

Regret.

BY F. A. D.

Sad heart, that maketh constant moan
For treasures gone beyond recall,
Cease your vain weeping; all are his,
He giveth and he taketh all.

Without his mercy, we are not;
His life through all our being flows;
His care provideth all our wants;
His love our every good bestows.

And, though some blessings are denied,
Blessings that we might overprize,—
He has withheld them for our good;
For in our weakness he is wise.

Blinded by fear, we widely grope,
And miss the joy the present brings,
Grasping at doubt that holds us fast
With idle questionings.

Oh, could we tear the veil aside
That hides us from God's blessed light,
And let the light of his great love
Shine on our darkened sight.

We should no longer spend our years
In vain regret o'er what has been;
But see, 'neath winter's frost and snow,
Spring's bounteous blossoming.

And what to-day seems dark despair,
'Neath the warm rays of hope and love,
May prove a blessing sent by him
To lift us heavenward.

—Chris. Register.

Show Your Colors.

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

I am no believer in the doctrine commonly known as "Apostolic Succession"; but there is one apostle who has quite too many successors in these days. It is poor cowardly Peter, when he denied his Master in the courtyard of the Judgment Hall at Jerusalem. What a chance to have played the hero! Suppose [as we once heard Sam Jones, the evangelist, say], Peter, instead of acting like a poltroon, had pushed his way through the jeering crowd, and throwing his arms around his buffeted Saviour had cried out, "This is my Master, this is the Son of God—hands off!" who knows what the result might have been? Sure enough; and one result would have saved his character, and he have been spared the bitterest tears of his life. He would have showed his colors as a loyal servant of Jesus Christ instead of "showing the white feather" as a coward.

When Christ bestows converting grace he expects confessing grace on our part. "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in heaven." The secret root of faith in the heart is not enough without the visible trunk and fruit-bearing branches. "Let your light shine before men"—and not be hidden in a bed or corn-measure. Christ demands a fearless, outspoken, love-inspired acknowledgment of him as Lord and Saviour from every person who hopes to be acknowledged by him at the day of judgment.

We frequently meet with halting, timid people who have a trembling faith in Christ and a feeble hope that they are Christians. They may be such, but they are unwilling or afraid to let the world know it. Their feeble lamp would brighten up if they had the courage to bring it out into the air; but they hide it away, and it is dying down, just as we have seen a candle go out in a close room for want of oxygen. No one is the better for these clandestine Christians who try to steal along towards heaven on tip-toe lest somebody discover them. This is a miserable style of life. We do not affirm that no one can be saved who does not openly join some Christian church; but we do affirm that every day spent by a truly converted man or woman outside of the Church of Christ is almost a day lost.

Every honest convert should not only enlist for the Master, but put on the uniform. Otherwise he is living under false colors; he loses the wholesome sense of responsibility; he loses opportunities to do good to others; he loses self-respect and is in danger of losing the favor of Him who has said, "Whosoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed when I come in my own glory." No one should rashly unite with the church who has not given his or her heart to Jesus Christ. But with the inward faith should come prompt and spontaneous open confession. A soldier who expects victory must burn the bridges of retreat behind him. There is no presumption in this when he is fighting under the omnipotent "Captain of his salvation."

But after the first step of union with the church has been taken, there are too many to fail to show their colors. It is moral cowardice which keeps hundreds of people silent in prayer-meetings. They are fluent enough in talking at social gatherings. A veteran Christian once said to me, "I could face a battery of Lee's army during the civil war, but I can't face a prayer-meeting." "Yes, you can," I replied, "if you actually try it; we

will pick you up if you fall." The good old man did make the attempt, and found such help of God, and also such solid satisfaction in doing his duty, that he continued to take part freely in devotional meetings until his dying day. A young convert ought to begin to open his lips for Christ at once, or else Satan will hamstring him with cowardice. If there is a fire of love to Jesus kindled in your soul, my young friend, let it flame out! Immodesty is not the besetting sin with young converts commonly; there is far more danger of concealment or of compromise through cowardice. In whatever company you are, or under whatever circumstances, never be ashamed to show your colors as a follower of Christ.

