

Unheeded Gifts.

Placed rare lilies in her hands— Poor hands that scarce had touched a flower— And creamy rosebuds, whose perfume Embalmed her for her funeral hour.

They wrapped her form in lustrous silk, And draped soft folds of filmy lace About the slender, pulseless wrists, And underneath the patient face.

At last she lay in perfect rest, While voices—late so slow to praise— Rehearsed her many virtues o'er, And spoke of all her pleasant ways.

The sleeper heeded not the wealth Of bloom that lay within her hands; And not a word of love or loss Her sealed ears could understand.

Strange, we so often keep the flowers To lay in folded hands at last! And little luxuries of life Withhold till care for them is past.

Strange that we do not oftener praise The willing toiler by our side! Why keep the full-blown flower of love Until our friend we loved has died?

—Good Housekeeping.

Weakness Made Strong.

"When I am weak then am I strong." This seems to be a blessed contradiction; but to every Christian who has had much experience it is one of the truest of truths. Paul put a great many truths in the form of paradox— as when he said he was unknown and yet well known, dying and yet alive, chastened yet not killed, poor in this world's goods yet making others rich, having nothing and yet possessing all things. The great Apostle not only knew Christ, but he knew himself; and that was one secret of his superb power as a Christian warrior. He knew that Paul without Christ was less than nobody, but Paul with Christ was an overmatch for the world, the flesh and the Devil. "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me."

One of the most vitally important lessons for every Christian to learn is his own weakness. When he fancies himself to be strong enough to take care of himself he is pretty sure to catch a disgraceful defeat. He becomes like a rash, self-confident engineer who drives his train at a furious speed on a down-grade, trusting to his brakes to check his headway; the sudden strain snaps the brakes, and the train is dashed into a wreck. Some of the saddest pages in the Bible seem to have been written in order to teach us that no one is safe who presumes on his own skill and who relies on his own strength. Righteous Lot ventures into Sodom, and Sodom gets into his household and debauches them. Noah rides out a deluge of water and then is drowned in a deluge of wine. Poor Peter boasts that the all the disciples might forsake the Master he never would; but under the jeers of a servant-maid the boaster turns poltroon. These and other cases are given, not for our imitation, but for our warning; they are not guide-posts, but beacon-lights. Our own sad experiences have often confirmed, what God's Word emphasizes, that human nature apart from Jesus Christ is a sorry wreck; if we trust our own resources God will leave us to our own resources; if we fancy that we are rich and strong, and have need of nothing, we shall soon find out that we are poor, and weak, and blind, and naked.

The first essential, then, to the acquisition of spiritual strength is to realize the need of it. The most hopeful pupil in a school is the one who acknowledges his own ignorance. Take a man who is empty of all knowledge and corked up with self-conceit, and you can do nothing for that man until the cork is out. When we feel blind and ignorant enough to seek the guidance of God's Word we are likely to become mighty in the Scriptures. When we feel weak enough to go to our Lord and Master, and say "uphold me with thy mighty arm and lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies," we are not likely to be entrapped into an ambush or overcome in open fight. All the most successful preachers and soul-winners have been self-emptied and Christ-filled men. Charles G. Finney declares that he only received power from above by this process. When he began to preach in A—where opposition to him and his methods ran high—he tells us that he "was never so humbled before God as then. After a season of humiliation before the Lord there came a great lifting up. God assured me that he would be with me and uphold me; that I had nothing to do but keep about my work, and wait for his salvation." The town was soon shaken by a powerful revival, which spread like a Pentecostal flame into adjoining places. Mr. Finney's testimony is of great importance to all ministers, evangelists, Sabbath-school teachers—yes, and to all Christians who wish to be effective laborers for Christ. He says in his Autobiography: "I often felt myself

weak in the presence of temptation; and needed frequently to hold days of fasting and prayer and to spend much time in overhauling my own religious life in order to retain that communion with God and that hold upon the divine strength that would enable me to labor efficiently for the promotion of revivals and the conversion of souls."

