

2 Sermon Preached at the Central Association of N.S.

BY REV. M. P. FREEMAN. "Go ye therefore into all the world."—Mark 16: 15.

It remains to indicate certain reasons that should stimulate the churches in their prosecution of the work of the Lord. Missionary work is needful to their own prosperity. The ground was cursed for their own sakes. He must eat bread henceforth "in the sweat of his face."

"Salvation O the joyful sound, The pleasure to our ears," but just ask them for a dollar to make this salvation known to men, and they spendly outside. We thank God that the number of such is diminishing.

Again, the work of missions is laid upon the church because men are perishing. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint, there is no soundness, but wounds and bruises and festering sores."

perishing. The glass in the cottage windows flashes the light of the sun for miles away. Let the light of that dominion sun that strikes upon one heart be reflected to the farthest lands that those who are in darkness may be enlightened by its rays.

The world's population is estimated at 1,400,000,000 souls; 160,000,000 of these are Preckoned as reprobate. The vast majority of mankind is still in darkness, and are going to the eternal night, where no hope can ever enter.

And when the "concerts" came to be "received," Eliab sneered at some and snarled at others, objecting to the boys and girls, because they looked upon him to know their own minds.

When our Lord created the world the morning stars sang together in exultant strains. When He saves a soul there is joy in the presence of the angels of God. That soul rescued from the mire of sin shall glitter in His diadem, when sun and stars shall cease to shine.

poor inmates who seemed particularly ignorant and inaccessible, and for whom she had prayed much. As the princess approached the sickly child she exclaimed: "Thank God that the foot of the cross has reached this poor child, and that His hand has changed the tears running fast down her cheeks as she spoke. "In those tears," said the princess, "I saw my diamonds again."

Brother Growler. Brother Growler is like a cheanut burr; there is excellent meat in his shell, but he is prickly and uncomfortable outside. His mother used to say of him when he was a young man: "It'll be a long courtship that Eliab will have, if he ever enters civilly into the house of his father."

That he beheld me gave away myself. To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife. She was patient, sweet and virtuous with him, and she had a great influence over him. But, as Horace had remarked about 1,500 years before Brother Growler was born, "you can't drive out nature with a fork, so that it won't keep coming back."

With vocal voices most vociferous, In vain confession, out vociferous Even to itself. And when the "concerts" came to be "received," Eliab sneered at some and snarled at others, objecting to the boys and girls, because they looked upon him to know their own minds.

Nevertheless he was "Brother Growler" still. Even religion—pure and undefiled—cannot make a black man white, a short man tall, a shallow man a sage, or a gruff grumbler uniformly gentle and generous. Not that Brother Growler sought to justify himself in fault finding as a Christian virtue, nor that he did not recognize the evil of, and honestly try to overcome his tendency toward harsh and harsh criticism.

fore it reached the concluding verse—which it would have been a good plan for him to have printed in large letters, with an index finger pointing toward them, the hung up over the fireplace of his home.

"By no means," was the reply. "On the contrary," really, value Brother Growler very much, and find him—in his way—extremely useful. He is a safety-valve, loaded so lightly as to begin to sizzle and scream long before there is any real danger; while he might all be blown to atoms before Brother Growler, over there on the other side of the aisle, would give the alarm.

Brother Growler has a good heart in him; and I have known him, after one of his most characteristic speeches in opposition to a measure, to come down handsomely for its financial support. Only the other day he finished up a terrible tirade against one of our Congressional societies, which, in his judgment, has become "insupportably false to the sentiment of the churches, and delivered the faithful soul of one who had gone on fogies," by quietly doubling his usual subscription to the same. I tell you, Brother Growler is nobody's fool, and he is as useful to the church as the pepper-caster is to a dinner-table.

Afraid of a Shadow.

We were spending Sunday in Torquay, the pretty Devonshire port which stretches so gracefully along the curves of Tor Bay. The air was palpitating, that fair Sunday morning, with the rich melody of the Sunday bells; we joined a great throng of people and were swept along in their current to one of the largest dissenting chapels of the place.

