at His feet.

The Best We Have.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off

Once claimed the firstling of the flock the finest of the wheat,

And still He asks His own with gentlest pleading To lay their highest hopes and talents

He'll not forget the feeblest service, hum-He only asks that of our store we give

> Him The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer And fills them with His glorious beauty,

joy and peace, And in His service we are growing stronger.

The calls to grand achievement still The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the

heaven above, Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive The best we have

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember How once our Lord poured out His soul

for us, And in the prime of His mysterious man-

were made,

Through bitter grief and tears gave The best we have. Dom. Presbyterian.

Autumn Lessons.

The leaves are falling, the grass is relax our energies. On the contrary, multitudes to hear Him His weariness lessons of human life. On every hand greater earnest. It suggests a power- said to his diciples, "I have meat to may be observed pictorial illustrations ful incentive to perseverance. A man eat that ye know not of." Are we of truths that should be of deepest | may have vigor and energy in man- | weary in welldoing? It is because we concern to mankind. The great God hood and maturity, but the work have failed, and we have failed because we inhabit, stamps upon every valley, and youth cannot be done in old age. fanatics and errorists among us who his statement: 'No, it was the right hill slope and mountain top lessons of It is this truth, coupled with the press great stress on healing. door. God let it happen.' wisdom and admonition. He makes thought of life's brevity and frailty, They have a dim view of the source of the entire universe tributary to His that throws such solemn significance health and life. The secret of all purposes of sacred instruction.

The return of Autumn tints and vegetable decay reminds us of the frailty and brevity of human life. This life is often compared in the Scriptures, not to a tree, hardy and strong, able to defy the tempest, and and abide forever- the love and favor to endure in some instances for hun- of God, the merits and grace of Christ, dreds of years, but to leaves and the influences of the Holy Spirit, a flowers and grass, to that which is title to heaven, and eternal life. There frail and weak, unable to endure is a land where there is no seared leaf, hardness, and which in the midst of its beauty and life is sometimes torn from the stem or prematurely cut down. To this our mortal life is com pared. In the Bible such passages as the following occur quite frequently "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass, the grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away." "As the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the heat, but it withereth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth; so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways." "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." "We all do fade as a leaf." "Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down."

All these Scriptures teach certainty. They leave no possible hope for escape. As surely as the leaf springs forth from the branch and the flower from the stem and unfold to the sun, so surely will they fall and perish. They may be beautifully formed; we may are divided into classes, and the memwish to retain them in their freshness, but their beauty will fade, they must wither and fall. It is a perfect emblem of human life. Death is inevit- himself hampered by these artificial able. No man has power of the spirit to retain the spirit any more than he has power over the vegetable kingdom to retain its various forms of life. Man is described as fearfully and wonderfully made, and though he may have become earthy through long conadmire the symmetry of his form, and tact with the world. Some are mercen desire to retain its vigor and beauty, ary, and nothing arrests their attenand anxiously wish to prevent the tion except the voice of mammon progress of debility and decay, natural Some are ambitious, and their whole force will abate, loveliness will fade, minds are taken up with the honors of him of his boyhood's happy days under and death will come. The earth is this world. Some are bent on pleas. ribbed with the graves of the generations departed. The sepulchre is the common receptacle of men of all ages, ranks and conditions. This needs to be said, needs to be repeated over and are dead to the call of their higher over; for it is prone to be forgotten under the pressure of exacting duties, than light. Much of the good seed ever multiplying cares, and bewitching sown falls by the wayside, much on pleasures.

fade prematurely. Before they reach and grows to perfection! perfection they begin to wither and

Again, those who have just reached his work. maturity, whose faculties and powers

it from our view; we twine the flowers | full. of hope and bend the vines of pleasure Gave up His precious life upon the cross! to conceal it from our gaze, yet it is The Lord of Lords, by whom the worlds there in the path of every man, and shall we be weary in welldoing. Suc sometimes it is stumbled upon in the cess quickly dispels weariness. When

We are in the midst of Autumn. cause us to suspend our purposes or the Samaritans coming out in great withering and the flowers are fading. It should be allowed to operate as a vanished. He needed no material We perceive in nature impressive mighty motive, urging us to duty in nourishment to refresh Him. He in the work allotted us here.

