

Now.

If you have a kind word—say it,
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness—pay it,
Life's sun hurries to the west.

Can you do a kind deed—do it,
From despair, some soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave.

If some grand thing for to-morrow
You are dreaming—do it now;
From the future do not borrow;
Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Speak thy word, perform thy duty,
Night is coming deep with rest;
Stars will gleam in fadeless beauty,
Grasses whisper 'ere thy breast.

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to-day fulfil thy vow;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it—do it now.

—Christian Leader.

"Enthusiasm Does: Fanaticism Over-Does."

Public speakers often imagine that it is impossible to produce enthusiasm except by extravagance. But herein they err. Extravagance always reacts unfavorably as respects both the speaker and the cause which he advocates. Perception of the situation, and a vivid delineation of it, with all the interest and sympathy which the case admits of without the loss of rational coherence and accurate statement, will kindle enthusiasm while the speaker is on the floor, and will send the people away with grim determination to work for the cause and a clear perception of how to do it. It is not the highest function of oratory to make a concourse already greatly excited, and of the speaker's way of thinking, wild, but its highest achievement is, without destroying the fervor of hearers, to guide them into right ideas of what is to be done, to convince those of a different opinion, and to send them away prepared to convince others. Speakers who utter what will not bear inspection lose the confidence of those whom they deceive, and those who use language which the case does not demand, especially personal language, excite sympathy for the cause or men traduced, never convince others, and delight only the less influential, the more ignorant and boisterous of their own adherents. There is not a party in the United States lately contending for the suffrages of the people which has not been injured by the violence and rant of some of its advocates.

Just prior to the late war a conversation occurred between two ministers. One said to the other: "You and I agree in our sentiments, and if I am correctly informed you utter your sentiments unequivocally, and you keep the peace with your congregation. Even if they don't agree with you, they come to hear you. You preach abolition, don't you?"

"O, yes, everybody who hears me knows that I am in favor of the abolition of slavery."

"Well, I can't keep the peace with my people. They are nearly all down upon me now, and they say that as soon as the time comes around to vote they will vote me out of my place, and I cannot understand it."

"Well," said the minister first addressed, "I will come around sometime and hear you, and if I can see any thing which accounts for the general dislike which all parties have of your preaching I will frankly tell you."

"When a suitable occasion came the visit was paid; the visiting brother arriving during the first prayer. After the usual appropriate supplications for a public congregation, the pastor said, 'And, now, we commend until Thee the condition of four millions of our fellow-creatures ground down under the iron heel of slavery. We know, O Lord, that there are some people, even in this congregation, so low, base, and mean, that they don't like to hear Thy servant pray for the slaves; but, O Lord, all the powers of hell, much less such mean, tyrannical spirits as those which we have to contend with here, can't close Thy servant's lips. He will pray for the slave if he dies on his knees,' and much more of the same kind. He was taking advantage of a prayer addressed to the Deity, and using Billingsgate against the people who were there, and who were unable to reply or defend themselves. Afterward his friend told him that though he was an abolitionist, during that prayer he almost sympathized with the other side. The peculiarity in this brother was constitutional. Every-where he went he broke up congregations, though he had great natural abilities. He denounced all offenses, whether against God's law or simple propriety, in the unvarying tone of harsh malediction. It was said of him by a worthy brother that all that preceded the last utterance of the service

was malediction, but the discourses were invariably closed with the benediction. He has long since retired from the ministry, but every generation has representatives of that class. Yet this man could have uttered the same ideas with moderation and candor, and carried his congregation with him. Force is not the equivalent of violence, nor are earnestness and maniacal excitement convertible terms; fidelity is not bitterness, nor hurling epithets from a pulpit a manifestation of courage. "Enthusiasm does it; fanaticism overdoes it."

The Elder Brother.

"Who is this elder son?" The question was once asked in an assembly of ministers at Elberfeld, and Dr. Krummacher made answer: "I know him very well; I met him only yesterday." "Who is he?" they asked eagerly; and he replied solemnly, "Myself." He then explained that on the previous day, hearing that a very gracious visitation of God's goodness had been received by a very ill-conditioned man, he had felt not a little envy and irritation. That was the true reading of the story, and it is capable of manifold application. It fits the case of the scribes and Pharisees, to whom it was first addressed and who sneered at Christ for His reception of sinners. It fits the Jews in the Saviour's day, and even in the early Church, who looked askance at the Gentiles, and complained because unto them also the Gospel had been preached. It fits the disciples at Jerusalem, who, immediately after Paul's conversion, were "afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple."

