The Quiet Hour.

BY REV. JOSEPH MOUNTAIN.

When the day has folded his pinions,
And the night is coming on,
I sometimes sit in the silence
And talk to the Heavenly One;
I tell him all my sorrows,
And all my burdens bring,
And he listens to me so kindly
With the patience of a king.

And I never have borne a burden
Away from the twilight hour,
For my Royal Father bears them
By his almighty power;
While his loving words fall gently
Into my weary life,
Till I quite forget my portion
Of heartache and of strife.

And I always gladly remember
That I am a monarch's child,
Whose Father ruleth the nations
With a scepter undefiled;
My Father's birds are singing
To brighten my weary hours,
And the air of the night is heavy
With the fragrance of his flowers.

The voice of the world is silent
With the rest that comes to all,
Which the Father in the twilight
From loving hands lets fall;
Rest from life's pains and trials,
Rest from its woes and cares,
For every cumbering burden
The loving Father shares.

And I like to sit in the silence
With none but the Father near,
And tell all my joys and sorrows
Into his listening ear;
And I like to think that he careth
How our daily tasks go on,
Remembering we are his children
Though he sitteth on a throne.

Oft I look away through the stillness
To a city bright and fair,
Where my heavenly home is waiting
In a land beyond compare;
I have heard that my loving Saviour
Of that country is the light,
And I long to dwell forever
In that city out of sight.

Standard.

Living Nigh To God.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Conversion is a change of residence for the soul. To this change the great Apostle referred when he said: "Ye that once were far off are *made nigh* in the blood of Christ." There is one sense in which the omnipresent God surrounds us with his presence; and an equally true sense in which every unconverted heart dwells in the "far country" like the profligate prodigal, and seeks to satisfy itself with the husks. We were all there once, in sinful self-exile, and would have been there still if our Heavenly Father had not invited us back, and opened a new and living way for our return. The Cross of Calvary is the glorious guide-mark; and Jesus proclaims: "I am the way; no man cometh to the Father but by me." His atoning death satisfies the demands of God's broken law, and purchases the redemption of every soul that trusts in him; whosoever penitently and believingly accepts Jesus Christ as his Saviour is restored to God's favor; he is made nigh in the blood of Christ. Scoffers sneer at this "blood theology." It is such; it is atoning, cleansing blood, warm with infinite love from the divine heart. A glorious theology is this both to preach and to practice on; it is the theology that inspired Paul's tongue of flame, and Martin Luther's good fight of faith, and Charles Wesley's richest hymns and Livingstone's missionary sacrifices.

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

Jesus Christ by his atoning blood not only brings us into reconciliation with God but also into close fellowship and communion with him. We are no longer aliens and outcasts, but are received into God's household. We become members of his family with a right to all the privileges of his children. God gives us a home, and graciously says to us: "I will be your Father, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." The peace, the joy, the sweetness, the purity and the power of every Christain depends, in a great measure, upon his or her *living nigh to God.*

1. We are too apt to think of God as dwelling at an infinite distance from us—as a Father in Heaven, and not as a Father close by our side. We are actually surrounded by him. Not a thought in our inmost heart is concealed from him; not a secret sin we commit that is not to his eye as visible as the noonday sun. This ought to have a prodigious restraining power upon us. God is so close to us that he is always within speaking distance. A Christian's prayer is not a message dispatched to a far-away throne; it is his intimate converse with one near at hand. Faith reverently and lovingly talks with God; breathes confession of sin into his ear; tells him its secrets, and unbosoms the whole soul to him. In perplexity, in trouble we want a helper near at hand. Abraham Lincoln once said: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day." What our noble martyr President often felt amid his agonizing pressures and perplexities we have felt in life's darkest hours. The *child*-feeling is waked up in us, and we want an Almighty Father right by us that we can talk to and lean on. The old hero in Cæsar's judgment hall, surrounded with guards in iron mail, realized this when he said: "No man stood with me, but all men forsook me; notwithstanding, the *Lord stood with me* and strengthened me." The true prayer of the true Christian is a breathing of the heart's desires right into an ear that is close by. And I don't believe that that ear is ever deaf to the prayer of faith. Every proper desire from the heart of God's child finds *some* proper and wise answer in the heart of God himself.

