

Between the Lights.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moon-
rises,
When daylight slips from weary fingers,
And soft, gray shadows veil the aching
eyes.

Peace, peace—the Lord of earth and heaven
knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe
floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He
restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint thine earth and vex thine
heart no more.

Serve him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit
heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thank-
sgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between
the lights.

—Sunday Magazine.

Faith And Works.

On a summer evening, aboard a steam-boat, when the fore deck was thinly peopled, two women, strangers to each other, began a conversation in the hearing of the writer. The one, sweet-faced, middle-aged, evangelical and missionary; the other, black-eyed, brown-cheeked, accent that told of the sunny South, and pendant cross which proclaimed Romanist. The usual tourist remarks were soon over, and, after a pause, missionary work on the part of the former began. The low-voiced pleading on behalf of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour, was done with earnestness and true-heartedness. The invitations were persuasively held out, the blood and promises were made much of and put lovingly; but she of the dark skin was not impressed favorably. She listened respectfully, and for some half-hour with only monosyllabic encouragement, until some allusion was made to the faith whose symbol she wore. And then the fountains of her quiet deep were broken up, and she stood, eyes bright and cheeks flushed, low-voiced, however, and championed the ancient faith against the entire creed evangelical. Her conversation showed a cultivated woman, a woman who knew whereof she affirmed, well grounded, evidently, in the long controversy, and so skilled as to leave the evangelical speechless. The pleading of the latter had been "all of grace," "all of faith," "nothing to do," "all has been done;" and the protestation of the latter was with emphasis and exaltation, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." The Romanist was sarcastic in her earnestness as she went over the cross-bearing and self-denial which the evangelical religion involves. No confession is needed, no penance, no mortification, no prayer, at least none that involves inconvenience; no matins, no vespers, no midnight vigils, "nothing to do," "all has been done," No luxury to give up at any season just the giving of money when the impulse is on, and church attendance when one feels like it, and throughout it all only a suspicion of the shadow of the cross; and of self-denial, nothing. Her religion, she protested, was a thing of deeper meaning. If she would go after Christ to dwell where he now reigns, self-denial and cross-bearing were the *sine qua non*, and these requisites were of personal obligation and not to be theorized away into the non-obligatory realm of "all has been done." "Our religion demands watching and prayer and work and suffering," said she, "before the glory is entered. Your religion gives you glory by faith simply, and you may be careless and prayerless, give up nothing, suffer nothing."

That was an intensely interesting defence, and, to the listener, intensely suggestive. There will be no need, of course, of pointing out its fallacy; but surely thoughts the reverse of complimentary to the living epistle of the evangelical faith, thus known and read, will occur to the mind. Is there any foundation for the reading given above? We suppose that any prominent impression, from whatever standpoint viewed, which fixes itself upon a thoughtful mind, cannot be altogether disregarded. If evangelical Christianity thus presents itself, even to an opponent, it is worth while to ascertain whether or not there be a cause for it. Is it in any way true that the practical outcome of present day evangelical teaching is to beget a state of affairs such as is above indicated? The way to find out, we suppose, is to look and see. Our churches and their work will serve our purpose. Take the average church. The Sabbath observances will not say much for it either one way or the other, as now-a-days there can be nothing of cross-bearing or self-denial in connection with those services. The prayer-meeting gives a

better field of observation. How many, in proportion to the membership are present? How many take part? Look into the home life, as far as a stranger may intermeddle. How often is family worship observed, except when the minister is present? Look around the neighborhood in which the church is. How many poor relieved, how many drunkards reclaimed? How much of sweet charity displayed? How are church members esteemed by business men? Of the membership how many are engaged in the activities of Christian life? Of the membership how many, so far as one can see, live without prayer, and do nothing in honor of the name they profess? How many whose whole self-denial and cross-bearing consist in church attendance once on Sunday? The whole membership professes Christ; the whole membership, by profession and expectation, are safe for glory. How many, then, are presumptuously resting upon grace, and sinfully having an eye upon "all has been done." There is certainly some foundation for the impression made, for a very cursory observation will reveal over much apathy. The shame of it—that it should be so much as to put such a stamp on our faith from the view point of anybody.

Is enough stress, now-a-days, laid upon the works which necessarily accompany faith? As to grace and faith we rejoice in thinking that our pulpit is sound. Christ is evidently set forth among us the Saviour only and complete. The new birth is proclaimed, with dogmatics and polemics at teaching thereto, in all boldness and sincerity, and therein do we also rejoice. But something is the matter if, when a soul embraces the Saviour and professes the regenerating change, self-denial and cross-bearing fail to be manifest. Can it be so, that, in its anxiety to escape from righteousness by the works of the law, the pulpit skips the works which accompany salvation also? It would seem possible. There may be necessity for greater insistence upon the doctrine of James while holding firmly to the teaching of Paul.

