

"Christ our Priest."

I thought upon my sin, and I was sad;
My soul was troubled sore and filled with
pain;
But then I thought on Jesus, and was glad,
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

I thought upon the law—the fiery law—
Holy and just and good its decree;
I looked to Jesus, and in him I saw
The law fulfilled—its curse endured for
me.

I saw my sad estate—condemned to die;
Then terror seized my heart, and dark
despair;
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness
there.

I saw that I was lost—far gone astray—
No hope of safe return there seemed to
be;
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,
"A new and living way," prepared for
me.

Then in that way—so free, so safe, so sure,
Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood—
Will I abide, and never wander more,
Walking along in fellowship with God.
—H. Bonar.

Nothing to Do.

If there is any time of the year when
some people have nothing to do—or
think so—it is the summer. It is then
that the most of our busy humanity in
town and city are trying to gather
more strength for the coming winter.
But to the active mind there is no
time of absolute idleness. If one has
a purpose in life, and is trying to
make the utmost of his few years,
nothing is ever lost to him. If he
leaves his place of business for a few
weeks, and retires for the time to
some distant spot in the mountains or
along the seashore, or wanders over
Europe, there is no reason why he
may not be thinking on some of the
better things which he has long neglected.

It is difficult to trace and analyze the
good beginnings. But there are many
imitations in the biographies of useful
characters that some of the very best
thoughts and some of the wisest plans
have come to persons whose minds
were open for their entrance during
the quiet pauses, when the persons
themselves thought they had nothing
to do, and so were doing nothing. To
the good there is a ceaseless activity.
To rest is possible only with the fool-
ish.

Suppose, now, some of the persons
who are constantly under religious
influences at home, and are practical
Christians, ever learning and ever
doing, should utilize the odd hours of
their time to think about what is best
to read, instead of the ephemeral trash
they have been reading; what poor
and suffering one can be found out to
minister to and instruct and bless;
what new form for giving money can
be adopted that it may go farther in
quest of giving blessing; what train of
wrong thoughts ought to be given up
and a better one adopted; what poor
habits should be renounced; in short,
what evil can be renounced and what
good adopted. The truth is, we are
living in such a whirl of business and
society that we do not take time to do
the greatest things of life. We put
too many of our hours into the winning
of bread, not alone for ourselves, but
for those coming after us. Let us
invest more of it in the great thing of
thinking and planning and reading and
trusting God for the better placing of
our entire life at His disposal for His
service.

If one will examine into the times
and occasions when his most fruitful
thoughts have come to him, he will
see that they have not always arisen
amid the activities of what he calls his
business or profession. They have
frequently been in his resting moments,
between the spells, when he has made
himself ready for reception of what-
ever good the Lord might send. Singu-
larly enough, many of God's best
servants have done the best of their
work when they thought their whole
work was over. When Bushnell had
worn himself out in his Hartford pulpit,
and felt that he must retire, can we
doubt that he thought his career
ended? But such was far from the fact.
He went into an examination of his
sermons, found that he could group
them around fundamental themes, and
sent them forth, volume after volume,
to the public. Those sermons found
an audience a thousand times larger
than any Hartford audience. They
have gone out upon highways and into
the by-ways, and have been enriching
our American Christian life this quar-
ter of a century.

Guthrie, whose best volume was his
Gospel in Ezekiel, came to the point
when he had to rest. Yet there was
no real inactivity for him. What he
did when the heaviest burdens were
removed was strong and fruitful. The
ancients had a fancy that the swan's
sweetest song was its last. The old
German artists have painted Luther,
in his last years, with a great swan
beside him. The great thought was
that the last labors are his best.

It is perfectly natural that we should
think ourselves worn-out when the
formalities of labor are over or sus-
pended for a time. But men are not
brutes or weeds. They have the art,
or can have it, of making the whole
round life for God and His human
family. If they will seize the oppor-
tunity, or, as the old legend runs,
carpe diem, every hour will bear its
message of good, and the message will
survive the brief life-time.

