

NOW.

If you have a kind word—say it,
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness—pay it,
Life's sun hurries to the west.

Can you do a kind deed—do it,
From despair some soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave.

If some grand thing for to-morrow
You are dreaming—do it now;
From the future do not borrow;
Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Speak thy word, perform thy duty,
Night is coming deep with rest;
Stars will gleam in fadeless beauty,
Grasses whisper o'er thy breast.

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to day fulfil thy vow;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it—do it now.

—Chris. Leader.

Thoughts and Extracts on Amusements.

BY REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

Doubtful indulgences. "The laws of God cover a thousand less crimes than the laws of men; but really cover ten thousand more."—*Edwards Irving.* The questions arising in connection with such doubtful amusements do not proceed from any real conviction of rightness, or even sincere doubt of expediency; but, rather, from a disposition to evade duty, shirk self-denial, and compromise between Christ and the world.

There is a *consensus communis christianorum*—a general agreement of spiritually-minded and intelligent disciples all through the ages, which is of itself a sufficient condemnation of the theater, ball-room, card-tables, and kindred amusements, as on the whole unseemly for a true disciple. And the agreement among the most consecrated people in all times has been wonderfully unanimous and suggests the guidance of the Spirit of God.

The criterion of lawfulness or unlawfulness. Mrs. Wesley said, "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of duty, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." No wonder John and Charles Wesley were such mighty men, fed on such "mother's milk!"

"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Revised Version: "She that giveth herself to pleasure." There is a deadening influence in pleasure seeking. The finer instincts of our nature are cultivated by consideration for others and forgetfulness of self. Because pleasure magnifies self, makes one's own indulgence a chief end, dangles with principle in order to indulge inclination, nothing is more surely deadening to all the noblest instincts and attributes of our being than simple pleasure seeking. Never do we find real spiritual vitality in any man or woman given to pleasure. "When the crozier became golden, the bishops became wooden."

Pleasure is next door neighbor to sin. Innocent recreation becomes dissipation when carried to excess, and as Dr. Arnold says, "Amusement becomes reveling when encroaching upon next day's duties."

Pleasures and habits. "Centers or centerpieces of wood are put by builders under an arch of stone while it is in process of construction till the keystone is put in. Just such is the use that Satan makes of pleasure to construct evil habits upon. The pleasure lasts, perhaps, till the habit is fully formed; but that done, the structure may stand eternal. The pleasures are sent for firewood and the hell begins in this life."—*S. T. Coleridge.* This is one of the most remarkable excerpts we have ever culled from literature. The thought is awfully true, and suggestive. How often do we see men indulging a sinful or harmful pleasure. It becomes the basis of a habit that cannot be shaken off at will. Then the pleasure gradually ceases, the power to enjoy declines, the pain more than over-balances the gratification, perhaps it is all anguish and agony; but the habit is formed and the evil cup is still eagerly sought and drained, though now it has lost its sweetness, and only the dregs of bitter remorse, disease, torment, remain.

Pleasures must be guided and guarded by consideration for others (Rom. 14; 15: 1-4). Paul concedes that the weak as well as the strong, exist even in the church. The liberal conscience must consult the narrow and liberal consciences; the enlightened and independent must regard the ignorant and superstitious. Some have self-control enough to avoid excess, but their moderate indulgence may betray into immoderation those who have less experience and self-restraint. Paul never was more a hero than when, himself a giant in keeping the body under subjection, he renounced pleasures that he

might safely indulge, lest they become a stumbling block to them that are weak.

The highest pleasures come unsought. Arthur Harwick says: "A shadow followed flies before me; a shadow from which I flee pursues me." Pleasure is a shadow of which service is the real substance. He who is absorbed in serving God and man is never an unhappy man. He is after something beside and beyond pleasure; but pleasure comes in serving. As the architectural maxim is: "do not construct ornament, but ornament construction."

Heavenly bliss may be enjoyed in foretaste, but only by those who have senses exercised to discern both good and evil, and who have cultivated a keen relish for holy pleasures and fellowships. Fifty miles off the shores of New England, seafaring cattle have been observed on ocean vessels, made almost wild with joy as they scented the clover fields that sloped down toward the sea, and whose fragrance was borne on the wings of the wind.

The range of amusement depends on the slope of our faculty. At Inverness is a cataract with three distinct leaps. Most people see in it only a waterfall. A delicate musical ear can detect in that cataract all the notes of a musical scale. A poetic, musical gentleman went there by the hour, sitting entranced as he heard the choral voices, from the deep bass to the sweet soprano, which he detected in that roar and rush of waters. To him it was an anthem. A most exquisite singer of Europe says that the sea always moans in a minor key. It is worth while to train our faculties, if only to make them capable of ministering greater enjoyment.

