

Rest.

O Christ, who givest rest, we come to Thee Thy voice calls sweetly o'er life's fretful sea;

And we are weary With our journey dreary; And Thou art waiting our sweet rest to be.

What is the rest Thou givest to the soul? What potent magnet draweth to the goal Our souls away?

With their conflicts dreary, Whose compasses have failed to point the Pole? It is the rest of faith, sweet trust in heaven;

Such is Thy victory to men still given, To souls full weary With their burdens dreary, To anchor their frail boats, sore tempest-driven

It is the rest of meekness and content: Duty and discipline are heaven sent; So, sad souls, weary, With life's duties dreary, Take from God's hand what He in love hath lent.

It is the rest which maketh burdens light, Which takes the yoke from care, from frost the blight; And to souls, weary With their weeping dreary, It giveth joy songs in the darkest night.

O Christ, give Thou to us Thine own sweet rest, Of all Thy precious gifts it is the best; With souls away, With their failures dreary, Shall take and renew their heavily quest.

—David Farquharson.

From the Pit to the Throne.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ALBERT DICKINSON, D. D.

From weakness to strength; from penury to affluence, from slavery to mastership—these are the extremes which mark the strange career of Joseph.

No pen dipped in the imagination of genius could invent a story more fascinating, or paint a picture more full of marvelous lights and shades.

We see him first a handsome, bright-eyed youth, the life of the home tent, the joy of Jacob's heart, like all boys of promise, a dreamer, a seer of visions, an aspirant after great things.

We see him suffering the hardships of budding genius, coming to grief at the hands of jealousy, seized by his brethren and cast, heart-broken, into one of the wells of Dothan.

But we see him again; and this time he appears amid the blare of trumpets and the acclamations of a thronging populace. His coat of many colors has been exchanged for the robe of royalty. He is second to great Pharaoh himself.

He bears the royal ring. He rides in the royal chariot. A herald goes before him crying, "Clear the way! Bow the knee!" He is called the Revealer of Secrets, the Saviour of the age. His word is law. His countenance is sunshine. When he frowns the people tremble. Without him "no man lifts up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt."

Joseph's history is a striking illustration, on the one hand, of human energy, and on the other of the divine providence. His success was the result of a happy co-operation of the two. Looking at him world-wise, he appears as a self-made man, in the best sense of the term.

Benjamin Franklin, a waif in the streets of Philadelphia, was not worse off. The Hebrew lad had not a shekel in his pocket. Indeed, he did not even have a pocket, in which he could carry a shekel. The coat which his father had given him his brothers had taken; and, worse yet, the prospect was that he would not need even a coat very long.

If ever a man was at the bottom of the ladder, Joseph was as he lay shivering and despairing in that well of Dothan. A ladder of any kind was the least thing which he seemed likely to lay his hands upon. But Reuben was up there in the sheep pasture, and the Ishmaelites were coming over the plain. The rope which was to rescue him was ready, and soon he found himself delivered from the pit to be sold into Egypt, where he was to begin life with less than nothing. His only hereditary possessions were a strong body and an active brain; but these were not his own. They had been sold to Potiphar.

Joseph, moneyless, kinless, friendless, who thinks that he will one day be Pharaoh's lord? Who thought that that green country boy in the Bethlehem sheep pastures would become David, the great king? Who thought that Tenterden, the London barber, would ever be the Lord Chief-Justice of England?

Take a prophet with you and go down to the Grantham market. There is a pale-faced boy selling cabbages. "That lad," says the prophet, "shall one day revolutionize the world by his discoveries. He shall exchange his cabbages for stars and constellations, and shall be known through all time as Sir Isaac Newton."

Take your prophet with you into

other obscure places where men are working for their daily bread, and he will open our eyes to marvelous futures.

In that tinker's shop, mending kettles, he will show you the author of "Pilgrim's Progress;" in that cobbler's shop Carey, the first of missionaries; in that weaving room, Foster, whose writings are immortal; in that telegraph office, Edison, whose inventions have revolutionized commerce.

