

"Compensation."

When we come to the gates which are each one pearl, Past the waves' wild rush, and the dizzy whirl Of the waters of death, so deep, so wide, And are safe at last on the Paradise side, I think we may see clear written there O'er the gates in some heavenly character For all to read, this beautiful word; First welcome and pledge to the soul from its Lord.

For life seems so little when life is past, And the memories of sorrow fleet so fast, And the woes which were bitter to you and to me Small vanish as raindrops which fall in the sea; And all that has hurt us shall be made good, And the puzzles which hindered be understood, And the long, hard march through the wilderness bare Seem but a day's journey when once we are there.

Each tear we have shed is the seed of a smile; Our griefs may rejoicings be after a while; The doubts turn to surcies, the discords to tune, And the cold dawn called "Life" into heavenly noon; The rainbow is cradled in storm, and the snows Are the sheltering place of the fair, sleeping roses; And, content with the will of the Lord, soon or late, We shall read the glad word o'er the beautiful gate. —Susan Coolidge, in Congregationalist

"Every home needs a religious paper. One who knows whereof he speaks says: "If the religious paper goes to the homes of the people and is read by them, christian enterprises will be well supported."

"Shoddy in the Church."

Dr. Cuyler, besides being a powerful and popular preacher and an active participant in philanthropic work, has also the pen of a ready writer. Scarcely a week passes but some, if not several contributions from his hand make their appearance in the columns of a newspaper, or the pages of a magazine. The popular pastor of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, is no ordinary man. In fertility and versatility he has few equals living. Not many men can talk in the pulpit and through the press every week for many years, without occasionally giving his hearers and readers not a little that is attenuated and commonplace. Though there is no suspension of nature's laws in Dr. Cuyler's favour, he succeeds in a marvellous degree in writing fresh and thoughtful papers that breathe a fine Christian spirit; and that cannot fail in being influential for good to the many readers who look with delight for the thoughts that emanate from the busy brain and the words that flow from the active pen of Theodore Cuyler.

In one of his latest contributions Dr Cuyler says some plain and much needed things on the subject of extravagant living. That this has become a grave peril to existing society and a menace to a healthy and progressive Christian life, few who look around them with intelligent eye and who can look within their own personality with average acuteness of self-inspection, will care to deny. The indiscriminate censure of Fashion is as old as civilization and will likely endure without intermission while the world lasts, but Fashion will continue to exercise her sway over men and women with a degree of tyranny that only they themselves can determine. In all past ages of the world's history extravagant living has claimed its victims, and in spite of all that moralists can say, preachers urge, and the keenest satire of the cynics, this evil will continue to make human lives miserable and failures frequent during ages to come. You cannot kill extravagance as you can stamp out a contagious epidemic. The race of fools is in no danger of extinction, and the line of folly goes on unbroken. One generation of them comes as its predecessor departs. The procession of Fashion's votaries is endless. The extravagant living of this age is not a new thing under the sun, but its general extension and the approbation, spoken and tacit, with which it is now regarded is somewhat of a novelty, and a feature characteristic of the age in which we live.

The same absurd race for social precedence is visible everywhere. In Canadian rural districts, the old substantial dwelling that has sheltered the hardy and industrious toilers for many years must be replaced by something better, more commodious, more