The fading of autumn, emblematic of our lives, has an admonishing voice. It admonishes us to seek and secure the things which satisfy, which fade not, which survive the wrecks of time, no fading flower, where there are no violent separations, where there is no pain, no sorrow, no death. There is an incorruptible inheritance that fadeth not away, which may be ours by faith In Christ, and a life of holy obedience Chris. Intelligencer.

Weary In Well-doing.

All Christians desire to do good. sun is no sooner risen with a burning They see the need on every hand, and feel stirring within them a longing to make the world better. Some earnestly seek and honestly try to drive away a little of the misery and increase the happiness of their neighbors. All are compelled to confess that their success has not been equal to their anticipations, and sorrowfully acknowledge that their failures have far out numbered their successes. This the secret of discouragement. Hands hang down because the harvest is so

> One reason why we fail in our efforts to do good may be found in the condition of society. Men and women ing into a godless, reckless life, and bers of these separate classes look on each other with suspicion. The work er in the vineyard of the Lord finds distinctions and unwholesome pre-

Another cause of failure is found in the nature of the material with which we have to deal. The minds of men ure, and no power seems able to move them Some are shut up in the dark ness of ignorance, while others are the services of God's house, instead of vain because of their learning. Many "staying at home all Sunday to rest?" nature, and all love darkness rather stony places, and much among thorns. The leaves and flowers sometimes How little comparatively springs up

The chief reason why we do not suc- shall I do to be saved?" die, or by some ruthless hand are torn | ceed is in ourselves. Our own ignorfrom their stems. This is another ance and weakness furnish a sufficient true picture of human life. Some explanation of our failure. We are born one moment die the next, and not wise in the choice and use of meththe hope of parental love is at once ods. We hear much discussion in cut off. Others tarry for a little while, 'churches, in temperance societies conand when the cares of infancy are cerning methods. Preachers are restpast, and the sweet voices begin to less, workers are discontented, and ring out merrily in the home, and they the air is full of criticism. Methods lieve in the Lord Jesus Christ and are giving promise of future loveliness, are not all-important, nor are they unthey are suddenly smitten by some important. They should be adapted unfriendly blast and are no more. to the age in which we live and the Christ." Death's blighting hand sometimes falls c ndition of the people among whom on those of more matured powers and we labor. Methods are not like prin- here. I have believed in him a good

grace. The child of many prayers, of ciples of righteousness and salvation many years, and I do trust him; - selfishness get the name of self-sacriand ardent, and whose accomplish- have refused to be hampered by wornments were many—such an one is cut out methods. The successful man is down and committed to the dust. not afraid to strike out a new way for

But our weakness is manifest not of mind and heart are superior, and so much in the choice and use of thing.' whose existence seemed almost indis- methods, as in the spirit with pensable, wither and fall, not in the which we work. This is all important. me.' midst of autumnal winds, but in the If the spirit be right, success is summer heat. Their sun goes down almost sure. When Jesus went about you are a preacher of the word, and I doing good His methods were simple. These emblems of life are faithful The power lay in the heart of our Lord, I trust you." and true. We see them illustrated and not in the outward act. He touchevery day as our fellowmen fall on our ed the leper, but cleansing power was geon, "that you trust me, and then right hand and on our left. It should not in the touch of the finger. It was tell me that you cannot trust Jesus have the effect to make man more in the spirit of the Master. He could Christ? thoughtful. Inconsideration will not have healed him just as readily by a change the stubborn fact of our mor- word or look. There was an infinite then said; "I can see it now. Why tality. We naturally shrink from the fullness of life and health and love in of course, I can trust him; I cannot thought of death. Our eyes are willing- His divine spirit. Whatever method help trusting him. He is such a One ly turned from it, for we have not He used the result was the same. that I must trust him. Good-bye, sir," he learned to look upon it without pain. There was never a failure, because t e added, "I will go back to Flushing We plant a thousand objects to hide infinite fountain of life was always it is all right now. If we have His life and love in us

