

than they can get through with, a hard hopeless task, and the most respectable of them have felt themselves compelled to shift their ground. They now admit that Christ lived, but they labor to prove that both He Himself and His friends were mistaken as to what He was. He was a good and great man, but He mistook His mission, made claims that He had no right to make. In other words, He was a fool. But it is a good deal easier to accept, that they are fools who say He is a fool than that He was a fool.

But then, apart from all those questions and disputations with regard to the credibility and authenticity of the gospel narratives and the sacred writers, and the apostolic fathers and their prodigious tomes, we have today within our reach, all around us everywhere, the effects and results of the life the Christ lived, the words He spoke, the doctrines He taught, the works He did. There was the Christ of many centuries ago; but there is the Christ of today. We see Him in the lives of His people. We see Him in their hopes and joys. We see Him in their devotion and earnestness. We see Him in all they are doing to help others, to lift up the fallen, to save the world. We see Him in the Churches that are built to His honor, the congregations that gather for His worship, the missions that are carried on in His name. We see Him in all the glorious push and progress of the age.

I do not believe in Christ, and you do not believe in Christ, because Matthew and Mark and Luke and John have written His life. We have a knowledge of our own with regard to Him, an experience of our own, and we know Him for ourselves, and think of Him for ourselves; and we know from our own knowledge of Christ, that Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Paul and Peter and James and Jude have written nothing but the truth about Him.

O my hearer, believe in the Christ for yourself; go to Him with your burdens, your sins, your sorrows, your difficulties;—go to Him thus, and you will find from the help He brings you in your need, the love He has to you, the way He reveals Himself to your soul, and the miracles of grace and mercy and power and love He works for you, that He is, and not only is, but is all that you are told He is here in these sacred pages. You do not wonder that He raised the dead after what He has done in raising up your own death, and the awful death of sin all around about you in society. You do not wonder that He walked on the waves, for He comes to you perhaps today across wide stretches of ocean with His help, and you are sure He comes. Every christian has thus in his own spiritual experience the witness, the evidence and proof, of the truth he finds in the gospel. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Put His word to the test, and you will find how true it is, how true its promises, how true too its threats. Put Him to the test, trust Him, pray to Him, and then you will be able to tell for yourself what you think of Christ.

Now, in conclusion, we are ready for the application; we are ready to answer what we think of Christ, and whose son He is.

It was to the old Pharisees, the church formalists of His day, He put these questions: "What think ye of Christ? whose son is He?" And they thought they knew all about it. They had the Bible at the tip of their tongue, and they answered so pat: "David's son." But they did not know as much as they thought they knew, and when He pointed out a difficulty, when He asked how David's son could be both David's son and Lord, they were non-plussed, they were shut up. He could be David's son centuries after David was in his grave; but then, how could He, in such a case, be his Lord?

And we have our answer pat as the Pharisees had theirs. We find no difficulty here. Our orthodoxy, our creed, puts the right answer into our lips, and we answer right off: "The Christ is both God and man; as God, He is David's Lord, as man, David's son."

But then, my hearers, and here is where the pinch comes in, if He is God as well as man, if that is what you think of Him, why is it you do not believe in Him? why is it you do not fall at His feet and say: "My Lord and my God!" and then go and live your life in the light of that confession, in the light of that blessed truth? But you do not. I go to your life, your works, your character and conduct, your home, your business, your social life, your public life, and I find no Christ there. So far as you are concerned, that story of Bethlehem, so beautiful and touching and sweet, is a fable. You do not believe it. The way you live, gives the lie to what you say with your lips and think with your thoughts. Oh it is important, my hearer, that you think of Christ, and whose son He is to you, David's or God's; for, as you think, you will do; as you think, you will try and live. But what can he think of the Christ who blasphemes His name? What can he think of the Christ who never bows the knee before Him? What can he think of Christ who never confesses Him before men, who is absent

when we sit down to eat and drink according to His commandment at His table? What can he think of the Christ who drinks with the drunken, who lives in sin, who breaks the Sabbath, who uses His day for his own pleasure or profit, who, in a word, crucifies Him afresh? Oh! my hearer, you had better think the matter over again, and ask yourself this solemn question on your knees and in the light of the life you are living: "What think ye of the Christ? whose son is He?"

