Beside the dead I knelt for prayer. And felt a presence as I prayed. Lo! it was Jesus standing there. He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death Restore again to life," I said, "This one who died an hour."

"Asleep then, as thyself didst say: Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep Her prisoned eyes from ours away! He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

He smiled: "She is not dead."

"Nay then, tho haply she do wake, And look upon some fairer dawn, Restore her to our hearts that ache!" He smiled: She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss. Nor hope again our joy to touch, Until the stream of death we cross." He smiled, "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far, The while we yearn to feel them near. Albeit with Thee we tru-t they are," He smiled, 'And I am here!"

"Dear I ord, how shall we know that they Still walk urseen with us and Thee, Nor sleep nor wander far away ?" He smiled: "Abide in Me. R. W. Raymond.

"The Worst Man | Ever Knew" An eminent speaker once startled his hearers by saying, "I want to tell you of the worst man I ever knew.' Some felt disposed to challenge the possibility of pronouncing upon degrees of wickedness in this unreserved way. Most looked for a picture of gross an flagrant depravity in the man thus held up to reprobation as among the worst of men.

But the speaker went on to tell of one whose life outraged none of the moral proprieties on which society lay its stress. He was a college student in one of the smaller colleges of New England. His mother had made, and

making, great sacrifices for his ducation. She was keeping a students' boarding-house, that she might have the means for that purpose. He had no gross vices. He was in most things what is called a well-behaved young fellow. But while he ate the food she provided for him, slept under the roof her labor procured for him, and studied out of the books he money bought for him, he would not speak to her! Some trifling offence on her part had stirred him to anger, and he sulked over it for weeks and months, meeting her every day at the table with the other students, but never opening his lips to greet her, much less to thank her. Day after day he inflicted on her the pain of this ostentatious silence, with no regard for her suffering. "That," said the speaker, "was the worst man I ever knew." And the consciences of his hearers went with him as he said

Thanklessness toward a mother and willingness to inflict continued pain upon her out of spite like this!

In no other relationship among men the claim to gratitude so great for no other demands so many acts of selfsacrificing leve on the part of those who worthily discharge it. As Drum" mond shows, in his "Ascent of Man, the perpetuity of the race, not only of man, but even of many of the lower animals, depends upon the passionate and self-forgetting love of motherhood. In the human mother the dumb and briefly exercised instincts of the lower races blossom into a conscious and prolonged devotion, which has nothing superor to it in human relationships. It is a type of that friendship which seeketh not its own, and lives by giving rather than by getting. Its great ness is often shown in the response it evokes. In many of the worst of men there lingers on a something of due gratitude towards their mothers, after all else that recalls the human ideal the means of winning such men back from vileness to goodness. He who has lost it has sunk far indeed, whatever his outward show of moral propriety and respectability.

for love which brightens the moral didn't get him. He was too busy universe. As the profit reminds us, in all sadness, there are limits at times to even it, -- " yea, she may forget." But there is a love which never knows a limit, shrinks from no sacrifice, admits no weariness, seeks no rest. A mother's love is in itself but a partial our people are on the other side. revelation of the love of God, which "loved us into being," as Goldsmith says, and which finds its expression in more or less adequate ways in every human affection it has formed or developed in us.

our existence. It has filled the world detect a shadow of false inflection with abundance for our enjoyment. It has sustained our race by its wise and merciful guidance all through history. It has borne with us in our who believes something, and can tell wanderings, inflicted on us the chas- it and back it up with a good life."

us that Son entering human life at its tempt, contradiction, mockery, pain, and, at last, an excruciating death, neither to themselves nor to the occasin and the terror of death. It shows is strange; it is difficult to strike the us the divine patience with which the right pitch of voice; the faces are Spirit of God dwe'ls in the hearts of strange and the response of the congremen, grieved and pained by what he gation is an unknown quality. A must see in even the best of us, yet preacher is not on fair trial until he deserting not the worst unless they has been heard several times. He will utterly cast out his influence and then be free from embarrassment and blaspheme his name. Such is the dis- the congregation will also be free from closure of that love which is the bur- curiosity and can listen to him for the den of revelation from Genesis to Revelation,—the red thread woven into the very texture of God's disclosures of himself to man. Browning, in his "Saul," makes David foresee this, saying of God:

