

On the King's Birthday.

BY EBEN R. REKFOR.

Hark! Hear the bells for gladness ring
From every steeple, far and near;
This is the birthday of the King,
The gladdest day of all the year.

"Lo, Christ is born; rejoice!" they say;
"Be glad, O heart of man, and sing!
Put all thy cares aside to-day,
And pay thy tribute to the King."

O Christ! Thy cradle was a stall
Among earth's poor and lowly things,
And thou, the lowliest of them all,
We own to-day as King of Kings.

Let hearts grow glad, remembering
The manger where the young child lay,
And those who came from far to bring
Their gifts on that first Christmas day.

Be glad while heaven and nature sing
The mighty chorus of the skies;
Let "peace on earth" from heaven ring;
"Good will, good will," the earth replies.

Come as the Wise Men came, and lay
At Jesus' feet thy gift of love;
Let gratitude arise to-day
As incense to the throne above.

All hail, all hail, thou Prince of Peace!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Oh, may thy blessed reign increase
Till all the world shall own thee King!

Christmas Day.

Of all the days of the year we give to one the name of our Lord, and call it Christmas. One day in seven we hallow as his, and sometimes we call it the Lord's Day, but oftener we call it by a name as pagan as is the celebration of it by those who, in our cities, on that day desert the churches for the saloons. To the one day which we have chosen, at random, or worse, to be our reminder of the birth of our Lord we give his name, and that day we celebrate ill or well as we value Him whose name it bears.

We do well to make it a festival day. That Christ came into the world is the most joyful fact in all its annals. It is no day for a fast to afflict one's soul. He came to open prison doors and to preach deliverance to them that are bound. He came not to be our Judge, but our Jesus, Saviour, Deliverer; our comfort, our hope, our salvation. He has that true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, in whose light we see light; and because we see light we rejoice.

What were the darkness of a world that had no Christmas birth! Think of a Christless world, one with no knowledge of a future life, no assurance of immortality. What is the darkness and the pain of a soul feeling after God and hope and ever groping in vain! Read an old philosopher encouraging himself to believe that a future life is likely because we have reminiscences of a previous life; or a modern philosopher in his last years ending his essay on Theism with the conclusion that the evidence for a God slightly predominates over the evidence against his existence, but that there is no sufficient indication that he is wholly good. Because we have the birth in Bethlehem and the resurrection from the sepulcher of Jesus we have no fear of the grave. Its sting is removed; its victory is gone. We know in whom we have believed, and that he will keep what we have intrusted to him until his great day.

We do well to make this festival day a day of gifts. Christ was God's great gift to man. It was when Paul was urging his readers to give gifts to others that he burst out with that exclamation which should be their loftiest example as it was their dearest joy. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!" As much as to say, If the Father God could give to us the life of his own well-beloved Son, what is there that we cannot give to our brethren in their need? The word still holds good in these later Christmas days; if God could bestow such a priceless gift on us, we surely can give our lesser gifts to him and to his children in their need, and to our own dear ones, as pledges of our lesser and finite love.

So let the feast and the gifts recall the day of joy when the angels and the stars sang, the gladdest day of all earth's history. Let the children come from the chimney corner, with their stockings filled with toys, to rejoice because Jesus came and therein blessed little children. Let the tables be loaded with the fruits of the year, and households gather around them and thank God for the Gift of all gifts. And before the day is over read again the story of the wondrous birth, and recite the simple lines, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," which any child can understand, and then let the elders read Milton's grandest, most majestic "Hymn to the Nativity," and end the day with thanks to Him whose Father love gave humanity the Gift.—Independent.

Moderation is the silken thread that runs through the pearly chain of all virtue.

Presents to King Jesus.

BY REV. S. CORNELIUS, D. D.

The gifts presented by the wise men to the Christ-child at Bethlehem are full of suggestiveness. An inferior in Oriental countries, visiting a superior, carries presents with him as a sort of tribute, and this seems to have been customary from the earliest times. Thus when Jacob's sons were going to interview the second ruler in Egypt, their father instructed them thus: "Take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds." Thus the Queen of Sheba brought the costliest presents to King Solomon; and thus King David seems to have been honored by his subjects, except those "children of Belial" who "despised him and brought him no presents." The Son of David was honored in like manner by these wise men as an act of worshipful homage and a pledge of sacred fealty. So should we render him the homage of our hearts and the obedience of our lives.

