

The Best We Have.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat, And still He asks His own with gentlest pleading.

To lay their highest hopes and talents at His feet. He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love. He only asks that of our store we give to Him

The best we have. Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer And fills them with his glorious beauty, joy, and peace. And in His service, as we're growing stronger

The calls to grand achievements still increase. The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the heaven above, Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friend, let us remember How once our Lord poured out His soul for us, And in the prime of His mysterious manhood Gave up His precious life upon the cross!

The Lord of lords, by whom the world's were made, Through bitter grief and tears gave us The best He had. —The Interior.

The Precious Blood of Christ.

GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D. D.

More than thirty years ago a young man—no matter who—was in the territory of Kansas, when the excitement occasioned by the discovery of gold at Pike's Peak broke over the country. Filled with a desire to be in the field of the New El Dorado, he bought an Indian pony together a few things, and slung them in a little pack behind him.

After two days he came to a long stretch of prairie, in width about forty miles, which he must cross. It was not a very hard day's ride, though in was in the short November days. Heedless of danger, early with the rising sun he started across the grassy desert. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold. The path through the tall grass was well marked, and for hours the ride was made with pleasure and good speed.

A little past noon the sky became overcast with dull gray and flying clouds. Nothing for a time was thought of this. The journey was more than half over, and the settlement on the other side would soon be reached. Presently the snow began to fall. At first a few stray flakes then faster and thicker still. The first thought of anxiety began to creep into the young man's heart. It was still daylight and the fast falling snow by this time had turned the wide prairie into one vast field of white fleece.

Then, with increasing sense of cold, came increasing anxiety. The darkness gathered rapidly in the thick and ever fast-falling snow. For a time all attention was given to keeping the body warm by beating the snow about the body, hallooing, and slinging the legs against the sides of the patient pony. But now another horror came. How or when he knew not, he had suffered the pony to step aside from the trail through the grass now filling with snow. He thought he could easily find it again. A pull of the bridle to the right, a hundred yards or more in that direction, but no path; then a pull to the left a hundred yards or more in that direction, but still no path. Now a standstill. Where was he? No sun in the sky to show the direction. No path under foot. No compass. That had not been thought of. Darkness like prison walls gathered about. Blinding snow ever falling, and clinging like a winding sheet, the cold piercing to the bones. The conviction now fastening upon him: "I am lost in the snowstorm on a trackless prairie." Then thoughts of death came and pressed him hard. Thoughts of his mother in a far away southern home. Even the fantastic thought, "Would his body ever be found? Would anybody ever know the story?"

Then the mental scenery was shifted, and eternity opened before his vision. The great white throne was set. Heaven and hell in view. There was the rejected Son of God seated as Judge. Then thoughts of a lifetime of sin—how he had revelled in them, mocked and made light of them. How he had scoffed at religion, turned away from many kindly meant words of warning by ministers and Sunday-school teachers. And now he was to die and go—where? Not to heaven—he knew he was not fit for heaven. He had rejected Christ. To hell—where else? From a frozen prairie to a burning hell—a fantastic but terrible thought.

forgive; now what many things meant he had heard in church. By this time the cold seemed to abate. The pony was wandering aimlessly about. There came the fatal sense of drowsiness. This awakened him to fresh fear. He had been dreaming away and freezing. Terror seized him. Leaping from the pony, or rather stumbling off, he gathered his numb limbs under him as best he could, and began to stamp the snow, and beat about with his arms until circulation was again felt.

Then with the instinct of self-preservation, the thought of a fire occurred. Instantly falling down upon his hands and knees, groping in the darkness amidst the snow, he began to pull up large handfuls of grass, and beating off the snow, lay it in a pile. Then, as Providence would have it, his hands fell on a little low brush growth—a kind of hazel bush. Quickly breaking its brittle branches, and laying them on a pile of grass, the thought came, "Now a fire, and all will be well." A piece of newspaper for a kindling, and then a match. A match! His heart almost stopped beating. Had he a match? Instantly finger and thumb went into vest pocket. For a moment hope died and then revived. Yes, there was a match, but only one. One little sulphur match—only one.

That young man's life, and his salvation too, were wrapped in that match. For should that fail him, he must die in his sins, and go to hell. No pleasing contemplation that. One match. What do you suppose would have bought from him that match? One hundred of them could have been bought in the next settlement for a couple of cents, and yet if Pike's Peak, with all its golden wealth, could have been crumbled into diamonds and laid at his feet as the price of that match, he would have laughed the offer to scorn. Why? Because it was a match? No; but because it was the only match he had. If that failed him, he was a dead and damned soul.

Do you wonder that when he drew that match across his sleeve his heart well-nigh stopped beating? Do you wonder that his eyes almost started from their sockets as he watched, with a great lump in his throat, that little pale blue flame as it seemed now to die out, and then struggle back to life, until at last—oh, thank God—it reddened into flame, set alight the paper waiting to receive it, and the fire was kindled that saved his life?

