

## Christ at the Door.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?  
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!  
Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly.  
Never such was seen before.  
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,  
Will thou not undo the door?

Knocking, knocking, still He's there,  
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;  
But the door is hard to open,  
For the weeds and ivy vine,  
With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking, knocking—what, still there?  
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;  
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,  
And beneath the crowned hair  
Beams the patient eyes so tender,  
Of thy Saviour waiting there.  
—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

## The Welcome.

Knocking, knocking! Wait no more;  
Lor! I open wide the door;  
Canst Thou, canst Thou come within  
This sad heart so full of sin?  
Oh, how richly I am blest!  
Welcome! welcome! Heavenly Guest!

Make Thy home forever here  
Banish every sin and fear.  
Help me Thy stray lambs to lead  
Where Thy heavenly flock shall feed.  
Evermore with me abide,  
As a Saviour, Guard and Guide.

With me, Lord, to homes of woe  
May Thy blessed presence go;  
Then, as on Jude's plain,  
Joy shall come to hearts of pain;  
Pardon, peace, and rest, shall be  
With the Christ of Galilee!  
—Marion Hunting.

## Unclean Unclean

Leprosy develops slowly: one may be a leper for months or even years before the symptoms of his disease begin to discover themselves and at last become externally evident. Then they are unmistakable: but by this time great mischief may have been done, and done innocently enough perhaps; for the leper will have but recently become conscious of his state. Thus leprosy spread through the kingdom, and spread to such an alarming degree that it became necessary to take public action in the matter. The disease is acknowledged by the medical world to be incurable. It has ever been so considered; and as yet, though a thousand experiments have been tried, the most hopeful of the scientists have abandoned the field in despair.

Segregation was considered to be the only hope of the Hawaiian race. A suitable spot was sought to which the lepers might be removed, where they might be tenderly cared for, and jealously guarded; and there they may end their miserable days. The prospect of life banishment alarmed the natives, both the sick and the hale; they were not, and they still are not, afraid of the disease. They are a most affectionate people: they love their friends with a love passing the love of woman; moreover, they are fearless of death—at heart they are fatalists. When the health agent of the Government went forth in search of the afflicted, hoping to gather them together, house them, feed them and clothe them at the Government expense, he found great difficulty in securing any of them. At the approach of this health officer the lepers would be secreted by friends, who were willing to brave possible contagion rather than part with those so dear to them.

Indeed, all things considered, no better refuge for the leper could be found; and so the little lowland under the great windward cliff of Molokai was speedily and permanently secured. Transportation began immediately, and for twenty years it has continued in spite of the pitiful protestations of friends and relations, and in spite of the first instinct of humanity—the natural appeal of the sympathetic. It has continued—it must continue until the last vestige of leprosy has disappeared from the kingdom.

As we drew near, the churchyard gate was swung open for us by a troop of laughing urchins, who stood, hat in hand, to give us welcome. Now, for the first time, I noticed that they were all disfigured: that their faces were seared and seared; their hands and feet maimed and sometimes bleeding; their eyes like the eyes of some half-tamed animal; their mouths shapeless, and their whole aspect in many cases repulsive. These were lepers; so were they, each of them, that has greeted us as we passed through the village; so are they all, with a few exceptions, who dwell in the two little villages under the cliffs by the sea. Other lepers gathered about us as we entered the churchyard: the chapel steps were crowded with them—for a stranger is seldom seen at Kalawao—and as their number increased, it seemed as if each newcomer was more horrible than the last, until corruption could go no farther, and flesh suffer no deeper dishonor this side of the grave. They voluntarily drew aside as we advanced, closing in behind us, and encircling us at every

step. The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair was tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who, in that which he has chosen, is doing the noblest of all works. This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.

What a contrast was here: the bright altar, cleanly furnished; the young priest, a picture of health. Beyond the altar railing corruption ran riot; there was scarcely a form in that whole congregation from which one would not turn with horror, and many of these worshippers seemed actually to have risen from the corruption of the grave.