we shall not fail so often, neither His diciples He was weary with His mortality should not influence us His diciples went away to buy unduly and prejudicially; should not | bread. So soon, however, as He saw welldoing is in the spirit. If the heart be full of love it will impart virtue to the touch, the speech, the life Herein lies the secret solution of the great problem of the reformation and salvation of the race. The poor can be rescued, criminals can be reformed sinners can be saved, the misery of the world can be banished by love. -Chris Advocate.

Count the Consequences of Your

He was an upright business man In his heart he believed the religion of Christ to be true. But he was very busy, and when Sunday came he was thoroughly tired. He had become interested, too, in his newspaper, so he gradually left off going to God's house. His wife went regularly, and sometimes the children.

One morning, just as his wife had set out, he was comfortably seated reading the money article, when he heard his boys talking in the next room. Said ten-year-old Willie:

"When you grow up, shall you go to church as mother does, or stay at home like father?"

"I shall do neither,' replied Frank, decidedly. "When I'm a man I shall have a horse and trap, and be out on the road on Sundays and enjoy myself.' The newspaper suddenly lost its it there came a picture of his boys associating with loose men, and drift-

as the fruit of his self-indulgence. Five minutes afterwards he was rapidly walking towards the chapel. When the service was over, his wife, coming down the aisle, saw him waiting at the door. There was questioning, glad surprise in her eyes, but he only remarked that he had taken a walk, and thought he would join her

of himself looking on it in his old age

on the way home. peace about the home that reminded | Work. the old rooftree. And who will say that he was less fitted for another week of business life by his share in -The Inland.

Spurgeon and an Inquirer.

A young man came all the way from Holland once to ask Mr. Spurgeon the oft-repeated question: "What

"Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Spurgeon.

"And you want to know what you seen, but we have no idea what may must do to be saved Well it is a long have been his thoughts and intentions. way to come to ask that question. The mere surface of his character may You know what the answer is: Bethou shalt be saved.' "

"Well now said Mr. Spurgeon, "look

much fond parental hope, around which remain the same from age to age but if you know something or other, fice, and other silent, heroic souls are whom clustered devout affections and and among all classes of men. Suc- against him I should like to know condemned for want of humanity anticipations, whose love was strong cessful evangelists and reformers it, for I do not like to be deceived." I an Maclaren. "No, sir, I do not know anything against him."

"Why don't you trust him, then? Could you trust me?"

Yes; I would trust you with any-

"But you do not know much about

"No, not much; only I know believe you are honest, and I could

Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spur-

He stood still for a moment, and

The Right Door.

An aged man-one of the happy, s.nshiny spirits that never realy very garden of life before it was dis- Jesus journeyed through Samaria with grow old-met with an accident which resulted in his death. He mistook Reflections upon our frailty and journey, and sat down to rest while one doorway-opening upon a flight of stairs - for another, and in the semi-darkness, fell. A few hours later, when consciousness had fully returned, he explained to one who watched beside his bed how the mis ake had occurred.

"You took the wrong door?" she

"Yes," he answered. Then his eyes flashed wide open, and with the old and Maker of us all, and of the world which ought to be done in childhood the Master was not in us. There are cheery note in his voice he corrected

> From that happy faith he never wavered, and for him it was indeed the door that opened homeward.

> Into all our lives there come happen ings that seem like dreadful mistakes Things do not turn out as we expected, and instead of the bright and joyous path which we fancied was stretching before us, a sudden grief shuts us in. We find ourselves where we never meant to be; the pleasantness of our days is all swept away by some unwelcome change, and it seems as if occurrences so unexpected and bewildering must be blunders. But if we have used our best judgment, and consciously chosen no wrong course, we need not be dismayed However it seems, God will open for th se who trust Him no door but the right one. - Forward.

