

Duty.

Launch out into the deep.
The awful depths of the world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that
weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom away—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless rush
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for
Me!

He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn
strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.
His pleading call
Is to each—to all;
And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal word.
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power;
And the King's own voice comes over the
sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
—Sunday Magazine.

What Aileth Thee?

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

But let us turn the lens away from
unhappy Christians to those who are
"unhealthy." Holiness signifies heart-
health; and there must be something
wrong with a church member who does
not grow in grace, who bears no fruit,
and accomplishes nothing for Jesus
Christ. Brother A., what aileth thee?
Judging from the symptoms, you are
suffering from a fever. One of the
symptoms of fever is loss of appe-
tite, and another is an inordinate
thirst. Your appetite for Gospel food
is gone, and your thirst for worldly
gain has become insatiable. Covetous-
ness is a disease. The more you
swallow, the thirstier you become.
The spirit of covetousness, when it gets
full sweep in the heart, carries down
so much of this world that it splits up
the soul with a sand-bar, and no
freights of benevolence can ever "cross
the bar." The Bible is full of solemn
admonitions against this sin. A kind-
red disease with the greed of wealth
is an ambition for costly display and
for cutting a figure in society. This
sort of prominence is often dearly
bought at the expense of one's spiri-
tual peace and power; what is called
"getting up in the world" ends in a
sad getting-down in the religious life.
Christ rebukes such selfish ambitions
when He said: "Whosoever of you
would be chief, shall be the servant
of all," he is the greatest who does the
greatest amount of good in the com-
munity. Don't wait, my friend, for
God to cure thee of thy fevers by de-
plotting thy purse or humbling thy
crest. Consecrate to Him thy money
and social influence, and enjoy a new
and sweet sensation. A rich Christian
said to me the other day: "Happiness
in money getting is sheer humbug; I
never got any satisfaction out of my
wealth until I began to give it away."
It is not what you get, but what you
give, that will yield treasure in heaven.
Brother B., what aileth thee? Per-
haps God's eye discovers the growing
cancer of a besetting sin. There is
but one remedy for that; it is the
knife. Speedy and thorough repen-
tance—proved by abandonment of the
darling sin—alone can restore you.
If thy hand cause thee to stumble, cut
it off; if thine eye causes thee to
stumble, cast it out! It is better to
go maimed and well on the road to
heaven than to lose everlasting life.
Many of the healthiest and strongest
Christians, like the most fruitful
grape-vines, have had the knife ap-
plied to them. Shall the divine Physi-
cian be left to use it, or will you make
short work of yourself with your be-
setting sin?

Here is another professed Christian
who is sick with the palsy. His par-
alyzed hands are getting useless; his
paralyzed feet make him hobble terri-
bly; his tongue is so paralyzed that
he no longer is heard in prayer-meet-
ing; in short, there is no more left of
him than his idle name on the church-
roll. To such as these, Christ speaks
the single short authoritative com-
mand, "Arise, take up thy bed and
walk!" You need the movement cure.
The first step you take to honor
Christ, the first temptation you resist,
the first honest prayer of contrition
you utter breaks the spell. As soon
as you arouse from your self-begotten
paralysis of sloth, your feet and ankle
bones will receive strength, and you
may go on your way rejoicing.

"What is the matter with your
wife?" I inquired lately of a friend.
His reply was, "She has no acute dis-
ease, but is dying of general debility."
That is precisely the condition of
thousands in our churches. They are
impoverished in blood, with no pulse
for Christ and no force for work.
A change of diet is indispensable. They
cannot feed their souls on daily news-
papers or novels, or anything short of
the strong meat of God's word. They
need exercise and new iron in the

blood. They need the Holy Spirit.
"I have this against thee," saith their
loving and wounded Master, "that ye
have left your first love. Remember
whence ye have fallen, and repent,
and do the first works." If its hospi-
tality were once cleared, how the army
of the Lord might march on to victory!
—The Independent.

Great Men Deluded by Christianity.

