

The Golden Time.

When is the golden time? you ask—the golden time of love, The time when earth is green beneath, and skies are blue above; The time for sturdy health and strength, the time for happy play— When is the golden hour? you ask—I answer you, "To-day."

for breathing and heart beat, without our conscious care. As God made Adam, so the Psalmist regards Him making every successor. "Thou hast knit me together in my mother's womb." I am fearfully distinguished by such divine care. My bones were curiously wrought. Thine eyes saw my infolded substance. In Thy book were all my members written during the days when they were fashioned, while as yet not one of them was developed. (Psalm 139: 13-16.) This care extends to thoughts, the preparation of the heart, and the answer of the tongue as well.

Are these only the dreams of poets? No, these views are upheld by Christ and by science as well. In regard to nature, see His words in Matthew 5: 45; 6: 26-30. It is Christ who says that the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Without Me ye can do nothing. God hath blinded the eyes of some, and illuminated the souls of others. He gives everlasting life to every one who believeth on the Son.

Thus we turn over pages and pages of these assertions of the most minute divine care in every department—natural, physical, mental, spiritual. It is to be expected. God would not naturally make a world with infinitely careful finish of atoms, butterfly wing and flower petal, and leave man, for whose sake all nature stands, without care. Shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

But divine care does not prevent human co-operation. No wise mother's care carries her child when it ought to learn to walk. Babies are not desired to be babes always. Put him down, let him stagger, fall, get bumped; extend a helping finger, take obstacles out of the way, but make him grow to youthful glee and manly strength.

We battle desperately with sore temptation. Omniscience watches the struggle, and at the right moment makes a way of escape that we, not He, may be able to endure it. Divine care did not prevent Joseph's being sold into Egypt. Nay, rather provided for it. That was a hinge point in the world's early history. So no chastisement in the close of the nineteenth century are joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless, they yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby.

Divine care, then, constitutes for us a kind of alliance with infinite strength, a participation with infinite knowledge, a partnership with Infinite love. Each partner in a firm must do his full duty and not leave it for the other. There are forces in the universe that rise far toward omnipotences. There is wisdom that so far as our measure goes is infinite. There is life that bursts out everywhere, in deserts and Arctic snows. There is love that throbs between worlds and counts no sacrifice too great for its objects. To all this force, wisdom, life, love, we are all allied.

In this view life burgeons into spreading strength, blossoms into beauty, and matures into luscious fruit. A steady finger is offered to our staggering steps: sleep is provided for tired bodies; a divine personal resting for our weary and heavy-laden hearts. There is guidance in our search for most essential wisdom.

That this view has been fully accepted in the life of the Christian world is evidenced by the incredible wealth of hymns of submission to trial, and recognition of support in peril and death. Paul Gerhardt suffering from hunger and deprived of home, turned aside and wrote the precious hymn that has heartened thousands:

Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be undismayed; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

John Huss kneels beside the faggots and the stake, and breaks out, "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men."

The necessities of thought, the statements of the Word of God, and the realizations of experience, combine to prove, "Yes, for me, for me, He careth with a father's tender care."—Sabbath reading.

A Word of Encouragement.

There are enough men who make it their business to discourage their neighbors. Church and State are full of critics. Statesmen, lawmakers, officers of the government, ministers of the Gospel, and workers in the vineyard of the Lord are followed by an army of self-constituted critics who feel called on to condemn everything that is done. The air is full of fault-finding, the sky is black with denunciation, and the world is full of discouraged souls.

Discouragement and happiness are incompatible. When hope and courage goes out joy goes also. The depressed one hangs his harp on the willows, for how can he sing the Lord's song with a heavy heart? The most

perilous time in one's life is when he is tempted to give up. His strength is gone with his hope. He cannot fight the battle of life. There is as much hope of a dead man as of a hopeless man. If Satan can only take away our hope, he has us in his power, and can do with us almost as he will. Discouraged people lose confidence in God. They conclude that God has forgotten them, has not treated them justly, or that there is no God.

The Bible is the best book for discouraged souls in the world. One can find more encouragement here than in all other books put together. Here is encouragement for the weak. All are weak, but some are painfully conscious of peculiar weakness. There is nothing they can do. They cannot preach nor pray nor sing nor write. They are neither poets nor orators nor painters nor statesmen nor scholars. They have no calling, no trade, no tact, no adaptation. They see no place where they can lay to a helping hand. What says the Bible to them? 'God hath chosen the weak things of this world.' Let the weak one remember that he belongs to the very class from which the Almighty makes His choice. The weak shall confound the mighty. 'When I am weak, then am I strong.'