That young man with the trowel in his hand is the great Hugh Miller. That lad with the axe on his shoulder is Abraham Lincoln.

And so the wondrous apocalypse might go on, revealing over many an obscure well of Dothan the vision of the Egyptian throne.

Success is usually born at the bottom of some dark well. They that begin the lowest usually climb the highest. In spheres less favored than those alluded to, the principle is the same. Our successful merchants and men of commerce have most of them begun as poor as Joseph. The successful man's son, if he would repeat his father's success, cannot begin where his father leaves off. He, too, must start with the initial hardships of the trade or profession. His future depends upon himself, and not upon his father.

Joseph's most troublesome possession was the gaudy coat which Jacob gave him. A fortune without labor is a misfortune. Better be disinherited than to take an inheritance into uncalled-for hands.

But there was a divine element in the making of Joseph, as suggested by his words to his brethren, "As for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it for good." Good out of seeming evil; the blossom out of the rod; the throne out of the pit; the crown out of the cross—this is the divine evolution.

Who says that the religion of the Bible is not needed in a world of rods and crosses? Pits and fetters lie between most men and their earthly goal. But if a man will trust in the Lord God of Sabbath, he shall rise from the pits, and break the fetters, and be the stronger for his trouble. There is something in the sustaining grace of God which holds his life together even though it becomes the sport of temptation and calamity.

It makes you think of that wonderful cascade in the Swiss valley which, as it leaps over the precipice, is caught by the rough winds and dashed into an almost invisible spray, but by the subtle power of affinity and gravitation is again gathered into a merry stream at the foot of the precipice, and made to flow on its way with a song in its waters down through the valley, all the more beautiful because of its conflict with the winds.

Without suffering there can be little joy and little influence. This is the law of the universe, the law of the Cross of Christ. I go to my friend and find him in trouble, stripped of his robe of many-colored joys, plunged into the depths, disappointed, despairing. Was there ever well in Dothan so dark and deep? Do we wonder if he fails to see how all things are to work together for his good? Do we wonder if he cries out in his distress, "All these things are against me?" Can success of any kind follow such sorrow?

Success is a word which belongs to that busy world yonder, not to his joyless prison-house. He has lost heart and courage, and so he leans against the cold walls of his trouble, and refuses to be comforted.

What shall I say to him? I can say, "Be not faithless, but believing," the Lord is "a very present help in trouble." "He will not leave thee nor forsake thee." There is no well too deep to be sounded by the plummet of infinite love.

Help is coming from Gilead. Listen well, and over the plains of life thou shalt hear the footfalls of the delivering angels who come in the name of the God of all comfort.

So judge not by the seeming, Faithward fighting heart! The rod that leaves thee streaming Will turn thy scepter, If thou, for true faith equipped, Meet pit and master It shall sure crown thy Egypt Here and hereafter."

—Chris. Intelligencer

Love for the Church.

The faults and infirmities of Church members and the corruption of ecclesiastical administration do not furnish good ground for turning away from the Church. Jesus loved Jerusalem notwithstanding the cruel treatment He received at the hands of those who regarded themselves as the peculiar people of God. He loved the sanctuary of the Lord even when He knew that the holy place was trodden by unhallowed feet and unclean hands ministered at the altar. Insuperity, worldliness, and hypocrisy characterized the priests and Levites in the

days of our Lord, but He did not turn away from His Father's house on that account. Are we better or purer or wiser than He? The Church is not perfect. One may easily find fault with its polity, its government, or its people. But it is the Church of the living God notwithstanding these faults and infirmities. When a fisherman casts his net into the sea and brings to the shore a great multitude of fishes, some of them are good and some are bad. Does he despise his net because it included some bad with the good? When a husbandman sows good seed in his field tares spring up with the wheat. Does he despise his field because some tares are found among the good grain? Nay, he thanks God for the good, and plows and sows again.

