

As the Hart Panteth After the Water Brooks.

Like as the hart with fevered lips
Seeketh the shady nooks,
Panting and leaping at the sound
Of flowing water brooks,

So thou, my soul, in searching through
The universe abroad,
Art hungry for the bread of life
And thirsty for thy God.

Off as kind nature broodeth o'er
The Shepherd with his sheep,
 wooing them to her fond embrace
In sweet, refreshing sleep,

So thou, Oh Father! givest to
Thy children waking dreams,
Of that blest Eden, where the soul
Quaffs from eternal streams.

Off in some pressing need of life
My cup is over-filled,
When on my soul the cooling dews
Of heaven are distilled.

And in the lull of water brooks
I slake my thirst at length,
While to some other fevered lips,
I hold my cup of strength.

Mrs. N. L. W. Towle.

The Histories of Promises.

I picked up a Bible from the table of a public room in a much-frequented resort. It was old and worn, bearing the marks of use. Strange that such a Bible should have been left behind in the hurry of packing, for people who use their Bibles are not apt to forget them. Carelessly I opened at the blank page, and read an inscription showing that it had been given by some mother to some daughter. Then I turned the leaves and saw that promise after promise had been marked—the same words which had so often comforted me. I thought of this girl, a stranger to me, and questioned what had been her special needs, and a new view opened of that wondrous communication of saints, of that invisible bond which binds us together, strangers though we are, and makes us one in Him.

Then I thought what a story it would make if some one could write the histories of their working and helping in different lives. Thousands and thousands of promises coming to thousands and thousands of persons, and to each according to his need—because your need is not the same as mine. If some one gives me ten dollars I do not spend in the way you would. I may want books or food while you may want a day's pleasure or an engraving. Just so the promise fits my necessity and yours also, though the two may be as wide apart as the poles. Now could all these stories of need and supply be written, what a volume they would make! Let me give a few simple ones out of the vast number:

For many weeks a woman had hoped that a thousand dollars would come to her in a certain business way. One day the mail brought the fatal letter cutting off that hope; the money would never be hers. She was not young she was ill, and her own resources were nearly exhausted. Before her lay nothing, so far as she could see, but dependence upon those who might be unwilling.

The disappointment was bitter, try as she would to be resigned. It was one of her little habits the last thing at night, before putting out the light, to open at random a book of texts which lay on her table, not in any superstitious way, but to get a "going-to sleep thought," as she called it. This night the text said: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season." It was like a lift in to daylight. She said: "Surely I know what 'due' means; it is 'opportunity,' or something like that."

Quickly she turned the leaves of the dictionary. "Seasonable, exact, without deviation." With no turning away, in the exact time when needed, the Lord gives meat. "This day our daily bread." She felt that the word of her Lord was worth far more than a thousand dollars to her. "I might have lost that or spent it foolishly, but this stands forever," and instead of the depression she had "songs in the night."

One lady was kept steady and resolute through years of nervous suffering by the strong impress of this promise on her mind: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." As often as the apprehensive feelings returned, some voice seemed to whisper the words.

A motherless girl said: "Let not your heart be troubled; always seems like my mother's hand laid on my head, and I know my mother's touch from any other in the world."

How many lonely, unprotected people have gone to bed with this pillow: "I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

A lady who lived in a large boarding-house knew that in one of the attic rooms was a poor sufferer who never came down stairs, but was waited upon by an attendant and one friend. This

friend was obliged to go away. The lady could not rid herself of the thought of this lonely invalid, yet she was not strong, and dreaded taking upon herself the task of cheering another. "One morning she took her Bible for the usual reading, and opened to the words: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Noticing a marginal reference against the word poor, she read "The weak, the sick." As she told me, "Although I was not thinking of Miss S. at all, it came to me like a flash of light that this was my promise in regard to her." At once she acted upon it by going to see the invalid, and was relieved of all the dread, and able while they both remained to see her daily, and often to pray with her. The best part was that Miss S. said, on the first visit: "I thought, when my friend went away, how could I live alone in this great house, and not one friend? I prayed the Lord to send me some one, and He has sent you." So the Spirit worked in two hearts, and one of them knew the rare sweetness of offering an answered prayer.

