

Strength In Weakness.

'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.'

It is no dream, Great Comforter,
But very truth to me,
That all earth's strengthless, fainting ones
May be made strong in Thee.

The years have taught me many things,
But none so sure as this:
That shelter, solace, joy, and strength
Are always where God is.

So new, when hope and courage fail,
And only fear is strong,
My heart will sing, as in the past,
An unforgetten song.

God is my refuge and my strength,
I will not be afraid;
And though the night be wild and dark,
I meet it undismayed.

The strength to bear, or work, or wait.
Is Thine, O God, to give,
And who shall weak, and strengthless be,
That learns in Thee to live?

Marianne Farningham.

Winning Souls.

Christ said to Peter, "From henceforth thou shalt catch men;" and frequently in Scripture the process of persuading people to become disciples of Jesus is set forth under the homely and familiar figure of angling, or catching fish with a net.

What is it that gives to the sport of angling its fascination? While the sportsman stands upon the bank, his baited hook is hidden in the dim, turbid water. Half the charm would be gone if the hook were constantly in sight; but while it is concealed in the deep water, there is a constant hope in his mind that it will be struck by a large fish. To be sure, in most cases he either draws up nothing, or else after there has been a hard tug at his line, he pulls out of the water some insignificant member of the finny tribe. But still he knows that there are big fish swimming in the sea and his mind is occupied with the delicious uncertainty, which verges upon expectation, that by some happy chance one of these may choose to take hold of his carefully adjusted bait.

It is this blending of uncertainty with hope that constitutes the charm of the angler's pursuit. Now, the same kind of romance pervades all Christian work. While many of those whom we win to Christ seem to exert but little social and spiritual influence, yet we may constantly cherish the reasonable hope that by some pure and humble effort of ours one of those great souls shall be embraced in the gospel net, in whose life there are folded up vast possibilities of usefulness and blessing.

A minister in Pennsylvania held a cottage meeting in a rude farm-house. It resulted in the conversion of a boy named Samuel Crozer, who subsequently crowned a long life of Christian beneficence by founding the Crozer Theological Seminary.

A poor shoemaker named William Carey, applied for baptism to Mr. Ryland, who, lending him a pamphlet, turned him over to his son. Little did the son think when he baptized the poor shoemaker in the river Nen, that before nine years should pass away he would found the first society among English-speaking people for promulgating the gospel among the heathen, and would be the foremost missionary of his age.

We are told that a church was once taking a review of its past life and was much surprised and grieved to find that during one year of its history only a single individual had been added to its roll. But they examined the record and found that the one who had been brought in during that year was Moffat, the great African missionary.

It is very interesting, too, to consider that these great souls are as likely to be found among the poor and humble as among the rich and influential. These diamonds of the first water lie as close together in the slums of our great cities as along the splendid avenues. They are within the reach of any one whose honest purpose it is to labor for the furtherance of the gospel.

I shall never forget a story told in our old church by Miss Adele Fielde, the accomplished and consecrated missionary to China. The soldiers of Alexander the Great were once galloping through a cavern. The rocky pavements beneath them flashed fire in the darkness when struck by the hooks of the horses. Some of the soldiers, observing this, dismounted and gathered up the pebbles which seemed to emit the strange light. While thus engaged, a hollow voice came to their ears saying: "He that gathereth will be sorry, but he that gathereth not will be sorrier still." When they emerged from the cavern into the light of day they found that the pebbles which they had gathered were jewels of priceless value, and so the mysterious voice had spoken truth, for he that gathered was sorry—that

he had not gathered more—and he that gathered not was sorrier still.