The church is not all bad. It is worthy of respect and affection because of its history, its achievements, its usefulness, and the future in store for it. God loves the Church, and has promised great things to His people. Glorious things are spoken of Zion.

The Church is a blessing to the home. If the Christian home should disappear, what desolation would be wrought in the earth! What would be the fate of the home if all the churches were closed all Bibles destroyed, and all worship abandoned? Contrast those communities where there is no church with those where the church has long existed and exerted a paramount influence. When an intelligent man seeks a wife, whether he be a Christian or not, he is sure to show preference for a woman who has been brought up in a Christian home. He tries to establish his home in the neighborhood of a church for the sake of his family. He encourages his children to attend church and Sunday school, because of the good influence which will surround them there. Let those who have been brought up in homes which were intimately connected with the church say whether they are better or worse on that account. If every father, mother, husband, wife, brother, and sister should sever their relations with the Church of God, and nevermore enter the sanctuary or read the Bible or pray, would the world be better off or worse than it now is?

The Church is a blessing to the country. Whatever tends to promote the strength and prosperity of our country deserves our respect, our support, and our prayers. Among all the institutions to which our country is indebted the Church stands first. The temporal interests of the country are advanced by the Church. When a church is built in a city, town, or country place the value of property in that vicinity is enhanced thereby. A saloon causes the value of real estate in the block where it is located to decline, but the church causes it to advance. If we should look no higher than commercial values, we should encourage and love the Church. The Church fosters education. It is a great teacher. The Bible is its textbook, the best text-book in the world. The Church has established most of the educational institutions in the country. Not only the colleges and universities, but the common schools, owe their existence to the Church of Christ. If education is a benefit, then the Church has done wonders for our country.

The Church promotes morality, industry, economy, political, social, and commercial integrity, and every element of the highest and best civilization. It leaves the whole lump. There is nothing that relates to the well-being of man which the Church of God does not touch and improve.

The Church promotes the unity of the human race. Sometimes divisions and quarrels have arisen in the Church, but only when the people of God have forgotten the spirit of their Master and submitted to be ruled by the spirit of the world. It is not necessary that all Christians shall be members of the same organization, but that they all be moved by the same spirit. The unity of the Church is spiritual, and not formal. When the Spirit of God was poured out on the day of Pentecost an example of the unity of Christians followed. So it is wherever the spirit of Christ prevails. This spirit of brotherhood supplies a great want of human nature. Societies, clubs, and brotherhoods are organized by men everywhere to meet this want, but the best brotherhood in the world is the brotherhood of believers. A Christian can go anywhere in the world almost and speak the name of Jesus, and he needs no other passport. He is made to feel at home wherever he finds men and women who have the mind of the Master. There are many theories for harmonizing labor and capital and bridging the gulf between the rich and the poor. After all these theories shall have been tried and found wanting, the religion of Christ will remain and conquer. Men will learn at last that the simple

motto, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the cure of all divisions and strifes.

The Church shows men the way of salvation. If one should come into the Church expecting to be saved from his sins because he is a member of the Church, he would be disappointed. Salvation is of the Lord. But the Lord is in His holy temple. The place to find the Lord is in His temple. When men find the Lord in other places they are bound to confess that the light which led their feet into the way of peace proceeded from the house of God. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, hath God shined." It is not from Babylon, nor from Athens, nor from Rome, nor from Paris, nor from London, nor from Jerusalem that the word of the Lord has gone forth to bless mankind. It is not from the school, nor from the store, nor from the Legislature, nor from the Stock Exchange, but from the Church that the light shines that brings salvation. It is not always a costly temple in which the way of life is found. It is sometimes a humble chapel, or a schoolhouse on the frontier, or a lowly cabin, but for the time the cabin and the schoolhouse were turned into a house of God, for the Bible was there, the Spirit of God was there, and the mercy seat was there.