Another suffered much from gossip and unjust criticism. Often she asked guidance and help to pursue the right course, and in the midst of a petition came the message in a text which she hardly knew was in her memory at all: "Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues." Instantly all anxiety ceased, and soon the ill-natured talk ceased, also, and she had good reason to know it had done her no harm.

Here is gathered only a little bunch from the great garden, but is not the perfume sweet? Here are only a few every-day stories; what a volume of praise could all be told. No promise is oftener fulfilled than this one of our Lord: "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." That is what we want for the daily emergencies of life, a word from the Master, a masterful word, and if we "stay where we can hear His voice" we shall get it.

There is another class of texts akin to these which abound in consolations. They may be called indirect promises. Take, for instance, this: "God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." The first clause is as good as a promise. I often say to myself when any care oppresses me, "What Titus is coming now?" so sure am I that some Heaven-sent messenger will arrive for my relief. It may be a letter or only a kind word, but it is my Titus. God can use the slightest agency.

There are chapters, too, which are treasures of associations. The ninety-first Psalm—we called it at home "our going-away Psalm." If the house was to be closed or one of the family went on a journey, that psalm was always read at morning prayers, it is so full of promises for protection and safety.

These incidents are only such as come into ordinary life. Let me give one which is more strange, but which I believe to be true. A missionary lady, who vouched for it, told the story as illustrating the promise: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." It was during the early days of Missions in India when there was much opposition and persecution. A native who had been converted came to the missionary and said: "I feel very different toward you now from what I did before. I love you now; but then I hated you, and meant to kill you. One night I came to your house with a band of men to attack you, but you had stationed a guard."

"Why, no," exclaimed the missionary, "I never had a guard."

"Yes," said the man, "there were bright ones standing at the four corners of your house, and we were afraid and went away."

Who shall say that the eyes of these heathen were not opened to see the invisible protectors of God's servant? And so the histories multiply, and will multiply till the end of time. Few among the many hidden comfortings will come to light; no man can ever write them in a book; but how our Father must delight to read these wonderful stories written in human hearts, and ever open to His sight.—*Chris. Advocate.*

Positive Convictions.

In one of the central Middle States a well-known farmer, whose daily life corresponded with his Christian profession, was always seen to prefer the companionship of men having, like himself, positive convictions. He was often heard to say: "In these days of struggle against giant evils in society, Christian men should have positive convictions upon all the practical questions of the age, otherwise they will be of little use among their fellows." We knew him well. There seemed to be

no diminution of this manly spirit even to the last hour of his life. That he should have been frequently maligned by evil men was inevitable; it was also impossible that he should advance along that path which duty had made so plain, without being misunderstood by many excellent people. He represented a class of brave men, seldom sufficiently numerous in any community, who are thus called to suffer both from the evil and the good, while loyal to their convictions in thinking and doing. The latter without sufficient reason would often declare him to be impracticable; his intelligence and sincerity none, however, essayed to question. Notwithstanding all this criticism, no man enjoyed wider esteem; no one had a firmer hold upon the confidence of the community in which he lived. In times of dire necessity, when public wrongs were to be exposed and redressed, no one uttered a protest more effectively or pointed out more clearly the best way to extirpate the evil. His life was a constant rebuke to those who aver that positive natures have little room for the exercise of benevolent impulses. His heart was tender like the heart of childhood, and his open bounty toward the needy was universally acknowledged. Altogether we have never known one to attain more certainly the highest ideals of noble living.

We are asked to state the deepest causes that produced this strong, noble character. The causes were twofold: First, a personal and living contact with truth. He had in early life received the truth—truth from God, affecting not only his personal interest, but also the eternal happiness of the entire human family: truth reflecting the nature of the supreme Author of all good—a nature of wisdom and goodness vouchsafed to every soul. One secret ground of positive convictions is just here, the wide world over. Truth in the soul is light: truth gives power; truth gives freedom from ignoble servitude to selfishness; truth gives the ability to see the needs of men and starts the soul immediately upon lines of thinking and doing for others' welfare. There is no difficulty in accounting for any true life when once the possession of truth is conceded. When this is enthroned within, all nobility of character is not only possible, it is forever certain. On the other hand, its absence is the sign of vacillation in purpose, timidity in declaring our convictions, and inability to impart these convictions to others.