"I began at once to repeat the strong old promises with which God's Word furnishes us, not in the midst of them he stopped me. "I ken them a'"; he said mournfully, "I ken them a'"; but somehow they dinna give me comfort. "Do you not believe them?" "Wi' my heart!" he replied earnestly.

"Remember it?" he said vehemently. "I ken't it lang afore ye were born; ye need na' read it; I've comed it a thousand times on the hill-side." "But there is one verse which you have not taken in."

"The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few minutes maintained a broken silence; then, letting them fall straight before him on the carpet, he said, as if using to himself, 'Aweel, aweel! I have conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it so well—afraid of a shadow! afraid of a shadow! Then turning upon me a face

now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed, lifting his hands representatively to heaven, 'Aye, aye, I see it a' now! Death is only a shadow—death with Christ behind it is a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm afraid nae mair!'"

It is not possible that any words of mine should have power to reproduce to the eye or mind of the reader the tone, the attitude and the vivid rendering of this incident. But the people who witnessed their way home that Sunday through the streets of Torquay, and a few, I am sure, repeated to themselves the words of the old shepherd, and gathered comfort therefrom: "Na, na, I'm afraid nae mair!"—Christian Intelligence.

She Had Not Style Enough.

A while ago, in the West, a poor woman killed herself. There is nothing very unusual about a suicide, but this was a peculiar case. She was a school-teacher. As a teacher she was capable enough, but she dressed shabbily and lived poorly.

There was a meeting of the ladies, and they decided that a teacher receiving the salary she did ought, in self-respect, to have more style about her; that deep down she must have a miserly and contemptible soul. One who had gone on a free pass to Kansas City told how she had seen teachers dress there; and one who had gone as far as Chicago, with the air of a lady who had travelled, informed the circle that a school-teacher in Chicago could not be distinguished from a real lady. One school-faced old gossip thought it was a bad example for a teacher to set to little girls, to dress in no better style, and the result was the meeting adjourned to go home and lay siege to their husbands and brothers; and in a day or two, a notice appeared in the school-teacher that her services were not altogether satisfactory, and that her resignation would be acceptable. She sent it in a gentle note in which she took occasion to say that it must be her fault if she could not give satisfaction.

Then she died of morphine and died. And then it transpired that the poor woman was denying herself in order to educate a younger brother and support an aged mother; and when this fact was made known, the shame-stricken women of that place, instead of seeing the grandeur of human nature; and of that self-abnegation which smiles while the heart within is breaking they knew nothing. They reproach themselves now that they did not ask the poor woman for her confidence before they had her dismissed, but it happened to be too late. She did not even need the rich robe and the flowers. Her bed was soft enough, and perfect peace had come at last, and she needed no post-mortem courtesies. It is quite possible that the good deeds of her life had sprung up in flowers around, and that her narrow bed had turned into jewels to make her crown.

The story is worth repeating, because it may serve to remind the careless of the world that hearts are breaking every day; that around us always are those who, in the most unobtrusive manner, are the gift of a kind word has broken the pall of despair which had gathered over a human soul, permitting, through the rift in the cloud, the sunshine of hope to steal in. It is not safe to judge by appearances. It is seldom that a brave soul makes any plaint; rather, like the wild beast, it licks its wounds in silence, and waits, whether those wounds heal, or whether death comes under their fatal drain. This woman in Kansas toiled until her heart broke, though her only sin was that there was not enough style about her. Her neighbors have since discovered that they are poor judges of what real style is, and they are not half as comfortable under the thought as the poor woman is. They have, too, a haunting fear that on resurrection morning life will see those shabby robes once more; that they will be wonderfully transfused; that their ineffable splendor will be pointed out, and that some flaming angel will call the attention of the company to the fact that the one who wore those robes on earth was not accustomed to seeing the grandeur of human nature; and of that self-abnegation which smiles while the heart within is breaking they knew nothing. They reproach themselves now that they did not ask the poor woman for her confidence before they had her dismissed, but it happened to be too late. She did not even need the rich robe and the flowers. Her bed was soft enough, and perfect peace had come at last, and she needed no post-mortem courtesies. It is quite possible that the good deeds of her life had sprung up in flowers around, and that her narrow bed had turned into jewels to make her crown.