The appropriateness of this explanation was very much impressed on my own mind in a manner which I can never forget. Some nineteen years ago I preached to my congregation in Liverpool, one Lord's Day morning, from this addition to the parable of the Prodigal Son, and gave the same interpretation of it as I have now presented to you. As I was leaving the church for my home, I was requested to visit a dying man whom I had seen frequently before, but who was just then apparently about to pass within the veil. He had been for many years a careless and irreligious man; but as I spoke to him from time to time I marked that a great change had come over him. I had conversed earnestly and faithfully with him of Jesus and His salvation, and he had turned a sincere penitent to his Father, and was, as I sincerely believe, accepted by Him. When I entered his room that morning I found him in a great happiness, rejoicing in the near prospect of being with his Lord, and apparently perfectly happy. I talked with him a little on the things of the kingdom, and after prayer I took my leave. His brother-in-law followed me down stairs, and said: "I can not understand this at all. Here I have been serving Christ these twenty years, and I have never experienced the joy he expressed; and yet he has not been a Christian, if he be really one, for more than a few weeks." Immediately I recognized the elder brother, and I stayed long enough to show him just how he looked by the light of this parable. The result was that he saw he was in error, and was delivered from his envy.

The pastor of age and excellence, who is mourning over the apparent fruitlessness of his labours, and is tempted to ask why God makes a young brother in the neighbourhood, of little experience, instrumental in bringing multitudes to Christ, while he has no such results from his ministrations; the Sabbath school teacher who throws up his work in wounded self-love because another, who has no such qualifications as he possesses, seems to be much more successful than he; the labourer in any department of beneficence, who, because he thinks that more is made of some one else than himself, gives way to personal pique, and withdraws altogether from the enterprises; the over-sensitive, conceited man who is always taking offence where none is meant, and is so continually anxious for the due recognition of his dignity that he manages to exclude himself from every society with which he is connected, may all look here, and in the elder brother each will see himself.

But let not even these imagine that they are beyond God's acceptance. The father came out, and entreated the elder brother to go in to the feast, and God is still appealing to the envious. The door is open to them if they will but enter; and when they consent to do so in a spirit of sons and not of servants, in humility and not in self-conceit, in love and not as hirelings, then they too will rejoice, and the festival, instead of aggravating them into misery, will be felt by them to be an appropriate expression of their gladness.—William M. Taylor, D. D.

Transubstantiation.

Most sad and pitiful it surely is, that men with their eyes open and not wholly devoid of reason and of knowledge of the Word of God, should hold and teach the absurd and monstrous heresy of Transubstantiation. We deliberately denounce the doctrine of transubstantiation as absurd and monstrous,—an insult to the reason God has given us, and to the common sense understanding of the Gospel narrative. And men teach this monstrous heresy as if it were God's truth! They teach it in our cities, not far from our Common Schools and Colleges and Churches. The heresy is proclaimed even in the columns of the political press. Think of it: a servant girl makes dough, cuts it into thin wafers, bakes these wafers, hands them to a gentleman who declares he is a successor of St. Peter. That gentleman opens his lips and says in Latin, "Hoc est enim corpus meum"—and then forsooth the wafers become so many Gods! Each wafer, (there may be a thousand in one box) each wafer is the Lord Jesus Christ, body, blood, soul and divinity! And the gentleman can put a dozen in his pocket, and thus there are in his pocket a dozen of Jesus Christ, the Eternal King and Saviour! Or he can put it into people's mouths, and they swallow the Lord God Almighty! The doctrine is so unspeakably anti-scriptural and irrational that it is difficult even to state without a shudder.

But does not Christ say "This is my Body"? Yes: as He said "I am the Vine," "I am the Door," "I am the Shepherd." His language abounds in metaphor, and no one need understand His blessed words. The obvious meaning of our Lord was "This bread is a symbol, an emblem, of my broken body; this poured-out wine is an emblem of my blood shed for sinners." The idiom used by our Lord is common in Scripture, and never leads the common-sense reader astray. "The seven kine are seven years"; "The ten horns are ten kings"; "The rock was Christ"; "The seven stars are the angels of the seven Churches"; "This is my body."

