

The Law.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Who stoops to lift a brother from the clay Himself shall lifted be; Who giveth of his love from day to day To others generously Shall surely find his own life still filled up With blessings more and more, And his soul crowned by joy as some deep cup With holy wine brimmed o'er.

Who follows where the Master's steps have trod, To him it shall be given To quaff unstinted from the love of God And breathe the air of heaven. For this the law: to all who scatter seed With liberal hand in spring, There is throughout the universe decreed A tenfold harvesting.

-Chris. Advocate

A Head-On Collision.

There they stood before us, locked in a titanic embrace like two giants both dead. The fast-mail was late that morning and the slow-moving way-freight had ventured upon the wrong track, their two trains headed in opposite directions. And suburban residents on their way to the city found them blocking the right of way with their interlocked, be-hemoth-like bodies, now only great masses of broken, tangled and cold steel.

We thought of them all day long. They filled the intervals of duty with their shadowy presences. It was long since we have listened to any preachers who have impressed us more deeply. Of one thing they made us more certain; and that is, forces moving on parallel lines may never meet; forces upon the same line, both moving in the same direction at different rates of speed, need not necessarily collide. But two forces on the same track, headed in opposite directions, are bound to smash something. There are some issues that never can be compromised, although it takes a certain class of politician, moralists and theologians an unconscionably long time to find it out. There is no middle ground between anarchy and law; between theism and atheism; between a religion founded upon a revelation and a religion founded upon a guess. We can sidetrack one or the other for a while; we can rattle our semaphores and swing our lanterns and tap our telegraphic keys; but in the end these things are bound to collide, and one or the other must surrender the right of way at last.

Another thing seemed manifestly plain. In a head-on collision the little engine always gets the worst of it. We inspected the ground closely where the fast-mail and the way-freight met, and could but smile to see how the mammoth engine which had met its smaller antagonist, had seemed to leap upon it from above; and length of a block, although grinding the ties and road-bed at every turn of the wheels. We thought of the talk we overheard the day before in the hotel-lobby between two commercial travelers. "What has become of John?" inquired the first; "I thought he had everything going his way for a time." "So he had," was the reply, "but he took to drink; and you know as well as I do that nobody ever got the better of whiskey yet." It was the same story - the little engine thinking he could buck the big engine off the road bed. But he couldn't. Now and then we hear of "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," but we never any of us have met him. The foolish lad who goes up against the gambler's own game has the front of his boiler stove in and his smoke-stack knocked off and his bell twisted from its standard and his cab converted into kindling wood. There are some things the young man had better let alone, entirely alone. He is safer on another track. We should like to take that battle of the locomotives by a snap shot, and put it into a stereopticon, and exhibit it to Sunday-school class of young men just entering upon that period when they are most tempted to over-estimate their powers of resistance and to under-estimate the strength of hundred-ton vices. Whatever may happen to the fast-mail, the little freight engine is simply reduced to junk.

But the fast mail does not come out unscathed. Even a great passenger flyer with its drivers seven feet in diameter and capable of going at a speed of ninety miles an hour may be wrecked by some miserable little "dinky" fit only to bunt trains together in the yard. There was something grand about that engine of the fast-mail even in its death. It towered over all its surroundings despite the fact that it was wrecked and cold. Its great wheels were perfect in their form and finish; its torn jacket as

bright as the coat of a thoroughbred prepared for the horse-show. Its very attitude, half lifted up as though it had intended to plant itself squarely upon the back of its lesser foe and crush it by main force, was significant. But alas, it had missed its calculation. It looked like some great soldier slain by an insignificant enemy whom he scarcely deigned to meet.

But it did not take a splendid sin to wreck a great name. We may all remember one whom the poet describes as by his intellectual gifts "the greatest," and by his sins "the meanest of mankind." The sin that stained forever the name of David was not a noble passion half a virtue. The temptation that beset Samson had nothing grand about it. The lie that Peter told was a selfish lie. The vice that wrecked Robert Burns and Edgar Poe had nothing imposing in its nature. It was the same mean vice that destroys the roustabout and the cow puncher. Many a time has the nation been called to mourn beside the bier of some of her victorious warriors, eminent statesmen or renowned orators, keeping silence for shame as she remembers the petty indulgences that brought this master of men to his overthrow. The bitterest ingredient in the cup of a great sorrow is often the ease with which it might have been avoided. Even a hand-car has been known to wreck an express train; and the fast-mail that thinks itself strong enough to neglect the precautions demanded of a way freight is sure to come to grief some time.

