

The Final Triumph.

Thus done, the word's long night is o'er,
At last is reached the long'd for shore;
Life's transient tale is told:
The Crystal City bursts on sight,
With gates of pearl and sapphire bright,
And streets of purest gold!

One throne each sainted bosom fires,
The thunder of the myriad choirs
The anthem peals prolong;
No wearied frame, no languid eye,
Suspend the swelling minstrelsy
Of the exultant throng.

See! more than conquerors they stand,
Clothed in white robes; in every hand
Waves the triumphal palm;
Down at his feet each crown is flung,
And onward rolls from tongue to tongue,
"Salvation to the Lamb!"

"Blessing and glory, might and power,
Ascribe to Him for evermore,
Ye countless hosts of heaven;
Unto the Lamb who once was slain,
Who through eternal years shall reign,
Immortal praise be given!"

—Dr. J. R. Macduff.

What Have we for Missions?

BY MRS. E. P. FARNHAM.

Shall we put this question to ourselves or shall we think it meant for others? Do we again need a long argument to prove to us the oft-demonstrated necessity of missions? Do we need that again the cry from Macedonia be rung in our ears? Do we need to be told again of the mournfully hopeless Eastern religions which may well incite the mother to say to her babe on its birthday, "Child, thou wast born into the world to suffer, endure and hold thy peace?" Must all these things be again struck from the anvil of some burning heart, before we will concern ourselves with the question, "Is my aid necessary?" Too many there are who lightly answer the question, "Have I myself to give?" and feel their duty done. Shall we not all thoughtfully consider this matter for a little—"What have we for missions?"

First, mission work needs consecrated lives laid in the hand of the Lord for his service. But then, you say, all Christian lives should be such. Even so, they should be; and from his vast army in civilized lands the Master makes his choice of the few for mission service and makes it known to the chosen. But shall not each of the thousands who have their work on their own native soil drop a plummet deep into the heart and life to measure the capacity for helping these souls of fire whom the Lord sends to lighten the black sorrow of life among other of his children? Talking candidly, each one with her own heart, has many a reason which the Lord will accept for withholding from this part of his service her sympathy, her prayers, her money, her influence? Our sympathy with the missionary's peculiar trials is like the good Samaritan's oil and wine. The earnest prayer for God's help, comfort and encouragement to abide with his far-away laborers brings to them many a blessing. Our life has its good work to do, be it larger or smaller. I fear we sometimes forget that the widow's mite was not the least she could give but the utmost. And each of us can wield a greater or less influence in advancing interest in mission work. These are the powerful aids we can give. Do we all give them?

What are the reasons, acknowledged and unacknowledged, that so many Christians withhold these helps from missions?

First, because of the mistaken notion that the small effort of the individual is useless, lost. They forget the tiny cells of the coral. They forget that the perfect statue is the result of numberless chippings. They forget the story of the lichen of the Nile, that at the age of three hundred years bewailed its uselessness. Said an older lichen, "When you are five hundred years old you will loosen one atom of rock. This grain of sand will fall into the Nile, will be carried on with the work of myriads of other lichens, and the valley will be blessed by you. I am a thousand years old. I have rolled down three grains of sand. I have done all I could. I am content." And the young lichen was satisfied to do its small best. But one says: "My effort is smaller than the lichen's grain of sand. The sympathy of a saint, not of my small heart, the prayer of an inspired apostle, not mine in my closet, an offering from the treasury of wealth, not from my well-worn purse, the influence of the eloquent, not my two words to a neighbor—these united will do the Lord's work. I and mine are too weak, too insignificant, to be useful in the least." All this is not humility. "The greenness of a field comes not from trees, but from blades of grass. All this is a lack of willingness to be, perhaps, the humblest instrument in the hands of the Lord, a lack of willingness to know that our best service, while acceptable and necessary,

is but a handbreadth. It savors too much of the spirit of the subject who would serve his king if he had the ability to lead his army, but who will not give the only service of which he is capable, that of an unknown, faithful common soldier. It is not the spirit of her who sings:

"Thou' he make me a stone in his pavement,
To be worn by the worshipers' feet,
Even thus with joy will I serve him,
And the temple shall be complete."

