

## The Master's Questions.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honor." John 12: 26.

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,  
For those who have missed their way?  
Have ye been in the wild waste places,  
Where the lost and wondering stray?  
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,  
The foul and the darkness street?  
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming,  
The print of my wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom  
The trembling neglected lamb?  
And taught to the little lost one  
The sound of the Shepherd's name?  
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,  
With no clothing, no home, no bread?  
The Son of man was among them—  
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water,  
To the parched and thirsty soul?  
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"  
Have ye told my fainting children  
Of the strength of the Father's hand?  
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps  
To the shore of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,  
To smooth the pillow of death,  
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,  
And strengthen the feeble faith?  
And have ye felt when the glory  
Has streamed through the open door,  
And flitted across the shadows,  
That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted,  
In their agony of woe?  
Ye might hear me whispering beside you,  
"Tis the pathway I often go!"  
My brethren, my friends, my disciples,  
Can ye dare to follow me?  
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,  
There shall the servant be!

Selected.

## Brother Harkliss, or Changing Places.

BY MRS. JAMES D. CHAPLIN.

There appeared one day, at the study of an eminent minister, an aged negro, most of whose life had been spent in bondage, but who was now rejoicing in liberty, and introduced himself as "Brother Harkliss Jones, from South Caliny." The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money, to be spent, as so much of it usually is, in the traveling expenses of the applicant. "Well, Brother Harkliss," he asked, with patient kindness, "what can I do for you?" "You can listen to me, brudder," replied Harkliss, with a princely air.

"I'll do that if you'll be short; but my time is very precious, brudder," answered the pastor. "So is mine, brudder!" exclaimed the visitor, with a dignity which almost startled the minister. "You and I's both servants of de King, and his business always 'quires haste."

"Yes; and your church wants a little help, I suppose, after the war. Well, I'm glad they sent a sensible man for it."

"No, sir. My church is the Church Universal, and dat has got the Mighty One of Jacob for her help, and needn't go beggin' of nobody! I come to give and not to ax, sir."

"Then you've got some money for my church, I suppose," said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir; what I've got to give will come closer home to you than to your church."

"Well, what have you to give me then?"

"A little advice and a heap of comfort. I came up from my old home 'cause my chil'n and gran'chil'n was bound for to come. I was as near de Lord on de bank of de Great Pedee as I ever 'spect to be up here; and dere was as many souls to save down dere, as dere is up here. But young folks, you know, is songunery (sanguine) in dere views, and mighty 'strob'lous in carryin' on 'em out. Dey got a notion—poor things—that every foot o' land up North was sanctified by Mr. Lincoln's spirit, and that de 'arth yielded like it did afore de cuss fell on it—without labor or sweat! Dey thought de North was a little heaven whar no man had to say to his neighbor, 'Love ye de Lord,' kase dey all loved him 'ready. I told 'em dere was work and poverty and sin up here, like dere was down home; for I've seen Northern folks plenty in my young days, and mighty hard ones dey was, too! But my chil'n dey 'phood' at me, and said 'mong demsel's, 'Daddy, he's 'hind de times. If we goes he'll soon foller.' Now dey was right dere, for nex' to de Lord, I loves my chil'n and gran'chil'n. When I see dey was comin', I packed up my bundle and come too. It peared like I saw a great shinin' finger in de dark cloud one night pointin' due north. 'Den,' says I, 'dat's my pillar o' fire, and where I'm sent I'll go, and de Lord will have my work all laid out ready or me.' So here I be, sir."

"And you want me to set you to work?"

"Not a bit of it, sir; on de contr'y, I wants to set you to work! Dat's what I'm comed here for this mornin'."

The cool composure of the sable guest fairly astonished the gentleman used to so much deference and respect; and he asked in a tone of surprise, "What do you mean, brudder?"

"Well, I've been to hear you preach two Sundays, and I've made up my mind dat you're off de track! You talks like it was a chance any-how whether we saints gets to heaven after all. Dere was too many 'ifs' in your sermons. De Master hadn't no 'ifs' in his preachin'. His gospel is, 'Him dat believes shall be saved.' 'Him dat comes I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto me, you dat is tired and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' 'Dere is no condemnation to dem dat are in Christ Jesus.' 'Whar I am dere shall my people be also.' 'I give eternal joy unto as many as my Father give me, and none shall pluck dem out of my hands.' Isn't dat good gospel, sir?"

Yes, and I believe every word of it," replied the minister.

"Is dere any chance, think you, for Satan to slip in by a trick, and upset de great work of redemption?"

"No."

