

## Faithfulness.

"Do to-day thy nearest duty,"  
And throughout thy lifelong way  
Thou shalt find no greater beauty  
Than the well-done task each day.

Small thy work may be, and lowly,  
Hidden from the public gaze;  
Faith and works may make it holy,  
Reaping sheaves of golden days.

Then if thou art prone to ponder  
On thy lot, and fain would ask  
Why 'tis so, once more remember  
How was given to us life's task.

Recall the words a Saviour brings  
From Olive's mount to each one's soul,  
That "if faithful o'er a few things,  
Over many thou shalt rule."

—Selected.

## The Golden Text.

BY MRS. NORA MARBLE.

Everybody in the whole village conceded that Jehial Dobson was a religious man, including Jehial himself. He wanted to church regularly, paid his dues without grumbling—so far as the outer world knew—owed no man a dollar and permitted no one to owe him one. He was well to do, the neighbors also conceded, had one of the finest farms in that region, and a snug sum in bank to boot.

His wife, Mary Ann Dobson, was a small, thin little creature with a pair of faded blue eyes in which ever lurked a touching expression of weariness of both body and spirit. She had not always been pale and weary looking, as friends of her girlhood could vouch, but years of hard toil in kitchen and dairy—till which had helped to swell that sum in the bank very materially, and to add acre after acre to the farm—had taken the roses from her cheeks and brought that look in the eyes which spoke of a weary body and a starved soul.

"I'm 'bout tuckered out," was her usual answer to occasional visitors, and the sigh with which she dropped into the chair and the nervous twitching of her toil-worn hands, left no doubt in the visitor's mind that Mary Dobson told the truth.

There were neighbors who whispered among themselves that Jehial Dobson was too "near," much too "near" for the comfort and well being of his pale little wife, but the majority of the farmers' wives thereabouts performed daily the same routine duties, and went to bed nightly much more weary than the farm hands or horses themselves, so they had in consequence no sympathy to offer, and asked none in return.

One morning in May, in the year of our Lord, 1887, Jehial Dobson said to his wife:

"I've bought that field, Mary Ann, what I've been hankering for so long, so I reckon I'll have to get a new hand on to the farm. Jim and me can't do the work of four men much longer, I'm a thinkin'."

"Timothy Smith's field?" asked his wife as she passed him his second cup of muddy-looking coffee.

"Yes, he had to sell at last," chuckled her husband. "I knowed it would come last year when he broke his leg and was laid up for so long. He was in debt then, you know, and hed to git in deeper, of course, durin' them long months of sickness."

"Yes," said Mary Ann, sadly, "Timothy has been unfortunat, poor fellow."

"He did kick agin sellin' the field," continued Mr. Dobson, "but I understand from Deacon Blake that debts aire a pressin' of him, and he hed to sell that or the house, you see."

"Ya'as, assented Mrs. Dobson, "and it was lucky for him you wanted that bit of field, warn't it, Jehial?"

"Well, I reckon it was just as lucky for me, Mary Ann, fer seein' as how he was so anxious to sell, I hened and haw'd for quite a spell afore I let him see as how I wanted the field jest now, at all."

"You kin hev it, Mr. Dobson," said Timothy, "fer the price you offered last summer was a year; but I warn't to be caught that way, Mary Ann, so I shook my head, and said:

"Ya'as, Timothy, but times ain't what they was, and I hev given over all notion of buyin' it now, anyway."

Mrs. Dobson sighed, and looked at her husband with mild reproach; but made no reply.

"Timothy's countenance fell," continued Mr. Dobson, "and I calkerlated on gettin' the field for about half its worth on the instant. And I did, Mary Ann, so the field is mine at last."

"Poor unfortunat Timothy," repeated his wife. "I suppose it's all right, Jehial, fer some reason or other, sence the Scriptures says: 'For he that hath, to him shall be given'; and he that hath not from him shall be taken, even that which he hath, and I reckon you were to take the little he had for some purpose or other what we can't see jest exactly now."

Mr. Dobson cleared his throat, then coughed, and ate the remainder of his meal in silence, apparently absorbed in reflection.