When Erasmus was making his slow
horseback journey from Basle to
Holland, he must have felt that his
time was wasted. Yet it was during
those very six weeks that he wrote his
Praise of Folly, which has come down
to us with the double immortality of
his wonderful satires on the abuses in
the Roman Catholic Church, and the
illustrations of Hans Holbein. This
book did more than many a heavy
tome to gain sympathy for the Protest-
ant cause, and stands to this day as
one of the world's pieces of subtle
attack. Edward Arnold, the author
of *Light in Asia*, improves his hours
on the London under-ground roads,
going to and from his heavy editorial
work, in weaving into enduring
rhythm the delightful fancies of the
early Hindu minstrels. Our own
Bethune, an ardent votary of the
angle, never forgot while on his sum-
mer fishing excursions that he might
do some good for souls, and the little
church at Alexandria Bay will long
remain a monument to the good spirit
which will not be idle even while
resting.

The truth is, when there is a pure
and interested nature there need not
be a loss of activity. The brittle
fragments of golden hours can be saved,
God uses all the deeds of His earnest
children for the building up of others
into a symmetrical Christian life. The
opportunity for such work is never
wanting, it comes with every hour.
What we need is the eye to see it and
the heart to make ready use of it.—
Chris. Advocate.

Having Teeth.

I cannot but fear that too many
Christians have almost ceased to ex-
pect that their mouths should be a
sharp sword; nay, I would almost say,
would seem to prefer that it should be
otherwise. How many sermons do we
hear, and that from good sort of men,
which seem specially designed to pre-
vent the hearer from being disturbed.
How much religious conversation is
uttered rather to ease the conscience
of the speaker than to send an arrow
to the heart of the King's enemy.
Are we ready to be used by God as a
sharp sword? Have we counted the
cost? Are we prepared for the conse-
quences? If we are, our weakness
matters not, God can use us. "Fear
not, thou worm Jacob, I will make
thee a sharp threshing instrument,
having teeth, and thou shalt break in
pieces the mountains." A worm is,
indeed, the last tool that one might
expect to be employed for this stupen-
dous undertaking; but when God em-
ploys even a worm, He fits the worm
for the use He is to make of it. "I
will make thee a sharp threshing in-
strument," as if that were not enough,
He adds, "having teeth."

You, my friend, who are a district
visitor, sit down in one of your cot-
tages for a friendly chat. You ask the
number of the children, their ages,
and do they go to school? do the
parents go to church? what a nice
thing it would be to have family
prayers! how important it is to look
about the things that concern our
peace; and then it is "Good-morning,"
and the work is supposed to be done;
but there is no teeth in it, and the
stony, unregenerate heart is not even
dented, much less crushed or broken.
O that in the discharge of these acts of
Christian labor we endeavored to keep
the end in view! The fisherman does
not forget that his object is to catch
fish, not to cast his line well. The
farmer remembers that it is his object
to reap a harvest, not merely to cul-
tivate the soil. The man of business
will not forget that his purpose is to
make things pay, not to carry on a
business. But how many of us Chris-
tians seem to be so taken up with
the means, that the end is almost lost
sight of, and we are scarcely troubled
that it is not attained.

What is required to make us such
efficient instruments in the hand of
God? I will name a few of the char-
acteristics of the man whose mouth is
a sharp sword, and leave you to fill up
the outline. The first characteristic
will be definiteness of purpose. The
man whose mouth is a sharp sword
will speak not for speaking's sake or to
ease his conscience, but to reach the
heart. The second characteristic will
be incisiveness of language. Our
words need not be ungentle or severe,
and yet they may be pointed. There
is no use fighting with our sword in
its scabbard. How often is the mes-
sage which we desire to convey posi-

tively swallowed up in the words in
which we convey it. A third char-
acteristic will be earnestness. He who
spreads out the Gospel feast before
the eyes of a famishing world, and
then gives the invitation in such a
manner that it is difficult to arrive at
the conclusion that he very much de-
sires that the invitation should be ac-
cepted, must scarcely be surprised if
his breath is wasted. O let men see
that you really long for their souls'
salvation; that your heart is burning
with a holy, fervent zeal; that you
cannot afford to let them perish, but
that to you eternity is a reality, and
the glory of God a consideration of
supreme interest. Let them see that
you feel that their souls are in danger,
then, peradventure, they will begin
themselves to think that it must be so.
—From a sermon by the Rev. W. H.
Aitken.

