

To-Day's Duties.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

Is there a kindly word for you to say
Do not delay to say it;
Is there a debt of love for you to pay?
Do not delay to pay it.

The pleasant friend who walks with you
to-day
May absent be to-morrow;
Then loving words and deeds, unsaid, un-
done,
Will cause regret and sorrow.

Life is short; the days speed by so fast,
With never a returning,
And opportunities once gone are ever
gone,
In spite of weary yearning.

Time past is done, and time to come
You cannot surely borrow;
Do all the kindly deeds you can to-day,
You may not have to-morrow.

—Herald.

True Christian Love.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

While the principle of love is always and everywhere the same yet it has many expressions. And these vary not only from the conditions in which they show themselves, but also from the great motive forces underlying the manifestation. A brother's love is one form of love, a mother's love is another, a friend's love is another; each springs from its own source and armed with its own motive force; but higher, nobler and grander than all these is Christian love. It is girded with greater might and grace, and rises from the fountains of a deeper, diviner life, and has an infinitely wider reach than any other love. It is the love of God flowing into the heart, and pouring itself along and through its channels, upon the sin-blighted conditions of our present life. It is characterized by self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice, and so it can do wondrous things—seemingly impossible things. Things that are altogether out of the range of ordinary accomplishment. Such things as these: Loving our enemies, blessing them that curse us, doing good to them that hate us, and praying for them that despitefully use us and persecute us. Moral miracles! the very thought of which it is not given to the heart of man to conceive till God's love is shed abroad there.

Without Me, the Master says, ye can do nothing—nothing that will lift men up and bless them and save them. Love alone saves. And love takes hold upon and employs in a subordinate way all means—money, position, influence, opportunity, character, intellect, everything—for the good of men. Love is the great worker of miracles—"All things are possible to him that believeth." Why? or How? Because "faith works by love." Faith in its outgoing brings love into play. A love invested with a Christly spirit and a Christly character. A love that seeketh not her own. It is this love that full of the spirit of self-abnegation reveals itself in these instances of Christian action.

Mr. Henry Moorhouse, the English evangelist, narrates his story: "A little time ago I was in New York, and a friend was telling me about a meeting she attended. Some twenty or thirty ladies met for prayer in connection with the work of trying to rescue some of the poor fallen ones. There was a young girl sitting there, with her face almost as bright as an angel; she had only been converted a little while, and she said she would like to tell about it. She lived in one of the very bad streets of New York. She was taken ill. No one came near her; she had been left alone for two or three days, when one day a knock came to the door and a young lady came in. 'I have heard about you,' she said to her sick sister, 'and I have come to see if I could help you.' She got up and swept the room, lighted the stove, smoothed the invalid's pillow, and said she would come again. When she went away she repeated a verse of Scripture, but it did not make any impression on the sick one. She came again, did up the little room, and went away, repeating a text. Still it made no impression. She came for several days, and one day she came, swept up the floor, cooked some dinner and made everything look nice. Then," continued the narrator, "she came and looked at me, and put her hand on my brow, and stooping down, she kissed me. As she kissed me I saw a tear trickling down her face. It was the kiss of God." God's love flows out through the depths of the human heart. It comes to us along channels that be open to us. Another instance very like this is told by a minister who has seen a great deal of city mission work in New York. It gives us an important hint for the successful prosecution of Christian work. It tells us that at the root of everything there must be a heart-deep, genuine Christian love. Such love as the apostle insists on when he says: 'Let us not

love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.'

This minister, Dr. Mingins, says: "A lady came into the office of the city mission and wanted a few tracts. She didn't feel as if she could do very much of active work for the Lord, but felt like giving away a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to jail, a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disordered, but the lady's heart went out in sympathy towards her. She found the woman after she came out of jail, and just went and folded her arms around her and kissed her. The woman exclaimed, 'My God, what did you do that for?' and she replied 'I don't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it.' The woman said, 'Oh, don't kiss me any more, you'll break my heart. Why, nobody has kissed me since my mother died.' But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly Christian life, won to God by a kiss." Is that not beautiful!