Christ is present when His people sit at His table to partake of bread and wine—the Sacrament of the Supper. He is with His people always. This is a true and Scriptural doctrine. But Scripture and common sense alike repel the shocking superstition of the "Mass." The greatest authorities in the Roman Catholic Church concede that they have no foundation for the doctrine in Holy Scripture: it is the "Church" that has established the doctrine, and it is on her authority that it stands.

We are perfectly well aware that great and good men have held this doctrine—that multitudes hold it in all sincerity; but this makes it none the less absurd and irrational. We would not by word or thought injure the feelings of the devout worshipper; but when persons occupying the position of teachers publicly propound perversions of Scripture so flagrant, and when these are published and sent broadcast among Protestant families, it is time to speak out.

Have we had a Reformation? Has John Knox lived in vain? Was it for nought that Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer and thousands of the faithful testified to the death against the hideous superstitions which crept into the Church of Christ? Surely, if Transubstantiation is to be publicly taught through the press of this country it is time for the men who are the heirs of the Reformers to speak out in tones not to be mistaken.—Pres. Witness.

The New Cart.

Well-nigh three thousand years ago a goodly company of earnest people might have been seen bringing up to Jerusalem, with joy and music, a venerable object that had been the symbol and center of their worship for nearly five hundred years. But there was something very novel in the procession, a thing quite unknown before in their religious history. The Ark around which their religious enthusiasm gathered them was "made to ride upon a new cart." Doubtless the contrivance was much admired. Such a cart for dignity and splendor had never been seen before. It had been made at the king's command, and the king was great, for the Lord had prospered him mightily; and it had been made as a chariot for the holiest thing the nation possessed.

So this new cart, with its yoke of oxen, was brought to the house of Abinadab at Kirjathjearim; the procession formed around it, and "David and all Israel" played before God with all their might, with singing, and with harps, and with psalteries, and with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets, full of earnest zeal for the good work they were engaged in, to bring the Ark to the place that had been prepared for it.

Possibly some old-fashioned people did not quite like this new thing; perhaps they said, This is "not after the due order" (1 Chron. xv, 13), and may have hinted that Moses had not said any thing about making the Ark ride on a triumphal chariot in this way. But these croakers were silenced; they were too conservative, and had no spirit of progress in them. Was not this new cart a vast improvement on the old slow method of progress?

But this procession never reached its destination. The Lord was displeased with this departure from the old "due order," and made such a breach upon them that day as alarmed the king and disorganized the whole plan. One of the earnest but misguided processionists was struck dead beside the Ark "for his error," and David was afraid of the Lord that day; the procession was broken up, and the Ark left in the house of a Gittite, and there it lay till David repented of his rashness and adopted the method ordained by God Himself.

A painful ending this to a great forth putting of religious energy and zeal, and the disaster all attributable to this ill-starred new cart, that never should have been there at all. No matter how beautiful the thing was, nor how serviceable it appeared, it was "not according to the due order;" and in God's service man's many inventions bring no blessing or real progress. God would have nothing to do with it, and shame and defeat resulted from the use of this new device.

But where had such an idea originated? There was nothing about it in God's book. Who had set the fashion that had tempted God's people out of the old way? Who but the Philistines, God's enemies? On a new cart they had sent the Ark up out of their land in all eagerness to get rid of it, and although this was a hundred years ago, the thing had not been forgotten; the novelty and success of this method in the hands of the Philistines was, inducement enough to try it again.

It was not the last time that God's people thought they might judiciously borrow new methods of usefulness from the world that is at enmity with God, and we may well ask ourselves if they are likely to meet with God's approval and blessing now more than they did then?—From "The Christian."

Do You Sing at Home.

There is perhaps no pleasanter occupation in the family circle than sacred song. Many a home where there is little of beauty, or ease, or luxury, is made pleasant by "thanksgiving and the voice of melody." If there be joy in the heart and music on the tongue, many rough places in life are smoothed and made plain, many dark spots are brightened and made cheerful.

Those families who know nothing of sacred song miss some of the purest pleasures that fall to the lot of mortals. Family prayer is a duty and a privilege, but family praise is none the less so, and there is nothing that binds hearts more closely to the home than those "songs which mother sang;" and old tunes in which the voices of parents and brothers and sisters join, form a bond of union which unites hearts when mountains rise and oceans roll between them. Sometimes the wayward son, wandering in a far-off land, hears the song his mother sang, and is charmed by its music to know and serve his mother's God.

