

If We Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the hearts of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tar-washed are whitest—
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when we stand in judgment,
When the Lord shall come again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men."

—Sct.

The Greatest Missionary.

The greatest foreign missionary this world ever had was our Lord Jesus himself. His whole life upon the earth was in a foreign field. He came from a world of glory and holiness into a world of misery and sin for the purpose of changing it into the paradise which it had been before sin entered into it. But when he came, everything was foreign to him. The angels accompanied him when he made his appearance on earth with the shouts of heaven: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." But there were only a few men in whose hearts the heavenly shout found an echo.

King Herod heard of this new-born King, who had arrived for the great mission of saving the world, and immediately sought to kill him. He came to save his own people, but they received him not, but drove him out of their land into a foreign country, Egypt, where he had to stay until Herod died, when he returned into a despised, remote corner of Galilee, the small town of Nazareth. Here he learned a trade, and saw and heard many things which had been foreign to him from eternity. What misery, woe, tears, lamentations he saw and heard, all the consequences of sin! In what deep degradation he found his own people toward even their own religion. All was form. The whole field was full of dry bones in which was no life, no spirit.

In heaven the myriads of angels and saints had adored the Son of God. Now, since he came to this world as a foreign missionary, almost every one, and especially the most religious class of people, despised him on account of his mission. Satan looked upon him as an intruder into his kingdom and offered it all to him if he would only fall down once before him and worship him. The devil must have a great opinion of himself and worship to offer so great a reward if Christ would only once fall down before him and worship him. Satan gets it done much cheaper by most of his servants; but it is not worth so much to him as if Christ had fallen down before him. Just think of it! What an evil world it must have seemed to the Lord Jesus in which the devil ruled, and claimed as his, and therefore wanted Christ to worship him like the rest of his people.

The whole life of Jesus on this earth was foreign to him—not that he did not know how it was here below, for he knew all about it, and therefore, out of love, came on his great mission to redeem the world. And he had to pay very dearly for it. That was a very great missionary debt he had to pay for his people; and no one else could pay it but our Lord Jesus.

Now, after he had paid the great debt, and before he left this foreign country to go home to the land of glory, he knew it would take much work to make known to all the world that "God gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should have everlasting life." As he was sent into this world like a lamb among wolves, so he sent his disciples into the world of wolves to declare the good tidings brought from heaven. Christ never would demand of others what he has not done himself; and he has promised to be with them unto the end of time and the end of the world.

But how shall the world get the good news except the Church—the representative, yea, the bride of the Lamb—send men into foreign lands to proclaim it to the nations? How shall they believe the Gospel of Jesus they do not hear it? But to send

missionaries into foreign lands costs money, much money. But is there anything in this world like a precious soul? What is it worth? Jesus knew what it was worth—enough to give his own life for it. But there are people who profess that Jesus has saved them from sin, and the devil, and hell—yes, and not a few among the United Brethren—who cannot give one dollar a year for foreign or other missions, to have the Gospel preached to the heathen.

Many, yes, very many lay up their money for the ruin of their sons and daughters, who spend that money for the advancement of the kingdom of their father, the devil, and besides buying themselves land, houses and property of this world, buy themselves a place in hell. What a grumbling there is with many Church members if some money is demanded for missions. And most of these grumblers are those who give the least. You seldom hear a liberal person grumble when you ask him for money for God's cause. Almost all the grumblers are misers, whom the Bible calls idolaters, who have no part in the kingdom of heaven, although they have a part in the Church, which sadly tolerates these idolaters in it.

As our Lord was the greatest foreign missionary, and saved the most sinners to himself, and as he ordered his Church to go into all the world to preach the Gospel to all nations, let us be up and doing. We have the men, and the money to send and support them. Woe unto us if we neglect our duty in this.—Rev. Wm. Mittendorf, in Religious Telescope.

Too Little Time Spent in Prayer.

