



SUNDAY READING

MORNING SERVICE.

MORNING.

Repent ye; for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand.

I will arise, and go to my father and will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

A Prayer.

O merciful God, who has made all men, and hastest nothing that Thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and Heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one shepherd, Jesus Christ, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

HYMN.

Better a day Thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin;
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great this weakest child of Thine!
His meaneast task is all divine,
And kings and priests Thy servants are.

Happy the men to whom 'tis given,
To dwell within this gate of heaven,
And in Thy house record Thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence Thou art;
Who feel Thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace.

Oh Lord of hosts, how blest is he
Who steadfastly believes in Thee!
He all Thy promises shall gain:
The soul that on Thy love is cast
The perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with Thee in glory reign.

Lesson xx. St. John I.

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciples whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, they have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid Him. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre. And he stooping down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed, for as yet they knew not not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and lo! two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be a gardener, saith unto him, sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, master. Jesus saith unto her touch me not, for I am not yet ascended unto my Father, but go to thy brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father; and to my God and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that he had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things to her.

SERMON.

Health and Holiness.

BY VEN. F. W. FAIRALL, D. D., F. R. S., ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

Preached in Westminster Abbey to the delegates to the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography.

I have been speaking for the last two Sundays of the moral law of God in all its stern and inexorable beneficence, and I should naturally have pursued that subject this afternoon, but the place in which we have met has stood for centuries in the very centre of the great stream of English life and English history. Yesterday we paid our tribute of respect to the memory of the great American poet and critic who the day previously had been laid in his honored grave. Today we are honored by the presence of many members of the congress which during the past week has been holding its meetings in London, and it is natural and right that I should accede to the request to speak of their labors. It might be asked indeed, "What has religion to do with this, and what has religion to do with this?" I reply that religion has very much to do with it. The religionism which leaves a deep gulf between things secular and things sacred is a narrow, bigoted religionism. The sphere of religion being as wide as humanity, is directly concerned with every study and every effort which promotes the welfare of man. What was the teaching which Christ set? "He had compassion on the multitude." He was the good physician that "went about

doing good." He fed the hungry. He healed the sick. He chose the prototypes of His universal mercy, the hated and heretical Samaritan tending the wounded sufferer whom priests and Levites had left to perish on the roadside. If the church of the future is to continue to be the church of Christ her eulogy will not be multiplied services, or elaborate ceremonies, or curiously articulated creeds, but "I know thy works and thy faith, and thy patience and thy labor, and thy works, and the last to be more than the first." How are we to know whether the church to which we belong is a true church or not? The answer is not by haughty assertions, not by unprogressive devotion to the obsolete, not by organization, not by formalism which may only speak of the decrepitude and unreality of religion—but "by her fruits ye shall know her." Her apostolic succession will avail nothing if she produce not the apostolic succession of inspired preceptors. "The generation which is about to take our place," says one of the most eloquent bishops, "will certainly judge the church by her works; the influence which softens, which brightens, which improves, which elevates, which sweetens, which does something for human society, which lays its subtle touch of healing upon the leprosy of life, will be welcomed first as a friend, then as a messenger of Christ; that which screams, which scolds, which makes its puny *Unexpurgatorius* which launches its lilliputian anathemas, will be left severely alone to mend its temper and improve its manners. I see the people rising to their feet, the greatest host that time has ever seen; I hear the murmur of millions speaking to millions across the sea in many languages. What there is in the gospel to rectify the relations of life, to elevate the selfishness of capital, to chastise the selfishness of labor, to carry to the homes of the poor improvement for the present and hope for the future—that will find eager listeners; but to the men of the near future religion will appear to be but a barren and worthless stem unless it bears the fruit of human love. "Choose them," he says, "which you will—the church which can interpret the living words of Christ and continue His ministry of love, or a church reactionary and retrogressive, blundering on in ruinous precedents, extracting from the present nothing but its bitterness, and from the past nothing but its mistakes."

Religious Because Humanitarian.