modern. This particular farmer who, as the result of his thrift and industry, can well afford it, sets about the erection of a new dwelling. This stimulates a neighbor, whose circumstances have been less favourable, to rival and surpass if possible the new abode which he sees going up in his vicinity. He carries out his intention, but has to pinch for it for years to come. Then the other neighbors follow suit. The whole district is certainly improved and property is enhanced in value. The improvements have given profitable employment to workmen, so that even this eager rivalry is not altogether an unmitigated evil. But once this kind of competition has been begun, it only seems to drive people faster and farther. Dress and equipments of all sorts come within its range. Much that is more precious than silver and gold is sacrificed to outside show. The passion to make the best appearance possible takes possession and continues to drive men down the inclined plane. The same thing in the same or different form is equally apparent in towns and crowded cities. People in the race of life are driving faster and more furiously. There are tremendous sacrifices made merely for the sake of appearance that much of what is intrinsically best in human life is stunted and ready to die. Life is rushing in many instances at a pace that kills. Many know and feel and acknowledge this, but fashion imperiously and relentlessly drives them onward. To fall out of the race is supposed to mean that they would be trampled under foot. To pause means extinction. The moral and material failures, too often ending in downright criminality, constantly occurring bear emphatic testimony that there are deadly influences inseparable from the overzealous pursuit of wealth and position.

Dr. Cuyler uses no exaggeration when he says "the Church of Christ is cursed with 'shoddy' when it ought to put on the beautiful apparel of humility and holiness." That a measure of responsibility rests on the Church because of prevailing extravagance is only too apparent. True, the teaching of Scripture gives no countenance to prevailing follies, nor is the pulpit silent as to the comparative value of worldly wealth and the true riches, yet there are many in all the Churches who take these things as right and proper, as fine and correct sentiments, but not for practical application. Denunciations of worldliness are taken in good part. It is right that conformity to the world, the lust of the eye and the pride of life should be vigorously condemned in speech, but then actions are different. Are not wealth and worldly success deities that receive constant homage in the homes of many professing Christians? Is not worldly success the one crowning test of life, the supreme virtue that receives constant praise, and for the want of it there is only bare toleration? With this as a prevalent frame of mind, is it to be wondered at that moral distinctions become dim? A man on the Chicago exchange can command capital sufficient to corner the wheat market by which he amasses thousands he never earned, and ruins by the process hundreds of less favoured competitors. For a time at least he receives anything but kindly criticism, but it is remarked he had his opportunity and he availed himself of it. Another man is in a position of trust in a bank. He embezzles largely and has to take his place as a felon in the penitentiary. Well, he, too, had his opportunity, and he availed himself of it. The difference between the two cases was that the one was not legally culpable of crime, while the other was. The moral difference between the gambler on the exchange and the bank embezzler is only one of degree.

What the age needs for its welfare is a higher standard of life, a truer ideal, one that goes beyond mere material success. Shoddy must give place to reality, show to substance. The unseen and eternal must govern life with higher sanctions and purer aims than the seen and temporal. There is truth and force in Dr. Cuyler's concluding sentence, "a revival of something like old-fashioned, honest, sturdy, courageous Puritanism would be a blessing to both pulpit and people."—Can. Presbyterian.

Speak to one Another.

Speaking is a token of fellowship, a symbol of friendship. Ordinarily in good society, persons wait for an introduction before addressing each other. This is necessary in large and mixed communities for protection against unworthy acquaintances and evil associates. But it leads to a strict formality that freezes up friendliness and makes people stand up stiff like pales of a fence around a garden lot. In communities where people know

one another pretty well and particularly in a congregation where all are quite well understood by each other, such formal separation is not needed. Persons need not wait for an introduction before shaking hands and saying, "Good morning." But the trouble is not usually a want of acquaintance, but a lack of good, warm feeling. Christian people do not care as much for each other as they should.

This is a feeling to be cherished and cultivated as a part of Christian duty. We may have to school ourselves up to thinking of others, and feeling for their sorrows and sympathizing with their hard lots. But nevertheless we should train ourselves. A friendly man should show himself friendly. He should crush down pride and repress his selfishness. He should rise out of his modest diffidence and come forward like a man to greet his neighbours. Let him speak to them before church, and after church. Let him stop and say a friendly word, inquire after the health of the family, or after some one who is away from home. This is showing a good spirit and it will awaken a good spirit in others. "As in water face answereth face, so the heart of man to man." But "a wicked man hardeneth his face," and so he hardens hearts against him. Speak to one another, so shall you cheer and encourage and help your fellowmen.—Mid-Continent.

