

Take My Hand.

The way is dark, my Father. Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghastly visions: fears—a spectral band—
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand.
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father, and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate.
Thy child. —Selected.

THE BIBLE.

TESTIMONIES OF A FEW GREAT AND GOOD MEN.

I must confess the majesty of the *Scripture* strikes me with astonishment. —Rousseau.

I account the *Scriptures* of God to be the most sublime philosophy. —Sir Isaac Newton.

The *Scriptures* were written not to make us astronomers, but to make us saints. —Matthew Henry.

It is a belief in the *Bible* which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. —Goethe.

To give a man full knowledge of true morality, I should need to send him to no other book. —Coleridge.

There is not a boy nor girl in all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by this great book. —Theodore Parker.

A noble book! All men's book. It is our first statement of the never-ending problem of man's destiny, and God's way with men on earth. —Carlyle.

The book to read is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think. No book in the world equals the *Bible* for that. —Dr. McCosh.

The grand old *Book of God* still stands, and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word. —Prof. Dana.

The Church has not cast anchor over an uncertain *Bible* or an uncertain creed. If it has, then it has no message to deliver, and no authority to lift up its voice in the name of God and His Christ. —Dr. H. Bonar.

The *Bible* writes hope over the darkest folds of life. Man, above all things, needs hope, and the *Bible* is the charter of hope, the message of the God of Revelation, who, alone, is the God of hope. —Canon Wescott.

In the *Word of God* are the promises that never fail, hopes that never disappoint. Here is that upon which we can lean, when friends are gone, when health fades, and when the last milestone of our earthly journey is past, and when death and judgment in all their appalling realities are close at hand. —G. Eberard.

The *Bible* tells of the streams that it may allure us to the foundation; it tells of the past acts of God's faithful love that we may be led to set our hope on God, and to feel assured that He who hath helped will help, and that He who hath loved will love to the end. —Thos. Erskine.

The *Bible* embodies all that a Christian can need. It is his only chart through this tempestuous life; in trouble, it is his consolation; in prosperity, his monitor; in difficulty, his guide; amid the darkness of death, and while descending into the shadowy valley, it is the day star that illumines his path, makes his eye bright with hope, and cheers his soul with the prospect of immortal glory. —Rev. Dr. Waterbury.

Good men have tried the *Bible*; in youth and in old age; in sickness and in health; in business and at home; in life and death. Lawyers have tried it; statesmen have tried it; its education, and its laws; but is not worn out; it is not affected; it is ever young and never old; it is the Lord's Book; we need no others; the longer it is tried the more satisfactory it is proved the Word of the Lord, which abideth forever. —Dr. Hall.

Be sure you try accurately to understand your *Bible* and transfer its teachings to modern words, by putting other names for those that have been superseded by time. Read your *Bible*, making it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of it clearly, and your daily

business to obey it in all that you do understand. To my early knowledge of the *Bible* I owe the best part of my taste in literature, and the most precious, and on the whole, the one essential part of my education. —John Ruskin.

I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit, coming from God, and returning to God: just hovering over the great gulf; a few moments hence I am no more seen; I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing—the way to Heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach the way. He hath written it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price give me the book of God! I have it, here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book. Here, then, I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In His presence I open, I read His book; for this end—to find the way to Heaven. —John Wesley.

What the Deacon Said.

"Yes," said the deacon, there's many a man that calls himself honest that never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered, since, what I'd ever have talked about if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here, and those wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder.

"I know I read once about one of the kings of England, Edward I., who had an officer called the Lord High Almoner, and one of the things that man had to do was to 'remind the king of the duty of alms-giving.' I've thought to myself many a time that it would be well for a good many folks nowadays, if they had King Edward's almoner to stir them up to give. Not to the poor only, I mean, but to all the needs of the cause of Christ. There are lots of people besides the children of Israel that need a Moses to say to them, 'It is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.' I've allus thought that that was a grand thing in David, when he'd done such a job, getting together that pile of gold and silver for the temple, and he just turned to the Lord, and said, 'All these things come from thee, and of thine own have we given thee.' Most men would have wanted at least a little credit for the pains they had taken themselves.

