

Live, Tell, Trust.

I would live like Jesus,
Free from every sin;
May his Holy Spirit
Make me pure within;
I would tell for Jesus,
Strengthened by his grace,
Till in endless glory
I behold his face.

I would tell to Jesus
Every grief and care;
He delights to answer
Humble, fervent prayer;
Through the changeable future,
Jesus, be my guide;
In thy great compassion
Keep me near thy side.

I would trust in Jesus
All my journey through;
He is ever faithful,
He is ever true;
Saviour, in my bosom
Shed abroad thy love;
When I die receive me
To thy home above.

Piety at Home.

Public religious services are essential to the maintenance not only of religious profession, but of religious life. Where public worship is neglected, religion will not long survive. As an abstract proposition it may be conceded that true piety is strong enough to subsist alone, that it is independent of adventitious aid. It is perfectly true that in the worst of times God has had His hidden ones. In an idolatrous age and in degenerate days there have been numbers who would not bow the knee to Baal. When the upholders of Scriptural truth were driven into dens and caves of the earth, they clung not only to their faith, they embraced every opportunity that presented for the observance of public worship. The Waldensians, the Huguenots and the Covenanters found temples which they dedicated to God in Alpine fastness, in recesses of the Cevennes and in the glens and morasses of stern Caledonia. Piety has proved itself a plant of vigorous growth, but it must have the appropriate means for its sustenance. If it is neglected at home it can only maintain a stunted and sickly existence.

This is the age of machinery. Its presence is felt in the Church as well as everywhere else. What are all our ecclesiastical organizations but an intricate system of religious machinery? It cannot be charged as being ineffective. It is productive of great and important results, yet there may be evils incident to its existence that have to be guarded against. The Sabbath School is one of the most important of religious agencies, and anyone speaking against it would not be listened to with patience. It is doing great work in moulding the religious life and thought of the young. It is not, however, an imaginary danger that prompts the question, Is there not a strong tendency on the part of parents to relegate their responsibility for the religious training of their children to the Sabbath school teacher? There is a strong temptation to neglect this, one of the most sacred of duties, with a light heart. In the family as God has constituted it, religion must have the first place, otherwise one of the elements of its stability and blessedness is gone. Parents possess a power and an influence that cannot be delegated to others. On them rests primarily the duty of training their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It may be argued that through lack of fitness and aptitude to teach, the work of training the young may be better done by others. In certain cases this may be so, but that, it is hoped is exceptional, at all events, it should be exceptional. A proper realization of the sense of responsibility would bring with it the needed aptitude to teach, with a tenderness and an interest that could not fail to be impressive.

People advanced in years, and even people not past middle life, can recall numerous instances of domestic methods of religious instruction but ill calculated to create in the minds of the young impressions favourable to religion. But these stern, severe and ill-adapted methods did not produce so many disastrous effects as is sometimes attributed to them. Many whose religion is of a stalwart and enduring kind, smile not unkindly as they recall the patriarchal discipline of their early days, yet bless God for having given them fathers and mothers who taught them, by precept and example, that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom. The number of those going astray who attributed their downfall to undue severity in the home circle, and to the distaste for religion caused by unlovely exhibitions of it at home, are not so numerous as those who, not untruthfully, acknowledge that their shipwreck is due in the first instance to neglect of parental precepts and disobedience of

parental commands. In these days of greater leniency are the numbers of those lessened who 'stamp their lives with failure and bring grief and shame to parents' hearts?

Present conditions of domestic and social life may be far from favourable to the cultivation of home piety. Existence is becoming dreadfully artificial. Claims of business and society leave little time and less inclination for domestic leisure and repose. Absence of healthful but kindly restraint on the comings and goings of the young members of the family is observable. The parent of the present day is certainly an indulgent parent. What is over-indulgence and neglect of the first duties of a religious life to end in?

Religious training at home need not be, must not be, irksome and repulsive. Appliances of all kinds are abundant and accessible, but if a strong, healthy and well-grounded religious education is to form a part of home life, then the Bible must have the first place. Is not much of the shallow sentimentalism that at present passes for piety, owing mainly to the neglect of Bible reading and Bible study in the home circle. Godly homes will make a godly nation, as no other agency can.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Growing old Gracefully.

BY REV. HENRY M. KING, D. D.

