

After All.

Grief is strong, but joy is stronger; Night is long, but day is longer; When life's riddle solves and clears, And the angels in our ears...

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter; Love complete, but faith completer; Close beside our wandering ways, Through dark nights and weary ways...

Sigh then, soul, but sing in sighing, To the happier things replying; Dry the tears that dim thy seeing, Give glad thoughts for life and being...

Susan Coolidge.

Pastors that Scatter the Sheep

Why did not all the sheep of Christ, crowd into the fold! Why have so many wandered away and lost themselves on the dark mountains?

Some pastors scatter the sheep by a spirit of avarice. They feed themselves instead of the flock. They have a keener scent for gold than for souls.

By a spirit of indolence the pastor may scatter the sheep. The pastor who loves ease more than prayer will find the people forsaking the Church.

Some pastors stir up strife. The churches they serve are in a turmoil. The spirit of strife is often in the pastor.

Many sheep have been scattered by tyrannical and cruel pastors. With these burning words did the prophet address the cruel shepherds of his day:

biblical matters. They have become fascinated with what they call the scholarship of our times. It has been revealed to them that traditional ideas of inspiration and authorship of the Bible are antiquated and absurd.

It is the pastor's chief business to turn men from the error of the ungodly life into the true way of faith in God. There may be cases when he can do good by correcting erroneous theological and biblical opinions.

"Who comes of bellicious malice full, To scatter, tear, and slay," Chris. Advocate.

Mr Moody's Favorite Text.

"The Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." "That spirits the purpose of His coming. He did not come to condemn the world: He came to save it."

Mr. Moody talked of the circumstances surrounding and leading up to the utterance of his text: "Here was this blind beggar, Bartimeus, a man who was led every day by a dog, or maybe a child, to a place on the turnpike at Jericho."

"By the way, I was in Jerusalem yesterday, and I saw this new prophet Jesus of Nazareth, and the most wonderful thing I ever saw in my life—he gave sight to a man who had never seen from his birth. Would you like to see?"

"I suppose Bartimeus said: 'They tell me I shall see in the world to come but never in this world.'"

"And the man said: 'Yes, Bartimeus, He can n a e you see.'"

"'But,' Bartimeus asked, who must I get to speak for me? I guess I need some influential man, a rabbi or somebody, to state my case."

"And that is one thing the religion of Christ is for. It is to wipe out these class distinctions and hatreds and prejudices. We are a bad lot, all of us. We have got to learn that God looks at all of us alike and that there is the same mercy and love for all of us."

"So the next day Bartimeus was in his place listening and presently he heard the tramp, tramp of many feet. And he called out, 'Who is it? Who is coming?' straining his blind eyes and his ears toward the sound, and some body said: 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by; and then he cried out; 'Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me!'"

Mr. Moody then went on to picture Zacheus meeting Bartimeus, who was hurrying home to see what the wife he loved looked like, and the astonishment of Zacheus, and his hastening away to climb a tree that he might see this Jesus of Nazareth.

"A crowd of boys, no doubt, came first, and then Zacheus saw Matthew, perhaps, and said to himself: 'Does he have publicans about him: for people then looked at publicans as we do at saloon-keepers. Jesus loves the saloon-keepers, too, and I wish we could bring all of them to Him.'"

"Christ called Zacheus, the richest man in Jericho, after He had blessed Bartimeus, the poorest man there. He knows no classes; He gives blessings and joy alike to all."—N. Y. Sun.

Faithfulness in Little Things.

Thinking on this subject, I have tried to classify and rate the matters that interest us and claim our attentions—as some great and some small—and I find that all things that seem great in some ways resolve themselves into particles, and I am ready to exclaim, "Whoever is faithful in the least is faithful in all."

The years of the longest life are made up of days, the days of hours, the hours of minutes, and the minutes of seconds. The longest journey is only inch added to inch. The weight of the earth or the largest planet may be told in ounces. With our life work it is much the same—the wisdom of the wisest is gained a lesson at a time.

The most successful home-maker accomplishes her object by patiently attending to a thousand matters, each so small as to be counted trivial, yet when all is done she merits higher honor than can be rightfully accorded any other woman, even though she may have ruled empires.

Sunday school work is no exception to the rule, and the question for us now is what are these little things so essential yet so easily neglected? A knowledge of the Bible may seem at the first suggestion a big thing, but we must remember that it is acquired little by little. A general outline of its history is essential. The biographical sketches must be familiar. The meaning of many a text is lost because it is considered out of its proper setting of time, place and circumstances.

Teachers, officers and pupils must be promptly in their places. It may seem a very little thing whether you or I go to Sunday school to-day, but be assured that no one can be absent without marring the work of the whole. And there must be faithful work in securing the attendance of those who never go. Here must be found use for all the pleasant wiles of hand-shaking, smiles, pleasant remarks and interested inquiries. One by one the young and old should be gathered in to learn the Way of Life. Maps, pictures and flowers, too, brighten the Sunday school room and are helps that must not be neglected.

The gift of the Holy Spirit and prayer are not little things, and we must not fail to secure all the help they afford day by day. And we are to continue faithful if the apparent results are not what we expect to see.