I need, then, no apology for officially interrupting the course on which I was engaged, to speak of a work eminently religious, because eminently humanitarian. The work of the Congress which has met this week is a work which every minister of the Gospel should, with all his heart, encourage. The formation of the Congress seven years ago, its annual meetings in one of the great capitals of Europe, as the President of one of its sections has said, is a hopeful sign, a happy proof, an omen that religious selfishness is being replaced by a more social, a more beneficent, a more nobly altruistic view of life and its duties. It is called the International Congress of Hygiene—that is of the science of health and of Demography that is, the study of the life-conditions of communities from statistical points of view, to prevent the spread of epidemics, to avert the approach and to mitigate the agonies of disease, to minimise infection in these huge over-growing cities, to solve the problems of inoculation, to give to suffering men the priceless blessings of pure air, pure water, untainted food, to dispel, if possible, our lurid and obnoxious fogs, to protect the dwellers in insanitary houses and the workers in insanitary houses, to extend its merciful aid to infancy and childhood, checking over-pressure, and giving to the moral life its natural blessedness. These are the aims of this wide-reaching philanthropy. I call it a truly noble programme. It gives some excuse for optimism: it furnishes large grounds for hope. Such studies, such enquiries are all a part of that religion which recognises that if christianity is indeed to be what it claims to be, the noblest factor in the advancing progress of the world, it must show that it cares for men's mortal bodies as well as for their immortal souls, and it must deal with men's present woes as well as with their future perils. I claim the work of this congress as a work in the highest sense worth of the church of Christ. I believed that it would be blessed and approved by Him whose soul trembled with sympathy for the most wretched, by Him who took the little children in His arms, laid His hands upon them and blessed them. By Him who said that even a cup of cold water given in His name to one of His little ones should not miss of its reward.

My friends it is the duty, indeed, of every one of us to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, but we have read the gospels very ignorantly if we have not seen that the way to show our allegiance to Christ is by trying to live as Christ lived. To leave the world, if we can, an infinitesimal measure, a little wiser, a little purer, a little happier, that is the work of the true man, and to achieve this alike for himself and for his neighbors a man must learn that the voice of nature, the voice of God. I have shown you on former Sundays that God's moral laws are inexorable and exceptionless. He teaches us the same lesson by His physical laws. "They continue to this day according to Thine ordinance, for all things serve Thee," "Nature," said the great German thinker, "cares nothing for the individual; she tosses her creatures out of nothingness, and tells them not whence they come or whither they go; she wraps man round in the darkness, and bids him ever long for the light; she snatches us up in her dance, and whirls us on until we are tired and drop from her arms." Yes but all this for our good, and here

THANKS

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in Westminster Abbey at the central point of a nation's history, we have acknowledged again and again that the men who have studied best the laws of nature deserve a nation's gratitude. Here lies Newton, the greatest and one of the whitest souls that ever lived: here lies Sir Wm. Herschell, who expanded to our knowledge the starry infinities of heaven: here lies Charles Darwin, most consummate of loving observers and fearless theorists: here lie not a few of those great physicians who showed the hidden springs of disease. What have men like these done for us? They have recognized that in the physical no less than in the moral world man's well-being depends, in large measure, on his observation of, and his obedience to, the great laws which God had ordained. And God evidently meant us to study and to observe and to obey those laws.

The Eternal Game of Chess.

Let me borrow the words of one of our most esteemed men of science. "Supposing," he says, "it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would one day or other depend on his winning or losing a game of chess, do not we think that we should all consider it a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortunes, the happiness, of every one of us, and more or less of those connected with us, do depend on our knowing of the rules of the game, infinitely more difficult and complicated. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess board is the world: the pieces are the phenomena of the universe: the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always just, fair, and patient, and we know to our cost that He never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with overwhelming generosity, and the one who plays ill is checkmated without haste and without remorse. There is a famous picture in which a German painter has depicted Satan playing with man at chess for his soul. Substitute, says this great thinker, "substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who, playing for love, as we say, would rather lose than win: I should accept it as the image of human life. Now, in no small measure, education consists in the laws of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men, and every earnest and every living desire to move in harmony with those laws." But I want you to observe that the observation of these laws and the study of these facts involves lessons directly religious. Science teaches us exactly what Scripture teaches. Science too, has her thundering Sinai of God: science, too, preaches the strong beauty of inexorable obligation to God's moral requirements: science, too, tells every one of us that we must keep our bodies in temperate sobriety and chastity: science furnishes decisive confirmation to the first table of the Decalogue and overwhelming proof of the necessity of the second. Science says to the young fool, bent on his own ruin, "The body is destroyed by self-indulgence." Scripture says, "The wages of sin is death." Science says, "You must endure, you must abstain, you must give up." Christ says, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself." In the physical world no less than in the moral world, all things work together for good to him that loves God. On the one hand winds blow and waters roll, only to give strength to the brave: on the other hand, if you are a bad man or bad woman the eternal powers are against you, and the stars in their courses fight for your utter destruction, for in the long run, as the eternal rule, the wicked do not go unpunished: in the long run, as the general rule, the righteous even in this life are never forsaken: in the long run and as a general rule, Nature crushes the wicked: in the long run and as a general rule, Nature justifies the good.

