

Sowing and Reaping. Sow with a generous hand; Pause not for toil or pain; Weary not through the heat of Summer, Weary not through the cold Spring rain...

Scatter the seed, and fear not; A table will be spread; What matter if you are too weary To eat your hard-earned bread! Sow while the earth is broken, For the hungry must be fed.

About Money-making.

Never, perhaps, even in the course of the "Scottish Spurgeon's" eventful ministry of fearless sayings, have his hearers listened to more scathing denunciation, and more piquant counsel, nor have they more breathlessly watched a word-painting of human weaknesses within the church of Christ, than were embodied in the discourse of Sunday morning last, by "John McNeill"—to quote the preacher's favorite description of himself.

The old-time propriety of Presbyterianism gets some rude shakings now and then from the pulpit of Regent Square Church—shakings which seem all the more remarkable when it is remembered that from the same rostrum the voices of the tender and refined James Hamilton and the cultured and conservative Dr. Oswald Dykes, were once regularly heard. The theme on Sunday was

THE PARABLE OF THE RICH FARMER. and the sermon resolved itself into some quite extraordinarily vigorous talk about the vice of money-making, and its influence on Christian character. I noted a few of the most striking paragraphs as worthy of even a wider reading than Presbyterian circles afford. Text, Luke 12:13-21.

No sin, perhaps, is (suggested the preacher) more common in the thoughts and hearts, and breasts, and actions of men than covetousness. "Take heed," says Christ. The very emphasis of his tone is meant to waken us up to the lesson—"Take heed, and beware; beware, oh! beware, of covetousness." The rich need beware of it, the poor need beware of it, those who are too rich, those who are too poor, and the mass of middle folk, lying between. These hearts of ours, because of sin, and unbelief are hot, hungry, and restless, and strange to say, in their lustings, and longings, and breathings, they go out everywhere and after every conceivable thing except that covetousness, which would be no sin, and would satisfy every longing immortal soul. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth," and, contrariwise, a man's death consisteth not in the dearth or absence of material possessions.

See how Christ, at the very out-set, by bringing before us a rich man, a well-to-do, prosperous Jewish farmer, would rebuke covetousness, would set us right, would deliver us from

THE DOWN-DRAWING POWER OF THIS WORLD

and would so teach that even when this world flows in upon us, we shall be helped to use it without abusing it, we shall be able to keep our hands filled with it, and yet to keep their palms as open and level as though there was nothing in them.

A farmer, and therefore a man whose wealth cometh out of the soil, is peculiarly dependent upon just a thousand and one things over which he has no control. What a lesson there ought to be for those of us here whose trade depends on clouds, or want of clouds! There are a number of trades about, including a kind of middlemen, as they are called, brokers, stockbrokers, and all that sort of juggling business in shares that I scarcely understand; I have not wondered that such men lose sight of God, and do not see where God comes in in their business. You know better as to that than I do.

But here, in this kind of merchandise, the thought of God ought to be in the farmer's mind all the year round, and ought to animate his dreams at night, he is so fairly and nakedly dependent upon God. And yet that is the kind of man used to bring out the

sin of covetousness, and to make it gross, awful, and hideous, when Christ, in this inimitable way of his, shows us a fat, prosperous Jew, rubbing his bulky hands at the close of a good season, and saying "My fruits, and my goods, and my barns!" Me and mine, and not a word about God in it all.

"I will pull down my barns and build greater."

THAT MAKES GOD GET READY TO LET LOOSE

the four winds of heaven on that barn, to scatter everywhere the mere look on that man's face, and the foul, hideous, lustful gain of his covetous heart. Is there not something like it in our own hearts? Are there not some among us here that may thus feel a touch of our own greed? Remember, this was a man who, on the Sabbath, after a jolly little confab with himself, supposing he had been spared, on the Sabbath day he would have gone to the synagogue, or temple, and would have had to sing the 65th Psalm, which we have just sung. This is the tongue and the teeth of this rich Jewish farmer in his pew on Sunday? It is also the London city merchant in Regent Square Church on Sunday. It is all God to-day! This old Book of ours, and our ritual, compel our tongue and teeth to be right. But the same Lord that looked into the Jewish farmer's heart, looks into your heart and my heart to-day, and he may see this ugly, squirming thing in us as he saw it in him behind the Psalm and behind the prayer—this hideous, gaping covetousness. "My fruits, my goods."