Farewell! the time had come to say farewell. We had chosen another trail up the Pali; there are but two, and it may almost be said of them that each is more dreadful than the other. We made it in two hours and forty minutes, with my heart knocking wildly at my ribs all the way up. It is the mountain of difficulty. Surely no leper may ever hope to scale it! Nor was ever so weird a spot dedicated to such sorrow and long suffering before. With health and companionship, one might endure banishment, but these lepers are dying by inches; they sit about much of the time, with an air of hopeless resignation,—sit there, waiting for the grave to open and receive them. The martyrs of Molokai! If we pity the lepers, who are, fortunately, soon comforted after every grief, what shall we say of those servants of God who have dedicated their lives to this noble work? Think of their unutterable loneliness, shut in between vast stretches of sea and sky—a solitude that has driven men mad before now. They receive no guests, for no one cares to visit them; very few of their friends write to them, for some are even afraid to receive a reply.

It is the beginning of the end. Already his garment (Father Damien's) is a winding-sheet, and a grave awaits him in the mouth of the dark valley. Is this the reward of virtue, and of piety, humility and devotion? No! All worldly distinctions are as nothing in comparison with the home which awaits him eternal in the heavens. Death, even such a death as this, comes honorably to one who exchanges a life of voluntary sacrifice for a crown of glory. A little while and he will have perished in the foul embraces of that ghoulish monster, whose ill-gotten brood is scattered even unto the ends of the earth.

—From "The Lepers of Molokai", by Charles Warren Stoddard.

## Sparks from my Anvil.

BY REV. T. D. TALMAGE, D. D.

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dew of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant; but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, no night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest, perfect rest, unending rest.

You say, "What a racket those children make in the other room! When Squire Jones' boys come over to spend the evening with our children, it seems as if they would tear the house down." "Father, be patient!" the wife says; "we once played 'blind-man's-buff' ourselves." Sure enough, father is playing it now, if he only knew it. Much of our time in life we go about blindfolded, stumbling over mistakes, trying to catch things that we miss, while people stand round the ring and titter, and break out with half-suppressed laughter, and push ahead, and twitch the corner of our eye-bag. After awhile we vehemently clutch something with both hands and announce to the world our capture, the blindfold is taken from our eyes, and amid the shouts of the surrounding spectators, we find we have, after all, caught the wrong thing. What is that but "blind-man's-buff" over again.

In our criticism of others let us remember that we have faults which our friends have to excuse. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputa-

tion? It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. The larger the beam in your own eye, the more anxious are you about the mote in somebody else's eye. Instead of going about town slashing this man's bad temper and the other man's falsity, and this woman's hypocrisy and that one's indiscretion, go home with the Ten Commandments as a monitor, and make out a list of your own derelictions. The best way to keep a whole city clean is for every housekeeper to scrub her own door-steps.

If we had had the writing of the Bible, we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have thirty men to write a poem, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, and not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature, his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic, his Solomon; the warrior, his Joshua; the sailor, his Jonah; the loving, his John; the logician, his Paul. Instead of the Bible that the child can carry to school, instead of the little Bible the little sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is infinitely best.

In one sense, life is a great "game of ball." We all choose sides and gather into denominational and political parties. We take our places on the ball-ground. Some are to pitch; they are the radicals. Some are to catch; they are the conservatives; Some are to strike; they are those fond of polemics and battle. Some are to run; they are the candidates. They are four hunks—youth, manhood, old age and death. Someone takes the bat, lifts it, and strikes for the prize and misses it while the man who was behind catches it and goes in. This man takes his turn at the bat, sees the flying balls of success, takes good aim and strikes it high, amid the clapping of all the spectators. We all have a chance at the ball. Some of us run to all the four hunks, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, from old age to death. At the first hunk we bound with uncontrollable mirth; coming to the second, we run with a slower but stronger tread; coming to the third, our step is feeble; coming to the fourth, our breath entirely gives out. We throw down the bat on the black hunk of death, and in the evening catchers and pitchers go home to find the family gathered and the food prepared. So may we all find the candles lighted, and the tables set, and the old folks at home.

