

"The Secret of the Lord is With Them That Fear Him."

There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine;
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh, be that refuge mine!

The least and feeblest there may hide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call;
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

—Christian Worker.

The Indifferent.

Here are all around us people who seem to be perfectly indifferent to the promises of God, or of His requirements. They seldom, if ever, go into a church, and only then when some noted speaker or some unusual event has happened to arouse their curiosity to see for themselves. These people are not immoral people. This class is found to be the hardest to arouse from the consciousness of moral security and see no necessity for attending church, where their spiritual natures may be fed; while immoral persons can often be readily shown the results of their conduct and may become true servants of God. Specialists of insanity will tell you that the raving maniac is more often restored to reason than the quiet, indifferent victim of melancholy. How to reach these indifferent, moral classes of people is a problem not easily solved, and yet one that should be carefully studied by every one interested in the welfare of mankind. The interest of these people must first be aroused. This cannot ordinarily be done by a pastor, for people of this class seem to think that it is the duty of all clergymen to do such things and will good-naturedly listen to them, but rarely is any impression made upon them. Who then is to do the work of reclaiming these people? Members of the Church, it must be done by you. Few members of a church have so little influence upon friends who, though indifferent to religion, would not accept the kindly-given invitation to attend with them the sanctuary; who would not fail to appreciate the warm welcome to the circles of Church people, if given heartily and meant to be just what was given. It is a mistake to preach a sermon upon the sinfulness of such a person to him, for in nine cases out of ten, offence would be taken and all opportunity lost for doing good. But if he can be aroused to see the beauties of religion, to feel an interest in the service of the sanctuary, and in the company of those who attend, caused by the constant, courteous and Christian kindness extended during the week-days, not from officiousness, but from real interest in the work of such a person, he will rarely fail to be won to the cause of Christ. If Church members would try to interest this class by personal association and make them feel a welcome in their midst, which would not appear to be effected but felt to have the ring of true metal, the preaching of the pastor and the silent exhortations of conscience would lead them to an examination of themselves which would ultimately make them members of Christ and of His Church. The coldness of those who attend church, the lack of sympathy with those about them, the failure to extend the hand of fellowship to this man because he may not socially be the equal, all do much to extend the indifference of the age, but we have yet to see the Church which has put in practice the opposite methods but what has been filled with seekers after righteousness. We do not mean that a church shall be made a club room, a place for gossip or social enjoyment, "for Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people," saith the Lord. Reverence for God's house should restrain people from making it a place of social enjoyment, and few people would wish or expect other than dignified and decorous conduct in the house of God. The member of the church must do his part on the outside. If the winning of souls is the Church's mission, her members should do all in their power to awaken the interest of those who are indifferent to the loving call of the Church's Master and endeavour to lead them to Him.

Complete Consecration.

Few passages of scripture contain so much of tender interest and of practical suggestion as the story which was the subject of the lesson for last Sunday. That rich young man was the representative of the larger number of the unconverted with whom a pastor must deal. The unregenerate members of our congregations are few of them vicious. Their lives are not

deformed by gross sins. On the contrary the unconverted hearer is generally a young person of moral life; he possesses very many excellences of character; he may be one of the best friends of his pastor, and the latter in thinking of him is compelled to love him. He respects Christianity also. He takes no delight in the company of scoffers, he believes it to be a good thing to be a Christian. He has himself a desire to come into the right position towards God and he is a genuine "inquirer" after the true way. His only query however is what he shall do more than he has done. He says "From my youth up I have cherished a respect for the honor of God; I have never been a vicious person; I have always been on the side of the church; what more can be demanded of me? Why am I not a good Christian?"

He has indeed done much but he has not done enough. Christ demands a complete service. He requires each one to give to him the whole heart with the service of all life's energies. And he can accept nothing short of this complete consecration.

But this one is not quite ready for this. He is willing to do much for Christ but is hardly willing to give up everything to the Master's rule. He is willing to come half way and more than half way. If the Lord would compromise his claims at ninety-five, or even ninety-nine per cent., he still might meet the terms. But to give up all, to say that he will do everything which the Saviour may demand, to submit wholly to Jesus as King, making no conditions of surrender whatever, that is too hard.

A college student was deeply impressed with the necessity of submitting to Christ and was taking counsel of a friend. But he hesitated; there was evidently something which hindered. At last he spoke up, "If I become a Christian, will it be my duty to be a minister?" His friend told him that he must agree to be a minister in case the Lord required it of him. He said he could not become a minister and he went away sorrowful for he had, if not great possessions, yet great plans and great ambitions.

How often an unconverted man says that he wants to do "about what is right." Mark the expression; "about" what Christ asks. He is willing to do almost anything for Christ but when it comes to him that to be a true disciple he must give up everything, must make any sacrifice Christ shall ask, he goes away sorrowful. He sees the glory of Christ's favor. He would be glad to have a place among Christ's followers. But it costs too much; it will take his all and he turns away.

