

Consider Him.

Wouldst thou a perfect, full-orbed life be-
hold,
Of power most mighty yet of love untold,
Embodied truth, and virtue's rarest mould?
Consider him!

He saith: "Believe in God, believe in me!"
The branch must share the glory of the tree,
The Father's changeless love in him must
be—
Consider him!

Reviled, he answered not a threatening
word,
But to the righteous Judge his cause referred
No suffering in his breast rebellion stirred—
Consider him!

When mourning o'er the selfishness of men,
The mysteries that lie beyond thy ken,
The woe and crime that fill the world—ah
then—
Consider him!

When weary, strengthless, doubting,
tempted, tired,
Let rest, and faith, and vigor be supplied
By him; for 'twas to bring thee these he
died—
Consider him!

Stand by the rock-hewn sepulchre. Behold,
Away the guarded stone triumphant rolled,
That every tomb its portals may unfold—
Consider him!

While round thee, in a ceaseless smiting
shower
The shafts of death are falling—mark the
power
Of him who stands their victor from this
hour—
Consider him!

—Alice C. Jennings.

Morning Manna.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

The manna came fresh every morn-
ing; and it is a good thing to have with-
in reach some quickening and spiritual
book that one can open at the outset
of each day, and gather up a few
precious thoughts for the day's journey.
The favorite volume of this kind with
my dear old mother was Dr. William
Jay's "Morning Exercises." Jay was
a master in experimental religion.
Mr. Spurgeon issued a volume entitled
"Morning by Morning." It is good,
as everything is that comes from his
inexhaustible pen; but for freshness
and force it does not equal the volume
by my dear friend, Dr. J. R. Miller
of Philadelphia, entitled, "Come ye
Apart."

Of all this class of works I have
never met with any that is so suggestive
and original as the "Daily Meditations,"
by the late distinguished missionary,
Rev. George Bowen of Bombay. Mr.
Bowen was a very unique character, a
man of fine genius, who did a noble
work in India "on his own hook."
He was very modest, very independent,
did his own thinking, and has
treasured up some of his brightest
thoughts in this book. My venerated
friend, Mr. Rybert Carter, beside
whose sick-bed I spent a hallowed hour
last week, told me that he used to take
a page or two of Bowen every day as
the best soul food, next to his Bible.
Twenty-five years ago our Presbyterian
Board of Education at Philadelphia,
issued these "Meditations" of the India
missionary, as they have recently issued
Mr. Miller's excellent volume. My
object is not to "pufl" either book;
they do not need any such little breeze
to waft them on their way; but I want
to give my readers a handful of manna
out of Bowen's precious store, which
is "white like coriander seed, and
tastes like honey."

I open the volume at a venture,
and the first sentence I light upon is
the following: "Take not your rest to-
soon; else you will never enter into
your real rest. It is not here on this
plank amid the billows, but yonder on
that heavenly shore." When writing
about prayer, Bowen says, "Imagine
a verse with your name on it fast by
the throne of God. While you are
praying, your Heavenly Father drops
ever and anon a gift, brighter than
your best conception, into the vessel." For
one morning's reading, the text is
from the twelfth chapter of Isaiah,
second verse. "I will trust, said the
Syr-Phoenician woman; though the
disciples said 'send her away'; and her
daughter was healed. 'Let me live,'
said Jonah, and was cast into the sea.
'I will trust,' said he afterward, and
Nineveh bowed at his word. 'I will
trust,' said Daniel, and was delivered
from the lions. 'I will save my life,'
said Peter, and denied his Lord. 'I
will trust,' said he afterward, and laid
him down to sleep; then came the
angel of the Lord and brought him out
of the prison. 'What mean ye to weep
and to break my heart?' said Paul, 'I
will trust.'"

Here is a passage that ought to be
read over very often by every Christian:
"Man walks in slippery places, saying
there is no danger. Yet every rock
has one declivity that descends gently
and imperceptibly at first, but still
descends toward the lake of fire! Scarcely
is there an hour of the day
when to one who listens attentively
there comes not the wail of some for-
lorn being whose feet have slipped,

without any to hold him up. One of
these rocks is popularity; another is a
passion for money; another is a love
of luxury; another is a fondness for
stimulants; another is ventresome
reading; another is evil associations.
A child walking among slippery rocks
cries out to his parent 'My foot
slippeth!' There is but a moment in
which a helping hand can reach him;
yet it does reach him, for his father is
close by. And so if we walk carefully
our heavenly Father's helping hand
will be stretched out in the opportune
moment. Jesus was very nigh when
Peter cried out 'Lord! save, or I
perish!'"