Froude's story of "The Cat's Pilgrimage" is a fine fable to illustrate the right of people to find enjoyment in all legitimate ways, in accord with their own temperament and taste. The cattle lie on the grass and chew the cud; the bird sings, perched on the tree-top; the butterfly wings his way from bloom to bloom, loving the sunshine, attracted by bright hues, and sipping honey; the owl winks and blinks and meditates; and no one of them can understand the other. Some men belong to the ruminating class, some to the aesthetes, some to the metaphysical and reflective; let every one pursue his own idiosyncrasy—or, if you please, idiosyncrasy.

Some people seem to lack the laughing faculty. A gloomy misanthrope at De Funiak Springs seemed determined not to laugh. Every effort was made to divert him. At last a wag told an uproariously funny story, which compelled explosive merriment on the part of everybody else. This man could not but feel the impulse to laugh, or at least to smile, but he resorted to picking his teeth as a diversion.

The ethics of amusement. Trench finely suggests that the very etymology of certain words has an ethical lesson. *Amusement*—*A-musis*—turning temporarily from the muses, the patrons science, art, etc., in order to return to severer studies. *Relaxation*—the unbending of the bow to relieve tension and preserve elasticity. *Recreation*—the re-creating of the faculties exhausted by the waste of work. When amusement takes this, its normal place, it will not only never interfere with our legitimate work, but it will become a positive preparation of body and mind for resumption of our toil.—*Star.*

Sorrow Turned into Joy.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

We often make sad mistakes as to what is best for us. We often hide our richest blessings under a pall, and decorate with garlands our temptations, or the sources of our spiritual sorrows and shame. The poor old patriarch Jacob was shrouded in gloom, when he wailed out "All these things are against me." Joseph is gone; Simeon is gone; and they have carried away also Benjamin, who bore in his boyish face the photograph of beautiful Rachel. He calls his lot a sad one. But the returning caravan is almost in sight which brings to him the full sacks from Egypt's granaries, and the joyful invitation to go and see his long-lost Joseph as Premier of Pharaoh's kingdom. His dark hour is just before the day-dawn. What he baptized as a sorrow, has grown into the greatest mercy of his life.

We have a striking illustration of the mistakes that short-sighted people often make by turning to a verse in the fourth chapter of the first of Chronicles. There we read that "Jabez was more honorable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying 'Because I bore him with sorrow.'" For some reason or other she puts the mark of her grief on the brow of her child, and calls him "sorrowful." Yet the very child who was born in tears and christened with a sad name, grew up to be the glory of

her household. He outstripped all his brethren! God honored him with so many blessings, and his career was so bright and beneficent, that people must have wondered how he ever came to have so doleful a name. His history was like the April shower that begins with weeping clouds, but ends in brilliant sun-bursts and in rainbows painted on the sky.

We are often as blind as that Hebrew mother, and make the same egregious mistakes. We persist in naming things *sorrowful*, which turn out to be rich blessings in disguise. Who ever congratulates a man on the loss of his fortune, or the failure of his ambitious schemes? Yet while his purse is being emptied, his soul may be filling full with God's grace. More than one man has been bankrupted into spiritual wealth. Be careful how you tell a sick friend that his sickness is a great affliction—when it may be sent of God to soften his heart, to bring him to reflection and repentance. Let us be careful how we condole with every weeping mother whose darling child has found its angel-wings, and flown away to the arms of Jesus. If we wish to sympathize with any parent, let it rather be with her whose living children are *finding* away life in frivolity, or are hardening into the sins that may yet break the heart of her who bore them. A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow, than I have pitied the mother of a departed joy. Parents, spare your tears from those who have gone up to the sinless "high school" of Christ in glory; spend them on those children who are yet alive, but are still untouched by repentance, or unconverted to God. Don't stop with weeping over their impenitence. Strive to win them by kind counsels and prayers, and by a holy example, to the Saviour; then your sorrow may be turned into joy.