The average unconverted man in our congregations if asked whether he would be a friend of Christ, would say yes. If asked whether he will do much for Christ he will answer yes. Now the question to be pressed upon him is whether he will do anything, everything, all for Jesus the King.—*Chris. Inquirer.*

Pontius Pilate.

The share which Pontius Pilate took in the greatest crime that has been committed since the world began, has given him an unenviable and never-dying notoriety. A German legend informs us that he was the son of Tyrus, king of Mayence, and that he was sent to Rome as a hostage, and became guilty of murder. He was then sent to Pontus, where he subdued the barbarous tribes, received in consequence then the name of Pontius, and afterward went to Judea as the resident governor of that province. His residence was at Caesarea, but during the great feasts at Jerusalem he took up his abode in the palace of Herod, in the north-western part of the city. This palace was adorned with two colossal marble wings, facing eastward toward the temple and the Mount of Olives. One of these wings was the entrance to the Praetorium, the place where Jesus was before Pilate. This historic building is one of the great attractions at the Cyclorama of Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion. The observer is near the marble wing, and can see the porch before which the populace assembled and called for Pilate, who appeared to consider their accusations. The Cyclorama portrays the place of scourging, the road to the cross, and all the buildings that are prominently mentioned in connection with the trial of our Saviour. Tradition informs us that Pilate sought to hide his sorrows on the mountain by the lake of Lucerne; and that after spending years of remorse in its recesses he plunged into the lake on the summit, thus ending his despair. According to the popular belief, "a form is often seen to emerge from the gloomy waters, and go through the action of one washing his hands; and when he does so dark clouds of mist gather first round the

bosom of the Infernal Lake, and then, wrapping the whole upper part of the mountain in darkness, presage a tempest of hurricane, which is sure to follow in a short space."

Grief.

The blessing of a great grief to the soul capable of feeling a great grief is incalculable. All the fountains of the deep are broken up by it, the windows of heaven are opened by it, and from the soul is swept away, as by a flood, the remnants of the former time, and gradually a new world emerges as the waters subside. While the storm rages the stricken but trusting soul floats on the surface of the waves seemingly alone on the wide, wide sea, and waits the glad hour when the clear shining of the sun through the rain shall bring again the rainbow promise of a regenerated life.

In whatever form the cross of suffering be laid upon us, however light it be, however heavy it be, there is good concealed in it, and to be distilled from it into our souls to permeate and sanctify and purify us, and make us able to minister to others in their afflictions; but whether the inflow upon us of that precious good, so concealed and so distilled, shall be freer or less free will depend always upon the spirit with which we bear it. We cannot become inured to pain, no matter how long we bear it; pain is always pain; but to bear it patiently, uncomplainingly, and without permitting any bitterness or repining to shade our patience, develops in the soul its noblest qualities, gives clearness of spiritual vision, strength of understanding, fixedness of purpose, and a settled and resolute cheerfulness. "Made perfect through suffering," is a phrase we apply to those natures who, having borne without murmuring poverty, loss, bereavement, sickness, vicissitude, are by all these instrumentalities purged of the grosser elements that mar our common humanity, and made clear, refined, and pure. Borne meekly, patiently, rejoicingly, pain may be the perfecting in us of what makes us like Him who "without suffering was not made perfect."

A Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to the heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—*Jewish Messenger.*

Royal Truths.

Fidelity.—When Polycarp was brought to the tribunal before whom he was tried, the proconsul exhorted him to repent and to say, "Take away the atheists" (meaning the Christians). Polycarp, casting his eye solemnly over the multitude, said, "Take away these atheists"—meaning the idolaters around him. The proconsul still urged him to reproach Christ. Polycarp said, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me; and how can I blaspheme my King, who hath saved me?"

Life, Earnest.—"Live to-day!" was the morning salutation of John Wesley to Sophia Cook, a young lady who lived in his house. The words made her more earnest, and resulted in the founding of Sunday-schools. Miss Cook first suggested them to Mr. Raikes, saying of the children, "Let us teach them to read, and take them to church," and was associated with him in the carrying out of the plan.

Dependency.—Watch and pray

against failures, but take heed of dependency under them. Be content to travel as you are able. The oak springs from the acorn, but does not become a tree at once. Because the stage-wagon can not travel to York as fast as the stage-coach can, would you say it will never get there? The mushrooms spring up in a night; but what is a mushroom? Do not be satisfied with being a dwarf, but remember that there must be time to grow.—*Mrs. Hawkes.*

Reliefs of Providence.—Rochelle was relieved by a shoal of fish, that came into the harbor when they were ready to perish with hunger—a thing unknown before or after. Mr. Dodd one night was strongly impressed to visit a neighbor, whom he met with a halter, just going to hang himself. Dr. Tate and his wife flying with a sucking child, which was just ready to expire, the mother, going to rest it upon a rock, put her hand upon a bottle of warm milk, by which its life was preserved. A good woman, being driven to a great extremity, all supplies failing, turning some things in a chest, unexpectedly lighted upon a piece of gold, which supplied her present wants, till God opened another door of supply.