One of the most needful and practical lessons of life is this—if God in His providence should spare us to old age, we should seek to grow old gracefully, ripening and mellowing, softening and brightening, filled with wisdom and patience and good cheer as the years go by. We know the danger that old age, with its pain and infirmity, its release from active care, its narrowing circle of friends and its tendency to dwell in the past, may grow fretful and sour, morose, peevish and unattractive, may chafe under its surroundings, and feel out of gear with all the machinery of life, and with the appointments of God and of nature. This danger in a multitude of instances, to their praise be it said, is resisted and overcome. It may be overcome in every instance, and old age always become the serene, sweetest, sunniest, happiest, most attractive and most blessed period of life; as beautiful as an orchard whose ruddy fruit bends the laden branches and peeps out blushing between the leaves, or as a harvest field whose golden grain rivals the brightness of the autumn sun. To grow older should be certainly to grow wiser, and wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness not only at the start, but increasingly so as they approach the goal of life.

To this end, that old age may be sweet and not sour, attractive and not repulsive, neither uncomfortable nor a discomfort, four simple rules may be suggested as worthy of remembrance. First, accept the indisputable and inevitable fact that you are growing older every year and every day, that you are older to-day than you were last year, or last month, or even yesterday. Do not conceal it from yourself, and do not foolishly and vainly attempt to conceal it from others. Acquiesce cheerfully in what you cannot help, and more than that in what you would not help if you could. Only be sure that the advancing years are bringing to you wisdom and maturity of life, experience and strength of character, and then thank God for the blessed fruits of life. To grow older is not necessarily to grow "old" in the common use of the word. There are young old people as well as old young people. The heart instead of drying up may be full of a richer life, and instead of being an urn for ashes may glow with the flame of a brighter and holier purpose.

Second, do not brood over the past. The years bring changes, many and sad; the loss of friendships that were inexpressibly dear, and the vanishing of faces whose smile was as the light of heaven. Those who start out with you in the morning of life or stood with you on your happy wedding day are fast disappearing. New friends have come in; but the vacant places never get filled, and the heart will sometimes feel a pang of loneliness. Or, what is worse, the past may be full of lost opportunities, disappointments, hardships, miserable failures, or committed sins. Byron, prematurely old, wrote at the early age of thirty-six:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flower and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."

It was unnatural. All brooding is unnatural which sits down and counts its sorrows or its sins over and over again, as a Catholic devotee counts the beads of her rosary. That is not religion, neither the one nor the other. There will be regret; there must be penitence; but let there be no brood-

ings, no morbid grief, which paints the heavens black and shuts out the light of the sun and even the bright face of God's unchanging mercy. You cannot change the past. It is gone; let it go. The present and the future are yours. If there is any money in the past extract it; but leave the empty comb and the stinging bees to their fate, and turn your face to the new life that is before you. Some one has said the only proper use of the past is to get a future out of it.

Third, have hopeful views; look on the bright side of things; do not be discouraged. Do not be a pessimist and think everything is going to the pad as fast as it can. In the name of eternal truth and almighty God, and his ever coming kingdom, do not despair of your times, your nation, your church, or yourself. The nation has endured Republican administrations and Democratic administrations, and passed through many a stormy presidential campaign, and still lives, and indeed has grown richer and more prosperous all the time. The church of Christ has passed through the hottest fires of persecution, hotter than will ever be kindled again, and instead of being consumed has shone the brighter. Error may seem to prevail, but

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.
The eternal years of God are hers."

To talk about the former times as better than these, and be discouraged in your work for God and his church, is not only evidence of old age, but of the weakness of old age, of approaching senility. The golden age of the church and the world is not in the past, but in the future.

And, personally, you are in God's hands; your affairs are under his all-wise supervision; your future, unknown to you, is all known to him, and is within the safe circumference of his gracious promises. All things shall work together for good to them that love him. You are in his keeping, and your sainted dead are in his keeping. God is the God of eternity as well as of time, and the future is but the blossoming of his purpose. Be not faithless and hopeless, but believing.

"Look where we may the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more;
Yet love will dream and faith will trust
(Since he who knows our need is just).
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cyress-trees
And hopeless lays his dead away!"