The gifts brought by these worshippers were the most valuable offerings their country produced and those with which Christ could be best served. Possibly they may have had some prophetic intimation of the need in which the holy family (so called) would be placed. They may have understood from Hosea's prophecy that Egypt, which had been the shelter of Abraham, of Joseph, and of Joseph's father and brethren, would become the shelter of Christ himself. If so, they knew that gold especially would furnish a seasonable supply in the long journeys and sojourn there. Their example shows us that the best we have is to be given to God. Whatever "gold and frankincense and myrrh," whatever gifts, accomplishments, or energies are ours, all of them are to be gladly yielded for his service.

Among the gifts that should be thus employed is the influence of your social position. You may have much or little of this; use what you have, and thus increase it in honor of your Lord. It is a magnetism by which you may draw your circle of friends to the house and service of God. One may use some sweet perfume till its aroma will become like a part of his own personality and go wherever he goes; so may the aroma of religion permeate your character and diffuse itself through all your actions until its potency as a "sweet savor of Christ" shall be realized by all among whom you move. There have been eminent conversationalists, like Coleridge and Johnson, who have always found eager listeners; but other persons, not of great name, have fitted themselves by reading and reflection to charm and instruct the social circle with some specialty which they have made a study. Christian, make Christ's gospel your specialty and be ever seeking out the heaven-taught words and ways that will make you a soul-winner.

Musical talents and accomplishments are among the choicest aids in such a work, and these can be brought into requisition everywhere—in the parlor as well as the church, in the hospital, the prison, the school room, and by the bedside of the sick and the dying. Perhaps you can write gospel songs or set them to music; at all events you can sing them, and while you "sing for Jesus" others will be led to join with heartfelt devotion in the song, and the Redeemer's brow will be wreathed with new praises. Nor is it less needful or practicable to "do business for Christ," consecrating a due proportion of our gains to his cause and making him as much our counselor in all our secular as in all our spiritual affairs.

Let none excuse himself from making presents to King Jesus because he has but little talent, or little money, or little influence. As for money, it is evident that the widow's mite was of as great value in Christ's eyes, as Mary's box of precious ointment, just as the turtle-doves and young pigeons on Jewish altars by the poor were as acceptable as the goats or bullocks brought by the rich. As for talent, it is not apparent that the largest amount of good is affected by the employment of small talent? Those that have great talent are a small minority and most wonderful success has often been achieved, under God's blessing, by pastors, missionaries, teachers, writers, etc., of moderate ability and acquisitions. Take heart, then, humble worker for Christ, you may grow to be a great power. Say with Frances Havergal:

"Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee!
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages for thee.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee."

Neither money, nor wisdom, nor rank, nor power ever bought the grace of God. To get this we must go empty handed, crying:

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Shepherds as well as wise men paid homage to Christ. The wise men represented the learned, the rich, the great; the shepherds represented the poor, the unnoted, and the unlearned; the shepherds and the wise men were equally welcome. O, my Christian friend, be you rich, or poor, I charge you, be in earnest to find Christ, and, when you have found him, be in like earnest to serve him.

The Closing Year.

Fifty-two restful Sabbaths with their opportunities and happy privileges will soon be over. Fifty-two days in the Sabbath-school, teaching or learning; fifty-two days in the pew, or in the pulpit, listening or speaking, singing, praying, holding sweet communion with one another and with God. Such are some of the "benefits" of which we are to make grateful mention to-day. On fifty-two successive weeks our own pages have recorded passing events—and the developments of Divine Providence in relation to the kingdoms of this world and the Kingdom of Christ. The closing days of the year are a fitting time to ask ourselves how we have discharged our duties and appreciated our privileges in all the relations of life, and with a view to the period when we shall appear at the judgment seat of God.

It is not for our Sundays alone that we are responsible, but for every moment of the three hundred and sixty-five days. It is not with regard to our public duties alone that we must give an account to the Omnipotent; but with regard to our life at home and in the market place, wherever we have breathed the air or enjoyed the light. Every feeling that throbs through the heart, every thought that has flashed through the brain, every word that has escaped our lips, as well as our deeds, must be accounted for. The thought is appalling; but it is well to realize where and how we stand.