It is said that the sun throws off heat enough to warm ten thousand planets; but if, on account of seeming waste of effort, it would cease to throw off any, how soon would our little earth and her dozen sister planets be quite frozen. An oak tree casts into the earth a thousand acorns which fail to produce a tree; still if the oak, discouraged, ceased to bear acorns, there would soon be no oak trees. And all effort for the uplifting of humanity seem to

require the same prodigality of effort. Our Savior, after three years of teaching and wonderful works, found himself surrounded by only a few firm followers. A discouraged rout, out of dry ground it seemed, we now see that it drew nourishment from the river of life, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Adoniram Judson worked nine years in Burmah before his faith was rewarded with a convert. A gentle touch of a hand on his shoulder and a few kind words saved John B. Gough from a drunkard's death and a drunkard's hell; but who shall say upon how many other shoulders that hand was laid and the falling man, unheeding, went his way to destruction.

Faithfulness in little things means a continual doing of these things while life lasts, leaving the results with Him whose promise is, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Free Baptist.

Never Give Up.

There are times in the experience of nearly all Christians when they feel that it is scarcely worth while for them to persevere in their efforts to serve God. These seasons of dejection and depression originate in various causes. Sometimes they are the product of physical infirmities, and lie measurably beyond the control of the will.

When we so far forget our duty to God as to deliberately disobey his commandments there comes to us, not only a sense of condemnation, but also a sense of weakness. We are tempted to doubt whether there is any more probability of our keeping the narrow path hereafter than we have done heretofore, and to draw the inference that our wrong deeds already done argue an incapacity for right living at any time. Satan takes advantage of this confused mental state, and urges us that we cannot hope to maintain the steadfastness of our faith, we should make the most of such opportunities as come to us for worldly enjoyment, and let the consequences take care of themselves.

Ought we not, in fact, to learn with our advancing years to be more and more on guard against our evil tendencies? The general who has lost one battle may win another. His very defeat may teach him how to face his enemy more effectively. The great lesson that ought to come to us out of all the struggles and conflicts of our earthly probation is one of watchfulness and trustfulness—of watchfulness over ourselves and trustfulness in God. Girding up always the loins of our minds, and laying fresh hold upon the divine promises, let us press on and up toward the goal.

HARD, RACKING COUGHS.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing for the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long seige. You feel the hard, racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of barks and gums. You can test it 25 cents at any druggist's. Get the genuine, with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

The Christian Life.

Engineers and geologists tell approximately how long iron and coal beds will last, and add that when they are exhausted England's wealth and power will come to an end. We are told that the great oil wells of America and Russia are showing signs of coming exhaustion so that crude oil is no longer sold for fuel but for light only. I can conceive of the time when all the gold and silver and precious stones shall have been dugged out of the earth; when all her treasures of iron and copper and tin and nickel shall have been mined to the last ounce. I can conceive of the time when all the fountains of water shall be dried up and

exhausted; when no more rain clouds shall overshadow the earth; when the atmosphere which swathes us in its protecting folds shall thin itself away and the earth become, as we are told the moon is, an exhausted, burnt-out world, airless and rainless—a cinder from which all wealth has been consumed—an empty shell. Even the sun, astronomers tell us, is gradually burning itself out in self-consumption. But the unspeakable treasures of grace which are in Christ shall never be exhausted. Though our iniquities be as the hairs of our head, and our sins as the sands of the seashore for multitude, there will always be supplies of forgiving grace in Christ—the gift of God. Though our sins be as scarlet, and red like crimson in their guilty stain, yet will the gracious chemistry of His precious blood be sufficient to make them as wool and snow for whiteness. His strength shall always be sufficient for our weakness and His grace to help us in every time of need. Oh, the inexhaustible gift of God! Who would not share in its wealth of supply, according to the riches of His glory, wherein He always abounds towards us! Receive then, that gift and live!—George F. Pentecost.

"Either Pull, or Bail, or Cut Bait."

Work is a privilege, and work is a duty. This is true in every sphere of life, and in all spheres. No sphere is so exalted as to lift its members above the importance and gain of earnest toil, and no sphere is so low as to bring its members below the possibility of this blessing. Paul said of Christian brethren in his day, "If any will not work, neither let him eat." That is sound and sensible counsel for any day. "Either pull, or bail, or cut bait," was the imperative order in a leaky fishing-boat at a distance from the shore. All were to work in some way. Wherever we are, there is something for us to do, for ourselves and our fellows. Let us help to make progress, or try to fight leaks, or, at all events, help those who are working. "Either pull, or bail, or cut bait." If we refuse to do one of them, we have no claim on the limited supply of rations.—S. S. Times.

The prayer of Dr. Lyman Beecher was: "O Lord, grant that we may not despise our rulers: and grant, O Lord, that they may not act so we can't help it!"

Excessive caution wins no battles; over timidity secures no crowns.

Religion to keep sweet must be used every day.

A gold cross on a string of beads is not the "cross of Christ."

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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The nasty little pimples that crowd on the face and other parts of the body are simply indications that the blood is out of order and requires purifying. They are little irritating reminders to you that you need a course of treatment with Burdock Blood Bitters. When B.B.B. makes your blood pure then the pimples will vanish and your skin become soft and clear. Here is evidence worth considering: Mrs. Morrice Ketch, Bristol Carleton Co., N.B., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Burdock Blood Bitters to every one troubled with pimples. I have for years that I would break with them at times on my face and back. I tried all sorts of remedies including doctors' medicine, but everything failed to cure me. At last I heard of B.B.B. and thought I would try it. When I had finished taking two bottles I felt a great deal better so kept on using it until I had taken in all six bottles. It has completely and permanently removed every pimple from my body and I now feel better in my life than I did the present time."

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