Giving as Worship.

In many of our churches the taking up of the collection has become a very different matter from what it was once. It is, now, distinctively a part of the worship, and not an interruption of it. It has come to be felt, by some at least, (and the number is constantly increasing), that the giving up, of money is as necessary to public worship, and as truly a part of it as the singing of hymns, the offering of prayer, the reading of Scripture or its exposition. Those who feel this most decidedly, in view of the need for creating public sentiment in this direction, and for the sake of inciting the people to duty, have brought this part of the worship into unusual prominence, emphasizing it by reading, in connection with it, appropriate selections of Scripture and by the offering of a special prayer. Not a few steadily refuse to have the act itself "smothered" (as the cooks say) with a flummery of vocal music. It is an act which deserves the whole attention of the worshiper. The Word of God, may well be brought into connection with this act, every time it is exercised. Pastors who have never gone through the Bible, with such a service in mind, will be astonished, when they come to do so, to find how much of scripture is applicable for reading, in connection with the offerings of the people. It is possible to read something from the Bible every time gifts are received, without so frequently repeating any portion as to make this part of the service seem stereotyped. What is read, is better left to stand alone, as God's own Word, warning, entreating, or encouraging men to give, without intrusive comment from man.

And, by the way, why has not some enterprising publisher found, in the growing tendency to institute such an exercise of worship, a call for the publication of a manual for the use of pastors in this service? Who will gather together into convenient, perhaps classified, form, all that the Bible has to say about the giving of money in the service of God and man? Such a collection of excerpts would not only be useful to pastors as a manual of worship, but might prove to be, as a tract, an "eye-opener" to many a sordid, covetous, neglectful soul.

It is in every way fitting, also, that a special prayer should accompany the surrender of our substance to God. We should thank him that we are able to give; we ought to thank him that we have the disposition to give. Beneficence is called in Scripture a "grace;" it is so described because it is realized only through the grace to God. We need not thank him only for what we are able to bestow, and for the disposition to offer it, but

we ought, every time we make a subtraction from our store, to "thank God for what we have left;" as Dr. Magoon once summoned his people to do, after they had made an offering for restoring their church edifice. What are our gifts worth without God's blessing? That blessing we are taught to ask for. It is as much our duty to accompany our gifts with prayer as it is to give it. When can we so well do this as when the offering is made? The "Collects" of the "Book of Common Prayer" are very suggestive, as to the way in which such extemporaneous, brief, and heart-felt prayers might grow out of the portion of Scripture read at the time, so as to transform, at once, the announcement of duty, into desire for grace to do it; warning, into wish for the disposition to heed it; entreaty, into response.

Never, until this matter receives the attention it deserves, from all our ministers, in all our churches, will the treasures of our missionary bodies be filled as they ought to be, with gifts so freely, gladly, and prayerfully given, that a spiritual accompaniment of blessing will be ensured, so great, as there will not "be room enough to receive," within any of our present lines of organization. What is needed, is giving which is at once conscientious, founded on the law of God, and grateful, responsive to the love of God; giving which is both spontaneous and systematic. Such giving worship alone can incite, as giving is itself made to become an act of worship.

Hidden Sin.

Men have always been so foolish as to suppose sin may be rendered safe by concealment. But it is a vain imagination. The poison, fevering the blood and firing the system, hastens to burst out in flame and ruin. "Murder will out," is an old saw, as applicable to minor sins as to capital offenses. All sins tend to manifestation: the fires of passion, lust, evil desire and excess break all bonds. Hell from beneath is moved, and its flood-gates fly open.

The concealment, so far from being any security, adds to the danger by withdrawing the sin from outward criticism and reproof. How much we are indebted for our security to the public scrutiny of our conduct, we can hardly tell. Our neighbors, friends, and even our enemies, are our guardians. Enemies sometimes dare to tell us unpalatable but needful truths no friend would venture to utter, because he does not wish to hurt our feelings. Our enemy has no such foolish delicacy; he puts in the knife with a hearty relish and brings out the worst of the case. In this our enemy, however undesignedly, is our best friend; he exposes what without the early exposure would prove our ruin.

Hidden sin has a chance to become firmly rooted before we attempt seriously to deal with it. Habit is formed. A liking for, a sort of attachment to, the sin grows before we are led to notice its hideousness. What we courted in the dark as an angel, is disclosed in the light as a monster, which cannot be easily shaken off. The wine-bibber behind the door, the deceiver, the defaulter, in their first steps, see not the death in their grasp; but their sin is sure to find them out; it will flash out in the bloodshot eyes, the flush of the cheek, and the devilishness of the countenance. The nerve is unsteady, the mental and moral equipoise gone. The moral rottenness, so long at work within, becomes apparent in the general shakiness of the character and life of the sinner. These private signals of distress, unconsciously hung out, warn every spectator of "the leprosy that lies deep within." If you would be secure, would abide comfortably in the flesh, would honorably run your course to the end and escape the damnation of hell, avoid hidden sins.—*Zion Herald.*

The Day Shall Declare It.