He knows the black atheism that may be in the heart of a professing Christian; the Sahara's barrenness. No green spot of gratitude to God! In the case of a man whose Bible, whose creed, all prompted remembrance of a present God, as well as his very occupation—that of a farmer—God is not in him, the knowledge of God has left him and his poor fat heart; he is suffering, he is dying from the very common disease, as the doctors say to-day.

FATTY DEGENERATION OF THE HEART.

Just let some of us remember how God has blessed us. Let me remind you of the days when you came to London with half a crown in your pocket, and spent it, and it did not bring another half-crown, and yet you are sitting to-day well-to-do, and with a comfortable competence. What is the explanation of it! Who did it for you? You did not. I am not forgetting your industry, I am not forgetting how you rose up early and sat up late; I am not forgetting anything about the human qualities that you have used and developed. But do not forget God, my friends. If God were to take away his share out of your successes the devil himself would not be made up with what is left. Suppose God took away his share out of all that has been at work in bringing this betterment, the unearned increment, what would be left? Suppose God took his share out of your brains, and out of your body, what would be left—"less than nothing and vanity." Suppose God had withheld his blessing when you were at a crisis in your business, when you had to take a leap in the dark, and when you landed, not in the ditch, but on the firm ground. He guided you over the ditch. Oh! man, put in God somewhere, and let in the day, although it is getting to be late.

Now look here; do not let us hold up our hands in mock horror at this Jewish farmer, if we are doing the same thing ourselves every day. The Lord is not guilty of coarse daubing when he paints this man. That is a character which is true to life. This awful exposition of what is in our hearts, especially in time of prosperity, is needed.

"I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods." How to invest, and invest, and invest, is the dry rot, and I fear will be

THE DOWNRIGHT DAMNATION OF NOT A FEW PROFESSING CHRISTIANS.

Simply how to keep, and how to keep, so that it shall grow, and I shall die rich. Men are bending their whole energies to it to-day, and on seven days in the week. It is only six days on which they can actually work, but the seventh is chock full of thinking about it. Do not let us hold up our hands in mock horror, as though Christ could be guilty of exaggeration. No words of mine could make this poor dote, of a creature look worse than he is. Just look at him! Whereas, he ought to have said, as he cried the tears out of his eyes where I led him at the last soliloquy—"Now what will I do? Let me see. I wonder if I paid my men—good, honest fellows, how they toiled and tugged hard all through the working time!" Do you remember what James said, "Go to, now, ye rich men, howl and weep." When did ever we preachers dare to take that as a text? "Howl and weep." Why? "Because the hire of your labor-

ers that reaped down your fields is by you kept back through fraud, and the cry of your laborers has entered into the ears of the God of Sabaoth." You are doing well, my friend. Have you paid everybody who helped you to your success? Go back yonder to your miserable quill-drivers, and for heaven's sake, give them a few shillings more a week. You have not all the credit and all the glory. No man can say "I did it, and I did it all." And that very thing to which James refers was a current scandal at the time this fat farmer was rubbing his hands, as if he were quits with God and with every mortal being.

Now let us look around; let us go abroad through the land, let us go through the city, and see the want, and the hunger, and the nakedness, and the famine, and the wretchedness. Open your gate, my brother. You live out in a villa, just a little too self-contained; open your gate, and step out and see that you

DON'T TUMBLE OVER LAZARUS INTO HELL.

Take care. Lazarus is set there to keep you out of it, in mercy. Am not I the son of man who toiled hard for another Christian man, who took his daily skill and labor, and ground him down to the last shilling? Ground him down, and because John McNeill wanted a shilling more he let him go, and then he went sneaking after him, when he found out his worth saying, "I will give you another shilling!" Oh, the curse of it. "I will give you another shilling!" That a Christian man, a leader in a Christian church, should say to another Christian who has a wife and family, "I will give you another shilling! You are worth pounds and pounds to me; I cannot do without you, in fact, but I will give you another shilling!" The wonder is that with a Bible like this to preach we do not pull men out of their seats. There is such an awful grip in the word I have to-day.

