

### "The Summer Is Ended."

The summer is ended!—what have I done  
To make it rich with fruits of love?  
What wandering feet have I turned or won  
From paths of sin to the courts above?

What have I done for the kingdom of God?  
What for the kingdom of God within?  
Larger of soul for the way I have trod,  
Better for all I have heard and seen?

Amid the fashion and whirl of the world  
Have I walked untouched by its flame?  
When evil passions their flag unfurled  
Did I blush or delight in the shame?

The summer is ended; what have I gained  
That will weigh in the balance, one day?  
For the scales are just and the hand is trained,  
Deciding all in the judgment day!

The summer is ended; autumn has come;  
Bring in your sheaves—the winter is high;  
Welcome it loud with your harvest home!  
Fruitage of faith laid up in the sky.

—Silver Cross.

### Frances Ridley Havergal.

On the bank of the beautiful Severn, sheltered by the picturesque Malvern Hills, nestles the little village of Astley, Worcestershire, England. Though not known in song or story, the name of the quaint little town has become familiar to many an eye and ear, as the birth-place of that sweet poet and singer of fragrant memory, Frances Ridley Havergal.

Here, in the low-roofed, Saxon-towered church of St. Peter, which reckons its age in centuries, her father, William Henry Havergal, faithfully ministered to his little flock, and here on December 14th, 1836, in the vine-wreathed rectory, the abode of love and peace, was this gifted daughter born. She was a child of rare grace and beauty, bright far beyond her years, yet so full of life and spirit, aye! and human nature, too, as to preserve her from the fate of the model child in the old-time story-book. Even in her childhood she was an intense lover of nature, and many bright as well as beautiful lessons did she gather from the stones and flowers and springing grass at her feet. The sky and clouds she took to her heart like friends, and a sight of the sun in its midday splendor, of the moon in its silvery light by night, and of the stars in their far away homes beyond the storms of earth, always touched and subdued her.

While merely a child, she decided that the one thing needful in life and in death was to be a humble, earnest follower of Jesus; and when scarcely ten years old she began the missionary work which, in after years, made her life such a blessing, by undertaking to teach a class of very small children in the Sunday-school, and organizing herself and a favorite playmate into a "Flannel Petticoat Society," to look after the comfort of the poor little waifs in a neighboring alley who were worse than homeless.

She had a life-long thirst for knowledge, and even after finishing the course in the best school that could be provided, she went on and on with her education, never satisfied with the attainments she possessed, always reaching out for something higher and better. A voice within her seemed ever at work, stirring her up to new longings, new seekings, new strivings after the truer, purer life of her dreams, of her anticipations.

Her musical talent was of a very high order, and at one time she thought of making it her life vocation. Indeed, her first consciousness of the power within to create melody and harmony as well as to interpret them gave such delight as to make her almost forget the Giver. Realizing the "delicious delusion" into which the knowledge of her power threatened to lead her, she prayed that the gift of song might be withdrawn if it were really to prove a snare or hindrance. "Make me white at any cost," was the cry of her soul, and the Master whom she served answered her prayer, not by taking back the gift, but by giving her grace to consecrate it wholly to his service. She says, without the least touch of egotism: "Singing for Jesus is to me, somehow, the most personal and direct commission I hold from my beloved Master; and my opportunities are often most curious, and have been greatly blessed. Every line in my poem, 'Singing for Jesus,' is from personal experience."

Such thorough self consecration as that possessed by this gifted woman was never reached by easy stages. She attained the heights by patient, laborious climbing—not in her own strength, but with her hand clasped in that of the great Burden-bearer—she went on, step by step, until even shadows ceased to have any distinct outline, and in the face of sore bereavement and bitter disappointment she could say, "Thy will be done" is not a sigh, but only a song.

She had many a "turned lesson" to

learn before she was able to interpret the significance of such fiery woes for others. She knew from experience the bitterness of the unseen trials which could only be laid silently before God, and it was through the very depths of anguish, as it were, she learned to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Never, perhaps, did poet more truly learn in suffering what she taught in song.

In speaking of her poetical genius, she says: "I have a curious vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty in general being given to me, but also of every separate poem or hymn, nay, every line, being given. The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold in my possession, and said, 'Now, use it as you like!' but he keeps the gold and gives it to me piece by piece, just when he will, and so much as he will, and no more. I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought, and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank him delightedly, and go on with it."

