

The Voice of the Guide.

Walking through an unknown region,
Tangled thicket, briar and thorn;
Weaving barriers, dark and legion;
Shadows on the face of morn,
Noontide hid in brooding tempests,
Nightfall coming cold and gray;
Lord, we thank thee for the promise,
Star-like in thy word to-day!

Give us listening ears to hear it;
Give us faith to follow on,
Though the clouds, unlifted, cover
All the glory of the sun.
"Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee!"
Do we, waiting as we pray,
Sweet from heaven discern its cadence?
Tread with courage, "This the way?"

Lord, so many thoughts beset us;
Lord, so many whispers press
On the silence of the spirit,
Pilgrim in this wilderness
Only as thy voice command us,
Only as our hearts obey,
Are we safe, and sure of reaching
Home at ending of the way.

Lord, when we are worn and weary,
Lord, when faith is weak and faint,
Give us then, we pray, to hear thee;
Hush the moaning of complaint.
Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee!
Star-like beams the word to-day!
And we listen and we journey,
God himself our strength and stay.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

How the Gospel Reached Samoa.

It was in 1830 that Mr. John Williams, that noble English missionary and "Polynesian apostle" who had already spent eleven years in the Society Islands, accomplishing wonders in the civilizing and Christianizing of the people, reached the Samoan group, known to be populated by fierce cannibals. He came in his own ship, the *Messenger of Peace*. He had himself built this vessel of seventy tons burthen at the island of Rarotonga, with only native help and with few tools except those of his own making. He was impelled by an intense desire to carry to the westward islands that glorious Gospel by which he had seen so many savage tribes transferred into happy, industrious, and orderly Christian communities.

Mr. Williams was accompanied by his brother missionary, Mr. Barff, and by eight Society Islanders, whom they had trained as teachers. Touching at the Friendly Islands' mission they found and took on board a Samoan chief named Fauea, who had become a Christian there, and who proved a great assistance to them. As their ship approached Samoa, the towering mountains of Savaii, one of the largest islands, were seen seventy miles away. On arriving there they were surprised and delighted with the magnificence of the scenery, with the welcome given them and the joy of the people at the coming of teachers. Fauea eloquently proclaimed the praises of the missionaries and the excellence of their religion. Natives had brought off to the ship articles of barter, but on hearing these things, they covered the deck with produce and resolutely refused to take payment. Multitudes crowded the beach, and it was after sunset when a landing was effected. They literally carried the missionaries to the chief's house, long lines of flaming torches lighting the way. A song in their honor was quickly composed and sung in full chorus by all the people.

Some of the council-houses were of large dimensions, built of wood and thatched with sugar-cane or pandanus leaves. These houses are very ingeniously constructed, no nails being used about them, the fastenings being made with the fibre of the cocoa-nut. In these houses all strangers were received, and the population of the village used to gather here in the evening for their dances and various games.

Mr. Williams found the Samoans neither tall nor muscular, but very agile and graceful. "Picture to yourself," he says, "a fine, well-grown Indian, with a dark, sparkling eye, a smooth skin glistening with sweet-scented oil, and tastefully tattooed from the hips to the knees; with a bandage of red leaves, a head-dress of the nautilus shell, and a string of small white shells around each arm, and you have a Samoan gentleman in full dress; and thus dressed, he thinks as much of himself and the ladies think as much of him as would be the case with an English beau fitted out in the highest style of fashion."

They had no priests, temples, idols, or sacrifices, but deified beasts, birds, and fishes. A convenient building was given by the chief as a church and school-house, with four good dwellings for the native missionaries. In three days the *Messenger of Peace* sailed away, the Englishmen promising to return in nine or ten months. All the people escorted them to the shore, rendering the air with the cry, "Great is our affection for you, English chiefs!"

It was not until two years later, in October, 1832, that the ship could again sail for Samoa. All things

favoured, and after six days' delightful voyage they sighted Manua, the most easterly island of the Samoan group. As it was two hundred and fifty miles from the teacher's residence, Mr. Williams was greatly surprised to hear the first islander who boarded the ship exclaim, "We are sons of the Word." His joy increased when they told him that great numbers of the people of Savaii and Upolu had received the truth. As he sailed on from island to island he became convinced that a mighty work had already been done throughout Samoa. At Savaii the teachers welcomed him with tears and shouts of joy. They had a story to tell of mingled sorrow and success. At first war had raged between two islands, but the teachers had always been kindly cared for, and chief after chief had ceased fighting, and renounced their superstitions. After a time they determined to drown Papo, their war-god, the only semblance of an idol found in Samoa. This created immense excitement. Chiefs from a distance were constantly coming to learn what these things meant. Many of them came regularly, learning all they could carry away of the new truth and taking it home to their people. The converts had withstood persecution. One Christian chief, when threatened, said of his enemies: "I shall not move from my house to attack them. But if they begin, I will pray for the help of Jehovah, and resist them with all my strength."

