

## Longing.

BY HADDIE WISE ANDRES.

Teach me the way, O Lord,  
My footsteps long to go!  
O, let my tired heart hear  
Thy whisper soft and low.

It matters not how rough  
And drear the path to me;  
If thou my dearest friend  
And heavenly guide will be.

Rest, Lord, is all I crave,  
From fear, from strife, from sin,  
Not from the journey long,  
But from the pain within!

Then teach me how to trust,  
To hope, to wait and pray,  
Until my glad heart cries,  
Christ is with me all the way!

## Encouragements.

It has been farthest from our mind, in writing of the obstacles, difficulties and discouragements in the pathway of the young christian, to discourage him or to make the way seem unduly difficult. Our thought has been to prepare him against surprises and to nerve him for the battle and show him the way to the goal. This is done, not indeed by pointing out his difficulties alone, but also by showing him that great as may be the difficulties in his pathway, his encouragements are greater.

A good general tells his troops what they may expect in the battle; warns them against surprises; and prepares them for hardships; but then he does not fail to encourage them by reminding them of the greatness of the cause in which they fight, the magnificence of the victory which awaits them; and then appeals to their own courage, patriotism and powers. He will also remind them that the eyes of their countrymen are upon them, and that their general looks on from afar and expects great things of them. Thus he fires their enthusiasm and stimulates all their courage and endurance. Every soldier listened to more than one address framed on that plan during the war, and under such impulse we have known a corps of soldiers, in which there were not a few raw recruits, to spring to the battle with an impetuous enthusiasm which carried everything before them.

In like manner the Captain of our salvation speaks to us. He tells us of our enemy the Devil, and his faithful allies, the world and the flesh; he tells us of the world's hatred; of the deceitfulness of our own hearts; of tribulations which await us; of false brethren crept in unawares—wolves in sheep's clothing—of false teachers; of false Christs; of efforts to deceive and take captive by stratagem; of perilous times; of scoffers and mockers; and of all manner of enemies, both within and without, who will seek to draw us away from our confidence and allegiance. Therefore he bids us buckle on the whole armor of God and go forth prepared to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

Among the most beautiful and cheering words in the Scripture, written for our encouragement, is that one which says: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." To one thought in this passage we would call the attention of the young Christian, for his encouragement. No doubt the great cloud of witnesses here referred to is that long line of heroes of faith mentioned in the preceding chapter, the eleventh of Hebrews; and the writer of that epistle had in mind those ancient champions of faith of whom the world was not worthy, and who were then and are now holding the New Testament saints in full survey. But we think there is a deeper thought in his somewhat mixed metaphor. These witnesses were not only onlookers, who sat in the amphitheater of Heaven holding us in full survey and whose eager and sympathetic gaze serves to stimulate and encourage, but they were witnesses in the sense of being "testifiers." They were men and women of faith, who since the days of Abel had run the race and fought the battle of faith successfully, and were now set down with Jesus Christ, having left us their testimony to the goodness of the way and to its entire practicability. It is as though the inspired writer had said to us: "The way may be difficult and long, and cumbered with many dangers and difficulties, but you see, my brethren, that it has been run before you by men of like passions and infirmities, and these all, like a great cloud for multitude, testify to you that it can be done; therefore be not discouraged, but press on and join that multitude who are waiting until the last of God's saints get home, when he will give to them and to you that better thing which he has provided for us, that they

without us should not be made perfect" (Heb. xi, 40). Let us then look to this single fact for encouragement.

This race of faith, notwithstanding all its difficulties and the necessity of great strength and endurance, has been run by others before us, and so, first of all, it has been demonstrated as a possible way. What has been done may be and can be done again. Besides, we observe that these witnesses ran the race of faith in spite of many more difficulties than beset us.

To the earliest of them the way was a new way. Not only was it new to them as it is to us, but they had to begin and run the race without the advantage of the testimony of others who had gone before them. Abel had to break out of the way of nature and draw "high to God by faith in the matter of his offering, which was more acceptable than that of Cain; Enoch had to take a solitary way and walk with God in circumstances which were not only unparalleled in the past, but since his time; Noah had to act in circumstances which had never before confronted man; Abraham had to start out on his walk of faith, leaving and forsaking home and family as never man before was called on to do, and was bidden to climb steep slopes of difficulty which never before or since have confronted man; Moses was called upon to make a decision for God and start on his race in the face of temptations and obstacles which might well deter and appall any man. Others had to go on their way in the face of fire and flood, wild beasts and death in most appalling forms. Yet all these succeeded in running the race successfully, surmounting every difficulty, passing every obstacle and overcoming every enemy that disputed the way with them or lurked on their flank to destroy them. Surely, if without the experience of others to guide them and in the face of difficulties which were new to each of them these succeeded, we may venture to run with the good hope, nay, with certain confidence of succeeding. Their witness is not only worth much to us, but it fills us with confidence.