"Consecration Hymn" came to her in an outburst of real joy, when, in answer to her prayers, God brought a whole household of dear friends into his marvellous light. "Tell It Out Among the Heathen," both words and music, were written one Sunday morning when she was too ill to go to church. She was ever active in the Master's service, and it is amazing to read of the vast amount of charitable and missionary work which she successfully crowded into her short life. No wonder that she longed for a "hull in life," and looked forward hopefully for a "wee bit of a resting place with Him." Sooner than she had hoped for, that resting-place came, but it was not on earth—it came only when she took "the one grand step beyond the stars of God," when she exchanged the broken note, the unfinished earthly melody, for the full chords and wondrous harmony of the new song in Paradise.—*Bell V. Chisholm.*

### Shirking Responsibility.

There is only occasionally a man or woman who is willing to assume a burden which can be laid upon another. It has been said that mankind is "naturally lazy," and one has but to notice the methods invented for abolishing or minimizing labor to be convinced that the saying is true. It is a motto written in large letters on the mental tablets of not a few: "Never do yourself what you can get any one else to do." It has been suggested and insisted upon as a proper motto for pastors, and it is certainly written in letters of light where many laymen see it.

In the business world, division of labor seems to be the order. Time was when one man could make a pair of shoes; but there are few who can do it now. Once one man could make a watch; few can do it now. Once the blacksmith made the nails with which he put the shoe on the horse; but he rarely does it now. And so it goes, all through the business world. Everything has been reduced to a system, such as it is, and the methods of to-day are entirely unlike the methods of thirty or forty years ago. We all know it, and in the business world it is thoroughly understood. Indeed, it is absolutely essential that he who would do business and make a success of it, conform to the custom of the day. And in the material world this is all right and proper. The man who deals only in dry goods does not think himself any the less a merchant, because he knows nothing of groceries, of flour and grain. The maker of shoe pegs is a manufacturer, as truly as is the maker of steam engines or electric motors. And it is well that one man does not try to do every kind of work. It is not possible for him to succeed in all; and he will do far better to confine himself to one, or a small number of enterprises.

But what is true of the material is not altogether true of the spiritual. We should not think it wise to send one of our children to school to learn simply reading, another to learn arithmetic, to the exclusion of geography, grammar and other sciences. On the other hand, to-day the ideal of education is to teach the young man or the young woman everything that is known about everything that is known, and then to spend a good deal of time in speculation concerning the unknown and the unknowable. Still more, we do not think it best that there be a divorcing of the moral virtues; that one person should be devoted to truthfulness, another to purity, another to benevolence, another to patience, etc. We do not think it best that one Christian devote himself to prayer, another to prophecy, another to exhortation, to the exclusion of all else. The truth is that while division of labor may be most effective in the material world, it is not conducive to the best results in the mental and spiritual world.

And yet, one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of the cause of Christ is to be found in that there is a disposition to carry over into the Church and into Christian life the methods of the business world. The writer once knew a man whom he never knew to be inside of a church, and who yet had much to say unfavorable to the Church and the worship of the sanctuary. When expostulated with, and asked what difference it made to him, since he never went to church himself, he replied, "I send." That is, one or two of his family occasionally went to church. It was a division of labor. The father looked after the farm, and the children did all the churchgoing that was done; and that was very little. There was not a member of the family who professed to be a Christian, or who had any real sympathy with the Church or the cause of Christ.

But the habit of that ungodly man and that godless family is not altogether foreign to some who are recognized as Christians. There seems to be an increasing disposition to delegate to a portion of the family, or to a portion of a church, the responsibility and duty which devolves upon all. And this order of things is fostered by the willingness with which responsibilities are borne by a portion of the people. It is so in the prayer meeting; so in the Sabbath-school; so in the matter of contributions for the cause of religion; those who will may, and their number is liable to grow continually smaller. If the women show themselves capable of carrying on the prayer meeting, if they are prompt to speak and to pray and to testify, the number of men ready to perform these parts of the service is liable to become less and less. If the women come to the front, looking after the finances, acting on committees, and carrying burdens, they will be allowed to do so; and the secret of the weakness of many a Church might be traced to the time when the women began to take the places which the men ought to have taken. It is notable that in most of our congregations the women are two and three to one of the men; often in larger proportion. Why?