Another reason for the withholding of what we can give to missions—because of selfish absorption in one's own little world. We have each our individual duties, her home life, cares greater or cares less, prayers to offer for those nearest to us, anxieties, perplexities, lives full of burdens, perhaps, great as we forgot others, small if we compare them—"You in your little corner and I in mine." But we need not hold our faces down in our corner. The spot where we sit and weave our lives should be to us an owl tower, whence, like Frau Himmelhaut, we can see far and wide. Our homes and small interests should not be held so closely to our eyes as to put all beyond in eclipse. Life is not too short for each of us to find the moments when we can turn aside from all things that speak of us and ours, to fasten our brick in the edifice God is building to raise men above the final flood of his wrath. Life is not so long that we may waste it in continued contemplation of our own ineffable selves, leaving God's work for a later time, which will, perhaps, never come to us, or which when it does come will be laden with regrets. Alas! "Ourselves!" "they are like children, and thrive under a little wholesome neglect," though of it we are very chary. "Our own!" There is a fascination in the words. Why not make this great work in part our own, by giving to it, as we each can, of these things which we possess?

Again, another reason for the withholding of these things is—an habitual neglect of the claims of this part of God's work, due to ignorance of it. Many there are, susceptible, easily moved; many there are, calm minded, weighing carefully and conscientiously facts that are presented to them, who have no interest and take no part in this matter, and because of ignorance. Not ignorance of the existence of missions, but of detail. "What is mission work?" is asked of such, and the answer comes promptly, "Evangelization of the heathen." It seems to show knowledge, but the vague idea, back of the words, is of some huge bulk, lifeless, shapeless, thrown upon the world, that in some way remains a fact, instead of a body, acutely alive in every nerve and muscle, accomplishing results and dependent on you and me for its life. Knowledge of detail, of the daily life of the missionary, of his care and sorrow, of his discouragement and distress, of his joy and courage and exercised faith in the Lord—knowledge of the heathen whom he serves, minute knowledge of their peculiar surroundings, of their ancient, tyrannical religions, of their mental and moral status—is what is needed to rouse these hearts; and missionary intelligence is sufficiently abundant, public effort is often made to meet this need, yet many and many habitually neglecting these means of information and incentive, pass blindly, dreamily holding some vague, familiar, totally incorrect idea of missions.

Discouraging as this may be, there is yet one more reason why some among professedly Christian women do not their individual work for missions; some with open eyes refuse their aid, withhold even two pennies a week, neglect the missionary meeting, sympathize with no forward movement, give only the discouragement of indifference. A reason there is, yet sadder. It is wilful neglect, wilful putting aside of mission claims. But how can any one, you ask, cognizant of facts, ignore the appeals which come to her directly and indirectly? You cannot answer. Neither can you answer another question, Why do so many professed disciples of the Lord live day after day, and year after year, comfortably or uncomfortably cherishing a hope of personal salvation, and yet making no effort to open the closed and darkened hearts around them to the radiant Light of the World, hearts whom they meet daily, perhaps, whom they call by dear and loving names, perhaps, and yet no word, no prayer, for their eternal welfare. Why? Can you tell? They give excuses more or less brittle. Is not the heart-truth this—that they simply do not choose? Are not their consciences heavily wrapped in mantles of selfishness and rocked to drowsiness on cushions of self-gratification?

What is to be done for us by ourselves? We know what can be done for us by God. Shall we ask him with

a child's faith? Do we doubt that God answers prayer? Are we praying for each other? Do we pray enough, earnestly enough that a true missionary spirit be given, a desire to sacrifice for the eternal good of others, or of another only? And do we realize, although we cannot reckon results after that fashion, that the saving of one soul is worth more than a life of such sacrifices as any one of us may make? Do we pray that hearts of such conviction may be given? Shall not we who bear to God's listening ear pleadings for the salvation of dear ones, bear to the same hearkening One petitions for the baptism of other dear ones in an unselfish, thoughtful spirit, the foundation of missionary effort?

And then shall we only pray? One farmer sat all a sunny spring day under a walnut tree, and told the Lord how fine a day it was for planting, and begged the Lord to bless the land, and promised the Lord to gather the harvest with willing hands and give him the glory, and then, behold the day was done. Another laborer breathed out his heart in a word for wisdom and blessing, and all the day he worked. And the seed was planted, and the field was green, and the harvest was golden. So the Lord answered his prayer by means of his own honest effort. And all the day let us work with ourselves and with each other. Many are the ways in which we can gather knowledge of the needs of the heathen world. Many are the ways in which we can disseminate this knowledge, we who are moved to them who are not, and this, with God's blessing, is what is needed to waken to living, helping interest in this wide work. We must be lifted to a proper outlook by knowledge before our observation will avail to thrill us, always beseeching an unselfish, earnest, God given spirit. For the large eyed oxen browse upon the green hillside, and though the long summer days are conscious only of teeming flies and of the quality of the herbage while he with God's "summer in his soul," on that some hillside, breathes an ecstatic life—vale and hill, the soft breeze, the heaven's vast glory, reveal themselves to him visions of far richer life stir in his breast the noble, pure and unpreaching become to him inspiration and incentive.