There is encouragement for us in our ignorance. We know little. We do not know how to preserve our physical health. Most persons who are sick are ignorant of the way in which they were overtaken by disease. They did not know how to avoid the invisible germs which invaded the body. The wisest scientist does not know. The invincible microbe is more than a match for our science. If we are ignorant of earthly things, how much more are we ignorant of heavenly things? If we cannot protect ourselves against material enemies, how shall we protect ourselves against spiritual wickedness in high places? Are we not helpless and hopeless in an evil world? Nay; the Bible says, 'If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.' The soldier must not take pains to protect himself from the missiles of the foe. His business is to follow his leader; and if he shall fall, he shall be covered with glory, because he fell in the path of duty. We follow our Leader. He knows all dangers. He is our Keeper. If we fall while following Him, we fall in the way of duty, and all is well. 'The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord.'

Burdened souls need comfort. The man who has a large family and a small income, the poor man who has no income, the afflicted who suffer pain, the aged who are laid aside, those who are wronged by their neighbors, all bear heavy burdens. Some are crushed to the earth. They have more than mortal can carry. Is there a word of encouragement for them? Here it is: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." Jesus, who fell exhausted under the burden of His cross just outside the gate of Jerusalem, knows what it means to be overloaded. He hath borne our sorrows and carried our griefs. Moreover, burdens which are cast on the Lord become blessings. They work together with all other things for good.

If, on a quiet sea, Toward heaven we calmly sail With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll owe the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise, And res' delay to come, Blest be the tempest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home."

Give What You Have

People say to me, 'Well, what can I do for the crowd? I haven't anything. I cannot preach and I have no gift.' Well, will you give the Master what you have?

I well remember in some special services some years ago, at home, a woman came to me at the close of the first Sunday morning service, and she said: 'Oh, I would give anything to have some living part in the work that is going on here next week in winning men and women for Christ, but I don't know what to do.'

I said, 'My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the five loaves and the two fishes you possess?' She said, 'I don't know that I have five loaves and two fishes.' I said: 'Have you anything that stands out at all in your life? Have you anything that you have used in any way specially? No, she didn't think she had.'

'Well, I said, 'can you sing?' 'Well, yes,' she said, 'I sing at home, and I have sung before now in an entertainment.'

'Well, now, I said, 'come away let us put our hand on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?' She said, 'I don't think I can.'

I said, 'You can sing at an enter-

tainment—can't you sing in order to fill hungry men? She said 'I will,' and I shall never forget that Sunday evening I asked her to sing and she sang.

She sang a gospel message with the voice that she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry room one man. I have been staying with that man within the last three months. That man said to me afterwards that it was that gospel that was sung that reached his heart, and from that day to this—that is now eleven or twelve years ago—that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and that country that I have ever known.

How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had, and he put his hand upon it and blessed it, and then she had to take it and use it, and the harvest was reaped right there and has been going on ever since. Will you give him what you have? You business men, you have got your business ability. Oh, that the business men in the church of Jesus Christ would bring to bear upon the things of God the same business capacity they put into their own affairs all the days of the week! Will you give what you have to the Master?—G. Campbell Morgan, in Western Methodist.

"The Bright Side."

An old colored woman once went to a Christian delegate at Vicksburg who was very ill with fever and much depressed in spirit, and said:

"Massa, does ye see de bright side dis mornin'?"

"No, Nanny," said I, "it isn't so bright as I wish it."

"Well, massa, I allus see de bright side."

"Y u do?" said I; "maybe you haven't had much trouble?"

"Maybe not," she said; and then went on to tell me in her simple, broken way, of her life in Virginia, of the selling of her children one by one, of the auction sale of her husband, and then of herself. She was alone now in camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years.

"Maybe I ain't seen no trouble, massa?"

"But, Nanny," said I, "have you seen the bright side all the time?"

"Allu, massa, allus."

"Well, how did you do it?"

"Dis is de way, massa. When I see de brack cloud comin' over"—and she waved her dark hand inside the tent, as though one might be set ling down there—"an' pears like it's comin' crushin' down on me, den I jet whips aroun' on de oder side, and I find de Lord Jesus dar; and den it's all bright and clear. De bright side's allus whar J sus is, massa."

"Well, Nanny," said I, "if you can do that, I think I ought to."

"Pears like you ought to, massa, as you's a preacher of de Word of Jesus."

She went away; I turned myself upon my blanket, and said in my heart: "The Lord is my Shepherd." It is all right and well. Now, come fever or health, come death or life, come burial on the Yazoo bluff or in the churchyard at home—"The Lord is my Shepherd." With this sweet peace of rest, God's care and love become very precious to me. I fell asleep when I awoke I was in a desperation; my fever was broken. Old Nanny's faith had made me whole.

