

Be Still, My Soul.

Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change His faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul, thy best, thy heavenly
Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful
end.

Be still, my soul, thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as he hath the past;
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul, the way is plain, winds shall
know
His voice who rule them while He
dwelt below.

Be still, my soul thy hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief and fear are
gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears
are past,
All safe and blessed, we shall meet at last.
—From the German.

In the Sunshine of Christ's Love.

One of the historic landmarks in the Church of Christ was that "upper room" in Jerusalem, where the Master instituted the sacrament which commemorates His atoning love. After He had broken the bread and given the cup to His disciples, He summoned them to "arise and go hence," and led them out toward Gethsemane. What a wonderful walk was that, and what a talk He gave them as they moved through the silent streets to the vale of Kedron! That chamber had been redolent of His redeeming love; the atmosphere was laden with its sweet fragrance. The first thing He speaks of is the vital union which He has formed between them and Himself—a union as close as the parent vine to all its branches and tendrils. Then He tells them that even as the Father had loved Him, so did He love them, and tenderly charges them, "Abide ye in My love." Not their love to Him, but His love for them. He had created a warm, bright, blessed atmosphere of love, and He urges His little flock to continue in it.

Is it possible for all of us Christians to live steadily in this bright sunshine, where His love is falling in a constant stream of warm effulgence? It must be possible; for our Master never commands what we cannot perform. Sinless perfection may not be attainable in this life. But there is one thing which all of Christ's redeemed people can do, and that is to keep themselves in the delightful atmosphere of His love. It is our fault and our shame that we spend so many days in the chilling fogs, or under the heavy clouds of unbelief, or down in the damp, dark cellars of conformity to the world. There are three conditions which Christ enjoins upon us. If we fulfill them we shall abide in the sunshine of His love.

1. The first one is obedience. "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love." A boy leaves home for school or college, and his mother packs his trunk, with many a tear moistening his wardrobe. She puts a Bible there, and says to him: "Now, my dear boy, this you will read every morning and night; and while you are on your knees in prayer, your mother is with you." By and by her heart leaps with joy when he writes to her that he is doing just what she bade him; and every time that obedient loyal son opens that book and bends on his knees before God, he is surrounded by the sweet atmosphere of his mother's love. He gains two blessings; strength to resist outside temptations, and the heart-happiness of pleasing his devoted, unselfish mother.

In like manner we who call ourselves Christians should abide in the bright warm atmosphere of our Master's love. We must heartily accept a whole Christ, both as Saviour and Lord, and accept Him without reserves or limitations. He has a right to command; it is ours simply to obey. Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia millionaire, was once called on by a poor man who wanted employment. Girard told him to go into a vacant lot near by, and carry all the stones on one side of the lot over to the other side, and the next day to move them all back again. At the end of the week, when he came for his wages, Girard said to him: "I like you. There is no nonsense about you. You do just what you are told to do, and ask no questions; you shall have work as long as I have any thing to be done." This is the kind of service which Christ wants. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The *why* we must leave with Him. Genuine heart obedience is not a galling burden; it becomes the secret of perfect joy. Christ tells us that our "joy shall be full."

2. The second direction for keeping in the bright beaming of the divine love is growth in godly character. Turn to the Epistle of Jude and read

this: "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, keep yourselves in the love of God." The construction of a Christian character is like the construction of a house. There must first be a solid foundation. But some church members never get beyond this. Up yonder, on Lafayette Avenue, are long lines of massive stone-work, laid there twenty years ago. Those grass-grown stones are the foundation for a Romish cathedral, but no cathedral stands there yet. Some people start with a certain amount of faith in Christ, and profess that before the world. Then they stop there. They do not "add to their faith, courage, temperance, meekness, patience, godliness, love," all the other stones that enter into a solid and beautiful Christian life. Every Sunday they come and draw away more bricks and stones in the shape of truth; but they do not build them into their character. Such self-stunted professors know but little of the sweet sunshine and joy of Christ's smile. They may be growing rich or growing popular or growing in self-esteem, but they are not growing in grace. They try to live in another atmosphere than the love of Christ, and their piety is "winter-killed" and withering away. Such religion is a poor, joyless thing; it succeeds no better than an attempt to raise oranges among the freezing fogs of Newfoundland.