The heart swayed by the love of Jesus kisses the poor, hopeless outcast—and that revives the long-forgotten vision of home with its tender mother-love and unspeakable sweetness, and its early days of heart purity and heart-peace. And on the swelling tide of recollection and of quick reflection and repentance, the soul is borne back, through the name of Jesus to the gates of life, life eternal. Wonderful! Wonderful it is that God should honor us in such glorious service! But alas! alas! how seldom we are ready for it. We are so full of ourselves. So taken up with the thought of what others might say. So bound hand and heart by conventionalities that Christian liberty is lost to us. So concerned for the good opinion of men that we seldom or ever abandon ourselves to Christ or the power and leading of His good spirit. To exercise true Christian love our eyes must be filled with Jesus, and our hearts feeding and feasting upon his life and spirit. We must make clear and definite choice between ourselves and Jesus or the world and Jesus, or Jesus' word and the world's word. We cannot serve God and another. God seeks an undivided heart. Our hearts cannot share their love between Christ and any one else. If we are full of others there is no room for Jesus. And so of the world, or desire of reputation, or anything else. Let us give the Lord His throne and let Him reign in us. Then shall a broad, generous sympathy, and true affection for the poor, bruised, suffering sons of men be ours. Then we shall appreciate little things as well as large things. The Rev. William Pennefather, M. A., well known in connection with the Midway Conference, on one occasion took a sick lady a flower, and afterwards writing of it, said: "I took Miss B. some flowers they were so lovely. I thought the poor soul would enjoy them, as she never gets out, and she did enjoy them. Oh! the pleasure of a flower in a sick-room!" Anything done in the spirit of love brings blessing with it. In the annals of the United States Christian Commission how many bright manifestations are found of this spirit. Let one stand for all, however ill it may represent them.

A chaplain had taken the place of a sick soldier, battle ensuing, and his horse plunging struck him on the knee-pan. His leg swelled and stiffened until the pain became unendurable. When he could no longer stand it, he gave his horse to a servant, and laid himself down on the ground. As he lay suffering he heard a voice, "Oh, my God!" He thought, "Can anybody be swearing in such a place as this?" He listened again, and a prayer began; it was from a wounded soldier. "How can I get at him?" was his first impulse. He tried to draw up his stiffened limbs, but could not rise. He put his arm around a sapling, drew up his well foot, and tried to extend the other without bending, that he might walk; but he fell back jarred through as though he had been stabbed. He then thought, "I can roll!" and over and over he rolled, in pain, through blood, and by dead bodies, until he fell against the dying man, and there he preached Christ and prayed.

At length one of the live officers came up and said: "Where is the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying." Here he is! here he is! cried the sufferer. Can you come and see a dying officer? "I cannot move. I had to roll myself to this dying man to talk to him." "If I detail two men to carry you, can you go?" "Yes." They took him up gently and carried him. And that live-long night the two men bore him over the field, and laid him down beside bleeding, dying men, while he preached Christ and prayed.

What will love not do? It will for-

get its own suffering to help those who are in need of direction, consolation or peace. Oh! the utter self-abnegation of love! "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant." So God says, "Behold, My servant!"

This is the love of Jesus. May we be filled with it!—*Can. Presbyterian.*

"Behold A Sower Went Forth to Sow."

It is a peculiarity of good seed that careful planting and assiduous cultivation are indispensable to a large harvest. Weeds, briars, thorns, grow vigorously simply by letting alone. This is no new condition. It began long ago when the sweat of man's brow was made the price of good fruitage, while the earth "yielded" thorns and briars under the curse. In the spiritual and moral world the same law holds. Truth must be sown with vigilant hand and cultivated with unceasing care, else error springs up to choke it as tares despoil the wheat. In the case of both wheat and tares it is true that "a sower went forth to sow." The influences that dominate men for good or evil have their origin with a personality. "Behold, I sowed good seed in my field. Whence then hath it the tares?" The answer is, "An enemy hath done this." The sowers of evil are as busy as the sowers of good; with this advantage, that the present conditions of the soil are more favorable for tares than for wheat. Hence the need of more persistent sowing and vigilant cultivation of the good seed.

What better seed has ever been sown in all the garden of this world than God's thought of Sabbath rest? It is a germ holding in its secret cells the promise of both flower and fruit—the flower, man's happiness, purity, and peace; the fruit, that ideal of God-like character which his Creator intended he should reach.

But lest this fair flower should cover the earth with its bloom, "an enemy" in malice toward the race has sown tares to choke it with their deadly growth; and with the folly of children who do not know the poisonous blossom from the fruit-bearing flower in the lowlands, men trample on the one and gather the other to their own ruin.

It is our mission, to which we are called of God, to sow through the years the good seed. If it is cast and recast into the ground of men's minds and faithfully cultivated by argument, illustration, and appeal, the harvest must sooner or later appear. We do not understand the mystery of growth, but we know the fact. "It is as though a man cast seed into the earth, and it springeth up he knoweth not how." We will plant, we will plow, we will harrow, and we will enrich the soil with every fertilizing adjunct at our command; and while we cannot order the process of germination, we will "sleep and rise night and day," believing that God works for us and by us. Nor will we be impatient for a full harvest. There are stages of development: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." We cannot tell when one of these stages passes into the other, but we recognize each when we see it. So to the questioning lookers on who ask *Oui bono?* we say, the tiny blade is cutting its way through the darkness out of sight; by and by, after the great Sun has stooped to kiss it, you will see the full corn. The seed is on the way; God will give it ripeness.

