

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a worldless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth.
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss;
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up life's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell;
The hard rebuke that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
An unflinching record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Can find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to awaken love,
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

—Advocate.

The Power Of Love.

Love naturally beseeches, and does not command. The harsh voice of command is simply the imposition of another's will, and it belongs to relationships in which the heart has no share. But wherever love is the bond, grace is poured into the lips, and "I order" becomes "I pray." So that even where the outward form of authority is still kept, as in a parent to young children, there will ever be some endearing word to swathe the harsh imperative in tenderness, like a sword blade wrapped in wool, lest it should wound. Love tends to obliterate the hard distinction of superior and inferior, which finds its expression in laconic orders and silent obedience. It seeks not for mere compliance with commands, but for oneness of will. Its entreaties are more powerful than imperatives. The lightest wish breathed by loved lips is stronger than all stern injunctions, often, alas! than all laws of duty. The heart is so tuned as only to vibrate to that one tone. The rocking stones, which all the storms of winter may howl around and not move, can be set swinging by a slight touch. Una leads the lion in a silken leash. Love controls the wildest nature. The demoniac, whom no chains can bind, is found sitting at the feet of incarnate gentleness; so the wish of love is all-powerful with loving hearts, and its faintest whisper louder and more imperative than all the trumpets of Sinai.

There is a large lesson here for all human relationships. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, friends and companions, teachers and guides of all sorts, should set their conduct by this pattern, and let the law of love sit ever upon their lips. Authority is the weapon of a weak man, who is afraid of his own power to get himself obeyed, or of a selfish one who seeks for mechanical submission, rather than for the fealty of willing hearts. Love is the weapon of a strong man who can set aside the trappings of superiority, and is never loftier than when he descends, nor more absolute than when he abjures authority, and appeals with love to love. Men are not apt to be dragged into goodness. If mere outward acts are sought, it may be enough to impose another's will in orders as laconic as a drill sergeant's word of command; but if the joyful inclination of the heart to the good deed is to be secured, it can only be when law melts into love, and is thereby transformed to a more imperative obligation, written not on tables of stone, but on fleshy tables of the heart.

There is a glimpse here into the very heart of Christ's rule over men. He, too, does not merely impose commands, but stoops to entreat, where he indeed might command. "Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends;" and though he does go on to say, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," yet this commandment has so much tenderness, condescension, and pleading love, that it sounds far liker beseeching than enjoining. His voice is easy, for this among other reasons, that it is, if one may say so, padded with love. His burden is light, because it is laid on his servant's shoulders by a loving hand; and so, as St. Bernard says, it is *onus quod portantes portat*, a burden which carries him who carries it. —Rev. Alexander McLaren, D.D.

The Way Of Life.

You have been earnest and sincere for a great many years, and you have kept on hearing and reading, and, after a fashion, you have even kept on praying; but all the while you have been on the wrong road. Suppose yonder young man should start with his bicycle to go to Brighton, and he should travel due north; he will never get there. The faster he travels the farther he will go from the place. If you follow after righteousness by the works of the law, the more you do the farther off you will be from the righteousness of God. It must be so. Hear a parable. Yonder is a river, deep and broad. You imagine that the proper way to cross it is to wade or swim through it. You will not hear of any other way. The king has built a bridge; it is open, free, and without toll; the passage is as safe as it is plain. You refuse to be beholden to his majesty. You mean to get across by your own exertions. Already you are wet and cold, but you mean to persevere. You are nearly up to your neck in the stream, and the current is too strong for you. Come back, O foolish man, and cross by the bridge. The way of faith is so safe, so simple, so blessed; do try it! Have you not had enough of self-saving? After years of struggling you are not forwarder, and have no more comfort; quit the struggle, and rest in the Lord Jesus. Give up your self-confiding folly, and confide in the Son of God, the bleeding substitute for guilty men.

Do you not see, my friend, that in all your selfish trustings you are really fighting against your God? Jesus says: "Trust me; I will save you," and you reply: "I prefer my own doings." Is not that a great insult to Jesus? Have you not attacked the great Father upon a tender point? May he not appoint his own way of saving you? He has chosen the way of grace through faith. What arrogance to refuse that way! God gives without money and without price; why do you provoke him with your fancied merits? You are flying in the face of the great God, and, therefore, your very religion is a sin. The cross is a superfluity if human merit can suffice. There was no need for the Father to put his Son to grief if, after all, men can work out a righteousness of their own. If works can save you, why did Jesus die? Do you see what you are driving at? Do you mean to trample under foot the blood of Jesus? I beseech you, abhor all notion of self-justification. Dash down the idol which would rival your Lord. "Well," saith one, "you seem to know the ins and outs of a soul aiming at self-salvation." I do, for I long labored to climb up to heaven upon the treadmill of my own works. At length I grew weary, and gave myself up to Jesus that he might bear me there in his own arms. Will you not do the same?