Engage as heartily as we will in the work of winning souls, we shall be sorry when life is done that we had not gathered more jewels for the crown of our rejoicing; and how deep will be the sadness of those who have let life's best opportunities slip away unimproved, and who if saved at all, will be saved so as by fire.—*Standard.*

God's Children In Dark Hours.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

No human life is all sunshine and over smooth water. Some of the noblest characters in Bible history were men who travelled to Heaven through dark nights and in the teeth of many a "blizzard." Abraham was the "Friend of God," rich and prosperous; yet it was a faith-trying journey, enveloped in painful mystery, which he made to Mount Moriah with his beloved son marked for the sacrifice. Joseph was led through deep pit and dark prison to the Premiership of Egypt. Daniel praised God in a lion's den, and Jeremiah, the sorrowful Dante of Hebrew literature, looked up to the stars of the divine promises from the depths of a dungeon. The catalogue of Paul's trials embraces almost everything that human nature can live through. And time would fail us to recount all those heroes of faith described in the epic of the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews.

As it was in those days, so it is in our days. The very best people, those who love God, and whom God loves, are not always happy. Our heavenly Father never promises unbroken sunshine to any of his children. That might be an appeal to our selfishness—a bribe to serve God for the immediate happiness it would insure. No opportunity would be afforded to test the capacity of faith in hard weather if its voyages were only over placid seas. Clipper-ships are not tested at the wharves—but out in the hurricanes. Hard as it is to believe, yet it is a Bible-truth that whom God loves, he chastens and scourges; and he does it just because he loves them. Chemists never throw gravel-stones into their crucibles; it is only the ores which contain gold or silver, which are subjected to the red-hot furnace. Old as this truth is, we have to make a fresh application of it every time that we are called to face afflictions.

(1) Some Christian lives are shadowed by a naturally desponding temperament. Brother Hopeful looks at almost everything through a rose-colored glass; but poor Brother Fearing carries "slough of Despond" in his mind nearly all the way to the Celestial city, and can only sing bass. He is a man of a choice spirit nevertheless, and goes through the river of death triumphantly. Many of my readers will recall that glorious and successful minister of Christ, Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland, who was afflicted with the most morbid despondency. Satan assailed him often with temptations that drove him well-nigh to despair. The Devil, like a skulking highwayman, is very apt to attack God's people when they are "walking in darkness and see no light." Dr. Payson had a wonderful power—in spite of his morbid temperament—both to lead souls to Christ and to comfort the sorrowing; and his dying hours displayed the most exalted ecstasy of rapture. Heaven will probably be all the brighter to those Christians who have traveled thither through the deepest valleys of death-shade.

Converting grace does not alter natural temperaments. It does not make phlegmatic folk impetuous, nor does it make desponding folk sanguine. But grace enables a true child of God to bear up under these natural burdens. The divine promises become very sweet and inspiring to all these brethren and sisters whose heads are bowed down like a bulrush. And there is no passage in the Bible more assuring and sustaining to them than this one—"he that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." This is not addressed to God's enemies who walk in the darkness of sin, but to his own covenant children who are called to pass through very shadowy experiences.

(2) Some of my readers may be passing through very dark hours of pecuniary adversity. Their business has been shattered, or their incomes have dwindled down almost to the vanishing point. These are gloomy times, dear friends; but I hope that it is not too dark for you to see to read God's precious promises, or too dark for you to keep the straight road of integrity. For your comfort let me assure you that while I have known thousands of Christians to be badly demoralized by prosperity, I have

rarely known one to be damaged by adversity. Such blizzards are very apt to drive a true Christian under the safe covert of Jesus Christ. When his earthly assets run low, his heavenly assets appreciate. Christian courage shines splendidly in the dark. When a commercial tempest had swept away Arthur Tappan's fortune, and he drew out his watch and handed it to his assigness, saying, "I keep nothing from my creditors," he was richer in God's sight and in human estimation than he was six months before. It is very uncomfortable to be poor; but grace is not graduated by income, and the man who has the clear conscience and the Lord Jesus Christ within him, and the atmosphere of love all around him, and the glories of Heaven right before him, is one of the Lord's millionaires.