For several years past there has been complaint that an increasingly large proportion of the contributions made to missions were those of the women. There has been a discrimination between "the Church" and "the women." We have been told how much "the Church" gave, and how much "the women" gave. Not infrequently the women reported all that came from the Church. The men have been taking the back seats, and have left the whole matter to the women. The husband has said, "My wife gives, in the woman's society, and so I do not give anything." The brethren have said, "The women are giving to their society, and it is all the same as though we gave it." The division of labor amounts to this, that the women being willing to do the work, they are allowed to do it, and the men are more and more retiring. The larger the relative proportion of women in the Church, the larger it is liable to become; the more the responsibility is laid upon the women, the more fully it will be laid upon them; the more women are willing to bear the responsibility and do the work, the more they may.

More might be said—possibly ought to be said; but we forbear. There is a moral which the reader may draw for himself.—*Journal of Messenger.*

### What Young Men Demand of the Ministry.

He was a young man of intelligence and character, diligent in his business, that of a grocer in a small New England city. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father. He was of an old New England family and was not free from religious influence. He was full of fun, frank, and outspoken. He went to church to sing in the choir, to hear the music, to listen to a sermon, not to worship God. He talked freely about the ministers of his city.

Said I, "Mr. Brown of the—church is a good man."—"I don't like him. If a man is going to preach, I want to hear him preach; if he is going to sing, let him sing. But I don't want him to sing when he is preaching." And he gave an illustration of a veritable song-song.

"But he is a good fellow," I ventured, unconsciously making that fine distinction of the youth's between the man and the fellow. "I don't know. I like to hear a minister tell the truth, and I don't know why it is any better to lie at a funeral than anywhere else. A good many of the people whose funerals he conducts you wouldn't know. They are all saints. He attended the funeral of a young woman whom I knew well. She was cross and fractious, a scold. You would have thought she was a perfect angel."

"Did you know Mr. Jones of the—

church? He was a fine preacher, smart as lightning. You had to listen to him, even if you didn't want to. You couldn't tell, as you can with many ministers, just what he was going to say after a few minutes of the sermon. You had to follow him clear through. Some didn't like him because he didn't call enough. I should never care about that in a minister. He was absent-minded and didn't see people in the street. They ought to have overlooked that, but they won't. But what killed him there was that he didn't know anything about money. He would give away the last cent he had to anybody that he thought needed it. He was in debt everywhere, and never paid a bill or paid any attention to it. It's not honest."

And I reflected, what are all these unpardonable ministerial sins but forms of dishonesty, at least by the verdict of this representative young man? Sing-song in the pulpit may not be the worst fault of a minister, but to the young man it is evidence of a heartless professionalism in his preaching. He is not a man speaking living truth to men endeavoring to persuade them in loving sympathy. What could I say in defense of a false eulogy at a funeral? Is a lie at a funeral justifiable? A man who continually contracts and never pays bills at his grocer's and his butcher's and his coal dealer's is denominated a cheat. Does the morality of the act change if the man is a minister? Not to the minds of young men. To them the one inexcusable fault of the minister is dishonesty. Commercial honesty in the market, real human sympathy in the pulpit, speaking the truth at the funeral,—is the demand for these unreasonable!—*Christian Mirror.*

### Our Friends Above.

How can that blissful inheritance into which our sainted loved ones have entered become more attractive and real to us? Many a Christian, amid the shadows of bereavement, is looking up with an inexpressible longing for new light upon this question. Heaven sometimes seems to them so far away, so intangible, that faith falters when it should be strong and positive. But in all this let us not charge ourselves rashly. We are still in the flesh, still embarrassed by many obstacles to a complete view of our heavenly home. The Father of all mercies does not chide us when we humbly ask: Where is their dwelling place? What are their surroundings and companionships? What recognitions of kindred spirits are granted them through the unending ages? Is there any service in which they now take supreme delight? Any message of love to this or any other world with which they are specially charged?

It is not ours indeed while sojourning here to enjoy a full revelation of that heavenly state. An earthly residence like this has its necessary limitations. This is a preparatory school-life for us all, where the purposes of God might be defeated by the overwhelming effulgence of the Eternal City. Were it possible to answer fully all the questions that one might reverently ask concerning heaven, the contrast seen to exist between that perfect realm and this imperfect life might unfit us for our probationary period. In all probability this would be the case. We are content, therefore, with a revelation concerning the future life; just such a one as our heavenly Father has been pleased to give. It is a great truth that the human family occupies the most favorable position possible, in view of its lost estate, the redemption provided, and the certainty of attaining everlasting life through faith in Jesus Christ. No one, therefore, ought to question the divine wisdom in withholding that which will be known hereafter. Rather, all should thankfully receive the partial disclosures which are made in His word as being better for the race than the more perfect revelations. Accepting with gladness God's method of revealing the future life, how shall we obtain from that which he has been pleased to give us holy comfort concerning the blissful condition of our departed friends?