3. There is one more essential to a strong and a happy life. Keeping Christ's commandments and constructing a solid, godly character, cannot be done without divine help. Therefore the apostle adds: "Praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God." I can understand why a backslider does not pray; or, if he does, makes it a hollow formality, but every one who desires to be lifted into the sweet warm atmosphere of communion with Christ, must use the wings of fervent prayer. Those who make it their business to battle down besetting sins, and to build themselves up in the Bible holiness, cannot make headway without constant laying hold of the promises of divine strength. Prayer keeps us in the love of Jesus; and while keeping in that warm, pure, healthy atmosphere, we find that prayer has wonderful power. Jesus told His disciples that if they would only abide in His love, they might "ask what they would, and it shall be done unto you." Then, my good friends, do you want to be happy? Do you want to have power with God and peace with yourself? Do you want to get some installment of heaven in advance? There is only one sure way, and that is to live in the light-giving, warmth-giving sunshine of your Saviour's love. —The Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

Sparks From My Anvil

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

..... Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it; no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it.

..... It is not books on the shelf, but books in the brain that tell. The dullest preachers I know of have splendid libraries. They own everything that has been written on "miracles," and yet when you hear them preach, if you did not get sound asleep that would be a miracle.

..... No honest man will ever write a thing for a newspaper or in a letter that he would be ashamed to sign with his Christian name.

..... The Bible is a great garden, filled with fuchsias, and with daffodils, and with amaranths, and with evening primroses for the close of life's day, and crocuses at the foot of the snow-bank of sorrow, and heart's ease for the troubled, and passion flowers at the foot of a cross, and morning-glories spreading out under the splendors of the breaking day.

..... The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right.

..... Many think that sleep is lost time. But the style of your work will be mightily affected by the style of your slumber. Sound asleep is the sister of Wide Awake. Sleep is not a subtraction; it is an addition.

..... Have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them, we have no responsibility. We can not teach them, we can not correct their

mistakes, we can not soothe their sorrows, we can not heal their wounds. Their sepulchres are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted. Your work and mine must be done with the people of to-day.

..... In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the time demanded them, it would be found we have now living in this year, 1890, fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingtons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the four thousand years before the flood and the eighteen centuries to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off.

An Encouraging Thought.

We need not complain of the dark days that come now and then. To be sure they are not so agreeable as the brighter ones, when the sunshine gilds everything with glory and the air is full of healthful tonic and inspiration. The hill over there is dimmed by a heavy mist, which deepens into a fog that gathers about its top, and spread all over the landscape there is a sobriety that, if the spirits are not very buoyant, becomes a gloom and melancholy. The trees, standing motionless, look sad and hopeless, even the evergreens wearing a sombre air, and the sounds—be they the lowing of cows, the twitter of birds, the rumble of machinery, or the song of falling water—seem to be set to a minor key, and so to stir up feelings of half sorrow in those who hear them. But the experience is a good one after all. It is giving the other side of the soul a little exercise, after which the true side will more readily assert itself. The consciousness also remains that the fogs will all clear away, and in beautiful light the old joy of the hills and fields will come back again. And so in Christian experience, though we wish habitual cheerfulness and gladness, the duller times will come. We are cast down; we sojourn in Meshech; the shadows hang about us; the pilgrim sorrows are on us; we long for wings like a dove that we may fly away and be at rest. That would be very bad if it were to continue, but it will not. The shadows shall flee away. The mourning shall pass, the weeping endure but for a night. Flinging away the sackcloth and putting on the garment of praise, the song shall be begun that in its varying moods will last forever. —The United Presbyterian.

Treat Old People Well.