Mr. Williams found, besides these avowed Christians, a multitude who had been only waiting for his return to publicly renounce their superstitions. He visited every island, preaching to great audiences, and was everywhere joyously welcomed. The king of Samoa now openly embraced Christianity. His name was Malietoa, which is the family name of several Samoan kings. It was the grandson of this very Malietoa Laupepa, and himself a Christian ruler, who in 1887 was forcibly taken from his country and carried to Africa by the Germans.

After thus instructing and confirming the believers, Mr. Williams again bade them farewell. It was not until 1838 that he saw Samoa again, though English missionaries had meantime been sent there. Mr. Williams had visited England, had secured a fine missionary ship, and had brought with him a missionary band. "As we neared Apia, the harbor of Upolu," wrote Mr. Williams, "we sailed along the coast of that noble island, and every few miles we recognized large places of worship, white as snow, smiling a welcome to us through the dark, rich foliage in which they were embowered.... The whole group has a population of sixty or seventy thousand, and about fifty thousand are under instruction. The desire for missionaries is intense. If we had twenty instead of three, all would have been readily disposed of." Thousands of copies of Matthew's Gospel and many elementary books were in print, and the people could read them fluently. Fighting had entirely ceased.

Mr. Williams decided to make his headquarters here, and thence to visit the islands already Christianized, and to carry the Gospel to the New Hebrides. Alas! his first venture to the latter islands resulted in his death at Erromango at the hands of cannibals. But his work went on. Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, who visited Samoa in 1839, speaks of the wonderful effect produced by missionary instruction, and says, "It appears almost miraculous." This naval officer bears witness that the greatest obstacle to the missionary work was the presence on the islands of a few abandoned white men.—*Missionary Herald*.

Godless old age.

All men naturally desire length of days, rather than to be cut off in childhood and youth, or called away in middle life; and yet length of days, if sufficiently extended, means, by an inevitable law, that condition of the body which we designate as old age. It means a loss of physical power, a consciousness of weakness, inaptitude and incapacity for effort, retirement from prior forms of activity, decrease of personal and social significance by reason of what one can do, numerous pains and aches that grow out of infirmity, disrelish for many things that were once the sources of pleasure, and, in general, a collapse, greater or less, of all the forces of life. The first sight of an old man reveals these facts, even to a casual observer; and the more frequently he is seen the more apparent the facts will be. No one will mistake him for a young man. The blossoms of the almond tree on his head, his withered and faded countenance, his bent form, and slow and cautious step, all alike tell the tale of lost vigor. He feels the loss in every bone, muscle and

nerve of his frame. No medicine and no change of climate can repair the damage which has gradually crept into his whole physical being, and there become a fixture.

This is not the whole picture. Old age cannot, by any possibility, deceive itself with the idea of many years yet to come. One who is seventy-five or eighty years of age cannot reason on this subject as one does who is at the age of twenty-five. He knows that his life on earth is almost spent and that in a very few years at the longest the whole of it will be spent, and that he must then bid farewell to the scenes of this world and encounter whatever awaits him in another life. He knows that he is near the end of his earthly pilgrimage; and he so knows it that he cannot withdraw his attention from the fact. The condition of his body is constantly reminding him of the fact and sounding it in his ears. That sound he must hear, whether he relishes the information or not. He does not and he cannot talk about life, or think about it, as he did when he was forty years of age. Mortality, as an impending fact near at hand, salutes him as it did not then. It speaks to him of an approaching exit and of a final departure from all earthly scenes. The utterance is long and loud and constant, and excludes the possibility of absolute inattention. No matter whether he is a king on his throne or a peasant in his cottage, he must in either case hear this monitory voice.

Let us by supposition—too often real—add another feature to this picture. This man of years and infirmities and whose days are almost spent, and who is compelled to see himself in this condition, is an absolutely godless man in the sense that he has made no spiritual preparation for death and laid up no treasure in Heaven. He may or may not be an avowed infidel; but whether he is or not he is not a Christian, and is not a religiousist of any type that affords any comfort in view of death, or inspires him with any hope with respect to the future. He has lived just as he would have lived if there were no God and no life after death, and, indeed, just as he would have lived if he had expected to live on earth forever. His life here has had no practical reference to God or the life to come. All his thoughts and all his efforts have been those of a pure worldly. All his treasures and all his hopes lie within the circle, and outside of it he has no treasures and no hopes whatever. Thus his youth was spent; and thus his middle age was spent; and old age finds him in this condition.