He was his old cheerful self, however, at dinner, when he imparted to his wife the news that the new hand had been engaged.

"What would you say if I'd tell you it was Timothy himself?" continued Jehial, with a laugh, "but it is, all the same. He came to me this mornin' with tears into his eyes and asked me fer the place. He warn't strong enough, I said, and that I was afeared his leg warn't jest right yet, and several other objections I made, but he declared he was all right and able to do as much as the next man, and would work for \$1.00 a day. Seein' as how I was calkerlatin' on payin' \$1.50 a day, why, I jest clinched the bargain and he'll begin to-morrow."

So Timothy Smith worked week after week from sunrise to sunset, and Mr. Dobson congratulated himself time and again that he had secured a man who could accomplish so much for so little."

"One dollar a day ain't nothin' in comparison to what work he does," he was fond of saying to his wife. "Why, he works like a horse."

"A dollar a day ain't much, Jehial," answered Mary Ann, "fer sech a large family as he hes. I don't believe they see a piece of fresh meat in the house more'n once durin' the whole of the week."

That's often enough, replied her husband, helping himself plentifully to the steak; poor folks oughtn't to ask fer no more.

Poor, unfortunat Timothy, repeated his wife, and Jehial Dobson shook his head and echoed the sentiment.

Now the harvest had been gathered, and so one Saturday night Timothy Smith received his last six dollars for his hard week's labor.

Mr. Dobson nervously fingered the crisp bills in his wallet upon that occasion and reflectively withdrew double the usual amount.

The light of hope gleamed in Timothy's eyes for a second, but died out almost immediately, for Mr. Dobson's hesitation was soon over. The wallet was replaced, and Timothy turned away with the usual pittance.

It's according to the bargain, muttered Mr. Dobson; it's all he asked, and it would be settin' a bad example to pay more than that, accordin' to my notions. Still he was not his usual cheerful self at supper that night, and something in his wife's eyes made him think she was internally repeating:

"To him that hath shall be given, etc."

The next Sabbath morning found him in his usual place at church.

Meeting had begun, however, before his wife entered and took her place beside him, for the chimes had been heavy, and the vegetables had to be prepared for dinner, and it was with a weary sigh that she hurriedly made her toilet that morning, casting a longing eye, as she did so, upon the comfortable lounge on which she was half-inclined to seek the needed rest and repose, foregoing the church altogether.

But Jehial wouldn't like it, she thought, and after all she might have a grain of comfort in the sermon, so in her old-fashioned bonnet and shawl, the little pale woman took her place beside her husband on that memorable September morning.

The minister arose, and Mr. Dobson fixed himself as comfortably as the uncushioned pew would allow, with an eye to a possible nap should the sermon prove dull and uninteresting.

That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

Mr. Dobson settled the spectacles upon his nose and surveyed the speaker with much satisfaction.

A good text, he resolved in his mind, and very appropriate to the season, remembering with some pride his well-filled barn and other fruits of his reaping.

But as the sermon proceeded Mr. Dobson grew restless and his eyes furtively sought his wife's face.

There were no signs of rejoicing there, and as she turned her patient eyes upon him he noted their expression of weariness and sad resignation for the first time.

He fell into a study, from which he was awakened by the earnest voice of the speaker.

The laborer is worthy of his hire. Then followed burning words in which he denounced the so-called followers of Christ, men base enough to take advantage of a brother's necessities, reaping where another had sown, accepting the best of brain or muscle, giving but a pittance, sometimes nothing in return.

Timothy's face, as it looked when he received his last week's wages, arose before Mr. Dobson and made him uneasy.

He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much, quoted the speaker, and Mr. Dobson fancied his gaze was fixed upon him as he pictured the laborer's home, so often devoid of cheer, barren of comfort, but little for the present, no hope for the future.

That both he that soweth and he

that reapeth may rejoice together.

Jehial Dobson sought the face of Timothy Smith's in the far corner.

No sign of rejoicing there; only dull despair, hopeless apathy. He raised his eyes at that moment and met Mr. Dobson's gaze. The latter's eyes fell and a flush arose to his brow.

