

Begin with God.

Begin the day with God! He is thy Sun and Day; He is the radiance of thy dawn, To Him address thy lay.

Sing thy first song to God! Not to thy fellow-man; Not to the creatures of His hand, But to the Glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing! Arise, dull knees, and pray; Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes; Brush slothfulness away.

Look up beyond the clouds; Thither thy pathway lies; Mount up, away, and linger not, Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight a-ide! Do battle with each sin, Fight with the faithless world without, The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God! He is thy heavenly food, Feed with Him, on Him; He with thee Will feast, in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God! Let Him go forth with thee; By streams, or sea, or mountain path Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be With God Himself above; So shall thy business prosper well, And all thy days be love.

-Horatius Bonar.

A SERMON

Preached at the Kirk, Barrington Passage, N. S., Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1889, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Rev. J. I. Porter.

Text: Rev. 14:13. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them (R. V.).

My friends, our gathering to-day is for the purpose of giving praise to a wonderful man; one who was never appreciated fully by any, and not at all by the most of his acquaintances; whose goodness and nature and holy purposes were misunderstood and condemned by those about him.

In this man was no flaw of unjust conduct, false speech or unholiness. He was a perfect man. Need I say that I refer to our Lord Jesus?

The purpose of a funeral sermon, even in the case of those deceased whose virtues are eminent, is not to eulogize the departed, only so far as it may be a fit occasion to convince anew our forgetful minds how much the grace of God in Christ Jesus can do for a man. The fact is, we know little of each other's lives, except by the power of a like experience. Yesterday, sitting at my window on the hill, I saw the vessels beating up the narrows with quick tacks and swift progress in the favoring tide. Afterwards I saw their white sails flit through the trees and caught their history of the half-hour past.

A few hours passed, and those seeking the same destination were forced to swing at anchor or beat in vain against the swirling ebb. So with life. Only glances at our neighbors' work and progress are possible; but from the experience of our own gain or loss on a similar voyage, we know and judge them. Brethren, we know this well enough. Making the safe harbors of eternity is no child's play; is no chance work. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." But when the time of safe arrival is come, then friends gather on the wharf to welcome the voyager and to look upon the storm-beaten craft.

Scepas laugh and tell us we know nothing of the future and the spirit world. So far are we from knowing nothing of the future, of the spirit world of that most interesting of all problems to a race here whose certain earthly goal is the grave; that as we read the text again, we may catch the accents of a voice from Heaven, the throne of God, which says "Write." Make the letters plain, and engrave them deeply. Let it be an everlasting memorandum for the comfort of eternity-bound souls. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth," etc.

Yea, saith the spirit, here and elsewhere in the word as in the promises to the overcomers in the seven churches of Asia, rousing drowsy men to duty with eternal rewards.

Yea, saith the spirit, an earnest in the believer's soul that he hath been wrought for that self-same thing, viz., eternal life. If you say to-day, "I do not believe that Revelation, nor in the existence of that spirit," then settle the question why you do not believe; and if sin conscious sin be the cause.

If human life is so little understood here, it may be expected the future will have its mysteries too. Now since the outlines of character, of purpose, of performance appear in

every life; and form in the minds of the living a definite portraiture of the friends gone before, although but scantily filled in detail; so the description of the believer's future are in outline. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Not long ago you looked out in the evening as the lightning flash illuminated the sky. That building so clearly defined in every angle, showed the power of the lightning. So God's word declared to John the condition of those who sleep in Jesus; and, as by instantaneous photography, the blessing, rest, and company of God's saints in glory are depicted for their encouragement here who may look upon the picture at their leisure.

This picture shows—(a) The blessing of the just—ensuing immediately upon death—"from henceforth." Some talk in their speculations as if the first step into heaven would be in the night, as one of us might disembark in the night time upon some foreign and strange shore. Nothing to see or enjoy but all fearful, dark and terrible. But the word says there is "no night there."

Paul using the word of the text in the last letter to Timothy, from the Roman dungeon, said, "henceforth there is laid up for me a crown," etc.

To Mary, expecting to meet her brother at the last day, Jesus says, "He that believeth on me shall never die." And to the penitent thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

(b) We see the qualification for eternal felicity, to die in the Lord. This is the intimate, undistinguishable union of the believer with the Savior. The law of material things is that no two things can occupy the same space at the same time; hence no physical illustration will suffice to show how near the Lord and his servant may be. Jesus himself spoke of the vine abiding in the branch to obtain permanent character and fruitfulness. The assimilation of the Bread of Life and of the Living Water are to the same end; for "I will be in him a well of water springing up," etc.