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Love makes drudgery delightful. It forgets self, and lives for others. Love outruns law and leaves it far behind. Not to be able and permitted to serve is a penalty. The question is not, "What can I do?" but "What may I do?" To give pleasure is its joy. Love is the secret spring of the believer's life; and this makes him often pass in the world for an enthusiast. It stops at nothing. Mountains of difficulty are no more to it than playthings. It claps the cross and wears it. Love strengthened Mary, when the soldiers quaked with fear. Love kept her hovering round the sepulchre when all the disciples were scattered to their own homes. Love has a joy of its own, which a stranger cannot understand. It is fed by the unseen spirit of God, while it reposes on an unseen Saviour. To love life for Him is to gain it. To suffer martyrdom for Jesus, is to see Him standing at the right hand of God waiting to welcome His servant to glory.—Selected.

Some one said to Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, while cheering him in his work, "An ounce of truth is worth more than a ton of platitudes." There is much truth in this. A word of cheer or an ounce of assistance, while we are living, is worth a ton of praise after we are dead. A good wife at our side says, "Remember that, all ye husbands, while your first wife is living—Western Recorder."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are recommended by the best physicians, because they are free from calomel and other injurious drugs, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients. While through in their action, they stimulate and strengthen the bowels and secretory organs.

Common Sense

In the treatment of slight ailments, Ayer's Pills have been used in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them.—Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject, I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect, that we rarely, if ever, have to call a physician.—Yonkers, N. Y. Youlliams, Hotel Yonkers, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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OMNISCIENCE.

The door is shut and yet thou enterest in, With out or lifting latch or loosening bar.

Two People.

The work of the morning was done. A bright fire burned on the hearth, my canary sang blithely in the window, and the room was bright and my own heart so light that I actually found myself thrilling a running accompaniment to his gay little song, as I sat down before my work-basket.

I had reasons for being happy on this special morning for being yesterday "John," my husband, had made a fortune investment that had enabled him to put in the bank a snug little sum for that "rainy day," that people are always talking about, but seldom provide for.

The door bell rang and presently my small satellite, Miss Molly, pressed herself, bearing a card, and I read the name of my caller—Mrs. Jeremiah Johnson.

I sighed as I saw it, for I knew the lady well and could feel the coming of the cold wave which she brought. However, as it was Tuesday and my reception—there was no escape for me, and so I descended to the parlor and greeted as hospitably as I could the stately lady, who in the stiffest and most stylish of costumes, awaited me.

"Good morning, Mrs. Grant. I do hope I have not disturbed you, I see you are looking pale; I fear you are not well."

I had not the nerve to talk much more, and greatly to my relief, my guest arose, saying she had several more visits to pay, and taking my hand at parting, she said:

"I hope, my dear, you will be better when I come again. You must keep up, and try to be more cheerful, Mrs. Grant."

Slowly I toiled upstairs to my room, feeling like another woman entirely. The fire had died out on the hearth. The sun no longer shone in at the window, and the bird had tucked his little head under his wing, and was crouching forlornly in a corner of the cage.

Life seemed hardly worth an effort to me, as I sank wearily into a rocking-chair, too utterly disheartened to even cry. The bell pealed through the house again, and I opened the door grinning from ear to ear.

"Mis' Bright done come for to see ye; she say as how she didn't have no kyard so send up, but she done come all de same."

Wearily I dragged myself down stairs again without a ray of interest in any one or anything.

"What was the use of struggling?" I thought. "Here was Alice in a decline, the bank on the eve of a failure, and I probably soon going off in a consumption, leaving my 'John' to marry some foreign girl and forget me utterly, and then, too, the household arrangements would be all 'at sea' if Phoebe had to leave."

tased. Tell them to attend to their own business, and I'll attend to mine. Bullying will do no good!"

Evidently not prepared with further argument the man stood a moment, then turned away. No change of countenance betrayed Mr. Gilbert's consciousness of black looks or anything special through the door. But at home keener

"How do you know anything is the matter?" his look softening as it rested upon her.

"No subtleties!" she cried, playfully. "You always feel better to confess."