Now, my reader, it will be an awful thing for you to understand this way of grace, and yet to neglect it. How long am I to preach to some of you? How long am I to wear my heart out in crying, "Come to Jesus; believe in Jesus?" If anybody had said twenty years ago that yonder seat-holder would still remain an unconverted man, he would have replied, "Impossible; I am near the kingdom; I am almost persuaded, and before long I shall decide." Yes, you are persuaded on Sundays, but you forget it all on Mondays, and all because faith is not exercised. You believe in faith; but you do not believe in Jesus. You know that Jesus could save you if you trusted him; but you do not trust him. O that this moment you would end this delay! I see God's only-begotten Son, who has deigned to become man for our sakes, and to die in our room and place, and from the cross I entreat him to speak to you. Speak, O my master! He does speak, and these are his words: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Look, I pray you! Look and live. —The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

SAFE.

These trenchant words, upon a subject which must concern every true seeker after righteousness, are from a recent sermon of Dr. C. H. Spurgeon:

Knowing that a thing is wrong does not prevent our doing it. Knowing that a thing is wrong, restrains us from its commission only to the degree that our knowledge that it is wrong is suffused with a living sense of the sinfulness and damnable nature of the act contemplated. It is tolerably clear where our work needs to be put. How can I learn to hate sin? Not by studying it. Looking at the darkness does not make it blacker; it makes it brighter, and the longer you look the more threads of whiteness you will find in it. Nor can we become more conscious of the sinfulness of sin

by any resolved and heroic straining and prodding of our moral perceptions. Sin discloses its heinousness only as it is beheld in the light of the perfect holiness of Almighty God. The ground still needs the sky; the nether firmament yet hangs upon the upper. Christ, that *bundle of heavenly sunshine*, is this gross world's only hope. History cannot utterly fail till it has succeeded in expunging the memory of the thirty-three years of the perfect Jesus. It was in God's eye that David saw the foulness of his own adulterousness. The Lord open the heavens above us and let the eternal shine in the midst of our days, and cause his own revealed holiness to work within us the perfect knowledge of sin, and the perfect abhorrence of it. Then we are safe; safe as God is safe; safe from the devil and a whole hell-full of his angels; safe as Paul was safe who stood unflinchingly before the thorn because he had heard the voices that were unutterable; safe as the Lord was safe who stepped forward triumphant to Calvary, because on the mount he had gathered armament from the prophets, and had been suffused with the light and wrapped about with the glory shed upon him from uncovered heavens.

Mothers Speak Low.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house, when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid: while many a home, where the *low, firm tone of the mother*, or a decided look of her steady eye is *low*, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a *low, sweet voice*. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, *speak low*. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children? —The Kinder Garden.

True Knowledge

The knowledge of Christ is a flower that never fades. Carry it in your bosom, and it will fill your life with fragrance. It is a light that cheers the darkest night; the longer it burns the brighter it grows, and fierce winds only make it shine more clearly. It turns a hovel into a palace, makes a rough road smooth, is easily carried, and costs nothing. The knowledge of Christ is a purse full of gold. It will pay your way in all the strange places of life, and bring you comfort more choice than any found in king's houses. It will open gates closed to the wise of this world, and unlike earthly treasures, the more you spend the more you have. It is a well whose crystal stream makes all around beautiful and pure, refreshes the weary passer-by, never knows the drought of summer, and from life's morning to its latest eve flows steadily, carrying joy and song throughout its course. It is a sunbeam from paradise, a smile from the face of God, the song-book of saints, the Bible of the New Jerusalem, the key of heaven's treasury, and the passport into the presence of the King. It makes rainbows on storm-clouds, transforms tears into pearls, and thorns into apple-trees, and raises the desert to blossom as a rose. It makes the heart larger than kingdom, richer than a bank, brighter than a palace, and happier than a grove in which a thousand birds are singing. Get this knowledge above all things, increase it, teach it, love it, and prize it above rubies, for it is your happiness, your glory, and your life. —Rev. J. MacPherson.

The Snarleyow Family.

The chief characteristic of this family is a disposition to grumble and find fault. Some of the Snarleyows are quick-witted, more of them are sharp-tongued, and all of them are ill-natured. They easily succeed in having the last word, which is about as desirable a possession as a loaded bombshell with a lighted fuse. Their friends apologize for them, but shudder to see them come. They treat them kindly, and are relieved when they go away.

The things on which the Snarleyows most pride themselves, are those which are least to their advantage. They make friends by bright words, and lose them by bitter ones. They accustom themselves to saying what they do not mean, till nobody knows what they do mean. And when their ill-natured jests come to be taken in earnest, they find that a sharp tongue, like a two-edged sword, cuts both ways.

It hardly pays to cultivate acquaintance with the Snarleyow family. The weapons of their warfare may be beautifully polished, but they are also very keen, and many a one who has been snarled at and scolded and stung to madness by the biting wit of a Snarleyow companion, would be more than willing to exchange the brilliant brilliancy which has blasted his life, for the docile stupidity of those who, however much they lack keenness of wit and sarcasm, know enough to hold their tongues and quietly bear the inevitable burdens which fall to the lot of mortals. It is safe to keep pretty clear of the Snarleyow family. —Exchange.