But though the union be inexpressible, every Christian knows what it is, and rejoices because he is in the City of Refuge. It is something more than the safeguard of a Christian home, or the profession of a church member. To die in the Lord is the certain step into a happy future, the preparation for which has been made by Christ wonderfully dwelling in our hearts and training our affections to climb and cling about himself.

The weakening of human mould, prone to evil as sparks to fly upward, shivering with fear in the face of death, conscious that of himself he can do nothing, by the union with Christ which comes from sincere faith in Him, may learn through such blessed forecasts as this of the text, to exult and be fearless, even when the gloomy gates are in sight.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me." Aaron, the high priest, whose path had been from the taskmaster's whip to Pharaoh's presence, and thence by Red Sea, wilderness and Sinai through manifold experience of Divine power and mercy, died—after conflict with many foes—in the top of the Mount.

(c) A chief feature of the picture is the rest of the Christian. "They shall rest from their labors."

If this earthly body has been adapted to an earthly life for our enjoyment, but under sin, becomes cursed with sufferings and weariness, we may well be glad in the teachings of God's word that when this earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. This Paul, by the Holy Spirit, says is a spiritual body and therefore adapted to the enjoyment of the spirit-world.

When we have suffered from excessive pain or weariness have we not sometimes wished a freedom from the confinement of the body that our rest might be perfect. This freedom we shall have who die in the Lord. The creature shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and we which have the first-fruits of the spirit groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption to wit, the redemption of our body. This argument is addressed to those who suffer with Christ, to assure them that they shall be glorified with him.—Rom. viii: 17-23.

When we remember that John's words were doubtless intended to comfort those exposed to the storms of persecution in the first Christian century, we may from the New Testament get some notion of the labors from which those faithful saints would rest. But they apply to all who share the ministry and labor of love in our times, and to those who endure the

toil and privation of the gospel ministry now. For such there is Rest, sweet rest in heaven. Troublous times were impending. The seer outlined the dangers of the Christian faith. The love of many shall wax cold; the love of the world should pierce many with fatal wounds. The fear of death for Christ's sake might overcome many. Therefore it is said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The righteous may perish; man does not seem to know that he is taken away from the evil to come.

Death, then, instead of being a dreadful and altogether evil catastrophe, is, for some, a happy event, full of joy and glory. To be in the Lord; to die in the assertion of faith and consciousness that all is well, as did our Brother Porter is indeed a glorious and blessed experience.

(d) And their works follow with them.

The works of the Christian are here assigned to their proper place. The Saviour said, "I go to prepare a place for you." He goes before the Christian, opening the way. He it is who saves. The works are not sufficient to win salvation, but follow the work of Christ and are the results of the labors of regenerate and consecrated souls on other souls, to win the unconverted for their master and to build up believers in the holy faith of the gospel. It will not be out of place at this time to note the character of the minister's work. Ask an off hand opinion from the careless worlding with whom all goes well in the world, and he will stigmatize the gospel minister a lazy fellow, a drone in the community, with aims entirely selfish. Now it is true, the servant of the Lord may not make much stir in the world's work—in clash of traffic, or city life; but when sickness and death invade the worlding's home none is a more welcome visitor than a good minister of Jesus Christ. The one who can and will point out the way of life, and who knows the approach to God in prayer, who retires from life's activities to comfort the afflicted and talk of Christ to the dying, is rarely despised, when his ministry has been providentially directed to any man's soul.

This work then must be sought for in the character of other men. But the word says of our work, "the day shall declare it," "it shall be tried by fire." The work of Him who dies in the Lord has this enduring character, this exceptional qualification, this peculiar value, that it follows the worker into glory. Let him who adds thousands to his fortune, land and fame to his name here enquire which is most precious when the moth and rust have done their work, and when God says, "thy soul shall be required of thee"—his treasure or that of the soul-winner who shall wear stars in his crown of rejoicing.

What indeed can be more grateful to those who have learned in this life the value of friends, than to meet in glory those souls for whom prayers, tears, labors have been poured forth. Respecting him whose sad obsequies to-day have called us from our homes, how many of us can say, his faithfulness under God has given us to know Christ; and as evidences of his earnest work we too hope to stand before the throne of God in peace, and to lead others with us.