And fourth, and above all, be followers of Jesus Christ. This will make you patient and contented with God's appointments, will keep you from brooding as nothing else will or can, and will fill your vision with brightness and hope. No man should allow himself to grow old without Christ. No man should try to build the house of the soul on the weak and sandy foundations of his own righteousness. Be humble, sincere and open believers in the only Saviour of the world, who is the guide of youth, the support of age, the friend of the dying, and the author of immortality. Let not the sun of your life go down in darkness and uncertainty. Let your last days on earth be full of the peace of God, and radiant with the hope of heaven. Be numbered with God's people here, and through divine grace look forward to a blessed and unbroken reunion with all the loved and sainted dead of all the ages. Then shall your old age be serene and happy, and sustained under all infirmity and pain with the promise of eternal youth. "There shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child shall die a hundred years old; but the sinner being a hundred years old shall be accursed."—*Standard.*

Applied Christianity.

Perhaps we ought to apologize for using the expression. In truth, all Christianity is applied Christianity. There is no other Christianity which is Christian. But many people have a kind of religion which they call Christian, but which has no grip on life and no alliance with godliness; and therefore it is allowable to point a lesson with the term "applied Christianity." When our religion gets into a human heart it produces results in his conduct. It makes a man of him, first of all. It kills the beast, whether it be wolf or fox, and converts the human creature into the type of manliness. A great deal is conveyed in this statement, Don't disguise it by the phrase, "a new man." A real sinner is not manly. He can be a sneak, a rogue, a liar, or a thief; a Christian cannot. And the contrast is expressed by saying that he has become a manly man. This is, indeed, a new man, but it is only a real and genuine man. "The other man is more or less a beast."

In the second place, the good in our Christian has an irresistible tendency

to action. Something to be done, is the meaning of any profession. No man is a farmer or lawyer or merchant by brevet. The farmer has a calling, an office, work to do, and he deserves his title by doing the work. Just so a Christian has work to do, and proves his Christianity by doing his work. The Master made a sharp remark about saying "Lord, Lord," and doing no act of affection and service. "Why call ye Me Lord, and do not the things which I say?" The world is full of people under that rebuke. Some of them have love-feast religion, a pleasing manifestation of Christianity, if it do not unfortunately take a man's whole time or tire him out so completely that he can do nothing else. But love-feast religion in this exclusive form is not Christianity. It is a "Lord, Lord" deception. Probably the poor man is deceived. But somebody ought to enlighten him. His religion is vain if it gets lame and limps as soon as the meeting closes.

It is impossible to attach too much importance to the conversation and sanctification of souls. But the proof that a man has been redeemed by power will be found not at the end of his tongue, but in the issue of his life. He will be a manly man and an active Christian. If he is neither, he is yet in his sin. Two travelers sat together in a railway car. One said to the other "I always profess Christ wherever I am." The other hesitated a moment, and then replied, "I try to live Christ wherever I am." The second man probably went down to his house justified rather than the other. Profession is good in right measure, but one wants some practice along with it. Profession is only a presumptive proof, to be supported by the evidence of the life.

The age of religious gush is about ended. It is an open secret that one may gush and gush, and still be a deceitful sinner or a troublesome drone in the church. We cannot afford to take the testimony of a warm lip against the evidence of a cold life. Genuine religious warmth does not freeze up in the neighborhood of a subscription paper or an honest action. If you love your neighbor, you can deal with him squarely, treat him decently, and help him when he needs it. If you love all the world, you can spare something for missionary work, assist the poor in the next street, and take some share in keeping your country clean.

Applied Christianity—that is to say, Christianity which is Christian—does not forsake a man when he goes—or ought to go—to a primary election, or any other election. It sticks to him when he describes the other party or its candidates—and when he describes his own. It keeps him from telling political lies, social lies, and all sorts of devilish lies. In short, it helps a man to tell the truth when he knows it, and to hold his tongue when he doesn't know anything about it.

The subject is a large one—as large as Christianity. All our religion comes to application. By their fruits—not by the length of their tongues—ye shall know them. The vast work of the church calls for converted men—converted enough to get down to hard, every-day work for the Master. This work can be done at home, in the shop, the field, or the ship. To live Christ is to work out the Christ life even as Christ did. The talking part of the church doubts whether the other part is converted. But is the talking part itself converted? The question is a shocking one, no doubt, but a shock is sometimes a blessing. Our question may be personally answered—in the closet. *Zions Herald.*

Pastoral Visiting.