Consciousness of weakness also inspires caution. I know of many persons whose bodily constitutions are feeble, and yet by constant care and obedience to the laws of health they outlive many an athletic person whose stalwart vigor makes them reckless. One of the highest traits of Washington's generalship is that he never risked a weak force against a stronger one, and sometimes made a prudent retreat as useful as a victory. A Christian who knows his own vulnerable points keeps out of place where he may be overcome by temptation.

"Flee youthful lusts" was the counsel of an old hero to a young Christian. Half the drunkards have begun by saying, "Who is afraid?" Not I; I can stop when I want to." It is not the mark of cowardice, but of wise caution to lock our doors at night when burglars are about. We are told that "the conies are a feeble folk," yet travelers in the Orient tell us that it is very difficult to capture a cony. Why? Because they have their hiding-places in the rocks and scuttle away into these places of security at the first sight of a pursuer. Self-distrust drives a true Christian to take refuge in God. "Thou art my hiding-place and my shield!" exclaimed the Psalmist. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and are safe."

Nothing inspires more earnestness and fervor in prayer than a humiliating sense of our own weakness. When we feel that most keenly we are likely to cry unto the Omnipotent source of strength. Spurgeon happily remarks that "while a man can do without God, he will do without God; but when his own weakness becomes utter and entire, when he is ready to perish, he turns to the Lord, and is made strong. When our poor cisterns dry up, we betake ourselves to the inexhaustible Fountain-head. One great purpose God has in chastising us and humbling us is to drive us to the Rock that is higher than we. When we are weak then we become strong."

Weakness always appeals for help. The poor crippled child always secures more care than its lusty brothers and sisters. I have often watched a venerable blind man who used to pass my door. All the children used to love to help the good old man over the crossings and into the street-cars. Having no eyes of his own he had the use of a hundred other peoples' eyes. And, brethren, do you suppose that our Heavenly Father can look down upon his poor, blind children groping along in life and not stretch out his almighty arm to guide us? When we ministers are weakest in self-reliance we do our best work; the sermons also that our silly vanity feels ashamed of, are often the most effective in bringing sinners to the Saviour, or in comforting the sorrowful. When we are weakest, God's strength is perfected in our weakness.

Shall we have no higher ambition than to be feeble learners in the "infant department" of Christianity? No, God forbid! We should strive to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. Emptied of self let us be filled with Christ to the overflow. We can do all things through him; nothing without him. Let us aspire to a place on the muster-roll with those who "through faith wrought righteousness and out of weakness were made strong."—Dr. Cuyler in Independent.

"I Thirsted Still."

The following incident will show how God so longed for the true source of happiness, even by the poor Hindu. A missionary and his wife in India, itinerating among the villages connected with their station, passed a few days in the home of one of the catechists. A little room, a kind of "prophet's chamber," with a cot, a stool, and a lamp-stick, had been prepared for them. The missionary had gone on to another village; his wife remained behind. Having spent a somewhat tiring day, she was about retiring for the night, when an old man came to her, saying, "Salaam, ma'am, I have many words to say to you; I have much to tell you, and I must tell you. Please allow Moses and his daughter to sit by while I speak to you."

So Moses and his daughter and the old man sat down on a mat, and the lady seated herself on the side of the cot to listen. The room was but dimly lighted by the tiny lamp fixed to the stick. As the old man went on

with his story, a light not of the earth seemed to fill the room.

"Salaam, ma'am, I am an old man. Gray hairs have long been on my head, and for many years I was a sorrowful man. I worshipped idols as my fathers and grandfathers had done; but I had no comfort; I wanted something more. I thirsted, oh, how I thirsted for something better than my idols could give. I went to a goaroo; I told him I wanted God—to see God. He told me to perform ceremonies, and repeat mantras. I did this, but it was like digging in a dry well; not one drop of water came, and I thirsted still.

"Then I was told to visit some holy places, and take money and cloths to the priests, and they would show me their God. This I did, and many a weary mile I travelled, hungry and thirsty; but the hope of gaining what I wished helped me on, and, mile after mile, I journeyed. But, this, too, was all in vain; I thirsted still.