Well in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long while I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign mission Sabbath was my rheumatiz day, reglar and I didn't go to church. Home mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd gen'ally a tech of neuralgia so I didn't feel like going out, and I stayed home. Tract Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was goin' to be deaf, and I oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on the Sabbath for helping the Publication Society, like as not my corns were unusual troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out.

Wife wanted to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear of it. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The *Bible* was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks.

And yet, I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort of gradual, and didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losing business.

Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old, then, and I was dreadfully proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sabbath night we were sitting at the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by and by she got kind of quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she, 'Pa, will we have to pay rent in heaven?' 'What?' says I, lookin' down at her kind of astonished like.

'Will we have to pay any rent in heaven?' says she, again!

'Why, no, says I. 'What made you think of that?' Well I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyway, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house. But at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said, 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven.' And as the only real poor folks that

Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven.

Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie, and explained to her about the "many mansions" in our "Father's house" you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way, and before Nannie, too.

I fixed up some pretty bitter things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened to everything that I sputtered out, and then he said, 'Well, deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making any deposits,' and then he drove off.

Well, I walked over to my blackberry patch, and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of foreign mission Sabbath and the headache, and Bible Society day and the neuralgia, and tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I knelt down there in the blackberry patch, and said, 'O Lord, I've been a stingy man if ever there was one, and if ever I do get to heaven, I deserve to have to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got, back to thee.'

And I believe he's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving, I did feel pretty sore over that first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving "as unto the Lord" till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been this twenty years. —Congregationalist.

Personal Influence.

The biography of Dr. Bushnell contains a passage concerning his Methodist grandmother, written by himself. Going to live in a newly settled part of Vermont, near the end of the last century, she became at once interested in establishing Sunday worship, and meetings were held in her own house:

She put it on her husband to offer prayer; and she selected a young man, about twenty years of age, to read the sermon. She had no thought of his being a Christian, and he had little of being such himself.

She only knew him as a jovial, hearty youth, with enough of the constitutional fervor in him, as she thought, to make a good reader, and that determined her choice. He read well, and continually better, as he had more experience, till finally her prayers began to find large expectations in him.

Advancing in this manner, she by and by selected a sermon in which she hoped he might preach to himself. He read with a fervor and unction that showed he was fulfilling her hope. When the little assembly broke up, she accosted him, asking him to remain a few minutes after they were gone. Then she said to him, having him by himself, "Do you know, my dear young friend, that you have God's call upon you to be a Methodist preacher?" "No," he answered promptly, "I am not even a Christian. How can I be called to be a preacher?" "No matter for that," she replied; "you are called both to be a Christian and a preacher; and one for the sake of the other, even as Paul was! I think I say this by direction. And now let me request of you, on your way home, to go aside from the path into some quiet place in the woods where you will not be interrupted, and there let this matter be settled before God, and he will help you."

The result was that he reached home with the double call upon him both of a disciple and a minister of God. And thus began the religious life of Bishop Hedding, one of the most talented men of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Protecting Providence.

It will not be difficult to mention cases in which eminent individuals have been preserved from danger and death by the manifest hand of Providence.

John Knox, the Scotch reformer, had many enemies who sought to compass his destruction. He was in the habit of sitting in a particular chair in his own house, with his back to the window. One evening, however, when assembling his family, he would neither occupy his accustomed seat nor allow anybody else to do so. That very evening a bullet was sent through the window with a design to kill him. It grazed the chair which he usually occupied, and made a hole in the candlestick.

It is related of Augustine that he was going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, and took a guide to direct him on the way. By some means the guide mistook his way and got into a by-path. It was afterward discovered that a party of miscreants had designed to waylay and murder him, and that his life was saved through the guide's mistake.

Charles of Bala was once saved from death by what some would call a foolish mistake. On one of his journeys to Liverpool his saddle-bag was put into the wrong boat. He had taken his seat when he discovered it, and had to change at the last minute. At first he was vexed and disappointed; but he afterward learned that the boat in which he intended to go was lost and all its passengers drowned.

Howard, the philanthropist, was once preserved from death by what some would call mere chance, but which was no other than a special providence. He always set a high value on Sabbath privileges, and was exact and careful in his attendance on the means of grace. That he might neither increase the labor of his servants nor prevent their attendance on public worship, he was accustomed to walk to the chapel at Bedford, where he attended. One day a man whom he had reproved for his idle and dissolute habits resolved to waylay and murder him. That morning, however, for some reason or other, he resolved to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus his valuable life was preserved.