Pastoral visiting has been pronounced a "treadmill operation." Yes, when faithfully performed it is a treadmill operation. It is hard work, having its reward in a good conscience, a harvest of souls here and a crown of rejoicing hereafter.

Pastoral visiting should be frequent, as frequent as possible without the neglect of other duties. On heavy charges pastoral visits cannot be paid more frequently, perhaps, than once a quarter, except in case of sickness on the part of the members to be visited. Affliction, the visits should be multiplied to suit emergencies.

Pastoral visiting should be particular and general. The pastor should visit all the families of his church and as many others as it may be prudent to visit. None such should be overlooked. To secure these ends visiting should be systematic and regular. It should not be done at random; it should, indeed, be a treadmill operation. Prayer in the family is not absolutely necessary, but where it is convenient, it is very important. The conversation may be promiscuous in part, but it should also be religious.

The pastor should not be too grave or stiff, so as to chill the social circle; but he should avoid levity or too rank a hold on worldly topics.

Let the preacher keep the great purpose of the Gospel mission always in view, and constantly work up to it. Let him do good all the time and everywhere; less earnestness than this is inconsistent with the avowed convictions of an orthodox ministry.

Having said this much for pastoral visiting. How many are there that the preacher never prayed in their families, and yet that never invited one to pray, unless it was at the usual hours for family devotion! How many there are who simply desire to be noticed by the minister, to have a little pleasant chit-chat, and yet who would not appreciate close inquiries into their life and experience.

It must be born in mind that the duties of pastors are various. They are citizens, and owe duties to the State; they are in many cases heads of families, and necessarily have more or less business; they are social beings, and must interchange the courtesies of social life; they must read, study and prepare sermons; they must be allowed to wander a little into the labyrinths of literature and science; they must have time—much time—for private prayer. Only a portion of their time—not a large portion at that—can be given to pastoral calls. The preacher must be allowed to use his common sense in rightly distributing his duties; and the church should be satisfied if he devotes a reasonable part of his time to pastoral visiting.

A Christian Buffer.

Did you ever notice the way in which a train of railroad cars is fastened together? At the end of each car is a bolt, which slides in and out a little way, to which is hooked another bolt just like it on the next car. When the engineer backs and the two cars come together, they do not strike with a hard bump, jolting the passengers out of their seats; but the two fastenings meet, each slides in a few inches, breaking the force of the blow, and the two cars come together easily and gently. These slides are called buffers, because they buff each other, and save the cars from many a bump. Now, do you know that everybody can carry with him a buffer, which will help him to avoid hard hits with other people? That buffer is kindness.

A kind word, spoken gently, even in answer to an unkind one; a kind action, seeking the good of another; above all, a kind heart, full of love, will make all around us friendly, and fill the world with sunshine.

You remember how Joseph went out of his prison to become a prince. If he had moped and sulked in Potiphar's house, as he had some reason for doing, or had sat down in the prison cross and snappish, do you suppose he would ever have risen to greatness? No; with all his ability, but for his kindness and cheerful, helpful spirit, you and I would never have heard of his name. Kindness will often succeed where eminent ability will fail.—*Raleigh Christian Advocate.*

The First Office.

Not long since, as a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, the following conversation substantially occurred:—"It is true," said the merchant; "I am not satisfied with my present condition, I am not of a settled mind in religion," as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless; I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour."

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering laborers, who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you overlooked the fact that these men accepted the first offer."

"Is that so?"
"Certainly; they said to the Lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.' They welcomed the first offer immediately."

"True, I had not thought of that before."

THE WASTED YEARS.—What a remarkable promise that is of the Lord to His repentant people: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker worm, the caterpillar, and the palmer worm."

The past years of unfruitfulness may be restored.

Christian, it may be that with you the sun is going down. You have but one life to live. Count up the years of your Christian life that the locust of worldliness, and the canker worm of the care of the world, and the caterpillar of sinful pleasure, and the palmer worm of secret sin have devoured and made unfruitful! How dreary the record! Can they be restored to you? There's the promise. Claim it. Fly to Christ. Henceforth know nothing among men but Him crucified.

Die unto the world. Live unto righteousness. Pray for the restoration of these devoured years. It may be that even you may reap a harvest that will gladden your heart through all eternity. There is no time for any thing else.—*Chaplain C. C. McCabe.*

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