

## Christ is Coming By and By.

"And to wait for His Son from heaven."—1 Thess. 1:10.

Could we hear the songs triumphant  
That the hosts redeemed shall sing;  
Could we see the matchless splendor  
Of our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Could we see the crowns of glory  
Waiting for us in the sky,  
We should long to tell the story,  
Christ is coming by and by.

Could we see the white-robed angels—  
See their faces pure and bright,  
Listen to their glad evangel  
In that heaven undimmed by night;  
Could we know the loving pity  
Jesus feels for those that sigh,  
We should long for that blest city  
And his coming by and by.

Oh the starry crowns of gladness  
Waiting for us over there!  
Oh the hearts all free from sadness!  
Oh the souls all free from care!  
Oh the joy of life unending,  
Shadowed ne'er by tear or cry!  
Oh the shining hosts attending  
Jesus' coming, by and by!

—Sabbath Herald.

## A Wife's Story.

"Are you going to the lecture, Henry?" I said as I saw my husband one evening putting on his overcoat after tea.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I wish you would take me," I answered.

"Really, Mary, I think home is the proper place for a mother."

"But one of my sisters would look after the children. I do so want to hear this great lecture."

"Tell the truth, I have but one ticket," was the reply, as he went out the door, "and I don't think I can afford to buy another."

My husband and I had been married for several years. Before the marriage he had been unusually attentive, even for a lover, and if another gentleman spoke to me, he was jealous.

When there was a lecture or a concert anywhere, he always took me. If I was invited to a party, he was only too glad to attend me. But now "parties are a bore," he says; "he can't see why women wish to go to them." Then he was all affection, now he acts as if he would lower his dignity to show his love for me or my children, and if I offer him a kiss or a caress he is almost certain to refuse me. I cannot complain that he neglects his more obvious duties. He gives me plenty of money for dress, lives well, and is even talking of buying a new house. But he seems to think a wife has no business with anything but housekeeping, and never needs a change of scene or other recreation.

"What's the use of a woman going about?" he says. "Home is the place for her."

It may be so, but after a hard day's work I often feel as if a walk in the fresh air or a visit to a neighbor's would be a blessing. I said to him the other evening when he was going out again:

"Won't you stay at home, Harry, to oblige me? Just this once. I am so lonely."

"Lonely," was the answer. "How can you be lonely with the children?"

"But they are a-bed. And recollect I see nobody day in and day out. Can't you do it to please me—for this once." I could hardly speak. It was as much as I could do to keep the tears from coming, his conduct seemed so cruel.

"The fact is," he replied, "I'm dead beat with working all day, and must go out to get brightened up a little. You women never make allowance for a man." And he went out quite crossly.

Never make allowance? If the husband is worried with business, and I do not doubt it, is not a wife worried with housekeeping? Are the servants, and children and sickness no trouble? And is a woman differently constituted from a man so that the recreation which one considers indispensable to himself is of no use to the other?

"How your complexion has gone," said my husband to me the other day. "It seems to me that in this climate a woman is old at thirty."

Again the tears came in my eyes. Harry did not mean to be unkind; he was only thoughtful. But why had I lost my complexion? Can a woman live forever in rooms heated with hot air, never going out except on some errand, and then hurrying home as soon as the errand is done, without losing her complexion? Is it the climate or her mode of life that makes her old before her time? It was on my tongue to say these things, but I refrained. I have learned that silence is golden.

"How I wish that I had something to read," I said yesterday. "I think if I had a new book now and then, the evenings when you are out, Harry, would not be so long."

"Books cost too much money in

times like these," answered my husband. "I should think your sewing would amuse you enough. To get bread for the family and lay by a little for a rainy day is as much as a prudent man can do nowadays." And as he spoke he lit his cigar and went out.

Will men never understand women? Will they ever see their own selfishness in its true light? These thoughts rose to my mind as I reflected with a sigh that a tithe of the money which Harry spent in cigars would buy all the new books I wished.

Yet Harry does not mean to be unkind. He saw his mother treated as he treats me, and he thinks I have no right to complain. Perhaps I have not. But, oh! how much happier I would be if things were different.

Are women only machines to sew, darn, sweep, dust, bake bread, take care of children and keep house? Have they no need of recreation? No higher nature that is starved by a life like mine?

