

The Holy Land.

How dull is life, and what a pretty round
Of selfish duties fill the passing days.
I long for some fresh sight, or some sweet
sound,
My feet are weary with these common
ways!
Oh! could I but for one short hour stand
Where Jesus stood upon Mount Olives'
height,
And tread the paths He trod in that far
land,
My life might blossom with a new delight.
Towards thee my pilgrim soul forever
turns,
Thou Holy Land, than other lands more
blest.
Still for thy hallowed groves my spirit
yearns;
There I might find content and peace
and rest.
Nay, foolish heart, how slow to learn what
He
Would teach by His brief sojourn on our
earth—
That not a little time or space should be
Illumined by the glory of His birth.
But every human life and all the lands
Are holy since He walked and talked
with men;
Till is divine touched by His gracious
hands;
His presence filleth all things now as
then.
So in the desert or the crowded street,
On mountain slope or by the white sea
sand,
Behold the imprint of His sacred feet.
And know the whole earth is a Holy
Land.
—Mrs. F. L. Ballard.

A Marked Experience.

BY REV. B. BOSWORTH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A few miles out of the city of Rochester, nearly thirty years ago, while the writer was pastor of a Congregational church, there occurred one of the most powerful and extensive revivals of religion he ever remembers to have witnessed in a rural congregation, during which over two hundred individuals arose in the public assembly to express their desire to become Christians, many of whom became the faithful followers of Christ. Among the households who were won to Christ in that most precious work was that of a Mr. Eaton, or Squire Eaton, as he was generally called. He lived from three to four miles from the church, towards the city, and for many years neither himself nor his family attended regularly any place of worship. Among the crowds who came from every quarter to the meetings was the family of Mr. Eaton, and occasionally he came with them. His wife and children were among the converts, but he did not appear to be at all moved. He seemed the most unapproachable person on that vital subject of any one in the community, not a few regarding him as self-righteous, and even hostile to the plan of redemption. He had been Justice of the Peace for many years, and prided himself on his knowledge of law, and on the fact that no decision of his had ever been reversed in the higher courts. He was a man, too, who was justly noted for his general intelligence and his irreproachable moral character, and stood high in the estimation of the community in which he had long lived. When the meetings came to a close, his family desired to attend the church, and he came with them. Meetings of the church were in due time held, to examine and receive those who were to make a public profession of their faith in Christ. Among them came Mrs. Eaton and their children, but no visible impression was observed upon the husband and father. At length the last meeting was held for that purpose, and for the preparatory lecture, in view of the public profession so many were to make on the coming Sabbath and the celebration of the Lord's Supper. At that last church meeting Mr. Eaton was present, to the surprise of every one there but the members of his own family, and was observed to be deeply moved and affected by everything connected with the services. As the meeting was about to close he was seen to rise to his feet, and with the deepest emotions gave utterance to the following confession, in substance, of his Christian experience. He said that thirty years previous he had been led to accept of Christ, but had neglected to make a public profession of his faith and connect himself with the people of God. In consequence of this neglect he had fallen into darkness, and to a great extent into entire indifference to the whole subject; had given up attendance on the public services of the sanctuary; had almost entirely given up prayer, and seldom even alluded to the subject in any way or manner; and so spiritually indifferent and dead had he become, that few, if any, ever suspected him of entertaining a serious thought. That powerful revival had not reached, nor even awakened him. The conversion of his friends and neighbors had produced no effect on him. Even the conversion of his wife and children had not led

