

Give Us Men!

Give us men! Men from every rank, Fresh and free and frank; Men of thought and reading, Men of light and leading, Men of loyal breeding, Men of faith, and not of faction, Give us men! I say again, Give us men!

Give us men! Strong and stalwart ones; Men whom highest hope inspires, Men whom purest honor fires, Men who trample self beneath them, Men who make their country wreath them, As her noble sons, Worthy of their sires! Men who never shame their mothers, Men who never fail their brothers, True, however false are others, Give us men! I say again, Give us men!

A Fresh Drink From an Old Well.

When David longed for a refreshing draught from the old well in Bethlehem, where he had so often quenched his thirst in other days, the Philistines held the place, and there seemed no possible way to gratify his desire. But the well of salvation of which the prophet speaks is accessible to all. No garrison of soldiers can hinder the thirsty soul from taking the water of life freely. The wise man says, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

It is an old well. One is not over-confident when he is offered water from a new well. It has not yet been tried. But the well of salvation is older than Jacob's well. It is as old as the human race. The first sinner was invited to quench at this well the raging thirst which sin caused. Millions have received the waters of this well, and all have found them good. The well has been long and well tested. We are hearing much about new wells in our time, but we are not sure that these new religions have anything good to offer. At any rate the old is better.

It is easy to draw water from the well of salvation. "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep," said the woman of Samaria to Jesus. The deeper the well the more difficult to draw, as a rule. But here is the deepest well in the world, and yet the water is so easy of access that a little child may draw. On one occasion Jesus, referring to these waters, said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes."

The water of this well are free to all. It is said that the question of wells in India is a perplexing question. The low caste men and women must not drink out of the well which belongs to the high caste, lest the waters be polluted, and the high caste will not receive water from the hands or the well of the low caste, lest they be defiled. But there is no such difficulty about the water of life. All may come to this well together, and none shall be defiled. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the consumptive and the leper may drink together out of the same cup, and none shall be polluted. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

us," and they strive against each other. But there is no deed of strife here. There is enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore. Christians do sometimes strive about this well. Many a sanguinary strife has been waged about the Lord's Supper, baptism, the nature of Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, and the holy Bible. But while Christians have been striving they have not been drawing much water, nor drinking much, nor giving many cups of cold water to the little ones. The children have been scattered, thirsty sinners have gone away disgusted, and sought to quench their thirst at broken cisterns.

The water in this well is good. On one occasion the children of Israel came to a spring in the desert, but the waters were bitter. What a grievous disappointment to a thirsty multitude: There may be death in a well. Physicians tell us that many of the fevers and other diseases which prevail among us are due to the pollution of the water men drink. There is death in the reservoir and in the spring. It is amazing with what eagerness thirsty men will drink of springs the waters of which have never been analyzed and tested. It is more amazing still that men and women will drink of springs of literature with thoughtless eagerness, when these waters are well known to be polluted and deadly. But the water of life is good. These are healing waters. There are said to be healing springs in the mountains of our own and other countries.

Invaders travel far and cross the ocean and expend large sums of money that they may try the virtues of these far-famed springs. That they often receive benefit cannot be doubted. But there is something better. These waters heal the soul. The fever of sin, the blindness of sin, the paralysis of sin, the leprosy of sin are all cured at this fountain. Here are pardon for the guilty, peace for the restless, hope for the despairing, righteousness for the wicked, salvation for the lost, life for the dead. "Come ye, disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

This well never fails. Many springs fail in summer. Many travelers in the desert have perished because the springs at which they had hoped to find water had failed. The well of salvation never fails. How soon the thoughts of men fail. How soon the systems of philosophy or religion whereby great things were promised have failed. But the Bible never fails. Its failure has been predicted by the wise men of this world for centuries. They have done all they could to make it fail. They have tried to fill it up with their arguments and ridicule, but the waters flow on more copiously than ever. More human souls drink at this well today than ever before. Confidence in its virtue increases with the increase of intelligence. Christianity has not failed. Christian prayer has not failed. Christian hope has not failed. Christian principles have not failed. They are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.—Chris. Advocate.

Individual Work for Christ.

