

The Ways of God.

O man! deem not the ways of God unwise,
Nor question how thy life has found its
place
In this fair world. Beneath life's sunny
skies,
Though often clouded, thou shalt live
thy days.

Nor do thou say God's providence is vain,
Because his ways are past thy wit or ken;
He knows why thou art here, and he'll
attain
For thee such ends as he ordains for men.
—*Telescope.*

The Bible And The People.

BY REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM.

Among the acts of the American Congress while the War of the Revolution was at its height, side by side with appropriations for gunpowder stands an order for 20,000 copies of the Bible. The manhood that was nourished and moulded by the sacred Scriptures made the use of gunpowder effective as one of the means in that struggle which resulted in freeing the colonies from British oppression and laying solidly the foundations of the American republic. These two things, gunpowder and the Bible, brought by congressional action into singular juxtaposition, are in some senses representative of material and spiritual forces. He who knows our history need not be told that spiritual force has dominated and used material force in establishing this nation and building it up to its present greatness. The Old Testament made of the Puritan colony almost a Hebrew theocracy; the whole Bible, more than anything else, has made of this nation a Christian commonwealth. Does any one now need to be told of the vital relation which the Bible, apart from all questions of critical exegesis or theological inference, sustains to the intellectual and moral and political and economic welfare of our country? Perhaps most of us need occasional reminders, amid the distracting roar of our industries, the hurry and tumult of our commerce, and the dazzling splendors of an unparalleled material civilization, that man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses, and that those forces which group themselves under the broad term spiritual are the forces that feed and fortify, that make powerful and perpetual, the life of men and nations. To a pre-eminent degree the Bible represents the highest, most varied and most powerful spiritual forces that have ever acted or do now act on humanity. It has no rival in this respect, for it has no equal. Other sacred books there are which justly command the veneration of men, but this book has a compass and an elevation of thought that make it solitary—not only unequalled, but unapproached. It is not a mere book of religion; nor is it a mere book of history. In it the finest ethical conceptions of the finest races find either their source or their verification. The moral ideal in the words, and still more in the spirit and life of Jesus Christ still beckon man upward as the shining summit of the mountain mingling its whiteness with the whiteness of the heavens beckons upward the aspiring traveler. It is not a book of rules but a book of insights, inspirations, revelations. In it moral truth appears sublimated into a life that henceforth becomes the inspiration and guide of all true life. It is a book of universal breadth, touching human need and susceptibility at every point and bringing illumination into every obscure field of man's moral relations. It is a book of economics, containing those germinal precepts of practical wisdom that, applied, unfold into industry, enterprise, invention, arts, progress, civilization. It is a book of culture, presenting ideas that awaken and nourish, and expand, and stimulate the intelligence of man so that by the impulse which it gives spring up literature, and science, and schools, and philosophies, and the noblest products of poetical and æsthetic genius. Coleridge but faintly expressed the truth when he said: "For more than a thousand years the Bible collectively taken, has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law; in short, with the moral and intellectual cultivation of the species, always supporting and often leading the way." It is a book of politics, containing the architectonic principles of progressive common government,—principles that find their realization not in fixed forms of political organization, but in the slowly perfecting social order and mutual ministries of men in which law as righteousness, and righteousness as love realizing itself in action, becomes the organizing and regulative impulse of the community and the state. It is a book of spiritual life, presenting the object and awakening the capacity of faith; bringing the soul into consciousness

of God and of its own higher self-hood, and pouring into the narrow limits of time the significance of eternity; showing through the transparent mask of the material the enduring reality of the spiritual, and nourishing in the soul that life which, taking its rise amid the finite and perishable, unfolds aptitudes and capacities for the infinite and eternal. Such a book is the Bible! Such an influence on human life history demonstrates it to have!