"In despair, I came back to my own village, thinking it was of no use; I must give it up. But, oh! ma'am, God had mercy on my weary, thirsting soul. One day I met this man," pointing to Moses, "and he gave me a little book. I read in it these words (John iv. 14), 'Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.' I read, I stopped, I asked, 'Who is this 'I' that will give this water? Oh, ma'am, I can never tell what I felt as I read these words again and again. I can say no more, now.' Here the dear old man broke down, and, turning to Moses' daughter, said, 'Child, sing.'

She had a peculiarly sweet voice, and started a Telugu hymn on the loveliness of Christ. He soon joined in, his voice tremulous with emotion. We all sang. It was a small and humble choir; but the music was such as angels love to listen to. After we had sung, he began to speak again.

"Well, ma'am, I went to Moses and asked him what these words meant. He said it meant the well of salvation opened by Jesus Christ. 'Oh!' I said, 'he will give me the water?' He said, 'Yes; and I believed, and found it quite true. Oh, lady, lady, how many wells I had dug in! but they were all dry. But this well of salvation through Jesus bubbles up and up. I feel it now,' and again he began to sing. He said, 'I have written some hymns about Jesus Christ. May I sing one of them?' This he did. Then he said, 'Now I must confess Christ before the world, and be baptized in that precious name.'

"Yes, father," said Moses; "but you know you will lose your caste then." "Ay, my son, I know it, I know it, and my own sons will, perhaps, not allow me to live in my own house. But, never mind, I shall find a corner to live somewhere. Jesus will take care of me. The water will still spring up to everlasting life."

Midnight passed ere he had finished the "many words" he had to say. The oil in the little lamp was well nigh consumed, but still he lingered. He seemed as though he would never tire of talking of the love of Christ.

Some time after this he was baptized. Truly, in losing his caste he lost his home. His sons turned him out of his house, but the catechist, Moses, took him in; as he said, he found "a corner to live in." He was so anxious to tell others of the "living water" that he used to travel from one village to another and sing Christian songs, telling of the love of Christ. When he grew blind and unable to guide himself, he paid a boy a small sum to guide him about and read the Scriptures to the people. After a while he fell ill. Moses nursed and cared for him till he passed away to see Him for whom his soul had thirsted; and now what draughts of joy will he drink from the "river of the water of life."—London Christian.

Praying To The Point.

Preaching to the point is essential to effectiveness in the pulpit. But it is still more important that we should all pray to the point. Many smoothly-worded "addresses at the throne of grace" are mere addresses without definite aim or purpose. They embody no deeply felt want; they are not burning with desire. However orthodox and scriptural in phraseology, they are pointless prayers.

A good test to be applied to ourselves at the close of every prayer would be this: "What have we been saying to God? What have we been asking for? Was there any definite sin we confessed, or any definite mercy we thanked God for, or any definite desire that we laid before God?" A genuine petition is the asking for some appreciated, desired and needful thing. When we enter a neighbor's house to borrow a certain book, we have no difficulty in making him understand what is the particular book we are after.

We want that, and not any thing at random, out of his library. If our child is dangerously ill, we know just where to go for the physician, and just what to tell him; nor do we leave him before we have ascertained whether he can come to us. Here is both precision of point and also pertinacity of purpose. Faith in the doctor and his medicines sends us to his office; directness of request leaves him in no doubt as to our errand. Now, in every rightly conceived and rightly presented prayer to the King of heaven there ought to be the same confidence when approaching him, and the same definite statement of the heart's desire when we have come there. In homely phrase, we ought to "pray at a mark," and not at random.