But again, these ancient witnesses, whose testimony is given to cheer us, ran their race in a time of comparative darkness. Their knowledge of God and of all the facts of the spiritual and unseen world was infinitesimal compared with ours. The revelation of God in their day was fragmentary and communicated by the mouths of prophets and wise men who spoke oftentimes with great vagueness. The world to come whereof they spoke was but dimly outlined, whereas we are living in the noonday of revelation. God has spoken to us by his Son whom he has sent to guide us and go before us in the way, giving us the Holy Ghost with a fulness of light and blessing that leave us wanting nothing in the way of knowledge, light or strength. Let us then run with patience, hope and confidence the race set before us.—Independent.

## A Story Of Frederick.

There is no exaggeration in stating that the Emperor of Germany was the best ideal of all that is finest, noblest, and best in the German race.

"A tall, handsome, noble-looking man, with an elegant figure, light brown hair, and a straw-colored beard with a most chivalrous and yet somewhat grave courtesy and a dignified manner,"—a Teuton, in fact, such as Tacitus describes,—this is the portrait which the Empress Eugenie draws of him when writing to her friend, Countess Walewski. And certainly all Englishmen who remember him in the recent Jubilee procession must have recalled the figure of Lohengrin. His name, his appearance, and his character are famous throughout the world. They are as familiar in Japan and China as in America and Europe. No breath of scandal has ever tarnished his fair fame, either as officer, gentleman, or citizen.

Innumerable anecdotes, sufficient indeed to fill volumes, are extant with regard to his conduct toward his inferiors, showing his kindness of heart and consideration for others. The difficulty is to make a selection of those at my disposal.

Probably the prettiest one is that of the schoolmaster at Bornstedt, a little village on his own estate near Potsdam.

When he was crown prince, he was one day passing the village school-house, when he stopped, made his way into the class-room, sat down, and began to listen attentively to the lessons.

Suddenly a telegraph messenger appeared, handing the teacher a despatch announcing that his mother was dangerously ill and wished to see him before her death.

The crown prince, noticing the master's blanched face, immediately inquired what was the matter, and, on hearing the fact, bade the poor man

hasten to the dying mother's bedside, saying that he himself would look after the school until arrangements could be made for obtaining a substitute during the master's absence.

Accordingly, for more than two hours the crown prince took sole charge of the school, rapping the idle good-humoredly over the knuckles and rewarding the diligent, until the arrival of the village parson for the purpose of holding his weekly Bible-class.

By the afternoon a substitute had been found, but the prince continued to superintend matters, personally, with the strictest industry until the regular master returned after the funeral of his mother.—Time.

## That Golden Opportunity.

Our friend appeared one bright spring day upon the street for the first time after months of tedious, dangerous illness. Our impulse was to grasp his hand and express thanks-giving to God for signs of recovery. He might have responded. That friendly word might have served to dissipate some doubt in his mind—possibly some prejudice against Christianity. His soul might have been saved through a single word of ours, spoken just then and there.

But some strange misgiving suppressed that rising impulse. We cannot tell why it should. Why did we speak only of the bright morning; of our interest in his final recovery; and make no reference to the tender Father who holds in his hand our destiny? Surely that was a golden opportunity offered us, an opportunity which innumerable angels might well have coveted at that very moment.

We passed quickly on to meet life's duty elsewhere. We saw him no more. The promise of health proved illusive. Within a few brief hours the end came. He died without that word of blessing which, only a little before, we might have spoken.

Such is life—a life weighted with its many responsibilities. In view of our omissions, who does not need the pity and forgiving mercy of God? Where would the soul, conscious of its daily deficiencies, find rest, were there no sacrificial offering made in our behalf, no precious blood to plead? Can it be possible that any one may become so deluded as not to see the necessity of Christ's merit from moment to moment? In Him is salvation; apart from Him condemnation, and the utter removal of all grounds of hope.

It is sometimes well for the Christian thus to feel the keen sword thrust by the hand of God, "piercing even to the dividing of the soul and spirit." How else will he come to realize his constant need of his Saviour? He is very prone to trust in the work already begun, and to say, with an unwarranted self-confidence, "God has wrought a good work within me." True, he may have done all this. True, it may be, he would sooner die than deny his Lord and Master; it may be that the thought of sinning against Him causes a genuine revolt of his whole being.

What then? Is he not still liable to commit sins of omission? Does he always and in every thing discharge his whole duty? Is there no deficiency? If there is, how does he know that a single inattention or failure on his part may not tend to disaster both to himself and to others? And so it comes to pass that he is taught constantly to say, "Without Me ye can do nothing."

