

"Resign the Helm to God."

REV. J. B. SMITH, D. D.

Off times on troubled seas we sail,
Through tempests wild, and wind and gale,
Where billows overwhelm;
Then the pilot takes command,
And we but trust his steady hand,
To him resign the helm.

We cannot calm the stormy sea,
Nor find a path by which to flee,
At mercy of the wave;
E'en then we quietly repose
Our confidence in one who knows,
The pilot's hand to save.

And when by life's wild tempests toss'd,
And all seems given up for lost,
E'en then we'll not repine;
For faith discerns a pilot near,
To quiet doubt, dispel our fear,
To God the helm resign.

We cannot guide our bark at will;
Nor find the tempest to be still;
Nor yield a magic rod;
But One keeps watch above his own,
Along the paths to us unknown;
Resign the helm to God.

—Chris. Inquirer.

Need of True Religion.

Though religion is more vitally related to human well-being than anything else, there is nothing respecting which more people cherish erroneous opinions. If true religion determines our fitness to serve God truly on earth, and gives an earnest of a happy immortality, it is of the first importance that each one would settle for himself what it is or whether he possesses it or not. That it is possible to be mistaken and deceived on both points, Scripture and observation clearly teach. The Holy Scriptures contain numerous warnings against self-deception, which show it to be a real danger, and there are few who have not met with persons who appeared to be resting in some false confidence, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Next to the natural selfishness which prompts all human beings to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, there is no more fruitful cause of error respecting religion than the tendency to substitute something associated with piety for personal godliness. Because there are outward forms of worship through which the soul's faith and reverence may find expression, many seem to rest in these external formalities as if they were the sum and proof of religion. Beyond doubt, there are great truths which are the basis of faith and the inspiration of hope; but many seem to regard assent to an orthodox creed as if it was the one thing needful, and as if all who did not believe as they do were "in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." True religion gives peace and joy to those who possess it, therefore many seem to regard it as consisting mainly or wholly in pleasing emotions or feelings. The religion of Christ enjoins duty and service, hence some regard religion as the strict performance of a round of duties and work. In all these cases a part, imperfectly understood, is substituted for the whole of religion.

From this substitution of some feature of piety for a complete Christian character and experience, many fail to seek and find the fulness of saving grace. True religion may be briefly summed up as the inner life of faith and love in a renewed heart, producing the fruits of righteousness in a consecrated life. It implies the belief of those scriptural truths which reveal our soul-need and the infinite goodness of God in providing salvation for us. And yet men may have a very simple and limited creed, and exercise that living trust in Christ which brings the light and strength of heaven down into the darkness and weakness of earth. The religion of Christ gives peace to a troubled conscience; but it is not wise to measure piety by the strength of emotional feeling. The emotional feeling largely depends upon the natural character and mental constitution. Some who profess to feel much are not highly distinguished by principle and steadfastness. And others not distinguished by much feeling have shown consistent, steadfast integrity.

Whatever may be true as to the grounds on which a Christian bases his assurance of personal salvation, so far as the outside world is concerned, the chief evidence that a man or woman possesses true religion in such deeds and life as would be the proper outcome of a renewed heart in which faith and love reigned. If any one who professes to be a Christian is selfish, uncharitable, and worldly-minded, we may well ask, "How dwelleth the love of God in him?" He only is a true Christian who manifests the mind that was in Christ, and follows him fully. It is not familiarity with the doctrines of Christianity, or conformity to the outward ordinances of religion, but the reign of love in the heart as the ruling law of the life. Religion is God's

remedy for the sins and wants of humanity, and if these were not removed or corrected by our religion it is a vain thing. In other words, men are guilty and need forgiveness, and the religion that does not yield the joy of forgiveness is not true religion. Men are naturally selfish, and if this selfishness is not overcome, and the heart is not opened to sympathy with the wants and woes of others—if the weakness of human nature is not nervously with divine strength to resist temptation and do the work of life faithfully, then we should search and try our ways, and seek with earnest faith for the grace which alone can transform and deliver from the guilt and power of sin, and make us servants of God having our fruit unto holiness.—Chris. Guardian.

