

My Springs are all in Thee.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. RICHARDS.

Unto the hills eternal
My longing eyes I lift;
Through wintry clouds or vernal
There is an azure rift.
My faith-illumined vision
Sweeps o'er the crystal sea
Into the fields Elysian,
"My springs are all in Thee."

In Thee, exhaustless Fountain,
Source of all life and power,
From out Thy holy mountain
My strength comes every hour.
And Thou alone canst keep me,
A channel deep and free,
Through which Thy love flows richly,
"My springs are all in Thee."

O'er sorrow's roughest billow
In darkness Thou wilt guide,
Thy promises my pillow,
Under thy wings I hide;
I joy in meditation,
My comfort is in Thee;
Thou art "my expectation,"
"My springs are all in Thee."—Chris.
Adv.

Christ's need of us.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

That we need the Lord Jesus Christ is a religious axiom that certainly no Christian will dispute. But it is equally true that in order to the fulfillment of His glorious scheme of the world's redemption, He needs all of us who profess to be His people. Jesus Christ is our Proprietor: all that we pretend to own is a lease from Him, and to be used not for self, but in His service. We do not even own ourselves "in fee simple." We are bought with Christ's precious atoning blood; therefore are to glorify Him with our bodies and our souls, our time, our money, and our influence.

There is a side-light thrown upon this important truth by the little incident that occurred before our Lord's remarkable entry into Jerusalem. He sends two of His disciples into the village of Bethphage with certain explicit instruction. "Go your way into the village over against you; in the which, as ye enter, ye shall find a colt tied whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him and bring him." Their omniscient Master predicts not only just where the beast shall be found, but that they will be asked, "Why do ye loose the colt?" The sufficient answer was to be "The Lord hath need of him." That was the claim which they were to present. Sagacious old Matthew Henry (the prince of practical commentators) remarks that our Saviour "went to sea in a borrowed boat, rode on a borrowed colt, and was buried in a borrowed sepulchre." It seems presumptuous to dissent from any of Henry's bright expressions; but there is an important sense in which our Lord never "borrowed anything." He had supreme ownership. The Father had given all things into His hands. He owned the sea and commanded it to be quiet at His bidding; He put even the fish in the sea under tribute when he told Peter to go and get one with a half-shekel in its mouth. He owned the trees, and smote a fig-tree with perpetual barrenness when it was playing impostor. He owned the temple, and scourged out the sacrilegious hucksters who were turning it into a house of merchandise. That ass's colt was really Christ's property; He required it for His own use, and was only asserting His sovereign claim when He said that He "had need" of it.

Jesus Christ describes Himself under the figure of a Shepherd coming to seek and to save His wandering sheep. That the poor forlorn vagrants needed the Shepherd's restoring love, and needed to be brought back and fed and sheltered, is very true. It is equally true that the divine Shepherd hath need of His flock; His infinite heart of love could only be satisfied by their recovery. A sick child requires a mother's care, but still more does the mother's heart require the darling of her love. If Heaven would not be Heaven to us, were Jesus not there, neither would it be such a Heaven as Jesus desires, if a multitude of redeemed souls were there also to chant His praise. Reverently be it said that the glorified Redeemer needs us in His many mansions; or else He could not "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." That was the joy set before Him, for which He endured the cross and bore all His shame and agonies.

The true idea which every Christian should keep in mind, is that he does not own himself. Christ owns us, and has a perfect right to put us just where He chooses, and to demand of us just what He wants. He has a right to the firstlings of the flock, to the brightest sons and daughters of our families. The best brains and

mission-field need them, then in God's name let them not be confiscated to mere money making, or office-seeking, or earthly ambition of any kind. What we call our property really belongs to Christ; we only surrender to Him His own when we pour it into His Treasury. Jesus has the first claim—a claim to the best, and is not to be put off with the candle-ends and the cheese parings. Is this great principle acknowledged by those church-members who squander their thousands on fine houses and equipage, and then dribble out stingily what "they can afford" to Him who has purchased for them an eternal salvation? Ah, let such remember that they cannot afford to rob their loving Master of what is His own. It is no sin to have money, but it is a sin to let money have us. If we put the chest of gold on our own shoulders, it may crush us into selfishness and ruin; if we put it under our feet, it may lift us up to usefulness and the smile of our approving Lord. How much of my time and money and talents does Jesus Christ need? That is the way that Christians should look at the matter.

