to why I always had such efficient and reliable help. "I pray over the matter, just as you ought to do," I replied.

"You silly woman!" was her frank reply, "do you think the Lord takes the trouble to notice my kitchen affairs?"

"If He loves you He takes notice of what troubles you," I answered.

I should like to relate one instance in my own life, to prove this fact,

hoping it may help another burdened and perplexed soul:

At one time I was without help, and there came a day when I was too ill to longer do my own work. I threw myself on the lounge, after my husband had gone from dinner, and prayed to God as I would to a dear earthly father, knowing that if it was best, help could be sent. In about an hour my next neighbor, whose husband was a professor in a college, came in to tell me that a girl had come to her house on the noon train from a neighboring town to attend college, but her husband had persuaded her to wait until the next term, and the girl desired a home. Did I want her? She came that afternoon, proved to be just what I needed, and stayed until another girl came, who remained nearly six years.

In the last twenty years I have, in my heart, thanked Mrs. Stowe over and over again for the little tract that has helped me to look with a new meaning upon the cares of life. I am glad it came to me in my early life; that the belief of God's immediate care and agency in the smaller events of life has become the calm and settled habit of the soul, redeeming work from drudgery and emptiness, and making the everyday affairs of a quiet life full of deep meaning and Divine significance. —Chicago Advance.

Satisfied With Mystery.

When Dr. Payson was in great suffering during his last illness, he was asked whether he saw any reason why his pain was so intense. "No," he replied, "but I am just as well satisfied as though I saw ten thousand reasons for it."

This is only an illustration of that divine support which is freely promised to every humble, patient, and trusting Christian in the hour of extreme need. He who supposes that such strength is given only at the close of life, has not yet come to see the greatness of the privilege. Many a time, in the trying ordeals to which all are exposed, it is equally important to have this quiet repose in our own heavenly Father's love, without demanding to know the reasons for His special dealings with us. The clouds of mystery are thick and lowering; every attempt on our own part to find a solution fails; every word of human sympathy shows the insufficiency of such help. Nothing, absolutely nothing, furnishes satisfactory relief, but the ability to submit all distressing problems to God without secret questioning, and in the firm faith that He seeks our highest good. Such is the believer's privilege. Thousands are permitted joyfully to bear testimony to such rest, even while impenetrable darkness conceals the divine purposes. "He restoreth my soul," is the psalmist's rich experience, even when the shadows of death were in full view, and the machinations of bitter enemies threatened his peace.

When we examine in the true spirit the grounds of such confidence, we can but see its absolute reasonableness. Is it not in the character of God to guard with the utmost tenderness and fidelity all the interests of His children? Will it make any possible difference in His love or keeping power that we should plainly know the reasons of his providential ordering? Who for one moment can suppose that He is nearer to those who see, or think they see, than to those who, walking simply by faith, are content to demand nothing? Let us settle it forever that our Father does nothing, permits nothing foreign to the advantage of His weary, struggling, loving children. Established in this faith, it is of little real value to us to have an explanation of His conduct. If He choose to grant this, well. If He deem it best to withdraw Himself from us in this respect, it is equally well. To be satisfied with mystery is a mark of wisdom as it is an evidence of our regenerated life.

But this is not all. Contentment just here ministers to the soul's highest development. Spiritual growth is made sure when the soul comes to accept God's concealments with prompt cheerfulness. It is human questioning that destroys spiritual insight, corrupts faith, and removes our peace. Prayer is chilled by it; the ample effusion of the Holy Spirit is arrested by it and the way is opened for the assaults of the adversary by it.

There is one other fact that, in these days of doctrinal unrest, should not be overlooked. The quiet, sincere exemplification of this experience is the best answer to all forms of human doubt. That father who, at the removal from earth of his cultured and promising son, could say amid blind tears: "I cannot explain why, but I know my heavenly Father is just and loving and true," gave an irresistible demonstration of the power and genuineness of Christian doctrine. All

hearts, even the most skeptical, must be subdued in such a presence. The conviction forces itself upon the most reckless and obdurate, that a belief capable of producing such effects must partake of the supernatural.

This seems to be one of God's chosen methods by which subtle and spurious objections to vital godliness are vanquished. To feel that one may thus be made instrumental in advancing Christ's kingdom does much to assuage grief. There is something in the practical endurance of adversity that honors the moral administration under which we live—that is, if it be the heroic endurance of Christian faith, and to know that God thus uses us is our highest joy.

"Fearest sometimes that thy Father Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not!
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears."

"Therefore, what's'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
God alway:
Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake;
Sweetly bending to His will
Lying still."

"To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength,
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length.
Meekest lambs have largest share
Of the tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, 'When?' or 'How?'
Only bow!"

How Can We Love Our Enemies?

In my early Christian life this question greatly troubled me, as I doubt not it does many conscientious young Christians to-day. Some think of it as a part of a "higher life" which only a few Christians are ever expected to attain. Others think it impracticable,—something that no one but Christ ever did or ever will do. How can one love his enemies as he loves his friends and his God?

