

## Do Thou Thy Will.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Do Thou thy will with me!  
I am convinced that thy mysterious ways  
Lead ever up to goals of peace. I see  
In looking back o'er discontented days  
When I rebelled at paths Thou led'st me  
in—

I see how for my good it all has been.  
Do Thou thy will.

Do Thou thy will. I find  
That when I wept because some barrier  
stood

Between me and my longings, I was blind;  
For Thou hadst placed it there for my  
own good;

And when in chosen paths I could not go,  
It was to guard me from some needles wo.  
Do Thou thy will.

Do Thou thy will. I feel  
The calm of realms towards which my  
feet are led.

Across my fevered, restless spirit steal.  
The blind rebellion of my heart is dead.  
Or in the valley or on the heights above  
The hand that leads me is the hand of Love.  
Do Thou thy will.

—Independent.

## Making Friends.

"Charles," said one of our American philosophers, "if you make a friend every day, in three years you will have a thousand friends. If you make an enemy every day, in three years you will have a thousand enemies. A man with a thousand enemies will be likely to get tripped in his way through life by some one of them, and I had rather have a thousand friends than a thousand enemies."

Not one of us but needs a friend to supplement our defects, to reflect the luster of our virtues if we have them, to help us to being true to what is noblest in us and of absolute worth in itself. "He that would have friends must show himself friendly."

There are those whose mission on earth is peace. Evermore they bear with them the mantle of charity, and with its ample folds cover the unfortunate, the weak, the erring. They know full well that "every human heart is a man;" that every soul needs sympathy, forbearance, affection; that all men are equally precious to God since He has made of one blood all flesh. If words of commendation fail, they keep silence; if censure must be pronounced, mercy is mingled with justice; to the returning prodigal they give welcome; to the repenting criminal, words of cheer and hope. Such persons have no enemies and innumerable friends.

Only shallow observers of human nature ridicule its weaknesses and, like ghouls, feast on its voice. He who looks deepest into the throbbing floods of humanity that surge around us is most profoundly pitiful; he sees under all disguises of fortune in every man, in every woman, a possible angel, and his approaches are made on the angel side.

The great fault with most of us is that we act on the defensive. Instead of making advances ourselves, we wait for others to make advances to us. Let those who are inclined to sing

"Ah! what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep?"  
apply themselves to the delightful task of winning friends by encouraging the distrustful, by cheering the sad, by raising the downfallen, by sympathy with the aspiring, and thus bind to their hearts the hearts of those about them. They will find that in loving the supreme good they are indissolubly joined with all the noble and the true, and friendships thus based must exist parallel with the existence of the soul and of its Maker.

## Blindness.

"She never looked so beautiful to me as when she was in her coffin!" She had never before looked so beautiful to the speaker, but why? Because since the first flush of wedded life, when, in her girlhood's bloom, she had given herself to him, "to have and to hold, for better, for worse," he had forgotten to notice what a treasure he held, and had suffered her outer life to wither and die, while the inner blossomed into noble womanhood. The life born of patient but not idle suffering, and the closer clinging to the cross because her earthly staff had become a broken reed, he knew not of, though it had developed by his side. And now he was amazed that so much of loveliness was added to the face he once so dearly loved, for he knew not whence it came. Alas, is it not apt to be so with us all in a greater or less degree in our daily intercourse even with those we dearly love? We know their lives are mingled somehow with our own, and we are glad to have it so; and yet we do not take note of the daily work which would be made lighter by our loving sympathy, of the sacrifices cheerfully undergone, of the trials, the victories gained, "till they spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their homes above." And we awake in bitterness of heart to exclaim, "I never knew before how beautiful they were!" And if we did but watch and care, how

much perhaps of twice blessed work would our Father give us to do in his vineyard! A flower to plant here in some lonely life, a smile to light up a heart that has known too much of shadow, a helping hand to guide one ready to stray away, a sympathizing word or tear telling that the trial is understood or shared,—these will make us know the lives about us, while we help them to be beautiful, and we ourselves "grow in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ," whose work we do.