For this reason we cannot estimate too highly the value of genuine conversion. This is the starting-point in a career of positive characteristics; then it is that truth is admitted into every chamber of the soul by means of which uncertainties are forever excluded. The saved soul knows whom it hath believed.

Another cause of the manly strength in the case above alluded to was to be found in a continually uplifted heart. His life was a life of prayer. In the home the altar was never neglected. In the church his seat was never needlessly vacant. While busily engaged in the sewing time or in the reaping, the silent thought was wafted heavenward; the heart mounted daily above the visible and gained an audience with the Answerer of prayer.

Who will not be positive and strong while living thus? Such souls are walking with God—are made His high-priests to offer up sacrifices of praise; are objects of His care, and are sent into the world on errands of mercy like unto their divine Lord.

Every Christian has a Mission.

"None of us liveth to himself."
—Rom. xiv. 7.

There is, perhaps, no one point which requires more to be pressed on the attention of Christian men, women, and children in the present day than this: that every one is sent into the world with a mission—that is, for some particular object.

He is not sent here merely to vegetate and die; he is sent to do something for his Master; and there is no one who has not some talent which he can employ for God. Every one has a mission. We know what the world considers to be their mission—just to live as happily and comfortably as they can; just to kill time, without any thought of what will become of them when they are called from earth.

And what do many Christians regard as their one and only business in this world? Why, they think that their mission is to take care of the salvation of their own souls, and that when they have secured that they have done all that is required of them. My friends, that is but the beginning of the work, not the end. Having been led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, having become united to Him by a living faith and thus been saved for ever, you are then to work, not for yourselves only, but for your fellow-creatures—for mankind.

Having been raised up "from death unto life," show the life which is in you, show it in action—press forward in your Christian course, and let your Master see that you are willing to do all that He has commanded you to do in His service. Endeavor to discover what is your mission in the world. "Mission" may be a cant word, but it contains the sum and substance of Christian usefulness in the world.

Endeavor to find out the gifts God has imparted to you, and set yourselves to work with them; and whether the door may be wide or narrow, whether it be in your power to benefit many or only few, if you do the work which God in His providence has given you to do, you will at the last hear your Master say of you: "He has done what he could." What we can is all that our Master requires.—*Sir E. Buxton.*

"Take Heed Lest Ye Fall."

Strength and weakness are not two things, but they are two phases of the same thing. They are two extremities of the arc described by the pendulum in its swinging to and fro as a means of faithfulness in the marking of time by day and by night. If the pendulum were to stand motionless in the centre or were to be fastened at either extremity of the arc, the entire machinery of the clock would be useless. No man can have real strength of character without a corresponding weakness directly over against his strength. If he has a peculiar power of absorption in the one thing which engages his attention for the moment, he is necessarily liable to fail of a uniformly observant watchfulness on every side of him alike. His devotion to one thing causes for the moment forgetfulness of all other things. If he is a man of strong feeling, he is sure to show weakness when his feeling is at its highest. He cannot be capable of loving intensely without a corresponding capability of being awayed unduly by his love. This is in the very nature of things. Let us therefore watch against our weakness at the point of our greatest strength. And let us not wonder that one who at times seems so strong should again seem so weak. There cannot be the possibility of high attainment without the possibility of coming short of that attainment.—*Sunday School Times.*

The Testimony of the Face.

The religion of Christ affects not only the heart, but also the face of its possessor. Let the heart be happy, and the face will smile. A glowing heart makes a glowing face. If the "inner court" be full of light, the "outer court" will reflect the beauty and the brightness. When Moses left Mount Sinai, his face told the story of rapt communion with God. Nearness to God brought a transforming power upon his person, which was a testimony to the reality of the Divine presence. He did not need to tell his people that he had been with God, for his face bore silent and sufficient testimony to the fact. The face was more eloquent than mere speech. It was more impressive than the language of the tongue. The face talked of glory seen, of power felt and of Divine presence realized. Other men have also borne on their faces the beauty of God. Before their lips have uttered a syllable, their faces have swiftly told the sweet story of the life of Christ within them, and of their intimacy with the throne of God. The wife of the late William E. Boardman relates the significant characteristic of his Christian life: "Before he was forty years of age, a woman, living in sin, who scarcely believed there was a God was convinced not only of the existence of God, but of a future state of blessedness, by seeing the face of my husband as he passed her house. She knew the hour he usually went to his little study connected with the place of worship, and would go to the window, as she told me, and stand waiting for him to pass that she might catch a glimpse of heaven for, said she, 'It did me so much good, even to think of such a place where the like of him lived.' His face was a happy conductor of God and His glory. It was a telling testimony of the power of religion—Christ's reign in the soul."