The difficulty is at least diminished by distinguishing three different kinds of Christian love: First, the love of esteem, that looks up,—the love which we feel toward God; second, the love of sympathy, that looks straight out,—the love with which we love congenial fellow Christians; third, the love of compassion, that looks down in tender pity, rather than contempt or hatred, on all we think to be in the wrong, including not only the corrupt but all we dislike or count as enemies.

This last is the most distinctive "Christian love,"—"the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit," making us love the unlovely, making us love others as God loved us; because every human being is a son of God, however wayward; because each human being is a brother or sister of Christ, for whom He died; because every human being is also an immortal being; because every one who wrongs another wrongs himself still more, and so is to be pitied and saved rather than despised or hated.

There is little credit in the love of esteem, in loving the altogether lovely; or in the love of sympathy—"if ye love them that love you what reward have ye?"

The only form of love that proves us Christians, with new hearts that love like God, is the love of compassion, that loves according to needs, not according to merits.

It is this love that Paul pictures in that wonderful thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—the love that "suffers long and is good-natured," that is greater than faith or hope. He who lacks it may have begun to be a Christian in the will, but he is not a Christian at heart. It was this love that opened heaven to Stephen. It opens to no other key. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." —Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Make It Right.

There are few persons who are not conscious of having wronged their fellow men. They may dispute it, or deny it; but they know that it is true, nevertheless. The question then arises, What should be done? There are many who know the wrong, but will not admit it; there are others still who both know and admit the wrong, but who take no steps toward repairing the mischief they have wrought, or undoing the wrong which they have done.

Strictly speaking, the wrong act done can never be undone; the wrong word said can not be unsaid; but no man who has been guilty of wrong should rest satisfied until he has done his utmost to make suitable reparation.

If he has wronged his neighbor pecuniarily, let him make restitution, not in scripped and scanty measure, but liberally, heartily and ungrudgingly. Let him restore four-fold. If he has said wrong things, let him prompt-

ly and openly recall them. Let his apologies be as distinct and hearty as his accusations have been. Let him in a manly and Christian way, so far as in him lies, remove all occasion of grievance. Let him see to it that the false impressions he has given be corrected, that the slanders which he has uttered be recalled. Thus, and thus only, can he win back the love he has forfeited, and hope to receive the blessing of the Lord whom he has offended.

Alone With God.

In every instance the man who prevails in prayer is the man who is alone as he prays with God. Abraham leaves Sarah behind when he pleads with Him for Sodom; and if he fails, it is because he ceases to ask before God ceases to grant. Moses is by himself beside the bush in the wilderness. Joshua is alone when Christ comes to him as an armed man. Gideon and Jephthah are by themselves when commissioned to save Israel. Once does Elijah raise a child from the dead, and Elisha does the same, and in each case not even the mothers came in while the prophet, alone with God, asks and receives. So of Ezekiel, so of Daniel.

Although others are present, Saul journeying to Damascus is alone with Christ, after that he breaks upon him. Cornelius is praying by himself when the angel flashes upon his solitude; nor is any one with Peter upon the housetop when he is preparing to go to the Gentiles for the first time. One John is alone in the wilderness; another John is by himself in Patmos when nearest God. It is when alone under his fig-tree in prayer that Jesus sees Nathanael. All religious biography our own closest communion and success with God, show what Christ means when, as if it were the only way to pray, He says: "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." —The Rev. William M. Barker.

Religion And Business.

It is possible to put into one's counting and going, into one's doing, a glow of reverence for God, and to make it evident in every transaction that one is trying to be obedient to the Divine will. Men may be strictly honest—true in speech and all that—and yet be worldly. How often one hears the remark that business is business. Very true. But business may be more than business; it may be a means of grace. It may be, and ought to be, a school in which the soul grows in gratitude, in patience, in faith, in love, and in all the qualities through which a soul comes into fitness to fellowship now and evermore with the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a pitiable sight to see a man hard and cold in his business life, as though this were a great section of his existence in which there is no possibility of cultivating religious principle and having the grace of God. It is a refreshing sight to see a man living in the world and doing with his might what his hand finds to do, and yet doing all in this spirit of loyalty to the Master. —Advance.

Household And Farm.

The water in which codfish has been soaked is very good for washing the zinc under the stove.

Bath room accessories may be simple or elegant, but plenty of water and soap are within the reach of all.

To cure warts, take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.—For a sore throat, cut a slice of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly and tie to the throat with a flannel cloth.

When stung by a bee or wasp, make paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth. For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag rung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest gives the greatest relief. When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better. For a cough, boil one ounce of flax seed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible. Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this, beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating. For a burn or scald make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken, apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief as it keeps the air from the flesh.

Pimples, Boils,

And Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years. —Geo. Scales, Plainville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face, also, with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a cure.

A Perfect Cure, and I have not been troubled since. —T. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored. —John R. Elkins, Editor Stanley Observer, Albemarle, N. C.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blisters. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world. —Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

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6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate point, and for Adam Junction and Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.
11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and all points East.
3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John, and all points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

8.55 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, and Woodstock.
7.25 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points north.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
5.55 P. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

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