There is nothing in the world more pathetic than the meek, timorous, shrinking ways of certain old people—we have all seen them—who have given up their homes into younger hands, and subsided into some out-of-the-way corner of it, to sit by the fire-side and table henceforth as if afraid of "making trouble," afraid of being "in the way," afraid of accepting the half that is their due, and going down to their graves with a pitiful, deprecating air, as if constantly apologizing for staying so long.

There is no scorn too deep and sharp for the sons and daughters who will accept this attitude on the part of those to whom they owe so much. Sometimes, to be sure, people grow old with a bad, bad grace. They become embittered by misfortune or affliction, or are peevish and unreasonable under the goad of ill-health. All the more do they appeal to greatness and faithfulness. Let it be borne in mind that we, too, are hastening on toward the sunset of life, and that we ripen into very uncomfortable people, to demand much more of patience and devotion than we, as children, yield them. —Christian Union.

THE BELIEVER'S PEACE.—Does your little child, for whom you have ever cared tenderly, and who has perfect trust in your love and wisdom, distress himself with the thought that perhaps to-morrow you will not provide for him, or will suddenly desert him in some hour of great need? No, the thought never for an instant occurs to him. He has found you faithful. And can you not learn a lesson from your child? Has your Heavenly Father ever been less loving to you than you have been to your child? You instantly banish the thought as unworthy. —Christian Weekly.

God's Help.

God sometimes helps us in a singular way. He sets us back in order to help us forward, and casts us down in order that we may be uplifted. Saul of Tarsus must be felled to the ground before he can rise up into the pardoned and powerful Apostle Paul. All through his subsequent life he practised on the principle that when he was "weak," then he was strongest, and when he was poorest he was making other people rich. The less of Paul, the more of Christ. God ordains that the path of hard trials shall be the straight road to the highest blessings. What a train of troubles overtook Joseph from the time when he was put into the pit until he was put into prison! When he looks his contemptible brothers in the eye he can say unto them: "You thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good." This is a lesson that thousands of the best, truest and most consecrated are constantly learning; the hardest and most humbling tasks and trials will graduate Christ's pupils into the highest honors of discipleship. It always helps a grass-plot to run a sharp mower over it, and a grape-vine to put a sharp pruning-knife into it. The brilliant Frederick V. Robertson felt sorely disappointed when he could not secure a commission in the British army. Abraham Lincoln was equally disappointed that Zachary Taylor did not make him a commissioner in a land office. So little did either of those great men know of the path in which God was leading them. Fellow-Christians, when we ask our loving God to help us, we must let him choose his own medicines, and appoint for us his own way. —Cuyler.

Unspoken Words.

"It is impossible but that offences will come." Every day brings its provocations, its perplexities, its misunderstandings. Irritations arise; frictions make their appearance; hurts are received. How hard it is amid all these conditions to guard one's tongue, and leave unspoken what is best covered by silence!

A mosquito bite may, if properly cultivated, develop into an ulcer. Keep the skin thoroughly abraded, sprinkle on a little acid, touch it with minute articles of poison, and one may have a canker or a gangrene. The body will soon discharge its impurities into that sunken place, and help convert it into an open sewer. But let the mosquito bite alone, or apply a little sweet oil and ammonia, and it soon disappears, leaving no trace.

A little wound in the spirit may be cultivated until the whole nature is infected. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "Gentle silence prevents untold trouble." "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." —Christian Advance.

Slothfulness.

Yet what was the complaint against the man with one talent? Slothfulness. Why were the foolish virgins shut out? For want of taking trouble. What was wrong with Dives? Simple neglect of the beggar at his gate.

What was the fault of those who were invited to the marriage supper? "They all with one accord began to make excuses." What is one of the most glaring faults in a young man entering upon a career in the world? Slothfulness, unwillingness to take trouble. A man with such a fault loses place after place. He does not get on, and everybody says it served him right. Truly, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The moral is obvious. It is summed up in the inevitable, relentless, "Too late!" —Church Record.