There is no contention between Harry and me. But his love now is, it seems to me, a very different thing from what it seemed before marriage. Is my fate the fate of all? Is every wife like me when ten years married? —English Paper.

## A Patient Creditor.

He to whom the most is owed, of all indebtedness in the universe, knows every item in the account of every debtor, being fully acquainted with every benefit received from Him by His intelligent creatures, and the obligations thereby incurred. Having in constant view every temporal and spiritual benefit conferred upon mankind, and correctly estimating the returns which ought to be made, He duly acknowledges all that are made, so that His account is absolutely indisputable as to its accuracy. But though He is a strict accountant, and nothing which is His due ever escapes His notice, still He is full of endurance and forbearance, always being slow to enforce His claims. He does not at once cast the delinquent debtor into prison, not to be released until the uttermost farthing is paid; but He affords ample time and opportunity for payment, even though the day of grace may be wholly unimproved and utterly condemned.

Thus He bore long with the antediluvian world, delaying the enforcement of His just commands till all hope was gone as to their compliance with the conditions of the timely notice given them; the apostle Peter, speaking of "the long suffering of God which waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing." So also, He graciously bore with the Jewish nation, which owed Him much, very much, without caring to pay. He repeatedly presented to them His account, and urged upon them their duty in respect to making payment, rendering the terms easy and altogether reasonable; and it was not till they spurned His overtures, and trampled upon His loving kindness, by beating and stoning and killing those whom He sent among them to collect the account, even conspiring murderously against His own Son who was sent last of all—it was not till then, that He gave the command for their arrest and punishment as debtors determined not to pay. Well might an apostle, in view of the treatment which God, as a Creditor, receives from mankind, exclaim, "O man, desistest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?"

Though Jehovah's long suffering is very great, it will not always endure; sooner or later, its utmost bound will be reached. In no case does He delay from any inability to enforce His demands. He can easily seize the delinquent, prove the account, and execute judgment. Vain must be every attempt to contend with the Almighty. He can cause an Ananias and a Sapphira to fall down and give up the ghost while they are endeavoring to defraud Him of His due. A wicked Herod may be smitten from on high, and eaten of worms in the very act of withholding from Him who is God alone, the glory which exclusively belongs to Him. Most assuredly, He can obtain His due, and He ultimately will; for He has said, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." Though He bears long with His debtors, yet the day of reckoning will come, and all His demands will be strictly enforced, while those who have refused must be delivered to the unrelenting officer, Justice, to be cast into prison without hope of deliverance.

However great, even beyond the power of payment, may be the indebtedness of any, it may be cancelled for those who truly pray "Forgive us our debts." There is forgiveness with

God who declares: "I am He that blot out their iniquities;" and there is atonement with Christ, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sin according to the riches of His grace."

But this gracious payment of what the debtor himself cannot pay, can only be secured by his repentance and faith whereby his debt is acknowledged, and the surety accepted. Such may be the ruinous magnitude of what is due to God as a Creditor, that neither the debtor's works or sufferings can satisfy the demands thus standing against Him; but in the works and sufferings of Christ is found a price with which, alone, his debt can be paid. Surely, then, less should not be done, than to ascertain, so far as possible, how much is owed, in order that there may be a full conviction respecting the need of help in paying what the debtor cannot himself pay, and also, in order that he may be constrained to apply to Him who alone can make the payment required. Earnest heed should be given to the appeal of John Dryden:

"Look humbly upward, see His will disclose  
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;  
A mulety poverty could never pay,  
Had not eternal wisdom found the way;  
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;

His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score  
See God descending in the human frame,  
The offended suffering in the offender's name;  
All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,  
And all His righteousness devolved on thee."

—Watchman.

## The Truly Charitable.

The truly charitable are always thoughtful. They have learned the inestimable art of doing kindness in the kindest manner. A benevolent man, Dr. Wilson of Bath, discovered a clergyman who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. One evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting him to deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend said 'I will wait upon him early in the morning.'

'You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man.'