## Christian Character an Aid to Success.

That true Christian character, in the case of any individual, increases the probability of success in the legitimate pursuits of life, appears in the fact that it tends effectually to secure the best possible condition of all the active powers of the body and mind alike. A man who fears God must be a temperate man—a man who puts a check on all his passions; one who continually strives to subject his natural impulses to the wholesome rules of virtuous life. This self-control, of course, conduces to the health and vigor both of the body and the mind. In want of self-restraint which a religious life demands, what vast numbers become wholly disqualified to act with energy in any occupation. How many in all conditions of human life so enervate and impair their physical and mental energies by giving the reins to appetite, that they are made incapable even of attempting that which, with due self-government, they might easily have accomplished. Who cannot think of many a noble youth, gifted by the Creator with capacities equal to the very best achievements in any sphere of efforts, who has disappointed all the hopes of those who loved him, and suffered himself the pangs of perpetual failure, just for the lack of that holy fear of God, which, as a moral balance-wheel, would have saved his admirable powers from the haste of irregular and excessive action. Of course, to pity can give exemption from disease; but just so far as a man is under the sense of a religious obligation will he be held back from foolishly bringing it on himself; just so far will he be led to the sober, prudent, healthful habits which are most likely to preserve the soundness of his faculties and give him power of application and endurance. A heart at rest because at peace with itself and with God; cheerful habitually, because warmed with the noblest hopes; unanxious, because sure that his dearest interests are secure; courageous, because relying on divine assistance, has it not within itself the elements of true and abiding strength? —Ray Palmer.

## "What Ailth thee?"

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

If we pastors shall ever meet our flocks in Heaven we will find that many of our present duties can be dispensed with. There will be no marriages to celebrate, no sick-rooms to visit, and no funerals to attend; for no somber processions will ever cast their shadows over those shining streets. Nor will our people need either solemn admonitions or soothing consolations. In this life there is abundant need of both. The Bible was not written for saints in glory. It was written for struggling, tempted, and sinning mortals. The loftiest Christians described in its pages were not perfect; some of them made lamentable slips and falls; their finest gold of character was not without alloy.

It is precisely so with God's people now; it is so with those who may be reading this article. Many of you have aching hearts and some of you hearts sadly diseased with sin. What is the cause? What is the cure? I may ask you the same question which was propounded to Micah by the Danites who had stolen away his household idols—"What ailth thee?" If you will turn to the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Judges, you will see how Danite marauders had broken into poor Micah's private chapel of idols, and had carried off his graven images. Perhaps this is the trouble with some of you. Your hearts have been made—not the dwelling-place of Christ by his Spirit—but a private chapel in which you have enshrined favorite idols. They have absorbed your affections and shut Christ out from the central throne of your heart. Perhaps your idol has been money—a very useful article when a Christian holds it in trust for his Master, but a terrible curse when it owns and enslaves a Christian. Your idol, like Micah's, was a movable article, and it is gone! Brother, stop and count up the precious things you have left, the treasures that cannot be stolen away, or swallowed by commercial disasters. God may have impoverished you financially in order to enrich you spiritually with graces better than gold. Instead of

whining and weeping over your heap of broken projects, use them as a stepping stone to climb up into a higher and holier life, nearer to God. What is true of money is equally true of any other object or person that your heart may put in the inner sanctum which belongs to your Saviour; and if the loss of heart-idols helps to cure you of inordinate love of them, then it is a spiritual blessing to lose them.

Another may answer the question "What ailth thee?" by saying, I have had some bitter disappointments. You either have not got what you wanted or, when you got it, it did not meet your expectations. You may have chosen a certain path for yourself and God hedged you up, or sent you in some other way. This has started your tears and reproaches. Now, my friend, as I look back over my own life I can discover that some of the greatest mercies my Heavenly Father has ever bestowed, have come in the shape of bitter disappointments. It has been truly remarked that "disappointment never means wreck—when God's hand is in it. There is often a life in that ugly thing. Disappointment, like fire, has a double power; it may scorch and crisp and blast a man, or else it may thaw out his blood and quicken his life." It is a more heroic triumph of grace for a Christian to rise above the billows of adversity than to run with flying colors, before a fair wind of constant success. Remember that the very name "God" signifies good; and you will find out by and by that he has never been so wisely kind to you as when he crossed your inclinations, or chastised sharply your waywardness. The map of our lives will be an interesting study in Heaven.

Here comes another excellent brother—it may be that he is a pastor or a Sunday-school teacher, or a laborer in some sort of reform—who is growing disheartened in his work. He does not see the results that he hoped for. Is this anything new? Isaiah complained that he had "labored in vain and spent his strength for nought." Martin Luther died with a broken heart over the disappointing hindrances that checked the progress of the Reformation. St. Cecilia, as the legend runs, was ready to break her lute and her harp when she overheard the music of the angels. Are you honestly and unselfishly working for your Master and the souls of your fellow-men? Then leave results with your Master; he is responsible for them. It is your business to sow precious seed, and with all your anxious fingering you cannot make it come up. And then, too, you never know how much good you do, when you do any really good deed. Nothing pleases the Devil more than to put a working Christian away in a wet blanket; that kind of hydropathy has killed many a good undertaking.