BECOMING LIKE CHRIST.—A beautiful statue stands in the market-place. It is that of a Greek slave-girl, but she is well-dressed, tidy, and handsome. A dirty, forlorn, ragged slave-girl passes by. She sees the statue, stops and gazes at it in rapt admiration. She goes home, washes her face and combs her hair. Another day she stops, in passing, to look at the statue. Next day her tattered clothes are washed and mended. Each day she stops to look at the statue, and each next day she has imitated some of its beauties, until the dirty ragged slave becomes completely transformed; she becomes another girl. This is the way Christ teaches. He does not hurl His own individuality upon others; He simply lives and works and loves before men, not to be seen of them, but to inspire them to a holy emulation.

An unstudied Bible means a grieved, silenced Holy Spirit, my fellow-Christians; for the Holy Spirit unites and influences your spirit in the written word, just as in conversation your spirit and mine meet and influence each other through the words which we may use. It is as we look into the

mirror of the written word that the Holy Spirit reveals to us and glorifies Jesus. —Rev. John Riddell.

Consult Your Wife.

Two gentlemen were talking about a business enterprise in which, though it involved some pecuniary risk, they were strongly inclined to embark. Finally one of them remarked:

"I must consult my wife before I decide."

"Why?" exclaimed the other, "is she boss?"

"No," was the reply, "neither am I. We are a well-matched team; and we don't drive tandem. My wife is as much interested in the welfare of our family as I, and she has a right to have a voice in the investment of our little property."

There was nothing more than justice in this view of matrimonial obligation, especially in the case of well-to-do families—and these comprise an overwhelmingly large proportion of the families in this country where a slight increase or diminution in the annual earnings would be felt alike by every member. The wife, who has labored in the home to earn or to save, while the husband has labored in the field, the shop, or the counting-room, is justly a partner in his earnings and savings, and should share in all plans for disposing of their small accumulations, so as to make them more productive if all goes well. —Locomotive Engineer's Journal.

MEMORY often unites us for endeavors in Christian work. Our past failures tend to make us distrustful of ourselves so that we fear new efforts may be abortive. This may be a reason why the apostle speaks of "forgetting the things that are behind." Earnest work will never be helped by dwelling on past defeats. We are to hope that the past is forgiven, and as God says: "I have cast thy sins behind my back," so we are to turn our backs on all that is gone, and with earnest efforts gird ourselves for the demands of the present and future.

Random Readings.

Moments make the year, and trifles life.

Bless God for what you have, and trust God for what you want. —Mason.

What we do for the children, we do for the world; and what we do for the world, we do for God.

He who loses half an hour every morning runs after it during the day without being able to overtake it. —Selwyn.

"There is a good deal of difference between a lay worker and a lay figure," is the pithy observation of the *Christian Register*.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

The realization of God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation. It is that which sustains us, consoles us, and calms us.

To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom. —Emerson.

Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God, in them. —Flavel.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the blood from a soiled flower. —Froude.

Wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars for his temple. —Phillips Brooks.

Christians are not exempt from temptations, but they have formed a close alliance with One who is able to deliver the ungodly out of temptations. —Christian Advocate.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved or destroyed. —Tillotson.

Who hath greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself? This ought to be our endeavor to conquer ourselves and daily wax stronger and to make a further growth in holiness. —Thomas a Kempis.

The Divine Being is that to a Christian which home is to the weary traveller; it is his dwelling-place, the stay, the solace, the centre and rest of his spirit; and hence he is constantly anticipating his arrival at home. —Robert Hall.

The promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in the window of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold heaped up high as heaven would be no such treasure as one promise of God.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1889. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

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

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take sleeping car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sun day.

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	19.20
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, Montreal, 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 intermediate points.
10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, Vancouber, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.
2.55 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, connecting at the Junction 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.
Fredricton Junction 11.35 a. m.; 1.17, 5.37 p. m.; McAdam Junction 11.10 a. m.; 2.00 p. m.; Vancouber 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.
--

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