"Dan why don't you tell the people so? One sarmon o' you'n was tellin' all 'bout de doubts Satan pushes into de hearts of de Lord's people. Why, dat sarmon was mor'n half 'devil' all through! And another was tellin' de saints dat dey must do dis and dat and t'other to get peace and comfort here and heaven beyond. If you believes dat Christ died and rose again, and dat 'kase he lives we shall live also, why don't you comfort God's people wid dese words? Let de devil alone for awhile in your preachin' (you'll get 'nuff o' him widout makin' so much on him), and just preach Christ, Christ, Christ! 'Pears like I don't want to hear nothin' else but just only dat dear name, while I stays here in dis flesh. I rises every mornin' in Christ, and I walks and talks wid Him all day. When night comes I lies down and sleeps wid Him, like it was my last sleep, and I mought wake next mornin' wid Him in glory! I'm black and poor and old to de eyes of de world; but I'm fair and rich and fresh in His sight, 'kase I'm in Him. All dat He has got is mine, and dere ain't a king on 'arth dat old Harkliss would change places wid. No, no, no!"

"But while you never doubt God's power to save, you sometimes have doubts of your acceptance with him haven't you?" asked the minister, who was by this time, seated meekly taking his lesson.

"No, never; why should I?"

Dere was a night once, long time ago, when my soul was 'ceeding sorrowful, like de Master's when he was in de garden. I felt like I was helpless for dis life, and I had no light on de world deyout. I hated my hard massa, and I most hated God, too, for not giving me a better lot. I was out in de cane brake all alone, a mile away from any livin' cretur'.

I felt like I wanted to kill myself 'kase my massa he done gone and sold my wife and baby! Dat ar night I got a hint in my soul what hell was; and as I sat dere a thought come into me and I spoke it out. 'Dere isn't no God,' says I. And dem words skeart me so I sprang right off de ground whar I was lyin'!

I was bewildered, I reckons: for all of a sudden I see a great white hand sweep back de dark night, and a light shined all 'roun' 'bout me. I didn't see nobody, but I felt strong arms about me, and in a minute my poor, achin' head was leamin' on somebody's breast; and oh, what a place dat was to rest on! Den a voice said "Come unto me, poor tired and heavy-laden soul, and I will give you rest." Den I knowed dere was a God, and dat it was de voice of his Son in my soul. I've been a new man since dat night; but half de time I been only a common sort of a Christian, like you, risin' and fallin', hopin' and doubtin' such a Christian as puzzles de world to know whether dere is any good in 'ligion or not!

"I was a waiter in dem days, and was a good deal with de white folks, and it was fash'nable 'mong dem for to doubt, and mourn, and whine, when dey talked 'ligion; and I used to forget dat night in de cane brake, and I fell into de fashion of de grand folks. But it didn't work with me, and I got into darkness. Den I would try to hire de Lord to lift me out of de horrible pit and de miry clay, by 'good works, helpin' de weak field hands, or givin' away my pocket money. But we never made a bargain—de Lord and me! He always brung me low till I was glad to get peace free, and to take away all of bragging from me, he generally brought de peace when I was asleep and doin' no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run on mighty peart for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was then. He was in me; but dere was plenty else in me besides him."

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brudder; if it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister in a subdued voice, as if address-

ing a superior, "I want to hear how you got clear of the tempter, and filled with Christ at last."

"Oh well, it isn't no great story, but heze it is—Dere was an old cold sister dey used to call Gimcey, a sort of preacher like 'mong de field hands. Well, when she came down to her death-bed, she done call all massa's people, and de neighborin' black folks 'round her, 'kase she said she had been in heaven a whole hour, and come back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her and she lift up her two hand and pray dis way: 'Lor' Jesus, answer dis one pra'er of mine for dy own name sake. It is old Gimcey's last pra'er: de next word wid me will be praise and hallelujahs. Bring dese poor chil'n into de light, like you bring me into de light fifty years ago. Don't let Brudder Harkliss cast contempt no longer on dy blessed name by doubtin' of dy word which is truth! Humble proud Jenny and in massy (mercy) punish drunk Dose, and comfort lone Polly, and cure sick Abe, and bring all de rest to dy house up dere by-an'-by!' Den she open her eyes and begun for to preach, and she give each one a separate little sarmon all to hisself. She den call me. 'Come here, Brudder Harkliss, and take my cold hand in yours.' I went, and she said, 'Oh, Harkliss, Harkliss! you's worse den an unprofitable sarvant! You's half de time barin' false witness again de Lord dat bought you, and tellin' de world dat his word ain't for to be trusted,—dat he dont always speak truth!"

Mebby you do, right here on de verge o' heaven; but quick's you get out you'll say Dere's no tellin' whether I'll ever reach heaven or not." 'Harkliss,' says she, 'do you believe de Lord has writ yer name on de palms of his hands, and his name on your forehead?"