If prayer is born of our inmost heart, and has a clearly defined object to plead for, it never will be a pointless drudgery or a dreary formality. We would say to ourselves, "How shall we best bring our burden of desire before our loving Father? How shall we present our request with as little self in it as possible, and with a sincere submissiveness to the divine will?" O, that we might come near enough to touch the hem of Christ's garment! Then would we entreat him to intercede for us; then would we pray as blind Bartimeus cried out for recovery of sight, as the heartwung Jairus begged for the restoration of his dying daughter, and as the conscience smitten publican implored mercy on him, the sinner. Then we would not so often be guilty of falsehoods told in pious language to the heart-searching and truth-loving God. Then we should not so often starve our souls by a hollow, pointless mockery of prayer. Peter's cry to his Master when he felt himself sinking in the boisterous waves is a model for us. The disciple put his eye on his Master, and cried, "Lord, save me." Here was faith, brevity, earnestness, and praying to the point. There must have been a great deal of such praying in that "upper room" at Jerusalem when the mighty blessing came. If there were more such in all our prayer-meetings, there would be no lack of spiritual power; the drought would be followed by abundance of rain.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

A Living Christ.

Nothing can resist Christian life. Life is more powerful than any mechanical force or agency. The rock that will yield only by pieces to the power or dynamite blast, is torn asunder in huge masses by the roots of the trunk of a tree growing in its crevices. Our Lord intended his disciples to be the light of the world, and as the eye opened in the light cannot fail to see, so worldly and careless persons cannot avoid recognizing an epistle when presented—which is written not with ink, but by the Spirit of the living God. It is the Christ appearing in the transformed lives of men that is conquering the earth. Hence, Dr. Wace in his controversy with Huxley well says:

"The strength of the Christian Church, in spite of its faults, errors, and omissions, is not in its creed, but in its Lord and Master. In spite of all the critics, the Gospels have conveyed to the minds of millions of men a living image of Christ. They see him there; they hear his voice; they listen and they believe him. It is not so much that they accept certain doctrines taught by him, as they accept him himself, as their Lord and God. The sacred fire of trust in him descended upon the apostles, and has from them been handed down from generation to generation. It is with that living personal figure that agnosticism has to deal; and as long as the Gospels practically produce the effect of making that figure a reality to human hearts, so long will the Christian faith, and the Christian Church, in their main characteristics, be vital and permanent forces in the world."

This is nobly said, and as true in fact as it is beautiful in expression. There is something so real, so sincere, so genuine in all the Gospel portraits of Jesus that the reader feels as if in the presence of eternal and irresistible truth; while at the same time he is inspired to purer thoughts and better purposes than he has ever before attained. And every man who by obedience and imitation becomes a copy of that Divine portrait is himself transformed into an advocate and defender of redemptive grace. It is the embodiment of grace in the Christian believer's character, disposition, words, deeds, entire influence that sets Christ before men, and testifies to the actual and saving presence of God among sinners to-day. Thus every true disciple is in a certain sense a new incarnation, a fresh and powerful manifestation of God manifest in the flesh for the uplifting of humanity. No evidences drawn into logical arguments can equal the influence of the living Christ in the kindly will, the sympathetic look, the helpful bear-

ing, the prayerful manner of the Christian who comes to us in our sorrow and counsels us in our trouble and perplexity.

Sometimes the timid believer mourns that he is not gifted with ability to speak boldly and effectively in winning souls; let him rejoice that he can so live the truth that it shall speak through his conduct and beam in his eye. Here is a field in which the humblest may become a co-operator with God.—Christian at Work.

Keep Yourselves.

A physician found a patient shut up in a damp, chilly room. He said to him, "No wonder that you are sick in such a place. You don't need medicine, but fresh air, sunshine, and exercise." He took that hypochondriac out-of-doors. He made him walk and ride about. Soon he was well again, and the doctor left him. But in a little while he was sent for. His morbid and perverse patient was lying in the close, damp chamber as before, shivering and moaning, "O, doctor," he cried, "that sure cure of yours has failed, and I am just as bad as ever." "Did you keep yourself in the sunshine?" "No, I thought that I had taken enough of it, not only to make me well, but to keep me so, and then I came back to bed again."

Just like this imaginary invalid are many (alas! how many!) of the patients of the Great Physician. They read of His wonderful love; they believe in it; they rejoice in it. It kindles in their souls a hope that is full of glory. But, having "tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come," they return to the weak and beggarly elements of this world. Hence they lose that blessed hope. They become cold and sad, and then they wonder why God does not "keep them in perfect peace." Alas! they forget that God cannot make evil good and good evil. He has created an atmosphere of love. He offers it freely to all who will live in it. But if we fail to do so—if we shut ourselves up in the caves or cellars of selfishness, refusing to enjoy what God has provided for sustaining the new life—can we wonder that we are weak and sickly?