Christians are working in this world to some extent in the dark. We are to obey orders from a Divine Master though we may not understand their bearing, or fully comprehend their results; and never till the great day shall we come to a full knowledge of the fruits of the work which we have done in this world. Then the bread cast on the waters shall be found after many days. Then the saving words which we have spoken shall come echoing back, to fill our hearts with never ceasing joy. The following instance is related by Canon Twells:

"A friend of mine, a layman, was once in the company of a very eminent preacher, then in the decline of life. My friend happened to remark what a comfort it must be to him to think of all the good he had done by his gift of eloquence. The eyes of the old man filled with tears, and he said, 'You little know! You little know! If I ever turned one heart from the ways

of disobedience to the wisdom of the just, God has withheld the assurance from me. I have been admired, and flattered, and run after; but how gladly I would forget all that to be told of a single soul I have been instrumental in saving! The eminent preacher entered into his rest. There was a great funeral. Many pressed around the grave who had oftentimes hung entranced upon his lips. My friend was there, and by his side was a stranger, who was so deeply moved that when all was over my friend said to him, 'You knew him, I suppose?' Knew him," was the reply, 'No; I never spoke to him, but I owe him my soul!'

Many a soul has had an experience somewhat similar, and many others doubtless will have such experiences in the great day. Hence we must labor on, toiling, watching, hoping and praying till the Lord shall in his own good time give us to see the fruits of our labors in the kingdom of our God. "Then shall the trembling mourner come And bind his sheaves and bear them home, The voice long broke with sighs shall ring Till heaven with hallelujahs ring." *The Common People.*

Old Age.

Rowland Hill, himself a very old man, says that he heard of one who was asked what age he was. He answered, "The right side of eighty." "I thought you were more than eighty," said the inquirer. "Yes, I am beyond it," he replied; "and that is the right side, for I am nearer to my eternal rest."

A man once said to Dr. Rees, "You are whitening fast." The doctor answered him in a sermon which he preached immediately after: "There is a wee white flower which comes up through the earth at this season of the year. Sometimes it comes up through the snow and frost; but we are all glad to see the snowdrop, because it proclaims that the winter is over, and that the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother; it is to me a proof that my winter will soon be over—that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and the frosts of earth, and that my summer—my eternal summer—is at hand."

To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir," he replied, "I know I am; but, blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it—I hope it."

The apostle Paul was an old man, but, happily for him, he was no agnostic, and so he could say, "I know in whom I have believed, and that He will keep that which I have committed to Him until that day; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

But for old age to be happy it must be a time of acceptance. Old age fought against is miserable; old age accepted is calm and peaceful. Enamored wrinkles dare not smile; the honest wrinkles may even laugh. To be living in a mistake is to be living in a false position, and in all false positions there is weakness and discomfort and misery.

The way to be happy in your old age is to consider that you are not in a false position, but in a right one—in the one which God has ordained for you, and therefore in the one which contains blessings for you—its blessings, its own peculiar blessings. Where you meet with disappointment is in expecting from it what does not belong to it, and what would not be blessing even if it did.—*The Quiver.*

One-Talented Men.

Character cannot be transferred. The foolish virgins thought the oil could be given them from the lamps of the wise virgins. Character stood firm, and was not to be given away. The second parable suggested the conduct of life. Life was an opportunity. The whole point was, what were we doing in life, not how much have we of it. The man who said he had no opportunities of doing great things, who said, "If only I had five talents, what should I not accomplish; but what do you expect of me with my poor one talent?" was essentially a conceited man. He was immeasurably conceited. How did he know that if things had been otherwise arranged for him he would have accomplished such wonders? Was it the men with many talents who had done the greatest deeds? No; for great opportunities breed great timidity. Look at what the men with one talent did—look at John Howard, with his sole talent of capacity for love; and was it not a proverbial saying that was the men who had come to London with half a crown in their pocket, who had carved out for themselves name and fame? Yes, it was the one-talented men who did heroic things where the true heroes.

—Bishop of Ripon.

Random Readings.

The more we look at Jesus the more we see God the Father's love.

If you would create something, you must be something.—*Gauche.*

Never mind your infirmities. You have nothing to do with them. Your business is to trust and go forward.—*Payson.*

Let us begin our heaven on earth, and being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

It is good for us if the contrary winds occasionally blow on us, for after all it is they that make us strong as we sail the voyage of life.

