

The Marys of the Bible.

Among Jude's vine-clad hills
In olden times once dwelt
The mother of our Blessed Lord;
No tongue can tell the joy she felt:
Her name was Mary!
(Luke i, 30, 31.)

In Bethany two sisters lived
Who with the Saviour loved to meet;
But one especially desired
To sit with reverence at His feet:
Her name was Mary!
(Luke x, 39.)

When on the Cross the Saviour hung,
Among the mourners gathered there,
The wife of Cleophas was one,
Who raised to Heaven an earnest prayer:
Her name was Mary!
(John xix, 25.)

When on the third, the appointed day,
The Saviour from the tomb went free,
One who was last beside the cross
Was first our risen Lord to see:
Her name was Mary!
(Mark xxi, 9.)

When up to heaven our Lord had gone,
And men went forth to "preach the Word,"
Among the "helpers" of this work
Was one who labored in the Lord:
Her name was Mary!
(Rom. xvi, 6.)

When Peter from the prison went—
Delivered by an angel's hand—
The house of one he quickly sought
Who entertained a praying band:
Her name was Mary!
(Acts xii, 12.)

And when our Lord in glory comes
As King of kings and judge of men,
I know of one who hopes to stand
Among those holy women then:
Her name is Mary!

Co-Residence with Christ.

Our Saviour, in the "upper room" at Jerusalem where he kept his last passover and appointed the Lord's Supper, just prior to his death, said to his disciples: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." In the intercessory prayer which, on the same occasion, he uttered in their hearing he said: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." To the penitent thief, who died by his side on the cross, he said: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." After his ascension into Heaven he said by the pen of the apostle John: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

These passages contain the idea of co-residence with Christ in the heavenly world. He himself is in that world, and constitutes a very large part of the Bible Heaven. His purpose is that his people shall be with him there, and share with him in the glories thereof. The apostles received this idea from the teaching of Christ, and often referred to it as a variety of present hope and future realization. They thought of him as being in Heaven, and expected that when death should transfer them to the spirit-world, they would go there, and there be with Christ. To the Philippians Paul said: "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." To the Corinthians he said: "Therefore, we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord."

.....We are confident I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." To the Colossians he said: "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Referring to the second coming of Christ, the same apostle said to the Thessalonians: "For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we [Christians then living] which are alive and remain [unto this coming], shall be caught up together with them [the risen dead] in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

These passages, like those which fell from the Saviour's lips, contain and teach the doctrine of saintly co-residence with Christ in the heavenly Christians will be with him there as they cannot be while here, and he will be with them there as he is not while they are here. There is a sense in which, while they are present in the body, they are absent from the Lord, and also a sense in which, when they are absent from the body, they will be present with the Lord, as they cannot be so long as they remain in the body. They will, when present with the Lord, see him and know him not by faith in the written Word of

God, but by a direct spiritual vision which is stronger and better than faith. John says that they will "see him as he is;" and Paul says that, after the resurrection, they will dwell in "spiritual bodies," "fashioned like unto his glorious body."

The Bible also informs us that this co-residence with Christ in Heaven carries with it a co-heirship with him in the glories of that world. Paul tells us that the "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things." Christians are, by the same apostle, spoken of, not only as being with Christ in Heaven, but also as being "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ"; and their inheritance is, by another apostle, described as being "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," and being "reserved in Heaven for" those who are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Dwelling with Christ in the same world, seeing him, knowing him, recognized by him, redeemed by him, received by him, sitting with him on his throne, they are "joint heirs" with him in the glories of his heavenly kingdom. He is glorified in them, and they in him. Their character is like his, and their resurrection bodies will be "fashioned like unto his glorious body."

This Bible revelation of co-residence and co-heirship with Christ in Heaven, though transcending our full comprehension in the greatness and glory thereof, may well fascinate and cheer the Christian heart. There is much in this world to make the Christian sad. Disease, bereavement, sorrows, suffering and death are here; and from these he is not exempt. Earth is not, and was not meant to be, his Heaven. But when he looks beyond, and by faith sees his Saviour in the skies, and thinks of what that Saviour is there, and further thinks that he himself will soon be there, and there be "present with the Lord," and that then "the former things" will all have passed away, he may well arm his patience for the trials of this life, no matter how severe, and cheer his hopes with the brilliant prospects that await him in another world. When there, he will not regret these trials. He will look upon them as a disciplinary providence of his Heavenly Father, designed to make him a partaker of the divine holiness, and thus fit him for "the inheritance of the saints in light." Blessed be God, that the religion of Christ is the religion of hope—hope for the guilty, hope for the suffering, hope for the living and hope for the dying. Blessed be God, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—Independent.