"I don't know anything about it. I don't want to know anything," said the girl, in a trembling voice.

"You're done to bed," the elder woman said, but there was a tenderness in the touch which smoothed the girl's dark hair.

Ennio returned to the work heavy-hearted. Unfriendly glances had followed her before she had been unconscious; now she had an uneasy sense of being ostracised. "I can't stand it," she said after a day or two. "I must join their society. I'll never get on unless I do."

much doubt as to the guilty person. Jim Farel had made the concluding speech to Mr. Gilbert; he alone was missing. That he had a personal grudge against Ennio was surmised by some; but none else had been concerned in the outrage, and few mourned his absence. The mill was closed; the girl's life hung by a thread.

"You see, ma'am, it stands this way. The men would be glad to come back if Mr. Gilbert would open the mill—we can't live doing nothing—yet they don't like to ask him. Perhaps you don't know that Ennio had promised to be my wife, and if that stone had killed her—well, I don't like to think about it."

"I am glad, George," Mrs. Gilbert answered, "but what is it you want me to do?"

"Just this. You know, ma'am, begging your pardon, Mr. Gilbert's pretty quick and steady to stick to a thing, and I don't know what he may have said he'd do or wouldn't do. But Ennio thought if you would use your influence maybe he'd let bygones be bygones and meet the fellows half-way."

"Why Charley Lost His Place." Charley was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good-fellowship with the world.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone a few rods he was creeping up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.

"I was troubled with Catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Few bottles of this medicine cured me."—Jesse M. Bogg, Holman's Mill, N. C.

Words of Comfort.

"But the comfort I might have given she will never need again." "Old and bereaved and lonely," as a saintly woman said to me, "I can no longer work, I can only wait." Waiting alone—how inexpressibly pitiful, thus to see one who has been faithful in all things; whose aged hands have never wearied in loving ministries; and upon whose white face earth's discipline is written in deep, and characters, finishing the journey of life without the dear presence of husband or child. How precious to such must be all "loving messages!"

"These loving messages must be spoken as well as written; for some of us are blessed with the presence of a father or mother not in our midst. The nook consecrated by their use is hallowed ground, while each member of the family delights in adding to their comfort. To such, the lines are indeed fallen in pleasant places. But there are others whom age has made querulous and uncompanionable; or sadder yet, some whose children daily disregard God's command, "Honor thy father and mother." Much of these poor, warning lives is spent in loneliness and silence.

"Very Sensible 'Japs.'" In Japan's old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gently sarcastic way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons.

"No Taste! No Smell! No Nausea." PUTTNER'S EMULSION OF Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and Pancreatin is largely prescribed by physicians for Nervous Prostration, Wasting and Lung Diseases. PUTTNER'S EMULSION has especially proved efficacious in cases of weak and delicate children and those who are growing fast.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Gents—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.

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Best Cough Cure.

For all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, no remedy is so safe, speedy, and certain as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. An indispensable family medicine.

"I find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral an invaluable remedy for colds, coughs, and other ailments of the throat and lungs."—M. S. Randall, 304 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

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OUR CHILDREN.

I looked at the happy children Who gathered around the hearth; So blithe they were, no children...

THE HOME.

The Way Dick Stamford Came to be a Leading Merchant.

"Dick, if you will look after the baby I will lie down a few minutes; my side troubles me more than usual to-day."

Dick was seated in the door studying the advertisement in the morning paper. He had just come to "Boy Wanted," and was about to call his mother when she spoke to him.

That was years ago. Dick was faithful to his mother and he was faithful to his employer. A boy no longer. The large silk establishment is the same, but the firm is no longer the same.

Who has not noticed that in large families some of the children are more clever than others? When a stranger comes in, the less clever shrink into the background.

In a sweetly ordered household, patterned after the heavenly Father's family, where is the refuge of the less clever ones? To whom do they turn, confident of love, sympathy and appreciation?

Independent of the patches, he looked neat, and his bright face was likely to make a good impression. But he was young, only eleven, and small of his age.

"Eleven, did you say?" asked the gentleman, "and small for that age?"

how much I wanted something, and she has let me see her paper for several days," was the reply.