Still it must be confessed that scarcely has there been time or opportunity for the Bible fully to reveal itself in the life of any nation. In some nominally Christian nations it has been held back from the people by ecclesiastical authority, Spain and Italy are examples, and their present intellectual and moral condition furnishes a suggestive commentary on the policy of the Roman Church. At one time in England there was a similar withholding of the Bible from the masses. Knight, in his "History of England," tells us that as late as 1543 "an act was passed which limited the reading of the Bible and the New Testament in the English tongue to noblemen and gentlemen, and forbade the reading of the same to 'the lower sort'—to artificers, apprentices, journeymen, servingmen, husbandmen and to laborers, and to women, under pain of imprisonment." Among the reasons given for this prohibition of the Bible to the common people, the following, urged by a Cambridge friar shortly before the suppression of the monasteries, is interesting. He denounced the reading of the Bible by the common people, "for the Baker," he said "who found it written that a little heaven would corrupt the whole lump, would give us bad bread; and the ploughman would be afraid to labor when he learned that if he looked back from his plow he were unfit for the kingdom of heaven." In England a free Bible for three hundred years, more than anything else, has made England stable, and powerful, and free. Germany owes more to Luther's Bible than to the court or army. But in no nation has there been, as yet, absolute freedom of the Scriptures to all the people. To many, even in America, it is forbidden by the mandate of priest or bishop. To many it is banned by ignorant prejudice. To many it comes fettered by narrow, preconceived theories or by partisan comments on it, so that the native divine force of it reaches the mind and heart only through weakening and even perverting media. It is not too much to say that as yet the Bible has not had full opportunity to reveal its utmost power in arousing the intelligence and elevating the morals and shaping the character of a whole people. Still, how vast is the influence and how manifold are the beneficent results of this incomparable book! Enough does history present to demonstrate this truth that the Bible purely and widely diffused among the masses of men, in its relations to organic society, does make an intelligent people, a free people, a righteous people, and a stable people. *The Standard.*

How to Bear the Burdens of Life.

BY THE REV. R. S. PARDINGTON.

Some burdens are unavoidable, others are self-imposed. Remorse for sin, the ruin of a good name by crime, the pallor and the squalor, the disgrace and the woes of intemperance, are self-imposed.

How much of self-determined departure from the faith, self-willed surrender to the forces of evil, self-imposed ruin of character, there is in the world to-day! Some burdens befall a man in the line of duty. Many a man doing his best for himself, for his family, and for his country, is overtaken by disappointment, blasted hopes, and destructive storms. The pit into which Joseph was cast was to him inevitable. His goodness and uprightness, and the favor he had in the eyes of his father, stirred up the bad blood of his brothers. Jealousy was aroused, which culminated in the attempt to slay him. The lion-den was inevitable to such a man as Daniel and in such times. His temperance principles, his loyalty to right, his rapid promotion because of his trustworthiness, had provoked envy toward him. If he had been a little more diplomatic, a little more selective in his devotion to God, he might have avoided all that befell him. But, no; such a man as he would not practice double-dealing to save his life.

How much of sadness and of burden have entered into the lives of some of the world's best men. Its patriots and philanthropists and reformers furnish proof of this. Many of them died and never saw the fruits of their labors. Their victories were only in prophecy to them, but to us they have become gloriously real. John Brown said: "Weep not for me. I am worth more

to hang than anything else." His blood was, indeed, the seed from which has sprung our most recent liberties. The burden on Haddock's heart was lifted in his death; but the death-knell has already been sounded against the saloon.

Under what burdens our Lord Jesus walked. He came to make provision for the world's atonement and for universal empire. He went through poverty, persecution, a wilderness, a Gethsemane, and a Calvary to lay the foundation of it. His followers at the first were feeble in numbers, "in resources, and in courage. The bitterest opposition gathered about him from all sides, culminating in his crucifixion. But, as Bushnell has said, "Where others saw sinking sands, he saw rocks of firmness. Where they saw weakness, he saw towers of strength." He saw an empire-wide in its sweep and eternal in its duration.

How many of God's saints are misjudged by the world. In them is a tender and sensitive spirit. They see only a lost world about them. Jeremiah like, they weep over its sins; its Sabbath-breaking, gambling, extravagance, profanity, and intemperance are to them signs of its estrangement from God.

They offer the Gospel to men, but it is spurned, rejected, and trampled under foot. They see that only the mercy of God stands between guilty men and the Nemesis of destruction. One such man was Walsingham. When chided for what appeared to be gloom he replied: "I am not gloomy. I am serious. God is serious. Jesus Christ is serious. The Holy Ghost is serious. Angels in heaven are serious. The lost in perdition are serious."

The giddy world laughs sometimes at such folks. But how quickly they will welcome the serious and prayerful child of God at the bed-side when Death is near. The gay dancing, theater-going, wine-drinking, card-playing professors of religion are not welcome at such a place. Many of God's best saints are burdened with the thought that Christianity is not making advancement.