Christian women, have we not long since known that God requires of each of us her largest mite of sympathy, prayer, money and influence? Are any of us in danger of refusing God's claim, because of want of humility, unwilling to give our greatest, if it is small; because we bind ourselves too closely to our own interests; because we neglect opportunities of knowledge; because we willfully put aside the claims of this part of God's work? With our minds stirred to a remembrance of these things, need any one say that we have not much to give for missions?—The Standard.

Fault-Finding.

There are certain rocks on which home happiness, if it strike, is very likely to split. One of these is fault-finding. The habit of grumbling is fatal to family peace, and if indulged in habitually by any single members of a household is sure to disturb the harmony of all the rest. Like most bad habits this is formed insensibly, and many inveterate and fretful fault-finders are so unconscious of their besetting sin that in their own eyes they are models of amiability. "If," they say, "so and so were done, or undone, we would never complain, but"

Alas! in most houses there are "ifs" and "buts." The most delightful and lovable people are only human, after all, and have their nervous days, and their forgetful days, and their days of being generally out of sorts and blue. Very many people have their sharp points, which must be avoided, and their weak places, which are getting in the way; and in fact there are very few of us who have not somewhere a spot where it would be quite safe to erect such a warning-post as in winter stands at intervals on the skating-pond, "Danger here!" To live with people in the familiarity and complete unreserve of domestic life, and to live so gently and pleasantly that no one's foibles are made manifest, no one's feelings wounded, and no one's personality unjustly invaded, implies tact, unselfishness, and almost saintly patience, on the part of all concerned. There are homes where love is so completely the motive-power, and courtesy so unfeeling the custom, that a ripple of trouble rarely disturbs their calm; unfortunately, such homes are not in the majority. In far too many houses there are often undignified and unnecessary scenes at breakfast, dinner and tea, which are not quite quarrels, but which are probably worse in their effects. As a thunder-storm clears the air, and makes the sunshine seem brighter, so a good, honest quarrel once in a great while may—we say t

doubtfully, however—make everything lovely afterwards. (Lovers, by the way, have been known to quarrel for the pleasure of making up and being friends again.) But a feeble, intermittent, never-ending, still-beginning patter of fault-finding wears away heart and soul and strength. Fancy being R. Wilfer, and living with that angelic creature his wife!

Fault-finding people usually have their favorite provocations. Thus, while to the man of the house who has fallen into the most unmanly way of scolding indiscriminately, anything will afford an occasion, from a forgotten cobweb to a knot in the baby's shoe-string. It is an utter impossibility for him to pass by the carving knife. Carving knives are edge tools that seem to have been primarily designed to try the masculine temper. "My dear," says the gentleman, laying down knife and fork with the air of a martyr, "this knife is dull again. It is singular that we never can have a sharp knife in this house." Precisely as though every other house in the place were furnished to perfection with the finest cutlery, and this only were deficient. After carving knives, coffee is a convenient objective point. It is too weak or too strong, it is cold, it is thick, it is everything and anything but right. As for the mistress, when she is a scold, farewell to comfort: "All hope abandon ye who enter here," might appropriately be inscribed over the door of every abode where presides a fault-finding wife. Feminine resources are inexhaustible, feminine opportunities are endless; and as for the feminine tongue, Solomon said ages ago, and the accumulated wisdom of the world to-day confirms his conviction, that a dwelling on the house-top would be infinitely pleasanter than life with "a bawling woman in a wide house."

"But there are legitimate occasions for fault-finding—are there not?" inquires somebody. Very likely; and when such arise meet them as it is the best way to meet every difficulty in life, fairly, squarely, and bravely. Say the act is wrong in plain words, and have done with it. It is one thing to reprimand or reprove where reproof or rebuke is a duty; it is quite another to keep up a scattering fire of small shot in the way of sarcasm, innuendo, and complaint, for half a day at a time.

The true remedy, in nine cases out of ten, when circumstances are contrary, is to accept the situation. "Be-ware of desperate steps—the darkest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away." The most aggravating servant, the most provoking neighbor, and the most willful child, are not proof against serene self-control and generous kindness, while fault-finding sows seeds that comes up in a harvest of new antagonism. Accept the situation, whatever it is, with courage and cheerfulness; and remember that neither nerves, temper, carving knives, nor coffee, were ever in the slightest degree improved by scolding.—Chris. Intelligencer.

"I Cannot Afford It."

"Indeed, I can't afford it," was the frequent reply of a merchant, when asked for a contribution to religious or missionary objects. He was doing an extensive and apparently lucrative business, and professed to be warm in his devotion to Christ. Yet his givings were very meagre, when he gave at all; and generally his ready excuse was at hand, "I can't afford it," as his apology for refusing even a trifle.