If you have built cities in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.—*Thoreau.*

He who is truly in peace never suspects others. But he who is ill at ease and discontented is disturbed by various suspicions.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Though our God is unchangeable, his heart is affected by our woes, joys and wants. As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Life affords us many opportunities; we should accept and use them. There is no such thing as coming back to do what we have neglected in the "accepted time."

Life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on and encompassed by eternity. Find out your work and stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work.—*Carlyle.*

Our souls cannot get along without proper nourishment any more than the plant without the air and soil.

A true acquaintance with God produces reverence for him; a correct knowledge of Christ exalts him far above all principality and power, and gives him a name above every name.

A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies and gulfs of our belief, the gaps that are not faith, the snow of apprehension settles, and the ice of unkindness forms.—*McDonald.*

Men in the dark ages searched in vain for the "philosopher's stone," whose touch would change anything into gold. The promises of God are better than a "philosopher's stone" to the Christian, for they transform the darkest afflictions into the brightest blessings.

INFIDELITY.—Naked atheism is a repulsive creed. It is a mere and monstrous negation. It teaches no sympathy; it attracts; it stimulates no play of intellect; under the deadly chill of its unlighted vacancy imagination cannot breathe. There is nothing about it refined, or subtle, or profound. It is the vulgarst form of infidelity, and has been professed by the coarsest minds. It demands no effort to comprehend it, and no skill to expound it. It is an arid and barren, a cold and dreary hypothesis, which no genius, not even that of Lucretius, could make either attractive or credible. The old illustration is conclusive as to its absurdity. It would be immensely less monstrous to believe that Homer's "Iliad," in its full perfection, might have been the product of the "fortuitous concourse" of the letters of the Greek alphabet, than that this infinite and infinitely wonderful and glorious universe is the result of the "fortuitous concourse of atoms."

A MARKED MAN.—The church member is a marked man. How carefully should he guard his life! His acts in the outside world tell mightily upon people who go to the same church with him. They are either positive or negative forces, repelling them from Christianity or drawing them to it. Small kindnesses are potent for good; while small meannesses are obscure, and sometimes hidden powers that do not even the best attention, or the most thrilling eloquence of the minister can overcome. If Mr. Smith, a church member, with the best intentions for himself cheats in a small, mean way Mr. Jones, a pewholder in the same church, no wonder Mr. Jones grows cold, becomes disgusted and gives up his pew, and cries, Christianity is a farce. It is a farce so far.

ANTICIPATED. Rather than real trouble, is a cause of much of the discomfort under which the world groans. It is what may be, rather than what is, that disturbs our peace. Sydney Smith advised his hearers to "take short views;" not to be planning too far ahead, but to accept present blessings, and be thankful for them. This is only another form of the direction our Lord gave: "Take, therefore, no thought of the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

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 V of the York County Records, pages 656, 657, 658 and 659, and made between the said John H. Fleming therein described as of the Parish of Briar Hill in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Clara his wife of the first part and Odier M. Hartt, of Turbottown, in the State of New York, in the United States of America, Foreman 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 Bright, 'County and Province aforesaid, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning in the northern angle of Lot number Four on the South side of the Howland Ridge 'Settlement Road (aerofere) deeded to 'one John A. McLean) thence running by 'the Magnet of A. D., 1863, South 40 deg. 'East eighty chains of four poles each to 'the general rear line of the Settlement 'Lots, thence along said rear line North 50 'deg. East twelve chains and fifty links to 'Lot number six (located to Thomas W. 'Boyd) thence along the side-line of said 'Lot number six North 40 deg. West, 'eighty chains to the Settlement Road 'above named, and thence along the same 'South 50 deg. West twelve chains and 'fifty links to the place of beginning; being known as Lot number five, North 'Range, South-east Howland Ridge, Set- 'tlement, 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 Septem- 'ber, 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.

ODEER 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, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Hamilton, Woodstock, Fraserville, 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 6.10, 8.55 A. M.; 4.45 P. M.; Fredericton Junction, 7.40 A. M.; 1.05, 6.25 P. M.; McAdam Junction, 11.35 A. M.; 2.15 P. M.; Vancorbo, 11.35 A. M.; 12.10 P. M.; St. Stephen 9.30 A. M.; Woodstock, Fraserville, 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. CRAM,
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), follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.30
Accommodation..... 11.30
Express for Sussex..... 13.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.19 train to Hall.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Moncton 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..... 8.25
Accommodation..... 13.30
Day Express..... 19.30

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent;

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.

SUGAR-CURED

HAMS,

BLOOD ORANGES

—AND—

BANANAS.

W. H. Vanwart,

May 1.