This is an unnecessary burden. Christianity is spreading. The victories of the cross are multiplying. Never did science confirm the word of God as now. The pillory and the rack and the star-chamber are no more. Wesley, a little over a hundred years ago, was not allowed to preach in a church. To-day, nearly 4,000,000 precious souls arise and call him "blessed." Edmund Burke said to the military and naval authorities of England: "You will never conquer America." True prophet was he. So we say to our foes: "You will never conquer the Christ or overthrow His religion." To do that you must first overcome Jehovah. All divine things are of God, and are eternally vital. Faint hearted ones, "cast thy burden on the Lord." Here is the solution of many of our national problems. Our statesmen and philanthropists and reformers are perplexed. They know not how to grapple with many of the vexed questions of social life and political economy. Men arise and try to be leaders, but they fail. Let our affairs be carried to God. Let it be said of our public men: "They kneel before God." Less of elaborate costume and public reception and wine-drinking at the capital! Less of wire-pulling and corruption in our State and municipal affairs! Less of greed among monopolists! Less of beer-drinking among laboring men!

Let us all take hold of the forces of Christianity and many of our irregularities would level down, and many of our burdens would be lifted. The religion of Jesus is the panacea for our woes. It is the divine alchemy to transmute our darkness into life. It is the lever which, if properly used, would lift our poor humanity up to God.

Be not disheartened then. "Hang not your harp upon the willow." Use it daily and make a cheerful music. Sing rather than mourn if the day be dark. Imitate your Lord who sang a hymn while on His way to Gethsemane. He is thy burden-bearer.—*Chris. Advocate.*

Imagination.

Here is a story which is often told to show the power of the imagination. A murderer was condemned to die, and some physicians obtained permission to try an experiment upon him. They told the prisoner that his execution was to be private instead of public, and that death would be painless. They took him blindfolded into a room and laid him on a table that had little faucets of water at the corners. He thought he was to be bled to death. He heard the doctors, who talked as if they were bleeding him, and when they turned on the water he thought it was the blood dropping, and actually died without having lost a drop of blood, simply because he imagined he was dying.

Another story which shows how the imagination can make a well person sick is told of a certain Dr. Buckland. He gave a dinner one day after he had been dissecting a Mississippi alligator, and invited many distinguished people to dine with him. The table was elegantly set, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor of one of his guests.

"Very good, indeed," answered the gentleman; "turtle, is it not?"

The doctor shook his head. "I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another, "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied the host, "the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning—"

Before he could say anything more many of the diners turned pale and rushed out of the room.

"See what imagination is," said Dr. Buckland to those who remained. "If I had told them it was turtle or terrapin or birds'-nest soup, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse."

"But was it really alligator?" asked a lady.

"The soup was made from as good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," replied the doctor.

These people lost a good dinner from yielding to the effects of imagination. But many lose years of happiness and helpfulness by imagining themselves sick and lying in bed, when a little effort of the will would make them well, and I show that it was not their bodies but their imagination that were diseased.

Self-Control.

Self-control, self-culture, and words of similar import, indicate a state of mind greatly to be desired. We must remember, however, that true self-control is something more than natural or acquired self-restraint. There is weakness in the soul that is not in vital union with Christ. Human nature, when exposed to sudden pressure or startling surprises, can not be trusted. There is no form of self-control that can stand without this grace. It must be *Christian*. Under what conditions may this desirable quality be perfected?

When we live under a continual sense of the divine Omnipresence, we will likely come into the possession of it. "Unrest is opposed to self-control. Mindfulness of God tends to remove perturbation from the believer's mind."

When we abide in the conscious favor of God, there is given to us this ability. The strength of self-restraint, of self-poise when in danger, as well as the strength to speak and act with proper deliberation, is then ours. His manifested love produces in our hearts quietness, decision and sound judgment. These are all elements of self-control.

Intercourse with God in habitual, effectual prayer is most favorable. We can not lose inward compassure when once this habit of communing with Him is established. Circumstances may be most trying; everything may foreshadow disaster to come; antagonisms may be harsh and unrelenting; the fleshly mind may shrink from contact with those who have inflicted unmerited injury—but the uninterrupted fellowship of the soul with God stills every inward tempest. Repose is sure to follow, a rest having all the essential parts of self-control. The soul is now held back from anxiety, from resentments, from hasty temper or words, because it is held in the embrace of prayer.