2. Then again, if we habitually live near to God we should strive to realize his constant companionship. What is a consecrated place? Is it only the church edifice or the cathedral? Wherever the soul finds God is a sacred spot. Jacob on his pillow of stone in the silent night-solitude, exclaimed: "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and the gate of Heaven." In like manner we should seek to make the workshop, and the counting-room, and the study, and the kitchen and the farmer's field, sacred with God's presence. The nursery in which the pious mother trains her child is one of God's dwelling-places; and I have seen many a sick chamber that was literally like the vestibule of heaven. In addition to this sense of God's presence with him in his daily calling, every Christian who would maintain a healthy, vigilant and happy piety should have times and places for immediate intercourse with his Divine Master. Those of us who reside in large towns are apt to live under high pressure. The world puts its grip on us as soon as we open the morning paper; it follows us to the store, the shop and the factory; the furnace of business occupation glows at a white heat all day; and the evening finds, too, many a Christian too busy and too tired to attend even once or twice a week the devotional meetings of his church. Amid all this maelstrom of excitement and hurry, how little chance seems to be afforded for quiet meditation, or calm thought, or actual fellowship with God!

Yet the Christian who will cultivate a close heart-life with God must manage somehow to find time or make time for feeding his soul as well as his body. I knew of a godly merchant who had a place for secret prayer up in the loft of his warehouse. That was his Bethel. Daniel was a prodigiously busy man in Babylon, but he managed to get a special interview with God three times a day on his knees. That noble Christian philanthropist, the late William E. Dodge, used to rise early and get a good quiet hour with his Bible and his Master before he ventured into the roaring tumult of the day. He came out from his communion with God with his face shining. Such an early hemming of the day with prayer has a most potent influence to keep the whole day from raveling out into frivolities and worldly compliance, and grasping covetousness. Mr. Garret N. Bleecker—whom many of my Baptist readers will recall as a shining light in their denomination—made it his practice to go home at noon and dine with his family. He took that time to "cool off" from business, and to get a nooning with God in a short season of secret prayer. Every follower of Christ who would maintain a strong and holy life must not only commune with his Lord every day over his Word, but should have his Bethels or his Olivets, or some set place and time for locking his soul in with Jesus. Martin Luther affirmed that during the heats of his great life-battle he "could not get on without two hours each day in prayer;" it was his tremendous grip on God that enabled him to vanquish the powers of darkness.

3. Here, too, lies the secret of the genuine higher life. It is simply *living nigh to God*—on the Sabbath in God's house and through the week in our own houses and places of business. It is keeping our citizenship in Heaven and our eyes above the wretched mists that lie near the ground, and our hearts in close touch with Christ. They that thus wait on God shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles. They out-fly the petty vexations that worry the worldling, and the grovelling cares and lusts that drag selfish sinners down into the mire. Their outlook is broad; their spiritual atmosphere is bracing; their fellowship with Christ is sweet; they rehearse a great deal of Heaven before they get there. Living nigh to him whom their souls love in this world, they need not spend a thought about dying. Being always ready to exchange their home with God which they found here, for a higher home in Heaven, they have nothing to do but to enter the door of pearl as soon as it opens, and go in to be *forever with the Lord.*

Sitting as a Refiner.

Some months ago there were a few ladies in Dublin who met together to read and study the Scriptures. They were reading the third chapter of Malichi: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and," etc.

One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the fuller's soap and the "refiner of silver" were only the same image, intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influences of the grace of God in Christ.

"No," said another, "they are not the same image. Here is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse, "He shall *sit* as a refiner and purifier of silver."

They all said that possibly it might be so. This lady was going into the town and she promised to see a silversmith and report to them what he said on the subject. Without telling him the object of her errand she begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. "But do you sit, sir," said she, "while you are refining?" "O yes, madam. I must sit with my eye fixed steadily on the furnace, since if the silver remains too long it is sure to be injured." She at once saw the beauty and comfort of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

Christ sees it is needful to put his children into the furnace, but he is seated by the side of it, his eye steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and his love are both engaged to do all in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random. The very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the lady was returning to tell her friends what she had heard, just as she turned from the shop door, the silversmith called her back and said that he had forgotten to mention one thing; and that was that he only knew the process of purifying was complete by seeing his own image in the silver! When Christ sees his image reflected in his people, his work of purifying is accomplished.