But let us turn the lens away from unhappy Christians to those who are healthy. Holiness signifies heart-health; and there must be something wrong with a church member who does not grow in grace, who bears no fruit, and accomplishes nothing for Jesus Christ. Brother A—what ailth thee? Judging from the symptoms, you are suffering from a fever. One of the symptoms of fever is loss of appetite, and another is an inordinate thirst. Your appetite for Gospel food is gone, and your thirst for worldly gain has become insatiable. Covetousness is a disease. The more you swallow, the thirstier you become. The spirit of covetousness, when it gets full sweep in the heart, carries down so much of this world that it silts up the soul with a sand-bay and no freights of benevolence can ever "cross the bar." The Bible is full of solemn admonitions against this sin. A kindred disease with the greed for wealth is an ambition for costly display and for cutting a figure in society. This sort of prominence is often dearly bought at the expense of one's spiritual peace and power; "hat is called 'getting up in the world' ends in a sad getting-down in the religious life. Christ rebuked such selfish ambitions when he said, "Whosoever of you would be chiefest, shall be the servant of all"; he is the greater who does the greatest amount of good in the community. Don't wait my friend, for God to cure thee; thy fevers by depleting thy pulse or humbling thy crest. Consecrate to him thy money and social influence, and enjoy a new and sweet sensation. A rich Christian said to me the other day, "Happiness in money-getting is sheer humbug. I never get any satisfaction out of my wealth until I began to give it away." It is not what you get but what you give that will yield treasure in Heaven.

Brother B—what ailth thee? Perhaps God's eye discovers the growing cancer of a besetting sin. There is but one remedy for that; it is the knife. Speedy and thorough repentance—proved by abandonment of the

darling sin—alone can restore you. If thy hand cause thee to stumble out of it; if thine eye cause thee to stumble, cast it out! It is better to go maimed and well on the road to Heaven than to lose everlasting life. Many of the healthiest and strongest Christians—like the most fruitful grape-vines have had the knife applied to them. Shall the Divine Physician be left to use it, or will you make short work yourself with your besetting sins?

Here is another professed Christian who is sick with the palsy. His paralyzed hands are getting useless; his paralyzed feet make him hobble terribly; his tongue is so paralyzed that he no longer is heard in a prayer-meeting; in short, there is no more left of him but his idle name on the church-roll. To such as thee, Christ speaks the single short authoritative command, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk!" You need the movement cure. The first step you take to honor Christ, the first temptation you resist, the first honest prayer of contrition you utter, breaks the spell. As soon as you arose from your self-begotten paralysis of sloth, your feet and ankle-bones will receive strength and you may go on your way rejoicing.

"What is the matter with your wife?" I inquired lately of a friend. His reply was, "She has no acute disease, but is dying of general debility." That is precisely the condition of thousands in our churches. They are impoverished in blood, with no pulse for Christ and no force for work. A change of diet is indispensable. They cannot feed their souls on daily newspapers or novels, or anything short of the strong meat of God's Word. They need exercise and new iron in the blood. They need the Holy Spirit. "I have this against thee," saith their loving and wounded Master, "that ye have left your first love. Remember whence ye have fallen and repent and do the first works." If its hospitals were once cleared, how the army of the Lord might march on to victory!

## Conquer Difficulties.

Most people depend on favoring circumstances, rather than attempt to subdue unfavorable circumstances; expect help from others, rather than intend to help others. The surest way to secure the sympathy and confidence of all is to be self-reliant. To make all conditions help us, we must subject all conditions to our control; be their master, and not their servant. If we have work to do, we must go about it, and do it ourselves; neither waiting for it to be done by other hands, nor content for it to be left undone.

There is none too much help rendered in life, but too much is expected. It is a good thing to lend our aid to those who need since it makes us better, and sometimes assists those who could get on without it. But always to bear on others is to be always children, lead by the hand, helped over hard places, and never able to walk alone. The best men the world has had, the strongest and the noblest, have been hindered more than helped, and have succeeded nevertheless. They have grown up more amidst the chills of winter than the sunshine of summer. They have matured their strength more in arctic than in tropical climates; helping much, but helped little. Not waiting to be led, they have led others.