Soon, perhaps so soon, we may see Him on His throne the glorious Son of God, our Judge, and then it will be everything to us that we were right about Christ, that we had right thoughts, and lived the right life. Let us, then, think these questions over for ourselves. The Lord, in patience and pity, waits your answer, and what is it to be? "What think ye of the Christ? Whose son is He?"

AMEN.

GOT THERE JUST THE SAME.—A good story is told of a Baptist preacher, by the *Greenville Baptist Courier* as follows: An old preacher, whose name we will call Birch, was famous for preaching on the subject of paying off old debts. One of the auditors, who had been wearied with Brother Birch's iteration on this subject, once said to a neighbouring minister:—I wish you would suggest a subject that I can give Brother Birch, out of which he cannot get anything about paying off old debts. Give him the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, said the minister. Soon after this the wearied brother met his pastor, and said: Brother Birch I would like to hear you preach a sermon on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Won't you do it? Certainly, said the pastor. It is a capital subject. I will preach on it next Sunday. On the following Lord's day Brother Birch announced the text, Acts ix, 6:—"Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" and opened thus:—My brethren, I shall preach to you to-day on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Saul, my brethren, was a truly converted man, and my sermon will be a discussion of the marks of genuine conversion. And the first mark, my brethren of a genuine conversion is that a man will pay off his old debts.

The Contagious Influenza.

In these circumstances it is devoutly to be hoped that the contagious influenza now spreading into Finland and Eastern Prussia from Russia may not reach John Bull's island. The home climate and his temperament combine to make him splenic and morose enough in the winter time without any epizootic aggravations. This strange disease found its way here last in 1847-8, when more than one-fourth of the whole population suffered from it, and Paris had it even worse. All over Europe the malady ran its course from December to April, and for years afterward superstitious people traced a connection between it and the revolutionary impulse which shook the whole continent so shortly afterward. It is more significant that this epidemic has generally been followed closely by a cholera wave, and though the *British Medical Journal* this week devotes a long leader to discrediting the possibility of any relation between the two popular belief in the idea is firmly rooted. There certainly is cholera now in Persia, and it finds its way through South Russia into Europe next spring nobody would be surprised. The present disease is, however, more irritating than dangerous. Even in 1837, when it attained its most virulent form, the mortality was only 2 per cent. This year a much smaller percentage of deaths is reported, but the contagion is spreading with unparalleled swiftness. The Czar himself has been ill with it a whole week, and the British Legation at St. Petersburg are all down with it. The symptoms begin with headache, an acute chill developing into a high fever lasting several days, and then a fortnight of lasting lassitude. Death intervenes only when catarrh of the bowels is super-added in cases of weakness. It is generally confined to the old and the very young, but the most prominent effect is to render the whole community and nation depressed and surly.

Odd Items.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* records a freak in the way of handwriting. A little girl of four years writes with her left hand, and writes backward, as they are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by means of a looking glass. The child was taught writing with a sister, but would do things her own way, with the result that she writes fluently in this fantastic style.

M. Eiffel, the builder of the great tower in Paris has recently invented a bridge which promises to "fill a long-felt want" of the railroad companies. It is to be used temporarily in the place of the ordinary bridges when they have been damaged. It is made of steel, carries a track, and weighs, with a length of 150 feet, about 88 tons. It can be put in position from either end without the aid of machinery or any preparation, simply by human hands.

A young man of Warsaw ordered a dress suit from a tailor, who agreed to deliver it on a certain day. The latter failed and hence a curious lawsuit. The plaintiff alleged that he had arranged to go to an evening party at which he had resolved to offer his hand to the daughter of the house. Because of the failure of his dress coat he could not go, but his rival went, proposed, and was accepted, and the plaintiff considered himself damaged to the value of the lost bride.

Chinese pills are just the size of crab-apples, and are coated with a semi-transparent sugary substance covered with flowers and gilt letters. Some of them have this sweet covering broken, and you can see beneath the pill proper, black as a ball of India ink and the very thought of masticating that mass in order to get it down is an emetic. But it must take an unusual amount of moral courage in a Chinaman to tackle a pill.