How to be Happy.

First, be healthy. There are some people, who, sustained either by religion, philosophy or temperament, seem to be able to bear sickness with serenity, cheerfulness, and even mirth; but most of us are rendered miserable indeed by any inharmonious action of physical organizations. At such times work seems a curse, earth a desert, and life an intolerable burden. Under such circumstances it seems a sin to be sick, and in most cases this is doubtless true. Many of our common ailments might easily be avoided by more carefully conforming our habits to the inexorable laws of nature. But we are either too indifferent, lazy or fashionable to keep ourselves as well as we might, and herein lies the sin of being sick, consequently unhappy.

Second, have an object in life. We were made reasonable beings, and it was never intended that we should live an aimless, butterfly existence, and still be satisfied and happy. If you have no work, find some. There is plenty of it waiting to be done, and you cheat the world as well as yourself by neglecting your share.

Third, forge yourself. Much of our unhappiness comes from thinking too much about our precious selves and our troubles, both real and possible. We magnify our importance and grow morbid over trifles when we ought to be interested in other people, so healthful and sympathetic, that we shall have no time to brood over self and her misfortunes.

Fourth, broaden your mind by as much intellectual culture as is possible to you. Narrow, petty habits of thinking and doing generate discontent, bigotry, gossip and slander.

Lastly, but by no means least, live the life of a conscientious Christian. We were never intended to be happy while disregarding our first duties and neglecting their highest needs. Let us daily seek to conform our lives physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually to the standards God has given us. "Then shall our conscience be at peace, and our sleep both sweet and comfortable," and happiness an abiding guest.—Household.

The Vermont Boy's Sermon.

In the summer of 1816 an awkward, barefooted country boy, about eighteen years old, might have been seen plodding his way from Sutton, Vt., through the newly settled regions of New Hampshire, to Parsonfield, on the borders of the State of Maine. He carried his shoes in his hand, after the thrifty fashion of those days when shoe leather was scarce and expensive, and was bound to attend the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting of a body of people, who, in association with Benjamin Randall, of "the Church of Christ gathered at New Durham," N. H., and others, had broken loose from old and obscuring traditions, and were proclaiming a free salvation to the lost, and testifying of the grace of God to men.

In Parsonfield, Me., lived "an able minister of the New Testament," named John Buzzell, a man who saw more clearly than most men in his day, or even in our own, the true path in which the church should walk. There lies before me a copy of *A Religious Magazine* for January, 1812, which he edited, in which there is a brief history of the religious work in which they were engaged. It also contains a short address to his Brethren in the Ministry, to whom he says:

"Let us take to us the whole armor of God, the hope of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, having our loins girt about with truth, and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, our lamps trimmed, and our light burning, like servants who are waiting for the coming of their Lord."

"We are indeed a very singular people; and no wonder if the people in this day stare at us. We profess to come out and be separated from all the creeds, platforms, and disciplines of men, and to take the Bible for our rule, a rule which all the Christian denom-