God's mercies have been countless as the sands of the sea: how have we used them? God's judgments have been abroad: have listened to His voice and reverently marked His goings?

A review of the closing year will certainly tend to humble us in the sight of our merciful Judge. Let it also induce us, in humble dependence on Divine Grace, to "endeavour after new obedience." Every rational being ought to be gaining new moral victories each day and hour. Conquest of self is an imperative duty. Our Sabbaths, our Prayer-meetings, our Communion, ought to be times of special victory and progress.—Pres. Witless.

How to get Faith.

I hear a great many people say, "How am I to get faith? I would come to Christ; but I don't know how to get faith." It would take months and years to get that. Now I was a long time getting faith. I was anxious to work for the Lord, but I wanted faith. I wanted to get faith, but I went about it the wrong way. I prayed for it, and did nothing else. That ain't the way to get faith—to pray for it and neglect the word of God. The way to get faith is to know who God is; and I never knew a man or woman that was well acquainted with God that wanted faith. Some one said to a Scotch woman, "You are a woman of great faith." "No," she says, "I am a woman of little faith, but I have a great God." Now would you just turn a moment to the twentieth chapter of the gospel of John, and the thirty-first verse: "But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; that believing ye might have life through his name." Now the whole gospel of John was written for one purpose. John took up his pen, and he wrote that gospel that we might believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that by believing we might have eternal life. And so, instead of praying for faith, and mourning because we haven't got faith, let us study the word of God and get acquainted with the God of Israel, and then we will have faith in him. You can't find a man or woman that is acquainted with God, but that has strong faith in God.—D. L. Moody.

Mean Streaks.

Some very good people, in a general way, have their virtues quite overbalanced by a certain mean fiber of disposition or character which runs through their lives. They may be entirely unconscious of the "mean

streak"; in fact, we think they generally are, but their friends are in no way oblivious to it. It is like a horrid discord in the midst of sweet harmony, an acid taste in luscious fruit, an unsightly object in a beautiful landscape. It spoils, or at least greatly injures, all the rest, which would otherwise be admirable. Sometimes this mean streak is a lack of generosity, sometimes it is a lack of charity, quite as often as otherwise it is an ill-natured tongue—tongue that delights to speak sharp words, or galling words, or in some way to plant a thorn in another's pillow, by reminding him of some defect or mischance. Very likely this same thorn-planter may have a most lovely smile; she may be really benevolent to the natives of Borrioboola Gha. She may be even ready to watch a friend in sickness, or sympathize when a real trouble comes, but she can not restrain the cutting remarks, she can not forbear to give the timely "dig." She unmercifully rejoices in a kind of moral (or immoral) pin-sticking. Most of us are anxious and careful to have our character right in the main; let us be equally mindful of the mean streak.—Golden Rule.

Rock of Ages—An Incident.

On board the ill-fated steamer "Seawanhaka" was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer, and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I can hold no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the weary and agonized husband; let us sing "Rock of Ages." And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted. But lo! as they sang one after another of those exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me:
Let me hide myself in thee.

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort. Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching. Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne safely to the land. This is no fiction. It was related by the singer himself, who said he believed "Rock of Ages" saved many another besides himself and wife.—Selected.

Holy Love, And Selfish Love.

It is a bad sign when Christians are thinking more of themselves than of God; in other words, when they are more taken up with their own joys and sorrows than they are with God's will. When this is the case, they have not as yet learned the great lesson of self-crucifixion; of doing and suffering the will of another. "The cup, which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" These are the words of the Saviour; and they convey deep and precious meaning. When we are fully delivered from the influence of selfish considerations, and have become conformed to the desires and purposes of the Infinite Mind, we shall drink the cup, and cheerfully, whatever it may be. In a word, we shall necessarily be submissive and happy in all trials, and in every change and diversity of situation. Not because we are seeking happiness as a distinct object, or thinking of happiness as a distinct object, but because the glorious will of Him, whom our soul loves supremely, is accomplished in us. To the purified mind, the sorrows and joys of this life, when contemplated in the light of God's providences, are alike. Whatever God sends is welcome to it. Hence we say, it shows a state of mind short of sanctification, or, what is the same thing, short of evangelical perfection, when we think more of ourselves than we do of God, and more of our own happiness than we do of the divine glory.—Upham.