GENERAL NEWS.

Two silver bars worth \$4,000 disappeared from a trunk in New York, while being conveyed to Sirmmerman & Foshay's banking house from a Cunard steamer.

Two negroes employed at the National line pier, New York, were stabbed by strikers, and another was clubbed. The assailants escaped.

A cabinet council to be held at Paris was abandoned as the president, the premier and the other ministers have influenza.

At Bristol, Eng., the proprietors of the boot and shoe factories have locked out nine thousand operatives.

The Toronto trades and labor council have resolved to attempt to get John Burns, the English labor agitator, to lecture in that city.

Leading temperance men in Manitoba claim that within two years there will be prohibition in the province.

Chakir, Governor of Crete, sent a mixed Turkish and Christian commission to Rethymo to investigate the proceedings there. It confirmed the report that three gen d'arme killed several unarmed christians.

Kelly Sudderth, a notorious moonshiner of Charlotte, N. C., was rescued from three revenue officers by Sudderth's wife, who knocked two of the officers down and dealt the third a staggering blow, while Sudderth escaped to the woods before the officers recovered.

A chartered South African company, just gazetted in London, describes the regions of the company's operations as immediately north of Bechuanaland, and west of the Portuguese possessions; and north and west of the dominions possessed by the Transvaal company. This includes the vast tract in Central Africa, north of Zambesi, west coast line in Mozambique to which it is now the policy of England to limit the Portuguese. The company is bound by the conditions of its charter to oppose and discourage the slave trade and the trade in ardent spirits.

A PROBLEM FOR THE MEN.

Women spend a great part of their time in picking up and putting things away. This seems scarcely what can be called work, yet it is not unnecessary labor.

A married man once said he never realized the amount of work done in bringing things out and putting them away until he happened to sit idle, in a neighbor's house, watching the good wife in the preparation of meal-getting and clearing away. It struck him then and there, for the first time how much labor there was in lifting and carrying things between the pantry and table. He went home from there with the determination to build a kitchen or remodel the old so that it might contain every possible convenience. He thought if it required that amount of labour to get a meal what must the work of a house for a life-time amount to? A very nice problem for the men to answer. This man not only remodeled his kitchen but forth-with sent his wife away on a pleasure trip to break the monotony and routine of her life, and both wife and husband each in their own way were benefited by the change.

Henry Ward Beecher once received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request, "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, shops and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

We grow firm and strong to resist and to do; we gain the mastery of ourselves, which brings superiority, by a patient use of the incidents of daily life. To rule one's own spirit on the petty theatre of a private sphere creates a power which goes with us to wider fields of action. The principles and graces which stand the storms of public life must have been trained in the school of our daily world.

Discord from Unanimity.

"There is no difference whatever between the two political parties," remarked Chatterton. "They are both agreed on wanting the spoils!" "But don't you know, my dear fellow," returned Pogram, "that that agreement causes the greatest difference?"

Room for Millions More.

A French scientist says that, allowing five acres for each inhabitant, Europe has room for 115,000,000 more people, Africa for 1,396,000,000, Asia for 1,402,000,000, Oceania for 515,000,000 and America for 2,000,000,000.

IN TOTAL DARKNESS.

Lost for Three Days in an Underground Labyrinth in Africa.

The city of Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, South Africa, is located in a most beautiful spot. It stands in a valley between two ranges of mountains clothed with rich, dark verdure all the year round, vines loaded with ripening grapes, monthly blossoms and pomegranates forming a blaze of bloom amidst the flood of sunshine shimmering like golden water. Under these mountain ranges are vast caverns, only a few of which have been entered, and these only partly explored.

These caves are the original Haggard's caves of the Amahaaga, in which the wonderful "She" dwelt and ruled. Right under this mountain and through these dark ravines runs a clear sparkling river of water. The source of this river, which furnishes the water supply for this city, has never been discovered. A curious fact is that its waters are highest during the dry season. This points to the theory that it is fed by rain, and that these rains do not reach the river until about four or five months after they fall.

