

The Road that Jesus Trod.

Written between Jerusalem and Jericho.)
Among the rocky hills their winds
A way where little water flows;
Nor shade from trees the traveller finds,
Nor verdure to invite repose;
But names we spelt and loved to learn,
In childhood, from the Word of God,
Greet us like friends at every turn
Of that rough road that Jesus trod.

To right and left that rocky range
Saw His uprise, His bowing down;
The thorns He suffered do not change,
These are the children of His crown.
The bitter waters that betray,
The silver star that lights the sod,
They are the same, unchanged to-day,
As on the road that Jesus trod.

And when the scene of all His pains
Has faded from our mortal sight,
May their remembrance fill our veins
With strength to suffer and to fight—
To suffer for our fellow-man,
To fight for truth that comes from God,
Far from Judea pilgrims can
Thus tread the road that Jesus trod.
—Good Words.

Enduring.

The Christian life is not a holiday excursion. It is a life of battle and hardships (to the flesh) and progress through and in spite of many obstacles. Many a young convert who is born amidst the gladness and enthusiasm of a season of revival, concludes that it will always be so with him as it is during these first delightful days in which he has found the Lord and come into fellowship with his people: that the unseen world of God will always be as vividly present to him, and that the Word of God will always be as luminously plain to him; that Christian people will always be just as cordial and attentive to him as when he was seeking Christ or immediately after his confession of faith; that they will always stop to speak to him and shake hands and ask after his Christian hope and life; that the prayer-meeting will always be as fresh and full of living interest; that the Bible will be as full of new and marvelous interest as when his eyes were first opened to see the wondrous things which came to him when he first believed.

From this expectation he will awaken to find that he has indeed but started on a journey which will not be finished until he lays down his life after many years; that Christian people will lapse into their wonted ways and habits and he will presently be lost in the crowd again, not from God nor from the real fellowship of the Church or of individual Christians, but that he will no longer be regarded as a young convert whose coming has been greeted with such cordiality of welcome or as a new recruit whose enlistment was greeted with a cheer. He will have to take his place in rank with the veterans, changing as it were the uniform fitted for dress parade to the fatigue uniform for the march and the battle. In a word, he will presently discover that Christian life becomes commonplace and natural, and must be lived out very largely alone with only here and there a salutation or a word of hail and cheer from fellow disciples.

The old nature which has been in temporary subjection will again assert itself, and the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye and the pride of life will cry out for recognition and gratification. Temptation will assail and doubts will insinuate themselves. The Devil, still and always the enemy of souls, will renew his activity and by all the subtle arts known to that evil spirit, and with all the persistency which characterizes him, will seek to ensnare and take the young Christian captive. Besides this, afflictions will come. Trials sent directly from God, for nurture and correctness, to develop and bring out character, will seem strange and even unkind. It is not strange when tribulations and even persecutions arise because of the Word, that the young Christian has need of endurance. Yet must he not be discouraged, but press forward in spite of all these things, not for a few days or weeks only, but throughout his whole life.

The Bible is very full of instruction, warning and reproof on this point. We need only to run over some of the sayings of Holy Scripture to remind us that the Christian life is one that calls for endurance. In all his long and severe experience, Moses endured as seeing Him who is invisible. Abraham patiently endured many things while waiting for God to fulfill his promises—many disappointments and many discouragements; but he endured and kept on his way of faith; not indeed without some brief lapses and break-downs, yet he endured, and afterward received the promises. The ancient people of God are said to have endured a great fight of afflictions; some were cast into the fire, some to the wild beasts, and some were horribly entreated by the enemies of God and all righteousness; yet they were steadfast, counting that God was able

to deliver them in the fullness of time. Paul tells us that we must "endure hardness as good soldiers"; for the fight of faith is "against principalities and powers and spiritual wickednesses even in high places." James tells us to "count it all joy when we fall into manifold trials"; and Peter tells us that our faith must be "tried as gold is tried in the fire." We learn from the Epistle to the Hebrews that God chastens us for our salvation, and that therefore we are to suffer ourselves to be corrected by the Father of Spirits and so secure the peaceable fruits of righteousness and so live. Sinners will contradict us, and, if need be, we must endure striving against sin even to the death. Jesus says: "Marvel not if the world hate you," and "Behold I send you forth as sheep among the wolves."