There goes Saul of Tarsus on horse-
back at full gallop. Where is he
going? To destroy Christians. He
wants no better play-spell than to
stand and watch the hats and coats of
the murderers who are stoning God's
children. There goes the same man.
This time he is afoot. Where is he
going now? Going on the road to
Ostea to die for Christ. They tried to
whip it out of him; they tried to scare
it out of him; they thought they would
give him enough of it by putting him
into a windowless dungeon, and keep-
ing him on small diet, and denying him
a cloak and condemning him as a crim-
inal, and howling at him through the
streets; but they could not freeze it
out of him, and they could not sweat
it out of him, so they tried the surgery
of the sword; and one summer day
in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps
the mightiest intellect of six thousand
years of the world's existence hood-
winked, cheated, cajoled, duped by
the Christian religion.

Ah! that is a remarkable thing
about this delusion of Christianity—it
overpowers the strongest intellects.
Gather the critics, secular and religious,
of this century, and put a vote to them
as to which is the greatest book ever
written, and by a large majority they
will say "Paradise Lost." Who
wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the
fools who believed in this Bible, John
Milton. Benjamin Franklin surren-
dered to this delusion, if you may
judge from the letter he wrote to
Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy
the "Age of Reason" in manuscript
and never let it go into type; and
writing afterward, in his old days,
"Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to
say that the system of morals He left,
and the religion He has given us are
the best things the world has ever
seen, or is likely to see."

Patrick Henry, the great electric
champion of liberty, was ensnared by
this delusion, so that he says, "The
book worth all the other books put
together is the Bible." Benjamin
Rush, the leading physiologist and
anatomist of his day, the great medical
scientist, what did he say? "The
only true and perfect religion is Chris-
tianity." Isaac Newton, the leading
philosopher of his time, what did he
say? That man, surrendering to the
delusion of the Christian religion,
cried out, "The sublimest philosophy
on earth is the philosophy of the Gos-
pel." David Brewster, at the pronun-
ciation of whose name every scientist
the world over uncovers his head—
David Brewster says, "Oh! this religion
has been a great light to me—a
very great light all my days." Presi-
dent Thiers, the French statesman,
acknowledged that he prayed when he
said, "I invoke the Lord God, in
whom I am glad to believe." David
Livingstone, able to conquer the lion,
able to conquer the panther, able to
conquer the savage, was conquered by
this delusion, this hallucination, this
great swindle of the ages, so when
they find him dead they find him on
his knees. William E. Gladstone, the
strongest intellect in England to-day,
unable to resist this chimera, this fal-
lacy, this delusion of the Christian
religion, goes to the house of God
every Sabbath, and often, at the invi-
tation of the rector, reads the prayers
to the people. Oh, if those mighty
intellects are overcome by this delu-
sion, what chance is there for you and
for me?—Selected.

Faithful in Little Things.

"This," said Deacon Hays, "is
probably the last ship I shall ever
build, and I intend to have her as per-
fect as possible."

So he selected a beautiful model,
and, knowing that the owner wanted
something very superior, he spared no
time or money in procuring the best
timber to be had and the best work-
men to be found; and then he watched
over every stick as it was hewn and
fitted in its place, every plank that
was spiked on the timbers, every spar
that was prepared. When they came
to put the copper sheathing over the
bottom of the ship, the deacon watched
it very closely. At one spot he found
the head of a copper nail which fasten-
ed the sheathing split. The deacon's
eyes were becoming rather poor, but
he saw the broken head. "Jim Spik-
er, I see a nail broken: isn't there a
little hole by its side?"

"Not a bit of it, I'martin. There
couldn't a drop of water get in there
in a century."

So the word of Jim was accepted;

the ship was finished and launched,
and made two or three prosperous
voyages. During one of these she lay
at a wharf in Calcutta. Now, these
waters swarm with that little pest
the ship-worm. They crawled all over
the ship, but could not get through the
copper sheathing. At length Mrs.
Terodo lit upon the broken nail, found
the little hole, and squeezed herself in.
Then she began to eat the timber and
lay her eggs in it. Soon they hatched
and increased, till that timber was full
of little teredos, and then the next
next, till every stick in the whole ship
was very badly worm-eaten. Still,
the ship looked sound, sailed well, and
made her long voyage. At length,
when in the middle of the great ocean,
a terrible storm met her. The wind
howled through the rigging, as if sing-
ing a funeral dirge. The waves rolled
up, and writhed as if in agony.
Every spar was bent, and every timber
and spike strained to the utmost.
The cargo which filled the ship was of
an immense value. The crew was
large, and the passengers were many.
Worse and worse grew the storm, till
at last a huge wave struck her with all
its power. The poor ship staggered,
groaned once, and crumpled up like a
piece of paper. She foundered at sea,
in the dark night, in that awful storm.
The rich cargo all went to the bottom
of the ocean. The drowned men and
women sank down, down, miles before
they rested on the bottom. All done
through the neglect of Jim Spiker,
who was too unfaithful to mend the
hole made by the broken nail.—From
Leaves of Light.