Many a poor invalid might be almost restored to strength by a few drives in the carriage of some rich lady, who is ruining her health by not walking or taking any other kind of exercise. Lady John Manners gives the following instances of kindness that came under her notice:

In some houses I have seen the children, from the time they are old enough to dine at the luncheon-table, given a basket containing a china jar, in which they were allowed to place little portions for the sick, toothless, and bed-ridden poor. A simple pudding, and a few vegetables or some fruit, are a great treat to the poor.

The children consider it a pleasure to pay these little visits, and if a few flowers are added occasionally, or a book or a newspaper, they will feel that they are doing what they can to comfort them and their parents, for they keep the children amused.

I remember a lady over fourscore years of age, whose sympathies were as deep, and whose interests were as great in young people, as if she had been a girl. If she thought a girl who was not rich needed a gown, she would send her one in the prettiest manner; would give little parties for those who she thought needed cheering, and would send her carriage to fetch those for whom she thought it would be inconvenient to come. She never lost an opportunity of doing a kindness to poor or rich, yet she would not shrink from giving words of good advice, and she would point out to parents the great difference there is between real kindness and weak indulgence. It is said that among the daily petitions which the late Lord Cairns was accustomed to offer, one was that if he omitted to do a kindness he might have done, or had not done it in the kindest manner, he might be forgiven, and enabled to do better in future. "Smiling on thy neighbor's face is charity," and truly there is often more real charity in a kind look or word, or in the suppression of an outburst of temper, than in the gift of a thousand pounds.

One of the truest kinds of charity, or rather justice, consists in paying people properly for the work they do for us. Some do not see this, and they stint their servants and other employees, and give so-called charitable gifts out of the money they have saved by oppressing the hiring.

According to Chrysostom, to know the art of alms is greater than to be crowned with a diadem of kings. A poor old woman of old times, getting her first gift of tea, and hearing that it

should be boiled, put it in the pot, and then ate the leaves, telling the giver afterwards that it was 'nice enough, but she could not say she liked it better than cabbage.'—Quiver.

## The Pith Of The Matter.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Mrs. Kingsley sighed and placed her hand on her side as though to ease some pain she felt there, then she languidly sank into an easy chair. Mr. Kingsley had just asked her if she had not better go to the evening prayer-meeting, and, repressing the thought that men never know how tired women get through spring-cleaning time, she said:

"Oh, John, I'm so very tired."  
"Don't you think it might rest you to sit for an hour in the quiet vestry?" he asked.

She answered the question by asking another:

"Do you think, John, that after a particularly toilsome day at the office it would rest you to go out to the prayer-meeting?"  
"It often has," Mr. Kingsley replied.

There followed a few moments' silence, then the tired lady said gently: "I think I'll try and see if it will rest me too."

It was very restful; better still, it was very helpful, for the subject for the evening was burden-bearing, and the minister emphasized the fact to begin with that we are all burden-bearers in this world. This, he went on to say, was not a new truth to any grown person, but the question was how best to fit one's self to bear the weight of care and responsibility encountered in daily life. He argued that could men and women only learn to take duties one by one, it would be a great advance toward settling matters more comfortably, and then they could practically rely on promised aid as to the strength for the day, much worry could be avoided, and that, he concluded by saying, involved the pith of the matter. In business and in household cares there was often but small realization that not only in times of bereavement or great loss or sore calamity was divine assistance necessary, but in the small details of common, every-day requirements, in the office, the shop, the nursery and kitchen; a firm, vital grip on promises of divine aid was necessary to cheerful, hopeful existence from day to day.

All the next day the pastor's words lingered in Mrs. Kingsley's memory, and in fact they never were forgotten.

"It is true," she said to her husband the next evening, "that it helps amazingly to think of things one by one. When the cleaning first looms up before me I think of all the closets, all the bureau drawers, all the packing chest that must be gone through. I seem to see the carpets all coming up at once with discouraging chaos all around, and it seems a distracting labor even to superintend, to say nothing of all the mistress must do with her own hands. But if I could learn to live only day by day, and that with a realizing sense of the divine presence and assistance so lavishly promised throughout the Scriptures, more than half the battle would be fought at once, and this bugbear of household care might become only simple, easy duty, or if not exactly easy it would lose half its burdens. Our pastor was right; the very pith of the matter is we fail to realize that help is for those who need it, at any time and under all circumstances; the trouble is we fail to apply some of the promises when most needed."