Careful and melodious singing in the home fits persons for singing elsewhere, especially if persons are taught to sing correctly, gently and tenderly, and without much instrumental accompaniment. Then the hymns learned by the young linger long in memory, a precious heritage against days of darkness and sorrow.

Let parents set the example of song, and the children will be sure to follow. Take time now and then, and enjoy an evening of sacred song. Let the voice of rejoicing be heard in the tabernacle of the righteous, and prayer and praise ascend to the throne of God. Let each child have his hymn-book, and he will learn to prize it next to the Bible, and will from it gather many precious truths which will go with him to life's latest hour. Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God. Let us have more praising and less murmuring, more song and fewer complaints. Instead of fretting because of evil-doers, let us pray; instead of repining at our lot, let us leave our burden at the Cross, "and bear a song away."

Hast thou no words? O think again; Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow creatures' ears With the sad tale of all your cares.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent To heaven in supplication sent, Our cheerful song would oftener be, Hear what the Lord has done for me.

—The Common People.

A Serious Fault.

There is one fault among professing Christians which to me seems enormous. It is the habit of not keeping their word, and I feel that more are kept out of our churches to-day, by this one fault, than by all others combined. A friend lends another money to help him out of a tight place, with a promise it shall be paid at a specified time; the time comes and goes by, a year or more, without a word even of apology for not paying it. After a long time the friend asks for the money, knowing well it might be paid. Then comes a string of excuses, and another promise to pay, which is no better kept than the first. Another buys a bill of goods, promising to pay in a few days. After waiting six months or a year, on being asked for the pay, says "Yes, I will pay next week." The time comes and goes, and no pay. Thus I might go on giving instances of this kind, where their word is good for nothing. Is it strange that non-professing Christians, after dealing with such professing Christians, and some of them claiming to be leaders in our churches, should say, "If that is all there is to religion, I don't want it. I say no let all who read this say to themselves, 'Am I one of those professing disciples who are continually forfeiting their word, and thus helping to hinder others from coming to Christ?' If so, please decide at once to *never* promise without fulfilling, and if you give your word for anything, however small or great, consider it a part of your Christian duty to keep it, as much as to keep your church covenant. Then, and not till then, shall we see the cause of the Master prosper as it too often fails to prosper. 'Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.' How can we witness faithfully if we come short in smaller as well as greater matters of being truthful, and of keeping our promises?—Cor. Watchman.

The Life is the Light.

It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their truest benefaction to their fellow-men. Certainly, in our own little sphere, it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the common people whom we know, it is not necessarily those who are busiest, not those who, meteor-like, are ever on the rush after some visible change and work. It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright, faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.—Phillips Brooks.

CAN'T AND TRY.—"Can't do it!" sticks in the mud; but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said, "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech-tree. The snow drop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said, "Try," and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The old ox said, "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

HOLINESS unto God should be the motto of every professed follower of Christ. How can we stop short of it? So the apostle says, "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." So with our earnest efforts we will want to pray and sing with our beloved and lamented Bliss:

"More holiness give me,
More striving within;
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of his care;
More joy in his service,
More purpose in prayer."

A CONSECRATED HOME.—Oh for a house dedicated to God, a home devoted to God, where the mother lives in the atmosphere of prayer, where the children are brought up under the most sacred influences that either heaven or earth know anything of! I tell you, brethren, if there is a spot on earth of which it can be said, truthfully, that angels encamp round about it, it must be the home that is devoutly consecrated to God, with a good father and good mother, and all the children consecrated to God. Don't you like that?—Sam Jones.

Christianity, like charity, begins at home; but, like charity again, it never stops there. In planning for the Master's service this winter, make sure that the heart centre is right, and then pray God to give wide scope and power to the influence that radiates forth thence.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1888. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1888. On and after MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.00
Accommodation..... 11.00
Express for Sussex..... 11.00
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 11.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 3.00
Express from Sussex..... 8.00
Accommodation..... 12.00
Day Express..... 12.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
May 31st, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

ALL RAIL LINE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 22nd, 1888.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

(Eastern Standard Time).

6.25 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, McAdam Junction, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and points North.
12.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.
3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

9.25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

2.30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.
7.15 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points; St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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