

ENOUGH.

I am so weak, my Lord! I can not stand
One moment without Thee;
But oh! the tenderness of thine unfolding!
And oh! the faithfulness of thine uphold-
ing!

And oh! the strength of thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know
All fullness dwells in Thee,
And hour by hour that never-failing trea-
sure
Supplies, and fills in overflowing measure
My least, my greatest need, and so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust thy word alone,
I do not ask to see
The unavailing of thy purpose, or the shin-
ing
Of future light on mysteries entwining;
Thy promise-roll is all my own,
Thy Word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love, But now I
know
That my heart hath found Thee
All real and full, and marvelous affection;
So near, so human! Yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow;
Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul depths, restless,
vast and broad,
Unfathomable as the sea,
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling
But now thy perfect love is perfect filling:
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou art enough for me!

Modern Spiritualism.

Dr. Talmage announced his subject, "Modern Spiritualism." He took for his text, "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night, and he said, I pray thee divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee."—I Samuel xxviii, 7, 8. following is the sermon in full:

I have recently become a Spiritualist. At least so some of the journals of that belief declare. This, together with the fact that mediums are now being tried in the criminal courts, setting millions of people to make inquiry in regard to communication between this world and the next, leads me to preach this sermon.

Trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him, Saul knew not what to do. As a last resort, he concluded to seek out a spiritual medium, or a witch, or anything that you please to call her—at any rate, a woman who had communication with the spirits of the eternal world. It was a very difficult thing to do, for Saul had either slain all the witches or compelled them to stop business.

A servant one day said to King Saul: "I know of a spiritual medium down at the village of En-dor." "Do you?" said the king. Night falls. Saul, putting off his kingly robes, and putting on the dress of a plain citizen, with two servants, goes out to hunt up this spiritual medium. It was no easy thing for Saul to disguise himself, for the tallest people in the country only came up to his shoulder, and I think from the strength of the man and the way he bore himself, he must have been well proportioned. It must have been a frightful thing to see a man walking along in the night eight or nine feet high. I suppose, as the people saw him pass, they said: "Who is that? He is as tall as the king!"—having no idea that in such a plain dress there really was passing the king. Saul and his servants after awhile reach the village, and they say: "I wonder if this is the house?" and they look in and see the haggard, weird and shriveled up spiritual medium sitting by the light, and on the table sculptured images, and divining rods, and poisonous herbs, and bottles, and vases. They say: "Yes, this must be the place." One loud rap brings the woman to the door; and as she stands there, holding the candle or lamp above her head and peering out into the darkness, she says:

"Who is here?" The talking informs her that he has come to have his fortune told. When she hears that, she trembles and almost drops the light, for she knows there is no chance for a fortune teller or spiritual medium in all the land. But Saul, having sworn that no harm shall come to her, she says: "Well, who shall I bring up from the dead?" Saul says: "Bring up Samuel." That was the prophet who had died a little while before. I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a caldron, or hear muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her foot, as she cries out to the realm of the dead: "Samuel! Samuel!" Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the gray hairs float up, and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet, the entire body of dead Samuel, wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger

back and hold fast, and catch their breath, and shiver with terror. The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul, and cries out:

"What did you bring me up for?"

Why did you break my long sleep? What do you mean, King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance, as he says to the dead prophet: "The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said: "Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulchre. I am going now. Come, come with me!" And lo! the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear, and the arms, and the shoulders, and the forehead. The floor closes. Nothing is left in the room but Saul and the two servants, and the spiritual medium, and the sculptured images, and the divining rods, and the bottles, and the vases, and the poisonous herbs. Oh, that was an awful scene!

I learn first from this subject that spiritualism is a very old religion. It is natural that people should want to know the origin and the history of a doctrine which is so widespread in all the villages, towns and cities of the civilized world, getting new converts every day—a doctrine with which many of you are already tinged.