BY AMOS R. WELLS. "The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless," stoutly declares Dr. Talmage. "The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills." If this is so—and there is much truth in it—then it is a terribly sad condition of affairs, since Christians are the salt of the earth, and if they are to lose their savor, where will shall the world be salted? By virtue of his calling, his powers, his blessings and his opportunities, there is no one on earth that should be so fiercely active as the Christian; and Christians are active enough, but it is always about their Father's business?

A discouraged young doctor was visited by his former father. "I'm not getting along at all," said the young man. The father sat near that morning and watched his son care for twenty-five unfortunates in the "Free Dispensary." "I thought you said you were not getting along?" he inquired. "I did," was the reply; "there's no money in this." "No money?" shouted the old man. "Why if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as you have in one morning, I'd bless God that my life counted for something. Keep right on, and I'll gladly work on the farm to support you."

We are all so slow to see what this old farmer saw, namely: that the only life worth living is a life of helpfulness and that the best kind of helpfulness springs from personal contact. Lady Holland was constantly complaining because she had nothing to occupy her time. One day she uttered her characteristic lament in the presence of the poet Rogers, who gave her some sarcastic but valuable advice: "Try something new, Lady Holland; try doing a little good." There is no ennui in a life of Christian service. Every day is full of fresh interest. Every night is full of peace.

Let us all adopt for our own this prayer by the ill-fated Maltbie D. Babcock, who so beautifully exemplified his spirit in his life; O Lord, I pray That for this day I may not swerve By foot or hand From Thy command— Not to be served, but to serve.

Zacchean Conversions

Conversions has been described as "rightabout face," and such it was with Zaccheus of old. He made "reparation," thereby proving the genuineness of his conversion. He had, doubtless, acted dishonestly with many upon whom he had levied taxes, and he was ready to "restore him fourfold," ever. A pocket-book conversion seldom needs to be questioned.

Zacchean conversions are not unknown in these modern times. Several have come under my own observation. These parties are long since dead, having lived in the faith and died in triumph.

While pastor in a certain New England city, during a very gracious revival, a man probably sixty-five years of age, knelt at our altars. His face was hard and selfish, and one looking at it would say, "He is a hard-hearted man," even before knowing a word of his character. He was a regular Shylock, accumulating his shekels with the utmost greediness. But he repented, and was saved. How did we know? He made reparation, and without delay. There was a "widow in that city," to whom he went and made his confession: "while your husband was alive, I cheated him out of twenty dollars. I have now come to restore it, and I have brought you a barrel of flour besides." The money and flour were placed in possession of the widow and "Zaccheus" went on his way rejoicing, for "salvation had come to his house."

While a pastor in one of the Middle States a choice Christian brother gave me an account of his conversion. He was "struck under conviction while listening to a sermon preached by Bishop Bowman at an Annual Conference. He retired to his home to pray, and was soon rejoicing in sins forgiven. That night he began to think of his business. He was a wholesale grocer. The more he thought, the more he was troubled. Certain things suggested themselves in connection with that business that must be changed, or he could not remain a Christian. To change them would expose him before all his clerks. Could he endure the humiliation? For three nights he tossed on his pillow without sleep. The conflict with Satan was fierce. But "Christian" triumphed through the "sufficient grace" promised. The third morning found him in his store bright and early, with a godly determination in his face. That day all false labels came off the boxes and those telling the exact truth were pasted on.

There were fewer boxes of "pure" spices in that store the next day, but the man at the head had a clear conscience and happy heart. "Salvation came to that house." Such reparation such personal humiliation, often mark and emphasize sincere repentance and genuine conversation.—Rev. O. W. Scott, in Zion's Herald.

You can't isolate yourself and say that the evil in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air we breathe. Evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin brings suffering to others besides those who commit it.—Eliot

"I Will Not Be Afraid"

Some years ago I stood at the mouth of one of the Chicago tunnels, showing my little son the dark passageways under the river. As he peered into the darkness he seemed frightened and held my hand with a firmer grasp. I said to him, "You would not dare go through that dark, gloomy place, would you?" Looking into my face confidently, he replied, "Papa, if you would go with me, and I could hold your hand, I would not be afraid." His childish faith and confidence that he was safe while clinging to his father's hand was a lesson to me that I have never forgotten. It has taught me that no matter how dark and rayless a pathway I may be called to pass through, or what doubts, trials and difficulties confront me, there is One who says, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41: 19). The Saviour will dispel all fear, and lighten every burden, and enable me to say with the palmist, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me" (Psalm 23: 4). There are many dark places in life through which you must pass. Is Jesus your guide and pilot?—Dr. O. F. Presbrey, in N. Y. Advocate.