Nothing will yield a richer increase than the sowing of the good seed of the word of God. One little seed will produce a whole handful of grain. A minister preached not long ago on "The Lord's day and how to keep it." One who heard him said, "That sermon changed the current of my thoughts. I never saw things in the light which you put them. My Sabbaths have been more to me since than before."—*Advocate.*

Support Your Minister.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, in New York *Observer* says:—

Give your minister a good worldly support, if you would have him give you good sermons. Many ministers are by their congregation half starved. Perhaps, if your pastor had better food he would have more fire. Next to the Divine unction, the minister needs good food; and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the Apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Lake Galilee, and this, with unbolting bread, gave them phosphorus for the brain, nitrates for the muscle, and carbonates for the whole frame. When the water is low the mill-wheel goes slowly; but a full race, and how fast the grists are ground! In a man the arteries are the mill-race, and the brain the wheel, and the practical work of life is the grist ground. Soldiers have failed in battle because their stomachs for several days were innocent of everything but "hard-tack." See that your minister

has a full haversack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the "parson's nose" in a turkey or fowl is an allegory, setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind. Often the damage begins in the college or theological seminary boarding-house. Insufficient food and unsuitable apparel have done their fatal work on the young man before he reaches the pulpit. He comes into life cowed down, with a patch on both knees and a hat that has been down over four or five times, and so weak that the first sharp wind that whistles round the corner blows him into glory. The inertness you complain of in the ministry starts early. Do you suppose that if Paul had spent seven years in a cheap boarding-house, and the years after in a poorly-supplied parsonage, he would have made Felix tremble? You cannot keep a hot fire in the furnace with poor fuel and the damper turned.

That Cheering Look.

I remember to have preached, years ago, at a watering-place in the Virginia mountains, at the dedication of a new church. The people were all strangers to each other; and, as we went away, my friend said (who has a right to speak so familiarly) "I wonder, my dear fellow that you could be animated at all to-day, for we are all strangers, and things were pretty cold, I thought." "Ah!" but the preacher replied, "you did not see old brother Gwathmey, of Hanover, who sat there by the post. The first sentence of the sermon caught hold of him, and it kept shining out of his eyes and his face, and he and the preacher had a good time together, and we didn't care at all about the rest of you." Sometimes one good listener can make a good sermon; but, ah! sometimes one listener, who does not care much about the sermon, can put the sermon all out of harmony! The soul of a man who can speak effectively is a very sensitive soul, easily repelled and chilled by what is unfavorable, and easily helped by the manifestation of simple and unpretentious sympathy.

—*Dr. J. A. Broadus.*

Save the Boys.

But the main point is, How can we save the boys? Some would threaten, some would close the saloons, some would force them to be educated. Education can help greatly, for, "knowledge is power" when one knows how to use it. But God does not save people from vice by education only. Of fifteen hundred people at Joliet, in Illinois, ten hundred were well educated and one hundred and twenty-nine were college graduates. There is one sufficient means to save, and that is the grace of God. But if we are to bring the boys under the influence of the sanctuary, we must treat them with respect. There is no sense in finding fault just because they sincerely differ in opinion. Treat them in a Christian way; treat them with politeness; give them a kind greeting. Then implant a sense of duty. A gentle hint will often set their consciences at work. Welcome them to the churches and social gatherings. Make the home the most inviting place. Let mothers bear in mind that no one has so much influence over their boys as they. A boy usually thinks his mother is an incarnate angel. She is nearest to an angel that a boy ever knows. Angels are ministering spirits. That is exactly what a good mother is.—*Congregationalist.*

His Fatherliness.