(3) We often find ourselves involved in deep perplexities as to the course we ought to pursue. When we have light it is easy enough to walk in the light; no one need go astray in broad noonday. Then we can walk by sight. Faith is trusting God in the dark. Prayer is often the cry of the soul in the darkness to an unseen Saviour; and lo! he appears to us in the fourth watch of the night walking as over the billows and speaking to us the assuring words: "It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid." Wonderful deliverances and guidances often come to us in these seasons of perplexity. "Light is sown for the righteous." And as we tread the plowed fields of duty, light is hidden in the furrows and breaks forth. A poor widow of my acquaintance, consecrated her only son to the service of Christ, and as she trudged along in her deep poverty, wonderful interpositions of Providence sprang up in her path like rays of light bursting from the ground. The education of that son—who became afterwards an eloquent minister of the Word—was a constant struggle and venture of faith. She got great help and uplift from this very passage: "He that walketh in darkness let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." This is something very different from an occasional touch of the Almighty hand. It means to lean on the everlasting arm, with the perfect assurance that the arm will never break and never fail us.

The grandest triumph of faith is to trust an all-wise and loving God, in the darkest hours. We cannot discover the "why" or the "wherefore" of our special afflictions. Our heavenly Father did not consult us before the trial came, and does not explain to us why he permitted it. He *owns* us, and has as perfect a right to appoint for you and me a path through a pitch-dark tunnel or a valley of the shadow of death as he has to direct our footsteps over a meadow purpled with flowers. The dark path may prove to be the most richly profitable portion of our life-journey. The eye of Faith, like the eye of the body, has the power to enlarge its pupil and so comes very soon to see in the dark. It discovers new beauty in Bible-truths which it never noticed before. It discovers the preciousness of a hope in Christ as never before; and gets new views of the unchanging love of Him who sticketh closer than a brother.

Then to all my readers who are learning hard lessons and working out difficult problems in God's school I would say, gird your loins with the girdle of his truth, and keep the strong staff of faith well in hand. Trust your Guide in the dark. You are safer with him in the midnight, than without him in the noonday. He will not suffer thy foot to stumble. Why you have been brought into such dark hours you know not now, but you will know hereafter; for part of the sweet discoveries of Heaven will be to find out the mysteries of earth. Push on cheerfully, for if sorrow camp with us over night, joy cometh in the morning. It is not a great way to Heaven, at the farthest, and then will burst upon our eyes the exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

She Gave Her Dinner.

A dejected-looking man and his frail, care worn wife, sat in one of the seats of a crowded car, each holding a child. The elder, a little girl of about four or five years, perhaps, pale and delicate, as though she had been fed all her life at a scanty table. The younger was still at the breast which he alternately fed and cried, the poor mother being too nearly exhausted by hunger and weakness to satisfy her child. A few bundles neatly wrapped up in newspapers filled the rack above them, while two old valises that had seen their best days, and now holding family possessions, were crammed into the seat with them.

It was no unusual sight, and the well fed passengers gave them hardly

a passing notice. Whence they came or whither going, no one knew or cared. The poor man and his family were lost in the crowd. The train rushed on, and the passengers talked on, as if there could be no case of distress within a thousand miles. Directly the little girl leaned over and asked her mother for something. The mother shook her head, and looked quickly away. The father pressed his child's head to his heart as if to stop its pain. But the child began to cry, and soon her voice attracted the attention of all the passengers. Some wondered what could be the matter; some felt annoyed at the crying.

In the rear of the car sat a lady who had been riding all day. She had noticed the poor man's family, and had seen the traces of suffering and want in their faces. She heard the child cry. She, too, was a mother. She had heard her own children cry, and she knew what it meant. She took the lunch she had brought to break her own fast on the train, and, going forward, handed it to the mother as she sat holding the child. As their eyes met, both mothers' eyes filled with tears; they had read each other's hearts. The child stopped crying and eagerly began to eat. The lady walked back to her seat in the rear; but her act had opened the hearts of her fellow-passengers. Here and there lunch baskets were opened, and food was brought from all over the car and laid in their laps. Pocket books were loosened, and silver pieces came pouring into the poor man's hand in a grateful stream. But they could not eat. The mother bent over her child and wept. The father sat looking blankly at the money and the food. He had been thinking bitterly of the cold, indifferent world, till his faith in man and in Divine Providence had almost gone. No work, no food, no money, and his wife and these children to be provided for. Suddenly he breaks down. His faith in God has triumphed. God has sent his angel into the car to meet him with cruse and cake, as he did Elijah back yonder under the juniper. The dark day has given him a sudden burst of sunlight. He has awakened to find a little sympathy in the human heart, and he blesses God for the revelation.