I was admiring, this summer, a photograph of the interior of a beautiful chapel. I knew the light in the chapel was very dim, and was curious to know how long a time was required to take the picture. I was informed by the artist that his camera stood a whole day with the plate exposed to that dim interior. Here is a key, thought I, to the secret why the lives of so many Christians are wanting in Christ-likeness. Their souls are not held in conscious contact with Christ long enough to receive permanent and vitalizing impressions from Him. There may be angelic beings, unclouded by sin, who, in a very brief time spent in communion with God, can receive unfading and life-giving impressions. But it is not so with us mortals. In consequence of sin, our nature is darkened, like the interior of that dark chapel. The sensitiveness to divine impressions is dulled, so that, unless the soul is for a considerable time in contact with God, no lasting and fruitful impressions are made through prayer.

We are so constituted that time is a necessary element in every mental or moral acquisition. No one ever learns the multiplication table by reading it over once. The mind must not only be directed to the thing to be learned, it must be held for a considerable time in fixed attention upon that thing, else there will be no permanent impression made upon the mind.

This law holds in respect to our spiritual being and life. The greater the time spent in real communion with God, the greater and more permanent will be the effect of such communion on our souls. It often takes some time to disentangle the mind from worldly objects so as to bring the soul into uninterrupted communion with God. The high priest could not step from the street immediately into the Holy of Holies in the Jewish Temple; various outer courts had to be traversed before the inner sanctuary could be entered. So the soul that is immersed in the cares and pleasures of the world cannot always step instantly from these into the Holy of Holies of God's presence, with the world wholly shut out. If our stated devotions consist of a few minutes snatched from the busy morning and the drowsy evening, our spiritual life will not be lifted to the high plane which it ought to occupy. One who is familiar with the biographies of those who have been eminent for their piety and usefulness in the Church cannot fail to have noticed how much time they all spent in prayer. Their prayers were often measured, not by minutes, but by hours. We think, first of all, of the example of Jesus, who spent whole nights in the exercise of prayer.

We have all read how Luther, if he had but four or five hours to spend in study, would spend two or three of them in praying. We read how Edwards and Brainard spent hours at a time in prayer. One of the greatest and saintliest men whom the Church of England has produced in this century was Frederic Denison Maurice. He was accustomed to spend much time in prayer. His sisters testify that, when he was with them, they

frequently found that he had not been in bed all night, having spent the whole night in prayer.

How many of those who read these lines are accustomed to spend one hour in the twenty-four in the exercise of prayer? It is true that we should be lifting up, frequently, ejaculatory prayers, and thus "pray without ceasing," but this does not relieve us of the necessity of having stated seasons of devotion, and the time given to these seasons will have much to do with the strength and fruitfulness of our spiritual life.—The Rev. D. W. Folsom, in "Golden Rule."

The Church's Great Foe.

The greatest foe the Church has to fight is spelled with five letters: C-A-S-T-E. In India the system of caste is so rigid that, no matter what a man's qualifications are, he cannot rise above the circle in which he was born. In England the caste is not so strongly marked. Any one there may rise to be a member of parliament even. He may be favored to lift himself from the trough of the sea to glitter for a moment on the crest of the waves.

The Church has not got the caste of India, but she is getting to have the more contemptible aristocracy of mere money. The rich and poor indeed meet together, but it does not seem as if the Lord were the maker of them all. People belong together in the same congregation, but one does not know the other, and indeed does not care to know.

I remember a woman who came into a mission one evening with four little children, and while there became converted. Then she went home to her drunken husband. What church could that poor woman go to? If a poor man looks into some of our rich churches, with a magnificent ten thousand dollar minister in the pulpit, and a five thousand-dollar choir in the gallery, it is enough. He knows it is no place for him.

Is the pride of the poor wholly ignoble? Is it strange that the manhood of man protests against such caste in the churches? There are splendid Pullman palace-cars, but the common people are not expected to ride to heaven in them. The Earl of Shaftesbury was once offered an official position in the church of which he was a member, but he refused to accept it, lest it should hurt his influence with the working-men. It is said of that noble Christian that he once met a convict who had been a great trouble to his friends, even after his term of imprisonment had expired; but after that meeting there was a great change in the man. He supported his family, and soon came to be admired by all his friends. When asked the cause of this change he said: "The Earl of Shaftesbury is responsible for that." "Why, what did he say to you?" someone asked. "Ah!" he answered, "he said his hand upon my arm and said: 'Jack, we shall make a man of you yet!' It was not so much what he said as the touch of his hand that helped me." My friends, we cannot go out and work for the poor and destitute unless we love them. The caste spirit makes love for souls impossible. Love is a great lever.—Dr. A. T. Pierson.