God's Three Great Bibles.

I claim, then, the work of all these busy and eager minds devoted to the illustration of natural phenomena and social laws, as work which the church of God most heartily blesses and approves. The God's three great Bibles—of Nature, of history, and of experience—their work for the good of humanity is a work in the service of Christ. It is founded on the conviction that the apparent indifference of Nature merely means the beneficent fixity of the laws of God. Every triumph of science, which for the good of mankind the present congress has met to promote, has only been rendered possible by the blessed invariability of law, and how long has been the progress, how glorious has been the triumphs of science—triumphs not only of beauty and wonder, but also of beneficence and power! It is not only that science has expanded the horizons of our human life by showing us infinite space crowded with unnumbered worlds, infinite time peopled by unnumbered existences, infinite realms beneath us as above us, invisible, but covered with delicate life and iridescent loveliness; but also she has been a great archangel of mercy, devoting herself to the service of man. Her votaries have labored not to increase the power of despots, or add to the magnificence of courts, but to extend human happiness, to extinguish human pain. Where of old men toiled, half-blinded and half-naked, in the mouth of the furnaces to mix the iron, she now substitutes mechanical action: she teaches the poor miner to work with perfect safety even amid the fire damp; she has seized the lightning flash by its wing of power and made it a toilsome servant of work to light our homes, to turn the wheels

of our mechanism, to carry our messages under the bases of mountains and under stony billows into the green depths of unfathomed seas; she is lulling the sufferer by anaesthesia to be as an infant on its mother's breast while the well skilled operator uses the knife; she has restored eyes to the blind and hearing to the deaf; she has lengthened life, she has minimised danger, she has controlled madness, she has exercised the ghastly phantoms of many a disease. The ardour of her exertions has ever been in proportion to their usefulness. There are some as St. Bernard says, who desire to know only that they may know, and it is based on our curiosity; and some who desire to know only that they may sell their knowledge, and it is based on covetousness; but there are some also who desire to know that they may be edified, and it is based on prudence; and some who desire to know that they may be a blessing to their fellows, and it is based on heavenly love. There is not one true votary of these studies who would not, in the words of our own great Verulam, wish to use the knowledge he is daily accumulating, neither as a couch on which to rest, nor as a cloister in which to promenade, nor as a turret from which to look down upon others, nor as a workshop for gain and merchandise—but as a rich armory and treasury for the glory of the character, and for the ennoblement of human life. I say, then, it is a religious work, and therefore one of man's duties, to observe with reverence, to observe these great laws which will crush out disobedience and also inspire his courage. Let us, then, sweep aside with something like disdain the apprehension of feeble theology that science ever can be hostile to religion, or that the lessons on the great stone table, or on the great book of God's works, ever can contradict anything which is in reality His work. Science may be hostile to much that calls itself religion, and science may read in the books of God much which is not in accordance with what has been taught, as though it was His word, but to God's material forces, no less than to our living souls, God has given a law which cannot be broken. He has no favorites. He is no respecter of persons. It is thus he disciplines us to obedience. We trust God more because there is in his nature no devilish element, no wild impulse rushing with eruptions into space; and when we thus see nature making such provision for our joy in all the lavish prodigality of her manifold ministries, when we see her steadily warning us against the self-chosen causes of misery and degradation, when we see her granting us dominion over her most colossal powers by faithful obedience to her own laws, when we see her constantly educating good out of evil, then we thank our God that our steps are measured, her laws unchangeable, and that though explanations cannot always be wrung from her, nor all her secrets be forced out of her clenched and granite hand, yet we trust her still because she is a minister of God. "He maketh the winds His spirits, and the flaming fires His ministers." Nay, more, we see there that the word "nature" is but a fashion, a sphere, a figure of imagination: we see that nature is nothing but a reverent synonym for God's manifestations; until, growing more gratefully convinced by all that the genius of His gifted seekers has revealed to us of His natural laws, we turn to His Son Jesus Christ to illuminate the darker regions with the gleam of eternity for the teaching of science alone would be terribly imperfect. It only attains the full glory of its meaning to a christian when it is finally supplemented by Him who was the word of God. Nature no less than Christ teaches us the first half of the parable of the prodigal son: it tells the young fool that his conceit and his lust will lead him inevitably to the rags and the famine and the swine. More than that science cannot teach. Nature, it has been said, works with fearful uniformity, stern as fate, absolute as tyranny, merciless as death; she has no ear to hear, no heart to pity, no arm to save. Science, which explains the teachings of nature, has splendid services for us; but she has no gospel, she knows nothing of pardon though she knows much of warning, for nature, taken alone, avenges with passionless and pitiless inflexibility the violation of her laws.