The Easy Chair.

We once heard of a dear old saint, living all alone in a humble cottage, in an out-of-the-way place, some distance from the busy town, with very few neighbors about her, and they quite

She was too feeble to work, but God had put it into the hearts of some of sentiment. 253. all Druggists. His children to look after her and minister to her necessities, so that she did not come to want. Her stoppingplace, for it could hardly be called a home, was scantily furnished; a bed, attraction. Between the father and a chair, stool, and cupboard, with stove, was all she had.

Upon being asked, "Do you murn ur at your lot?" she replied, "Satan does tempt me to murmer sometimes when things are bare."

"And what do you do then?" "Why, I just ask the Lord to put me in the easy chair to keep me quiet." Her visitor looked about in vain for anything like an easy chair, and wonderingly said, "I don't see any easy chair I don't think I quite understand you.'

"My easy chair is Romans 8:28, And we know that all things work Next Sunday, however, the whole together for good to them that love family were in their pew, and all the God, to them who are the called ac rest of the day there was a kind of cording to His purpose." - Word and

Beware of Misjudging.

Perhaps it were better for most of us to complain less of being misunderstood and to take more care that we do not misunderstand other people. It ought to give us pause at times to remember that each one has a stock of cut-and-dry judgments on his neigh bors, and that the chances are that most of them are quite erroneous.

What our neighbor really is we may never know, but we may be pretty certain that he is not what we have imagined, and that many things we "I came from Flushing, sir, by have thought of him are quite beside the mark. What he does we have be exposed, but of the complexity within we have not the faintest idea.

People crammed with self-conscious-"But I cannot believe in Jesus ness and self-conceit are often praised as humble while shy and reserved people are judged to be proud. Some whose whole life is one subtle, studied

How to go Wrong.

When one declines from religion it is usually by gradual steps. It is not e sy to tell just where it began. Often it is neglect in secret devotion. This is soon followed by occasional neglect of public worship, and then by more frequent neglect, till it is given up alto. gether. Once excuses were given for neglect, but these are no longer offered. When the house of God is forsaken, the soul is then open to the attacks of Satan and is in danger of almost any temptation. When decline begins, none can predict the end. How much we need to resist and guard against beginnings of evil and secret ways, and especially the neglect of private religious habits! After a tree has fallen it often reveals the fact that there was decay at the heart a long time before it was suspected. The rotteness within prepared it for its downfall when an unusual strain came upon it. Presbyterian Record.

The Privacy of the Home.

The privacy of the family life ought to be protected in every possible way. We can think of nothing more coarse and vulgar than the habit which some people have of tearing down the walls, and bidding the general public see all that goes on in their homes. Especially do we reprobate the folly of publishing family disputes and difficulties. The husband, who opens his lips to mention to others the supposed shortcomings of his wife, and the wife who makes a practice of parading the defects of her husband, are both alike worthy of unmixed contempt. If there be differences and disagreements-and there ought to be none of a serious nature—the proper thing to do is to conceal them from the curious gaze. Any other policy brings inevitable strife and alienation, and probable disgrace and shame-Nashville Advo-

"I tried to be a skeptic when I was a young man," said Cecil, "but my mother's life was too much for me.

You can, of course, do as you please, but you will have to settle the matter with your God some day.

HE HAS TRIED IT .- Mr. John Ar d son, Knloss, wrtes; I venture to say few, it any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas Ecectric Oil, than I have I have used it regulary for over te years, and have remmmended is to all sufferers I know cf, and they also ound it of great virtue in cases of sere bronchitis and incipient consump-

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and Nerve Pills, the smothering has gone, my heart beat is now re the fluttering has disappeared, and been wonderfully built up through the effect of the pills. I now feel strong better than for many years, and say too much in praise of the remedy restored my long lost health."

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