him to self-examination or to serious thought. Mrs. Eaton and the children presenting themselves as candidates for membership of the church had left him where he had long been—unreached and unmoved. "But," said he, "last Sabbath morning, when I entered the church, the hymn that was sung was for me; the chapter that was read was for me; the prayer that was offered was also for me; the text, 'How much owest thou unto my Lord,' was directly and pointedly for me; and the sermon seemed most searching and exclusively for me. I felt that God was in all that service, and that in it all He was most solemnly and powerfully speaking to me. I went home utterly crushed and over-whelmed at myself and my amazing indebtedness to Him; that I owed everything to Him,—my being, my preservation, and most of all, my redemption, and every hope he had placed before me; and that I had never even attempted to make to my Lord the slightest return. I have never in my life had such a struggle with myself as I have had since last Sabbath morning. But by the grace of God, I have been led to make a full and unreserved surrender of myself to Him, and I believe He has had mercy on me and forgiven all my sins and my indebtedness to Him, and spoken peace to my soul; and I am here, dear friends to say to you as God's dear children, that if you will forgive my unfaithfulness and ingratitude in the past, and receive me to your fellowship and communion, it shall be my aim in the future, as it will be the joy of my heart, to do what I can to pay to my Lord and Saviour what I owe Him."

The impression made upon the pastor and members of that church, and the large number of candidates for admission, as he uttered these feeling words and took his seat, may be imagined, but could only be felt by those who heard them. Squire Eaton and all his family, if the writer remembers rightly, with many others, confessed their faith in Christ on the following Sabbath, took the vows of Christ upon them to be forever His, and sat down together at the Lord's table to commemorate His dying love for them. It was a scene never to be forgotten; and well did Squire Eaton, a trophy of grace at the eleventh hour, do what he could in after-life to redeem that promise to pay to his Lord and Master what he owed Him. And would it not be well for all who are faltering in duty to Christ—not only those like Squire Eaton, who had never identified themselves with Christ and His cause, but those who have long been unfaithful to their vows to Him, while His cause at home is languishing, and mission fields abroad are white for the harvest, and while life is ebbing away and blood-bought opportunities are unimproved—to consider and weigh the question anew, each and all, in all its bearings, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" and do at once and in earnest what yet can be done to pay it? Is not the great reason why so many hesitate and falter and delay in fulfilling their obligations to Him and His cause, that they have never seen and felt in its length and breadth the amazing amount of what they owe unto their Lord?—*The Watchman.*

The Gambling Mania.

The gambler's progress is dramatically pictured in John B. Gough's description of the man who started in a chase after a bubble, attracted by its bright and gorgeous hues. At first his way was through vineyards heavy with purple grapes, past fountains sparkling in the sunshine, and amid the music of singing birds. As he runs the excitement grows into a passion and the passion into a disease. The pursuit gradually leads him away from things bright and beautiful up the steep sides of a fearful volcano. Falls come to him and leave him bruised and blistered, but on he presses in the mad determination to have the glittering prize, cost what it will. "He must secure it. Knee-deep in the hot ashes he falls, then up again with limbs torn and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize! He will have it. With one desperate effort he makes a sudden leap. Ah! he has it now! but he has leaped into the volcano, and with a burst bubble in his hand, goes to his retribution." So it is with the man seized by the mania of gambling. At first life is full of new excitement and the thrilling rush of pursuit after gain. Warnings are unheeded, the sober dictates of reason are flung to the winds. Friends speak to him of wasted hours and crippled means, but they might as well speak to a stone image. What was once his pastime is now his life. Existence is unbearable without the keen enjoyment of the gaming-table. And so the sad tragedy runs its dreary length until the curtain falls amid the wails of a gambler's doom.

This is no fancy picture. Every ob-

server of the facts of life will bear testimony to its truth. Fastidious, selfish oblivion to every interest, save the master passion, the feverish excitement of alternate loss and gain, final ruin and often suicide, are the stages in the gambler's downward career. Ask the pastors of city churches about the hold gambling has on those of their parishioners unfortunate enough to come under its spell, and they will tell you with unanimous voice that chains of adamant are not stronger than the chains of the gambling habit. Once the betting fever seizes a man he becomes impervious to good influences. Social duties, family affections, respect of friends, and the claims of the Gospel are sacrificed in the mad chase to snatch a golden prize. If this be not a mania, full of despair and darkness, what is?