Saved By A Hymn.

The Turks, it is well known, treat all persons supposed to be crazy with much consideration. They consider madmen as being under the special and particular protection of divine Providence, and entitled as such to kind treatment and immunity from all punishment. The following instance thereof is of interest:

Mr. —, a Bulgarian, who had spent several years in America, and there became a Protestant, was arrested some time ago on suspicion of being concerned in a revolt against the Turks. There was no possible doubt as to his guilt, and he was condemned to be hanged.

A few mornings later he was escorted from the jail in company with others, en route for the place of execution. Knowing that he was marching to his death, the poor fellow commenced to sing, or rather to shout, the beautiful hymn:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

Before the sad procession had moved much farther, the officer in command said to his subaltern:

"Why! this man must be mad."

"Certainly," says the lieutenant.

"Well, what are we to do? One can't hang a madman."

"That is so," replies the lieutenant, "madmen can't be hanged."

So the captain and lieutenant agreed that Mr. — should be put back to prison to await further orders.

Mr. —'s companions were duly executed. After spending a few weeks in prison, he was finally released, and now lives in Sofia.

This episode deserves to be quoted as a very curious instance of pure Christian faith, for Mr. — was assured that he was going to martyrdom, since he knew that by offering to embrace the Mohammedan religion he would save his life. In fact, such a choice would always suffice to save the life of any Christian condemned by the Turks. He fully believed that his constancy to Christianity would cost him his life; and yet it was the hymn which he sang as a farewell to life which recalled him to the world.

—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Life-School, And Christ's Lessons.

"Ye call me Master, and so I am," said Jesus to his disciples; at another time, "One is your Master, even Christ." The word here signifies *Teacher*, just as the word disciple signifies a pupil or a learner. For three years the Great Teacher was instructing his crude and wayward pupils; the spiritual outpouring at Pentecost promoted them into a higher class, but their education never ended until they went home to heaven. That same school is open yet, and every young convert becomes a pupil. The term-time lasts as long as our earthly lives; we have no vacations, and school is never out until our loving Father sends his messengers for us to "come up higher."

A celebrated Italian music teacher took under his charge a bright young genius, to train him to be a public singer. He gave the youth one lesson, to be practiced over and over again throughout the year. When the second year began the pupil hoped for a new course of instruction; but, instead of that, the same lesson was appointed for twelve months more. When the year was up the teacher said to him, "You may go now for I cannot teach you any thing more;" and the young man went forth after this long, steady drill to be one of the foremost singers of Italy. It is on this same principle that our divine Master instructs his spiritual scholars in the training-school of life. We get the same lesson over and over again, year after year, until the time comes when we have nothing more to learn, and then the Master says to us, "My child, your school is ended, and now you may come home." Happy will it be for us if we can respond, "I have finished my course, and henceforth there is laid up for me the crown which the righteous Judge will give me at that great day."

—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

God's Husbandry.

It is a painful thing, that weeding work. "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." The keen edge of God's pruning-knife cuts sheer through. No weak tenderness stops him whose love seeks goodness, not comfort, for his servants. A man's distractions are in his wealth, and perhaps tire or failure make him bankrupt; what he feels is God's sharp knife. Pleasure has dissipated his heart, and a stricken frame forbids his enjoying pleasure; shattered health and broken health wear out the life of life. Or, perhaps, it comes in a sharper, sadder form; the shaft of death goes home—there is heard the wail of danger in his household; and then when sickness has passed on to hopefulness and hopefulness has passed on to death, the crushed man goes into the chamber of the dead, and there, when he shuts down the lid upon the coffin of his wife, or the coffin of his child, his heart begins to tell him the meaning of all this. Thorns had been growing in his heart, and the sharp knife has been at work making room, but by an awful desolation; tearing up and cutting down, that the life of God in the soul may not be crushed.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the morbid impression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction. — Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

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P. S.—Reference, by permission, to the Editor of this Paper, who has two of our Organs in his Church. McM & Co. Fredericton. mar10 1y

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 and Province of New Brunswick, in the County of York, at the right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand either at Law or in Equity of Henry Braithwaite, which he had on the Fifth day of June, in the year 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 south forty-two degrees and fifteen minutes east six chains and twenty-five links to a post, thence north fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes east one chain and sixty-two and one-half links to a post; thence south 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 Edward 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.

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