How We Got Ned to Sign.

We just had a dreadful time at our house this morning. Papa looked so stern and yet so sorry, and mamma was sick, and cousin Clare's eyes were all pink with so much crying.

May and I didn't know what it all meant, only we guessed that brother Ned had been doing something very, very naughty; for he didn't come to breakfast till we were almost through, and then papa was so angry at him, though he didn't say much.

Ned just drank a cup of coffee for his breakfast, and as soon as he could get away he was off for a drive.

After awhile cousin Clare told us to put on our things, and we would take a walk together. She wasn't a bit like herself that day, for she walked along so quiet and solemn, and only said 'yes' and 'no' to what May and I said. Pretty soon Ned rode up behind us, and he got off his horse and walked beside Clare.

May didn't pay much 'tention'; she's a little thing—only six and a half; I'm eight, and I listened to what they were saying, and I tell you 'twas terrible! I heard Ned saying: 'I want to know just how it was; I want to get at the bottom of this thing.'

She just bit her lips as if she were trying to keep from crying, but she kept still till he said:

'Let me feel that I know the worst.'

Then she spoke up very firm, though her voice trembled:

'Aunt and I were sitting up when we heard a noise of stumbling and shuffling, and then the bell rang. When the door was opened you were held up by two or three men, all of them tipsy; and when you got inside you fell down—'

'Say it out,' said Ned, much excited. 'I was dead drunk, or nearly drunk—whatever you call it.'

Clare kept still, though big tears kept dropping to the ground.

'And—how—did—mother—take—'

'it' as if every word hurt him.

'She thought at first you were hurt or sick, but when she found it was—'

worse, she clasped her hands and looked as if she wanted to die.'

'Well,' he said, 'I hadn't any idea that I was taking more than usual, but I suppose I did, and made a fool of myself.'

That's what he said, truly. My! but I did feel badly. I told May when we got home, and we just cried and cried. Then we went to cousin Clare and had a long chat with her about it. She told us that the wrong was in taking it at all. May and I were surprised at that, for didn't papa have his glass of sherry every day after dinner? But Clare said that if no one ever tasted, no one would be a drunkard.

We both said we'd never, never touch it, and she wrote out a pledge, and we both put our names down, and so did she. I like cousin Clare, I'm going to be a young lady just like her.

All at once May looked at me and I looked at her. We were both thinking of the same thing.

Why couldn't we try, to get papa and Ned to put their names down, too?

We took the paper to mamma's room, and she kissed us and said we might try. But before we went she had us kneel down with her, and she prayed that God would save her boy and help us to do right.

I tell you we felt solemn! We almost wanted to give up—that is, I did, but May said she was going to go anyhow, and I felt ashamed to have a little thing like that beat me; and so we waited until after dinner, and went to the dining-room when every one was gone and papa was alone with his bottle and glass of sherry. He looked astonished when we walked in and laid the paper and pen and ink before him, and then we thought he was angry—he looked so for a minute. I wanted to run, but I said 'It's to save brother Ned, papa.'

Then he put his head down on the table and cried, so dreadful like, just as if his heart was breaking.

'O my son, my son! would God I had died for thee!'

We would have gone away, but he hadn't signed yet. May kept her arm over his neck and petted him lots—she's the loveliest little thing!

By-and-by, when papa raised his head and put his arms round us, I said again: 'Papa, please sign it, and then we can ask Ned.'

He took the paper and read it all over again; and then he put us down and walked up and down the room for the longest time; and there was a glass of sherry he hadn't tasted yet.

At last he went to the table, took up the glass—and we felt so disappointed, for we thought he was going to drink it; but he took it and threw it—smash, right into the grate, and the bottle after it.

'There,' he said, 'I'll see if you'll stand between me and saving my boy!' and then he reached for the pen and wrote 'Herbert Standish,' in those great letters of his.