But how shall we keep ourselves in the love of God? By study, by meditation, by Christian communion, and, above all, by prayer. We don't read the Bible enough; we don't think enough about what we read in it; we don't talk enough with each other about our heavenly Father, our Elder Brother, and our celestial home; we don't work enough for Christ to keep our hearts in a glow; we don't commune enough with God. Our reading, thinking, toiling, talking, and praying will not create the atmosphere that our spirits need, but they will keep us in it. They will enable us to climb up out of the dampness and the gloom of unbelief. They will help us to ascend the mount of faith. On it we will find the land of Beulah, from which we can see the walls and gates, and almost hear the songs, of the golden city.—Interior.

Random Readings.

If you would create something, you must be something.—Goethe.

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

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.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight, When he is called away, Seem but the watches of a night, And death 'he dawn of day.

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.

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

Clear the window of the soul of cobwebs, spider-weaved by prejudice and unbelief and sin; that through Faith's crystalline atmosphere, you may look through the Gate into the Heavenly city.—J. R. Macduff, D. D.

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future demands elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.—Adelaide A. Procter.

He that utterly despises the world shall rise above the world; he that does not fear to be made a slur, can become more potent than a king; if any man would be great among you, let him be your servant.—F. W. Farrar.

Gracious hearts are like stars in the heavens, which shine not by their own splendor. He that takes the brick must give the straw to make it. There is no water, except he smite the rock, nor fire, except he strike the flint.—Secker.

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 Bri. in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Clara his wife of the first part; and Odber M. Hartt, of Terrytown, in the State of New York, in the United States of America, 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 "Beaux 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 northerly angle of Lot number Four "on the South side of the Howland Ridge "Settlement Road (hereinafter deemed to "be 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 real line of the Settlement "Road, thence along said real line North 50 "deg. East twelve chains and fifty links to "Lot number six (belonged 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, be- "ing 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 appurten- "ances to same belonging. Dated this thirty-first day of January, A. D. 1889.

ODDER 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, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.

11:30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

3:25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON. From St. John 6:10, 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, 11:15 a. m.; 12:10 p. m.; St. Stephen 9:20, 11:40 a. m.; St. Andrews, 6:30 a. m.; arrive in Fredericton 8:55 a. m.; 2:15 and 7:20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON. 8:00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON. 5:55 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1888. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 12th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

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

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

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

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 7.00 Express from Sussex..... 8.35 Accommodation..... 13.30 Day Express..... 19.20

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGRR, Chief Superintendent; Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.

SUGAR-CURED

HAMS

BLOOD ORANGES

BANANAS.

W. H. Vanwart,

May 1,

Is desire the thing... I am Ayer's... but it has... any My I... one bott... head of... —R. T. S... "I hav... family f... gard it... know of... hair soft... original... a long t... suits."—Thomas... "My h... but after... Hair Vig... cannot c... feel."—M... Ayer... Dr. J. C... Sold... HO... There is... of disease... the specific... Europe an... within the... treatment... who treat... troubles on... The treatm... for cur... so on till... include dis... weakness, r... Ask your... cannot pro... druggist m... Kennedy co... and the re... direct. (D... Descriptive... stamp to p... Duty on... A. RO... Dear Sirs: I... daily I hav... would like... one of the... on my stable... KENDAL... OLIVELEAF... Dr. B. J. K... dear Sirs: I... would like... one of the... on my stable... KENDAL... Dear Sirs: I... used it for... Spain, and... my recom... Your... KENDAL... Save... Dr. B. J. K... with your... twenty-five... five of Hig... books and... lost a case... Your... KENDAL... Price 81 per... lists have t... to any addre... tor. Dr. B... SOLD I... PAL... NURSI... SKIN &... Price 81 per... lists have t... to any addre... tor. Dr. B... SOLD I...