Science knows nothing, and can do nothing, because nature knows nothing of the forgiveness of sins. In the physical world there is no forgiveness of sins. It required Christ to become man for us to save the life of the sinner. What man is there of all of us that sinneth not? It required Christ to tell us the second half of the parable of the prodigal, to tell us of that Father who still opens His forgiving arms to his hapless and self-ridden prodigals. Science says, "Disobey me and thou shalt perish." Christ says, "Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy hope." It is only when we have grappled these principles of his teaching that the cycle of blessed knowledge is complete. It is not until we have learned of Christ that we are able to say with a perfect understanding of what we mean when we say, "Though He slay me yet will I put my trust in Him." But when we have learned to know Christ we are able to say, with a perfect understanding of what we mean when we do say, "Though He slay me yet will I put my trust in Him." But when we have learned to know Christ we can say, knowing the Father of Lights, "With Him is no variableness, nor shadows cast by turning."

All Nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see,
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good,
In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear; whatever is, is right.

And if that must be limited, if overwhelmed and darkened by the exercise of our faculties, we again and again feel our faith unequal to this demand upon it; yet with indecible love, with childlike submission to God as revealed in His Son,

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Jesus Christ our Lord, we can say, every one of us can say to ourselves and to one another, and this should be enough for us: "Since God is love, since it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture." Therefore,

With patient step thy path of duty run;
God nothing does or suffers to be done
But thou thyself wouldst do it, couldst thou see
The end of all events as well as He.

HYMN.

The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angel's thoughts can be:
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, Thou life-giver, there—
Conduct me to Thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with Thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darkness night,
My Saviour and my God!

A Prayer.

Let Thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions make them to ask such things as shall please Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Collect.

Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee that the course of this world may be so peacefully ordered by thy governance, that thy church may joyfully serve Thee in godly quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am—waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Benediction.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen.

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT.

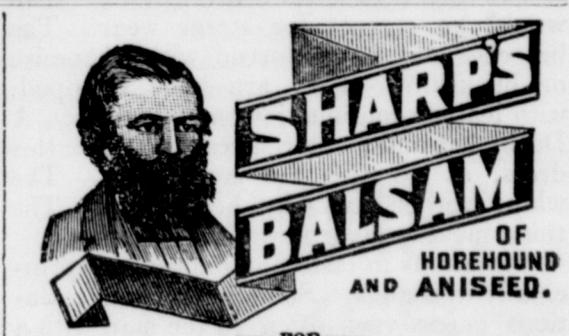
Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb; duty is the path that all may tread.—Lewis Morris.

Bad men hate sin through fear of punishment. Good men hate sin through very love of virtue.—Guevara.

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your heart, and practise them in your lives.—U. S. Grant.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

It is the cross that makes the peace so sweet. Amid the tears of grief peace keeps her silent place like the rainbow upon the spray of the cataract.—H. Bonar.



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