What Shall Christians Do With Their Surplus?

Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, of the State Street Baptist Church, Springfield, Mass., recently preached a sermon on the above question. We give a short extract below.

"The great question before the political leaders of our country at the present moment is, 'What shall be done with the surplus revenue?' While Europe is straining every nerve to fill its national treasuries and support its army of 3,000,000 men, we are perplexed by the annual receipt of \$100,000,000 more than we need for the actual maintenance of our national government. In such discussion the church takes no part; its task is to deal with individuals, not with governments. But one great question before the American church is, 'How shall the individual Christian dispose of his surplus?' Every able-bodied man earns, or ought to earn, more than is absolutely necessary for food, clothing and shelter, more than is required for the running expenses of the body. What remains is his surplus, and the disposition he makes of that is the test of his character, and an exhibition of the principles which underlie his living. Riches bring glorious possibilities and frightful perils. Wealth may be a stepping-stone to greatness, or a millstone about the neck. Money is power, and every man who has power is accountable to every other man for the way in which he uses it. Heretofore we have given our attention in this country chiefly to the accumulation of wealth, and little thought to its distribution. No honest man would say he has a right

to accumulation, by means fair or foul, in disregard of moral principles; then, surely, he has no right to distribute without regard to moral principles. The reason why giving brings so little satisfaction to some men is, that it is done from low and sometimes base motives. Far more important than the question, 'How much shall I give?' is the question, 'Why do I give?' If the motive is great, the sum will be all that it ought to be. We need to lift up the whole matter of Christian benevolence out of the sphere of small beggary and petty exactions and reluctant concessions, and let great motives play about it. God-like impulses should permeate it, until Christian giving becomes the most joyful act of all our life. The secret of a happy life is doing the smallest duties on the greatest principles. One dollar should be given on the same principle as \$1,000,000. If the boy of ten years old puts nothing into the box because he has only five cents, then when he has \$5,000 he will act on the same principle and still put nothing into the box."

The Christian Life.

1. Christian life is life in Christ. He is our very life. "Not I, but Christ liveth in me," and to the close we are dependent on him for everything, and do all things through Christ that strengtheneth us.

2. Christian life is life in the Spirit. Christ seals it, sustains it, and is the substance of it. We "live in the Spirit," and "walk in the Spirit." All our graces are "the fruit of the Spirit." We are illuminated by the Spirit, "strengthened" by the Spirit, and "filled" with the Spirit, and we are warned against grieving and quenching this blessed fire.

3. Christian life is resurrection life. The believer is regarded as a man who has died with Christ for his old sins and sinful nature, and is no longer his former self. His life is not a modification or improvement of the old life, but a new nature imparted directly from the heart of Christ, and as free from all former sin as Christ is now free; as fully accepted in the beloved as the beloved Son himself; as truly the child of God as Jesus is; with aspirations as high and heavenly origin; "risen with Christ," quickened together with Christ, "made to sit together with Christ in heavenly places," called to "know the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings."

4. Christian life is a life of separation from the world and sin. "It has crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." It can say, "The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." It must "seek the things that are above," and "mortify the members that are on the earth." It must "put off the old man with his deeds," and its "conversation is in heaven," remembering ever that they who mind earthly things are "enemies of the cross of Christ."

5. Christian life is a life of conflict; "conflict with the flesh," which "lusteth against the Spirit;" conflict with principalities and powers—the rulers of the darkness of this world—wicked spirits in heavenly places; and the nearer we get to the gates of triumph, the thicker grow the opposing hosts, and the more trying the ordeal of temptation; but the panoply is sufficient, and the victory sure.

6. Christian life is one of practical holiness. Nothing is more emphasized in the epistles of Paul than the common virtues of life, the ordinary relationships, the petty moralities, the domestic and social obligations, which a spiritual life ought to be superior at least to the necessity of being so pointedly reminded of; but the blessed Teacher knows that these very things are the truest test of real spirituality, and the most influential testimonies of our religion before the world. As the greatest minds are always the most perfect masters of details, as the truest chronometer will be as exact in measuring seconds as hours, so the holiest saint will ever be the most faithful father, husband, wife, child, servant, or neighbor.