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou, - so wilt thou! So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown .-

And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down One spot for the creature to stand in!

is by no breath. Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvafion

joins issue with death!" These great facts are pertinent to each and every one of us. Each of us is in actual contact with them in our lives, in so far as we are not rejecting the council of God against ourselves. The father's gift, the Son's sacrifice, the Spirit's indwelling, are realities with which we have to deal as much as with any fact in our daily ideas of a remedy never go beyond surroundings. Indifference to all this, silence in return for all this utterance of the heart and mind of God towards us thanklessness toward the giver,what baser sin than this is possible to

To take all gifts from God and never thank him, to live under the roof of his protecting love and never acknowledge him, to lie down in the peace and safety he gives us for our rest, and never feel a thrill of gratitude, is terrible enough. But to know all that his love has cost him, and all that it has and is sacrificing for us, and yet remain untouched by it, is ceeds logically in having a difficult and a deeper depth within the deepest disappointing experience. depth of human wrong-doing. It goes beyond the sin of that college student, though we may feel this more keenly just because it lies on the human level and near at hand to us.

The Chase for a Pastor.

"It was never more difficult," said

"This is bad," I said to myself what has become of the competent men? Have they died off? Is the their skill in the hunt for a pastor?"

Then I went over to see a man. He s chairman of the supply committee of a big church which has been hunting for a pastor for a year and a half. told him that I had dropped in to talk with him about his experience. A look passed over his face like that of man who is recalling a bad spell of

"We have had a serious time," he said, "and have spent a good deal of money sending committees here and there. Sometimes the committee did not find the man in his pulpit. Then they had to go again. When they had found him and agreed on him, the church did not like him.

"Finally a man came along as a supply on a hot summer day. He took us by storm. But we could not take him by storm. We couldn't dishas vanished, and it often has been lodge him. Then we began to scour the country again, with incursions into Canada. After six months the committee struck an agreement and persuaded the object of their admira tion to come and see us, and incident-But even a mother's love does not ally to be seen and sized up.. He was sound the very depths of the capacity a go; we took him en masse. But we where he was. Another man came in sight and the committee said he would do. But when he preached to us he upset everything by his pronounced expressions on one of the great public questions of the day. Too many of

"And so here we are; nearly two years gone and no pastor. But what is worse, we have become a congregation of trained critics, experts on the qualification of preachers. We can see a wrinkle in a man's coat, even This love is all around our life and when we can't see the man, and can when we cannot grasp a message. But we live in hopes. We know that there are good ministers. We want a man

tisement of sons, wooed us back from Another gentleman who was telling coughs. 25c. all Druggists.

our sins to itself. And the Bible dis- | me about the long hunt of his church closes depths in it which our imagi- for a pastor said: "We heard a great nations never could have compassed. number of men, and some of them ex-It shows us the eternal Father, moved | cellent men, two or three who have by it to send his well beloved Son into | made reputations in your city, but we a world which loved him not, that this hardly gave them a second thought. divine gift might enrich our loveless Atlast we made about the worst possible and impoverished natures. It shows selection. But let me say that some of the best men failed badly in their darkest doors, enduring poverty con- sermons. They were embarrassed, or overshot the mark and did justice that by this sacrifice of himself he sion. Certainly it is an embarrassing might redeem us from the power of position to put a man in. The room sake of his message. If he is a man with one or two 'show sermons' he will be down to his every-day size, and the people will know what they must live with if they call him."