"I will say to my soul." Notice this "my" again; my barns, my fruit, my goods." Think of the blank atheism of this; think of the utter wrong-headedness of it. Thy goods, THOU INFINITE LIAR! HANDS OFF, THOU THIEF!

God's goods; every ear of it God's own grain. Thou unjust steward, thou fraudulent trustee! Thy goods! Thy fruits! Oh, what the judgment day must become for multitudes around us! And here is God speaking it: "And I will say to my soul!" Why, man, it is a thing you have not got—a soul. "I will say to my soul: 'Soul, thou has much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry.'"

If you are well to-day, if you are prosperous, if you have more than you need, it is right you should talk to your soul. But talk to it after a different fashion. Just sit down with your soul, and put your soul there into a corner, and hold it tightly in the corner, and say: "Now, my soul, look here; soul, look at this; you and I are getting on very well; soul, we are making money; soul, you know of my balance at the bank; now, my soul, for God's sake and thine own let me talk to thee. Soul, soul, take care, for these own eternal interests, take care, that when thine hands are being filled and filled, that thine heart is keeping them open and flat, for God has many a hungry sparrow flying about that deserves feeding. Oh, soul of mine, take care of that cramp that is coming in thine hand; fight against it, keep thy palm open, though millions lay upon it, do not let them clutch. Keep it open." Talk to your heart like that.

PUT YOUR SOUL IN A CORNER;

tell your soul about the infinite danger of the body running off with the soul, even as the swine ran down the steep place into the sea and were choked. Tell your heart about the danger of swinishness and lustfulness, and of becoming material in all the finer susceptibilities, until any throb of gratitude to God, or a desire to help your helpless brother has become petrified and withered within.

And God said unto him: "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" My friend, the greatest of all reasons why you and I should be open-handed and open-hearted, why we should give, and give—and I am not talking about indiscriminate charity; no, no, no, I do not think we have ruined many people with our indiscriminate charity; God will forgive us for the damage we have done in this direction. I say the greatest reason why we should be open-handed and open-hearted is the thought of death.

That is what the poor soul forgot—his highest interests; he was closed up with the very fatness of his cheeks. I am not coarse; I am not exaggerating; David was a very fine-souled man, and David has described this man when he says:—

"Their hearts with worldly ease and wealth As fat as grease they be."

Again he says, "They spend their days in mirth, and in a moment go down to the grave."

OH! THAT GOD WOULD GIVE ME A TONGUE TO REACH THE MANSION HOUSE CORNER

yonder to lift up this magnificent old Scripture in the midst of our marts, markets, and exchanges; remember death, judgment and eternity! May the subject cool the fever in our blood, and may those that have been as though they had not, and may those that weep be as though they wept not, and those that are poor, may they be as though such a thing as poverty were unknown, for the fashion of this world passeth away, and we are all on the road to a scene and a world in which a big purse and a long rent-roll, blessed be God, count for nothing.

"Naked as to the earth we come. And entered life at first, Naked we to earth return, And mix with kindred dust."

"How much did he leave?" said a man, when the death of a wealthy friend was mentioned, and the friend answered, with a sly touch of quiet sarcasm, "How much did he leave? Why, of course, he left it all." Yes, he left it all. "This night." This night. Oh! how it brings eternity near.

EXIT RICH FARMER, ENTER THE RELATIVES TO FIGURE ABOUT THE WILL.

Oh, the satires of life! May the Lord to-day help us to look up to him, sick or well, rich or poor, young or old, and let us see to it that we are getting baptized men and women, who are rich towards God, rich in prayer, rich in work, rich in spiritual ambition, and in spiritual covetousness. For death shall only usher us into a more abundant possession.—London Baptist.

Consecration.

Much is lost to the church by lack of consecration. Form and profession are not enough. There must be life and power. There may be a splendid church edifice and a large congregation fully observant of the times and seasons; but if the mind and the heart are not there, it will be at best a divided service. When the life of God pervaded the primitive Church the Gospel spread and prevailed until the world was converted. But when worldliness took its place, the "dark ages" came in and nearly destroyed it. Many a church in the days of its espousals is filled with divine light and love. But the ardor of devotion becomes dampened, and fearful backsliding sets in. In numberless places where once were earnest, devoted churches, now spiritual desolation reigns. The church once had might, and drew to its standard; but a cold dead church has no power even to attract the world. The evangelistic spirit must be preserved and strengthened, the young must be brought to Christ, the impenitent awakened, or all will go to wreck. The late increase of evangelists is a good thing and promises much, provided there be the needed co-operation. The pastors also must become evangelists, and all the members, that there may be a truly consecrated church.