Mourning friends; lift up your eyes to the hills whence cometh your help. There are abundant reasons why you should say while the rod of affliction is laid upon you, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Wherefore comfort your hearts with these words. Amen.

Note.—The personal references to the deceased, omitted here, will be found in the obituary notice which appeared last week.—E. C.

A Little While.

How strange this "little while" seemed to the disciples we may learn from John xvi, 16-22. Our Lord said: "A little while, and ye shall not see Me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see Me, because I go to the Father." Then all the perplexities of the disciples break out.

There is many a "little while" in your life and mine which seems as strange. In one of Stanley's books of African travel he relates how he was once floating down the Congo; they were in great straits; they were starving in a land of plenty because the savages would not let them land to get food. The wife of one of the followers was lying in the bottom of the boat dying. She called for Stanley, and said faintly to him: "Master, I shall never see my home again; I shall never see the ocean. It is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it." Have you ever had such a feeling about God, when the dangers have thronged, and you have thought of the uncertain future? Have you thought that God has lost His way?

Sometimes God's "little while" must

seem strange to us. Our finiteness lays on God a kind of necessity of what we think strange actions toward us. God must adjust Himself to facts. One of these facts is our finiteness. It must be, therefore, that His plans must seem strange to us because they must be beyond our finite grasp. But God means the very best possible things for us. In that "little while" there was wrought out redemption through the cross. The disciples could not understand it, and yet all the time God was working out the salvation of the world. We see it all now, but they could not; they could only sadly murmur, "A little while."

The cross and the tomb, which filled that little while, are a proof for all time that God means the very best thing for us. God has exhausted Himself in showing the evidence of this when He gave Himself to die on the cross. Within this little while which tries you may lay the very process which is to make you victor over all your foes. "But what am I to do when all is dark and every hope fails? There is but one thing to do; to hold on and to trust, and to keep on trusting."

This "little while" shall surely bloom into triumphant joy. "Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy," the Master said; but the slain hopes of the disciples found resurrection, and their doubts were slain. The cross turned out, indeed, to be the throne from which their Master was to rule the ages. The tomb could not hold our Lord; through the cross and the tomb He has won for His people the very best thing possible.

This sometimes strange "little while" shall only be a little while. It was for these disciples. Soon for them there was the sunburst of the resurrection. So for us the afterward shall surely come in which we shall see that the chastisement which seemed for the present grievous was really only working out the peaceable fruits of righteousness.—Wayland Hoyt, D. D.

Respect Old Age.

Children should be early taught to respect old age, taught, too, that old age is as much entitled to respectful consideration as royalty.

Veneration is not a distinguishing trait of the average American youth; very early they begin to refer to their parents as "the old man and the old woman."

It seems to me that an old person is entitled to respectful admiration, because of the vast amount of experience they have had, for one reason at least; for what can one who has not lived, say twenty years in the world, know about it compared with one who has lived fifty, sixty, or eighty years?

Old people are often feeble physically and need all the help, and tender, loving care that the younger and stronger ones can give. Children too often forget all that their parents have done and suffered for them, all their watchful care, and some never realize how dear their parents are to them until they are taken from them forever.

We have heard women say that they never fully appreciated their mothers until they were keeping house for themselves, and little children were claiming their care. What is a more pitiful sight than to see an aged couple with children who are unloving and unthankful and who even begrudge their parents a home, but they will surely receive their reward sometime.

Of course, much of the disrespect shown by the young to the aged is due chiefly to thoughtlessness and not hard hearts; so we must help our children by example as well as precept to venerate old age; teach them that old age is honorable and entitled to all the loving care and consideration that we can bestow upon it.

A Preacher Eating His Horse.

There was no church in Van Buren. A Methodist itinerant was sent there. One house was open to him—the tavern—and to that he went and put up. He interviewed mine host. "What is the chance for a Methodist preacher here?" The reply was that it was the same as for any other man, if he had money. "But if I have no money?" The chances are bad enough. "What do you charge for board?" said the circuit-rider. The rates were given. "Look at my horse," said he. "What do you think he is worth?" The animal, doubtless, was middling good, for our preachers are not novices about horses, and no men have better use for them. That preliminary settled, the preacher proceeded in a very straightforward style with the host.