This endurance must be not momentary only, but unto the end; for it is only those who endure to the end that have the promise of salvation. Irradiation we are exhorted to endure all these things with patience and without complaint against God who sends or suffers the trials which call for the endurance, but to accept them as a part of the necessary discipline of life and as so many instruments for our spiritual culture.

It would be a mistake, even in view of all these things, to conclude that the Christian life is necessarily a very unusual one in this respect; that trials, afflictions, disappointments and discouragements are not in the line of our experience in the progress of natural life. What one of us is there who looks back over the course of life in this world of sight and sense but can see that every step of the way has been beset with difficulties, and marked by hardships and disappointments, more or less severe? How many falls and tumbles we had in childhood while learning to walk; how often were we chastened and corrected by our parents; how many tears we have shed over the disappointments of our childish desires; how unkind we have sometimes thought our parents. In youth, with what difficulty and distress we pursued our education; or how hard it was to get a footing in business; how slow the advancement; how disappointing the results of our best endeavors. How many obstacles and hindrances we have had to climb. How many times we have had to sacrifice ease and self-indulgence to win even the smaller prizes of life. How unsympathetic have been even our most intimate friends in our struggles, and how deaf some have been to our entreaties when we have sought them for help. Yet have we not given up the battle of life, nor suffered ourselves to be discouraged. Why then should we not expect trials in the progress of spiritual life? Is it not because we have accepted a false idea of Christian life, and in spite of all the warnings of the Word of God, counted on being carried to Heaven on flowery beds of ease? Let the young Christian recognize the situation, gird on his armor, and endure to the end.—Independent.

Scars.

Scars are unsightly results. The surgeon strives to remedy them by extra care and skill in operations. But once a scar, it always remains a scar. The spots of impurity found in our character are moral stains—scars on the soul. It is bad for the body to be marked by cicatricial tissue, but infinitely worse for the immortality in us to become spotted by alliance with sin. On the body some scars are small and others large, so with the soul, some scars are scarcely noticed by our fellow citizens while others are so unsightly that a man pays a penalty of life exposure.

The moral development of the young demands all the attention bestowed upon it. We do not look for our thieves and gamblers to come from our religious homes; still, by bad companions our children are often turned away from their pious teaching. The training of the child in the way he should go will have its bearing on the future of life as much now as in the days of Solomon. The little boy brought up in the street, loitering in the saloon and enticed by other wayward ones, will in all probability grow up full of scars of soul.

There are so many good people in all our cities, the churches so numerous, and benevolent organizations everywhere, that the first thought which comes to us is, the children will be saved. They can be gathered in and kept unscarred by sin, and the little innocent life led in the way of purity. But alas! before we know it the scar of an oath appears upon the little lips, and unseen and unknown to us a contamination with sin becomes apparent, and this too in our best families, yea, in the home of the preacher of righteousness.

Much has been done of late years to

train the children who appear without even guardians. Organizations have been formed for this purpose; food and raiment have been given; they have been provided with educational advantages; Sabbath-schools and other religious schools have been carried to them. But sad to relate, the scars have formed. Can they be obliterated?

The closing of the saloons and entire prohibition of intoxicants would go far to keep the character of our children unsullied. The education of imitation is one of the most powerful impressants. Children are generous and noble and pattern after those whom they are taught to believe are of like character, and hence the child in his young years may take the cup of death and defile the soul by filthy scars because it has absorbed the idea that this is manly. The hard-fisted and hardened soul of years has been ruined in the beginning, by bad example, which otherwise might have developed into the fairest of flowers. True, men look on, but appear powerless, while the scars of sin and misery are forming. Poor little soul, scarred almost before the knowledge came.