Spiritualism in America was born in 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, a rap a third time; and all three times, when the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles. In that same house there was a young woman who had a cold hand passed over her face, and ghostly suspicions were excited. After awhile Mr. Fox and his family moved into that house, and then every night there was a banging at the door; and one night Mr. Fox said, "Are you a spirit?" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. And so they found out, as they say, that it was the ghost or spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in that house many years before for his \$500. Whether the ghost of the dead peddler had come there to collect his \$500, or his bones, I cannot say, not being a Spiritualist; but there was a great racket at the door, so Mr. Weekman declared, and Mrs. Weekman and Mr. Fox and Mrs. Fox and all the little Foxes. The excitement spread. There was a universal rumour. The Hon. Judge Edmonds declared, in a book, that he had actually seen a bell start from the top shelf of a closet, heard it ring over the people that were standing in the closet, then, swung by invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor, and floated through the folding doors to the front parlor, rung over the people there, and then dropped on the floor. N. P. Talmage, senator of the United States, afterwards governor of Wisconsin, had his head completely turned with spiritualistic demonstrations. A man as he was passing along the road, said that he was lifted up bodily, and carried toward his home through the air, at such great speed he could not count the posts on the fence as he passed; and as he had a hand saw and a square in his hand, they beat, as he passed through the air, most delightful music. And the tables tipped, and the stools tilted, and the beds raised, and the chairs upset, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere had gone into the furniture business. "Well," the people said, "we have got something new in this country; it is a new religion." Oh no, my friends. Thousands of years ago we find in our text a spiritualistic scene.

Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious and wonderful than things which have been seen in the past centuries of the world. In all the ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their subjects in a mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything and hear everything and tell everything; dreamers, people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits; astrologers, who could read a new dispensation in the stars; experts in palmistry, who can tell by the lines in the palm of your hand your origin and your history. From a cave on Mount Parnassus, we are told, there was an exhalation that intoxicated the sheep and goats that came anywhere near it, and a shepherd approaching it was thrown by that exhalation into an ex-

citement in which he could foretell future events and hold consultation with the spiritual world. Yea, before the time of Christ the Brahmins went through all the table moving, all the furniture excitement, which the spirits have exploited in our day; precisely the same thing over and over again, under the manipulations of the Brahmins. Now do you say that Spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhumations from the unseen world. What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that he never speaks of them but with livid thunders of indignation. He says: "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between Spiritualism and witchcraft, God says, in so many words: "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer; for they that do these things are an abomination to the Lord." And he says again: "The soul of those who seek after such as have familiar spirits, and who go whoring after them, I will set myself against them, and he shall be cut off from among his people." The Lord Almighty, in a score of passages, which I have not now time to quote, utters his indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that be a Spiritualist if you dare!

Still further we learn from this text how it is that people come to fall into Spiritualism. Saul had enough trouble to kill ten men. He did not know where to go for relief. After a while he resolved to go and see the witch of En-dor. He expected that somehow she would afford him relief.

It was his trouble that drove him there. And I have to tell you now that Spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the sick, the bereft. You lose your watch, and you go to the fortune teller to tell where it is. You lose a friend, you want the spiritual world opened so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought, nervous and diseased state of mind, you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate Spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, which may come upon us at any time. We lose a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. If we could marshal a host, and storm the eternal world, and recapture our loved one, the host would soon be marshaled. The hope is so lonely. The world is so dark. The separation is so insufferable.