A well-known gentleman, who lived in the same city, and sometimes acted as an unpaid collector for a very important missionary society, called one day at the merchant's dwelling-house to solicit a contribution. Often had he been denied at the office with the words, "I can't afford it," and in the grand residence, as his eyes rested on the magnificence which several open doors unveiled, he began to discern that there was some truth in the apology after all.

The owner of the house shortly appeared. His visitor explained the reason of his call, but immediately added, "I see, sir, that you really cannot afford it, and I cannot think of presenting any claim upon you. Such a scale of expenditure, as I see indicated by everything around me, can indeed leave you little, if anything, for the cause of Christ. I must look elsewhere for support to our operations. Good-morning, sir."

The well-meant reproof did its intended work. The merchant, ere long, sought an interview with his faithful monitor, and thanked him warmly for his straightforward but brotherly remarks. Handing him a cheque for £200 as a donation to the missionary society for which he was collecting, he said that henceforth he meant to act as a steward of God, and that never again would his style of living prove a hindrance to the exer-

cise of ardent piety and practical love. There are too many Christians, among both the richer and the poorer classes of society, who, like the merchant, cannot afford to give for the advancement of the Gospel, simply because they spend so much upon themselves and their families. We were not created, we are not upholding and prospered from day to day, merely that we may eat, and drink, and dress, and glorify ourselves by dazzling the eyes of our neighbors. The proper object and the true enjoyment of existence are to be found, not in self-display, but in self-sacrifice, under the constraining love of Jesus, living for the glory of God and the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-creature. It is a hopeful symptom when professing Christians begin to inquire, as this merchant did, "Why am I spending so much on myself, and giving so little to my Father in heaven?"—Presbyterian Messenger.

"What led me to decide to be a Missionary."

At this point I can answer your question as to what led me to decide to be a missionary. I could almost say bare figures overwhelmed me, and as I read that there were 856,000,000 of heathens, 30,000 a day going to their death without Christ, I was fairly staggered, and questioned, Do we believe it? Do we really believe it? Let us be honest with ourselves—Do we believe that these millions are without hope in the next world? We turn the leaves of God's word in vain, for there we find no hope; not only that, but positive words to the contrary, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yes, we believe it. Well, then, what narcotic has Satan injected into our systems that this awful, woeful, tremendous fact does not start us out of our lethargy, our inactivity, our frightful neglect of human souls? The matter then so presented itself to me that one of two things was necessary to be done, either to believe Satan's old Garden of Eden whisper, "Thou shalt not surely die," or else go. These were the simple factors of my call, and in my opinion there is little more to be expected in any one's call to the mission field. God does not speak from heaven as in times past; we are not to expect to be stricken down on the road-side, nor to hear a voice from heaven calling to the work; but he has given us reason and enlightened conscience, and made us "laborers with himself" in the extensions of his kingdom; and before that record he presents an army of facts and figures almost appalling, and asks for a decision of the question whether the advance of his kingdom will be furthered more by laboring at home in some city, where, perchance, there are 300,000 people with only three ministers. If eight out of ten of the seminary students should decide that God wanted them to the foreign field, there would be little probability of mistake, and even then the regions beyond would not be properly manned; and it seems to me that for the next ten or twenty years the majority of the graduates of our seminaries should take up the foreign work; and the question with each individual should be, not, "Why should I go to the foreign field?" but, "Why should I stay at home?"—Rev. J. C. Perkins.

Why They Don't Work.

1. Because they can't have their own way in everything.
2. Because they don't receive abundant applause of men for each effort they put forth.
3. Because some one has misjudged them, or perhaps unintentionally slighted them.
4. Because they have not their eyes open to the good they might do if they tried.
5. Because they are chronic invalids and live in doubting castles, and all their time is occupied complaining about themselves and fighting their doubts.
6. Because they are not set on fire by the elements of the divine life, as God intended, and are in some degree in a cold and backslidden state.
7. Because the viper of indifference has got hold of them as they have been warming by the world's fire and swollen them up with pride of heart.

He who would have punctuality in others must himself be punctual. If a pastor or a superintendent would have the members of his charge always on time, he must always be on time himself—whether they are or not. If the service is announced for two o'clock, for example, that service ought to be well under way by one minute past two, even if there is not another person than the leader in the room at two o'clock. That method of doing will secure punctuality from any people, anywhere.—S. S. Times.

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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 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 Vanceboro, 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.

H. D. McLeod, General Manager, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. Cram, J. F. LEAVITT, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. John, N. B., March 29, 1888.

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