"I bowed down my head in shame, for I see my sin. And den de truth of God shore out like a great sun, as I never see it afore. My soul was full of glory, such like as de world never sees, and I says, 'Yes, Auntie, he has told me time and again dat he is mine and dat I am his. Do you believe he speak de truth, Harkliss?' says she. 'Yes, Auntie, says I, I know now he does. I sees his word like fire. Den you quit a doubtin' afore de world, says she. Harkliss, if you'd been as disrespe'ful to your owners as you've been to de great Master, and if you'd gone 'round sayin' he's promised me such and such, but I doubt he'll not keep his word—he'd sold you into de rice swamps a hundred times in dese years! Better cut off yer right hand, pluck out yer right eye dan to doubt de truth of his word. You is his, for he bought you wid his own precious blood; and as sure as he's in heaven you shall go dere too! I'm tired, chil'n, and must go to sleep. Good night."

Dere, sir, dem was old Gimcey's last words on earth; de next one she spoke was Glory 'fore de throne. Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den, dat has never gave out since. Pears life de Lord is in de midst of it, if and maybes comes round tryin' to break my peace, I shouts out, no matter who hears me, De Lord says dat I am his, and dat I am his, and dat whar he am, dar shall I be also; and his word endureth forever. Den de ifs all fly off like dey were unclean birds, and leaves me in de light! Why, sir, I'se got de world so under my feet dat notein' in it can worry me, only de sin I sees; and dat will be cleared off some day. De Lord's chiln got a good right to glory; and nobody—no, not de devil, dat you make such count on—can take it away from em! Now my errands is done here. You stick to de gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on yer people, and soon see dem a tramin' on de world. Good-bye, sir."

The minister rose and took the hand of his guest, kindly saying, "Let me write your name down, brudder; for I want to see you again and to know you better. How do you spell Harkliss?"

"Her-c-less—I don't guess I can 'member it, for its nigh onto forty years since I larnt how to spell it from my young master. He said I was named after one of dem heathen goddesses dat dey used to make believe dey had in old times. He's 'mong dat nonsense dey teaches in collage. He's de fellow dat killed lions and monsters and such-like wid his club. You's been to collage, so you must know 'bout him, de strongest goddess of all—Harkliss."

"I know him," replied the minister. "Well, brudder Hercules, come and see me again very soon. Good-bye."

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages he had already written of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold and lifeless—there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms, and sat down before the fire to meditate on the

words of his poor visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. Taking up his hat, he went out to visit some of the poor hidden ones of his flock, whom he knew to be in the kingdom of heaven.—Selected.

## Pray with your Children.

The friend of a young mother was talking with her about her maternal responsibilities, and urged the duty of constant and believing prayer for the early conversion of her children. She assured him that it was her daily practice to carry her little ones to the throne of grace, yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the special influence of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately and by name?" inquired the friend.

"No, that has never been my habit," was the reply.

"I think it is of much importance, Mrs. H., especially as a help to our faith, and to the clearness and intensity of our desires on their behalf. You pray with them, I trust, as well as for them?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often. They seem a little restless, and inclined to whisper together when my eyes are closed, and so I have less embarrassment and more freedom in supplication by being alone at such seasons."

"Let me persuade you, dear Mrs. H., to try a different plan. Take your little son and daughter each separately to the place of prayer, and kneeling with them before the Lord, tell Him the name, the history, the special want of each, and see if your heart is not opened to plead for them as you have never done before."

Tears were in the eyes of the young mother as she said, with trembling lips, "I'll try."

As evening came on, she had not forgotten her promise, but as she saw that Sarah, her daughter, was unusually peevish, she thought best to take her little son first to the chamber. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years, and when his mother whispered her wish to pray with him, he gladly put his hand in hers and knelt by her side.

As he heard his name mentioned before the Lord, a tender hush fell upon his young spirit, and he clasped his fingers more tightly as each petition for his special need was breathed into the ear of his Father in heaven. And did not the clinging of that little hand warm her heart to new and more fervent desire, as she poured forth her supplication to the hearer and answered of prayer?

When the mother and child rose from their knees, Willie's face was like a rainbow smiling through tears.

"Mamma, mamma," said he, "I am o glad you told Jesus my name. Now He'll know me when I get to heaven; and when the kind angels that carry little children to de Saviour take me in His arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant, and say 'Why, this is Willie H. His mother told me about him. How happy I am to see you, Willie? Won't that be nice, mamma?"

## Hold up the Light.

The famous Eddystone lighthouse off the coast of Cornwall, England, was first built, in a fanciful way, by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from his lofty balcony used boldly to defy the storm, crying, "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one fearful night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder.

The light-house was built a second time of wood and stone by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder and his structure perished in flames.

Next the great Smeaton was called. He raised a cone from the solid rock, upon which it was built, and riveted it to the rock, as the oak is fastened by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscription like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and on its keystone about the lantern, the simple tribute, "Laus Deo!" and the structure still stands, holding its beacon light to storm tossed mariners.

Fellow-workers for salvation of men Christ, the Light, must be held up before men, or they will perish. Let us, then, place him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood or stone. But taking the Word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and every course put Smeaton's humble inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.—Selected.

August 23rd 1888

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Total Surplus Security for Policyholders.....\$1,129,413 04

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1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
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