Gambling does not lack advocates even among those who ought to know better. Young men are taught that there is no sin in betting if they bet only for small amounts. A distinction between small and large bets is both false and pernicious. If the thing be wrong in principle, staking five cents is as criminal as staking \$500. It is high time to emphasize the truth that this is not a question of money quantity but of moral quality, and to strip away the veil of sophism which so long hid the deformities of this vice. Gambling must be either wrong or right. If it is wrong, no man with any pretense to morality dare extenuate its practice in any form. Brand the habit with the irrevocable stigma of evil-doing, and you have taken a long stride toward its suppression.

Gambling is opposed to the spirit of Christianity. This is questioned by its supporters, who sometimes say: "Point out one express command against gambling in the Bible, and we will obey it." Our answer is that the Bible concerns itself more with principles for the regulation of conduct than with detailed injunctions. What ever makes for love and righteousness is commended by it; whatever militates against love and righteousness is condemned by it. Is there one supporter of gambling brazen enough in effrontery to maintain that it helps to establish love or righteousness? It shows its love by bringing a man into a slavery whose only reward is ruin for body and soul. Its righteousness is conspicuous by absence. Every law of righteousness laid down by Christ is travestied in the practice of gambling.

What is anti-Christian and anti-social can never be right under any circumstances. Let all those who profess to love God and man learn this lesson and protect themselves accordingly. We protect lunatics from the dangers to which their madness exposes them. Why should not we do something to save the victims of the gambling mania?—*The Rev. D. Sutherland, in "New York Observer."*

Religious Conversation.

We make a distinction between religious conversation and conversation about religion. We have listened to long interviews in which there was much talk about the Church and the ministry, and many pious remarks on Christian life and experience, interspersed with discussions of Bible doctrines, but from which the spirit of genuine and earnest piety was conspicuously absent. Again, we have heard extended conversations between Christians, both men and women, in which there were no strictly spiritual themes introduced, but which were permeated and controlled by truly Christian sentiments. From this very plain distinction it will be readily understood what we mean by religious conversation; and yet very many seem to have wholly mistaken the nature and value of the duty of engaging in it.

There is no doubt it is a duty binding upon all. Our speech forms an important part of life and its responsibility. It takes up a very large proportion of our time; it is, when intelligently applied, a very sure test of religious character and state, it is a powerful means of imparting and receiving good, and it is often an instrument of extensive mischief. We speak strongly of the power of the press, but that of the tongue is far mightier. For one that reads and writes, there are scores that talk and hear; and there is a vast amount of what may be called conversational ability. The Word of God wisely addressed itself to this talent and invokes its agency in promoting truth and piety, and warns men against perverting it to evil ends.

That word recognizes the excellence and yet rarity of good conversation, and dwells much on the sin of its opposite. "If a man offend not in word the same is a perfect man and able also to bridle the whole body." The wise man says, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Why is it that we hear so little genuine religious conversation even in Chris-

tian circles? Many reasons may be given. We mention a few. One is, that even professors of religion are, to a sad extent, more interested in worldly matters. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Their hearts abound in secular desires, and naturally they talk about secular things. Of how many church members is it true that you may spend hours and days in their company and never hear a word that indicates that their affections are set on things above, or that they are governed by the truths and precepts of God's Word. Their whole conversation, and it is generally carried on with zest, relates to money-making, temporal promotion, carnal indulgence, social life, with its pleasures and fashions, fashionable people, dress, equipage, furniture and the ten thousand other topics that make up the circle of a worldly life. Their talk reveals an earthly, if not a sordid, sensual, or trivial mind. To introduce a religious subject in such a circle, however justified by circumstances, or in whatever spirit, would be considered a grand impertinence. It would be adjudged wholly out of place, and it would soon be dismissed.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

Silence.

All the greatest agencies in the universe are silent. Heat, light, electricity, gravitation, sleep, death—all are silent. Thought is silent; volition is silent.

