

Our Father.

Long is the journey to the dear home-land; But God will guide us, till at home we stand.

How, if the times are hard, shall we be fed? God gives us day by day our daily bread.

The lightning flashes, and the winds are rough; God is our shelter, we are safe enough.

The fog is thick, we cannot see our way; But He will walk beside us lest we stray.

We have much sorrow, and our dear ones die; God, the great Comforter, is always nigh.

Our youth ends quickly, and our joys depart; God is the strength and solace of the heart.

Life is too full of labor and of care; God bears the burdens given to Him in prayer.

We grow so eager, in our earthly quest; But God is love, and love is perfect rest.

Some of His children grieve Him by their sin; The Father's heart is kind, and takes them in.

We are not good, we all have evil done; To save the world God gave His only Son.

How may we know the Father, and His grace? By looking into Jesus' life and face.

MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

Hereditary.

"To the third and fourth generation." There is an awful sound in the words of the second commandment, which represent God as visiting "the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate" him. This statement should be connected with that which immediately follows, "and showing mercy unto thousands (of generations) of them that love" God and "keep" his "commandments."

We are to remember that these two statements were written together, and that they were published thousands of years ago. Were they "mistakes of Moses"? Let us see.

Of late years much attention has been paid to heredity. An immense number of facts have been gathered, and certain apparently trustworthy principles have been settled. Among these are, (1) that physical and intellectual traits are transmissible; (2) that they are modified, strengthened, or weakened, by circumstances, or, as the scientists say, by environment; and (3) that a vicious heredity, such as the alcoholic heredity, finally causes a family to become extinct.

As early as 1781 Erasmus Darwin, in his Botanical Garden, wrote: "It is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing till the family becomes extinct." Mark that phrase, "unto the third generation."

One hundred years after (1886), Dr. Carothers, of Hartford, in a paper on "Inebriety and Heredity," wrote: "In these cases there seems to be in certain families a regular cycle of degenerative diseases. Thus, in one generation great eccentricity, genius, and a high order of emotional development. . . . In the next generation, inebriates, feeble-minded, or idiots. In the third generation, paupers, criminals, tramps, epileptics, idiots, insane, consumptives, and inebriates. In the fourth generation they die out, or may swing back to great genius, pioneers and heroes, or leaders of extreme movements."

A very great amount of authority could be brought to confirm these statements. It is a very natural question how so early an author as the writer of Exodus xx, could know that vicious heredity has a tendency to run down three generations and to become extinct in the fourth. Such knowledge, thousands of years before the possibility of science was ever suspected, is surely remarkable.

Another remarkable thing is that, having been so scientifically correct in regard to vicious heredity, the author made no mistake in regard to heredity in general by fixing the limit of all heredity at the fourth generation. All intervening history from the day of Moses to this day confirms the teaching of modern science, that good characteristics may be perpetuated indefinitely, and that is the meaning of "thousands" of generations. Vicious traits may be eliminated.

If a man with a vicious tendency struggle against it and strive to live according to God's commandments, and especially if he marry a woman who comes of the seed of the godly, and his offspring pursue the same course, the power of the evil tendency will be diminished until, in succeeding generations, it shall be destroyed. The man who inherits soundness of body and mind from ancestors who have bequeathed him also a heritage

of holy living, may expect his line of descendants generally to be rich in good impulses, which will never die out so long as they love God and keep his commandments, and inter-marry with those that do the same. Nor will that family itself become extinct. These transmitted traits secure the perpetuation of the family.

Lessons of tremendous responsibility are taught by this law of heredity. No man liveth for himself; he liveth also for his offspring. A voice from far-down ages calls each man and woman to purity. No man can guiltlessly neglect the environment of his children. If for his personal convenience or comfort or aggrandizement he expose his children to a vicious surrounding, they will absorb evil influences which will create evil traits, and those traits will be transmitted. Every man is bound to examine the antecedents of the woman he is to make his wife. Every woman is bound to make sure of the antecedents of the man who offers himself as her life mate. Each is to calculate the modifying influences of the other on the possible offspring of both.

The Bible and nature unite in teaching us, from the inevitability of heredity, that the power of evil is to the power of evil as that of "three or four" to "the thousands." Let no man, therefore, do himself or his Heavenly Father the injustice of dwelling with despairing emphasis on "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children of the third and fourth generation," but cheer his heart by the remembrance that to counteract that bitterness the heavenly Father shows "mercy" to any number of "thousands" of generations that love him and keep his commandments.—Charles F. Deemes, in Christian Advocate.