What shall I say of the tobacco habit among our children and young men? Raising its head with a little more respectability because it crawls a little closer to the pew or pulpit. The health impaired—the filthy spittle—the dirty cuspidor—the foul breath—the conscience hardened by contact with the elements of its associations. Language fails. Scars! Scars! Scars!

Is there no remedy? Must this condition exist in our midst? Cannot Christianity save our children?

Our habits of life have much to do with results. The lateness of the hours of retiring has a pernicious influence. One thing which forcibly impressed me when first I set foot in Europe was the fact, that at midnight the entire population of the cities appeared in the street. Night is the time for sleep. Day is the time for work. All animal creation, in harmony with their surroundings, save man, lie down at night fall, and rise with the sun, but man, the wisest and wickedest commits nearly all his delinquency under cover of night.

Scars and blemishes. The record of history is full of them. From the cradle to the grave they are as thick as the beautiful flowers strewn along our pathway. Poor soul falling at the close of life covered with scars of its own sins. Sad picture. We turn away sick of sin.—L. N. Sharp in Free Baptist.

Not To-Night.

A stranger came to me one evening, and said, "Do you remember that young lady who sang, 'Why not to-night?' Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?"

"Where?" I asked, "and when?"

"Why away in Norfolk, in the year '64: Miss Geraldine Hooper."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I remember that lady and her singing very well."

"Do you remember," continued the stranger, "how you came up to me, and said, 'Why not to-night?' and I said 'No, not to-night,' and walked out?"

I could not say that I recollected that event, though it might have occurred.

"It was the night," said the man, "when you told the story of the man having a meeting. He wanted some one to go up and hinder a good man's preaching. One demon said he would go, and say, 'There is no God,' another said he would go, and declare that the Bible is not inspired. Neither of these would do. At last a very confident devil said, 'I will go; I will say, 'You must be converted, or you will be lost.' 'No, no, that will not do,' was the answer; you will awaken the people if you say that.' 'O dear, no,' he replied, 'I often say so to that congregation; I tell them more than that—'I tell them that they must be pardoned before they die, or they will be lost; but I never forget,' said the demon, 'to add another word; I say, Don't you be frightened, you are not going to die to-night.'"

"That story touched me, said the stranger, 'and when the young lady sang, 'Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?' I thought that I must give up. Indeed, I had as good as made up my mind to do it, when I saw you coming across to me. I can't tell why I said to you, 'No, not to-night,' or why I went away."

"Soon after that, I set sail for America. What nights and days of misery I spent for saying 'No, not to-night.' I felt that the devil had got tight hold of me, and did not mean to let me go. Every time I tried to pray, my mind wandered away, till at last I gave it up. Sometimes I was miserable, and at others altogether careless. I often intended to give myself to God; but when I did not know."

A few days after my return to England, I heard that you were coming to

preach near by where I was staying. Of course, I went to hear you. You said in your sermon, 'One of the most effectual devices of the devil for keeping souls away from God, is procrastination. God says, now is the accepted time; the devil says, By and by. God says, Why not to-night? the devil says, No, not to-night.'"

"That is for me, I thought; but how did he know that I was here? That is my chain, and it gets stronger and stronger when I try to break it. When you urged the people to stay behind, I did so, and some others with me. I had a hard fight for it, I can tell you, but I cried to the Lord Jesus to save me, and save me now, and my soul was set at liberty, praise the Lord. I shook hands with you, but I do not think you recognized me. Several years have passed since that, and now I am come to you again."

"Well," I said, "I am very glad to see you; what can I do for you?"

"Ah," he replied, "you do not know what a power of the devil that procrastination is with me."

"Do you feel it still?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed I do, and sometimes I doubt whether I was ever converted." "I think I can enlighten you upon that point," I said. "You must remember that conversion does not set people free from bad habits. When you are converted, you receive forgiveness for your past sins, and a change of heart; but habit is a master which requires to be dealt with by itself, under another treatment."