## "Perfect Through Suffering."

This sentence is written of the Captain of our salvation, Christ Jesus the Lord. There is in it a depth and mystery of meaning that humanity cannot fully comprehend. Sometimes, however, the ministry of suffering, in fullest measure, is seen in its sanctifying influence upon the believer. The supreme purpose of God with every soul is to fashion it into similitude with Himself, as revealed in Jesus Christ. The baptism of suffering is God's crucible for melting the soul; and when this is melted, the dross is most easily removed. It is not meant that such a ministry must be cheerfully accepted on its first approach, or always borne without murmur or complaint. Even the Saviour prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" It was said of Paul, at his divine call to the apostleship, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name sake." Such sufferings came to Paul with manifold accumulation. Read again 2 Cor. 11: 22-30. The great apostle is all the more dear and near to us in that he is always so intensely human and resists at first the imposition of every fresh affliction. The "thorn in the flesh" he was most determined not to endure, and thrice he uttered his plaintive wail to God for relief. When imprisonment came, he frankly expressed his discontent with such an affliction. It was not until the close of his life, remember, that he was able to say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." And yet, with all this human shrinking and resistance, Paul was made "perfect through suffering."

This is the mould in which God fashions His saints; but the suffering ones should not chide themselves, much less should they be chided by others, if the mould seem at first and

perhaps for years a painful and inexplicable restriction. God is gradually bringing out the reserve harmonies of the soul, and we doubt not that He is surprised that there are so few discordant notes. That is a graciously human as well as divine word: "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

The following facts from the editorial columns of the *Christian Inquirer* shows how the soul is perfected through suffering; but let the reader in affliction remember that the chastening even in this instance must have been at first most distressing, and in moments of weakened trust must now seem grievous. The most eminent saint is not always in the holy calm of such gracious submissiveness.

"Recently we visited a man who for seven years had been a victim of incurable disease. He is compelled to stay within doors, unable to walk, forced night and day to keep a sitting posture, and is poor in this world's goods. Nevertheless, like Paul, he has learned in whatsoever state he is to be content. More than that, he is happy. 'My Father, said he, 'makes no mistakes. How many who repine at the little trials and vexations of life might feel rebuked by the self-control and cheerfulness of suffering saints.—*Zion Herald*."

## "Religion Consists In A Holy Life."

Guthrie illustrated the emptiness of a mere profession by the simile of a tree lying across the path, apparently a fair and mighty object; but the foot lightly placed upon it breaks through the bark and sinks down into the body, for insects and poisonous fungi have attacked the core and hollowed out the heart. "Take care," said he, "that your heart is not hollowed out, and nothing left but the crust and shell of empty profession." There are some who began the Christian life full of warmth, ardor, and zeal, who are still regular attendants at religious services, but scarcely the fruit-bearing branches that witness nearness to the Master; it would be possible to live beneath their roof in a state of unconsciousness as to religious influences, which certainly ought not to be the case with any who name the name of Christ. Religion is not a matter for Sundays only, for outside respectability, or even a mere matter of subscriptions and religious work, but it is a vital every-day concern, affecting the heart. It is an easy thing, but a dangerous condition, for us to glide into the customary groove of attending meetings and performing good works, thereby increasing our responsibilities the more while our souls are full of worldly tendrils. It has been truly said that it costs but little nowadays to multiply copies of the Bible in our homes; our personal concern must be that God's Word is hidden within our hearts, and that it is the rule and chart whereby we are steering the bark of our every-day life, not only in perilous places when storms seem threatening, but when all around us things betoken fair weather and prosperity.—*Quiver*.