Christian Watchfulness.

As the sentinel on duty watches for the coming foe; as the sailor on deck watches for the coming danger from storm or breakers; as the watchman watches for the thief who seeks to plunder; as Satan watches for opportunities to sow tares and ruin souls; as the worldling watches for chances to make a bargain; as the pleasure-taker watches for seasons, times, and companies for personal enjoyment; as the lover of knowledge watches all openings for the increasing of his knowledge, so should the Christian watch for the approach of his enemies and be prepared for conflict and victory. He should watch for the dangers which beset his passage to the haven of rest, and, by the wisdom which cometh from above, avoid them. He should watch for occasions of usefulness in all ways in his power; for all opportunities of laying up treasure in heaven; for all means of promoting his purity and happiness; for all sources whence may flow an increase in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. "What I say unto one, I say unto all, Watch!" —Bate.

"Innocent in Itself."

How often is this remark made whenever the question of doubtful popular amusements is being discussed! Dancing, horse-racing, boat-racing as ordinarily practised, games of billiards and cards, these, and numerous other amusements, are sometimes justified on such grounds alone. If it be urged that, under the circumstances, these things are inexpedient and ought to be avoided, the reply is, "Oh, these things are innocent in themselves."

The error lies in assuming that certain actions and words may stand alone, and separated from all others, may have nothing to do in molding character. But can we conceive of such isolation? Every moment our influence touches other souls. Whatever may be the cause or even the occasion of evil is to be carefully avoided. There is no law more plainly written than this.

Personal influence, rightly considered, has no place for the doctrine, "This is innocent in itself." Life is profoundly serious, because each part holds a necessary relation to every other part. In all our estimates of guilt or innocence of human action, this view ought to be ever present with us. —Baptist Weekly.

I Can Trust A Christian.

Christianity in South India has won the respect and esteem of the whole community. Here is an illustration. Not very long ago an evangelist met in the street a Hindu with a troubled countenance, a man who had a great deal of money with him. He had gone to the town to collect what seemed a bad debt, and he had got it. He had tied it round his waist. Then came the trouble to keep the money. He was afraid, since he was a stranger in town, that it might be stolen and that he might be murdered. He met the evangelist, and saw by his dress that he was a Christian, for

God puts a bit of sunshine beneath the brown skin, you know. He said: "Sir, I should like to stay at your house, if you please, to-night?" "Oh! but," said the evangelist, "my dear sir, I am a Christian, you are a Hindu; there are thousands of Hindus here." "Yes, it is just because you are a Christian I want to stay with you. I can trust a Christian, but I cannot trust a Hindu." Is not one such testimony worth a volume of sneers?

What A Fault-Finder Is Good For.

In the village of — lived a man who was a bold leader of all opposition to religion, and always ready to publish abroad the inconsistencies or shortcomings of any who were professors of religion. After a time he concluded to remove from the place to a distant part of the country, and meeting the leading minister of the village one day, after the usual salutations, he said, "Well, I suppose you know that I am going to leave town soon, and you will probably be very glad of it." "Glad of it? Why no," said the minister, "you are one of our most useful men, and I shall hardly know how to spare you."

Taken aback by such an unexpected reply, the other immediately asked, "How is that? What do you mean by saying I am useful, or that you will miss me when I am gone?" "Because," said the minister, "not one of our sheep can get foot out of the fold but you bark from one end of the town to the other, and so show yourself one of the most useful watch-dogs that I ever knew. I don't know where we shall find any one that can supply your place." The rebuke struck home, and the fault-finder, with a crestfallen look, went on his way. —Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Quarantine Your House.

You must quarantine against immortal literature. This is a deadly poison. It comes in various and attractive disguises. Exclude it as you would the germs of a pestilence. To effectually protect your homes from its baleful influence, supply them with healthy literature. It is as easy to cultivate a good as a depraved literary taste in children. They will read something, and what they read will exert an important influence on their character. Let your most earnest effort be exerted to keep out of the house the sensational novel, the blood curdling tale of vice, the obscene pictures, and the whole flood of wicked, degrading, crime-producing literature that threatens us. Put in reach of your family good papers, magazines, and books. Bait them with a chaste story, and keep them supplied with wholesome knowledge. A bad book may prepare your son for the cell of a felon. A novel may vitiate the whole life of your daughter.

THE SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT.—Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking for enjoyment does not pay. From what I know of it I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant, while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighed for.

EARLY IN THE MORNING.—The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day. Men commit a grave sin against themselves who sleep away and stupefy the early hours of the day. If the very first thoughts and feelings on waking in the morning have been trained to rise to God; if you bathe upward, and come down cleansed, cool, calm, and poised in spirit, you will find it easier all day long to go right, and to keep a sweet mind; you will be children of light; and you will be more likely to remain children of light through the whole day.

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

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6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate point, and for McAdam Junction and Vancouber, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.

11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and all points East.

3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John, and all points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

8.55 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.

2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vancouber, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock.

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

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

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