"Well, he said, 'all I know is, that I want something, for I am a perfect slave to this devil, bad habit, or whatever you call it! I never determine to pray, but it gets put off and off—never desire to read, or do anything for my soul's good, but it is put off. I can't help it; things happen, people come, all kinds of hindrances rise up.'"

"I will tell you what to do," I said. "Come to Christ, with your habit of procrastination, just as you would if you had an unconquerable temper, or a bad habit of drinking, or any other sinful propensity. Procrastination," I continued, "is a kind of disease, and, even though it be a chronic disease, Christ can deliver you from it; you will find that his grace is sufficient to set you free, and to keep you so, while you continue to trust in Him. The Lord said, 'Whether it is easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, 'Rise up, and walk' (Mark ii. 9.) The living Saviour has all power in heaven, and on earth, to save you from your bad habit.'"

The poor man appeared to be very doubtful of such an easy way of deliverance, after all his past experiences, and asked many questions.

The answers to these questions only brought him back to the same point, that Christ can deliver, and only Christ.

He said at last, "Well, I'll try your plan."

I inquired, "When will you begin? Why not here?"

"Oh, I cannot stay now," was his answer. "I must go, and see L—"

"Is your errand of more consequence than your soul's deliverance?" I asked.

"No, I cannot say it is, but I promised to go."

I saw there was no pressing need for his going at that particular hour; two hours later would do equally well. Still he protested that he ought to go, and promised faithfully that he would see about this deliverance in the evening.

I said to him, "If the enemy succeeds in getting you away now, he will do so more easily in the evening. I cannot let you go."

"But indeed I must," he said, as if the cause had become more urgent than before.

I said, "Well, if you must, let us pray before you go."

After praying myself, I bid him do so, if only in a few words. He was very reluctant to commence, and it was plain to see that it cost him a great struggle; but he prevailed, and began to pray. He soon came into sore conflict, and begged me to pray with him. Again and again he begged the Lord to save and deliver him from his bad habit, which had brought him into so much trouble. Before he rose from his knees, his soul was set free, as a captive out of prison. The conflict he had was longer, and more severe, than I can describe, but his deliverance was clear.

"This man became a messenger to other prisoners of Satan, who were being held in the same bondage. He met with many who were held slaves by this habit of procrastination, who were continually putting off the time of their surrender to God, whether for salvation or any other blessing. 'Why not to-night?' and 'Why not now?' was the ready question he put to all such persons. He himself had learned from long and sad experience the folly and danger of saying, 'Not to-night.'"

The promised convenient season never comes. Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.—Dr. Harlem.

The King's Voice.

Queen Victoria was at Windsor, and she wished to give directions to her florist, who was at Balmoral, Scotland. The man was hard at work, when a telegram was handed to him, which read thus:

"Bob, the queen wants you; be quick; don't stop to make yourself fine."

Robert glanced down on his worn, soiled clothes, with a troubled expression on his face. He took out his watch. There was not even one moment to spare for a change of apparel. He must appear before her majesty just as he was, and he jumped into a wagon near by and rode in haste to the station, and was soon on the train for London.

There were rich, elegantly dressed people traveling the same way, but none heeded him. Soon the news was circulated on the train that the man in coarse, soiled clothes was "the queen's florist," and he was hurrying to obey her commands. Instantly attention was directed towards him. Some who had been disposed to jeer at the Scotsman now regarded him with awe. In their eyes he did not appear like a poor working man, but a person of importance, as he hastened to receive her majesty's imperative orders, the strict obedience of which would be well rewarded.

We too are in the service of a mighty sovereign. We are traveling in the highway of the great King of Kings. Imperative orders have come from him, followed by precious promises. Hearken to his voice:

"Draw nigh unto me and I will draw nigh unto you."