Timothy smiled faintly. He is judging me, thought Mr. Dobson, as I am judging myself.

How that text followed him during the remainder of the day! It danced before his eyes when he tried to read, it burnt into his brain when he tried to sleep; do what he would it was ever before him in flaming letters.

I noticed Timothy Smith's wife aint been to church for a month or more, he said, breaking a long silence at tea that evening.

No wonder, replied Mrs. Dobson, seein' as how she hes no shoes fit to go out in.

Who told you that, nervously inquired Jehial.

Why, herself the other day when she came over to borrow mine. She was bare-foot, and hed to go to town fer medicine fer the youngest child what is sick with the fever.

Mr. Dobson's tea must have been very hot for when he replaced the cup from which he was drinking tears stood in his eyes.

Then he looked at his wife and asked tremulously:

Mary Ann, do you reckon I'm an honest man?

Why, Jehial? she gasped, what ever—

Would you call a robber honest? he interrupted.

"Why, who ever—

He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much, quoted Mr. Dobson, rising. And Mary Ann, I hev been more than unjust fer I hev took what did not belong to me.

Jehial! Jehial! are you mad? cried his wife aghast.

No, Mary Ann, he answered, stopping to kiss her wrinkled brow, I'm jest beginnin' to be sane. I hev my eyes open at last to find I have been robbing my wife, as well as my neighbor. You have helped me to sow, wife, without any reason to rejoice over the reapiin'.

Oh, Jehial, she sobbed, you've been thinkin' of that text aint you? I'm rejoicin' now, she added, wiping her streaming eyes, and feel as if I hed received a blessin'.

So do I, replied Mr. Dobson solemnly, as he left the room.

Early the next morning found him at Timothy Smith's door.

"I've come to pay what I owe you, said he, bringing forth a well-filled wallet.

Why—I didn't know you owed me nothin', Mr. Dobson, stammered Timothy.

No more did I, said that gentleman with a queer smile, till yesterday. The text showed me how much I owed you, Timothy. There, he added, placing in the astonished man's hand a roll of bills, you'll find the real value of the field and the extra fifty cents a day which I filched from you all summer, and overcome by the poor fellow's burst of happy tears, Mr. Dobson, to hide his own humid eyes, hurried from the spot.

Why, exclaimed one of the neighbors to another, whatever hes come over Mrs. Dobson, I wonder? I dropped in there yesterday, and ef she warn't a settin' onto the porch all dressed up in a fresh muslin, and she never said she was tuckered out wunst, not wunst, and there was a gal in the kitchen, and a new boy hired to help around, and goodness knows what else.

You must have dropped into a fortin', Mrs. Dobson, says I, as soon as ever I could get my breath from astonishment.

Yes, says she, smilin' real sweet, we found it in the Bible last Sunday.

Du tell, says I, a legacy?

Yes, says she again, a rich legacy indeed."

I want to know, says I, was it all done up in somethin' that you hadn't seed it afore?

"Yes, says she, real earnest like, done up in a text, and that was all I could git out of her concernin' the fortin'."—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

## Christianity Positive, Not Negative.

Why is it that so many good and sincere Christian people fall short of carrying the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount with them into their business and social life? Why do they so often fail to apply Christ's Golden Rule in all their every day relations with those with whom they have to do? Such was the substance of some wondering queries uttered during a recent Sunday afternoon talk with a friend.

One of the answers given struck us as especially worthy of attention. I am convinced, said the speaker, in effect, that one main cause of the almost universal shortcomings in this respect is the tendency of most

of us to give those grand precepts of the Master a negative rather than a positive interpretation. When Christ says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so unto them," we are apt to understand him as merely forbidding us to do to another that which we should be unwilling to have that other do to us.

We fall unconsciously into the mistake of thinking that so long as we refrain from doing unkindness or injury, by word or act, to the neighbor with whom we come in contact, we are fulfilling the law of Christ.