The Bible is like a vast orchard, where precious fruit is often hidden behind the leaves. This story of Jabez—if you turn it out from under the leaves—has many a golden teaching. It teaches us not to be frightened by present troubles, or cast down by to-day's discouragements. Every true, deep Christian life begins in griefs over sin and in sharp conflicts with temptation. A religion that has had too easy a birth, seldom grows into a strong victorious Christ-likeness; he who never weeps over sin, will never sing for joy, or chant harvest-hymns over full leaves of blessings. The enterprises also that cost us the most anxiety and toil and self-denial, are those that like Jabez, "enlarge their borders," and yield the after-crops of large results. There may have been some wet eyes up in that prayer-room in Jerusalem, where the little band met after their Master had left them; they were sowing in tears, to reap with joy before the next day's sun went down. Never despair of a good cause! Never despair of a great heaven-directed reform, even when the powers of hell are striving to strangle it. Never despair of a child. The one that fills you with most solicitude, and occasions your most fervent prayers, may yet gladden your life with joys beyond your highest hopes. *Never despair of a soul, as long as you can plead with God for that soul, or strive to bring it into a full view of Christ.* Let us all learn that God is ten-thousand-fold wiser and more far-sighted than our poor, foolish fears. And also, let us never name our children or our good undertakings *sorrowful*, until we know how they are going to turn out, and what our heavenly Father intends to make of them.

A Patient Heart.

FOR THE SICK AND INFIRM.

All of us want to give something to God. You hear of others giving time, money, service, and it is a grief to you that you have nothing to render to the great and tender Physician for whom others are so busy. Once you could take your place in his vineyard and feel yourself of some little use to God and man, but now something whispers to your heart that you are a cumberer of the ground, and can render nothing to the Lord for all his benefits toward you. Those wise men must have rejoiced; they could bring the new born Saviour gold, frankincense and myrrh; but a little Sunday-schooler said to me once, "The shepherds did better still—they gave Christ themselves."

It is in your power to-day to bring to the Master a very precious offering, whatever your circumstances may be, and however weak you may feel. If he needed you just now in the vineyard you would be there; if he required money from your purse, he would have first put it therein; if he required the service that health and strength can render, his loving hand would not have weakened your strength in the way. This little verse will show what you can render to the Lord:—

"My full day's work is done,
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God,
My patient heart."

Or is it an impatient one you offer to Him just now? Perhaps you feel inclined to say, "Did you know all, you would not wonder at my fretfulness. There is this worry and that worry and the other, and infirmities have laid hold upon me, and nothing goes on as it would do were I well enough to see to things. Nobody cares about a poor creature like me, and I am all alone." But even if it were possible that not one of your fellow-creatures cared about you, which I think in your heart you know they do, still you would be the object of untold love, unbounded compassion, everlasting remembrance. You are the object of such love, at this moment, amid all the anxieties and weakness, it is as true that God loves as that God lives, and as to your being all alone, do not forget that the great, wise, merciful Lord has said, "Certainly I will be with thee."

Friend, if your Master loves you so truly, and is with you now, can you not bring forth the fruit of patience? True, the way seems long and mysterious, and past your finding out, but what he is doing he will explain to you hereafter; just now what he asks of you is patient faith. "I sometimes envy the flowers by my bedside their freedom from pain, and wonder why I should suffer so, and they should look so fair and calm and untroubled," said a Christian whom God chose for the furnace of affliction; the beautiful roses could not respond to his teachings of pain, but her immortal soul could and did, and he was shaping her into his own glorious image while he was acquainted with grief.

Ah! those words remind us of a wonderful cure for impatience. Since the dear Lord has Himself been a Man of Sorrows, since Jesus wept, shall the disciple murmur to tread in his footsteps and learn what it is to watch and wait in Gethsemane? Ask the Redeemer to teach you the prayer he lifted there; breathing those words in sincerity, the fever of fretful unrest will leave you, and you will show to others how, even in tribulation, God can give to his children a calm and patient heart.

It will help you likewise to be patient when your remember that the roughest, hardest post is given to those whom the commander most trusts and honors. The hardest lesson is given to the scholar who will do the teacher most credit. It is not because you have failed, but because you have glorified God in the sunshine, that now he gives you the highest training of all—to be made perfect through the things you suffer. All things work together for good to them that love God, and when you take the assurance of God's Holy Word that even this pain, this weakness, this trouble is working out for you blessing and joy and sunlight unspeakable, will you not put by the fretting, and, lifting holy hands of prayer, humbly, trustfully, adoringly bring to-day to your patient God a patient heart? "Oh, impatient ones," cried a good minister now in the Land where there is no unrest, "do the leaves say nothing to you?" He pointed out that their glory is not the creation of an hour; every leaf-stem has a cradle in which is an infant germ, and rocking winds and rain as well as sunshine will cease its beauty by-and-by to unfold. And thus is God working for you; accept his winds and his rain, believe in his present love and in his unshadowed hereafter, and deny not to him who is mindful of his own a patient heart.—*The Quiver.*

Encourage Somebody.