He soon after left the car, with the gleam of a newly kindled hope in his face. His wife looked back to smile her gratitude. They were gone, but they had left a blessing behind them. In this seat and in that a heart felt richer and happier for the little good it had done. The food and the money sown had brought back a quick fruition. Thinking only that she had done a little more for the Lord, the mother in the rear rode on homeward, happier in her fasting than the richest meal could have made her. For God fed her that day as she had rarely been fed before, and gave to her, as a precious memento, the remembrance that she had lifted a load from a father's heart and dried a mother's tears; and that she had touched the springs of fellow-hearts till they too had opened to feel happiness in giving.—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

The Trust Of Childhood.

One of our present recollections of childhood is that it was a time when we were confident of being taken care of. We took no thought for raiment but to wear it when it was provided. We went to sleep without anxiety; no distraction came into our dreams; we did not spend our dream hours in carrying impossible burdens up interminable hills. It was but a moment from "good-night" to "good-morning," and the new days always blossomed out in original freshness and sparkle.

The quietude of our young years was due, more than we thought of them, to the fact that we had a father and mother to go to when in trouble. They used always to help us out of our little difficulties. When the child comes in from outside the first question he is likely to ask is, "Where's mother?" He may not want her for anything particular, but he wants to know she is there. Having father and mother under the same roof makes the child sleep more quietly at night.

And so among the larger difficulties that throng and swarm around us as we move along into older years, there is nothing we need so much as to feel that there is one that stands to us in just the same relation now as father and mother used to stand to us years ago. That is the first idea of God we want to have formed in us when we are little, and the last idea we want to have of Him as we move out and up into the place prepared for us in the Father's house on high. The first recorded sentence that Jesus spoke, called God "His Father," and His last recorded sentence on the cross called God "His Father."—*Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.*

Christian Audacity.

The chief characteristic of the tiger is not ferocity, but audacity. When infuriated by hunger he does not seek to entrap his prey, he hazards all by a daring dash. His temerity is as successful as the artifice of others. Audacity is an essential element to all worldly success. Worldly prizes are like nettles; to be held they must be grasped boldly. The young Spartan who discarded his armor, anointed his body with oil, and rushed with reckless courage into battle, escaped without a scratch. His audacious nakedness was an impenetrable coat of mail. Shakespeare made one of his characters cry out, as if he saw this naked warrior:

"Boldness be my friend;
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot."
The Spartan youth crowned for valor, but fined for recklessness, is the ideal man. He who waits to count the cost or weigh the risk when duty calls to daring deeds, courts disastrous defeat. Every Christian hero has earned his crown by a naked dash upon mailed foes. All divine encouragements to dauntless bravery in the face of overwhelming enemies are but exhortations to exhibit the audacity which is the whole of Christian heroism. The meek inherit the earth, but heaven is taken by storm. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." Can we not catch inspiration from these words and dare for him who died for us? Christian audacity has its battle-hymn and prayer all in one. Who can halt, or skulk, or fly who has sung with a burning heart this simple verse!

"Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe."

—Rev. Jay Benson Hamilton.

To Converse Well.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessary to talk with great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce heat and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that, no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more than anything else in life, requires tact and discretion. It requires one to have more varied knowledge, and to have it at an instant and absolute disposal, so that he can talk just as much or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, and from the mere phrase of courtesy to the expression of sentiment and passion.

A Good Resolve.