Another telegraphic glance from the man at the desk. "Possibly we can make an arrangement. Suppose you come in to-morrow, say nine o'clock," said the gentleman.

"I will come," came brightly. How it was accomplished, the lad never knew; but when he reached the street the gray-haired man was there.

"Can I begin to-day?" asked Dick, in a voice tremulous with the joy in his heart.

"The sooner I begin the sooner I shall have my money, and mother won't have to earn it," was the reply.

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comes now-burnt, musty and discolored. It has been my observation that the best way to harvest hay is to cut early, so as to secure a good green color.

Though hay-making is important, the care of the meadow is equally if not more so. It is best to seed with fall crops, at the time of sowing or in the ensuing spring.

"Why to-day?" glancing into the boyish face. "The sooner I begin the sooner I shall have my money, and mother won't have to earn it," was the reply.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES. Almost as Palatable as Milk. It is the most delicate stomachic...

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD. The rapidity with which LIQUID FOOD is absorbed by the stomach, which organ it is disposed of without requiring the aid of the intestines, renders it peculiarly adaptable to cases of Cholera Infantum, Diphtheria, Scarlet and Typhoid Fever, and kindred diseases.

IN DIPHTHERIA. I have used your food with splendid results in cases of great prostration following attacks of Typhoid and other Fevers. I have now under treatment one of the worst forms of Diphtheria—a young woman who is taking prescribed doses of BOVINE LIQUID FOOD.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD. It is retained by the most irritable stomach. It is the only nutriment that will permanently cure Nervous Prostration and Debility.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not irritate, inflame, or burn.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like to place an order for each month.

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NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces, French Goods, Gloves, Acrylics, Shirts and Drawers.

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S. McDIARMID, (Successor to J. CHALONER) WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST, 49 King Street, St. John.

100 MEN WANTED. To canvass for a full line of HARRY CANADIAN NURSERY STOCK. Honest, energetic men, 25 years of age and over, can find experience needed. Full instructions given.

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JAMES CURRIE, Amherst, Nova Scotia, General Agent for the "NEW WILLIAMS' SEWING MACHINES. Also, PLANOS and ORGANS.

EVERY BAPTIST SHOULD HAVE THEM. A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR containing PHOTOS OF ACADIA COLLEGE and FACULTY, ACADIA SEMINARY, CHIPMAN HALL, and HORTON ACADEMY, in two sizes of 6x8 and 3x5; a Fine View of Acadia College and grounds, 5x8 inches, etc.

J. L. SHARPE, WATONMAKER & JEWELER. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, SPECTACLES, etc.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'89. Summer Arrangement. '89. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 10th JUNE, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Sussex, 10.30; Express from Moncton, 10.30; Express from Halifax, 10.30; Express from St. John, 10.30.

BAV OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. SUMMER SAILINGS. ON and after 1st JUNE, the CITY OF MONTELEONE will sail from the Company's Wharf, Reed's Point, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

NOTICE. I hereby give that all communications in respect to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, should be addressed to the Honorable E. Dewdney, as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and not to the Minister of the Interior, or to the Under-Secretary, or to any other official, unless the official's office letters to the undersigned.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal," will be received until 10 o'clock on Friday, 2nd August next, for Coal supply for all any of the Dominion Public Buildings. Specification, form of tender, and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Tuesday, 1st July.

TENDERS FOR STEAM SERVICE. Canada, West Indies and South America. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Minister of Finance, and marked on the outside "Tender for Steam Service, Canada, West Indies, and South America," and received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including Saturday, the 1st August next, for any or all of the following services, namely:—

From Halifax or St. John to Cuba and return, calling at Havana and Matanzas. From Halifax or St. John to Jamaica and return, calling at Bermuda and Turks Island.

DRINKNESS. It can be proved that the knowledge of the person taking it is not necessary. It is a medicine that is not only a tonic, but a powerful agent in the treatment of all cases of drinkiness.

READ THIS. ASK YOUR MERCHANTS FOR YARMOUTH WOOLLEN MILL TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, FLANNELS, YARNS, &c. They will give you satisfaction both in appearance and wear, being manufactured of all Pure Wool stock.