But Spiritualism says: "We will open the future world, and your loved one can come back and talk to you." Though we may not hear his voice, we may hear the rap of his hand. So, clear the table. Sit down. Put your hands on the table. Be very quiet. Five minutes gone. Ten minutes. No motion of the table. No response from the future world. Twenty minutes. Thirty minutes. Nervous excitement all the time increasing. Forty minutes. The table shivers. Two raps from the future world. The letters of the alphabet are called over. The departed friend's name is John. At the pronunciation of the letter "J," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "O," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "H," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "N," two raps. There you have the whole name spelled out. J—h—n, John. Now, the spirit being present, you say: "John are you happy?" Two raps give an affirmative answer. Pretty soon the hand of the medium begins to twitch and toss, and begins to write out, after paper and ink are furnished, a message from the eternal world. What is remarkable, the departed spirit, although it has been amid the illuminations of heaven, cannot spell as well as it used to. It has lost all grammatical accuracy and cannot write as distinctly. I received a letter through a medium once. I sent it back. I said: "Just please tell those ghosts they had better go to school and get improved in their orthography." Now just think of spirits, that the Bible represents as enthroned in glory, coming down to crawl under the table, and break crockery, and ring tea bells before supper is ready, and rap the window shutter on a gusty night. Is there any consolation in such poor, miserable work compared with the thought that our departed Christian friends, got rid of pain and languishing, are in the radiant society of heaven, and that we shall join them there, not in a stifled and mysterious half utterance, which makes the hair stand on end and the cold chills creep the back, but in an unhindered and illimitable delight.

And none shall murmur or mis-doubt, When God's great sunrise finds us out. Yes, my friends, Spiritualism comes to those who are in trouble and sweeps them into its delusions. Saul, in the

midst of his disaster, went to the witch of En-dor. The vast majority of those who have gone to spiritual mediums have been sent there through their misfortunes.

I learn still farther from this subject that Spiritualism and necromancy are affairs of the darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was ashamed to go. Besides that, he knew that this spiritual medium, like all her successors, performed her exploits in the night. The Davenports, the Fowlers, the Foxes, the spiritual mediums of all ages have chosen the night or a darkened room. Why? The majority of their wonders have been swindles, and deception prospers best in the night.

Some of the performances of spiritual mediums are not to be ascribed to fraud, but to some occult law that after awhile may be demonstrated. But I believe that now 99 out of every 1,000 achievements on the part of spiritual mediums are arrant and unmitigated humbug. The mysterious red letters that used to come out on the medium's arm were found to have been made by an iron pencil that went heavily over the flesh, not tearing it, but so disturbing the blood that it came up in great ground letters. The witnesses of the scenes have looked the door, put the key in their pocket, arrested the operator, and found out, by searching the room, that hidden levers moved the tables. The sealed letters that were mysteriously read without opening have been found to have been cut at the side, and then afterward slyly put together with gun arabic; and the medium who, with a heavy blanket over his head, could read a book, has been found to have had a bottle of phosphoric oil, by the light of which anybody can read a book; and ventriloquism, and legerdemain, and sleight of hand, and optical delusion, account for everything. Deception being the main staple of Spiritualism, I wonder it chooses the darkness.

You have all seen strange and unaccountable things in the night. Almost every man has at some time had a touch of hallucination. Some time ago, after I had been overtaken to eat something indigestible before retiring at night, after retiring I saw the president of one of the prominent colleges astride the foot of the bed, while he demanded of me a loan of five cents! When I awakened I had no idea it was anything supernatural. And I have to advise you, if you hear and see strange things at night, to stop eating hot mince pie and take a dose of bilious medicine. It is an outraged physical organism, enough to deceive the very elect after sundown, and does nearly all its work in the night. The witch of En-dor held her scenes at night; so do all the witches.

Away with this religion of spooks!