7. Finally, the true Christian life is a life not only of working and suffering, but of waiting and hoping for the coming of Christ, and the glory of the resurrection—looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, "pressing toward the mark for the high calling of God in Christ."—Christian at Work.

Billy Bray's Tutors.

I was going to tell the story that I heard from dear old Bill Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said:

"Friends, last week I was diggin' up my 'tutors.' It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was a diggin' the devil comes to me and

he says: 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'

"I should reckon he do,' I says.

"Well, I don't," says the tempter, in a minute.

"If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to him, for his 'pinions been't worth the least bit o' notice.

"I don't, said he; 'and I tell 'ee what for. If your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tutors—so much as ever you do want, and ever so many o' 'em, and every one o' 'em as big as your fist. For it been't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would, too.'

"O' course I wasn't going to let him talk o' my Father like that; so I turned round 'pon him. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me a talkin' like this, here? If I been't mistaken I know you, sir, and I know my Father, too. And to think o' your comin' and sayin' he don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, and it do say, sir, that you are a liar from the beginnin'.' An' I am sorry to add, that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as ever any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothin' but rags to my back, and wretched home, and an achin' head—an' no 'tutors—and the fear o' hell-fire to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant of his off and on for thirty years. And he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit o' white as I'll never wear out, and he says that he'll make a king o' me before he've done, and that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him for ever and ever. And now you come up here a talkin' like that!'

"Bless 'ee, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good-mornin'."—Dan'l Quorn.

Cures for Fits.

1. For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

2. For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticking of the clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next hour and work like a negro.

3. For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse and speak to the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn."

4. For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into a churchyard, and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

5. For a Fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

6. For all Fits of Doubts, Perplexity, and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for we have it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

7. For Fits of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and the afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.—Dr. Taylor.

Eight Good Rules.

1. Acquire thoroughly. This puts knowledge in.

2. Review frequently. This keeps knowledge in.

3. Plan your work carefully. This begins well.

4. Work your plan faithfully. This finishes well.

5. Never think of self. Selfishness spoils all.

6. Never look back with fruitless regrets. Such retrospection wastes time over failures.

7. Look up and go forward. By so doing you will acquire strength and reach the goal.

8. Earn, save, and give all you can for Jesus. This is the way to become happy, and to make others happy.

The best cure for pimples is to remove the cause, which can only satisfactorily be determined by a doctor. Some relief may be had by bathing the pimples with hot water in which a little borax has been added, and applying the following lotion:—Two grains sulphate of zinc, mixed with one ounce of water.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I, as 17 years of age, my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

If you are suffering from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

THOS. W. SMITH

Begs to inform his numerous friends and customers, that he has completed his importation of

Fall and Winter Cloths.

Consisting of Meltons, Beavers, Pilots and Knap Overcoatings; English, German and French Suitings;

English, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds, Also Hats, Caps and

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

In all the latest styles, which he will sell at the very lowest rock-bottom prices.

He would also inform his patrons and friends, that he can get up the best fitting and best made suits, Reforms and Overcoats, that can be had at any other establishment in the trade, and at the very lowest prices.

Call and examine stock, see fashion plates, and ascertain prices before leaving your orders elsewhere.

Wool taken in exchange for cloth and other goods—highest prices given. The cheapest place to buy gents' underwear.

Do not forget 192 Queen Street, Edgcomb's Building, Fredericton.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

ALL RAIL LINE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 24th, 1887.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

(Eastern Standard Time).

7.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

9.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for McAdam Junction and St. Stephen, Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West. St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and all points north.

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

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

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

3.35 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West. St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.

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

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

F. W. CRAM, General Manager.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.

F. LEAVITT, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., June 17 1887.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

BRANDON, MAN., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for constipation or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly, A. R. McDONALD.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. See per bottle.

KALSOLOME.

JUST RECEIVED—6 Hay Cutters—

Raw hide rollers. Four, five and six knives. Just the article required. For sale low by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

KALSOMINE.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal—13 barrels Kalsomine—Price 5 cents per pound. Also a job lot of ALABAMA TINE, at 7 cents per pound, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.