In the family silence is a great peace-maker, not a dogged, sullen silence, but a kindly, judicious silence. In certain moods of mind and body one may be wrought to frenzy by words and suggestions that in other moods would have no effect. When one is hungry or tired or sleepy or sick, he cannot take the same views that he does when full-fed, fresh, and vigorous in health. If he can make due allowance for this inevitable state of things in himself and those around him, and restrain his words, govern his tones, control his manner, he may avert a deal of trouble. An impulsive word is sometimes as spark to powder. We are careful to keep flame from powder made from saltpeter and sulphur; and should we not be equally careful to prevent social and domestic explosions? Some people are so constituted that in certain moods they will say disagreeable things simply because they feel like it. If the combustible stuff about them is wet with the cool waters of silence, it will not take fire, and great damage may be prevented.

How many words are best left unsaid! Why should we drop caustic remarks that can only burn and rankle and corrode in the hearts they touch? Why should we return railing for railing? When a wrong is to be righted, when a fault must be corrected, when an unwelcome truth must be spoken, the spirit in which it is done may be such as not justly to provoke resentment or any hateful passion.

The facts in one's life cannot be changed by mere words, and hence the best answer to unjust accusations of many sorts is silence. When one knows that he is just and honorable and right in his dealings, wrong imputations can be borne with patience, and he can wait for his vindication, which time will surely bring. Silence is a great healer of many domestic maladies.

Pressures.

We are apt to think at times that we should be happier if we had less to do. Probably some of us would, but we learn by experience that life's cares are its pleasures; that its burdens are like the weights of a clock, necessary to keep our machinery in good order.

Stanley tells us in his *Dark Continent* that when crossing a rapid stream the natives put heavy rocks on their heads to keep them from being carried away by the force of the current, and thus they pass safely over. In crossing many a dangerous rapid in our lives we are steadied by the burdens resting on our shoulders, and without them we should fail to reach the desired shore.

It is better to wear out than to rust out. A watch that is not kept running soon loses the power to run. Keep it wound up, and it will go till it wears itself out. Omit winding and let it lie still, and dust accumulates, or the oil dries up or gets sticky, and the wheels refuse to move.

We can do what we have to do, but we cannot work more than twenty-four hours in one day, nor more than twelve or sixteen, allowing time for food and sleep. When pressures are heavy, they crowd out a lot of superfluous work and compel us to do what most needs doing, often to our very great advantage. We accomplish a great deal because we neglect all the unimportant things and concentrate our forces on what cannot be neglected.

Those under heavy pressures cannot judge at the time how much good they

are deriving from the weights resting on them; but their friends can see well enough how they improve in steadiness, in patience, in gentleness, in power of sympathy with others, in forgetfulness of self, in efficiency.

When the burden gets too heavy to be borne we learn what we should have learned in the beginning, that there is One who will bear the burden for us and with us, not permitting us to be tempted above what we are able to bear.

Miscellaneous Proverbs.

Love is life's poetry written upon the heart.

Satire is nourished more by vanity than malice.

Self-love is the compliment we pay our vanity.

Hypocrisy is the worship of vice at the shrine of virtue.

True merit is always modest, often painfully diffident.

Friendship claims its pay in kindness and always with usury.

He is only master of his faults who has courage to confess them.

To esteem virtue for its true worth is only less than to practice it.

True courage is doing right without the desire of praise or fear of censure.

Affection for the dead is often the price paid for the admiration of the living.

Doing good is action immortal photographed for the gallery of heaven.

Flowers are the pencilings of the Divine hand, which mortal can but poorly imitate.

Pride is selfishness in bloom dispensing its fragrance and beauty to secure praise.

Love has many counterfeits which pass current until tested in the crucible of sacrifice.

Immortality is man's gift by creation, man's inheritance by affinity, man's destiny by purchase.

The world is man's theater of action, God's laws the standard by which he will be judged, rewarded, or punished.

Random Readings.