inations acknowledge to be the best rule,—yet perhaps some of almost every denomination judge us heretics, because we hold no rule of faith and practice but the Bible. It has not been an uncommon thing with me to hear people of different denominations,—and sometimes preachers,—ask the following questions. Have you no articles of faith but the Bible? Have you no book of discipline but the Bible? How can you discipline a member by the Bible? etc., etc. When I hear people ask such questions it makes me think that they have a very low opinion of the Bible. For my part, I believe there are many good and useful books in the world, but none so good as the Bible. They say it is the best rule, and yet seem to think that they can make it a little better, or, at least, that it is not a sufficient rule, without something else. Each denomination makes the amendment to please itself; and to displease all the rest. And this is what now makes the contention. But as light increases in the rational world, these things will of course vanish away, and the true followers of Christ will all unite in company. These prejudices are daily decreasing, love is prevailing, and the number of the disciples of Jesus is increasing. And we have great encouragement to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. But let us be humble, my brethren, and live near to God. Watch and pray lest we enter into temptation! Keep the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; do nothing for the sake of applause; neglect nothing for fear of reproach. Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Such were the sentiments which were preached in those days in the Parsonfield church; and thither our young friend wended his way. Arriving at Parsonfield, our traveler sought out the house of John Buzzell, and informed him that he had come to the meeting, and desired entertainment. There was nothing in his appearance which would entitle him to special consideration, and such meetings usually taxed the capacity of a minister's house; but as he offered to care for the horses, and do any menial service which might be required of him in return for his entertainment, the good minister told him he might stay in the family if he would "bring the water, and chop the oven wood for the women folks." He accepted the conditions, and faithfully fulfilled the work assigned to him.

The meeting progressed, filled up with sermons, exhortations, prayers, and songs, until Sunday came, "the last day, that great day of the feast," when a crowd assembled from far and near. The house was filled, and many surrounded the doors and looked in at the windows. But the Spirit did not seem to "move" upon any of the preachers on the platform. The minister with whom this youth was staying, who was known as a great light among that people, arose, and according to expectation undertook to preach to the listening crowd. He took his text, commenced his sermon, floundered about for a little while, not knowing what to say, and presently, with a spiritual discernment sufficiently rare, said, "Brethren, I have not got the Word; if any one has it, let him stand forth."

Immediately the Vermont boy, who was seated upon the pulpit stairs, trembling with the burden of God upon his soul, arose to his feet, and began to deliver his message. "Hold on, lad!" said Elder Buzzell, rising in the pulpit, "brethren, shove some planks out of the window, and give the boy a chance." They removed one of the side windows, shoved out some of the planks which were used for seating purposes, and made him a platform where he could stand and preach to the throng outside as well as to the multitude within the house.

The lad mounted the platform, and taking for his text Isa. 61:12, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he has sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn," he poured forth the message that surged and welled up within his soul. The Spirit was indeed upon him. There was no more hesitation, and no question as to "who had the Word." Strong men wept, saints rejoiced, sinners trembled and wanderers turned their feet into the testimonies of the Lord. There was no day like that seen in the history of that church. And when in after time candidates for baptism were examined, and told the story of their awakening, more than one hundred persons dated their convictions of sin and the beginning of the life of God within their

souls, from the day that boy proclaimed the Gospel of the grace of God from the planks thrust out of the window of the old Parsonfield church.

God worked with his servant; and sixty-six years after a friend of the writer relating how he heard that same preacher, in the eighty-second year of his age, proclaim to a listening assembly the same blessed Gospel that he declared on that memorial day when John Buzzell confessed that he had not the Word, and called on the one who had it to stand forth and declare it. And for sixty-nine years—until September, 1885, when he was stricken by a paralytic shock which disabled him for the last three years of his life,—Jonathan Woodman was a preacher of the Gospel of the Son of God.

It is well to call to remembrance those former days, when they were, as now, learned preachers, scholarly preachers, and trained preachers, who were as powerless as many are to-day; but there were also men who stood in the counsel of the Lord, and walked in the fear of God; who knew the voice of the great Shepherd; and who had learned that there was a time to be silent as well as a time to speak, and who, when anointed of God for the work, with great boldness gave testimony to the grace of the living Christ, whose Gospel was then, as now, the power of God unto salvation to every believer.

Have we not something to learn from those faithful men of other days? Is there not a lesson in their simplicity, their fidelity, their single-hearted consecration to God, which might well be impressed upon the hearts of those who bear his name, but who accomplish but little in his vineyard.—The Christian.

A Parrot In A Deacons' Meeting.

Once upon a time, it does not matter when or where, the deacons of a certain church met together to consider the state of affairs in their little Zion. Things were going wrong. There were few conversions, many empty pews, and grumblers enough to stock a dozen churches. Even the collection plate was getting black in the face; and when that is the case, it is time to pass an Ecclesiastical Reform Bill.