Homesickness.

The heart's yearning for heavenly
rest, for a home far removed from
earthly perplexities, and forever secure
amid the angelic and redeemed hosts
that encompass the throne of God, is
not a sign of morbid religiousness.
This "desire to depart" was not a
sudden impulse that seized St. Paul.
It did not arise from imaginary or
real discomforts, causing him to sigh
for relief before the close of his earth-
ly probation. It came amid wonder-
ful revelations of what it is to "be
with Christ." We fancy that he
could have said in that moment of
exalted experiences, "I am not unwill-
ing to wait longer amid earthly
shadows; I am still ready to endure
for the sake of others. But I see it is
'far better' to join the glorified com-
pany; better, speaking after the
manner of men; better, if it be the
will of God that I should be set free
from these fetters that bind me to
earth."

The disciples of Christ, called as
they were to meet the vicissitudes of
life and commissioned to bear His name
before the world in service, have all
known just such an experience. It is
not usually given them to enjoy an
uninterrupted vision of eternal glory
while yet in the flesh. An unclouded
view of their inheritance in Christ
throughout life might be more than
human nature could endure. The
fascination upon their souls might
obstruct that preparation for their
heavenly home which is so necessary;
or it might divert their attention from
present duty. We can hardly suppose
that St. Paul always saw with equal
clearness what blessedness is reserved
for the saints in the hereafter.

The occasional glimpses of these
unseen realities were to him sufficient
foretaste of the things that were sure
to come. In these he rested with
perfect confidence. His "homesick-
ness" was not, therefore, a restless
pining; rather, it was a divine longing
that contained the elements of holy
character, humility, submission, and
faith. Hence it was never a weakness
or a disqualification when some work
was to be done for his Master. It was
an abiding inspiration to perform well
whatever was laid upon him.

But, after all, does not this open
vision of heaven usually come to us
after the emptiness of earth has been
made known, after a real heart-sickness
has oppressed us? Undoubtedly this
is so. We must realize the world's
poverty, its utter inability to meet
the deepest cravings of our immortal
souls, before our eyes can see "the
eternal weight of glory." It is the
testimony of believers that their in-
ward yearning for the heavenly,
begotten only of the Spirit, and so
peaceful in its unrest, planned the
disruption of their earthly plans, the
overthrow of their fondest hopes, the
exposure of their personal nothingness.
It is worth every thing to us to endure
the divine ordeals, so that we may
behold "the things that God has laid
up for them that love Him." And no
man can realize in any measure what
it is to be "with Christ" there, who
does not know Him and follow Him
and enjoy His presence here. To do
this—Don't speak the uncomfortable
words. It is rude, discourteous, un-
kind and un-Christian. Don't!

Three "Shalls."

I want you, Christian worker, to
put them in your knapsack. If you
are registered, rejoicing and at rest,
then "the peace of God which passeth
all understanding shall keep your
hearts and minds" (Phil. iv. 7). It is
a certainty. It is not the peace of
earth that may be broken up so quick-
ly; it is the peace of God. I believe
it is possible for the child of God to

have this unbroken peace year by
year. Every true worker ought to
seek to possess, by the grace of God,
consciousness of this peace permanent
in his soul.

Pass on to another "shall" in verse
9, "The God of peace shall be with
you." We have spoken of the peace
of God, but here we have the God of
peace, which is still better. To have
a check out of a check-book is good;
but it is better to have the banker
himself. Do we know anything of
this continual presence of God with
us? Mr. F. Arnot, the African
traveller, who has been with us for
some time, lately told me that he was
sustained amid all the difficulty, dis-
ease and danger of his long journeys
by the consciousness of the presence
of the living God with him. That is
what we all want.

Yet one other shall (verse 19): "My
God shall supply all you need," etc.
The apostle in writing to the Philis-
tines says they were the only church
that had supplied his need and minis-
tered to him. Child of God, minister,
wherever you go, to the Lord and to
His people, give away Jesus; give
away some word of His, some blessed
promise, something which is of Christ
—a kind word, a shake of the hand, a
look, a song for Him; give what you
can, if it is only the widow's farthing.
We have had the shall of peace, the
shall of the presence, and now we
have the shall of supply: "My God
shall supply;" there is no doubt about
it. This is what I call "the arm-chair
promise"—like the luxurious armchairs
they make now-a-days, with cushions
all around it. Wherever you turn you
lean on a great promise.—C. A. Fox
in *The Christian*.