We know a cold, unenlightened philosophy will pronounce this style of living not only unnatural, but oppressive. This utter dependence upon Christ is said to be against the highest development of human personality. But what are all our notions of development when opposed to God's single statement: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted?" To learn what this means is to find out one of the eternal principles governing all true development of human character. The best life is that which is strong, not in its own independence, but in that which is through the liberty of the Gospel. Here there is no restraint, no weary days of mourning, on account of sins of omission or commission. Joy is here, even the gladness which can say: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."—Chris. Advocate.

## What They Both Thought.

It was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door, to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-bye," he called out. There came from somewhere upstairs, through the half-open door, a feminine voice, "Good-bye;" then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorless with the foretokens of coming life and musical with the songs of the nest-builders. But there

was no song in his heart, no spring hope and light in his life, as he took the reins out of his groom's hand, and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Go on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house, this is what he thought:

"If I had been a guest, Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have had a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot, and my toast browned. And I should have had at least a parting shake of the hand, and a hope expressed that I would come again. But I am only her husband!"

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before her glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready:

"I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way with a careless 'Good-bye' tossed up stairs. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-bye, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask if I were sick. He is a perfect gentleman to every one but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. Well! well! I mustn't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me, after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it."

And so with a heavy heart she went to her work. And the April sun laughed in at the open window, and the birds chirped cheer to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckonings to her in vain; all for want of that one farewell kiss.

Oh! husbands and wives, will you never learn that love often dies of slightest wounds; that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband; that life is made up of little things, and that oftentimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong?—Chris. Union.

## Lonely Laborers.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and Magazines, which describe their labors and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in the country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday-school; nothing striking in her or her class, nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blossoms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work; never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone; for God, the eternal one, who guides the marches of the stars is with you.—C. H. Spurgeon.

## Five Hundred Converts At Once.

The pastor of a church in Scotland said: "At the town of Kirk O'Shott's, the minister who was to preach the communion sermon there thought to himself, 'How unfit I am to preach; I shall not go. There will be people gathered from all parts of the country to hear the gospel, and there will be present older and more experienced ministers than I, how much better they would deliver the Master's message, and if I do not go, some experienced pastor will break the bread of life to the people.' He rose from his knees, saying, 'I shall not go.' Just then the word of the prophet came to him, 'Have I ever been a dry place or a wilderness to thee?' He stopped, and, turning, said, 'No, Lord; thou hast never been a wilderness or a dry place to my soul. I will

go in the strength of the Lord.' And he did go, trusting in Him who is the strength of the weak. That day, at the communion service, over 500 souls gave themselves to Christ, passing from darkness into the marvelous light of his kingdom. It is the weak things of this world that God uses to confound the strong, and a weak though trusting servant is one that can be made mighty for the purpose of God."—Chris. Herald.

## Not So Bad.

Don't think you have more trouble than your neighbors. It is not so. All are more or less perplexed and worried. And yet our blessings outnumber a thousand-fold the crosses and disappointments of life. When in trouble we are apt to forget the abundant favors bestowed upon us from God. We have health. Should we not be thankful for this? We have the comforts bestowed by Heaven every day. Should those be forgotten when a cloud happens to darken our prospects? We have more friends than we have lost, more money than we deserve, and a thousand sources of pleasure are continually opening before us; and yet we are often sad. A wrinkle is on our foreheads, and an incubus is pressing on our hearts. How unwise and foolish to let the petty annoyances of the day so disturb us, that we fret and repine and contribute largely to the discomforts and sorrow of all with whom we come in contact.—Religious Herald.

## A Kind Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind voice is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work, and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and griefs, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.—Ellen Burritt.

## The Noble Art Of Self-Defense.

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defense?" a religiously-inclined youth inquired of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister; "I learnt it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! did you learn the old English system, or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system."

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I know."

## RANDOM READINGS.

The best mind cure is to make up one's mind to be contented.

The talent of success is doing nothing more than you can do well without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

It is a sign that we shall prevail in our prayers, when the Spirit of God moves us to pray with a confidence and a holy security of receiving what we ask.—Cassian.

The sunshine illumines and warms us and makes all that is about us beautiful. And the beauty pleases us because we are ourselves made cheerful and comfortable by that which produces it.

As plants rooted to the earth use their strength thus drawn to lift their heads toward the sun, so should men use their earth-gained strength to lift their hearts and heads toward the Sun of Righteousness.

When we meet with little vexations incidents of life by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it will prevent many painful sensations if we only consider how insignificant this will appear twelve months hence.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles Kingsley.

A man is a great bundle of tools. He is born into this life without the knowledge of how to use them. Education is the process of learning their use, and troubles are God's whetstones with which to keep them sharp.—H. W. Beecher.

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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 FREDERICKTON.

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.

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