Lack of consecration is seen with regard to our worldly possessions. When the mind and heart are given to God they carry with them our all. God has made us stewards of his bounty, and it must not be withheld. No divided or defective offering can be accepted. No mites or tenths are sufficient unless it is the widow's gift, which took all she had, even all her living. It is one of the hopeful signs that the churches are awakening to the importance of this subject. How can one do most for God with our earthly substance? This is a vital question.

Increased means of grace need to be provided, churches built, the pastorate enlarged. This is not sectarianism, but the love of God pervading the hearts of his people, and drawing out their full energies to his cause. Could this good work go on, the conquest would be overthrown, our land would soon be fully evangelized, and the earth be filled with the glory of the Lord.—Morning Star.

The Cost of Service.

There can be no such thing as service which does not cost. This is implied in the primary meaning of the word, which is labor for another. Labor is the costliest tribute which a man can render, for it involves the expenditure of his own vital energy. One may give money or advice at second-hand, but labor must be always a gift at first-hand.

So it is impossible to serve Christ truly without feeling that it costs something. The mere rendering of allegiance, the mere announcing that one is on Christ's side, does not amount to anything as service. It is a necessary preliminary to service, but that is all

It is like matriculating at a university—an indispensable prerequisite of study but no wise equivalent to the hard mental work which must follow as the condition of obtaining the advantages of the university course. Serving Christ means, not only acknowledging Him, but laboring for Him. He rightly demands that which costs us most—our vital, personal energy. Christ wants no soldiers, the limit of whose service is an occasional dress-parade. He must have those who are willing to go into the field, and fight, and toil, and suffer for His sake. Verily, it costs something to belong to Christ's army! But think of the unspeakable reward, when the certain victory comes!—Herald.

Satan Complimentary.

An eminent preacher, in a sermon which we heard lately, said, "Satan was never so dangerous as when he becomes complimentary. He tried it with Jesus once. The demoniac in the synagogue, who was possessed of an unclean spirit, cried out, 'I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.' And Jesus rebuked him, saying, 'Hold thy peace, and come out of him.' He held no parley with the foul spirit—no, not for an instant, though he tried to be complimentary—smoothly acknowledging his character: 'Thou Holy One of God!' The voice of authority commanded his silence, and dislodged him!

Beloved, behold your example! Learn how to deal promptly, resolutely and determinedly with unclean spirits. Hold no parley. The more like an angel of light the advance—the more prompt should be your command of silence—bid him begone in the name of Jesus, and he will obey. The injunction is, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' Hold your ground steadily.—Guide to Holiness.

Selected.

I think there is something of meanness on the part of laymen who seem to believe that because they are laymen they can do things clergymen ought not to do. A woman of my congregation said to me the other day, after describing the performance at a theater she had visited the night before: "O, I wish you could have seen it; but then I should have been sorry to see you there." Christian character, Christian duty, and Christian bearing in social, political, and moral life is a single rule for all Christian people alike, whether clerical or lay. What is wrong, immoral, or improper for the one is equally unfit for a communicant of the church, and an act which is immoral in a clergyman is equally so in a layman. A layman has no business in a place where he would blush to see his pastor present.—The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

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. Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.—Goldsmith. 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. Let God do with me what he will, anything he will; whatever it be, it will be either heaven itself or some beginning of it.—Wm. Mountford.

Sanctify them through the truth, tell us that the Holy Spirit develops the Christian life, or makes us more holy by means of the truth; hence the necessity of treasuring up the truth in the memory.

They never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parlee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parlee's Pills are antibilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

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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..... 16.30

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..... 15.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.25 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 Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 27th December, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

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

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 Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north. 11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east. 3.20 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.; 12.30, 6.25 p. m.; St. Adam Junction, 11.05 a. m.; 2.20 p. m.; Vanceboro, 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. A. J. HEATH, F. W. GRAM, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent. Gen. Man.



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