Is there not too much truth in this explanation? Are we not all too ready to assume that so long as we do no ill to any one the Royal Law can have no further claim upon us. It is natural enough to make this mistake.

It is the peculiarity of the civil laws which are made for the regulation of our conduct as members of society that they are almost always negative.

They forbid this, that and the other act which would infringe upon the property or rights of those around us. So long as we refrain from wrongdoing in these respects the law of the land has no claim on us. We are held blameless. The same remark holds good to a considerable extent in regard to the unwritten rules which govern our social and neighborly intercourse, and in fact all our dealings with others.

If we take the property of another, if we bear false witness against our neighbor, if we do personal injury to even the meanest of our fellow-beings, the law is prompt to lay its heavy hand upon us and punish us. But we may pass by the wounded or starving stranger on the other side, we may act the most selfish and unfeeling part towards the man who is unable to pay us what he owes, we may shut our hearts against the most touching appeals of poverty or sorrow, and the law of the land cannot touch us. We are guiltless in the sight of the human judge.

Not so, however, with the higher law. When we dream that we are satisfying the demands of that law by any purely negative observance we deceive ourselves. We fall into an error analogous to that which we often condemn in the moralist whom we try to persuade to seek religion. "Why," he says, "my conduct is correct and upright. I do no ill to my neighbor. I owe no man anything. I keep no bad company. I indulge in no vices. What more would you have?" He and we are alike in forgetting that Christ's commandments are exceeding broad, and exceeding positive in all their requirements, that they reach down to the very bottom of the heart and take account of all its thoughts and intents. One of the fundamental characteristics of Christ's teaching is that for the ten thousand "shalt nots" of the old dispensation, he substituted the one all-embracing "thou shalt" of the new. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." In the light of this law all petty subtleties stand revealed and rebuked. It is true that this "love worketh no ill to the neighbor," but that is but a small part of the truth. Love also "suffereth long and is kind;" it "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Instead of going aside to avoid looking upon the miseries of the stranger, who is none the less the neighbor, it turns aside at any necessary cost of time and trouble and lacerated feelings to enquire into those sufferings, and, if possible, to alleviate them. The man who says "I owe no man anything," and stops there, perverts the apostolic injunction by leaving off the larger part of it, "but to love."

So the Christian who stops short and rests in a mere negative interpretation of the higher law which Christ enacted, who fails to perceive that the spirit of the law requires him to be ever on the watch for opportunities to do kind and courteous and self-denying acts; to be helpful, generous, self-suffering, forgiving, fails woefully either to fulfil the requirements of the law of love, or to become a witness to the highest truth and an open epistle of Christ. No doubt there is much positive wrong-doing amongst Christians, but there is every reason to fear that most of us, in the last day, will be found to have failed not so much in doing what we should have done, as in leaving undone what we should have done.—Can. Baptist.

## Random Readings.

A bold onset is half the battle.—Garibaldi.

Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.—Robertson.

Men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can.—Carlyle.

Tears are often the telescope by which men see far into heaven.—H. W. Beecher.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—Ruskin.

Faith in to-morrow instead of Christ is Satan's nurse for man's perdition.—Cheever.

God always has an angel of help for those who are willing to do their duty.—Dr. Cuyler.

Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.—Emerson.

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; dispatch of a strong one.—Colton.

The religious life which springs from the gospel is the best practical disproof of infidelity, and takes it in flank.—Rev. J. Ker.

The most knowing man in the course of the longest life will always have much to learn; and the wisest and best, much to improve.—Shaftesbury.

The beauty of all worldly things is but as a fair picture drawn upon the ice that melts away with it. The fashion of this world passeth away.—Jeremiah Burroughs.

To maintain an opinion because it is thine, and not because it is true, is to maintain thyself, not the truth, and so to prefer thyself above the truth.—Verning.

Who that has languished even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined in a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness.—Washington Irving.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed.—Geo. McDonald.

You may assuredly find perfect peace if you resolve to do that which your Lord has plainly required—and content that he should indeed require no more of you than to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with him.—Ruskin.

The unfolding of a character under good influences is always interesting to see, though probably more to persons looking on from without than to the one possessing it. The unconsciousness of growth is one of the most beautiful parts of it.