Winning Souls.

A careful, thoughtful study of the
lives of the most successful ministers
will lead us to the conclusion that
much of their success was owing to
their "dealings personally and indivi-
dually with souls." We have read
with much interest, we may say in this
connection, an account in the life of
Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, as given by
his friend Ostertag. A company were
returning to Geneva on a steamboat.
It was "full of strangers of every
kind." While Ostertag was enjoying
conversation with friends, he perceived
that Malan had just seated himself by
the side of a foreign lady, and had, in
the most courteous manner, exchanged
a few words with her. The conversa-
tion became increasingly animated.
In her features there appeared by
turns the expression of surprise or the
smile of contempt. Her face reddened
and paled alternately. Evidently
she was a prey to the conflict of most
opposite sentiments. Frequently
might she have been seen speaking
and gesticulating in great excitement.
It might have been conjectured that
she was seeking to defend herself
against unjust attacks. Then she sat
herself to listen attentively, silently,
with her eyes bent down. By degrees
these intervals of silence became more
frequent. At length she gave up
speaking entirely. Malan, on the
other hand, appeared to grow increas-
ingly serious and in earnest, and more
and more confident of success. Tears
were seen coursing down her cheeks,
while she applied her handkerchief to
her eyes.

"For a long time," Ostertag con-
tinues, "I watched this scene from a
distance, with the liveliest interest; for
it was plain that soul to Christ. Had I
not already heard him spoken of as one
not only filled with the most ardent
zeal to gain hearts over to the king-
dom of God, but as one possessing,
moreover, an extraordinary aptitude
for winning souls?"

Ostertag adds, "About half an hour
afterwards, as I was standing by a
young German of my acquaintance,
Malan passed close to me and whis-
pered in my ears, 'Another soul gained
over to the Lord.' A quarter of an
hour afterwards, while I was in the
same place, and just as a young theo-
logian from the north of Germany
joined us, he passed again, touching
me again on the shoulder, and said in
a low voice, 'Preach the Gospel,
sound the trumpet.' Through the
whole of my journey after that—in-
deed, through all my after-life—that
sentence has resounded in my ears,
and never did I faithfully obey it and
repent of doing so."—The Watchman.

A Manly Religion.

We need to drive out from our
hearts and our churches everything
like morbid religion. Much of the
Christian character of the day lacks in
swartheness and power. It is gentle
enough, and active enough, and well-
meaning enough, but it is wanting in
moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at
a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously
when it is the right time to smile, and
make an excellent nurse to pour out
with a steady hand a few drops of
peppermint for a child that feels dis-
turbances under the waistband, but
has no qualification for the robust

Christian work that is demanded. One
reason for this is the ineffable softness
of much of what is called Christian
literature. The attempt is to bring us
up on tracts made up of thin exhorta-
tions and goodish maxims. A nerve-
less treatise on commerce or science in
that style would be crumpled up by the
first merchant and thrown into his
waste basket. Religious twaddle is of
no more use than worldly twaddle.
If a man has nothing to say, he had
better keep his pen wiped and his
tongue still.

There needs an infusion of strong
Anglo-Saxon into religious literature,
and a brawnier manliness and more
impatience with insipidity though it be
prayerful and sanctimonious. He who
stands with irksome repetitions asking
people to come to the Saviour, while he
gives no strong common-sense reason
why they should come, drives back the
souls of men. If, with all the thrilling
realities of eternity at hand, a man
has nothing to write which can gather
up and master the thoughts and feel-
ings of men, his writing and speaking
are a slander on the religion which he
wishes to eulogize. Morbidity in reli-
gion might be partially cured by
more out-door exercise. There are
some duties we can perform better on
our feet than on our knees.—Talmage,
in Observer.

Precious Faith.