Under the text "Grieve not the
Holy Spirit of God," Mr. Bowen says:
"Sooner let the sick passenger insult
the generous oarsman who is struggling
to save him from the breakers. Sooner
let the captive quarrel with the
benevolent stranger who is laying
down a fortune for his ransom. Sooner
let Hagar revile the angel who
points her to the fountain where she
and her son may drink and live. O
grieve not the loving Spirit of God!"
But I have no time to gather up more
of the manna with which this acute
and profoundly spiritual servant of
God has enriched all who will begin
the day with his "Daily Meditations."
There is great danger with all Chris-
tians that plans of business, or the
morning paper, or some other pressing
temptations may rob them of their
early devotions, and of feeding their
souls with some solid rations for the
march before them.

Trial of Faith.

We are always thankful for roses
but seldom for thorns. Frequently
the thorns are the better for us. Trials
are blessings. Tears make rainbows.
Says Peter: "That the trial of your
faith, being more precious than that of
gold that perisheth, though it be tried
by fire, might be found unto praise
and honor and glory at the appearing
of Jesus Christ." Paul winced under
the thorn in the flesh, but finally saw
the grace in it. So imperfect are we,
and in such a disordered world, that
there is much call for discipline. At
first impulses we are often certain we
are right on almost all questions which
come to us; but maturer thoughts,
wider experiences, and instructive
years are sure to show us that mistakes
in judgment, experience, conduct, and
other ways are certain to occur. Our
probation has in it more than time; it
has corrective and instructive elements.
In it is our development. Lessons of
trust need to be learned in order to
make succeeding years fruitful and
calm.

In a world so imperfect and with
beings so crude and unprepared to do
God's will here, and be fit to enter
heaven, there must be a vast deal of
correction. Not in our own strength,
but in God's we are to succeed. Not
in our own unrefined state, but one
with the worldly maxims and wisdom
replaced by those of heaven. The
dross must be burned out, the good
refined. How shall it be done? God
sends the trial of our faith. I will do
us good.

One way God does is by allowing
opposition to come to us. If such arise
we should bravely meet it. We are in
the hands of our loving Father. The
Judge of all the earth will do right. If
we overcome opposition, whether it
comes from the world or the devil, the
victory will give increased strength.
Jacob at the brook Jabbok gained the
blessing after an all-night struggle.
The sailor must have some head winds,
some storms, some nights of dark un-
certainty, to bring out all the forces
and resources in him. The Christian
by overcoming personal, social, doc-
trinal, or other kinds of opposition
grows stronger, wiser, purer. Every
point of vantage gained means mount-
ing upward toward the mind that was
in Christ and toward heaven.

Another means Heaven has of trying
our faith for our good is by laying re-
sponsibilities on us. Most people
shrink from spiritual burdens, no mat-
ter how eager they are to receive those
of society and politics. There is a lack
of material rewards in spiritual ones,
and then there is direct accountability
to God, who requires such exactitude
and knows us through and through, so
that there is a shrinking on the part
of most people. But when such respon-
sibility is accepted, cheerfully per-
formed, and done for the glory of God,
the trial to our faith, the discipline com-
ing from it, and the sense of yielding to
God's call combine in doing great good
to the plastic soul. Many a Sunday-
school superintendent and teacher;
many a young man consenting to
preach, and young woman to go as
missionary, have found wonderful en-
largement in doing duty. It was hard,
but blessed. In the little duties that
seem irksome there is often a purpose
of the Lord to bring us into ways of
perfect trust and confidence. Every
trial of faith, whether by opposition,

responsibilities, duties, temptations
permitted, is one of God's ways of
making the most of us. Christ was
made perfect through suffering, and
we may rejoice that in trials the
heavenly Father has such beneficent
purposes toward us. To make a man
like Christ is the eagerness of Heaven.
Here a dull habit is to be taken away,
there a wrong twist of temper, else-
where a neglect of some trifling duty,
again a chilled feeling, that God in
His love sees we must escape, hence a
trial, a burden, to draw us nearer to
Him. When near enough, He can
pour the fullness of His salvation into
our souls.—Chris. Advocate.

Denying Christ.