Above all else, we should derive unspeakable comfort from the revealed fact that they are now in the immediate presence of Jesus. What a rich companionship that must be! How could we desire their return to a world of suffering and disappointment like the present? In that home sin can never enter to mar their bliss. Temptation to wrong-doing is forever banished. Celestial companionships can never suffer the blight of rude discord there. The woes of mental distresses or the ravages of bodily diseases are there unknown. We read in Revelation that they hunger no more, that they thirst no more, for the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them to living fountains of water.

Here every word implies that there is intimate union with Him, and what-

ever they need is fully supplied by Him. His presence without interruption illuminates their being, and thus enriches all their condition. Nothing is lacking to make their residence matchless in glory or to fill the measure of their redeemed capacities. Because their home at this very moment is the dwelling place of the King of kings, comfort should be our daily experience.

Child of sorrow, behold the blessedness of that bright abode now occupied by those whom our hearts instinctively yearn to see! The steps are not many until we meet them there. We will very soon come to that Presence where there is fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

Yes, heaven is not a dream of the fancy, not a shadowy myth. "I go to prepare a place for you," Jesus said. We may join with sublime faith in the song of the militant Church:

"E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before;  
And greet the blood-bespinked bands  
On the eternal shore."

—Advocate.

### A Sunny Face.

Wear it. It is your privilege. It has the quality of mercy; it is twice blessed. It blesses its possessor, and all who come under its benign influence; it is a daily boon to him who wears it, and a constant, ever-flowing benediction to all his friends.

Men and women, youth and children, seek the friendship of the sunny-faced. All doors are open to those who smile. All social circles welcome cheeriness. A sunny face is an open sesame to hearts and homes. By it burdens are lightened, cares dispelled, sorrows banished and hope made to reign triumphant, where fear, doubt, and despondency held high carnival. Your own life will be sweetened, your hopes quickened, your own joys heightened by your perennial, heaven-lighted, sunny face. Get the glow and radiance from such nearness to the throne as God permits to his own. Bring from a holy and divine communion a face luminous with light, and let it glow and shine on all around.

A little child on the street of a great city, wishing to cross at a point where the surging throng and the passing vehicles made the feat dangerous to the strong, and especially so to the weak, pauper, hesitated, and then asked a sunny-faced gentleman to carry her across. It was the sunny face that won the child's confidence. Childhood runs into the arms of such.—*Selected.*

### Random Readings.

The fewer words the better proverb.—*Luther.*  
Doing wrong always kills something good in your own soul.

No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.—*Ps. lxxiv. 11.*

The school of experience is not a free school. We have to pay our own tuition.

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

Great as is the power of death, death shall be destroyed by him who is stronger.—*Jesus Christ.—Bala.*

If thou art not born again, all thy outward reformation is naught; thou hast shut the door, but the thief is still in the house.

Readiness for death is that of character rather than of occupation. It is right living which prepares for safe and even joyous dying.

How many a Christian pilgrim would never have seen anything of the spiritual manna, and the spiritual stream from the rock, had God listened to him when, with fear and trembling, he besought him not to lead him into a desert.—*Krummacher.*

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ON and after MONDAY, 19th October, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.45
Accommodation for Point du Chene	10.30
Fast Express for Halifax and Montreal	14.00
Express for Sussex	16.30
Fast Express for Quebec, and Montreal	16.55

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.45 o'clock, and Halifax at 7.15. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Moncton. The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 8.05 o'clock Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast express from Quebec and Montreal, (Monday excepted)	9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Day Express from Halifax	19.20
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7.10 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorbo, Bangor, Fortland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north.  
10.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.  
4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock. No connection with St. John on Monday by this train.

#### RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.25, 8.30, a. m.; 4.30 p. m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.15, a. m.; 12.10, 5.55 p. m.; McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.50 a. m.; Vancorbo, 10.25 a. m.; St. Stephen, 5.45, 7.45 a. m.; St. Andrews, 7.20 a. m., except Mondays and Wednesdays, at 5.15 a. m.

#### ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.15 a. m., 1.20, 6.40 p. m.

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

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