Hugh Miller has told how, through one act of youthful decision, he saved himself from one of the subtle temptations so peculiar to a life of toil. When employed as a mason it was usual for his fellow workmen to have an occasional treat of drink, and one day two glasses of whiskey fell to his share, which he swallowed. When he reached home he found on opening his favourite book, Bacon's "Essays," that the letters danced before his eyes and that he could no longer master the sense. "The condition," he says, "into which I had brought myself was, I felt one of degradation. I had sunk by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed, and though the state could have been no very favourable one for forming a resolution, I, in that hour, determined I would never again sacrifice my capacity of intelligent enjoyment to a drinking usage, and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold by this determination."

Christian Sympathy.

It is well to cherish the sympathetic spirit as we move among the bereaved and disappointed of earth. Even though we may sometimes fail to receive one response to our sincere outgoings of heart from the objects of our sympathy, there is ample reward in that which we ourselves gain. Prayer is more real and effectual while the heart is kept tender in this way. Our own sorrows are more easily borne when we lose sight of ourselves in helping others; the great Burden Bearer seems nearer to us then, and the longing for a purer clime, where sorrow and pain are unknown, is deeper and richer. It is better to go to the house of mourning than of feasting. The unregenerate heart may wonder that it is so, but the children of God declare it to be a fact. We doubt if any one can come to fullness of experience in divine things who is unwilling to engage in ministry for others walking in shadows and in need of help.

Constipation.

Is a universal and most troublesome disorder. It causes Headache, Mental Depression, impairs the Sight and Hearing, destroys the Appetite, and, when long continued, causes Enlargement of the Liver, Inflammation of the Bowels, and Piles. Constipation is speedily cured by Ayer's Pills.

For a number of months I was troubled with Costiveness, in consequence of which I suffered from Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and a disordered liver. My eyes also troubled me. I was compelled to wear a shade over them, and, at times, was unable to bear exposure to the light. I was entirely

CURED BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made.—James Eccles, Poland, Ohio.

I suffered from Constipation, and, consequently, from Headache, Indigestion, and Piles, for years. Ayer's Pills, which I took at the suggestion of a friend, have given me effectual relief. I commenced taking this remedy two months ago, and am now free from Constipation, the removal of which has caused my other troubles to disappear, and greatly improved my general health.—W. Keeler, Amherst, Mass.

I suffered from Constipation, which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a steppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me, completely.—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

THOS. W. SMITH

Begs to inform his numerous friends and customers, that he has completed his importation of

Fall and Winter Cloths.

Consisting of Meltons, Beavers, Pilot and Knap Overcoatings; English, German and French Suitings;

English, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds, Also Hats, Caps and

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

In all the latest styles, which he will sell at the very lowest rock-bottom prices.

He would also inform his patrons and friends, that he can get up the best fitting and best made suits, Reefers and Overcoats, that can be had at any other establishment in the trade, and at the very lowest prices. Call and examine stock, see fashion plates, and ascertain prices before leaving your orders elsewhere.

Wool taken in exchange for cloth and other goods—highest prices given. The cheapest place to buy gents underwear.

Do not forget 192 Queen Street. Edgcombe's Building, Fredericton.

New Brunswick Railway Co.**ALL RAIL LINE****ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS**

In Effect April 2nd, 1888.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

(Eastern Standard Time).

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate point, and for McAdam Junction and Vancorbore, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.

11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and all points East.

3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John, and all points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

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

2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vancorbore, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock.

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

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.55 P. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points north.

H. D. McLEOD, General Manager, Supt. Southern Division.
J. F. LEVITT, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. John, N. B., March 29, 1888.

WHOLESALE MILLINERY.**First Opening Spring Millinery**

We are now making our show of **SPRING MILLINERY,**

Our Stock is unusually large, embracing many decided novelties in better grades of goods than we have ever submitted. We solicit an inspection of our stock and comparison of prices.

Plain and Fancy Straw Goods; Silks; Satins; Novelties in Gauzes; Artificial Flowers, Fancy Feathers, Laces, Crapes, Velvets and Plushes, Ribbons and Ornaments.

DANIEL & BOYD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

VIRGINIA FARMS AND MILLS.
A. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.