Random Readings.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.—*Johnson.*

Christ and Christ only, has revealed that he who has erred may be restored, and made pure and clean and whole again.—*Robertson.*

God compels us to learn many bitter lessons, that by knowing and suffering we may also know the eternal consolations.—*Burleigh.*

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vacillating, dead and alive Christian does not get the respect of the world.—*John Hall.*

In studying the word of God, digest it under these two heads, either as removing some obstructions that keep God and thee asunder, or as supplying some uniting power to bring God and thee together.—*Cecil.*

Death to the saints shall be as an usher to bring them into the presence of the King of glory. Faith gives a little to glory. Death gives the possession. Death is a part of a believer's inventory. Death is yours.—*S. Patterson, D. D.*

Men should begin to serve God and then keep right on. There is no excuse for stopping or delaying. To hesitate, to falter, to barter, is always dangerous, for it may be the beginning of a defection which may end in a total falling away from the Master.

There is no night of ignorance in heaven. We shall understand God's works and ways. We shall "see him as he is." What we know now we shall know hereafter.

Every wish that the Holy Ghost breathes into the soul of a believer is a voice which enters into the ear of God. We ought to go to God with our matters as altogether his.—*Chapman.*

If a man profess his faith in Christ, he is at once pledged to do his will, or as he himself states it, keep his commandments. It is his duty always, but doubly so when he has promised.

It is not enough that the branch abide on the vine, it must abide in the vine. There must be a vital union with it. True Christian life manifests itself in growth, development and fruit.

Our powers are all limited, and their best efficiency is never secured by straining them to the utmost. Always to leave a margin, a reserved force of strength or means, is a valuable rule of life.

In all our active service we do best when working in company with our friends. Retirement is necessary, but coming out from it to be "workers together," is the rule of our efficiency.

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.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

Every man is concerned, or ought to be, about the morals of the community in which he lives. If God set for him the bounds of his habitation, he means that he shall do the best he can for it, both by example and effort.

Next to being accepted as a true Christian, the most desirable name to have is that of possessing sound common sense. He who is regarded favorably in both these respects is to be congratulated indeed.—*The Congregationalist.*

As the body itself is rather a necessary thing than a great, so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions and an indifference for casual events are blessings without end, satiety, or measure.—*Seneca.*

The real test of the genuineness of an inward affection, as appears in our consciousness, is the course of action to which it leads. If it does not lead one to act rightly, it is not of much value. What men practically do is a very sure index to the character of their feelings.

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There seems to be a shade of sadness in the tone of many who realize that they have passed the noontime of life. But why should this be so? Why should not the afternoon be as pleasant as the forenoon? Even if the evening be drawing near, why should it bring sadness? The laborer looks forward gladly to the close of the day as the time when he receives the reward of his labor and goes home to his loved ones. Why should the faithful Christian do less?

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 Camp- bellton	7.00
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 7.0 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 Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.10
Fast express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
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 Sussex on Monday at 8.47, arriving at St. John at 8.59. 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.
8th June, 1890.

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In Effect June 30th, 1890.

Eastern Standard Time.

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6.00 A. M. — Express for St. John, and intermediate points, to Yarmouth, Bangor, Portland, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north.

3.05 P. M. — For Fredericton Junction, St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 8.45, a. m.; 4.45 p. m.; Fredericton Junction 11.55 a. m.; 6.25 p. m.; MoAdam Junction, 10.40 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; Vancorbo, 10.20 a. m.; St. Stephen, 7.40, 11.35, a. m.; St. Andrews, 7.00 a. m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.

1.15, 7.15 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

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