Never Despair.—A young man had come to London to seek employment, but being unsuccessful, and reduced to great poverty, he determined to throw himself into the Thames. On passing on his way to effect his desperate purpose, he saw the carriage of the late Mr. Hanway, under the arms of which was the motto, "Never despair." He gave up the design on his life, and subsequently acquired a competence.

Fear, Unreasonable.—A royal Bengal tiger, kept at the residency, Calcutta, exhibited the greatest terror at the sight of a mouse. If the mouse moved, the tiger ran or sprang away, as if in dread of destruction. A fall of his foot would have crushed his enemy; but his fear made him blind to the truth.

Shall We know Each Other In Heaven?

How frequently that question is asked by those who long for reunion with loved ones taken away, or who shrink from the thought of losing those who still are here. One of the most sensible answers given to that question is, "We are not likely to know any less in heaven than we know on earth." Moses and Elijah lived on earth, and left it six hundred years apart, but they seemed to have been acquainted with each other. I have a right to believe that in the next life I shall know my dear parents, who died years ago happy in the Lord; also dear brothers and sisters. How well do I remember the words uttered and the final hymns sung by my now sainted brothers. The last expression by my youngest brother, who left these mundane shores not so very long ago, was a "good-bye" in a faint whisper while I stood at his side. I expect one day, sooner or later, to meet that brother in the Celestial City, not whispering a good-bye, but with a happy welcome and joyful recognition. Also my beloved Master, and throngs of friends who died happy, do I expect to know in heaven. But all that should concern us is to strive to get there, and leave the rest to Jesus.—*H. B. Longsdorf.*

The Hunted Hart.

I once stood and watched a hart being pursued by hunters, and a most painful sight it was. The poor creature staggered along, its eyes hot and blood-shot, while the great tears streamed down its face. Its flanks were torn by the prickly foliage through which it had rushed. It knew its only safety was in the hills, and laboriously it staggered upward. By the time it had reached comparative safety, it was thoroughly exhausted, and wildly sniffed the air for water. Soon it came to a stream, into which it plunged. There it stood, almost immersed, and when it stepped from the water it looked quite fresh and strong, and began quietly to nibble the herbage on the bank. And I thought, This is just a picture of the sinner as he rushes through this life, pursued by the world, the flesh and the devil. He is torn by the briars and thorns of evil habits. With bloodshot eyes and gasping breath, on, on he goes; the pursuers close in upon him; his only safety is on the blessed hill of Calvary. There he will find security, and plunging into the living stream which flows from the Cross, he will emerge a new man, and his cry will be, "As the hart desireth the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—*Forbes.*

While coarseness and gruffness lock doors and close hearts, courtesy, refinement, and gentleness are an "open sesame," at which bolts fly back and doors swing open.

Is The End Of Life?

The end of life is, not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. The maximum achievement of any man's life after it is all over is to have done all the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report or ill, through temptation and prosperity and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China, or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are, you who are going to be an evangelist may have to go into business, and you who are going into business may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in life till that principle is taken possession of.—*Professor Drummond.*

Too Good To Keep.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover-fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it, too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."

Reconciliation.

A certain stubborn, reckless youth had a violent quarrel with his kind father, and, after stealing money from his drawer, ran away. A year or two afterward the father learned that the scapegrace was in London, living fast and drinking hard. He employed a detective to ascertain his son's whereabouts, and at length the officers found him, shattered and sick, in a house of infamy. The father hastened to the spot, and the words, "That youth is my son," were the passport to the room. As the father aroused the wretched youth, who turned his bloodied face and blood-shot eyes toward him, his first words were; "My poor boy! I have come after you; will you come home?" In a flood of tears the conquered rebel sobbed out: "Father can you forgive me? Then I'll go home with you." This is but a faint picture of what the infinite God is doing all the time.—

RANDOM READINGS.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.

It may be said that the hardest thing in the world is to do just right one's self, and that the easiest thing in the world is to see where others fall short of doing just right.—*Sunday-School Times.*

I love to see all the flowers and fruits which God makes the earth to bring forth to please us, and then I think, "Oh, that I could bear more fruits of righteousness to please him."—*R. Hill.*

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride. She bridges the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.—*Horne.*

What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face? And is there any harmony or tint that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?—*George Eliot.*

If a young lady has that discretion and modesty, without all knowledge which is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more than on displaying what she has.—*Hannah More.*

The single woman's part in life may be a noble one; she may elevate herself, she may help others, but hers must always be the second place. She is never fulfilling the whole position which nature intended her to fill, however fully she may do her part; but the wife and mother is crowned queen.—*Mrs. H. R. Hauweis.*

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years.—*Gro. Scates, Plainville, Mich.*

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A Perfect Cure,

and I have not been troubled since.—*T. W. Boddy, River St., Lowell, Mass.*

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—*John R. Elkins, Editor Stanley Observer, Albemarle, N. C.*

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blisters. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—*Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.*

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