To deny Christ is to endeavor to
suppress the relation in which we
stand to him. Peter denied Christ in
the high priest's palace. The relation
in which he stood to Christ was a very
close and tender one. He was one of
the three whom Christ admitted to the
most personal intimacy. But at the
great crisis in our Lord's life he strove
to suppress this close and real relation-
ship. He did not want to be pulled
by this bond into the gulf which was
yawning for Jesus. So he emphati-
cally asserted, "I know not the man."
The tourist who scales the dizzy heights
of the Matterhorn, is attached to his guide
by a rope or leather strap. How contemptible
would be the conduct of the guide who,
when he saw his companion slipping
over an icy precipice, should suddenly
cut the unifying bond in order to avoid
the risk of being involved in the same
horrible fate.

This very principle of action is por-
trayed in a familiar picture called
"The Huguenot Lover." It is St.
Bartholomew's eve. The massacre of
the Protestants has been decided upon.
The Catholics are to be saved by wear-
ing a certain badge. A Catholic
maiden is striving to persuade her
Huguenot lover to assume this badge
in order that his life may be preserved.
With firm and resisting fingers he is
removing the badge, that he may not
suppress the relation in which he
stands to his party. As the old song
by Col. Lovelace has it:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,"
"Loved I not honor more."

I knew a gentleman, once, who be-
hind a rough and almost bearish man-
ner possessed a noble spirit. He was
president of a bank, and occupied a
very high social position. But he had
a daughter the growth of whose intelli-
gence had been arrested in early child-
hood. Though a full-grown woman,
she had the mind of a child. Her
father, however, never stooped to
shame or concealment. He never
strove to keep out of sight the relation
in which he stood to her. I have been
told that it was a splendid sight to see
him at an evening party, with his
daughter on his arm, even seeming to
take pride in having the truth recog-
nized that she belonged to him. In
George Eliot's "Romola" the whole
interest of the story hangs
upon Tito's weakness in refusing to
acknowledge his guardian and bene-
factor. Let us always keep the relation
in which we stand to Christ visible
and bright. Dr. Edward Judson.

The Holy Grail.

The Grail is supposed to be a holy
dish in which Joseph of Arimathea
had collected the blood of Jesus on the
cross, and he had, according to the
story, brought it to the West. This
vessel had all kinds of powerful vir-
tues—to feed in a miraculous way
those who were worthy of it with
sweetness and ineffable delight;
it healed the sick and wounded of all
their ailments; and it even kept old
age in perennial check. It went about
by a ministrations of angels, but at
the advent of the Pagan Saxons to this
country it disappeared. It was, how-
ever, known to the wise, through the
gift of prophecy, that it would be
found in the days of Arthur, whose
knights were to make a diligent and
perilous search for it, and they were
to succeed in "achieving the quest" as
it was termed, and bring it back
again. It was supposed to be in the
keeping, wherever that should prove
to be, of a king called Peleus or his
brother Pelles, for the romances asso-
ciated the Grail sometimes with the one
and sometimes with the other. The
Grail, says a contemporary, became the
subject of no end of romance, and an
inexhaustible theme for an astounding
mass of pious twaddle of a very mater-
ialistic nature—not at the hands of
the Celts, but of the Normans and
the French, who became the means
of disseminating the Grail literature
far and wide. The stories about it
were translated into all the literary
languages of the Continent, and the
whole romance burst on astonished
Europe with all the fascination and
charm of a new gospel and a new edi-
tion of Christianity.

Taking God at His Word.

In the inquiry-room, during a re-
vival of religion, a gentleman was con-
versing with a man who was evidently
deeply impressed, but seemed to find
no rest or comfort to his soul. "What,"
he asked, is it that it is not plain or
that seems wrong to you?" "Wrong!"
said the other, "everything is wrong
with me. My soul is lost and I have
only now found it out, and I do not
see any way of escape and safety."

"Are there no persons known to
you?" asked the gentleman, "whom
you can and do believe, whatever they
may say to you?" "Yes," replied the
other, "there are such persons."
"Just as you believe them, then, are
you willing now to believe God? He
says in his Word that He desires not
the death of any, but that all might re-
ceive eternal life, and to all He says,
'Come unto me, all ye that labor and
are heavy laden, and I will give you
rest.' 'Let me see that for myself,'
said the man, and the gentleman, open-
ing the Bible, was about to read the
words to him, when with earnestness
he said, 'Give me the book that I
may read it for myself,' and with his
finger pressed upon the page he read
it over and over again. His face
lighted up with a new and joyous ex-
pression, and he cried, 'O God, I take
thee at thy word and give myself en-
tirely and forever to thee!' And
soon he felt that his burden was gone
and that he had indeed found in Jesus
rest to his soul.—American Messenger.

Husband And Wife.