Two men are wandering over the
mountains in Nevada. They find
curious veins running through the
rocks. One of them studies these
veins with the interest of a geologist,
and chisels out a few specimens for his
cabinet. The other, who is an expert
in ores, believes that he has found a
silver-mine of great richness. When
his companion has passed on with his
specimens in his pocket, he returns
and stakes out a claim. He works it,
and becomes a millionaire. Now was
it the mine that enriched this man or
his faith in the mine? Evidently his
faith. And so it is the world over.
It is not enough to know of a good
thing and to be able to grasp it. We
must believe in it and take possession
of it.

There is, of course, no value in faith,
if what we believe in is worthless. A
lunatic, whom we knew years ago, im-
agined that he was a millionaire. He
would take you into his little chamber,
and after carefully locking the door,
would open drawers full of bits of
paper on which he had written figures
for various amounts. He would say,
"Here are bills and bonds worth mil-
lions of dollars." When asked why he
did not use them to buy what he need-
ed, he would reply, "No, no, they are
too precious." That man's faith was
great, but it was baseless. It was like
the faith of worldly men in material
things. They are heaping up riches
that are as worthless for the soul as his
bits of paper were for the wants of
this life.—Interior

Personal Obligation.

I recently heard a very intelligent
lady say that she would not unite with
the church because she would not dare
to take solemn vows upon herself for
fear she might break them. She failed
to realize apparently that her own per-
sonal obligation to serve her Lord re-
mained the same even though she
"were out of the church." Obliga-
tion was born long before the church
was. The Lord was "King," and all
people His subjects, before church
organization was thought of. Right
is right, and wrong is wrong, to all
people under the sun. It is a deplora-
ble mistake to think that "belonging
to a church" makes our obligations to
God, but it is a happy fact, neverthe-
less, that it is a most delightful and
satisfying help in performing them.
It is Henry Ward Beecher, I think,
who said, "Sink the Bible to the bot-
tom of the ocean, and man's obligation
to God would be unchanged. He
would have the same path to tread,
only his lamp and his guide would be
gone; he would have the same voyage
to make, only his compass and charts
would be overboard."

In 1 Cor. 4:1, it reads, "Let a man
so account of us, as the ministers of
Christ, and stewards of the mysteries
of God. Moreover, it is required in
stewards that a man be found faith-
ful." In Matt. 23:8, we have the
verse, "But be not ye called Rabbi, for
one is your Master, even Christ; and
all ye are brethren." In 1 Peter 4:10,
we find this rule, "As every man hath
received the gift, even so minister the
same one to another, as good stewards
of the manifold grace of God."

Dr. Cumming, in speaking of per-
sonal obligation, says: "It is by each
soldier feeling his obligation in doing
his part that the army conquers; it is
by each bee doing its work that the
hive is stored with honey; it is by each
insect putting forth all its might, that
the coral reef becomes an island, and
cities rise upon the bosom of the
main."

Personal obligation has its source
back of consciousness. Whether
Christians or not, we are the Lord's,
for we have been bought with a price.
Therefore our personal obligation de-
mands that we serve our Saviour, that
we surrender ourselves to Him soul and
body.

Spencer relates a story of a beggar
who asked something of a lady. She
gave him a sixpence, saying: "This is
more than ever God gave me." "O
madam!" says the beggar, "madam!
you have abundance, and God hath
given all that you have; say not so, good
madam." "Well," said she, "I speak
the truth, for God has not given but
lent unto me what I have, that I may
bestow it upon such as thou art."

There are few sights so lovely in this
world as a person who deeply feels his
or her obligation to the Lord (and the
world which of course is necessarily
included), and resolutely and earnestly
and unswervingly performs it, no mat-
ter what discouragements are in his
way.—Christian at Work.

Search the Scriptures.

"I wish I could persuade one single
soul, who has never done it before, to
commence the daily, earnest reading of
the Scriptures.
"First, because, as some one has
said, it has God for its author, Red-
emption for its subject, and Salvation
for its end. It was given to the world
by inspiration of the Holy Ghost; it
took two thousand years to begin and
finish it; it required the choicest men
of sixty generations to compose it; it
states the whole case between God
and the human race, points out the
entire trouble in which this race is in-
volved, and the principles and method
of a stupendous restoration.