That tight feeling in the upper portion of your lungs, is incipient bronchitis. You will proceed next to having inflamed lungs and pneumonia may follow. Adamson's Botanical Cough Balsam will give immediate relief. It has never failed and will not in your case. All Druggists, 25c.

"Be Done With It."

That was good advice which Emerson wrote to his daughter, who was away at school, when he told her to 'finish each day and be done with it.' Too many of us let the blunders and trials of one day cast a dark cloud over the sunshine of the next, says a writer in the Congregationalist. Yet it is possible to train ourselves to forget our failures and mortifications, and the habit, once formed, will add greatly both to our usefulness and happiness. It goes without saying that the earlier the habit is formed the better, and the wise mother will teach her children to 'look not mournfully into the past,' but to begin each day as if nothing hard or unpleasant had ever preceded it. When, at bedtime, the little boy tells her of his misdeeds and failures, and says, in a discouraged tone, 'There's no use going to school tomorrow, for I shall keep thinking how badly I did to-day, and then I shall surely do worse,' the loving mother will teach him to ask God's forgiveness for his wrong-doing and remind him that God has promised not only to forgive our sins, but to 'remember them no more.' Then surely we ought to forget them, too, and when the day is done 'be done with it.' When the

daughter at night complains that everything has gone wrong, the mother's comforting voice can assure her that, however bad it has been, the day is now gone forever and another day is coming in when we hope things will go right again. Thus, unconsciously, our children will learn to 'look forward and not backward,' and life will become, as Emerson characterized it, 'a putting off of dead circumstances day by day.'—Presbyterian.

Setting a Good Example.

In a certain congregation may be seen regularly an aged man silently following the course of the service, kneeling in prayer, standing in praise and sitting patiently through the sometimes lengthy sermon; yet all the while there is visible on his countenance that pathetic, passive calm, indicating a deafness that is all but total. 'Do you not find church-going very uninteresting now?' asked a friend recently.

'Yes,' answered the old man, I cannot deny that I do weary sometimes when the service is long; but I go for three reasons: First, I can at least honor God with my presence in His house. Second, I can worship Him in spirit, if in silence. Third, every churchgoer, if regular and faithful, may influence some one who is less so.'—Christian Standard.

A Silent Preacher.

A missionary in India was so feeble mentally that he could not learn the language. After some years he asked to be recalled, frankly saying that he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned his board not to grant his request, saying that his goodness gave him a wider influence among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert when asked, 'What is it to be a Christian?' replied, 'It is to be like Mr. —,' naming the missionary. He was kept in India. He never preached a sermon; but when he died hundreds of heathen as well as many Christians mourned him and testified to his holy life and character.

Gather together all those things that you have been saving so long, for fear you may need them, and bundle them right off to a lot of folks who have long been needing just such things. That is a good way to be your own executrix. You don't want folks to be fighting over the hoarding of 'old duds' you are likely to leave when you die.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

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A TWICE TOLD TALE

A St. Thomas Lady in May, '97 Told How Doan's Kidney Pills Cured Her of Backache and Made Her Strong and Healthy.

IN A RECENT LETTER SHE TELLS HOW SHE ENJOYED TWO AND A HALF YEARS OF SPLENDID HEALTH—FREE FROM PAIN OR SUFFERING. There are very few remedies now on the market that will stand the test of time. All they do is to give a little temporary relief. They never go to the seat of the trouble and root it out of the system.

Not so with Doan's Kidney pills. Their action on the Kidneys is of a permanent curative character, altogether unlike any of the substitutes or cheap imitations.

One strong proof of this is the two statements made by Mrs. E. W. Trump, of St. Thomas, Ont.

The first of these, made May 10th, 1897, is as follows: "When I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I was sick and miserable with severe pains in my back and kidneys. I was also very weak and nervous. Since using these pills the pains have been removed, my nerves have been strengthened and good health has been restored to me. They are a splendid medicine for kidney troubles of any kind."

The second statement which we give below is of recent date, and shows what splendid health Mrs. Trump has had since Doan's Kidney Pills cured her over two and a half years ago.

"Over two years ago I wrote telling of the cure made in my case by Doan's Kidney Pills. At the present time I am enjoying the very best of health, sleep well, eat well and my old enemies, backache and kidney trouble have never returned. Instead of misery and a broken down constitution, I have for the past two years enjoyed a fresh sense of the value and beauty of life."

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The new firm will carry a complete stock of Shelf and Builders' Hardware, Flocks and Table Cutlery, Iron and Steel, Cement and Fire Brick, Agricultural Implements, Guns, Revolvers and Sporting Goods, Carpenters' Tools, Carriage Stock, Glass Paints, Oils, &c., and will be up-to-date in prices and quality of Goods; and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

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