The command is to go towards him in prayer and supplication, and he will meet us; and till us with his Holy Spirit, but we must take the first step to ensure the blessing.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he will bring it to pass." "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he will lift you up."

What have we to do here? It is our part to humbly commit to his keeping our plans and desires for moral, intellectual and spiritual elevation—all that we can not do for ourselves. His part is to bring to pass in his own time and way and place, what we have committed to him. The voice of Christ is, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In the daily walks in life the value of a promise depends upon the estimate we make of the character of the person who gives it. Are not God our Father and Christ our Saviour high enough in love, holiness and power to keep every promise, if we fulfill the condition of implicit obedience to his voice?

There are no end of passages beginning with a command and ending with a promise. To gain the last we must obey the first.

"Believe and receive."

So many of us take him at his word only in part. When we can sacrifice self on the altar of trust, then, and not till then, will the battle of life end in victory.—Christian at Work.

Duty Of The Laity.

Instead of whining for ministerial attentions, let them become ministers themselves, first to their own household, and secondly to their neighbors. The modern tendency to exalt the pastor above the evangelist is the greatest of all practical heresies. In the Church founded by the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, the pastor occupied the lowest place. Apostles, prophets, and evangelists ranked above him. In those glorious days Christians were unselfish, and instead of supposing that the Church existed to strengthen and comfort them, they went forth to strengthen and comfort the perishing. The Church was founded not to protect sickly hot-house Christians from a breath of fresh air but to evangelize the human race. It is an army to conquer the world and the devil, not an ambulance corps to carry about lazy Christians who ought to walk on their own feet. Every individual Christian ought to be a missionary. We are in great danger of spoiling Christians by doing too much for them. Our pastoral nurses feed them when they ought to be feeding themselves. We wheel them about in ecclesiastical perambulators when they ought to be strengthening their limbs by vigorous exercise. A great many Christians are fearfully overfed with services and sermons. They are perpetually devouring the finest of the wheat, and never doing Christian work. Of course they suffer from chronic spiritual dyspepsia. How could it be otherwise? Jesus Christ did not spend his time in listening to sermons and enjoying the means of grace. He went about doing good. He secured his own highest happiness by ceaselessly promoting the happiness of others. It is a terrible delusion to imagine that the world can ever be evangelized by ministers or by lay agents. Every Christian man and every Christian woman must take an active part in the work. On the day of Pentecost they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and they all began to publish the wonderful works of God.—Methodist Times.

MOLASSES AND SUGAR!

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE:

- 20 Puncheons Molasses
Antigua and Barbadoes
- 10 BARRELS MOLASSES,
VERY FINE.
- 20 BARRELS SUGAR,
Different Grades.
- 100 Lbs. Pure Paris Green,
At Bottom Prices, at

W. H. Vanwart's
Frederickton, June 6, 1888.

THOS. W. SMITH

IS NOW OPENING AT HIS

TAILORING

—AND—

CENTS' FURNISHING STORE

192 QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON,

One of the cheapest lot of Clothing ever offered in this city. Just fancy,

All-Wool Tweed Suits

usually costing \$10.00 now selling at \$6.00

Diagonal Suits,

usually costing \$11.50 now selling at \$6.50.

PANTS

at proportionately low prices.

Those who want a bargain should call early. Our stock in every line is complete and marked low for cash.

WOOL TAKEN AS USUAL

THOS. W. SMITH.
May 30, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co**ALL RAIL LINE****ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS**

In Effect April 2nd, 1888.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.
(Eastern Standard Time).

8.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate point, and for McAdam Junction and Vancorbora, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.

11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and all points East.

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

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

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

2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from Vancorbora, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

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

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.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. John, N. B., March 29, 1888.

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 Gauses,

Artificial Flowers, Fancy

Feathers, Laces, Crapes,

Velvets and Plushes,

Ribbons and

Ornaments.

DANIEL & BOYD.

ST. JOHN, N. B.