There is an incident which used to be current during the war-times which will bear to be repeated. It affords a capital illustration that our Master will always bless the faithful servant who dares to do his duty.

"Last night," said a Christian soldier to his chaplain, "in my barracks, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed; when suddenly, my comrades raised a loud laugh, and began to throw boots and clothes at me." "Well," replied the chaplain, "suppose you defer your prayers till after you retire, and then silently lift up your heart to God."

Meeting him soon after the chaplain said, "You took my advice, I suppose; how did it answer?" "Sir," replied the soldier, "I did take your advice for two or three evenings; but I began to think it looked like denying my Saviour; so I once more knelt down and prayed as at first." "What followed?" "Why, sir, not one of them laughs now. The whole fifteen now kneel down, too, and I pray with them."

Joy Of God's Service.

There is a wide-spread misunderstanding among the unsaved as to the enjoyment of the servant of God. This grows partly out of the dissatisfaction of the human heart which has been disappointed in many efforts to obtain joy from the world, and partly from the growling and complaining of half-consecrated, half-saved professors of religion.

The service of Christ is a delightful one, and yields genuine and abounding delight and gladness. Christ does not invite men to a funeral, but to a marriage feast, when he bids them come to him for salvation. "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

This joy comes directly from communion and oneness with Christ. How can a person be without it and be Christ's? The very heart of the Christian is so filled with love, purity, hope, peace, assurance, and promise that all these fill him with gladness. The apostle tells us of those who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods when they were made a spectacle unto men and angels, and when they suffered for his sake and the gospel's, for they remembered that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance. The whole tenor of the Scriptures from first to last shows us the servant of God as the man of happiness and consolation. Wherever the character presented is sorrowful, it is because he fails to apprehend God and God's promises. These instances are given, doubtless, to show us by example and contrast how that God keeps him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him. God can and does satisfy the soul.

The world can not satisfy the hunger of the heart or give comfort to the soul. We have examples in many cases of history. Take one of these in Goethe, the greatest of all the German poets. He possessed access to every avenue of pleasure. His experience spanned the whole realm of worldly enjoyment and earthly gratification. He took in the opportunities of delight in the loftiest pursuits and attainments of the intellect as well as the pleasures of the animal being. But Goethe said, "They call me a child of fortune; but my life has been nothing but labor and sorrow. I may say that of seventy-five years I have not had four weeks of comfort." Poor Goethe! He had the power to see his own failure to realize from the best and loftiest test of the world that it was all a total failure.

Whatever he means by it, there is no wonder that he died exclaiming, "Light! more light." There is no man or woman on the face of the globe who has walked lovingly with God, no matter how afflicted or poor, from whom such a confession could be wrung as that from Goethe's lips.

God's service is inseparably connected with a happy life. To speak of one implies the other. True religion does not always change the temporal condition of men. It does, however, often effect such changes in men's very circumstances and lives

as to contribute immeasurably to their comfort. But it always gives a spirit and consolation, assurance and hope which sustain the soul in the severest trials to which the human life is heir.

The joy of the true Christian is not merely in the future; it is now. In the South Kensington Museum, London, there is a striking picture of the learned Dr. Johnson in the chamber of royalty waiting and waiting for his turn to be admitted to an audience with the noblemen. God's galleries show no such portraits. His people are not kept waiting and waiting for an audience with him. The door is wide open. They can come in at once and be with him. Praise God, they have free access to the fellowship of the very throne of God by the blood and mediation of Jesus.

Christian brother, if you have no joy of heart, no pleasure in God's service, no delight in his house, no gladness in owning him before the world, no sweetness in fellowship with his people, you should come to him at once for a new baptism of love upon your heart. Then shall you go on your way rejoicing.—Telescope.

To Young Preachers.

In some editorial "Hints to Young Preachers," the Richmond Religious Herald says:

Let the main thoughts be biblical. The only religion that you are called to preach is a revealed religion. "Natural theology" is a thin diet for hungry souls. It is well to study it in order to learn how little there is in it; how utterly dependent we are upon revelation for all that is most solid and most precious in religious teaching. Life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel—not in human philosophy. When regarded from any other than a gospel point of view, they are confessedly among the darkest problems which a thinker is called to face.