I relate the incident to show you the value that there is in an only Saviour. If I now had that charred stump of that match which I cast away that awful night more than thirty years ago, I would frame and hang it in my study. I would write this legend under it, "His only match; it saved his life!"

Now what shall I say? The blood of Jesus Christ is precious because it is the sinner's only salvation. Jesus Christ the crucified, stands between you and the eternal burnings. If you miss him, if you reject him, oh, then, God pity you! you are a hopelessly lost one; and in hell you will soon lift up your eyes, being in torment. "For without shedding of blood is no remission." God has given his Son to shed his blood for you. Reject him, and you are utterly lost. When he gave his Son, he gave all that he had to give. After him there remains no more sacrifice for sin. May the Holy Spirit incline you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ this very hour and be saved. Amen.—Evangelist.

The Strenuous Life and the Spiritual Life. This is an age of steam and electricity. Men and women are living under whip and spur. They make haste to get rich, make haste to get learning, make haste to get office, make haste to get fame, make haste to read as many books as possible, to do as much work as possible. They are always in haste. A great manufacturing establishment is a great machine in which the employees are like the saws, planes, augers, wheels and pulleys. The men as well as the machines move like clockwork. If a workman is one minute behind time he loses a certain amount from his wage. When the whistle begins to blow for the noon hour every man drops his work as suddenly as if he had been shot with a rifle.

Commercial houses, departments of government, and schools are operated on a similar plan. Men and women and children must eat in haste, leave home in haste, sleep in haste, read in haste, and worship in haste, if they worship at all. There is no deliberation, no calmness, no reflection. Catching trains and ferry-boats, rushing work and study are telling on the life of the people. The nervous system will not bear this strain without serious consequences.

This kind of outer life tends to abolish the divinely ordained means of

supporting and nourishing the inner life. Where is the Sabbath? Some men, not having time enough for business during six days in the week, bring a part of their business into the Sabbath. Some, not finding time to be with their families through the week, take the Sabbath for communion with their families. Some, not finding time through the week for recreation, take the Sabbath for recreation and some, having no time to read through the week, take the Sabbath for reading secular papers and books. Sunday excursions, Sunday entertainments, Sunday theaters, Sunday newspapers, Sunday concerts and lectures are rapidly secularizing the Sabbath day. God gave the Sabbath for rest from secular toil and for spiritual improvement. If it shall be made a secular day it will no longer be a blessing.

Can this tide be rolled back? Can the Sabbath be preserved? Can anything be done to relax the awful strain which modern life places on men and women, and counteract the evil effects of this kind of life on society? There is but one thing to do. Christian people must have more grace. The Church must be filled with the Holy Ghost. The Bible tells us that "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord has lifted up a standard against him." Who will rally to the standard? Who will consecrate himself fully to God for these times? The Church must be awake, alive, brave, alert, active, powerful. Young people will not listen to long dry sermons, long, dry prayers, and long, dry anthems. If our sermons are not on fire with the Holy Spirit, the people will not come to hear them. If our songs are not spiritual and devotional, the people will go elsewhere for their music. If our prayers are not fervent and effectual, the prayer meeting will be deserted.

The Church has the advantage of all worldly attractions and forces. But we must use our advantage. We have something that cannot be found elsewhere. There is no Holy Ghost in the theater, in the Sunday paper, in the Sunday concert, in the Sunday excursion, or in the popular secular literature. These are broken cisterns which hold no water. The people will run after them so long as the Church does not furnish the water of life. But they shall not be satisfied. This busy multitude will still cry for something better, saying, "Who will show us any good?" Let the altars of the Church be on fire with the presence and love of God, and the people will say, as Moses said when he saw the burning bush on the plains of Arabia, "I will turn aside and see this strange sight."—Chris. Advocate.

Giving a Tenth. The famous preacher, Cotten Mather, said: "The main question is, 'What proportion of a man's yearly income is to be devoted to pious uses?' And now let it not seem a hard saying if I tell you that a tenth part is the least you can bring under a solemn dedication to the Lord, for whom, in one sense, we are to give our all. A farthing less would make an enlightened and considerate Christian suspicious of his incurring the danger of sacrilege. If the Lord himself, to whom thou art but a steward, has fixed any part of our usual income for himself, certainly a tenth will be found the least that he has called for. But let the demand of liberal things grow upon you. A tenth I have called the least; for some it is much too little. Men of large income, who would not 'sow to the flesh, and of the flesh reap corruption,' may, and often will, go beyond this proportion. Some will rise to a fifth, and the religious Countess of Warwick would not stop short of a third."

Miss Havergal says: "Though we place all our money at our Lord's disposal and rejoice to spend it all for him, directly or indirectly, yet I am certain it is a great help and safeguard, and what is more, a matter of simple obedience to his commands, to set aside a regular and definite proportion of our income or receipts for his direct service. It is a great mistake to suppose that the law of giving the tenth to God is merely Levitical. Search and look for yourselves, and you will find that it is like the Sabbath, a far older rule, running all through the Bible, and indorsed, not abrogated, by Christ himself."