A Marvellous Chance.

It is sometimes the good fortune of your correspondent to travel with a venerable fellow-townsmen whose early experience in the ministry, in which he has served the Master over fifty years, has been so remarkable as to deserve a much wider publication than it has yet received. This can hardly serve as an advertisement for him, either to flatter his pride or extend his personal usefulness as a preacher, since he is in that Beulah-land whence he is expecting very shortly a summons to the Celestial City. But it may encourage younger ministers to emulate a noble example. He kindly gave me to-day the details of a campaign of the greatest interest and success. At the time spoken of he was pastor of a church in A—, and actively engaged in his work there. But he heard of a place some miles distant, concerning which it was said that "God never came within five miles of P—." It was apparently abandoned to the devil.

The ruling demons of the place were infidelity and rum. It was said that no minister dared preach there. However, he determined to attempt it. But the place was not in the boundaries of his parish, so he sought permission of the brother within whose boundaries it lay. He was told that it was perfectly useless for him to try; but a ready permission was given for him to do so. Accordingly he went there to prepare for a meeting. The two principal men of the town were from Boston, infidel merchants, who had a large whiskey warehouse in connection with their store. The elder one was also a lawyer, a man of fine education and ability.

The young minister went to him, and said: "My name is R—; I am a Methodist minister, and I am coming over here to preach. I would like to find a place for a meeting."

"You shan't preach here," was the answer.

"But I will."

"You shan't; for we control all the places in the town."

"I will," said R—; "I'll stand on your steps and preach in the street."

"Will you preach in my whiskey warehouse?"

"Yes. I'll stand in the last door going into hell, with my back to the door, and prevent as many as I can from going in. And this is about the last door."

At this the man uttered a derisive shout or scream saying, "Here is a Methodist parson who is going to preach in my whiskey warehouse."

A good many men were there. Great interest and curiosity were excited, and the notice was widely given that Mr. R— would preach in the whiskey warehouse on Wednesday night.

Accordingly he did so. The place was filled. And a great solemnity pervaded the meeting.

An appointment was made for the next fortnight. The meeting, however, was held in a large hall, which was well filled.

At the close of the sermon a young

lady, veiled, asked permission to speak. Mr. R— was astonished, but, as soon as he could speak, cordially gave permission. She was a lady of fine culture and accomplishments. Her very voice was music. And she spoke in such tremulous tones of deepest feeling, that soon the whole audience were in tears. She said: "You all know me. I have been raised among you. I have been accustomed to believe that religion was a delusion, and the Bible an imposture. I spent my Sabbaths in reading novels, and never realized that I had a soul to save. I had no knowledge of the way of life and salvation until two weeks ago. The sermon that I heard then convinced me that I was a sinner, and ought to be saved."

"I went to my room. I got my Bible, and read it, and prayed. God gave me a knowledge of salvation through Jesus Christ. His blood 'cleanseth from all sins.' I am saved; and now I want to confess it."

"Her whole tone and manner was 'calm as a summer eve.' But there was a strange power in all she said."

This young lady was the daughter of the infidel merchant and lawyer! Her confessions of Christ had a wonderful effect. Every heart seemed moved; and a great revival commenced in that God-forsaken village.

The meetings were continued fortnightly on Wednesday evenings for six months, when there were still more remarkable changes.—S. G. L. in the Presbyterian.

Grinding The Diamond.

The poor sufferer lay in severe pain on her bed. It was really twenty years since she had known a well day; more than half that time since she had walked a step; and nearly two years since she had sat up. Her limbs were jerked by spasms, her back had deep sores on it from lying so long; and whenever one was relieved by a new position of the body, another would be made. She never complained, and the cheerfulness with which she endured all this from day to day, and from year to year, was a matter of amazement to all. Her friends, who saw the Bible always lying near her, knew well from what spring she drew water. They all said it was one of the darkest providences they ever witnessed.

One night, as the sufferer lay sleepless from terrible pain, she began to look back upon the past. What a wreck life seemed, dating from her bright school days! What a mystery that she might be so helpless and such a sufferer, while her school companions could walk and move and act and enjoy life! What was the object of her heavenly Father in putting her into this slow, hot, long-continued furnace? As she lay there thus communing with herself, the room seemed to fill with light, and a beautiful form seemed to bend over her.