What shall be said of a man who has lived seventy-five or eighty years in this world, and in a Christian land, where the Bible sheds its gentle light, and where God has established his Church, and yet who comes to the period of old age graceless and godless, unblest with the joys and hopes of Christian experience, and finally breathing his last in this condition? The world, even if he has accumulated millions, or made himself a conspicuous figure in its affairs, has lost all its practical value to him. He will soon be out of it and soon be forgotten by it. In a few years, with here and there a rare exception, not even his name will be mentioned. The future cheers him with no animating and inspiring hope. The Bible addresses to him no promise. He is not sufficiently familiar with it to be comforted by it. The salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ has by him been wholly neglected, if not treated with scorn and contempt. And there he is at last in his feebleness and decay, near the end of a wasted and mis-spent life on earth—a sore affliction to himself, if he thinks at all, and a solemn warning to others. Who will envy that old man his lot? Who can afford to imitate his example?

Paul "the aged" was not such a man. He had the wisdom to hear the heavenly call and obey it. He laid up for himself "treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." He came to the close of life with pleasant reminiscences in respect to the past, and brilliant hopes in respect to the future. Let us hear his words when martyrdom was staring him in the face:

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." II Tim. iv. 6-8.

Which then is best—to be the godless and graceless old man, and in this state to quit the world, or to be Paul "the aged," and as such to leave this earthly scene for the brighter and better one above? Which is best—to have our chief treasures laid up in Heaven,

or laid up on earth, going to them in the one case, and entirely losing them in the other, when leaving this world? Which is best—the life of godliness, or the life of pure and exclusive worldliness?—*Independent*.

"Keep Yourselves Unspotted."

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN, BY THE
REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

We are often told we must adapt our theology to thoughtful young men. Must we? It seems to me, whenever I meet a thoughtful young man, who does not put his washing out and take his thinking second hand, he is just about as sound in theology as I could wish him to be.

Now a word or two to those who are not Christians, for I suppose there are some such here. First, be manly; if you have convictions stand up to them. Be industrious. We hear a good deal about resting on the Sabbath, and we cannot hear too much of it; but there are those who forget the precept begins thus, "Six days shalt thou labor." Then be honest; show you can be trusted. Be pure. "Be-ware of the strange woman," of the gambling table; flee these as you would deadly poison, and avoid, too, books that defile. Be temperate; I recommend the blue ribbon. He that drinks not at all will never drink too much. Be thoughtful, and take care you are not easily gulled.

But now, with all this, are you to leave out God? If there be a God, and I suppose all will admit there is. But, if there be, he has a right to claim your service. Face it then. What is your relation to him? If there be no hereafter, well, we may live and die as dogs—there is no special reason we should be good dogs. But dare you boldly look up and say, "Mother, you are in heaven, I shall never come to you. I have chosen never to pursue the path you trod. I have learned larger and more liberal ideas than you had?" You dare not make such a distinct and deliberate choice. What, then, you admit there is a future? That future may burst on you this night—are you prepared for it? How are you to be prepared? Through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, whom God hath set forth as the propitiation for sin. "Search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of Me."

But now a word to Christian young men. There is all the difference between you and others who have not been made new creatures in Christ Jesus. I have heard of a very learned professor who was elaborately explaining to a lady certain wonderful things in the Bible, the two Isaiahs (which his learning had detected in the book), and all sorts of things. The little woman said suddenly, "My dear sir, Nicodemus, who came to Jesus by night, was told, 'Ye must be born again'; can you explain that?" "I confess, I do not understand it." "Do you believe there is such a thing?" "Well, some friends in whom I have confidence, believe they have been born again, so I suppose there is such a phenomenon; but I do not understand it." "Yet you dare to attempt to teach me! You, who do not know the A B C of the matter. If I have but one eye, I won't be taught by a blind man!" Now, if we are Christians, however weak and ignorant, we have a new life, with new powers and new faculties. You are not of this world; this, then, is my text for you: "Keep yourselves unspotted from the world" (James 1:27). "Because ye are not of this world, therefore the world hateth you, even as the world hateth Me." Therefore you must expect opposition. Keep yourselves unspotted from the world—it cannot do you any good, and may easily do you much harm. Not merely keep yourselves from lepers—that you will be most likely to do; but keep yourselves from the spots which you might not have noticed had you not been warned. Keep yourselves from its riches (they are ensnaring); from its poverty (it has its peculiar dangers); from its favors, for the world can fawn and flatter; from its friends—let it frown; and if, like Athanasius, you have to say, "I, Athanasius, against the world," never mind, if God be with you. Are you in trade? keep yourselves unspotted. Do you touch politics? keep yourselves unspotted. It seems to me the great battle of politics is this: which set of maggots shall eat the cheese? Do you mix in social life? keep yourselves unspotted from its vanities and pleasures.