"No other book that has ever been
printed even attempts this task. Look
through all the libraries of the world
and you will search in vain for any
other work with the story which this
book tells. Second, read it because of
its abiding and invincible nature.
"Forever, O Lord, thy Word is settled
in heaven." Read the twenty-first
chapter of Luke's gospel; there is a
photograph of the future of human-
ity taken by Christ himself. He stood
there and looked off into the coming
centuries, and predicted the course of
events throughout the Christian dis-
pensation, and then added the grand-
est prediction of all, 'Heaven and
earth shall pass away, but my words
shall not pass away.' It is now more
than one thousand eight hundred
years, and every word and letter of
that prophecy has, so far, come to
pass. That we have the Bible in our
hands to-day, after so many ages
through which it has been more pro-
scribed and persecuted and trodden
under foot than all the books of an-
cient and modern times together, is miracu-
lous proof of its abiding nature."—B.
Sutherland, D. D.

Random Readings.

How long we live, not years, but
actions, tell.—Watkins.

He who hath love in his heart has
spurs in his side.—Old Proverb.

Happiness is a perfume you cannot
pour on others without getting a few
drops yourself.—Selected.

Half the ills we hoard within our
hearts are ills because we hoard them.
—Barry Cornwall.

Adversity is the trial of principle.
Without it, a man hardly knows whether
he is honest or not.—Fielding.

Men are not won so much by being
blamed as by being encompassed with
love.—Channing.

There is nothing more disgraceful
than that an old man should have
nothing to produce as a proof that he
has lived long except his years.—Seneca.

Crime and punishment grow out of
one stem. Punishment is a fruit that,
unattended, ripens within the flower
of the pleasure that concealed it.—
Emerson.

There is no sin but is attended and
surrounded with many miseries and
adherent bitternesses, and it is at the
best but like a single drop of honey
in a sea of gall.—South.

It does not require great learning to
be a Christian and be convinced of the
truth of the Bible. It requires an
honest heart and a willingness to obey
God.—A. Barnes.

Wit is one thing, and wisdom is
another; when they unite, a Franklin
is formed. In such instances, wit
makes wisdom pleasing, and wisdom
makes wit profitable.—John Leland.

High minds are as little affected by
unworthy returns for services as the
sun is by those fogs which the earth
throws up between herself and his
light.—T. Moore.

There is no man at once either excel-
lently good or extremely evil, but
grows either as he holds himself up in
virtue or lets himself slide to vicious-
ness.—Sir P. Sidney.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1889. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.
On and after MONDAY, 16th June
1889, the Trains of this Railway
will run daily (Sunday excepted), as
follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Cam-	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Fast express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A parlor car runs each way daily on
express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30
and St. John at 7 o'clock. Passengers
from St. John for Quebec and Montreal
leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping
car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast express from Montreal and	10.50
Quebec	10.50
Fast express from Halifax	14.50
Day express from Halifax and	20.10
Campbellton	20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou and	23.30
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 Stand-
ard Time.
D. POTTINGRI,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
8th June, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect July 1st, 1889.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and in-
termediate points, Vanceboro, Ban-
gor, 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, S
John, and points East.
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction,
St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen,
Houlton and Woodstock, connect
at the Junction with Fast Expre-
via Short Line for Montreal and th
West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.40, 8.45 A. M.; 4.45 P. M.;
Fredericton Junction 8.10 A. M.;
1.45, 6.25 P. M.; McAdam Junction,
11.20 A. M.; 2.06 P. M.; Vanceboro,
10.55 A. M.; St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.44
A. M.; St. Andrews, 7.55 A. M.;
arrive in Fredericton 9.20 A. M.; 2.10
and 7.15 P. M.

LEAVE GIBSON.

11.30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and
points north.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
10.10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock, and
points north.
A. J. HEATH, F. W. CRAM,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent. Gen. Man.

SEWER AND DRAIN PIPES.

JUST received and in stock—2,000 feet
J. Sewer and Drain Pipe—all sizes in
general use, with Bends, Elbows, Tees,
Caps, Reducers, Traps and Branches.
For sale at lowest rates, by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.



BRISTOL'S PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

LONDON HOUSE

WHOLESALE.

Spring 1889.

Canadian Manufactures.

WE have received early shipments of
the following lines of goods to which
we would direct the special attention of
the trade:
Ginghams, Seersuckers,
Shirtings, White Cotton Terry,
Silesia, Linings, Jeans,
Owing to the sharp advance on all Cot-
ton Goods, we would respectfully urge our
Customers and buyers generally to place
their orders at once, as we are quoting
lower prices for many lines than the agents
of the mills will sell for today.

Daniel & Boyd.

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