## Keep It To Yourself.

You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smoldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when coals are scattered, you can't pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad things and disgusting things is underground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it till it was over!"—*Christian Register*.

## The Avaricious Man's Prison.

No man can go on accumulating, laying up, adding dollar to dollar, acre to acre, never giving, seldom spending, without incarcerating himself at last in a prison-house. By and by he finds that above him, around him, beneath him is nothing but money. money, money. We have all read of the miser locked into his own cellar with his gold. The heavy trap-door falls while he is counting his money, the ponderous spring lock clicks, and he is a prisoner with his precious box of money. He has it all. He can plunge his arms up to his elbows in coin, but he has nothing more, and he is the poorest man in the universe of God. He is shut in from the light of day; no friendly ear will hear his

cry, no friendly voice will answer his call, no friendly hand will help him out, and with all his thousands he is a poorer man than the beggar on the street above him, whose only possessions are the free air, the generous sunlight, and the crust of bread in his hand. So every man who hoards and does not spend, who piles up and never gives away, is slowly incarcerating himself in a similar dungeon. The trap-door does not fall suddenly, the spring lock does not close with a snap in this case, but nevertheless, by the slow accumulation of years, and the slow growth of habit, he is enclosed as tightly as the miser in his cellar, and his only companionship is the wealth which at last becomes worthless and useless to him.—*Golden Rule*.

## Jesus Only.

A Spanish artist resolved to paint "The Last Supper" as the supreme work of his life. It was his wish to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Master. But he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful, and when his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake. These cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer," and he took his brush and rubbed them from the canvas, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be seen as it should.

Among those who visited Dr. Carey in his last illness was Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary. On the occasion he spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, until the dying man whispered, "Fray." Duff then knelt down and prayed, and then said, "Good-by." As he passed from the room he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and, turning, found that he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with gracious solemnity: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot.

## Francis E. Willard's View.

"If young women knew what young men think and say of them, when they pass along the street in pyramidal hats, which are but cages of dead birds; dresses displaying the bandaged, hour-glass waist, the camel's hump, the mopping skirt, with the front so strapped as to display the lower limbs in a most unseemly fashion; with arms akimbo and so pinched that a sausage is their only parallel; and this fashionable effigy borne upon the same hideous slant-heeled pedestals that the 'demi-monde' of Paris wear; if even these young women could hear the remarks of the young men as they pass by, they would never again appear in such a hideous guise. Contrast with such an image a young lady, quietly dressed in plaited waist, plain skirt of soft goods, falling to the ankle, low-heeled walking shoes, pretty collar with a bit of ribbon, and neat cuffs, at the wrist, neat round hat, hair in a simple knot, clear skin, and cheek touched with the bloom of youth and purity. No young man, having one spark of sense or manliness, could look upon the first figure without secret contempt, or upon the last without sincere respect. One would 'lead him a life,' the other would found him a home. In one his heart might safely trust; the other would be apt to marry him in haste for his money, and leave him to repent the squandering thereof at leisure."

AVOID DISCUSSING SERMONS.—"Avoid discussing sermons—raising a wind to blow away the seed." These are golden words. Would that all Christians would remember them! How often a harsh criticism has destroyed the effect of a sermon that otherwise would have blessed the hearer! "I thought it was a good sermon," said a young girl, "till I heard them talk about it at home." Who can tell the harm such talking does? How quickly will Satan take advantage of the effect it produces to snatch away the seed! "Avoid discussing sermons." Listen to them, pray over them, but never by a hasty expression of your opinion undo their work on the souls of others.

TRIALS test character. Innocence which has been subjected to no temptation is not virtue. The soldier who has never been exposed to conflict has no reason to boast of his courage. The reality of our religion needs to be demonstrated. It is the trials to which the early disciples were subjected, and which they endured with such fortitude which are among the best evidence of their faith we possess. So, the Apostle wrote, "The trial of your faith is more precious than of gold which perisheth," and shall be "found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—*Inquirer*.

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