In less than half a day the workmen had the whole track clear, the refuse and wreckage whirled away, and both engines were soon lost to sight. The customary traffic of the line was resumed with all its usual roar and swiftness. People were coming and going as though nothing had happened. But the evil that is hidden is never undone or condoned. There is a dead loss to the world by some one's negligence or folly, and the only good that can come from it is that some one living may take warning and avoid the sorrows and loss that once incurred can never be remedied.

-The Interior.

The Authority of Scripture.

The great religious reformation of the sixteenth century and all the blessings spiritual and temporal which it has brought to the world sprang from the simple recognition of the supreme authority of Scripture on all questions of spiritual truth and of personal responsibility. The reformation spread like wildfire and wherever it found a foothold there was a new centre of light and life and progress.

A sudden and progressive development of mental power and activity showed itself among the people, whose minds had been enslaved by superstition or hardened by skepticism, and the whole face of the world - spiritually, morally, intellectually, and even materially - began to be transformed.

Anyone who studies the history of that great reformation and transformation must see that the acceptance of the authority of the Bible as paramount to that of either the church or the university or the state was at the bottom of it all.

But what do we see now? The very churches which owe the origin and all their spiritual achievements in the past to the recognition of the Bible as the supreme authority in all matters of faith and practice are gradually letting go of that fundamental principle and teaching the truth of God as it appears after having been sifted by human reason and adaption to man's ideas as to what God should be and should do.

And what is the result? What is the only possible result? A general weakening of faith and also of man's sense of personal accountability. A religion which is not based on an authoritative revelation from God cannot possibly inspire men with strong faith in God, nor can it have a very firm hold upon their conscience or hold them to any standard of duty which they do not choose to adopt.

That is one chief reason why the churches of to-day have so little spiritual vitality and so little enthusiasm in the service of their master in proportion to the numbers and wealth and personal influence of their members.

It would be impossible in one brief article to give even a comprehensive outline of the arguments that prove the authority of the Bible, but attention may be drawn very briefly to two of them.

First, let the belief in the supreme authority of Scripture be tested by its fruits, and such facts as those already presented will testify that it is a safe and hopeful belief.

Second, the Bible always assumes a tone of authority, and it is, therefore, not rational to accept it as a guide at all without recognizing and submitting to the authority of its teachings. No sensible person would follow a teacher who claimed to "know it all" when he was evidently very imperfectly informed. If Christ was not divine He would have to be rejected as a paranoiac, who imagined Himself to be what He was not, and who was, therefore unfit to be a leader of sane men. And the same is true of the Bible. If it is not divine in its origin, it is not a safe book; for it claims divine authority in the most unmistakable manner. - Sabbath Reading.

Never Knew Him.

A touching story is told of the child of a well-known French painter. The little girl lost her sight in infancy, and her blindness was supposed to be incurable. A famous oculist in Paris, however, performed an operation on her eyes and restored her sight.

Her mother had long been dead, and her father had been her only friend and companion. When she was told that blindness could be cured, her one thought was that she could see him; and when the cure was complete, and the bandages were removed, she ran to him, and trembling peered over his features, shutting her eyes now and then, and passing her fingers over his face, as if to make sure that it was he.

The father had a noble head and presence, and his every look and motion was watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed her or even looked upon her kindly, it brought tears to her eyes.

"To think," she cried, holding his hand close in hers, "that I had this father so many years and never knew him!"

How many of us are like the little blind girl? The Heavenly Father is so near in Jesus Christ, but our "eyes are holden." - The Word and the Way.

No Effort in Vain.

"Some day I hope you will preach the gospel," said an aged minister to a little boy in England. That boy became Charles H. Spurgeon. The great soul-winner, Mark Guy Pearse, says that when he was a boy his father took him to see a saintly old lady who laid her hand upon his head, saying, "God bless the boy, and make him a minister!" Mr. Pearse says that, through this aged woman, God called him to the ministry.

In a college chapel in Pennsylvania a christian layman sat down beside a boy and talked to him about Christ. That boy became Alfred Cookman, whose name will be held in everlasting remembrance.

An eminent lawyer of Minneapolis, converted a short time since, declares that the earnest question, "Have you found Jesus?" spoken by a young lady to his friend who sat by his side in a revival-meeting, and her startled look when she was answered roughly, followed him for fifteen years until he was finally converted.