Still further: I learn from my text that Spiritualism is doom and death to its disciples. King Saul thought that he would get help from the "medium," but the first thing that he sees makes him swoon away, and no sooner was he resuscitated than he is told he must die. Spiritualism is doom and death to every one that yields to it. It ruins the body. Look in upon an audience of Spiritualists. Cadaverous. Weak. Nervous. Exhausted. Hands clammy and cold. Nothing prospers but long hair—soft marshes yielding rank grass. Spiritualism destroys the physical health. Its disciples are ever hearing startling news from the other world. Strange beings crossing the room in white. Table fidgity, wanting to get its feet loose as if to dance. Voices sepulchral and ominous. I wandered with raps. I never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous system. It is incipient epilepsy and catalepsy. Destroy your nervous system and you might as well be dead. I have noticed that people who are hearing raps from the future world have but little strength left to bear the hard raps of this world. It is an awful thing to trifle with one's nervous system. It is so delicate—it is so far reaching—its derangements are so terrible. Get the nervous system a jangle, and so far as your body and soul are concerned, the whole universe is a jangle. Better in our ignorance experiment with a chemist's retort that may smite us dead, or with an engineer's steam boiler that may blow us to atoms, than experiment with the nervous system. A man can live with only one lung or with no eyes and be happy, as men have been under such afflictions; but woe to the man whose nerves are shattered! Spiritualism smites first of all, and mightily, against the nervous system, and so makes life miserable.

I indict Spiritualism also, because it is a social and marital curse. The worst deeds of licentiousness and the worst orgies of obscenity have been enacted under its patronage. The story is too vile for me to tell. I will not pollute my tongue nor your ears with the recital. Sometimes the civil

law has been evoked to stop the outrage. Families innumerable have been broken up by it. It has pushed off hundreds of young women into a life of profligacy. It talks about "elective affinities," and "affinital relations," and "spiritual matches," and adopts the whole vocabulary of free loveism. In one of its public journals it declares "marriage is the monster curse of civilization." "It is a source of debauchery and intemperance." If Spiritualism could have its full swing, it would turn this world into a pandemonium of carnality. It is an unclean, adulterous, damnable religion, and the sooner it drops into the hell from which it rose, the better both for earth and heaven. For the sake of man's honor and woman's purity, I say let the last vestige of it perish forever. I wish I could gather up all the raps it has ever heard from spirits blest or damned, and gather them all on its own head in one thundering rap of annihilation!

Ready For The Summons.

People differ in their views regarding the advantage or disadvantage of sudden death, and it is interesting to see how eminent servants of God felt concerning it.

Quaint old Thomas Fuller recorded this prayer against sudden death: "Lord, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it shall tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect to itself, for I care not how short my passage may be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be too sudden in respect to me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table."

The venerable Prof. Silliman used to tell his students, "Sudden death is never to be dreaded. If it be God's will, let the angel of death come in a flash; only let him find me at the post of duty. He cannot come too quickly."

Obedience A Safeguard.

It is wrong to become wholly absorbed, even in Christian work, if we do not have a fixed principle of obedience to God as the ruling impulse of our lives. Any thing less than this will fail to insure the divine protection and guidance. Without this we will be ever liable to choose our own way, not the Lord's. And we all know how fatal this will be—how the end will then certainly be ruin. Just here the divine grace of obedience is a most blessed gift. Amid the surging elements of life with which we must all contend our frail barks will safely outride the storm and enter the open harbor, provided the spirit of obedience controls the helm.

RANDOM READINGS.

Moments make the year, and trifles life.—Young.

Count life by virtues; these will last.—Mrs. Hale.

Duty and to-day are ours; results and futurity belong to God.—Horace Greeley.

Keep the home near heaven. Let it face toward the Father's house.—James Hamilton.

The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.—Ben Hur.

Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years.—Spurgeon.

Every temptation that is resisted, every noble inspiration that is encouraged, every sinful thought that is repressed, every bitter word that is withheld, adds its little item to the impetus of that great movement which is bearing humanity onwards towards a richer life and higher character.—Fiske.

The Christian church is the flower of human life. It is not something different and separate. It is the effort which we see in every struggling mass of power to set forth at some one point the pattern of its being, the ideal after which it was created and which it never entirely forgets.—Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. C.

WHAT I TO AM DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unappetite but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but no solids at a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

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Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I, as 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

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6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate point, and for McAdam Junction and Vancoubo, 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 Vancoubo, 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.

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