The difficulty; therefore, seems to be of a double kind. While there may be some scarcity of men competent for important pastorates, there is also some scarcity of churches competent to find the right kind of a pastor. Not all churches know what they want. And the more perturbed their theology, the more aggravated is this embarrassment. Some of the people want a message of salvation for sin, and others do not. A college professor said to me the other day: "I know that I am sinful, and I want a preacher who has the courage to say so and the wisdom to prescribe a remedy." But others want a pastor too polite to mention subject so distasteful as sin, and whose soothing syrup. Others want an intellectual stimulus and are indifferent to spiritual wants and appeals. Stil others want little more than entertainment, and it does not matter much whether it be of eloquence, with drollery or sensationalism. And there are the "young people." Notwithstanding the fact that the old people generally have their own way, yet the supposed wishes of the young people are made to cover a multitude of ob-

Hence a church not knowing what it wants and setting out to get it, suc-

Nevertheless Dr. Scimson's remark is still troublesome. - Advance.

Those Who Must Tarry at Home

are compelled to tarry at home. The eye that we can see, and we have no great race of life goes on and they are congregation to be offended by our Dr. Stimson, "to find a competent left behind; they are too weak to run. absence, lateness or carelessness. I man for an important pastorate than Here is a poor invalid who has for am sure my reader knows, or has years been unable to leave the bed of known, the reality of at least some pain. He started with grand promise, temptations. The warm bed when and men said he would be first at the we wake, the bright fire in the late goal. But God weakened his strength evening, the allurements of book or ministry losing its brains, its learning, in the way, and he fell ere the race conversion, or whatever it is that its piety, or are the churches losing had well begun. He sees the inferiors must give way if we are to set ourof other days pass him, and he is selves to seek the King's face before tempted to cry in his despair, What we sleep, the specious excuses and profit is there in my life? Why am I palliations of the heart-these things suffered to live on? Thinkest thou, are real, and they are peculiar hindthen, that thou art doing no work for rances to the full exercise of regular God? God himself thinks otherwise. He says that they who run in the race have only half the battle; they must divide the spoil with those who tarry at home. There are those whose duty it is to wait for God. They have nothing to do with the hand, with the sweat of the brow, with the toil of the brain; their work is all with the heart. But what a work that is! The toils of hand and brain are nothing to it; these yield a solace by their very energy, but the sad heart has only to bear. It is harder to bear than to do. I may be rudely jostled in the race, but the race itself gives an excitement that makes me forget my pain; I am there, at least, in the company of my fellow-men. But to tarry at home, to wait passive under the shadow of God, to have nothing to do but bear the trial of life, this is the trial of love. Yes, my soul, and this is thy communion with thy Lord. His work, too, was to tarry at home. All the runners in the race laid their burdens on him and left him alone to bear them. He bowed his head in the garden, but he fainted not. He emptied his glory on the cross, but his love remained full. Stand beside him, oh, my soul; watch with him in the lonely garden; help him to bear his cross up a time it has been said of me by those the via dolorosa; strive with the dying penitent by his side to see the majestic strength of his sustained weakness; and thou shalt know why it is written of him: "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."-George Matheson.

> ing will make a fraud finally successful Men are fools to try it. As for us we merely tell a tame truth and say Adamson's Botanic Balsam is splendid for

Anger.

Anger is not always or necessarily sinful, but it has such a tendency to run wild, that, whenever it displays itself, we should be quick to question its character with this inquiry, "Doest thou well to be angry?" it may be that we can answer, "Yes."

Very frequently anger is the madman's fire-brand, but sometimes it is Elijah's fire from Heaven.

sin, because of the wrong which it does matter. commits against our good and gracious God; or with ourselves because we the Lord hate evil.'

Far more frequently it is to be feared that our anger is not commendable, that which it covers. The Outlook. or even justifiable, and then we must answer, "No." Why should we be fretful with children, passionate with servants and wrathful with companions? Is such anger honorable to our Christian profession or glorifying to God? Is it not the old evil heart seeking to gain dominion, and should we not resist it with all the might of our new-born nature? Many professors give way to temper as though it were useless to attempt resistance but let the believer remember that he must be a conqueror in every point or else he cannot be crowned. If we cannot control our tempers, what has grace done for us?