This supreme ownership by Jesus Christ allows Him to take away from us whatever He will, and when He will. A beloved and eloquent young minister, a Summerfield, a McCheyne, a Nott, a Dudley Tyng, is called away to heaven, and a bereaved church wonders why they are bereft. "The Lord hath need of them" somewhere else. That is enough. Our bright son sickens and dies; our lovely daughter droops away and vanishes from our arms. Why is this? We cry out in our agony. The Master was only taking His own; let us open not our mouths, for He did it. He needed to do it; there was a divine purpose of wisdom to be served; God's dealings are often great mysteries, but they are never mistakes. He puts His own where He needs them most. He gives us the discipline that we most require. Then, good friends, if our divine Lord once had need of a little bit of a beast in Jerusalem, let us comfort ourselves with the thought that He puts honor on such humble creatures as we are when he condescends to use us or ours for His blessed service.

How to Hear.

"It seemed to me," said Mrs. Wareham, as she laid aside her Sunday garments "that the sermon this morning was very ordinary. In the first place, the text was such a hackneyed one I wondered it should have been chosen; then the discourse was so full of commonplaces I do not see how any one could have felt interested in it. Then again, I couldn't help thinking how aggravating it was that Bridget should have given notice she must leave this week when I am to have company. Altogether I think I should have been quite as well off if I had stayed at home!"

"It seemed to me," said Mrs. Wilton as she also laid aside her Sunday garments, "that the sermon this morning was a particularly helpful one. It pleased me at the outset to learn what fresh, new meanings can be deduced from a text one might suppose had been used threadbare. It is true I am expecting rather a trying week, as Mary is to leave and I am expecting visitors, but I just put everything of a perplexing or worldly nature out of my mind, and gave myself up to the enjoyment and privilege of listening to a discourse so full of sound reasoning, excellent counsel and true spiritual help, that I feel strong to meet the events of the week whatever they may be. I wouldn't have missed the service of the morning on any account!"

Now these two ladies had attended the same church, on the same Sabbath morning, and the same sermon had been preached in the hearing of each. But one, having been bored by as much as she heard of the sermon, disgusted with the choice of the text, and harassed by constant recollection of the expected trials of the week, had declared it would have been quite as well had she not visited the house of God. The other had been helped by the pastor's words, pleased and surprised at the depth of meaning hidden in the familiar text, and soothed into forgetfulness of the anticipated trials of the week, until a remembrance of them caused no perturbation, strength having been acquired with which to meet them. Her testimony concluded with the assertion that on no account would she have missed the service of the morning. No wonder the Saviour repeated over and again, until eight times in the first three books of the New Testament are recorded the words of the injunction that if any have ears to hear "let him hear!"

She said that a friend of hers had a

going up to their Father's house. If, like children, men and women could go again to an earthly father for guidance and aid, they surely would listen and hear the message the father would send. It is piteous that people so often go up to the sanctuary really needing instruction and help with which to meet the exigencies of the week, and then fail utterly of obtaining either merely because they do not hear what is distinctly, faithfully and forcibly set forth by the clear tones of the preacher! It is always thought mean and unworthy to blame another for what is palpably one's own fault; yet mistaken and unjust blame is often attached to a conscientious, faithful minister of God. It surely is not his fault that the mind is allowed to wander anywhere and everywhere, recalling the perplexities of the week that is past, and dreading those of the week to come, instead of listening to the words of encouragement sure to be proclaimed from the sacred desk. Simple obedience to the command of the Saviour might work a great revelation for many a church-goer. "Give ear," repeatedly counsels the Old Testament; and the Saviour repeats the cry with added emphasis: "If any man hath ears to hear, let him hear! Only by compliance with this simple rule will the blessed teachings of our Father's house afford the help and encouragement needed to meet the varied experience of each recurring week. But the help and the strength are all there! Give ear; listen; and into the soul shall be borne sweet messages of divine sympathy, love and assistance."—Zion's Herald.

The "Why" of our Troubles.

How often we ask ourselves when cares and troubles multiply until it seems sometimes as if we could not bear another atom, why is it that we must be so heavenly burdened in our earthly life? Why cannot things be made a little easier for us, or at any rate, why doesn't God give us a vacation from our trials now and then, so that we can rest and gain strength to bear them more easily?