Talmage On Quarreling.

I go out some summer day, and I find that there are two bee-hives quarrelling with each other. I come up toward them—do not come near enough to get stung, but I come near enough to hear the contest between them. The one cries out, "That field of clover is the sweetest." The other cries out, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I say, "Stop this quarrel. If you think that is the sweetest, go there; if you think that is the sweetest go there. I want you to understand that that hive is the best that gets the most honey." I see different denominations of Christians in contest with each other, some preferring this field of evangelical belief, and others that field. I say, take your choice. If you like that evangelical belief the best, take it; if you like this evangelical belief the best, take it; but understand that Christ thinks most of that Church which gets the most of the honey of Christian grace in the heart, and the most of the honey of Christian grace in the life.

You may not have everything just as they want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband, and sometimes of the wife, to yield; but let both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict. Above all, do not both get mad at once. Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband comes home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but let both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop.

For Mothers To Ponder.

It is generally without thought, seldom with intention to inflict pain, that children's misdemeanours are kept fresh in their memories when they might be forgotten. But that it is sometimes done, even by parents, no careful observer can doubt. It is none the less real that the harm thereby done to the child is unrealized. A hard silliness is engendered in some natures by this mistake, an unhealthy tendency to brood over their own failures, and a sense of discouragement as to their future comes to others. Forgiveness which does not forget, nor allow the offender to forget, is of small value. It brings no peace. It will be prized lightly, and slowly sought by any keen-witted child. "Let bygones be bygones," is a maxim won from the wisdom of the ages. What need to probe a well-healed wound? If the discipline which follows a child's offence is wise, and his own repentance is sincere, the lesson has entered into his life. That is enough. He has taken a step forward, but it was by a rough, hard road. Let him forget the path as far as he can. Do not keep vivid before his mind the thought that he has been naughty, and therefore can be again. He will soon begin to feel that he is rather expected to be so, and he will be prompted to fulfil the expectation. Your child will find out soon enough that he is one of a race of "poor, miserable sinners," without your taking care to emblazon the fact upon the walls of his inner conscious-

Living Close To God.

If you ask what we gain by living close to God, I would answer that we gain fresh supplies of strength. The strength of yesterday will not suffice for to-day, any more than yesterday's food will sustain me if I neglect to eat my breakfast this morning. God means that we shall be kept in constant dependence, therefore He metes our "strength equal to the day." The manna must fall fresh every morning. Lord, give us day by day our daily bread. No Christian can live on an old experience or an old promise made to God in years gone by, or on the divine help that was furnished to him in a past emergency. A new conflict requires a new and immediate interposition of the divine aid. The Christians

of Laodicea may once have been healthy and happy; they ceased to live near to God, and He "spewed them out of his mouth."

Security depends upon living close to Jesus. The soldier who keeps in the ranks on the march, and behind the ramparts during the assault, is commonly safe; the stragglers are apt to be picked up by the enemy. To this latter class in our churches belong the casualties and the disgraceful desertions which so often shock and shame us. Among this class of backsliders are the ready victims of the tempter—the men who betray pecuniary trusts, and the weak-kneed time-servers who succumb in times of hard pressure, and those deserters who slip away from God's worship through broken Sabbaths and all the votaries of self-indulgence, who are mostly found in the haunts of "Vanity Fair." Drifting away from God they fall into the hands of the adversary. Need he ever walk in the dark, or lose the roll of his assurance? No; not if he lives close to Christ, so close that the Shepherd's eye is ever on him, and the light of Christ's countenance illumines his path, and the almighty arm is ever within reach. Brother, if you or I ever lose Christ, it is not because He has driven us away, or hidden Himself from us; it is because we have been drawn away from Him.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

Power In The Hand.