Keep yourselves unspotted from its tendencies. I am told I must be abreast with the age. Must I? my plan is this:—The age goes one way, and I go the other. Mark you, the dead fish floats with the stream, the living fish swims against it. The spirit of the age is atheism; ours is a living God. The spirit of the age is doubt; ours is faith in God. The spirit of the age is compromise; ours

is to hold a stern integrity. The spirit of the age is hollow; ours is to rest on the faithfulness of God. Even if they charge you with bigotry, never mind it; it won't hurt. Christian men, take up the battle for Christ.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
Live for God and his truth. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord God."

Now here is another text for you. Heb. 10:35, "Cast not away your confidence." Yours is the shield of gold. Don't, like Rehoboam, change it for one of brass. That word means boldness, plainness, or "at-home-ative-ness." Children are at home, at ease with their father; see that you are at home with God. As dear George Muller says, "Never begin the day without being first happy with God." See your Father's face first in the morning. Cast not away your confidence in the principles of the old Book—"I believed, therefore have I spoken." Believe what you profess, and profess what you believe. Cast not away your confidence in the power of prayer, nor in Providence.

I want you to take a ticket right through and no return and a first-class one. The third-class is, "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee;" but first-class is, "I will trust, and not be afraid." Whatever you do, cast not away your confidence in God. "To whom shall we go, but unto Thee?" Where shall we find a better? There is the enemy; fight him in the strength of the Lord. Let us

Take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.

Random Readings.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.—*Lowell*.

"Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the product of enthusiasm."—*R. W. Emerson*.

The pious man and the atheist always talk of religion; the one of what he loves, and the other of what he fears.—*Montesquieu*.

An abounding Christian life will show itself in good works. It cannot simply exist and do nothing—leave no mark, yield no fruit.

"Take your path with the perfect and abstract right, and trust to God to see that it shall prove the expedient."—*Wendell Phillips*.

The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues its noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessing upon the world around him.

The exactions of the Christian life are increasing every day. No man, desiring to be looked upon as a reputable believer, can afford to live as many of the old saints of the long past.

We are profited by keeping the soul in a condition of uplifting. Man is, by his creation, a being who turns his face upwards, and grace teaches him to keep his mind fixed on God reverently and devoutly.

A good bargain that the Lord offers to every Christian. Who accepts it? You of the first part agree to seek first my kingdom and righteousness, and I of the second part agree to supply you with all things you are anxious about.

Sometimes when men fail to gain what they wish in some position or movement, they take ground against it and try to hinder, not only other persons, but the cause itself. Such selfishness, wherever seen, is disreputable, and must be followed by appropriate penalty.

King David said: "I will keep my mouth with a bridle" (Ps. xxxix. 1). That was a good resolution. If one does not bridle his tongue, he will say a great many things that he ought not to say, especially when his passions are excited. If one is angry, let him stop and count ten before he says a word and then sing Old Hundred.

The actual carrying out of the idea of Christianity as it existed in the mind of Christ, would do all that nihilism, socialism, or communism seek to do, and would do it safely, beneficently and in a manner not to reduce humanity to a dead level of mediocrity, but to raise it to its highest possibility of character and achievement.—*Evangelist*.

There is a mystery in God's dealings with us. "His way is in the sea and his path in the great waters and his footsteps are not known." "Who will say unto him, What dost thou?" Inquiry concerning his purposes is vain; nevertheless, when in sincerity and meekness we submit ourselves to his authority, we shall not be left in darkness as to our duty. Our first need is to lift the prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Unquestioning obedience will insure not only guidance, but peace and joy.



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 Campbellton 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.10
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 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 23.30

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All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGGER, Chief Superintendent,

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
8th June, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co

ALL RAIL LINE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect April 29th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.
(Eastern Standard Time.)

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, Vancouver, Bar, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.
3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.
From St. John 6.10, 8.55 A. M.; 4.45 P. M.; Fredericton Junction 7.40 A. M.; 1.05, 6.25 P. M.; McAdam Junction, 11.35 A. M.; 2.15 P. M.; Vancouver, 11.15 A. M.; 12.10 P. M.; St. Stephen 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; St. Andrews, 6.30 A. M.; arrive in Fredericton 8.55 A. M.; 2.15 and 7.20 P. M.

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
5.55 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Man.



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