So the deacons met in solemn assembly in the house of one of the brethren, to investigate the cause of their troubles, and to find a remedy. Great was the talk—lengthened was the conversation—and, alas! they fell upon the poor minister as the root of all evil. One said that he preached too long, and frightened the people away. Another that he did not visit enough. And another still that he lacked unction, fire, and force. Well, sinners must have a scapegoat, and who so fit for one as the minister? They resolved, therefore, to approach him, and tell him their minds. This was a sad business, for had they not prayed before his settlement that God would send them the right man to the right place, and had they not thanked him for guiding them so wisely in the choice of a pastor? Now it seemed that their present purpose showed clearly that the Lord had made a mistake, and that they were the men to rectify it.

At last one of them moved this resolution: "Whereas the state of affairs in the church is so lamentable, we feel bound, in the interest of the cause, to suggest to our pastor the advisability of watching the leadings of Providence, and to accept whatever call the Lord may be pleased to send." They passed this resolution with a hearty unanimity, and went on talking.

Now in a corner of the room there hung a parrot cage, and on the perch within stood a fine green parrot. Late-ly arrived in the country, it knew no other language than that which it had heard at sea. It was evidently puzzled by the talk of the brethren, and held its head on one side as if it wished to master the subject under consideration.

One thing was certain, it meant to have its say in the matter as soon as an opportunity offered. The chance came. A lugubrious brother, in a long and mournful speech, was still bewailing their unfortunate circumstances, and coming to the close said: "Well, brethren, I am sorry things are as they are; our minister may be a good man; yet, think of it as I will, I see no remedy but—"

"Work, you lubbers, work. Work you lubbers, work." So said the parrot, and abruptly finished the lugubrious brother's speech, and started the whole diatribe into a state of abnormal activity. Horrified at the untimely timeliness of the parrot's remark, the good brother who owned the parrot sprang up in anger—he was but a man—and made a dash at the cage with a full intent of teaching the poor creature the dumb alphabet by twisting his neck.

"Stop, brother, stop," cried one of the brethren. You may wring the parrot's neck, but you cannot wring the neck of truth. The bird is right, and we are wrong. Work is the remedy after all."

Down they all sat again, with the cry of the parrot ringing in their ears and consciences. Dear, good men, like most of us they had sought the easiest way out of their difficulty, and had made a mistake. The minister's failings had so fully occupied their attention that they could not think of their own. The parrot had put them face to face with themselves and their own souls, and they were obliged to see that, if the pastor had not done his best, neither had they. This was the conclusion they had reached; and, like honest men, they tore up their first resolution, and were wise enough to make another. They then went home, and in a few weeks the church began to flourish. "Every man had a mind to work." Some went out to the highways and hedges and compelled the wanderers to come in. Some took the task of visiting, and others helped in any way they could. Even the collection plate lost its gloomy looks; it looked brighter, and as for the pastor, he plucked up heart and went ahead, for all the world knows that the leading horse must put on speed, when the horses behind are pulling with a will.

As for the parrot, it lived to a green old age, and, like the youth in "Exile," repeated its motto to the end. With a convulsive croak, and a merry twinkle of its closing eye, it left it as a legacy to the world—

"Work, you lubbers, work. Work, you lubbers, work."

The Sure Refuge.

The Israelites in the wilderness were continually exposed to change. Whenever the pillar staid its motion, the tents were pitched; but to-morrow, the morning sun had risen, the trumpet sounded, the ark was in motion, and the fiery, cloudy pillar was leading the way through the narrow defiles of the mountain, up the hillside, or along the arid waste of the wilderness. They had scarcely time to rest a little before they heard the sound of, "Awake, this is not your rest; you must still be onward journeying toward Canaan."