We didn't stay long, only to kiss and hug him, and then we skipped up stairs where mamma and Clare were sitting so white and anxious. They could hardly believe it, but there it was—papa's name.

They consulted us for awhile, and then they decided that, as we had such good success with papa, we might try alone with Ned.

We heard him practicing the violin in his room, but when we knocked hard, he said 'Come in.'

Well, we were even more scared than when we went to papa; but he took the paper and read it, and when he saw papa's name he whistled right out 'W-h-e-w!'

Then his face began to work, just like May does when she is going to cry, and he walked to the window and blew his nose hard. May took the pen and paper to him, and said:

'Please, Brother Ned, won't you write your name here?' And then she told him, so sweetly, about papa's feeling so bad and throwing the wine into the grate. He trembled a little, but he said:

'Yes, I will. I'll keep it, too, God helping me. If father can, I can.'

And that's how we got Ned to sign, and we are all so happy now.—Royal Road.

The Conductor's Story.

It was in the summer of 1873. I was running extras on the ——— railroad. A circus, travelling about the country, came into the town on our line. An order was issued for an extra train for Sunday morning. I received notice early on Tuesday morning. I read the order carefully. It gave the time of arrival in our city at 9 A. M.

I looked again, to see if it was not 9 P. M. I was a teacher in the Sabbath school. I had a bright class of boys about sixteen years of age, just the right age to be interested in circuses, and to be wide awake when one arrived in town. My heart sank. I, a professing Christian, and withal a

Sabbath school teacher, detailed to run a circus train on the Sabbath, and to arrive, too, in my own city, where everybody knew me, just as Christians were ready for church.

What shall I do? I had worked hard nearly nine years as a brakeman, and I had been promoted to a conductor. Could I afford to lose all by my refusal to do as ordered? Then I thought of my family depending upon me, and I said, I cannot throw away all these years of hard toil to satisfy conscience. For I expected to be discharged if I refused to do as ordered. Then I thought of the boys in the Sabbath school. What if some of them should happen to be at the depot to see the train, or if they were just on their way to church as we arrived, and should see me, as they doubtless would? I thought of the church and the prayer-meeting. What should I do? I thought of my influence as lost for good, and there was a desperate struggle between the evil and the good.

I had four days in which to decide. How strange it was! Notice did not usually reach us until the day previous. What long, dreary days they seemed! And the boys heard of the order, and were guessing what I would do. They knew what I had said in prayer-meeting about desecrating the Sabbath, for some of them were there. Would he go or would he quit? "No he would not quit, for he would not dare refuse to go," they said.

Saturday morning came. I must notify the office that day what I would do. Sleepless nights and weary days had passed, and I had thought and prayed, but I was decided. Duty seemed clear, very clear, and it was that a Christian man could not run excursion trains on the Sabbath.

My father was a deacon in the orthodox church, and just before going to my work I went to him and told him the story, reserving my decision to myself, and asking his advice what to do. I knew well what he would say. What a look went over his face as he spoke!

"But," I said, "father, will you help me to get something to do? I shall lose my place, devoted nearly all my life to this business and now I must turn to something else."

"Trust in God, my boy," he answered promptly, "and I will help you, too."

I returned to the office, and walked up to the manager as he sat, and said, in a respectful tone: "I have been detailed to run a circus train Sunday morning, and I cannot do it on the Sabbath."

Imagine my astonishment as he looked me in the face and said: "You're detailed to run Sunday Trains! I am surprised! You go right home, and don't you worry about Sunday trains."

I have never been detailed for Sunday work since. But the men who offered to do work for extra pay upon the Sabbath have long since been discharged.—Congregationalist.

Religious Life a Reasonable Life.

BY THE REV. JOHN RHEY THOMPSON.

"Which is your reasonable service." —ROMANS 12, 11.

The Bible everywhere represents the religious life as a "reasonable service."

Its demands never exceed our powers. It assumes a perfect harmony between man, his faculties and condition, and the requirements of the service of God.

When religion is spoken of as "light," the assumption is that there is a natural correspondence between man's nature and religion, as there is between our eyes and the light.