Dr. A. J. Gordon says: "Who can say that we ought not to give at least one-tenth of our income to the Lord? If any Christian who has never tried it will make the experience, conscientiously following it through to the end in prosperity and in adversity, we predict for him two surprises. First, he will be astonished at the increased amount which he is enabled by this method to give the Lord, and secondly he will be astonished at the increased spiritual and temporal prosperity which the Lord will give to him."

"There is a Christian league in this country banded together to promote systematic giving. It brings every member into covenant to keep a strict account with the Lord, and to render him one-tenth of the income. An annual report is made by each member, giving a statement of his business and spiritual prosperity. The secretary recently told us that the results have been surprising, even to the most sanguine advocate of the tithing system; that not only has the income of the missionary societies receiving the funds been greatly increased, but out of thousands entering into this league, all but two or three have reported greatly increased, business prosperity. Are there not some things to be proved which we have not yet dreamed of either in our philosophy or our mathematics?"—District Methodist.

An Old Error. There is nothing new about this doctrine of annihilation. It has been held to by a good many people, and has done no little mischief, but the wonder is that it has not done more. Annihilationism enters into a considerable number of false systems and theories of religion. It is supported largely by the same arguments relied upon by Universalists. There are those who can not believe (at all events they claim not to believe) that the doom of the unrepentant sinner is a continuous dying. They seize upon certain passages which speak of the "death" of the impenitent wicked, the "destruction" of the same class of persons, as though to destroy were to annihilate, and as though death were an annihilation, neither of which is a true meaning of the words in the Hebrew and the Greek, which are translated by our English words, "death" "destroy," "destruction," etc. In only a few instances do any of those words (too many to be inserted here) mean, in the places cited, either annihilation or destruction, in the sense of ceasing to exist. It is a scientific principle that the destruction of a substance is not to annihilate it. Science tells us that nothing in this world is annihilated. All that can be said of the thing "destroyed" is that its form has been changed. The human body, put into the crematory, vanishes from sight; and yet, if the smoke, the gases, the ashes, etc., of which it is composed, are kept and weighed, we find that nothing has gone away. All is there, but only in a changed form. To "destroy" this body is not to annihilate it. Jesus really admitted that the Jews could destroy his body, but he declared that by so doing they would not annihilate it. And when he died on the cross, neither his body nor his soul, nor spirit, was annihilated. Death no more destroys a wicked man than it destroys a good man. When it is said that certain persons shall be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord," it is not meant that they shall be annihilated. Neither everlasting destruction, nor everlasting death is annihilation. Both phrases signify continued existence, everlasting existence.

When a man says that he cannot believe eternal misery to be the punishment for sins committed in this world, he simply assumes that he knows how much punishment sin deserves, and how God estimates it. There is nothing more certain than that the Bible recognizes the existence of the wicked after their departure from this present world. It represents the wicked as ever dying, yet never dead. Those publications pushed out from Pittsburgh, and that variety of doctrine known as "Russellism" are probably doing an immense amount of harm, principally, however, by leading good people to separate themselves from the Churches and to give their influence to the propagation of the theories by no means new, but now and then coming to the front, to continue for a time and then vanish away again. It is probable that the present craze will have its day, as we believe will be the case with Mormonism, Spiritualism, Dowicism, Christian Science and all such errors. We regret that they take away from our churches men and women whom we do not want to spare, and who might be far more useful to the cause of truth if they were to remain steadfast in the doctrines and practices taught by our Lord and Master.—Journal and Messenger.

It is a great mercy to enjoy the gospel of peace, but a greater to enjoy the peace of the gospel.—Dyer.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

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Mere belief would make religion a mere theology. Mere emotion would make it a mere excitement. The true, divine idea of it is a life begotten of grace in the depths of the soul, subduing to Christ all the powers of the soul, and incarnating itself in a patient, steady, sturdy service. In short, it is doing the will of the Father which entitles us to a solid assurance of our redemption by the Son.—Boswell D. Hitchcock.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH. Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in your throat your cough will stop.

Don't lul the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied with any other. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured of any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25c. In a king for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kingman & Co." blown in the bottle.

The privilege of laboring is to me more and more precious. I would not choose the spot; I would not choose the circumstances. To be able to do something is a privilege of which I am altogether unworthy.—Mary Lyon.

In God's measurement of men, great souls are often found in obscure places which pigmies pose on pedestals which stand in conspicuous places.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things that we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.—Monod.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

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Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

This spring you will need something to take away the tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter. Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy you require. It has no equal as a spring medicine. It has been used by thousands for a quarter of a century with unequalled success.

HERE IS PROOF. Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, Ont. writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there is its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have a desire to eat I get a bottle of B.R.B. purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS') From Capt. F. L. Lyle, Police Station No. 8, Montreal: "We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all affections which beset men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."

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