A thoughtful writer in the Edinburgh Review, says: "Most great men have been nurtured in the midst of isolation and toil, destitution and contradiction. The acorn is cast carelessly abroad in the wilderness, yet on the wild soil it nourishes itself, and rises to be an oak. The thinner and wilder is your soil, the tougher and more iron textured is your timber. He who has battled with poverty and toil will be found stronger and more expert."

Many are dissatisfied with their condition, and vainly suppose if they were in some other they would be better, happier, or more useful. They are inclined to believe that others who prosper more than they owe all the difference to their environment; which in some cases may be true, but not always, and not necessarily. Let them master their condition, and exert comfort from it; compel the adverse to serve them, and use the obstructions placed in their way to build a fortress for their own defense. The virtues which are nourished by, and the happiness which is extracted from adversity, are the richer and the purer for the fires which have tried them.

The Apostolic injunction, fitted for every sphere and for every service in life, is "Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good." And this in temporal as well as in spiritual concerns, tends to true manliness, and is a prophecy of final success. Every good and worthy achievement is a victory over opposing difficulties, and no great or noble end can be attained, except by vanquishing hostile forces.

Conquest is attained only by conflict. To this must all be trained who covet the honor of heroes. Severus, the emperor, is reported to have said of his soldiers, that the poorest were the best; for when they began to grow rich, they began to grow worthless.

And Marten, the poet, declared that the first thing essential for a soldier to learn, has "to endure poverty. To fare hard and to encounter hardships."

No difficulties should deter a truly noble and magnanimous nature from the accomplishment of any purpose, which a worthy ambition may covet. And to such an one hindrances, if they do not actually disappear, may often become helpful allies to insure success.—Chris. Inquirer.

## RANDOM READINGS.

There are many echoes in the world, and but few voices.—Goethe.

It is impossible for that man to despise who remembers that his helper is omnipotent.—Jeremy Taylor.

Be sure by the strictness and holiness of your own lives to settle yourselves in the very consciences of your enemies.—Flavel.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much cross there is in our composition.

There are other white caps which inspire even greater terror than those of Ohio and Indiana. They are usually encountered by the fellows who insist upon using a shoe-buttonner for a night key.—Memphis Avalanche.

Worldly lumber will hurry a man from his bed, without prayer, to a sermon, and from it again without prayer. It will choke prayer; it will choke the Word; it will choke convictions; it will choke the soul, and cause that awakening shall be to no saving purpose.—John Bunyan.

Slowness of speech is sometimes a painful defect to the one who suffers it; but swiftness of speech is a still more painful defect, and the pain is usually suffered by other people. "I will take heed to my ways," said the psalmist, "that I sin not with my tongue."

Occupy till I come! Henry says this means to be busy with, not simply to hold. They are the words of the Lord in the parable of the ten servants, to whom ten pounds were given. The teaching is that we are to be at work with whatever powers we have. Every chance to speak a word for Jesus, or to do a kindness for his sake, is a talent he has left in our hands to be occupied for him.—Golden Censer.

GLORIFY GOD BY MAKING BROOMS.—A young man once waited on Dr. Brown, of Haddington, and informed him that he wished to be a preacher of the gospel. But finding him weak in intellect and strong in conceit, he advised him against it. The young man replied, "But I wish to preach and glorify God." "My young friend," said Brown, "a man may glorify God by making broom-besoms. Stick to your trade and glorify God by your walk and conversation."

LOVE GIVES THE BEST.—A minister received once a month, toward his personal support, the offerings of his flock. Amongst his congregation was a poor woman, who found it no easy task to live, but who dearly loved her pastor, and regularly brought her mite to the collection. All she could manage to spare was a fourpenny piece, but she was exceedingly particular that this coin must be the best of its kind, and she spared no pains to send round the village, changing it again and again, that the four-penny piece she gave to the collection might be the newest and brightest that it was possible to procure.

How to SHUT A DOOR.—What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. It is a little art to open or shut a door, but read this paragraph and you will see in that "little act" a very large indication of character:

Boys and girls will always show to strangers whether they are well-bred and polite or not, by the manner in which they open and shut the door. If they open it with a rush, or if they neglect to shut it, or shut it carelessly or with a slam, they show that they are not well behaved or polite. You should always open and shut a door gently and carefully.

"No farmer drops seed into the earth which is surer to answer his prayer for a harvest than we are sure to reap whatsoever we sow. Heart prayers, lip prayers, work prayers, life prayers, they compel response; and we all get what we long for, ask for, labor for, live for, if we long, ask, labor, live enough. Enough remember: always pray, never faint."

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