Some one told Mr. Jay that grace was often grafted on a crab-stump, 'Yes," said he, "but the fruit will not be crabs." We must not make natural infirmity an excuse for sin, but we must fly to the Cross, and pray the Lord to crucify our tempers, and renew us in gentleness and meekness after his own image. - Spurgeon.

Difficulties Of Secret Prayer.

First the peculiar temptation to axity and indolence in the practice, just because it is secret. In the case of public prayer and social prayer, the fact of association brings, of course, certain aid in this direction. We are constrained by it to keep time with others, at least, to some degrees, and to behave ourselves as men under the eye of others. But we may shorten our time of secret prayer, we may thrust it into a corner, we may lie late in the morning, or sit up comfortably There are some in this world who late at night, and we are seen by no secret prayer.—Selected.

A Word to the Old. You will soon be gone. Life's journey with you is nearing its close. If you propose, in the goodness of your hearts, to help church erection, now is the time to do it. For the Master's sake do not put off arranging your property interests. Do you believe in helping needy congregations to places of their own in which to worship? Do you want to put your money where it will live and work and do good long after you are dead and gone? Then leave something for church erection. Give it while you live, if at all possible; if not, then make church erection an heir and bequeath it a part of your material wealth, to be used in the good work the burden of one great cross—this is for all time. I beg of you, in Heaven's name, do not neglect a duty so important. Where else on earth could you put your money and expect larger returns than this society promises?

Life's Best Days.

The venerable pastor and great preacher, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, speaks this cheering word of testimony :

"I had as happy a childhood as falls to the lot of most children, and many who were visiting at my father's house, This is the happiest time in life for you.' I did not believe it then; I did not believe it as I grew older, and I know now that it was not true.

"The happiest time in your life is to come hereafter. If you try to do that which is right and useful to others, No Amount of brilliant advertis- that which is honorable to yourself, and that which is for the glory and praise of God, every year of your life will be happier than that which went before it.

"So do not feel that you are entering an oppressive, grinding, hateful world. Life on earth grows better and sweeter as one goes on in it, and what you are to do is to try to make a success of that life, each one of you.'

A Good Reputation Helps Others.

Occasionally I hear some one say with a pious air, "It doesn't matter what people think of me, I know my We do well when we are angry with heart is right." Ah, my friend, but it

Let me give you an illustration: In sight of my office window is a church remain so foolish after so much divine tower, on each of the three sides there instruction; or with others, when the is a clock face. On one of these one sole cause of anger is the evil which of the hands has been broken, making they do. He who is not angry the clock tell strange tales. Of course at transgression, becomes a partaker there are people who do not underin it. Sin is a loathsome and hateful stand the circumstances, and are therething, and no renewed heart can pati- fore misled by it. At heart the old ently endure it. God himself is angry | clock is all right, but that doesn't alter with the wicked every day, and it is the seriousness of the fact that people written in His Word: "Ye that love have been late in meeting their engagements and have missed their trains, because the face is not an index to

Industrious Jackdaws.

Once jackdaws have taken a fancy to any particular situation, they will perform the most astonishing tasks in the way of collecting sticks wherewith to make a foundation for their nest. A pair once tried to build in the belltower of Eton College Chapel, England, and in the space of seventeen days formed a solid pillar of sticks no less than ten feet in height, says the Atlanta Journal. Another couple completely blocked up a church tower in the space of three weeks by collecting a cartload of sticks, which they placed one upon another until the

If you are a servant, make your employer feel that you are the most reliable person about the place. Joseph in jail was as reliable as when governor of Egypt. Cream rises to the top even if it is in a washhand basin. - Champness.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveller, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' ECLECTRIC OIL for Inflammatory rheumatism and three bottles effected a complete cure. was the whole of one summer uuable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. however keep a bottle of DR. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much good for me."

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