"DON'T"

Courtesy is not the least of the
Christian graces, and it should be
studied as an art. It can never be
attained except by securing right ideals
and by persistent attention and prac-
tice. It is not beneath the consider-
ation and aspiration of the members
of the Epworth League that they shall
strive to develop, in the best and
nobler sense, courtesy and dignity.
The claim to sainthood is often sadly
discounted by the uncouth and ill-bred
in speech and manners. Perfection,
sanctification, indeed holiness, is the
complete and fullest development of
the entire personality at its best. The
essence of courtesy is the purpose, in
manner and speech, to be agreeable,
attractive, lovable, if you please; to
awaken by one's presence happy im-
pressions in others. That is Christian
in its truest sense, and everything
which contributes to the making of
such a life is important.

As a beginning to such an effort, we
suggest one negative that was not in-
cluded in the volume noticed. It is
this: Don't utter the uncomfortable
words. There are many people who
seem to think that it is their mission
to puncture every person's infirmity
with whom they come in contact.
They appear to study to speak dis-
agreeably. They corner you in the
social circle, and talk loudly about
that subject that is most uncongenial
to you. They reveal your last blun-
der. They unroll your past and dilate
upon your frailties. They put you on
the rack every time you meet them,
and there is an instinctive recoil when
you perceive their approach. The
writer had a schoolmate who made
himself obnoxious to everybody be-
cause he always uttered the unsuitable
word. He never sought to make a
happy impression on others; he de-
lighted to sting and wound. Another
person portrays, in a few words, the
characteristics we have in mind: "As
a brief and sharp tormentor, as a nail
in the boot, a rocker for the shins on
a dark night, or a sharp angle for the
ulnar nerve, Mrs. Rodgers, our neigh-
bor, excels all persons I ever saw. I
am quite sure if she could disturb a
corpse by whispering to it that its
shroud was ill-fitting, and the floral
gifts were not what had been expect-
ed, she would do it."

Our most urgent negative, then, is
this—Don't speak the uncomfortable
words. It is rude, discourteous, un-
kind and un-Christian. Don't!

Tighten Your Grip.

When a few days since about 400
ministers were assembled at a farewell
communion service at the Pastor's
College, they grasped each other's
hands and sang the 118th Psalm. At
its close Mr. Spurgeon said, "Now,
tighten your grip, dear friends, and
send a thrill of love to one another and
to the churches." The scene was both
touching and instructive. Hand-shak-
ing, or rather the heart element which
it suggests, is none too prevalent
among our fashionable Christian
brotherhoods of to-day. We want to
tighten the grip of true brotherly
fellowship; to sympathize with one
another. This we can only do by
keeping in constant touch with him

whose we are, and whom we try to
serve. There is an indescribable
something—undiscovered of the critic
and the theological curiosity monger,
without which life cannot attain its
zenith. To have unction is more than
to be unctuous. It is more than dra-
matic representation in the pulpit,
and more than a flow of soft words in
the pew or at the meeting.

"As having nothing and yet possess-
ing all things." The popular measure
of success involves the subversion of
these words. Mr. Worldly-Wise grips
at the "nothing," and, in the act, lets
the "all things" go. He needs to be
shown a more excellent way. The
progressive believer "lays hold"—
daily tightens his grip of eternal life,
though it costs him the loss of every
item marked dear in time's catalogue.
In "tightening our grip" of the Divine
hand, of the Sacred Word, and of the
Mercy-Seat, we strangely become im-
mersed in His Spirit, indissolubly
bound to his brethren, and irrecover-
ably committed, body, soul and spirit,
to his kingdom, which, let it not be
forgotten, is not of this world.—Lon-
don Baptist.

Conviction of Sin.