Manifestly this is not the prevailing feeling among men as regards the religious life. They do not think of it as something agreeable, attractive, and natural, but rather as a hard duty, an ungracious task, a medicine, a burden, a weariness. The general feeling is not that such a life is eminently reasonable.

Even children manifest a distaste for most of the services of religion, and can easily be shamed into a denial of religious professions. It is by no means a conspicuous or agreeable subject with young men and women as they stand upon the broad threshold of life. Do we find their elders eager for specific religious exercises and work? It is a truth that such a life is considered uninteresting and distasteful by the great majority of those about us.

Is the religious life something foreign, unnatural, irrational? I address to your intelligence this statement: That for a being such as man this life is preeminently natural and reasonable. For what is man? what his powers? what the facts of his condition? Is he perfect? wise? strong? holy? self-sufficing? Is he not a weak, ignorant, inexperienced, selfish, dependent being? Does he not need help, pity, guidance, solace, forgiveness? His life at the best is full of mistake, struggle, pain, loss, sharp disappointments. And, then, how fugitive his life, passing away as a vapor!

What is there irrational in the religious life to such a being? It cannot be found certainly in the great truths of religion. What are they? God; His existence, His nearness to us, and His sympathy with our life; His Fatherhood, His personal, tender love and care for each of us. Is there here any unreason? What collision is there between reason and the precious, glorious truths of revelation, redemption, and providence? Then there is the life imposed upon us by religion. What is it but the supreme love of our hearts for God, and a holy, disinterested love for our brethren? Is such a life irrational to man? Is he not so environed that it is only by living the life of love that he can come to the blessedness? Such is the teaching of the New Testament not only, but as well of Mr Spencer's *Data of Ethics*. The religious life does not lose its reasonableness in the light of its results. Need I rehearse them? God's perpetual guidance, ever increasing light, deeper and closer communion augmenting holiness, and at last translation and coronation with all the powers of an endless life! Does not the religious life commend itself to the illuminated reason? Does it not round out our human life to grace, harmony, beauty, and power?

I speak to reasonable men; perhaps to men who boast of their obedience to reason in life. You would have a reasonable religion. It is such I offer you to-night. Accept it. Be reasonable and surrender your life to it. You see the truth; follow it. Do not convict yourself of unreason by refusing a reasonable service.

No Weeping—No Reaping.

There are few more inspiring chapters in the biographies of many of the bravest and the best than those which record their early struggles with poverty and stern adversities. Many a great artist mixed his first colors with tears. Heroic John Todd, of Pittsfield, when he footed it to New Haven to enter college, was compelled to sleep through a cold night under a bush by the road-side from sheer lack of money to pay for his lodgings. If he had lost heart then the New England pulpit would have lost the sturdiest Puritan of these modern days. Godly mothers also can bring their testimonies of the tears, the prayers, the self-denials, and the faithful trainings of sons and daughters whose after careers have brought honor and joy to the parental heart. The love-tears soaked both the soil and the seed, or there had been no harvest.

We pastors, too, have our experiences; we have often known what it was to go forth weeping, bearing our load of seed, and to come back singing, laden with the sheaves. God never makes his choicest blessings too cheap. Let every young minister who means to reach the highest usefulness, lay his account to one thing: his sweetest pleasures will be wrought out of his sharpest pains, and hardships will pioneer his richest harvests.

As this world is only a training-school for a better world, God's discipline commonly runs along these same lines. The seedling in sorrow brings the reaping in song. Some of my readers may be now treading the furrows of affliction with moistened eyes and trembling steps. Good friends, do not let your tears blind your eyes, either to God's love or your own duty. When sorrow is allowed to settle in your heart, it often turns the heart into a stagnant fen of bitter waters in which sprout all manner of noxious reeds of murmuring and selfishness and unbelief. Turn that sorrow outward into a current of sympathy with others, and it may drive many a wheel of benevolence. Tears are often wonderful fertilizers of the soul; they are the heart-water that grows some sweet graces, just as the irrigating brooks in Nevada turn barren sand into a garden. Sow on, ye suffering one; you will be the better men and women for this severe schooling. If faith grows, and unselfish love grows, and patience grows, then sorrow will end in song, and weeping will bring the reaping.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler in *Evangelist*.

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Rheumatism.

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

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9.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.

2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.

7.15 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

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