You need not trouble yourself to define and label the modern phases of unbelief. It is wiser to look at the essence of any error, to state that essence in every-day language that common people can understand, than to lecture in professional style upon "Agnosticism."

Many Agnostics have never heard of Agnosticism. People who know nothing about God, and do not care much to know, are the largest class of your unconverted hearers. Tell them what you do know about God—what you have learned from your own personal experience of his grace and mercy—what you know from the testimony of other trust-worthy witnesses—what you know from the prayerful study of God's word.

Shall your hearers perish for a lack of the only knowledge in existence, while you spend your precious time on Herbert Spencer's theories, which do not even pretend to save anybody's soul? You have, perhaps, forty minutes in which to counteract all the evil wrought by the world, the flesh, and the devil in some hundreds of human souls during a whole week—nay, it may be a whole month. Don't fool away those precious minutes in speculations which few of your hearers can understand—even supposing you understand them—and which will not help your people to live, if they understand them perfectly.

Do not attempt to cover the whole of any broad subject in one sermon. Suggestive preaching is more interesting, and more effective, than exhaustive preaching; and you are in danger of exhausting your people before exhausting your subject. A large pile of gunpowder may be exploded in the open air with small results. A few grains packed closely in a mountain rifle will do good execution. Condense your thoughts, then, and they will be more effective.

Preaching, in order to accomplish anything, must strike the individual mind and conscience. Hence it is well to preach to an audience very much as you would talk to a single man. Closeness of aim is a power in preaching. Now and then a scattering gun will kill birds, when it is pointed at the covey; but a good shot always selects a bird, and aims at that. If other birds come into his line of sight he may get them; but no sportsman depends upon such a chance to fill his bag.

Beware of too high an aim. When a new measure was before the English Parliament, an adroit politician was heard to say, "I wish I knew what Lord—will think of this bill!" "Why," said a friend, "what do you care for his opinion? He is quite an ordinary man." "Exactly so," said the other; "that is the reason I am concerned about his opinion; for just as it strikes him it will strike the popular mind of the whole community, as the great body of the people are ordinary people." You are to preach to the people—ordinary men and wo-

men, and boys and girls—not to a body of theologians, not to college-bred gentlemen, graduates or undergraduates, but to plain, plodding, business men, to hard worked house-keepers, to women who "do all their own work." They really need your help that they may do and bear their work. Aim to give them your help, and when you help them you help all.

Insist on Promptness.

Teach your children to be prompt. Promptness is one of the most necessary things for them to learn, and you can in no other way be as sure that your teachings will be productive of the desired results as you will be if you yourself set an example of promptness.

One of the most cherished compliments I ever received was from one of my pupils, years ago, when I was a country school ma'am. "You may just bet," he said, "that something awful has happened, if teacher isn't on time."

I gave my scholars to understand that I considered a failure to be promptly on time entirely too much of a disgrace to be patiently endured, and one that was wholly unnecessary. Only the best of excuses for such failures would ever satisfy me, and I took good care never to give them the slightest opportunity to criticize me in that respect. A child will learn more by example than by precept, every time.

When I see a mother who is fond of putting things off until some more convenient time, I always wonder if she is impatient with her boys and girls when they fail to do their tasks as quickly as she thinks they should. Very likely she is. It is often the case that the ones who are least prompt have the least patience with other for being so.

There are very few instances where delay makes the task any easier to perform, or when any one is benefited by waiting for some more convenient time, if we would only teach ourselves to think so, and when we have learned the lesson, then we can teach it to our children.

If they agree to do a thing at a given time teach them to be prompt to a minute, and nothing less than "something awful" can keep them from doing as they agreed, and exactly when they agreed.

A habit of promptness will be of more use to them when they have grown out of your care, than a great many gold dollars. It is your business to see that the habit is theirs.

The Best Of One's Self.