When husband and wife are true-
hearted there is no greater aid to
happiness than a few deprivations and
hardships in the commencement of
their married life. It is a great thing
for each to realize that he or she is
sacrificing something for the other.
The wife came with empty hands to a
husband who had no rich gifts to be-
stow; but while she is struggling and
serving, and he is toiling and denying
himself, the consciousness of doing it
for the other's sake confers a happiness
nothing can equal. It will be in more
prosperous days alone, perhaps, that
both will realize the pleasures of the
poverty they endured in youth. In
that grand new house there is nothing
lacking that taste can devise or wealth
procure. Yet amidst the splendors
and delights, the hearts of both—the
wife's oftenest, without doubt—will
turn with wistful affection to the little
home of old times, poverty-stricken
and inconvenient as it was. The hard-
ships and discomforts endured within
its walls have passed away like mist
before the sunshine, and memory only
recalls the delights of contriving,
managing and arranging; the fun en-
dured over amateur attempts at carpen-
tering, and surprises in cookery. The
brief, sweet holidays stolen from weeks
of toil, saved for so anxiously and
looked for so eagerly. These and a
hundred other simple joys are the
pleasures of poverty, in fact, undreamt
of by the rich and worldly.

Sympathy.

Those of us who have lost little chil-
dren feel a prompting within us to
speak a word of comfort to every par-
ent who is passing through a similar
experience. We cannot do good to
others save at a cost to ourselves, and
our own afflictions, are the price we pay
for our ability to sympathize. He
who would be a helper must first be
a sufferer. He who would be a saviour
must somewhere and somehow have
been upon a cross; and we cannot have
the highest happiness in succouring
others without tasting the cup which
Jesus drank, and submitting to the
baptism wherewith He was baptized.

Every real Barnabas (Son of Consola-
tion) must pass to his vocation through
seasons of personal sorrow, and so
again we see that it is true that by
"these things men live." The most
comforting of David's Psalms were
pressed out of him by suffering, and if
Paul had not had his thorn in the flesh,
we had missed much of that tenderness
which quivers in so many of his letters.
—Rev. W. M. Taylor, D. D.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.—An old preacher,
whose name we will call Birch, was
famous for preaching on the subject of
paying old debts. One of his auditors,
who had been wearied with brother
Birch's iteration on this subject, once
said to a neighboring minister: "I wish
you would suggest a subject that I can
give brother Birch, out of which he
cannot get anything about paying old
debts." "Give him the conversion of
Saul of Tarsus," said the minister.
Soon after this the wearied brother
met his pastor, and said: "Brother
Birch, I would like to hear you preach
a sermon on the conversion of Saul of
Tarsus. Won't you do it?" "Certain-
ly," said the pastor. "It is a capital
subject. It will preach on it next
Sunday." On the following Lord's
Day Brother Birch announced his text,
Acts ix. 6: "Lord what wilt thou have

me to do?" and opened thus: "My
brethren, I shall preach to you to-day,
on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus
Saul, my brethren, was a truly con-
verted man, and my sermon will be a
discussion of the marks of genuine
conversion. And the first mark, my
brethren, of a genuine conversion is
that a man will always pay off his old
debts."—Baptist Courier.

Random Readings.

The evening of life brings with it its
own lamps.—Joubert.

Genius begins great works; only
labor finishes them.

So long as we are full of self, we are
shocked at the faults of others.

Begin your web, and God will supply
you with thread.—Italian Proverb.

There is no degree of merit so high
as to place man beyond the reach of
temptation.

Many of our cares are but a morbid
way of looking at our privileges.—
Walter Scott.

Man's noblest gift to man is his
sincerity; for it embraces his integrity
also.—Thoreau.

What a new face courage puts on
every thing? A determined man, by
his very attitude and tone of voice,
puts a stop to defeat, and begins to
conquer.—Emerson.

The rest of Christ is not that of
torpor, but that of harmony; it is not
refusing the struggle, but conquering
in it; not resting from duty, but
finding rest in it.—F. W. Robertson.

Paul was happy because his life was
so full of beautiful ideals. His high-
strung nature kept him constantly
looking out beyond, and he was thus
seeing new marks and prizes which
he hoped to gain.

The great secret of success in life is
to be ready when your opportunity
comes.—Bacon.

The truest Christians are those who
are most like their Leader, and most
loyal to him as supreme.

We are in a morbid state when in-
clined to look too much at ourselves.
And there is no cure for it but to look
off to One who is infinitely greater and
better.