No sincere effort for Christ can fail. To human eyes there may be little encouragement, but His Word shall prevail. Every invitation and entreaty shall in the end be, to those who reject it, "a savor of death unto death but to those who accept it, "the savor of life unto life." We may go forth now, weeping, bearing precious seed; but some blessed day we shall doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us. - From The Art of Soul-Winning.

Converted on the Way.

A one time prominent evangelist tells an interesting story of a young lady's conversion. One of the commonest obstacles to successful seeking is the lack of a brave and earnest purpose.

"A young lady was deeply concerned about her spiritual interest, and after a severe struggle started to visit her pastor, to ask him to show her the way of life. As she entered the horse car, in carrying out her purpose, she saw seated there several of her friends, who asked where she was going. The tempter immediately said, 'Don't tell them where you are going, but answer them in some evasive way.' At the same time the Spirit whispered to her, 'Be brave and conscientious about this. Tell them of your purpose, and ask them to go with you.' She obeyed the latter voice. Her friends declined to accompany her, and she went on alone. When she came to the minister's house he came to the door to meet her. She paused from embarrassment for an instant and then said, 'Doctor, I started to come to ask you to lead me to Christ, but now that I am here I have come to tell you I have found Christ.' 'As they went they were cleansed.'"

A Peace Making Gospel.

Between the people of Toro and Bunyoro, neighboring countries in Central Africa, there has long been enmity. This unhappy division has now been righted in a remarkable way. Recently a missionary from Bunyoro visited Toro and appealed to the Christians for volunteer workers for their less fortunate neighbors the Bunyoro, and ten young men immediately came forward. Four were chosen and sent at once, and afterward the Christian King, Kasagama, and several big chiefs, went themselves to Bunyoro.

A special service was held, eight hundred people being present. After the ordinary service opportunity was given to the Toro Christians to give a few words of testimony. One man said: "The last time we came to you here, in this country, we came with shields and spears in our hands and hatred in our hearts; now we stand before you God's word in our hands and His love in our hearts. We ask you, our brothers, to lay down your burdens, as we have done, and to trust in Jesus Christ our Saviour," etc. - Round World.

Activity a Blessing.

We may overcome depression by duty. It is a blessed thing to have something to do. Some disaster overtakes us or a great sorrow swoops down on our spirit, and it seems as though life can have nothing in store that is desirable. But life still has its wants, it still has its humble duties and we take them up, almost mechanically at first, but before long we find that they are medicinal.

Thank God for something to do! The depression of an active spirit frequently arises from enforced idleness. It was after John the Baptist was set up in prison that he sent his disciples to say to Jesus, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus did not reproach the prophet of the wilderness for asking such a question. His follower had not lost his faith, but his active spirit was depressed by confinement within the black wall of the mountain fortress of the Machaerus. - Advance

A Plea for Purity.

A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attendant by celestial beings, and who is soon to be translated into heaven, should be holy.

Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine so soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet and eyes and lips should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world, and alive for heaven. - Albert Barnes.

"Cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition are often as great a force in trying situations as sheer intellectual ability. The power of restraining one's temper under provocation, of looking on the bright side of things in discouraging circumstances, and of not construing a difference of opinion into a personal matter, is one of those choice attainments whose wisdomness men almost universally recognize."

Hard, Hacking 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 siege. 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 such 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 the Balsam. It is a compound 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.

God will not be hurried. The building of a Christlike character is not work for a day. Experience can not be acquired without experiment. It is not innocence God has in view for us, but growth by overcoming. Patience must have her perfect work. Triumph now would be premature and petty; but the way of faith and patience is the way that leads to victory which shall be part and parcel of the final glorious triumph of the Son of man. - Isaac Rankin.

Shutting one's window keeps one in the dark, but cannot alter the fact that the sun is shining. So the most positive unbelief cannot affect in the least the existence of divine things, though it may prevent the soul from seeing them.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for another. - Dickens.

We often hear the phrase, "the manners of a princess," and princesses, those who know tell us, are carefully trained to gracious courtesy and dignity. Why then, do some girls think it a mark of superior position to be rude and ungracious?

There are three things about which one should not be too conscious and which it is well to leave undisturbed - one's digestion, one's love, one's religion. - February Ladies' Home Journal.

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