The Creed of Integral Christianity

I believe in the Ten Commandments; And in the Nine Beautitudes; And in the Seven Petitions of the Lord's Prayer; And in the Four "Alls" of the Great Commission; And in the Six "Whatsoevers" of the Apostle; And in the strictly Self-evident Truths in the "Cans" and "Cannots" of the Holy Word and of the Nature of Things; And that it is He who was, and is, and is to come, Both Exhaustless Love and a Consuming fire; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; ONE GOD, Infinite and unchangeable in every Excellence; Of whom the Universe is the Autograph, And the Conscience of Man the immortal Abode: And the Character and Cross of Christ the most glorious Self-manifestation;

OUR SAVIOUR, AND LORD,

To whom be adoration and dominion, world without end, Amen.—Joseph Cook. On one occasion a minister found it necessary to punish his little daughter. But she climbed into his lap, and, throwing her arms around his neck, said: "Papa, I do love you." "Why do you love me, my child?" the father asked. "Because you try to make us good. Let us then cultivate in all our trials and afflictions the grateful and loving spirit of this child.—Herald and Presbyterian.

As snow is itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm, and make it fruitful.—John Mason.

Let anyone set his heart to do what is right, and ere long his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up heroic expression.—Charles Kingsley.

Croupy Coughs of Children.

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the help must be right at hand if it is to be help at all. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and fully deserves it. You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour, or perhaps two hours, while the child is gasping for breath? How much simpler were the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles is right at hand. Indeed, no other way is safe with young children in the house.

Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or bronchial tubes are cured by the Balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

To be willing is rarer grace than to doing the will of God. For he who is willing may sometimes have nothing to do, and must only be willing to wait.—Henry Drummond.

"Herein is Love."

A gentleman of some wealth and high social position was taken ill. Being much troubled about the little love he found in his heart for God, he complained bitterly to one of his brethren. This is how the brother answered him: "When I leave you I shall go to my residence, and the first thing I expect to do is to call my baby. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle, and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is she loves me little. If my heart was breaking, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body was racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play. If I were dead, she would be assumed in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If any friends came to remove the corps to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, though I am not rich, there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me. Am I waiting for her to do something worth of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about. And I do love him now as I never loved him before." We think of our littleness, when we should remember our Father's almightiness. We bewail our weakness, when we should be grateful for our Father's great love.—"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us" (1 John iv. 10).—Pittsburg Advocate.

FOR NINE YEARS—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil a trial which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world and I write this to let others know what it has done for me!"

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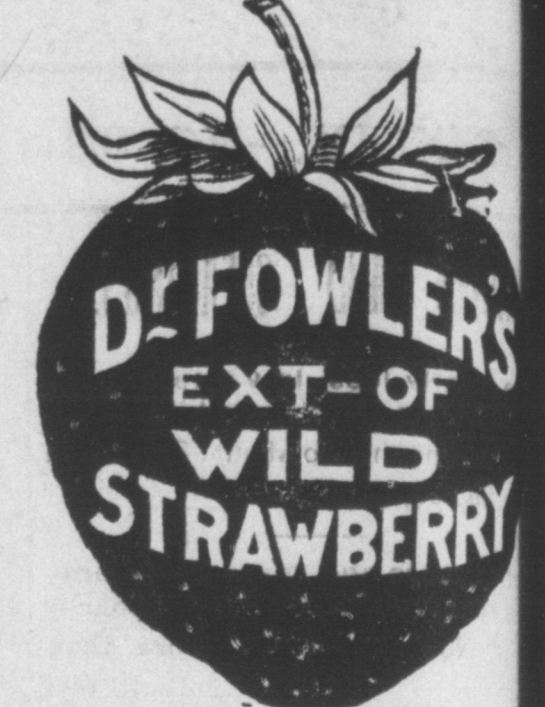
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