"There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain; A spot from which affection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain. 'Tis not where kindred souls abound— Though that were almost heaven— But where I first my Saviour found, And felt my sins forgiven."

—N. Y. Advocate.

The Friend We Need.

If our way led through a wilderness we would need a guide. If we had to pass along the brow of a precipice we would seek the support of a strong hand. Before attempting to climb the Matterhorn we would engage some mountaineer as an escort.

Well, we are in a world of difficulty. Before every earnest soul lies some definite, desiderated goal. Obstacles multiply as we advance toward it. Many things confuse and hinder. We all need a guide. And none need be without one. Jesus offers himself. He has the power to render us complete aid. All power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth. Homeless and hungry, misunderstood and opposed, as He once was, He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

We are in the world of perplexity. Business life is full of it. Men are agitated by the ups and downs of the markets. They are harassed by failures, irritated by the neglect of employees, or, if employees, they are often dispirited and vexed by the exactions and inconsiderateness of employers. Domestic life is burdened by constant cares—the details of household management, anxiety for children, the thousand frets and worries that wear upon the spirit and disturb its quiet. We need Jesus. He came from the Father—the likeness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. No voice like His to comfort the perplexed. New life is imparted by His assurances: "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father's knowledge." "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

We are in a world where death casts its shadow upon all things. Our hopes and prospects are often blighted by it. They wither, contract, and perish before our eyes. Friend after friend is hurried from our side. The man of fifty continues his life almost among strangers. Most of the friends and companions of his youth are gone. Customs have changed, and others repugnant to a staid conservatism have come into vogue. In a world of death what stay and comfort have we but the Lord of life? He alone can cause our hopes to bloom again, or give us in exchange for them the sweeter solace of the submissive will. When He stands by it the grave becomes but the dark vestibule that leads to the temple of life and light eternal. We need Jesus.—The Examiner.

Their Dying Words.

Under the head of "Dying Words of Pious Women," a religious journal gives the following: "Oh, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying. "My God, I come flying to Thee!" said Lady Alice Lucy. Lady Hastings said: "Oh, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!" Beautiful the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans: "I feel as if I were sitting at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek any lowly." Hannah More's last words were, "Welcome joy!" "Oh, sweet, sweet dying!" said Mr. Talbot of Reading. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." "Victory, victory,

through the blood of the Lamb!" said Grace Bennett, one of the early Methodists. "I shall go to my Father this night," said Lady Huntingdon. The dying injunction of the mother of Wesley was, "Children, when I am gone, sing a song of praise to God!" To the above may be added the last words of Mrs. Manchester, who died recently in Pittsburg, aged one hundred and five years. She said, while dying: "I was afraid God had forgotten me, He has left me in this world of sorrow so long."—From an old newspaper.

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession and no less eminent in Christian work and in princely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells this story of what fixed his course of life: "When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at the meeting, a plain man, said he had a girl in his domestic service at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions; she also had a class of poor boys in Sabbath school who never missed her from her place. And he said of her, 'She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen.' The young man went home with these three broken sentences in his mind, 'Class in Sabbath school—dollar a month to missions—happiest girl.' The first result was that he took a class in Sabbath school; the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he could, and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

Be patient towards all men. The cold hammer fashions the hot iron. He would govern others must first learn to govern himself. Passion is blind. Cool, deliberate, and at the same time energetic action makes itself felt in every department of life.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

CHEST FELT RAW. "I caught a severe cold which made my chest feel raw and tight. I used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and made me perfectly well." Neil McKay, Ripley, Ont.

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"I had a terrible cough over a year ago and could not stop it or even to do of good," writes J. M. of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "I tried all summer and all autumn. Physicians did me no good, and nothing my wife and I could do did him any good. I carried him there to see if the change would do him good. We were living in Savannah, Ga., at the time. She brought back and after giving him your great Medical Discovery for a time he was cured."

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