Our hands should be trained to gentle ministries. It would be pleasant to think of what a hand—just a common hand, without money or gifts of any kind—can do to bless, to inspire, to comfort, to soothe, to help. A dying father lays his hand upon the head of his child in parting benediction, and through all his life the child feels that touch and is blessed by its memory. A baby wakes in the darkness and cries out in terror; the mother reaches out her hand and lays it upon her little one and it is instantly quieted. You are in sore affliction, sitting with breaking heart in your home, out of which the light has gone. There seems no comfort for you. Then one comes in and sits down beside you. He scarcely speaks, but he takes your hand in his and holds it long with warm, gentle pressure, and there flows through it into your soul a current of loving sympathy and of strengthful inspiration. You go out some morning discouraged and weary-hearted. Something has cast a shadow over you. Suddenly on the way a friend meets you and accosts you in cheerful tones; reaching out his hand he grasps yours with great heartiness while he looks into your face and speaks an earnest, whole-souled greeting. He goes his way and you hurry on, but now the shadow has lifted and the sunshine has entered your soul. Your friend's hand-shake did it all.

These are hints only of the possibilities of blessing which God has hidden away in our hands. Every day as we pass along come unnumbered opportunities to do great good simply by the reaching out of our hand to those who are tempted, or discouraged, or sorrowing, or who have fainted and fallen in the strife. We ought to let our heart flow out through our hand, that with every hand-grasp and every touch our best love may go to those who need its healing, inspiring ministry.—Presbyterian.

Lead a Helping Hand.

I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt. When half-way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again. I well remember the help given, by Arab hands, drawing me on farther; and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame, the little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to go up, step by step, step by step, until at last I reached the top, and breathed the pure air, and had a grand look out from that lofty height. And so, in life's journey, we are climbing. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help; and if we have risen a step higher than some other, let us reach down for our brother's hand, and help him to stand beside us. And thus, joined hand in hand, we shall go on conquering, step by step, until the glorious eminence shall be gained.—Bishop Simpson.

GRIP A PROMISE.—Mr Maccoll, during a revival one evening, found two young women in a pew, one weeping, the other trying to comfort her. He overheard one say to the other, "O lassie, jist dae as I did, grip a promise, and hand tilt." This is good counsel for inquirers, and for all who are in trouble. They cannot do better than just grip a promise and hold on to it. The promises of the Lord will never fail, and those who hold on to them with a death-like grip—just such a grip as a man nearly drowned would give a floating plank—shall find that they have grasped salvation.

ASSURANCE.—A carpenter who is at work on a lofty scaffold, does not keep looking downward, measuring with his eye the distance to the earth, and imagining the dreadful consequences of a fall. If he did, he might soon become dizzy and lose his balance; but no, he goes quietly about his work, occupying his mind with its details without the thought of falling. It should be so with the Christian. He should not be constantly examining his own spiritual moods, but should engage heartily and steadily in Christian work, which is the best cure for spiritual hypochondria.

ness. Make him feel that rectitude is expected to be the rule of his life; that lapses from it are not to be tolerated, only as the exceptions which shall prove to him the beneficence of the rule. Their lesson learned, they are to be cast behind his back—and yours.—Southern Christian Advocate.

An Enlarged Mind.

Some men think that learning makes one broad, while religion makes the mind narrow. The Congregationalist takes a different view:

To be "born again" is to enter into a new life, intellectually, as well as morally and spiritually. It is to have new conceptions of duty and truth and righteousness, of man and of God; to be in the light, instead of the darkness; to perceive the principles of moral order and divine love, where formerly all seemed to be but chance or unrelenting law. It is to have the whole nature brought into harmony, each several faculty with every other; to see clearly the obligations we owe to those about us; the part we may have in bringing the world unto God to get inspiring glimpses of the life that is beyond; and of our relation, not simply to Christ, the Head of the Church, but to each member of that Church. It is to climb out of the lowlands of selfishness, and the life that now is, up to the breezy heights whence we can get sight of our duties to our fellow-men, and where we can expand our lungs in the atmosphere of divine love. The vision of God is quick as enlarging in its effects on the mind as are the disclosures of science. The "new creature in Christ Jesus" is as much broader in his conceptions of power and greatness than the ordinary believer, as the savant is than the peasant who follows the plow.