This river is inhabited by fish and a strange kind of crabs and lobsters, all of which have no eyes. This species of aquatic animals having been bred in and inhabited this dark Stygian stream for thousands of years, have never had any use for eyes, and so, after many generations, that organ had entirely disappeared from their structure.

Some friends of mine, two ladies and three gentlemen, went on an exploring expedition through this cavern, got lost in its maze and were three days before they found their way back to the outer world, writes a correspondent of the Omaha Bee. Mr. Saunders, of the American Consulate at Cape May, thus relates their experience while in the bowels of the earth:

"Mr. J. H. Leroy, of the Northern Pacific railway of the United States of America; Mr. John Sidney and two ladies, Miss Webster and Miss Gootch, and myself started to explore the Fountain Cave. Armed with two lamps and provisions enough for two meals, we started. We got through the entrance, which is very narrow, with difficulty. Going a few yards we found it necessary to light the lamps. Proceeding we found on each side of the main passage numerous sideways and alleys apparently hewn out of the solid rock.

"All around there were evidences of the caves being inhabited by swarms of bats which constantly kept flying in our faces. Pursuing our way for a considerable time, we came to a spot where the roof of the cavern, hitherto lofty, slanted down, gradually becoming lower and lower until we were unable to walk erect. Finally we came to where the floor was on an inclined plane and got more head-room. We then descended a steep hill, at the foot of which was a dead wall which completely barred further progress in that direction. On the right hand a narrow passage presented itself just wide enough to permit of our walking Indian file. The air, hitherto cool and bracing, became damp and a cold, clammy dew settled on our faces. To the sides of the passage hung a pale, slimy, snake-like substance which to the touch produced a shivery sense of abhorrence. We began to wish ourselves well out of the undertaking. However, being in, there was nothing for it but to go on.

"We walked up this passage a distance, I should judge, of three hundred yards, when we arrived at an octagonal court, from which ran eight different passages, the four main ones being about a width of fifty feet, and the four narrow ones about four feet each. Under our feet could be heard a

She then made an attack upon the man. Just as she leaped the frightened burro shied, and Uncle Davy struck the beast with his stiff-brimmed hat. The blow was harmless of itself, but the suddenness with which it was dealt so astonished the wolf that she ran away.

Uncle Davy quickly appropriated one of the cubs, which was probably two weeks old, and hastily retreated. The little stranger was taken in at the camp and tenderly nursed until he was old enough to comprehend his surroundings and associates. Then the process of instruction was begun, and he soon showed himself an apt pupil in acquiring such tricks as dogs are commonly taught.

Kindness has been the ruling rod, and Jack, while he has learned many tricks, has never developed the least disposition to be ugly or savage. He possesses none of the wicked tricks known to his kind, and his tractability has disproved the old assertion that a gray wolf can never be domesticated.

While in the Republican office his master put him through a course of performances which were surprising. He would lie down, roll over, sit up, take off his master's hat, and, funniest of all, would leap up, hug Uncle Davy with wolfish fervor and mischievously take off the old gentleman's spectacles.

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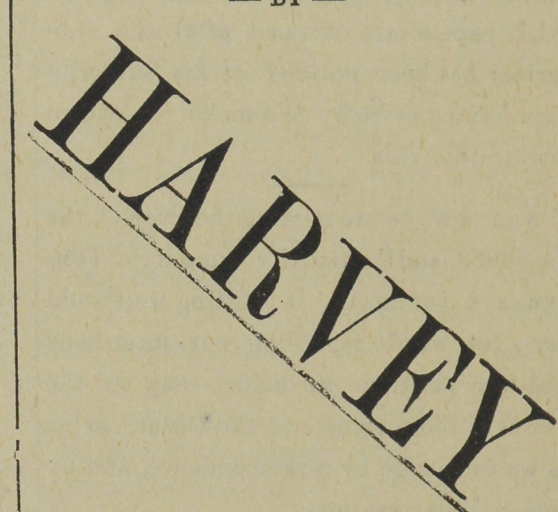
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