"Daughter of sorrow," said he, in a voice soft as the zephyr that first rocks the rose on the stem, "art thou impatient?"

"No; but I am full of pain, and I have been so long a sufferer that I can see no end to it, nor can I see why I must suffer thus. I know that I am a sinner, but I have hoped that Christ's sufferings, and not mine, would save me. Oh, why does God deal thus with me?"

"Come with me, daughter, and I will show thee."

"But I can not walk."

"True, true! There, gently, gently!" He tenderly took her up in his arms and carried her far away, over land and water, till he set her down in a far-off city, and in the midst of a large workshop. The room was full of windows, and the workmen seemed to be near the light, each with his own tools, and all so intent upon their work they neither noticed the newcomer nor spoke to one another. They seemed to have small, brown pebbles, which they were grinding, shaping and polishing. Her guide pointed her to one who seemed to be most earnestly at work. He held a half-polished pebble, which was now seen to be a diamond, in a pair of strong iron pinchers. He seemed to grasp the little thing as if he would crush it, and to hold it on the rough stone without mercy. The stone whirled and the dust flew, and the jewel grew smaller and lighter. Ever and anon he would stop, hold it up to the light and examine it carefully.

"Workman," said the sufferer, "will you please tell me why you bear on and grind the jewel so hard?"

"I want to grind off every flaw and crack in it."

"But doesn't it waste it?"

"Yes; but what is left is worth so much the more. The fact is, this diamond, if it will bear the wheel enough, is to occupy a very important place in the crown we are making up for our king. We take much more pains with such. We have to grind

and polish them a great while, but when they are done they are very beautiful. The king was here yesterday, and was much pleased with our work, but wanted that this jewel in particular should be ground and polished a great deal. So you see [how hard I hold it down on this stone. And see! There is not a crack or flaw in it. What a beauty it will be!"] Gently, gently the guide lifted the poor sufferer, and again laid her on her bed of pain.

"Daughter of sorrow, dost thou understand the vision?"

"Oh, yes! But may I ask you one question?"

"Certainly."

"Were you sent to show me all this?"

"Assuredly."

"Oh! may I take to myself the consolation that I am a diamond, and am now in the hands of the strong man who is polishing it for the King?"

"Daughter of sorrow, thou mayest have that consolation; and every pang of suffering shall be like a flash of lightning in a dark night revealing eternity to thee, and thereafter thou shalt 'run without weariness, and walk without faintness,' and sing with those that have come out of great tribulation."—Dr. John Todd.

The Gospel In Seven Words.

"Trust in the Lord and do good." How comprehensive the truth is expressed in this short sentence. "Trust in the Lord" first, not "do good," and then "trust in God," but "trust in God and do good."

We can honor God in no way so highly as to trust Him with the whole heart, with implicit confidence believe His word, and commit all into His hands. We are afraid oftentimes to do this. We say, complainingly, we cannot see how things have turned out as they have. We think we have done the best we could, and so we have, and yet it seems that things have gone against us. What is the trouble? You cannot tell, nor I, but before doing our best we ought to have committed ourselves and our efforts all into God's hands. Do not do good and trust in God for results, but trust in Him first, knowing that He is true and doeth all things well. God has all wisdom and all power, and loves you, why should you fear? God gave His own Son to redeem you, why should you be afraid? Distrust father, mother, brother, sister, or friend, but never, never be afraid to trust God. Trust in God is followed by a life of rectitude and good deeds. The very trust we put in Him makes us delight to walk in His law, and bless our fellow-men. And it is useless for us to talk about trusting God, if we are habitually doing those things which displease Him.

Trusting God does not mean to sit inactive and indolent, but to use the means He has put into our hands. Implicitly trusting a lawyer, doctor, or counselor means to do as he directs. We trust God when we do as He commands. The beauty of a Christian life is that the faith which works within and purifies the heart is manifested in the actions of the whole body. Every member shows forth the love in the heart.

The fruit never makes a tree, but it most certainly tells what kind of a tree it is. The life shows what kind of a man one is at heart. You could put a sheep's clothing on a hog, but even then he would be miserable among sheep, and want to associate with hogs and wallow in the mire.