Rev. John Newton was in the habit of regarding the hand of God in everything, however trivial it might appear to others. "The way of man is not in himself," he would say. "I do not know what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I go down Lothberry, or go through the old Jewry; but another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport; but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the seashore at the time a ship was passing, which was thereby brought to, and afterward brought me to England." —The Quiver.

One Friend Still.

A very old and forlorn-looking woman was a familiar object in the police court. She was never brought there as an offender, nor as a witness. Sometimes she would not be seen for a few days, a week, or even a month, and then she would appear again, her ragged garments travel-stained, and her gait that of one who is worn and weary, both in body and spirit.

She would get as close to the railing as she could, and with her wrinkled hand shading her eyes, eagerly scan the faces of the culprits as they were brought in for trial. When all had come and gone, she would sometimes be heard to say, half-aloud, and half to herself, 'He aint there—well, I'm glad of that.' Sometimes she was seen haunting saloon doors in the vilest parts of the city, a half-hopeful, half-fearful look on her wrinkled face. Again she would be found begging for permission to go through jails and hospitals. Once she said to a hospital nurse 'I'd rather find him here than over there.' A house of correction stood on the spot indicated as "over there."

'Who are you looking for?' asked the nurse.

The old woman lowered her voice almost to a whisper, as she answered 'I'll tell you. I don't often tell any one, but I'll tell you. I'm looking for my son. But he aint here. I'd know him as soon as I see him. I'm sure I would. But he aint here.'

She glanced up and down the long ward as she spoke. Her bleared eyes filled with tears. She wiped them away, and said 'I aint seen him for most twenty years. But I'd know him. I'm his own mother, you see. O I'd know him if I could only see him. No, it aint no use for me to give his name. It aint the same one I gave him when he was my baby and—innocent.'

The tears flowed afresh over the brown and wrinkled cheeks. 'Yes, he got into trouble. He wasn't bad at heart, but he got led away, and—into—State prison. I didn't know it until lately. But it don't make no difference with me, 'cause I'm his own mother, and if I could only find him, and tell him that he's got two true friends left—me and God. We'll stand right by him. I have a kind of feeling that I can't keep the hunt up much longer, and he may drift in here, and if he should, and you come across him, wont you tell him how his old mother looked and looked for him?' 'But you haven't told me his name.'

'O so I haven't. I s'pose I must. Well, he calls himself—', she whispered a name in the nurse's ear and added 'Tell him that me and God was his friends still. I'll be gone soon now, but tell him that God is always his friend.'

She went slowly down the stairs and into the street. It was storming furiously, and night was coming on. Before morning she was brought back to the hospital by two policemen, who had found her wandering about the street, sick and delirious. She lived but a few hours, and just before the end came, her sufferings ceased, and she said slowly and sadly 'Well, I didn't find him, not in twenty years. But you tell him if he comes here, that I tried hard to find him, and—tell him that I couldn't forget my boy, and that God has not forgotten him.' —Youth's Companion.

Preaching Christ.

The president of a theological seminary in charging a young pastor not long since, bid him preach Christ and not drag into the pulpit the scientific and philosophical themes which fill the pages of our journals and magazines, and reviews. These things are so ably and fully discussed there, that the pulpit has no reasonable excuse for serving them up to the immortal natures that wait upon its ministrations.

The pre-eminent element of all our preaching should be spiritual. It is not the intellect of a man that needs to be stimulated at the Sunday service, it is his spiritual nature that needs quickening. He will get good out of the service of God's house as he finds in it the mount of communion with the Most High, and as Jesus is transfigured before him. He is soul hungry and soul thirsty. Scientific discussions are chaff and husks to such hunger and such thirst. The hungry man wants bread, and Christ is that bread. Surely in his Father's house there should be bread, enough and to spare. He cannot find appealing in the stone of scientific speculation or philosophical disquisition. He is athirst and seeks the living water that can only be drawn out of the wells of salvation. All his need is summed up in a word, and that word a name, and that name Christ.

The acceptable ministry is that which affords an earnest, warm-hearted presentation of the living truths that centre in Christ Jesus, and these include the whole Bible. There is nothing that can take the place of such a ministry. There is no monotony in the gospel, no staleness about God's Word. The gospel does not tire. Innumerable are the changes that may be rung upon the gospel bells. In them is the harmony of heaven, and men's hearts need these harmonies that they may not be overwhelmed with the world's distractions.