## Think and Thank.

Small sections of paper were distributed at the weekly prayer-meeting. Each person was asked to answer, in writing, this simple question, "What have I to be thankful for?" He was requested not to state two things, but to state one thing. This particular request had the effect to make persons bring all their blessings before them in order to weigh them and compare them. One of the deacons of the church expressed particular gratitude "for the Society of Christian Endeavor." He regarded it as giving new life and promise to the church of his love. A member of the "shut-in" society, from her invalid's room sent a note, saying: "Having heard that you wished each of your people to state, at the next prayer meeting, one occasion of gratitude, I am thankful that, although unable to walk, I can sit up most of the time through the day." As these causes of thankfulness were slowly read in succession, the pastor would make a word or two of comment on each. For example, on the last he attempted to show why it is that a person with poor health will mention, with any degree of thanksgiving, what little health he has. He found it in this, that a person in declining or im-

paired health reaches a point where everything is held at a very uncertain tenure. He feels his powerlessness to help himself. A feeling of utter dependence is forced upon him. He turns his attention to his condition, and if he finds any signs of gain, or that things are not as bad as they might be, he breaks out into thanksgiving. Things have been accomplished at their worst and any improvement is an appreciable blessing.

Two persons mentioned as a particular occasion of gratitude the fact that they had been led to unite with the church. This led to thoughtfulness, that the church might ever be worthy of these thanksgivings to God. As the meeting proceeded, the spirit of devotion was observed to be rising high. Prayers and praises became unusually fervent.

"Think and Thank" was the motto on the family crest of Sir Moses Montefiore, the lamented philanthropist. Indeed, "think" and "thank," differing only by one vowel, have the same derivation. The more we take time to think, the more we find we have that for which we ought to thank. As the past tense of the verb "drink," is "drank," so that of "think" ought to be "thank."—The Golden Rule.

## Questions For The Thoughtful.

The following questions are worth careful consideration by the thoughtful:

How would your life be practically different if there were no God?

What amount of careful, intelligent study have you ever given to the Bible?

Is God's revelation of himself and his dealings with men a subject of as much interest to you as questions of science or literature?

Do you ever let sins pass without any effort to check them, thinking it will be easy to repent afterward?

Do you get real pleasure from your prayers, reading, and meditation on holy things; or do you get through them to satisfy the demand of your conscience, and are you secretly glad when they are over?

Is there any practical connection between your prayers and your life?

Is your standard of Christian duty higher than when you first began to serve God?

Which do you think you bear most frequently in mind: your trials, which perhaps are very small; or your mercies, which are undoubtedly very great?

Do you trust God half as truly as you do a beloved wife, husband, parent, or friend?

In the education of your children, is the first thought what will train them to serve God, or to take a brilliant position in society?

What have you ever done for the souls of others?

Is it pleasant for you to dwell upon people's faults than on their virtues, or their failures than on their successes?

Do you speak of the faults of others unnecessarily?

How do you bear contradiction or ridicule?

Are you angry when proved in the wrong?

Do you add to events you describe for your own ends, or to be thought clever or witty?

Do you long after something withheld from you, or rebel against loss, misfortune, or bereavement?—Anonymous.

## Emancipation.

A rather interesting case, was reported a little while ago in the newspapers, of a negro in a wild, mountainous region of the South who had actually never heard of the proclamation of Emancipation. The knowledge of his freedom had been carefully kept from him by his unscrupulous master, so that he was to all intents and purposes a slave. His master kept him hard at work under the yoke of cruel, illegal oppression. This was just because the poor slave did not know his legal privileges. Now it seems that a brother of his heard of his sad condition, and searched him out and informed him of the act of emancipation, and thus rescued him from the unjust servitude. We have a picture here of the condition of the sinner. He is a slave to a hard, unreasonable master, but there has been proclaimed a complete emancipation. It is the duty of Christians to proclaim far and wide the good news; and to become a Christian is to accept the blessed change of relationship, which has become actual, and been put within their reach through the death of Christ. We do not ourselves work out any change of relationship, but simply accept the freedom which has been wrought out for us through Christ's redeeming work.

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## Scrofula

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I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

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and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 34 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brien, 188 Sullivan st., New York.

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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 Vancorbo, Bangor, Port land, 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.

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