"Sir, turn my horse into your stable, and when you think I have eaten up the value of him, let me know, and I will either change my quarters or provide other means of paying my bills." He went to work—laid siege to the place in the name of the Lord, and before the horse was eaten up the town capitulated. The people presented him his horse, all charges paid, and

his own bill besides, fitted out "the parson" in a new suit of clothes, and from that day Christianity has had a firm footing in Van Buren.—Methodist Protestant.

The Unhidden Christ.

Dr. John R. Paxton in the Pulpit Treasury calls attention to that suggestive text in Mark vii, 24, "But He could not be hid." He could not be hid because He had that in Him which the world needed. No man to whom is given real power to help his fellow-men can long be out of sight. We take this extract from Dr. Paxton:

"But He could not be hid." I mean Jesus Christ. In an obscure house, in an obscure town, He could not be hid, and He never can be. The Roman empire is hid—Julius Caesar and his mighty empire are gone, while the blood of Jesus, of which Pilate said he would wash his hands, is still here, and you and I can find it. He is here and every-where, still breathes hope to all. The world will not let any man be long out of sight who has something the world wants or needs. Christ outlasts all success; He stands by you when all else fails. In every town there is somebody this moment that wants Jesus Christ. There is some one who has a daughter possessed of a devil which only He can still cast out. There is some one in trouble, and Martha meets Him down in Bethany and gets comfort to her soul."

Random Readings.

To persevere in one's duty, and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—Baron.

Always hold fast to love. We win by tenderness, and conquer by forgiveness.—F. W. Robertson.

By diligently keeping the heart, we shall prevent and remove stumbling-blocks out of the world.—Selected.

Christians are not exempt from temptations, but they have formed a close alliance with One who is able to deliver the godly out of temptations.

If we would have God hear what we say to Him by prayers, we must be ready to hear what He saith to us by His Word.—Matthew Henry.

Love, therefore, labor; if thou shouldst not want it for food, thou mayst for physic. It is wholesome to the body and good for the mind; it prevents the fruit of idleness.—William Penn.

Right after our happiest times some ill is likely to come, filling us with bitterness. Or do we only think of the one delightful day of joy because it is succeeded by the painful one, forgetting all the others?

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles Kingsley.

There are hours when we feel as though all our work had been a mistake, and as if we should never do any more of it. They are not our best hours, though if they visit us now and then, we may be better for them.

In things indifferent a model Christian is pliable as a child, but whose moral and religious principles and convictions are involved he is firm as a rock. Paul "became all things to all men" in the one case, but in the other no earthly power could move him.

That which was to "the Jews a stumbling-block," and to "the Greeks foolishness," Paul preached as the wisdom and power of God. What was this? It was the doctrine of "Christ crucified" for sinners, in which doctrine he believed, and to the propagation of which he devoted the best energies of life. (1 Cor. i. 23.) Let every minister do likewise.

Silence is sometimes a Christian's stronghold. When men assailed our Lord he "answered nothing." Though He spake as never man spake there were occasions when he maintained an inexorable silence. So, now, in many cases, silence is Christ-like, and at the same time it may be significant of self-poise and strength.

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle, men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small.—Thackeray.

If the spirit be shed abroad in our hearts He will give us abundant peace. It is impossible for Him to be there without producing His blessed influences, and in some sense of other we should realize His power. Blessed is he who can know all the time that his rest of his soul, his joy, hope, longing—all his experiences—are the fruit of this gracious indwelling.—United Presbyterian.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1889. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, Accommodation for Point du Chene, Fast express for Halifax, Express for Sussex, and Fast express for Quebec & Montreal.

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:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Sussex, Fast express from Montreal and Quebec, Fast express from Halifax, Day express from Halifax and Campbellton, and Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave.

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. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Moncton, N. E., 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 intermediate points, Vancorbo, Bangor, Fortland, 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. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock, connect at the Junction with Fast 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.; 1.45, 6.25 p. m.; Vancorbo Junction, 11.20 a. m.; 2.06 p. m.; Vancorbo, 10.55 a. m.; St. Stephen, 9.40, 11.40 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 Sewer and Drain Pipes—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 Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier OF THE BLOOD AND HUMORS 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; Gingham, Seersuckers, Shirtings, White Cotton Terry, Silesia, Linings, Jeans.

Owing to the sharp advance on all Cotton 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 to-day.

Daniel & Boyd.



MARVELLO'S BEAUTY COMPLEXION

There is a disease of the skin of Europe within the treatment of the treatment for curing so on till include disease weakness, Remy's Co and the re-direct. (Descriptive stamp to p

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