In the present age men are not demanding great sermons, deep sermons, overmastering rhetorical efforts. There is danger that these may be brilliant and beautiful, but only as pyrotechnical displays are brilliant, creating a sensation of pleasure it may be, but without corresponding profit. In this age men are asking for the clear, terse, practical lessons of God's own Word as they bear upon every-day life. Only thus can they be blessed out of Zion, and strengthened out of the sanctuary. Nor does such preaching mean the lessening of preparation. It may mean less ransacking of the philosophy of the books and more deep searching into the philosophy of the Book of books. Simple preaching is by no means slipshod preaching. To present the vital truths of the divine word with fervor, with force, with freshness, is no mean attainment and calls for much of prayer and pains.

Begin at Once.

Begin at once to do whatever your Master commands. Begin to practice religion. A child never would learn to walk by a hundred talks about the law of gravitation; it must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling, or more pungent convictions, or for any thing that you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hinderances, if they keep you from doing at once the very first act that will please Christ. Have you never opened your lips to an unconverted friend, either to avow your own feelings or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short, you must begin to obey a new Master; to serve a new Saviour; to strike out a new line of living, and rely on God's almighty help to do it. When you give yourself to Christ in this whole-hearted and practical fashion, He will give you a thousand-fold richer gift in return. Yes, He will give you Himself! When you possess Christ you have everything. —Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

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P. S.—Reference, by permission, to the Editor of this Paper, who has two of our Organs in his Church. Mc M. & Co. Fredericton. mar10 ly

Notice of Sale.

TO William Rosborough, at present of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, mason, and Elizabeth W. Rosborough his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, and registered in Book Q 3 of the York County Records, pages 46 to 50, under No. 31553, made between the said William Rosborough therein described as of the Parish of Kingsclear, in the County of York, mason, and Elizabeth W. his wife of the one part and Mary McLean, therein described as of the Parish of Saint Mary in the County of York, widow, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction at Phoenix Square in the City of Fredericton, on Saturday, the Fourth day of June next, at two o'clock noon, the Lands and Premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Kingsclear, known as being called the Woodworth Place, and is abutted and bounded as follows, viz:—On the front by the River Saint John, on the lower or easterly side by land owned and occupied by Robert Forcey, on the upper or westerly side by land occupied by the heirs of the late Stephen Lowell and on the rear by the highway road leading to Woodstock, the same containing seventy-five acres more or less," being the same lands deeded by Leticia Mills and Betsy Ann Mills to the said William Rosborough by deed bearing date October 8th, A. D., 1880. Also all that certain other piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Kingsclear, known as being called the Mills Homestead, and is bounded as follows, viz: "On the front by the River Saint John, on the lower or easterly side by Land owned by Isaac Kilburn, on the upper or westerly side by land owned by Allan Palmer and on the rear by the Queen's Highway road leading to Woodstock, the same containing thirty acres by estimation more or less, being the same Lands deeded by John Mills to the said William Rosborough by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Together with all the buildings and improvements, rights, privileges and appurtenances to same belonging or appertaining. Dated the twenty-ninth day of April, A. D., 1887.

W. H. BRADLEY,
GEO. E. VAN HORNE,
Executors of the Estate of the late Mary McLean.

J. A. & W. VANWART,
Solicitors for Executors.

NOTICE OF SALE

TO be sold by Public Auction on SATURDAY, the sixteenth day of July next, between the hours of Twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the County Court House in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, all the right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand either at Law or in Equity of Henry Braithwaite, which he had on the Fifteenth day of February, A. D., 1887 of in or out of the following described premises, to wit: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Stanley, County of York and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows:—Running by the magnet along the Cross Creek road south fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes west one chain and sixty-two and one-half links to a post; thence north forty-two degrees and fifteen minutes east six chains and twenty-five links to the place of beginning, being part of number seven on Cross Creek road, located to one Ed ward Speer, and containing one acre, together with all the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or appertaining, the same having been seized under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of the County of York, at the suit of William T. McLeod against the said Henry Braithwaite.

A. A. STERLING, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, F'ron, N. B.,
March 28th 1887.

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