And when we Christians get to this, that seemed to us the very limit of endurance, we get down on our knees and ask the Lord to take away our trials or give us more strength to bear them; and we never once really take in the thought that he does not want us to bear them at all; that he is holding out his hands to take these terrible burdens and keep them for us. We do not realize this, and so we cling to our troubles, groan over their weight, and stagger along beneath them, and the more we look at them the bigger they seem to be, until by and bye, they crush us utterly, and we cannot see anything else, not even the face of the loving Father himself.

The fact is that we have crawled around amongst our cares and worries so long and have gotten so used to being miserable that it really seems as if we had utterly forgotten that God wants us to be happy, and we are afraid to allow ourselves to be happy for fear we may think our burdens aren't heavy enough and send down another load. Like a woman we heard of the other day, who said she always went through at least two hours of worry and despondency about her trials, and when she had cried until she had a wet handkerchief spread out to dry on every chair in the room, she thought she might cheer up a little, but she never expected to be happy in this life. "Why," she said, "if I were happy, I should think I had lost all my religion."

That isn't the spirit God wants us to have. If we are that sort of Christians we shall never win our children, or our Sunday-school scholars or anybody else to our God. We are dishonoring him all the time that we feel or talk in this way. Trials will come to us, there is no denying that, but God can—may God be long to give us the power to rise above them. Does a mother feel aggrieved because her children are happy? Does she immediately set about hunting up some distasteful work for them to tone down their happiness? Not a bit of it. Instead of that she rejoices in every joy that comes to them, and does everything in her power to remove care and trouble from their lives. Is a mother more loving than the God who made her what she is?

But even the most tender mother, if she is wise, as well as loving, sometimes gives her children hard things to do or bear when she might avoid it, because she sees that a hard lesson is needed to check some fault or strength in some weakness. So God does with us. Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith gave a most beautiful illustration of this in a recent Bible reading in Washington.

She said that a friend of hers had a

that there was a hole in one end of it, and that the butterfly was trying to escape from its prison. She watched it with great interest for a long time, but though it struggled and struggled, it did not get free. At last, looking very closely, she saw that a little filament held it down. So she took her scissors and very gently cut the thread. The butterfly at once emerged but its wings did not dry and open in all their beauty as she had seen others do. Instead, they hung limp, white and lifeless, and the little creature lived so a day or two, and then died. She asked a naturalist why this was so, and he told her that the struggles of the butterfly in its efforts to escape from the chrysalis were the very means by which the life fluids were distributed throughout its wings, and because in this case, it had been freed with very little exertion on its own part, its wings had not gained power to expand.

Isn't there a lesson here for us?—*Christian at Work.*

The Revival.

The Rev. William W. Newell, D. D., writes of his own experience: "I had seen so many revivals averted by the condition of pastors, that I devoted the entire Week of Prayer to a preparation of my own heart and life. I believed that I was a Christian, but I wanted to see myself as God saw me. I wanted to be thoroughly humbled and completely emptied of self. I wanted to press upon the Church and the world the overwhelming motives of God's eternal word with all the magnetism of a fervid, confident, loving, divine spirit. In pleading with Jehovah for others I would obey His command: 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.' On Monday I considered the infinitely holy character of God. By this stupendous theme my soul was greatly awed. On Tuesday I considered my own particular sins, in the presence of that Jehovah with whom even the solemn meeting may be iniquity. I asked myself, 'What of your pride, ambition, self-seeking? What have you lacked in love, trust, spirituality, improvement of time, and toil for the lost?' On Wednesday I considered God's kindness to me, my family, and my church. I was amazed at His munificence. I was abashed at my own unthankfulness. But He had snatched away my loved ones, yet He enabled me to say, 'O God, thy will be done; my Jesus, as Thou wilt.' On Thursday my questions were: 'Why do you want a revival of religion? Is it chiefly to build up one man or one church, to make your people more genial and loving? or, are you seeking first of all to honor Jesus in the salvation of the perishing? Have you been asking God for things which you do not expect to receive, and which you make slight effort to secure? By this time I was ready to cry, with the apostle: 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' On Friday I was prepared as never before to look to Jesus. Mere earthly advantage seemed to me like the idle wind; I confessed and loathed my sin. I looked upon Him whom I had pierced, and I mourned for Him. I laid myself upon His altar to do and to suffer His will. With great confidence I sought His spirit. My view was definite: my feeling was deep; my soul was filled with confidence and peace. Each evening during the week I had poured forth to my church the experience of the day. At the close of the Friday meeting numbers exclaimed: 'O what a meeting we have had!' The great revival had commenced."—From "Getting Ready for a Revival," by the Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

RANDOM READINGS.