Christian faith and Christian living go together and are inseparable. These will receive the blessings which are vouchsafed here, "So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," which we understand to mean that we will always be sufficiently provided for in doing our duty. Years ago we took this text for our summary of all doctrines. We commend it to each one of our readers, receive it in your heart, it will save you much worry, trouble and distress, and make you rejoice in hope. Receive it in your life, and it will make you abound in good works, glorifying God and blessing men.—Exchange.

Cleaning The Corners.

A friend of mine once told me that when he was a boy his father sent him to clean the windows. He got a cloth, and began rubbing away at the panes. By-and-by his father came to see how the work was getting on. He found the little fellow rubbing at the middle of a pane, where it was already clean, and never touching the corners, which were full of dirt; and said, "Never mind the middles of the panes—they are always clean; clean the corners, clean the corners!"

The boy never forgot what his father said, and afterward saw how well it applied to his life and the lives of others, as well as to the window-panes.

The most of us are fairly respect-

able people, and I trust not a few of us real Christians. We avoid big sins and all sorts of common wickedness; but I fear some of us do not watch enough against little sins and shortcomings, especially we do not give heed enough to the cultivation of the Christian graces, which make life so bright and beautiful. We are really very good. We are not thieves, liars, swearers, nor drunkards. We have a character to keep up, and the rub of the respectable world, without much trouble on our part, keeps it—keeps the middle of the pane clean, even when there is not much of Christian principle. It costs us no trouble to keep it clean; in fact, I may say it keeps itself clean. But what about the corners? "Oh," you say, "it does not much matter about them; they are but corners—nobody heeds about them." So you leave them to be a spider's den, full of cobwebs and dirt and the remains of dead flies. But it does not matter. It is slovenly house-keeping. Many a bright character-pane is all but spoiled by its dirty corners. When people go to look at sunlight through it, their eye at once catches the cobwebs, and the very sun-beams seem to have a tint of dirt in them. Many a noble-hearted Christian, whose walk is guided by sterling principle, has his influence for good greatly hindered by some small but objectionable cobweb or dead fly in the corner, to which he pays no attention.—The Quaker for March.

Breaking Fallow Ground.

"Fallow ground" is any coldness and indifference of the heart; a non-use of personal power and neglect of personal privileges, a mis-use of the individual energies in employing them so that the return shall be a ministry to selfishness and mere earthly pleasure. The rich soil of the heart thus becomes overgrown with the weeds and thorns of this world's cares and pleasures, and its harvest of "good things of God" is thus precluded.

When such is the fruitless condition of the Christian heart—when such is its condition even in any measure—God calls in loving command, to the end that such hearts may be blessed, and made meet to be a blessing, "Break up your fallow ground;" fit your hearts for the reception of the seeds of truth; and for the drinking in of the nourishing dews of God's grace. Then may rich reward be expected.

I doubt not the majority of Christians can remember times when their hearts were mellow and almost thornless; when God's love was very precious to them; when the worth and the need of souls was a vivid reality; when the consciousness of their responsibility for the welfare of careless ones drove them daily to the throne of grace for needed help; when perhaps no evil thought was cherished against any fellow being. Those were glad good times. Are these joyous experiences not theirs to-day? It is because the ground of their hearts is fallow—unbroken land, barren. Breaking this fallow ground will cause the return of the precious seasons of other days. Shall it be broken, or shall it remain fallow, and thus stay God in his coming to bless? This is a personal matter, that each Christian is to decide for himself. Would that God might help each one to decide and act aright; to clip the thorns with the "sickle of truth;" to break up the ground with the plow of repentance; to crush the "clods of selfishness;" to cast aside the roots of envy; to engrave love to God in the place of love to the world; to supplant indifference with yearning for souls; in short, to make their lives Christ-like. So shall the now "fallow ground" bring forth an abundant fruitage, and the children of God be permitted to rejoice with wandering ones returning to their Father's love and peace.

Grasp Of The Hand.

In a young men's meeting, a young man testified:—It was not the praises, prayers, remarks, or singing, that led me to Christ, although they had an influence over me, but the grasp of the hand by a young man at the close, with a face full of peace and joy, asking me if I loved the Saviour. I don't know why his words had such an influence over me, but I was never content a moment afterwards until I had surrendered my will to God. Ought not such incidents to encourage every reader of this paper to try and speak a word for him? You don't need a great deal of talent to do this. But you do need a heart overflowing with love to God. You don't need to wait for opportunities to speak for the Master, but you do need to embrace the many that are presented to you from day to day. What shall the record be? May God forgive us for our sins of omission.

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