Ministering.

One of the sweetest joys in life is to feel that we are doing something for some one other than ourselves. The loneliest hearts, the people most to be pitied, are those who feel they are of no use anywhere. But, happily, no one need feel that way. It is true of the very least of us that "none liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself; whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." *We are the Lord's*; and for every soul that belongs to Him He has place and use. So we do ourselves a great wrong if we sit in the shadow of our own gloomy thoughts saying, as did Jonah, "It is better for me to die than to live." It is not true of any body. There must be use for us as as long as God suffers us to stay here; it is our own fault certainly if it is true. That those who try to help others are the happiest, we do not have to go far to demonstrate. Every family circle has its illustrations. It is a blessed fact, too, that the joy of ministering is not the exclusive privilege of those who have abundance. We meet many choice bits of unselfish service among those who seem to have little to spare from their scanty store of time, money or love.

The Lord Jesus seeks the very best for His own people in everything. To make fair gems of character to sparkle in the light of the pure white throne is His ideal for each one of us. In this, too, He seeks our highest happiness. And because lofty character and purest joy are gained only in this way, He reiterates the truth, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." "Greatness is more a certain quality in a man, than a certain size of a man." This quality of unselfish service is the supreme test of character, and the one fitness for highest honor. True, this is not the worldly-wise way of looking at things. It is the wisdom that comes from heaven, whose perfect law perfectly kept is love.

We begin at the wrong end, as a rule, in our search for happiness. We think the sum of all endeavor is to be comfortable, and to have things as we want them. But we inevitably discover, sooner or later, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" rather it consists in the abundance of the things which he gives.

"It is good," says one "for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us." The true philosophy of life is to give "such things as we have" as we go along, not waiting, as we are tempted to do, for more leisure or means of opportunity, but

"Say oft of the days as they pass from our sight,
This, *this* is life, with its golden store;
I shall have it once, but it comes no more."

We begin in this way preparation for higher service hereafter where "His servants serve Him day and night in His temple." Who can tell but that those who have borne heaviest sorrows here may know the highest joy in heaven because they understand how to minister to suffering ones to whom they may be sent? Who can tell what the Heavenly Father has for His children to do in the eternities? No lagging years of inglorious rest are they? They are years of glad service without weariness, with larger capabilities, with clearer vision, with the perfection of joy, of which we have had a little foretaste while ministering here in the flesh:

"It is not the thing you do, my dear,
'Tis the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

"The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

"For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
For all our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And 'tis not the thing you do, dear,
But the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun."

What Will Ye Give Me?

This is the question which Judas Iscarlot put to the high priest when he was about to prove himself the traitor that he was, and to give over into their power the Master whom he had pretended to serve. "What will ye give and I will deliver him unto you?" Asking that a price might be put on the head of the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind. Men naturally start back appalled at the enormity of the treachery involved in such an underhanded transaction. And the question has come down through all the ages, with its stigma of shame and infamy attached: "Who betrayed his Lord and Master?" It was so base, so paltry a thing, actually trading away the precious life for a mere consideration of a few pieces of silver. It is, however, one of the sad, deplorable phases of human nature, that what shocks and repels us in others, is often repeated in our own lives, and almost without our consciousness of the fact. Were many professers of religion told that they repeated the question put to the high priest in their own experience, the accusation would be met with scornful and indignant denial. And yet the query is doubtless repeated in various forms and with unsuspected frequency by professed followers of Jesus Christ and believers in the doctrines which he taught. It may be that for a certain length of time and up to a certain point, a man will conscientiously serve the Master, then perhaps it is the pleasures of the world which come in and tempt him to try a little unlawful license, and mix more freely with those who find delight and satisfaction in a gay and thoughtless life. And the man looks the tempter in the face and asks: "What will ye give me?" Then it may follow that hours bright with laughter and dissipation hold out inducements he does not care to withstand, and the old faith is sold out that he may enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Another is tempted by greed. Eager assurance that a life of prosperity and self-indulgence is the only life worth living, are sounded in his ears. So the whirlpool of speculation is faced with the desire for sudden riches, and the question leaps forth: "What will ye give me?" For others ambition and wordly honors hold out a tempting bait for the soul, and of them it is asked, "What will ye give me and I will deliver him unto you?" Alas! the piteous weakness of it all! Yielding up the Christ within the heart for something quite as shallow and profitless as the betrayer's thirty pieces of silver. Wrecking all true happiness; defrauding the life of all true gain and advancement, and surrendering the highest and most worthy honors while betraying the best of Friends. As often as a professing Christian dallies with temptation, or bargains with sin in any form, just so often he says to the tempter: "What will ye give me and I will deliver him unto you." There is no greater meanness in the eyes of a noble, chivalrous man, than the treachery which will admit of betraying a friend. Alas! that the language of the hymn we sing concerning Christ is so true:

"You treat no other friend so ill."