By the mystery of the incarnation our whole being is fringed on every side with fatherliness indescribable; our little lives, which sometimes seem so stricken, so abandoned, so tried, are objects of unfathomable love. It is recently recorded of a little lad in a London hospital, upon whom it was necessary to perform a surgical operation, owing to heart-weakness, to administer chloroform, that his father said to him: "Do you think you can bear it, my son?" "Yes, father," he replied, "if you will hold my hand." That is a picture-lesson of the position of the believer in the midst of the perplexing trials of life. The operation is inevitable, the anodyne is unobtainable, a fine and noble soul can only be made perfect through suffering; but God, in the incarnate, ever-present Jesus, and as a loving, interested friend, holds the hand of the believer with the firm grasp of sympathizing omnipotence.—*Congregational Magazine.*

HEAVEN.—Brother, sister, consume no time in theorizing on where heaven is, what heaven is like, or how the saints are employed. All that is too far in the future, and at best your conclusions can only be theoretical. Be practical. Take hold of the important affairs of every-day life. Expend your time and energies in well-timed efforts

to get to heaven yourself and to take others with you. Or rather, spend your time, your thought, and your energies in devising ways and means by which to establish the kingdom of God in your own hearts and in the hearts of others, and then you can rest assured that after death, to you heaven will be sweeter, grander, and more enjoyable than you can possibly imagine. Our great concern should be to get to heaven, not what it will be like, or how we shall be employed after we are there.—*Telescope.*

BEGIN IN SECRET.—Ah, how many departures from God, ending in a total shipwreck of faith, have begun in the secret chamber! In some sense they have all begun there. If only we could look into the inner records of some young man's life, who, trained in a Christian household, and himself seeming to have well begun, has yet after awhile forfeited the promise of his youth, gone forth and forgotten the sanctities of home, and the faith pledged not to God alone, but to father, and mother and sister—still loved, and to be forever loved, but with a fearful, aching love so unlike the proud love which regarded him once—could we look, I say, into that story, here, I am sure, would be most often found the secret of all. He counted that he could do without that which the Saviour himself would not do without—that he could live on his own resources, that he could lean upon his own strength.

THINK OF DEATH.—The surprise is that we do not think more of death. Nothing is more certain and nothing involves more in its consequences. If we were going on a long journey or were promised a valuable gift from a friend, our thoughts would be constantly upon it. We would speak of it frequently to our friends, all our plans would be shaped by it, and the future would take on something of coloring and brightness from the anticipations we cherish. The journey to the heavenly city every Christian is expected to make; the crown of righteousness is promised to all who love the Lord at his coming; yet how indifferent we are about it, how unwilling we are to speak of it, and how little does it enter the plans and thoughts of our every-day life! "Watch, therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—*Inquirer.*

Random Readings.

In creation God gives his hand, but in redemption God gives us his heart.—*Monod.*

Of the pure in heart it is said they are blessed because they shall have a vision of God.

Whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world.—*Hawthorne.*

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon keeping of thy heart closely with God, in them.—*Flavel.*

Many things go to make up the happiness of our life; this is its blessedness—to have faith in God, to be truly, deeply, practically religious.—*Rev. R. Ellis.*

We need at the very outstart to get the spirit of the gospel. Untold harm has come from knowing only the letter, and especially the letter in detached places.

They who apply themselves to Jesus Christ shall be dealt with according to their faith; not according to their professions, but according to their faith.—*Henry.*

If we are to be filled with hope we must have faith in God. Life looks bleak enough taken by itself, and offers no promise for the future.—*United Presbyterian.*

It is impossible to form the faintest estimate of the good—the highest kind of good—which a single devout soul may accomplish in a life-time by spreading the holy contagion of the love of God in widening circles around it.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

Men, when in health and strength, whether old or young, should, as to their spiritual and immortal interests, try to think the thoughts that they will need to think when they hear the final summons to leave this world. Thus thinking, they will prepare their own minds to hear this summons, as they otherwise certainly will not do.

Happiness depends not on what one has but on what one is. He who is of a cheerful spirit will be cheerful in all his privations. He who is of a complaining spirit will never lack occasions of complaining. It is not one's possessions or one's surroundings, but one's way of looking at his possessions and surroundings that settles the question of one's cheerfulness, wherever he is, or whatever he has.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1889. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Cambridge 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.15
Fast express for Halifax 14.30
Express for Sussex 16.35
Fast express for Quebec & Montreal 16.35

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 and St. John at 7 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex 8.30
Fast express from Montreal and Quebec 10.50
Fast express from Halifax 14.50
Day express from Halifax and Campbellton 20.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 23.30

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All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGRE, Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
8th June, 1889.

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect July 1st, 1889.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, connect at the Junction with Fast Express via Short Line for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.40, 8.45 A. M.; 4.45 P. M.; Fredericton Junction 8.10 A. M.; 1.45, 6.25 P. M.; McAdam Junction, 11.20 A. M.; 2.06 P. M.; Vancorbo, 10.55 A. M.; St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.40 A. M.; St. Andrews, 7.55 A. M.; arrive in Fredericton 9.20 A. M.; 2.10 and 7.15 P. M.

LEAVE GIBSON.

11.30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

10.10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

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