A mother who had been remarkably successful in making home attractive to her children gives something of her own experience in the following words:—

I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not correctly given. We follow a similar plan with the children; sometimes we play one game and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays, or treats of some kind, to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that any one could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening, and to arrange something entertaining.

When there is a good concert, lecture or entertainment, we all go together and enjoy it; and whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but as the years go by, and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to always give the best of myself to my family.—Congregationalist.

Toys for Children.

Elizabeth F. Purdy in Good House-keeping says: "It passes our comprehension how some women can expect their progeny to be reasonably good tempered, and yet provide nothing whatever to assure a healthy cheerfulness. They will lay aside for themselves a bolt of muslin for rainy days' occupation, and regard the smallest amount spent in children's toys a needless expense. A schoolma'am board-

ing in a well-to-do family told us of such a parent the other day. The little girls had dolls, to be sure, but that was all; and these had been purchased during some surprising streak of generosity on the part of the close-pursed father. Old and battered, and minus a wardrobe, pieces of an old shawl were considered fine enough when the dolls were clothed at all.

Anything was good enough for the children to play with, except the parlor cane seat chairs, into which it was regarded a sacrifice to allow a child to scramble, much more to play horse with. Before the teacher's term was taught the dolls were dressed in neat calico gowns made from remnants left from quilting. And to the children's delight not one garment of the two whole outfits furnished was sewed on, but made to take on and off, to button and unbutton. It is safe to say that the little girls had never been so nearly wild with joy as when some odds and ends of gay ribbons and laces were added for their dollies' further adornment. Clay pipes and a dish of soap-suds initiated them into the wondrous beauty of the soap-bubble, to the great dismay of the servants over the prospect of an increase in washings. Ten cent cloth aprons saved the slop, appeared the kitchen goddess, and did good service long after the pipes had lost their stems. Bring in the bag of clothes-pins some day when the children feel fretful, and build pig-pens for them. If they take a great fancy to the pins, buy a few dozen to add to their playthings. One mother, anxious to finish some stitching, quieted the clamorous little people with some clothespin dollies, which she dressed in a few moments from scraps of gingham picked up from the floor at her side. Suppose you buy small tack-hammers and papers of tacks to drive into blocks or shingles. Empty baking-powder cans with lids, empty bottles without the corks (which are said to be poisonous), large glass marbles to roll from one to the other across the carpet, small brooms to help mother with the sweeping, can all be included in the list of inexpensive toys. To a mother horrified at sight of the dingiest steppan in the cupboard, brought by her young hopeful into the parlor where sat a distinguished caller, was suggested the idea of buying cheap new tinware just for the children's play house. Bright new tin pails filled with the smallest potatoes or apples from the cellar bin are sure to please. Could the baby hurt himself with an egg-beater to whirl about? A ten-cent one would answer.

From the kindergarten dealers you can obtain a box of pasteboard money for a quarter. These, with eight cent pocketbooks and a "store" stocked on chairs, will count on a whole afternoon's entertainment. Teach the oldest children to "make change." Rig up a tent with a blanket over the dining-room chairs, or lend them cast-off clothing in which to "dress-up."

Teach the children to be careful of playthings. The time to have them put away is when they begin to kick them about. Don't have them all out at the same time. Hide a few for a week. We confess we could not have held out as did a friend of ours in teaching her little girl care with her playthings. She took away a box of dishes, just after Christmas, for one whole month on account of the careless breaking of three plates. Thus little Anna keeps her toys and handsome picture-books from one year end to another, as a result of the lesson.

Self-Sacrifice.

The tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgerton, England, was left open, and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount up into upper part, and scramble from beam to beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help, for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the lad.

"I think I could," returned the older.

"Then good-bye, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow, loosing his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below, his companion clambering to a place of safety.

This is a true story. The record of it is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Some tales of heroism excite one to pour forth one's admiration, one's approbation, in many words, but this one strikes us dumb, this little fellow unwittingly had followed so closely the steps of his most beloved Master.

Listen to the words of our Lord: "This is My commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man may lay down his life for his friends."

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Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va.

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