If we measure distance by time, we are not far from home.—*Spurgeon.*

The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.—*Robertson.*

Let no man call himself a Christian who lives without giving a part of life to the duty of prayer.—*Channing.*

If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it.—*Ruskin.*

One of the finest sights in the world is a Christian at the end of a long course, with an unsullied reputation. His hair may be white, but his leaf is green.—*Gay.*

To take up the cross of Christ is no great action done once for all; it consists in the continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to us.—*J. H. Newman.*

The cords of love are silken; and he who begins with setting before himself the largeness of Christ's gifts to him will not fail in using these so as to increase them.—*McLaren.*

When the mind thinks nothing, when the soul covets nothing, and the body acteth nothing that is contrary to the will of God, this is perfect sanctification.—*Anonymous in an old Bible, 1599.*

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart, will change the whole day, and make every thought and feeling different.—*Drummond.*

There sometimes wants only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities, which would otherwise have been eternally concealed; as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.—*Greville.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

If you are despondent, low spirited, irritable, and peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating, then get a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia. Mr. R. H. Dawson, St. Mary's writes: "Four bottles of Vegetable Discovery entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases I now feel like a new man."

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them they will certainly please you.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parlee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money will be refunded.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after MONDAY, 9th June, 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.00
Fast Express for Halifax	13.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal	16.35
Express for Halifax	22.30

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving Halifax at 6.30 and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

Lighting cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.10
Fast express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.65
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	18.05
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	22.30

The 6.30 train from Halifax will arrive at St. John at 8.30 Sunday, along with the express from Montreal and Quebec but neither of these trains run on Monday. A train will leave St. John at 8.30. 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 Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
6th June, 1890.

Canadian Pacific Railway,
NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The
Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect August 14th, 1890.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.00 A. M. — Express for St. John, and intermediate points, to Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north.
10.30 A. M. — For Fredericton Junction, St. John and all points east.
3.15 P. M. — For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.35, 8.45, A. M.; 4.45 P. M.; Fredericton Junction, 8.10, A. M., 12.00 P. M.; 6.25 P. M.; McAdam Junction, 10.40 A. M.; 2.15 P. M.; Vancouver, 10.20 A. M.; St. Stephen, 7.50, 11.25 A. M.; St. Andrews, 7.35 A. M.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.20 A. M., 1.10, 7.20 P. M.
LEAVE GIBSON.

6.45 A. M. — Mixed for Woodstock and points north.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

H. P. TIMMERMAN,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

BRISTOL'S
Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier

— OF THE —

BLOOD AND HUMORS

WORMS

For the removal of worms of all kinds from children or adults use DR. SMITH'S GERMAN WORM LOZENGES, always prompt, reliable, safe and pleasant, requiring no after medicine. Never fail. Price, 25 cents per box.

WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS

We invite our friends and the Trade in general to call at the Warehouse when in the city and inspect our stock, which is now fully assorted in all departments with new and stylish goods for Fall and Winter.

Copies of our new Catalogue and Order Book may be had on application.

DANIEL & BOYD

Market Sq. and Chipman Hill,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

The

Is easily injured the throat or larynx, flexibility, loss of voice, hoarseness, become noisy, and should every symptom speedy cure no

Cherry

The best of any dry soothes irritate organs of to its tone and speaker should see the famous Cherry Pectoral rice to melt the voice, and cure of colds and "Upon several from colds, causes of voice. I sooner any affect is a serious man have been relieved Cherry Pectoral may care, has w

Magi

that I have suffered, I have all excellent results Wm. H. Quarterly. "In the spring I was prostrated by pneumonia, my remedies, able to even articulate, and to my less than one month a natural tone improve and have have often recovered never known Lawrence, Valp

Ayer's C

DR. J. C. AYER

Sold by all Druggists

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS

PROMOTES

DIGESTION.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS

ACTS

ON THE

BOWELS.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS

REGULATES

THE

LIVER.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS

REGULATES

THE

KIDNEYS.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS

PURIFIES

THE

BLOOD.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS

MONEY

No duty