There is naught for thee to do but
to seek pardon at the foot of the cross.
Consider this: if thou dost feel a
thousand times more than thou canst
ever do, yet thou wilt not ever feel
enough the sore burden of thy sins.
Consider how many and black are thy
iniquities, and how persistent thou
hast been in rejection of the mercy of
God proclaimed in Jesus Christ! O, it
is good for thee to realize how black
and foul thou art, and how desperate
thy case is apart from Christ. Thou
art like a man being drawn from a pit
by a single rope. He does not but
cling to the rope tied round him; if
that rope break he must be dashed to
pieces; all his salvation depends upon
the rope of another, held in another's
hand. That rope is the work of Christ
for thee, and He who casts the rope
will pull thee out of thy peril and dis-
tress.

But I would especially charge thee
not to rest content until thou art
established on the rock Christ Jesus.
Be well persuaded, and that by scrip-
tural proofs alone, that thou art passed
from death unto life. Fill thy spirit
from the well of the Bible; drink deep-
ly and often of its gracious words if
thou wouldst be strong. Depend upon
it, it is neglect of the Bible that causes
the anguish and weakness of many
Christians; thou canst not be strong
or useful save by the influence of the
inwrought word, and to it I would
commend thee.—Gifford's *Advice to*
John Bunyan when Under Conviction
of sin.

Random Readings.

Only trust thyself, and another shall
not betray thee.
A heart unloving among kindred
has no love towards God's saints and
angels.—*Manning.*
A man may be doing much who is
successfully overcoming adverse influ-
ences.—*Spurgeon.*
Though flattery blossoms like friend-
ship, yet there is a great difference in
the fruit.—*Sourates.*

The humblest occupation has in it
materials of discipline for the highest
heaven.—*Robertson.*
God is a shower to the heart burned
up with grief; God is a sun to the face
deluged with tears.—*Joseph Rowe.*

I would give nothing for that man's
religion, whose very dog and cat are
not the better for it.—*Rowland Hill.*
We go and fancy that everybody is
thinking of us, but he is not; he is,
like us, thinking of himself.—*Charles*
Reade.

Nature has written a letter of credit
upon some men's faces, which is
honored almost wherever presented.—
Thackeray.

The emptiness of all things, from
politics to pastimes, is never so strik-
ing to us as when we fail in them.—
George Eliot.

He who loves, knows. He who
knows, loves. St. John is an example
of the first; St. Paul of the second.—
Charles Kingsley.

Honor is like an island, rugged and
without a landing place; we can never
more re-enter when we are once out-
side of it.—*Boileau.*

A man may pass good muster as a
philanthropist, who makes but a poor
master to his servants or father to his
children.—*Maurice.*

If a man does not make new acquaint-
ances as he advances in life, he will
soon find himself alone. A man should
keep his friendship in constant repair.
—*Johnson.*

One secret act of self-denial, one
sacrifice of inclination to duty, is
worth all the mere good thoughts,
warm feelings, passionate prayers in
which idle people indulge themselves.
—*J. H. Newman.*

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:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Cam- belton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Fast express for Quebec & 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 Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day express from Halifax and Campbellton	20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou and 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. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
8th June, 1889.

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 in- termediate points, Vancorb, Ban- gor, 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.; Vancorb, 11.15 A. M.; 12.10 P. M.; St. Stephen 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; St. Andrews, 6.30 A. M.; arrives 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.



BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier — OF THE — BLOOD AND HUMORS

SUGAR-CURED HAMS BLOOD ORANGES

—AND— BANANAS.

W. H. Vanwart.

May 1.

STEEL WIRE NAILS.

I HAVE added to my stock of nails a
complete line of Steel Wire Nails. I
particularly call the attention of the car-
penters and builders to the fact that Wire
Nails run 50 per cent. more to the pound
than the corresponding size of cut nails,
and do not destroy the fibre of the wood as
cut nails do. Will not break in driving,
being stiff and tough. Will not split the
wood, but will finish work better and
stronger. They are cheaper than cut nails,
being more to the pound. Use of brass
awl unnecessary.

For sale wholesale and retail, at
NEILL'S Hardware Store.

WANTED
A SMALL BOY to learn the Hardware
business. Inquire at
NEILL'S Hardware Store.