They were never long in one place. Even wells and palm-trees could not detain them. Yet they had an abiding home in their God. His cloudy pillar was their roof-tree, and its flames by night their household fire. They must go onward from place to place, continually changing, never having time to settle and to stay. "Now, we are secure, in this place we shall dwell." Yet says Moses: "Though we are always changing, Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

The Christian knows no change with regard to God. He may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow; he may be sickly to-day and be well to-morrow; he may be in happiness to-day; to-morrow he may be distressed—but there is no change with regard to his relationship to God. If he loved me yesterday, he loves me to-day. My unmovable mansion of rest is my blessed Lord. Let prospects be blighted, let hopes be blasted, let joy be withered, let mildews destroy everything—I have lost nothing of what I have in God. He is my "strong habitation whereunto I may continually resort." I am a pilgrim in the world, but at home in my God. In the earth I wander, but in God I dwell in a quiet habitation. We may well adopt the language of the poet:

"He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head."

—Spurgeon.

Roll Away the Stone.

When the women came to the sepulcher their chief anxiety was, that their kindly ministrations might be rendered impossible by the stone that closed its entrance. Yet, trusting that in some way this obstacle might be removed, they did not return and waste precious time in seeking for assistance, but went on steadfastly to their pious labor of love. Lo! as they drew near the object of their solicitude had been removed ere this!

What a type of the discoveries of a faith that labors and serves throughout every age! Often when we dread that the outcome of our holy endeavors may be rendered vain by some anticipated hindrance, by persevering in well-doing and steadfastly marching up to the work given us by the Master, we find as our reward that he has already seen to the removal of the stone. Nay, the very going about our duty becomes the means of our receiving news of joy.—T. Deane.

Did you ever feel the joy of winning a soul for Christ? If so, you will need no better argument for attempting to spread the knowledge of his name to every creature. I tell you there is no other joy out of heaven which excels it—the grasp of the hand of one who says, "By your means I was turned from darkness to light."—C. H. Spurgeon.

NOTICE OF SALE

To John H. Fleming and Clara Fleming his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, Registered in Book V3 of the York County Records, pages 666, 667, 668 and 669, and made between the said John H. Fleming therein described as of the Parish of Bri in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Clara his wife of the first part; and Odber M. Hartt, of Terrytown, in the State of New York, in the United States of America, For man in a Shoe Factory, of the second part there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction at Phoenix Square in the City of Fredericton, at twelve o'clock in the noon on Saturday, the First day of June next, the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in said Indenture as follows: "That certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Bri, County of York and Province aforesaid, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning in the northernly angle of Lot number Four on the South side of the Howland Ridge Settlement Road (hereafter decided to be the line between the said Thomas W. 'Range, South-east Howland Ridge Settlement, and containing one hundred acres and conveyed to the said John H. Fleming, by the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company, limited, by deed bearing date the seventh day of September, A.D. 1882 together with the buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances to same belonging. Dated this thirty-first day of January, A.D. 1889. ODBER M. HARTT, Mortgagee.

J. A. & W. VANWART,
Sols. for Mortgagee.

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

In Effect April 29th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

(Eastern Standard Time).

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, Vaneboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
11.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.
3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.00, 8.55 a. m.; 4.45 p. m.; Fredericton Junction 6.40 a. m.; 11.35 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; Vaneboro, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; St. Stephen 9.20, 11.40 a. m.; St. Andrews, 6.30 a. m.; arrive in Fredericton 8.55 a. m.; 2.15 and 7.20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

A. J. HEATH, F. W. CROM,
Gen. Pass & Ticket Agent. Gen. Man.

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY**

1888. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.30
Accommodation..... 11.20
Express for Sussex..... 18.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.10 train to Hall.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 7.00
Express from Sussex..... 8.55
Accommodation..... 11.30
Day Express..... 19.20

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTERING,
Chief Superintendent,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.

SUGAR-CURED**HAMS,****BLOOD ORANGES**

—AND—

BANANAS.**W. H. Vanwart.**

May 1.

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