I ask you, my reader, are not you, am not I, more ready to criticize than to commend? Do we not discover faults more easily than the things which are commendable? Look at that anxious, care-worn pastor. The burdens of a pastorate are upon him. It would make the preparation of the next sermon much easier, if he could know that the last had been helpful to any poor, struggling one. How can he know it if no one had told him? But you say he ought to be above needing words of encouragement. He is not above this. He is human, very human, like yourself. Adverse words sting him as they sting you. There is that patient teacher. It is your child whose mind she trains and whose faults she corrects, day by day. Encouraging words from her patrons are a source of wonderful inspiration to her. Have you ever spoken them?

Try the words of commendation on your hired girl. If she has done a thing well, tell her so. It does not cost you much to say: "Bridge, your 'bread is good,' or 'you have swept the room nicely,' but it leaves sunshine in the heart of a servant. Try the words of commendation on the members of your own family. Many a daughter's soul has been soured

by a mother's petulance. Many a boy has been scolded away from home who might have been retained. Not to endorse flattery do we write. There is a plain line of distinction between flattery and proper and deserved commendation. It is the encouraging word that needs to be spoken. It is easily spoken; but it is a motive of wondrous power.

The words of caution and blame may sometimes have to be spoken. Speak them not until they are necessary. In a multitude of cases they will not be necessary if you speak first the words of encouragement. Human hearts respond to kindness as plant and flower respond to sunshine. Try kindness. —*Rev. E. Rogers, in Free Baptist.*

It is often asked, Why must trials be endured by Christians? Why not allow them to enter heaven "upon flowery beds of ease?" Why not give them an easy time on earth as well as an easy portion in eternity? The answer is, because God sees such a course is not best for their highest development here, or for their greatest honour hereafter. Afflictions test principles and strengthen character. The fiery furnace attests the power of endurance. The prize is won through tribulation. Perfection is wrought through suffering. The jewels in the crown of glory emit a brighter lustre through the setting of a varied earthly experience. The severe discipline brings out more richly the sustaining and comforting grace of God, makes Christ sweeter and more welcome and glorious upon life's close.

Random Readings.

The sins of youth are the shadows of old age.
He prays best who works best.
Vice versa. He works best who prays best.

Peace and comfort are Christ's great encouragement to faithfulness and obedience.—*Baxter.*

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.—*Colton.*

The advantages of treasuring up Scripture truths is like planting seeds. Every one is prolific of new and often original truths.

If we could only live as well as we wish, what happy and prosperous lives we would have. But doing is very much more difficult than desiring and resolving.

Do not expect commercial payment for the real benefits you may render mankind. Doing good is the great way of enriching character.—*Dr. S. J. McPherson.*

Never suffer the social interests of the church to interfere with the spiritual. The church is not a club; it is an avenue of divine grace, an agent for service.—*The Advance.*

It is the cross that makes the peace so sweet. Amid the tears of grief, peace keeps her silent place like the rainbow upon the spray of the cataract.—*Horatius Bonar, D. D.*

Giving for God is not the only way to gain heavenly mindedness; but our unwillingness to give for him may stand in the way of our entering into fuller blessing.—*Rev. P. L. Hunter.*

The higher and more consecrated the individual life the clearer will probably be its recognition of its dependence upon and guidance by the God who is acknowledged in all its ways.—*Cum-berland Presbyterian.*

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fog of God's will fastened upon its back.—*F. W. Faber.*

Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to saintly character, he who has not found out how directly, or indirectly, to make everything converge toward his soul's sanctification, has as yet missed the meaning of this life.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early and even suicidal grave many a man, who, if he had tried the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive to-day and in the enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer, be warned in season, and don't allow the system to run down.

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious trouble in the way of Congestion or Laryngitis, or perhaps Consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.

The Horse—nobler of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as his master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of *Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.* Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

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889. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after MONDAY, 30th December, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax 13.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal 17.00
Express for Sussex 18.30

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 17.00 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The trains leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 11.10
Fast Express from Halifax 15.30
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton 19.30
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.

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Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
27th December, 1889.

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect April 7th, 1890.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.05 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, to Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; 2 St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north.

11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, connecting at the Junction with Fast Express via Short Line for Montreal and the West, Houlton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.15, 8.55 A. M.; 4.45 P. M.; Fredericton Junction 7.45 A. M.; 12.50, 6.25 P. M.; MacAdam Junction, 11.05 A. M.; 2.20 P. M.; Vancouver, 10.45 A. M.; 12.10 P. M.; St. Stephen, 9.10, 11.55 A. M.; St. Andrews, 6.30 A. M.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.

8.55 A. M., 2.00, 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.

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