Let not him who prays suffer his
tongue to outstrip his heart; nor pre-
sume to carry a message to the throne
of grace while that stays behind.—
South.

Never be discouraged by trifles. If
a spider breaks his thread twenty times
he will mend it as many. Perseverance
and patience will accomplish wonders.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our
pastors, and ask them what report
they've borne to heaven, and how they
might have borne more welcome news.
—Young.

When you love Christ you love
the best, and when you love the best
the depths of your heart are reached,
and there will flow out the fulness of
joy.

The talent of success is nothing more
than doing what you can do well; and
doing well whatever you do, without a
thought of fame.—Longfellow.

If thou wouldst be informed what
God hath written concerning thee in
heaven, look into thine own bosom
and see what graces he hath there
wrought in thee.—Fuller.

"MAUD'S" CONDITION POWDER is a
capital thing to mix in food for Poul-
try.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup
stands at the head of the list for all
diseases of the throat and lungs. It
acts like magic in breaking up a cold.
A cough is soon subdued, tightness of
the chest is relieved, even the worst
case of consumption is relieved, while
in recent cases it may be said never to
fail. It is a medicine prepared from
the active principles or virtues of
several medicinal herbs, and can be
depended upon for all pulmonary com-
plaints.

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 Vege-
table Discovery entirely cured me of
Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst
cases. I now feel like a new man."

Among the many remedies for
Worms, McLean's Vegetable Worm
Syrup takes the lead; it is the original
and only genuine.—Pleasant to take
and sure in effect. Purely vegetable.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vander-
voort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes:
"We have been using Parmelee's Pills,
and find them by far the best Pills we
ever used." For Delicate and Debili-
tated Constitutions these Pills act like
a charm. Taken in small doses, the
effect is both a tonic and a stimulant,
mildly exciting the secretions of the
body, giving tone and vigor.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens
the phlegm, curing coughs, colds,
hoarseness, croup, asthma, bronchitis
and all affections of the throat and
lungs.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1889. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

On and after MONDAY, 30th Decem-
ber, 1889, the trains of this Railway
will run daily (Sunday excepted), as
follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Camp- bellton	7.30
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 Montreal.

The trains leaving St. John for Mon-
real 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	16.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	19.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway
and from Montreal are lighted by
electricity and heated by steam from the
locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Stand-
ard Time.

D. PUTTINGER,
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 Dec. 30th, 1889.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

7.00 A. M.—Express for Fredericton
Junction, St. John, and in-
termediate points.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.
John and points east, Vancorbora,
Bangor, Portland, Boston, and
points West; St. Stephen, St. An-
drews, Houlton and Woodstock.

2.55 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.
John, connecting at the Junc-
tion with Fast Express via Short
Line for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.
From St. John 9.40, 11.20 A. M.; 4.10 P. M.;
Fredericton Junction 11.35 A. M.;
1.17, 3.37 P. M.; McAdam Junction,
11.10 A. M.; 2.00 P. M.; Vancorbora,
10.45 A. M.; 12.25 P. M.; St. Stephen,
8.50, A. M.; St. Andrews, 8.05 A. M.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.

12.45, 2.10, 6.40 P. M.

LEAVE GIBSON.

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

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

A. J. HEATH, F. W. CRAM,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent. Gen. Man.



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THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

NEW CARPETS

FIRST importation of the season per
steamer "British Empire" from Lon-
don. Largest stock in the city. Lowest
retail prices in Canada.

5,500 YARDS

now open for inspection and more to arrive
by next steamer. New designs, splendid
patterns. All qualities.

600 WINDOW SHADES

AT JOBBERS' PRICES.

FURNITURE.

Four warehouses, 20x70 feet, filled with
new and beautiful Furniture of all kinds.
Mattresses, Bedding, Curtains, Curtain
Poles, Ropes, Table Linen, Crochery and
Glassware, Lamps, Table Cutlery, Silver
Plated Ware and Fancy Goods.
First class mechanics constantly at work.
N. B.—We are prepared to compete with
all-comers, not excepting those who come
here from abroad, with intent to deceive.
Can prove our statement correct.

J. C. MCNALLY'S.

March 6th, 1890.

For the removal of
worms of all kinds
from children or adults
use DR. SMITH'S
GERMAN WORM
SCORPERS. Always
prompt, reliable, safe
and pleasant, requiring no after medicine. Never
failing. Leave no bad after effects.
Price, 25 cents per box.

SPRING 1890.
NEW DRESS GOODS

THOS.

Leads then

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Overcoats, Re

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HATS

These goods