It is self-absorption that carves wrinkles in the face and streaks the hair with gray. Kindly thought and labor for other dependent and beloved—the living out of and not in the petty round of personal and individual interests—keep heart and energies fresh.—Selected.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.—Thomas a Kempis.

If one have met a temptation and conquered it, he has a real pleasure, both because he has put down the evil that beset him and because he has proven that grace has been given him.—United Presbyterian.

Though infinitely great, God stoops to listen to our cries. This poor man cried unto the Lord and he heard him.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look upon.—Milton.

A holy act strengthens the inward holiness. It is a seed of life growing into more life.—Robertson.

All Christians must work. What would happen in battle if only the officers fought?—James Robertson.

We propagate our opinions and influences through our fellow men. Even our books are useful only when they are read by others, and their contents sent on and around on missions of usefulness.—Ec.

## Important Distinction.

It may sometimes be practically important to make a distinction between a renunciation of the world and a renunciation of ourselves. A man may in a certain sense, and to a certain extent, renounce the world, and yet may find himself greatly disappointed in his anticipations of spiritual improvement and benefit. He has indeed renounced the world, as it presents itself to us in its externalities; he has renounced its outward attractions, its perverted and idle shows. He may have carried his renouncement so far as to seclude himself entirely from society, and to spend his days in some solitary desert. But it avails nothing, or almost nothing, because there is not at the same time an internal renunciation, a crucifixion and renunciation of self. A mere crucifixion of the outward world will still leave a vitality and luxuriance of the selfish principle; but a crucifixion of self necessarily involves the crucifixion, in the Scripture sense, of everything else.—Selected.

## NOTICE OF SALE

To John H. Fleming and Clara Fleming his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, Registered in Book V3 of the York County Records, pages 656, 657, 658 and 659, and made between the said John H. Fleming, as therein described as of the Parish of Bright in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Clara his wife of the first part; and Obed M. Hartt, of Tarrytown, in the State of New York, in the United States of America, Foreman in a Shoe Factory, of the second part there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction at Phoenix Square in the City of Fredericton, at twelve o'clock in the noon on Saturday, the First day of June next, the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in said Indenture as follows: "That certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton, and being in the Parish of Bright, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning in 'the northerly angle of Lot number Four' on the South side of the Howland Ridge 'Settlement Road' (heretofore deeded to 'one John A. McLean') thence running by 'the Magnet of A. D. 1863, South 40 deg. 'East eighty chains of four poles each to 'the general rear line of the Settlement 'Lots, thence along said rear line North 50 'deg. East twelve chains and fifty links to 'Lot number six (located to Thomas W. 'Boyd) thence along the side-line of said 'Lot number six North 40 deg. West 'eighty chains to the Settlement Road 'above-named, and thence along the same 'South 50 deg. West twelve chains and 'fifty links to the place of beginning, being known as Lot number five, North 'Range, South-east Howland Ridge Settlement, and containing one hundred 'acres and conveyed to the said John H. 'Fleming by the New Brunswick and Nova 'Scotia Land Company, limited, by deed 'bearing date the seventh day of September, A.D. 1882' together with the buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances to same belonging.

Dated this thirty-first day of January, A. D. 1889.

OBDER M. HARTT,

Mortgagee.

J. A. &amp; W. VANWART,

Sols. for Mortgagee.

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, Vancorbo, Bangor, 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 7.10 a. m.; 1.05, 4.25 p. m.; McAdam Junction,

11.35 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; Vancorbo,

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 a. m., 7.30 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.35 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

A. J. HEATH. F. W. CRAM.

Gen. Pass. &amp; Ticket Agent. Gen. Man.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1888. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.30

Accommodation..... 11.20

Express for Sussex..... 13.30

Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.10 train to Hall.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax &amp; Quebec..... 7.00

Express from Sussex..... 8.35

Accommodation..... 13.30

Day Express..... 19.20

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent,

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.

SUGAR-CURED

HAMS,

BLOOD ORANGES