The superior man wishes to be slow in words, and earnest in his conduct.

Some people care a great deal more for keeping up appearances than for keeping up realities.

Having by the golden gift of God this glorious lot of living once for all, let us endeavor to live nobly.

The Lord Christ having purchased his jewels at such a cost, will not fail to bring each one into his treasure-house.

Keep pushing! 'tis wiser than sitting aside. And sighing and watching and waiting the tide; In life's earnest battle they only prevail. Who daily march onward and never say fail.

Like Adam, when we lose our holiness, we lose our confidence. Sin makes cowards, while true holiness makes dauntless heroes.

God takes some things from us lest we should spoil them, and we have more of them in missing them than we should have in keeping them.

Life is a crucible. We are thrown into it and tried. The actual weight and value of a man are expressed in the spiritual substance of the man. All else is dross.

A true preception of the gospel is the entire forgetfulness of self, utter absence of any pretension, and the complete and entire refusal to accept the world's praise or judgment.—*General Gordon.*

Everything yields before the strong and earnest will. It grows by exercise. Difficulties before which mere cleverness fails, and which leave the irresolute prostrate and helpless, vanish before it.—*Dr. Tulloch.*

It is a singular hallucination, that men, believing in, or merely admitting a future state of existence and know their term of life is short, live as though they were never to die, or that there is no future for them.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." It is a privilege to worship, and every one who, like the Psalmist, has tasted the sweetness of this privilege, will be glad to embrace every opportunity for worship.

The good we do, whether in practical activity or simply in right thinking, is, all of it, in some measure useful to those around us. But it is no less useful to ourselves, and even from that point of view we cannot do too much of it. He who wishes to be blest can thus help bless himself.

Unselfish Heroism.

It was a dark and fearful night. Very black hung the shadows over the earth, when, at the base of the great mountain, earnest, blood-stained men brought to the feet of the army surgeon an almost shapeless human being, wrapped in the folds of a blanket. It was the mutilated form of the noble color-graduate of one of the divisions of that grand band of men, who with prowess and labor unequalled in the history of the world, scaled the walls of that almost impregnable fortress in the face of a resolute and recently victorious army.

The surgeon knelt kindly by his side, and, gently as a woman putting aside the matted hair from the bloody brow, asked where he was wounded. The soldier's eye kindled with the fire of the conflict as he exclaimed, "I was almost at the top!" "No, no, my good fellow, not that," said the surgeon, "but tell me where you were most hurt." Once more the dyed soldier's eyes opened, as he feebly whispered, "I was almost at the top when the shell struck me, a moment more and my feet would have been upon the rock;" and with these words that brave heart ceased to beat. With him, as with a million more, his country and his country's honor were more than friends and life.

A young man just sailing out from the beautiful Bay of Naples, on being rallied for his serious looks, replied, "I am not thinking so much of the glorious things about me as I am of home, the loved ones there who wait to greet my coming, and the life beyond. Shall I disappoint those who love me? Shall their hopeful anticipations be blighted? They look for my life to develop into a noble and worthy future, and I am asking what shall my life be? Shall it be an ignoble failure or a success? To meet their full expectations I will give the full powers of my life." Thus spake the dying soldier—thus spake the heart of the brother and son; and their words were well spoken.

The love of God ought to hold regal sway over every heart which has felt its constraining power. No loyalty should be more pure, more noble, more self-sacrificing, than is the loyalty of the heart which claims citizenship in the kingdom of the King of kings.

Faith to Christ demands that all who are to reign with him should nobly bear their part in the great contest out from which shall come the triumph which is to bring the world back to God.

But alas! too many are spending their time as though life was but a play-day, and beyond it, no eternity. "Feed my lambs," said the loving Redeemer; and yet it is a fearful fact that four-fifths of his professed followers stand idly by whilst the lambs are perishing—starving for the food of the Word, in slothful hands; or are being torn by the fangs of the "wolf" which comes but to destroy.

FOUR GOOD HABITS.—Punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the second, mistakes, the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which are impossible to recall.

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	7.40
Accommodation	11.00
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec	22.15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22.15 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	5.30
Express from Sussex	8.50
Accommodation	12.35
Day Express	18.00

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.

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(Eastern Standard Time).

6.25 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, McAdam Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; 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, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and 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.

5.55 P. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

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