Be Not Afraid.

Charles XII, King of Sweden, while besieged in Stralsund, was one day dictating a letter to his secretary, when a bombshell from the enemy's works fell upon the house in which he was, broke through the roof, and burst close to the apartment. The adjoining floor was shivered to pieces, and the pen fell from the hand of the terrified secretary.

"What's the matter?" said the king to him, with an unmoved countenance. "Why do you not continue your writing?" "Most gracious sire," replied the secretary, "the bombshell!" "Well," said the king, "what has the bombshell to do with the letter? Go on with the writing."

And so God said to Paul on one occasion, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to harm thee."

Lend a Helping Hand.

I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt. When half-way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again. I well remember the help given, by Arab hands, drawing me on farther; and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame, the little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to go up, step by step, step by step, until at last I reached the top, and breathed the pure air, and had a grand look out from that lofty height. And so, in life's journey, we are climbing. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help; and if we have risen a step higher than some other, let us reach down for our brother's hand, and help him to stand beside us. And thus, joined hand in hand, we shall go on conquering, step by step, until the glorious eminence shall be gained.—Bishop Simpson.

GRIP A PROMISE.—Mr Maccoll, during a revival one evening, found two young women in a pew, one weeping, the other trying to comfort her. He overheard one say to the other, "O lassie, jist dae as I did, grip a promise, and hand tilt." This is good counsel for inquirers, and for all who are in trouble. They cannot do better than just grip a promise and hold on to it. The promises of the Lord will never fail, and those who hold on to them with a death-like grip—just such a grip as a man nearly drowned would give a floating plank—shall find that they have grasped salvation.

ASSURANCE.—A carpenter who is at work on a lofty scaffold, does not keep looking downward, measuring with his eye the distance to the earth, and imagining the dreadful consequences of a fall. If he did, he might soon become dizzy and lose his balance; but no, he goes quietly about his work, occupying his mind with its details without the thought of falling. It should be so with the Christian. He should not be constantly examining his own spiritual moods, but should engage heartily and steadily in Christian work, which is the best cure for spiritual hypochondria.

QUINCES QUINCES.

JUST RECEIVED AT

W. H. Vanwart's

Choice Quinces. Delaware Grapes, C. C. Cranberries, Sheldon Pears, Jamaica Oranges, Lemons, &c., &c.

Christie, Brown & Co.'s BISCUITS, Fresh and Nice.

W. H. Vanwart

Fredericton, October 10, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

ALL RAIL LINE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 22nd, 1888.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

(Eastern Standard Time).

6.25 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, McAdam Junction, Vancorb, 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, Vancorb, 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. F. W. CREAM, General Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

WHOLESALE MILLINERY.

First Opening Spring Millinery

We are now making our show of SPRING MILLINERY, Our Stock is unusually large, embracing many decided novelties in better grades of goods than we have ever submitted. We solicit an inspection of our stock and comparison of prices.

Plain and Fancy Straw Goods; Silks; Satins; Novelties in Gauzes, Artificial Flowers, Fancy Feathers, Laces, Crapes, Velvets and Plushes, Ribbons and Ornaments.

DANIEL & BOYD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Hides, Leather, Oil!

WILLIAM PETERS, LEATHER Manufacturer, and dealer in Hides and Leather, Cod Oil, Neat Foot Oil and Finishing Oil.

Tanners' and Curriers' Tools and Findings. Lace Leather and Larragin Leather a specialty. Hides and leather bought and sold on commission.

240 Union Street, - St. John, N. B.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 Princess & 143 Germain Sts., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION. HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

HAY for SALE.

A Lot of PRESSED HAY

ELY PERKINS'S.

Fredericton, Aug. 22.