The Bible teaches wisely and counsels with Divine sagacity when it exhorts believers to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. Watchfulness and prayer are the two unconquerable forces which will effectually prevent disloyalty to the Saviour, and render the Christian panoply of faith impervious to all the wiles and debasing suggestions of the arch traitor of the soul.—*Christian at Work.*

Self-Operative Helps.

The power of self-education in the little matters that help to form the indefinable habits that go to make the lady we rarely realize until we have reached the age when bad habits or mannerisms have fastened upon us so strongly that we never lose the taint of their control. Lady Biliair says, in her advice to girls;

WHAT TO AVOID.

"A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

"Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as 'awfully this,' 'beastly that,' 'loads of time,' 'don't you know,' 'hate' for dislike, etc.

"Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy—often dangerously approaching to 'female swearing'—as 'Bother!' 'Gracious!' 'How jolly!'

"Yawning when listening to any one.

"Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

"Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

"Crossing your letters.

"Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

"An unaffected, low, distinct silver-toned voice.

"The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

"The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

"The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

"An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

"A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—thus avoiding giving offense through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

"The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke."—*Chris. Union.*

The Fulness of Christ.

"To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." I know the English language—that is, I know the alphabet and a few books. I can read English, and yet when I go into the Peabody Library and look around, I feel that I know nothing of the English language; and, what is more, with the time and capacity I have, I never can know much of it. It holds treasures I can never gain. I know the love of Christ—that is, I have learned the alphabet. I am a poor sinner and He a great Saviour. I love Him because He first loved me. And yet there are volumes in this love I cannot read. It is an ocean, and I am but a little fish swimming in its shallows. I cannot measure its depths, but I swim in it and enjoy it with all the capacity I have. Calvary is the sounding line, but it is so long I cannot handle it. My little dew-drop nature is trying to take in an ocean vastness. I simply gaze and weep.

"O for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!"

An inward look discourages the best of us. We do not seem to ourselves to be full of God. Can we ever attain to it? The promise is that He will finish the work He has begun. We are growing into His image, and by and by "we shall see Him as He is." Let us day by day offer ourselves to His inspection, and pray that every hour may bring us a little nearer to the realization of our desire.

Random Readings.

Nothing is too sacred to be profaned when men are under the influence of wine.—*Barnes.*

The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.—*Ben Hur.*

Why pull down thy barns and "build greater?" Thou hast barns enough—the bosoms of the needy, the houses of widows, the mouths of orphans.—*St. Ambrose.*

Possessing Christ, we must also possess that spirit which binds all nations and names them heirs of heaven, and makes the test of sonship a willingness to carry glad tidings of forgiveness to those very far off.

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, recorded 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 Brighton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Clara his wife of the first part; and Odber M. Hartt, of Marysville, 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 Phœnix 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 (heretofore 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, 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 appurtenances to same belonging.

Dated this thirty-first day of January, A. D., 1889.

ODBER M. HARTT,
Mortagee.

J. A. & W. VANWART,
Sols. for Mortgagee.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

ALL RAIL LINE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Jan. 7th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.
(Eastern Standard Time).

7.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
8.45 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St Stephen, St Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
12.50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

11.35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.
3.10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton Woodstock and points North.
6.30 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

F. W. CRAM,
General Manager.

H. D. McLEOD,
Supt. Southern Division.

A. J. HEATH,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., March 29th, 1888.

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	11.20
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec	18.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.10 train to Hali

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.

HAY for SALE.

A Lot of PRESSED HAY
—AT—
ELY PERKINS'S.
Fredericton, Aug. 22.

COUGHS, COLDS,
Croup and Consumption
CURED BY
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.