WEAPONS OUGHT TO BE PROVED.—There was a British regiment once ordered to charge a body of French cuirassiers. The trumpets sounded, and away they went boldly at them—but not to victory. They broke like a wave that launches itself against a rock. They were sacrificed to a trader's fraud. Forged not of true steel, but of worthless metal, their swords bent double at the first stroke. What could human strength or the most gallant bravery do against such odds? And ever since I read that tragedy I have thought I would not go to battle unless my sword were proved.—Dr. Guthrie.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE? To the hungry, give food; to the naked, clothes; to the sick, some comfort; to the sad, a word of consolation; to all you meet, a smile and a cheery greeting. Give forgiveness to your enemies; give patience to the fretful; give love to your households; and, above all, give your heart to God.

Bishop Foss uttered a pertinent truth at the Ohio Conference, when he said: "I have a son. I do not know what he will be. If God should call him to the ministry, I will be glad. But I wish men to keep their hands off; he must be a God-made, not a man-made minister."

Random Readings.

Skill in defining indicates good thinking.

Love is the refreshing water; the law is the channel for it to flow in; and the spring is the bosom of God.—McCosh.

Why shrink from dying when you know it opens a window in heaven for your passage into the paradise of unending life?

All our actions take their hues from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes, their variety from light.—W. T. Bacon.

We can never be at peace till we have performed the highest duty of all—till we have arisen and gone to our Father.—Macdonald.

There must be brain-service, hand-service, foot-service, purse-service, as well as lip-service, if we would see the answer to our prayers.—Strutley.

Keeping Christ's commandments keeps the eye clear and the temper sweet and the will submissive and the affections pure; in these lie the rich reward.—Cuyler.

Come what may to the child of God, all will be well in the end. His light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—Clericus.

Human history is the history of the education of conscience, of the ever-increasing apprehension of the moral law, of the widening of the circle of ethical obligation.—Selected.

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison.—Sir John Lubbock.

Hold fast to God with one hand and open wide the other to your neighbor. That is religion, that is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are yet to come.—George MacDonald.

There are many shifts and changes, but if we stand still and bide our time, the current which was this way to-day will set in an opposite direction to-morrow, and if it should not do so, what is that to us?—Spurgeon.

It is our misfortune that we mistake God's shadow for the night. If a man stands between you and the sun, his shadow falls upon you. So God sometimes comes and stands between us and worldly successes, and his shadow falls upon us, and we wrongly think that it is night.—T. De Witt Talmage.

Great faith leads to great undertakings, and consequently, to great results. "According to your faith, so be it," must necessarily be the measure of success. He who attempts great things, may, it is true, fall short of his designs; but certainly he who attempts but little will never accomplish much.

An admirer of the late Horatius Bonar has said: "We never heard him deliver a sermon that had not gospel enough in it to save a soul." This leads us to ask whether any sermon ought to be preached at any time in the regular service of the church that has not enough of Christ in it to meet the need of a hungry, inquiring soul?—New York Observer.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad than all the other blessings the world can give.

Never brood over thyself; never stop short in thyself; but cast thy whole self, even this very care which distresseth thee, upon God. Be not anxious about little things, if thou wouldst learn to trust God with thine all. Act upon faith in little things; commit thy daily cares and anxieties to Him; and he will strengthen thy faith for any greater trials. Rather give thy whole self into God's hands, and so trust him to take care of thee in all lesser things, as being his for his own sake, whose thou art.—E. P. Pusey.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1889. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.
Day Express for Halifax and Cambridgeport 7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax 14.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal 16.20
Express for Sussex 16.35

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 11.10
Fast Express from Halifax 14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Cambridgeport 19.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGRE, Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
15th November, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 7th, 1889.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.20 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points, Vancouber, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, connecting at the Junction with East Express via Short Line for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.40, 8.45 A. M.; 4.45 P. M.; Fredericton Junction 8.10 A. M.; 12.50, 6.25 P. M.; MacAdam Junction, 11.20 A. M.; 2.00 P. M.; Vancouber, 10.55 A. M.; St. Stephen, 9.20, 11.30 A. M., 12.15 P. M.; St. Andrews, 6.45 A. M.; arrive in Fredericton 9.20 A. M.; 2.00 and 7.15 P. M.

LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
5.30 A. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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